

**new**  
**MASSES**

APRIL 17, 1934

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**The Convention: I—Personnel of Revolution**  
By JOSEPH NORTH

**PRELUDE TO TERROR**  
By S. J. Lenihan

**British Capitalists' Awakening**  
By JOHN STRACHEY

**EMPIRE OF THE SUN**  
By Joseph Freeman

**Fantasy in Blue Eyes and Blond Hair**  
A STORY BY EDWARD DAHLBERG

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# new Masses

APRIL 17, 1934

**W**HILE Gen. Johnson sings hallelujahs about recovery and Secretary of Labor Perkins hides her head in the sand, hundreds of thousands of workers are roaring their answer in a nation-wide strike wave. Thirty-thousand miners out in Fairmont, Va.—4,000 knitgoods workers on strike in Philadelphia—2,000 workers in the aircraft industries in Buffalo—a complete walkout of steel workers in Newport, Ky.—4,500 on strike in Campbell Soup and New York Shipbuilding plants in Camden, N. J.—1,000 silk workers in Indianapolis—700 Diamond Match employees in Ohio—over 15,000 Alabama miners are still out as well as 3,000 shoe workers in Haverhill, Mass. Serious strikes are being prepared by the Imperial Valley agricultural workers, by Chicago teachers, by San Antonio, Texas dockworkers, by C.W.A. employees in a half dozen cities. Workers in Hartford, Conn. threaten to tie up four industries: 3,000 Pratt-Whitney aircraft workers, 4,800 typewriter workers, 1,500 in the Colt firearms plant, several hundred in the Hamilton Propeller Co. Over 18,000 automobile workers were just sent back to work as 5,600 strikers in the Detroit Motor Products plants gained partial concessions. More decisive gains were made by Buffalo seamen, employees of the Camden Radio Condenser Co., and by Haverhill shoe workers. A number of settlements favorable to workers are in sight.

**I**N the current strike wave the workers are bitterly challenging the policy of employers, in cooperation with the administration and its NRA, to break, postpone, "settle," or in some other manner prevent tie-up in production. Industry is using all kinds of strike breaking instruments—from the downright sell-out policy of A. F. of L. bureaucrats to the NRA conciliation boards—from the jailing of militant strike leaders (Phil Raymond in Detroit) to open terrorizing of organized workers (as in Imperial Valley) and the formation of vigilante (fascist) bands (as in Haverhill, Mass.). In addition, foreign born labor leaders are



Esther Kriger

SECRETARY OF LABOR PERKINS—"There isn't a first class strike in America."

threatened with the deportation device (used against Emil Gardos). And there are pending the Wagner and Dill bills by which collective bargaining is to be practically outlawed. But all of this anti-labor strategy, despite its versatility from sweet promises to brutality, is powerless to prevent the increasing militancy of workers. Walkouts, demonstrations and consequent tie-up in production must continue so long as their basic causes remain unsolved: (1) inadequacy of present wages under present living costs, (2) insufferable speed-up which has been the companies' answer to the NRA codes, and (3) the outlawing of collective bargaining rights by the company union and other deceptions of the Roosevelt New Deal.

**T**WO items in the week's newspapers will be of interest to readers of John L. Spivak's recent stories in THE NEW MASSES. Both are dated from

California, and the first relates to the Silver Shirt leader there, Eugene R. Case. "Captain" Case, in an interview by Spivak which we published last week, revealed with engaging frankness, as it seemed, his whole method of operation on a strictly cash basis. But evidently, besides his Silver Shirt business he has, or had, a side-line. The Daily Worker prints the following dispatch from Hollywood:

Police here have been forced to arrest Eugene R. Case, state leader of the Silver Shirts and the Silver Legion, anti-Negro, Jew-baiting, fascist organization, as a result of his identification by several hold-up victims.

The other item, from Oakland, is about ten-year-old Francisca Aniles, *who is going to have a baby in a month*. Spivak's story, "A Letter from America: To the President," in our March 20 issue, told of a fifteen-year-old working-class girl, about to become a mother, who appeal-



*Esther Kriger*

SECRETARY OF LABOR PERKINS—"There isn't a first class strike in America."

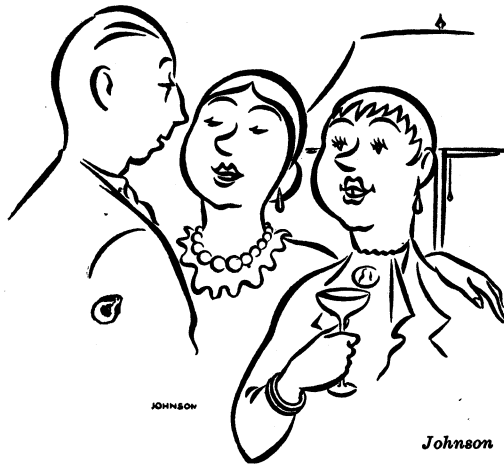


SECRETARY OF LABOR PERKINS—"There isn't a first class strike  
in America."

ed to the President of the United States for help. She wanted only one thing—that he intervene to make it impossible for her employer to cut off the single electric bulb in her “home,” a one-room shack. She was afraid to have the baby, if it came at night, born in the dark. Francisca Aniles’ parents are reported in the news dispatch to live in Fresno, the same town from which Spivak’s story of the other little girl was dated. So far as we know, the latter’s appeal to the President of the United States of America went unheeded. Perhaps Francisca didn’t bother to make any appeal. According to the dispatch, the Salvation Army Rescue Home of Oakland is now instructing this ten-year-old girl “in the care of babies.”

**B**ESIDES brandishing the layoff weapon as a sword of Damocles over the heads of known organizers, Colonel DeLamater practices a particularly vicious form of chiseling in his administrative offices where emergency workers receiving a bare pittance are being compelled to “contribute” four or five hours overtime each day without extra pay. The authorities perform a neat little cooperative act in forcing this unpaid labor on the employees. When protests are made, the top official calls an employees’ meeting and lets it be understood that the latter’s extra work is on a purely “voluntary” basis. Pilate having washed his hands, his subordinate then takes the floor and announces that all those refusing to volunteer their services will be considered disloyal and subject to dismissal. At least one harassed worker who asked for a Saturday afternoon “off,” was told by her boss that she’d be docked a half-day’s wages for failure to contribute unpaid overtime! Relief workers’ organizations in New York City have been carrying on mass picketing in front of the central relief headquarters, protesting against these forms of chiseling, as well as against the wholesale layoffs. Undoubtedly the long-suffering emergency workers of New York City will emulate the recent example of the Minneapolis workers in developing mass pressure sufficient to force major concessions from the local administration.

**A** STRIKING example of the attitude of the engineering profession toward the capitalist system within which it works was given recently when Mary van Kleck spoke before the Taylor society, the organization of scientific



“HARRIET HERE IS PRACTICALLY AN AUTHORITY ON COMMUNISTS. SHE WRITES PIECES ABOUT THEM IN THE NEW YORKER.”

management, in New York. She gave the gist of her conclusions after fifteen years’ study of the coal industry—that the way out is the socialization of the industry as has been done in the Soviet Union, that this implies the socialization of all industry and that in turn implies a complete change of government brought about by the working class. This, she said, is the logical conclusion of scientific management. While onlookers, unacquainted with what has happened among engineers, gasped, Harlow Person, national Taylor Society executive, agreed that Miss van Kleck’s conclusions were logical and correct. Col. Chevalier, McGraw-Hill vice-president and publisher of *Coal Age*, furnished the comedy by talking about “workers of the hand, brain and thrift,” picturing J. P. Morgan as “a worker of thrift” brought a roar of laughter. “I see the idea isn’t popular,” the Colonel commented plaintively.

**A**LTHOUGH we lack the time to read every issue of Mr. Raymond Moley’s magazine *Today*, whenever we do we find some juicy lies. Two months ago there was John J. Leary’s article *Labor Is Free*—a preposterous tissue of false figures and distorted conclusions. This week we find the Moley-Astor-Roosevelt propaganda sheet offering under the signature of “Monitor” an article called *The Ebb of Communism and Flow of Fascism*. We were not surprised to find the weary lie of lumping Communism and Fascism together as dictatorships sharing a common “violent hatred of democracy.” What surprised us was *Today*’s statistical “proof” that Communism is decreasing while Fascism is increasing. The total population of Fascist countries is given as 184½ million; of the U.S.S.R., 168 mil-

lion. *Monitor* was careful to omit Soviet Republic No. 2—Soviet China—whose 75 million when added to the population of the U.S.S.R. (total 243 million) prove precisely the reverse of *Today*’s contention. *Monitor* also makes some misrepresentations about enrollment in the Communist Party of the United States. For example, party membership, July, 1933:

Monitor’s figure . . . .	7,000
Correct figure . . . . .	17,000

a slight error of 10,000. Then, by citing comparative votes cast in the last presidential campaign, *Today* “demonstrates” a great weakening in Communist Party strength. No mention, of course, that during the past half-year the party has grown to 24,500 members. No mention that it is now gaining over 1,500 members each month. No mention of the all-important trade-union activities which show enormous increase in Communist influence. The Roosevelt puff-sheet stops at nothing—from distorted analyses to falsified statistics—in its effort to minimize the growing influence of Communist principles on workers and intellectuals in the United States and elsewhere.

**O**NE of the most insidious phases of finance capitalism is seen in recently announced plans of industrialists to enroll small investors and stockholders in an organization to fight measures regarded as dangerous to investment interests. Lenin long ago pointed out that the sale of small amounts of stock to numerous small investors was not a step towards socialism but a further means of strengthening capitalism by enabling groups holding a small proportion of the stock to control industrial policies and by making a large section of the petty bourgeoisie feel its community of interests with the big capitalists. Thus the biggest American bankers and industrialists are seeking to form “a united front against Congressional or State legislation felt to be detrimental to their interests,” by uniting the 25,000,000 small investors of America. The sponsors say openly that this is to fight the growing power of “labor, the farmers, and the veterans.” Significantly, the leaders of this movement are keeping their identity secret. First it was suggested that the large corporations would contribute to the organization funds but it at once appeared that such a procedure would be “unwise.” Plainly, that would be much too blatant a move, too obviously fascist. The small investors



JOHNSON

*Johnson*

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themselves are to pay annual dues; and to demand that industrial earnings be kept at a "reasonable level." Ostensibly the organization is to lobby for class legislation, but it would be a short step to the formation of "vigilante" committees in each community.

**T**HE N.R.A. reaches far and wide. Neither the fowl of the air nor the fish under the sea are exempt from the talons of the Blue Buzzard. Did you know about the famous Lobster Code? It seems the Lobster Code was spread out in front of Roosevelt, with his pen poised to write into law the regulations under which the crustaceans should be sold at a profit. The proponents of the code were rubbing their hands in the background, when an appeal burst in from the State Department and called a halt. Something had just leaked out about lobsters. The proposed code stipulated that no lobsters be sold which measured less than nine inches from claw to claw—a humanitarian gesture, on the face of it, and sound conservation policy besides. Well, the State Department had discovered at the last moment that along the shores of Canada there thrives, and is regularly marketed, a species of lobster which, when fully mature, measures considerably less than nine inches from claw to claw. Hence

the great humanitarian Lobster Code turns out to have been merely an attempt to monopolize the home market, and keep out Canadian lobsters.

**C**ASES of gross intimidation and underhanded dealing by the Emergency Works Administration in New York City against relief workers engaged in organizational activities have come to the attention of **THE NEW MASSES**. These cases are characteristic of the quasi-military rule of Col. De Lamater, head of the city C.W.A. Many militant workers are being spotted and swept out of their jobs under cover of the mass layoffs effected since the C.W.A. program was disbanded on April 1. The liberal city administration, in an excess of liberality, fired 40,000 relief workers last week instead of the 30,000 as originally announced. In response to protests, the relief administration, taking a cue from its big brothers in Washington, has set up a preposterous "board of appeals" of three to examine all 40,000 laid-off cases with a view to reinstating those who were "unfairly" or "unjustly" fired. Working at top-speed it would take this board of three, months to go through the files: the move is obviously an effort to steer the victims away from organized resistance into "individualized treatment."

## The Week's Papers

**W**EDNESDAY—Hanfstaengl, Hitler's pal, decides not to attend Harvard Commencement, after all. Protests, which were pooh-poohed by Harvard Crimson, were credited with obtaining this result. . . . Senate votes increases in surtaxes. . . . General Motors raises prices of cars. . . . Mitchell, of National City Bank, defends his million-dollar salary and bonus. Had fine effect on clerks' morale, gave them something to shoot at, he says. . . . Strike wave spreading. . . . Minneapolis is tensely awaiting council meeting Friday. Yesterday thousands of unemployed demonstrated and council fled without bothering to vote to adjourn.

Thursday—Motor parts workers strike in Detroit. . . . Steel plant bosses continue drive for company unions in Wagner bill hearing. . . . New York Assembly votes LaGuardia's "economy" bill to cut city employees' wages and pay bankers. . . . Whitewash by "limited" inquiry indicated in Thayer power company bribery scandal. . . . Negro liberation keynote of Communist Party convention. . . . Reports from shops show growth of Communist influence.

Friday—Ten thousand men and women, led by the Unemployed Council storm Minneapolis city hall. Battle police four hours, hurl back tear gas bombs. City Council reverses itself, passes bill granting demands: no forced labor, C.W.A. jobs on cash basis, 40 percent increase in grocery orders, quick aid, no red tape, for C.W.A. workers losing jobs. Unemployed delegate's announcement to demonstrators that bill is passed ends "riot." . . . New light on Black Tom munitions explosion. . . . Jim Larkin's affidavit, implicating Kaiser's agents, introduces name "Umstangel." May explain Hanfstaengl's decision not to come to Harvard.

Saturday—Strikes growing swiftly in automobile industry. . . . Johnson says NRA violators will be prosecuted. Doesn't mention Weirton. . . . Mrs. Pinchot discovers NRA. has betrayed workers, that Johnson has surrendered to capital. Admits she can't fool Pennsylvania sweatshop workers any longer as she did last year, and that U. S. Steel is stronger than its agent, U. S. government. . . . Six Scottsboro boys

# new Masses

Vol. XI, No. 3

CONTENTS

APRIL 17, 1934

Editorial Comment.....	3	Revolution and the Novel: 3—Drama and Biography as Models Granville Hicks 24
The Week's Papers.....	5	Snowfall in March Ended Robert Gessner 25
The Convention: 1—Personnel of Revolution Joseph North 6		Books..... 26
Prelude to Terror: The Committee for the Nation S. J. Lenihan 9		The Feeling of a Strike, by Mary Heaton Vorse; A One-Sided Picture, by Victor Burt; The Monstrous Pro- vocation, by Addison T. Cutler; Who Can Free Ireland? by Martin Moriarty
Empire of the Sun.....	Joseph Freeman 11	"Inner Conflict" in Proletarian Art: A Reply to Michael Gold John Howard Lawson 29
Self-Criticism in Soviet Cartoons.....	16	Between Ourselves..... 30
Correspondence.....	18	Drawings by Esther Kriger, Boris Gorelik, Del, Johnson, and Six Soviet Artists.
Fantasy in Blue Eyes and Blond Hair Edward Dahlberg 19		
Cheerful Liars.....	Stephen J. Addison 21	
The British Capitalists' Awakening John Strachey 23		

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Published weekly by the NEW MASSES, INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1934, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription, \$3.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months \$2; three months \$1; Foreign \$4.50 a year; six months \$2.50; three months \$1.25. Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than 2 weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers, in prose and verse, and of artists. MSS must be accompanied by return postage. The NEW MASSES pays for contributions.



reported being starved and tortured in jail. . . . Minneapolis workers now fight for release of arrested leaders. . . . Earl Browder sums up as Communist Party convention ends, calls on party to prepare for great tasks ahead.

Sunday—Organized Hitlerites active in New York, fighting boycott. . . . LaGuardia says slums must go, cites Vienna housing projects, doesn't mention Fascist guns that destroyed them. . . . Automobile workers reject plan to break strike, hold out for wage increase.

Monday—Full exposure of Wagner

Bill. Wagner proudly shows letter from Johnson, who declares he favors letting companies initiate "unions," but doesn't favor any one form of union over another. Wagner says that's his idea exactly, and he'll change "bill to outlaw company unions," in the trifling detail of legalizing company unions. . . . Roosevelt painted without a smile, wife and mother approving. . . . Police Commissioner O'Ryan explains he favored breaking taxi strike earlier. "My training is military and hasn't much to do with liberalism," he says. . . . Detroit motor parts strikers win 10 percent wage increase.

Tuesday—Wirt on stand, in musical comedy atmosphere. Steel educator tells of Red plot. Calls West Virginia homestead plan, involving 1,400 acres in all, Communism. . . . Senate votes down 10 percent surtax on incomes. . . . Johnson sees definite upturn in business, so he says. . . . Fleet opens 30-day practice war. . . . New York economy bill passed, LaGuardia gets news by wire, immediately starts "payless furloughs" — part-time unemployment — among city employees, to pay bankers. . . . Soviet Ambassador Troyanovsky gives house warming in newly opened embassy, formerly the Czar's.

# The Communist Party Convention

## 1. Personnel of Revolution

JOSEPH NORTH

CLEVELAND.

**L**UMBERING across clap-board America of the Hard Coal country, through a drab Pennsylvania, the bus-loads of revolutionaries surveyed the countryside. The Susquehanna freshets still carried the ice-floes down to the Chesapeake, and there was fog about the farmsteads. Near Beaver, Pa., in the early morning, in the fog, a farmer seated in a ghostly gasolineless Ford yelled Giddap to the nag harnessed to his car. Coal slag and frame houses and workmen on the pavements with their hands caged in their pockets: Slavs, Irish, native-Negro and white, staring at anything, anything so long as it was in motion.

Only a revolutionary could sing in 1934 America: and the Communists sang—folk songs, American, British, Negro, Russian—the melancholy and patient, the turbulent and rebellious refrains of the masses. Negro and white revolutionaries, men and women of all industries and crafts, and jobless, singing a song of revolution on the busses converging from all parts of America to industrial Cleveland. Suddenly Cleveland with four thousand workmen of the steel, railroad and metal industries in the Cleveland Auditorium and the blood-red banner stretched across the platform: JOIN THE COMMUNIST PARTY—LEADER OF STRUGGLE FOR SOVIET POWER.

In 1930 Comrade X, a laborer in one of the Tennessee Coal and Iron units in Birmingham, grabbed a mimeographed leaflet tendered him by a raggedy white man near the foundry gates. Comrade X carried the leaflet home, read it in the yellow light of the lamp. "One sentence caught my eye: it nearly knocked me off my feet," he told me. "Millions for war—not a cent for the unemployed."

That was it. It set me thinking. I studied it most of the night." He sought out the Communist Party. "I'd never heard of it before." He became one of the first active members in the Black Belt. "I paid my initiation fee—it was fifty cents—to Harry Simms." (Simms bled to death the following year with a dum-dum bullet in his groin after a Chicago gunman plugged him during the Harlan County strike in Kentucky.)

Comrade X built the first shop unit in the South. "It's given us the best of our leadership down there," he said. "And it's still functioning."

I glanced at him—a man little above medium height, strong Negroid features, the eyes subdued, patiently watching everything transpire, missing nothing. A worker whose party assignment carried him daily into the perils of the landowners' feudal domains. Capture would mean death: torture was not unknown. The noose or even the stake for "smart niggers" in Dixie. Four years ago Comrade X, barely able to read or write ("I was going to night school when I joined the Party") had not heard of the Communists. Today, after his report, the Convention rose to acclaim him one of the outstanding leaders of the American Communist Party. There was about him the strength of the mass leader: a proletarian living his class, embodying its drive. Spontaneous cheering. Prolonged tumult. He stood on the dais, looking over the audience, his throat working. He raised his hand for silence. Instead the workers broke into the *Internationale*. The forest of up-raised fists brought his black clenched fist up.

Comrade X was the typical Communist working-class leader evolved since the crisis. Every speaker—from whatever part of America he hailed—possessed similar qualities. Revolutionary America was talking here: in-

domitable, irresistible revolutionary America. I heard it speak: scores of millions saying No to the New Deal, to starvation. Here I heard the workmen of Minneapolis who at that moment were tearing up streets, fighting back police and firemen, demanding jobs, demanding relief. I heard the sharecroppers in the Black Belt whispering the words of the Daily Worker to one another, the paper passing from hand to hand until it tore into pieces, and even the pieces pinned together and passed on through the Black Belt.

This was America speaking: here in this drab hall on Prospect Avenue—the Red sons of Paul Bunyan and John Henry. Dialect followed dialect: the long drawn vowels of Dixie, the nasalities of New England, the slow twang of the West, the American cockney of New York. Dialect after dialect hammered away at the same points: concentration in basic industries; winning over of fourteen million Negroes in this country; work within American Federation of Labor; within independent "Federal" unions; construction of powerful Trade Union Unity League and Independent Federation of Labor; method of fighting Fascism and War—and technique of "Bolshevizing our party," building it to mass proportions.

As Earl Browder, Kansan, still young, his face marked by the vast responsibilities of revolutionary leadership (he is general secretary of the Communist Party) said: "If we make use of the tremendous opportunities revealed here in this Convention, in a short time we will be a mass party. We will be leading serious daily struggles, and we will be seriously preparing the American workers for their revolutionary tasks."

The technique of perfecting revolution requires infinite consideration and endless experience, thorough knowledge of political econ-



Boris Gorelick

omy and revolutionary practice. Revolution is a science: every science requires its terminology. Here assembled revolutionary America, speaking a dozen dialects, yet all speaking the same language—the language of Marx and Engels, of Lenin and Stalin. The workingmen from the dais in rough, sledgehammer language hammered out the Line—collective product of the American working class, aided by the experience of older struggles, older lands—the Communist International.

The Kentucky miner—five years ago he was a feudist—spoke of the “functioning party unit”; the Negro steel worker of “white chauvinism” and “petty-bourgeois Negro nationalism.” The railwayman from Seattle urged the need of “bringing the face of the Party forward.” These workingmen, in the words of Browder, were “not parroting phrases,” were not “revolutionary phonograph records.” Their achievements proved they knew where of they spoke. Party membership:

- 7,500 in 1930
- 9,257 in 1931
- 14,475 in 1932
- 19,165 in 1933
- 24,536 in 1934 (Jan.-Feb.)

In 1930—64 shop nuclei with 571 members; in 1934, 338 shop nuclei with 2,355 members. This is their basic duty—their “control tasks”: root the party in the factories. “Every factory a fortress of revolution.”

The delegates knew it—they came, 470 of them, from 41 states, to collate their experience, analyze their victories and defeats, to chart their further course of activity in this period—“to hammer out the Line.”

These Communists, 92 percent of whom were proletarians — how zealously they guarded their party’s general Line. They see themselves for what they are, the architects of the future, representatives of the working class moving toward power, and they came to chart the blueprint of revolution for the present period: the program for liberating the industrial, agrarian and white collar serfs of the twentieth century: these men, women and youths who not only dare stare death in the face to bring to fruition their class-objective, but, more important, discipline themselves to grasp every possible detail of the Line—to study on weary nights in cheap rooming houses and proletarian hovels the multitudinous details of organization, of political policy,

the mass of ideology necessary to guide a revolution to success. I saw here that these are the master-craftsmen: these organizers, these students and wielders of economic and political policy—these representatives of the proletariat. They work on the basis that revolutions are successful when the dominant class can no longer rule: when the turbulence, the dissatisfaction of the masses, reaches the explosion point of insurrection, and when there exists a revolutionary party capable of transforming and guiding the furious elements of revolution into the channels of a Soviet society—to Communism. They train and steel themselves—these Communists—to be present when the moment comes—at the head of irresistible battalions.

Four hundred and seventy delegates, from every part of America. Also, the secretary of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party, the head of the Cuban revolutionary trade union confederation which now embraces the majority of Cuba’s proletariat; the secretary of the Irish Communist Party, Sean Murray; representatives from the outlawed Canadian Communist Party; Anna Schultz, the widow of the martyred John



Boris Gorelick



Boris Gorelick

Scheer, best friend of Ernst Thaelmann, German Communist leader. Thirty-eight delegates from the American Federation of Labor; eighteen from independent unions; a total of 64 percent of the convention carried union cards. Of the 233 regular voting delegates (the remainder were fraternal) 145 were born in this country; the foreign born were represented by 88 delegates.

Revolutionaries are eternally young. Like Mother Bloor, past 72, they stay vital, dynamic. At the Convention however, actually 65 percent were between 26 and 30 years of age: the largest number present joined the party since the Open Letter was issued last summer. (The Open Letter brought forcefully to the party's attention its shortcomings and its "control tasks.")

Here they were: to "hammer out the Line." At the same time they knew—that after they formulated a policy, then technique, was paramount. All agreed with Stalin: "Good resolutions and declarations of the general line of the Party are only a beginning, they merely express the desire to win, but it is not victory. After the correct line has been given, after a correct solution of the problem has been found, success depends on the manner in which the work is organized, on the organization of the struggle for the application of the line of the Party, in the proper selection of workers, on supervising the fulfillment of the decisions of the leading organs. Without this the correct line of the Party and the correct solutions are in danger of being severely damaged. More than that, after the correct political line has been given, the organizational work decides everything, including the fate of the political line itself, i.e., its success or failure."

Revolutionaries become men of steel: no wonder his Russian comrades re-named Josef Djughashvili, "Stalin." America is producing its Stalins, its Molotovs. Undoubtedly many delegates thought this after Browder reported in the name of the Central Committee. This native of Kansas, a man of 27 years experience as a revolutionary, brought the proletarians to their feet in an ovation unparalleled in the Party's history. His address scintillated with the insight of a master of revolutionary theory and practice: it clarified the problems to hosts of the delegates. Homely words, brief, monosyllabic, in an argument that rose logically, step by step, to incontrovertible conclusions.

One of the first speakers following Browder was a railroadman from Seattle, six foot of husky native stock, he was, as Harry Gannes speaks of him in the *Daily Worker*, "the Party riding the railroads in the person of an eloquent spokesman." The railroadman (again I must withhold the name) was impatient with faulty technique. He sought direct, well-articulated action, operating on schedule like the trains he ran. "I am an employed railroad worker from the West Coast and the greatest difficulty I ever had was finding the Party . . . I have been looking for the Communist Party ever since the overthrow of the

Czar in Russia . . ." He told a story, with singular force and simplicity of the organization work that goes on in freight yards while the locomotives shift to and fro. As he spoke you could imagine him at work, slipping a word here, a phrase there, in the acrid steam, shouting above the tumult of the trains, speaking words of organization, of unity, of revolution. He was warned by a sympathetic co-worker that "there were stool pigeons on the job"—that he should guard his tongue. The Communist railroadman continued his agitation. "I began to talk unity. Conditions were getting worse—we were calling each other stool pigeons and so on. We must get together. Our problems were all the same, and even though we may have political differences, the thing to do was not to condemn each other but get together at least as far as conditions on the job were concerned. Let us agree on working conditions." Here was the simplest expression of the method of united front from below: clearly stated as only a workingman can. After a brief period, he recruited two of the workers—against whom he had been warned—into the Party.

The convention discussed in great detail the question of winning the Negro masses to the support of the Communist Party—the speech of Comrade X referred to before perhaps indicates best this outstanding phase of the Party's political program. He told of the growth of the Sharecroppers Union from 3,000 members last July, to 6,000 today "in spite of the terror that has been leashed against the Negro and white sharecroppers, particularly in Alabama, in spite of the lynch clouds that have gathered . . ." He recounted the struggle of the union against a landlord who refused to pay the customary, pitiful 50 cents per hundred pound of cotton. The landlords immediately rounded up their forces and directed an open assault upon the Negro people, "robbing their cabins, arresting them and fining them \$300 and sentencing them for six months." They were still in prison, he said: "Most of them are now sick with some kind of disease as a result of the poison put into their food, and we have a report that one of them has died." He hesitated a moment. "That is the present situation there." He told of the irresistible drive toward organization. All these pre-conditions of terror cannot halt the masses of sharecroppers, who are being sympathetically watched by their fellow white sharecroppers.

Space does not permit the recital of many other speeches by a host of these lieutenants of revolution: for instance that of the secretary of the Marine Workers Industrial Union, Roy Hudson, a powerful, driving personality, steeled by years of proletarian experience and organizational activity into a dynamic leader. (A Scandinavian seaman from the West Coast had spoken, greeting the Convention and expressing the regard and admiration of the seamen of the West Coast for Hudson.) I would like to tell of the speeches of the woman district organizer of New Jersey, Rebecca Grecht, and that of the Negro district or-

ganizer, Manning Johnson, of Buffalo; of Phil Frankfeld, leader of the Unemployed Councils of Pittsburgh, out on bond after a sentence of four years in that hell-hole Blawnox where one Communist died a year ago as a result of criminal neglect.

Four of us, after one of the night sessions, walked the streets of Cleveland, in a drizzle, into early morning, swapping reminiscences. One delegate was due back the following Monday to appeal his sentence of four years in Blawnox: his head had been closely shaven by the prison barber several weeks before: a short black stubble had grown. The other, a Negro sharecropper, worried about his local, fretting in desire to return "and see if everything's the way I left it." The third, a Kentucky ex-mountaineer, and now Party organizer, told of the Kentucky miners who "one month ago did not want to have anything to do with me, because I'm a Red-neck, but today want to know how to get into the Party." He told of the workers' loss of confidence in Roosevelt who they had thought "was going to be another little Jesus."

We spoke of the New Deal and the old deal, of impending war and Fascism, of Germany and of the U. S. S. R. We walked the long distance to the home of one of the Cleveland sympathizers, who made coffee and wouldn't let us go to sleep. "Tell me more," the Cleveland worker said, "Tell me everything." He plied us with many cups of coffee. "And Hitler—how long do you think he'll last? And war? When do you think it'll start? And will the Soviet be ready for them?" Question after question, eager to suck up all the knowledge, he pleaded with us not to go to sleep so soon. The gas light flickered on the wall, and one by one the delegates fell asleep as they sat by the table. I looked at them: the stubby, prison-shaven head of the youth returning to a probable four years in a modern dungeon where Communists were tortured; the long, lean head of the Negro sharecropper, the comrade returning to dodge the squadrons of lynchers in the Black Belt; the Kentucky youth who five years ago had been a feudist, who had run the gauntlet of the Chicago gunmen who killed Simms. Tomorrow or the next day they were to return to the front-line of class war. I thought, "Upon these heads the future rests."

Whether they make mistakes or no, and they are bound to commit errors, to "have shortcomings," they are driving ahead relentlessly to their inevitable goal. Error and temporary defeat cannot impede them: they are conscious of the tenacity, the bravery, the boundless power of their class. As the Kentucky comrade said finishing his speech, "In closing I want to say this, the Kentucky miners have fought each other for the past 100 years, but I want to say it looks in Kentucky at this time, if the Communist Party follows the line as laid down by Comrade Stalin, and the Communist International and Comrade Browder, the shooting will be turned in the right direction for the setting up of a Soviet government in the United States."

# Prelude to Terror

## *The Committee for the Nation*

S. J. LENIHAN

**A** CONGRESSIONAL committee headed with Dickensian fantasy by a gentleman named Bulwinkle, is hearing the grave charges of Dr. William Wirt, educational head of the United States Steel company town of Gary, Ind., against the Brain Trust. The doctor has accused the Brain Trust of being Communistic, a not too subtle libel on the party of Lenin and Stalin. The charges were laid before Congress by James H. Rand, Jr., president of the Committee for the Nation and chairman of Remington-Rand, Inc., manufacturer of office appliances whose balance sheet, despite inflation, still shows heavy splashes of red. The color is not political, however.

The Committee for the Nation corresponds, both spiritually and historically, with other celebrated groups. It sums up the corruption to be found in capitalist American life as the group surrounding Rasputin represented the essence of Czarist Russian life; as the group around Thiers in France of the '70s represented French ruling class morals; and it resembles the groups around Hitler in Germany and around Stavisky in France. The motives of the Committee for the Nation and the character of the men managing it, judged even by means of capitalist ethics, are putrescent.

What Washington was not interested in disclosing was that Dr. Wirt, originator of a peculiarly backward educational system aptly characterized as a system to make people mill-hands and to keep them docile, was a member of the original clique that founded the Committee in Chicago in 1932, along with other elements hailing from the Ku Klux belt of Northern Indiana. Dr. Wirt is a close friend of Dr. Edward A. Rumely, of La Porte, Ind., chief propaganda agent for the Committee, Dr. Rumely once having been an "educator" himself when he ran the Interlaken School for Boys in Indiana before the War.

Wirt was also close to Rumely in New York City when Wirt was endeavoring to have his educational system installed there during the regime of Mayor Mitchell. At that time Rumely was the publisher of the New York Evening Mail. Upon his return from Germany, where he got a medical degree at Freiberg University in 1906, Rumely inherited a share in M. Rumely and Company, makers of agricultural implements and started the Interlaken School, which some of its friends termed a "rough and tumble" school for boys. It specialized in rigorous but playful treatment of the scions of upper class families, an early anticipation of the Nazi concept of education.

The Rumely company was chronically in difficulties with its balance sheet and con-

tinued so off and on down to 1931, with interludes of bankruptcies and official scrutinies for dubious Stock Exchange operations. That year it was bought by the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company. But it was not until he bought the New York Mail in 1915, at the age of 33, that Rumely had really been fully launched in dubious waters.

That step placed him on a road which was to land him in jail because it was subsequently brought out that he had received more than \$1,000,000 from agents of the Kaiser to make the purchase. Rumely was tried in 1920 and convicted of trading with the enemy of his fellow capitalists, was sentenced to a year and a day in Atlanta, and had the sentence cut down in 1924 by President Coolidge to one month, which he served. Every wire of politics was pulled, every legal subterfuge was resorted to in order to avoid going to jail, but even Coolidge could not let him go off. Debs and other political prisoners imprisoned for their war-time activities had already been pardoned, but the rulers of the nation stuck at the prospect of letting Rumely off scott free. After all, he had trafficked with the foes of Wall Street, where he had a niche, and some punishment had to be given him.

Rumely is the coordinating force in the Committee for the Nation, a loose association of from a thousand to 2,000 capitalists, including stock brokers, has-been bankers, worried merchants, outright speculators, silver interests, dabblers in shady corners, and ambitious pushers. In the high councils of the Committee we find Frank A. Vanderlip, who once toyed with pale Socialism and later plumped for Technocracy; George Le Blanc, former vice president of the Equitable Trust Company, who advises Father Coughlin and Senator Thomas on money and silver questions and touts about Wall Street oral "investment" counsel, Rumely; Dr. Wirt, and young Rand.

A man who does not appear prominently with the Committee, but who is a close friend of Rumely's, is Herman A. Metz, chief apologist for Hitler in the United States. Back in the days when Rumely was the agent of the Kaiser holding the Mail, Metz, then a Congressman and up to his neck in German chemical interests, was his bosom friend. They are still as thick as thieves, and Metz bears a reputation none too savory, although, unlike Rumely, he has never served a term in jail.

Rumely was very close to the Ku Klux movement in Northern Indiana after the war, and is regarded in some quarters as the surreptitious adviser of D. C. Stephenson, Klan Wizard now in the penitentiary for murdering a young woman in 1925. Stephenson

ruled the Republican machine in Indiana before he came to grief. In 1924, when Rumely was co-publisher of McClure's Magazine, having purchased it early in the year, articles were run in the first issue under the new management about Stephenson's virtues, and the articles kept coming. Rumely has also been associated in business enterprises with Stephenson.

Rumely's home town is La Porte, Ind., not far from Wirt's home town of Muncie. Both were Klan strongholds. It is also worthy of note that Rumely's American Alma Mater is Notre Dame. He is really in all camps. When Father Coughlin last December came to New York to stage his free-for-all at the Hippodrome it was Rumely and members of the Committee for the Nation, including the egregious Le Blanc, who had him in tow.

The Committee recruits by inviting all business men who want higher prices and believe monetary manipulation can provide them to join. Some people are cajoled or wheedled into joining, tactics of recruiting for the Elks. Others are spoken to seriously, the possible fate of the nation being invoked as a reason for joining. Gravely, it is pointed out that the Administration has, point by point, adopted items of the Committee's money program, and the business men are so unsophisticated as not to see that the Administration's money program is one that has been followed in post-war Europe and is merely part of orthodox capitalist finance when the weather becomes rough. The administration's money program was in the air, but the Committee pushed it volubly, and takes credit for it. Many members believe that the Committee is the invisible government, but it is not—yet. Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Republicans, Democrats, free traders, high tariff men, single taxers, Socialists, and others are lumped indiscriminately in the Committee's ranks, but all they do actively about the Committee is to contribute modestly to its funds and allow the clique at the center to run it where they will.

Some benefits have accrued from the Administration's money program to exporters, brokers, speculators, farm cooperative interests, merchants and jobbers who belong to this group, and most of them are satisfied that the Committee has brought this about. The silver people in the group have obtained some benefits from government purchases of silver, but they want more of this, more devaluation of the currency and inflation. Some of them are in such utter bad business condition that a dollar worth from 25 to 40 cents is all that could save them.

What has not been brought out about the Committee's program, but what is causing

some deep thought in certain circles, is the fact that the program as adopted is of direct benefit to the finances of the Hitler government. Rumely has close connections with important Germans and makes frequent trips to the Reich, and he is a close friend and erstwhile business associate of Metz, who has been publicly denounced as a Nazi apologist in the United States. Le Blanc, both before and after the war, had significant banking connections in Germany, and he (the collaborator of Father Coughlin) was one of the first bankers to propagandize for the flotation of huge amounts of German post-war securities in the United States. Wirt, like Hitler, makes reckless charges of Communism against all and sundry. Coughlin talks like Hitler. The ideological affinity of the group is thoroughly complete and the practical affinity is hardly less.

Reduction of the value of the dollar, while the mark is held up by superhuman efforts, is making it easier for the Hitler government to repatriate German bonds held in the United States, in the amount of about \$1,600,000,000, and further reduction in the value of the dollar, at terrific cost to the American masses, would make the task of German capital in freeing itself of onerous interest charges much easier. The program of the Committee for the Nation, especially the unfinished portion of it, is of material benefit to the Hitler government in clearing the Nazi decks for action. The record of the Rumely-Metz connection with Germany is very complete.

Another parallel connection of the Committee of the Nation, both ideological and actual, is with the Silver Shirt movement. The Klan connection of the Committee, through associates from Northern Indiana, is very clearly spread through the records, and the connection of the old Indiana Klan with the Klan in the South is well known. The Klan was resurrected in Georgia, but its center of gravity in a few years shifted to Indiana, close affiliations remaining between the two geographical groups. In the matter of ideology it is noteworthy that the Committee for the Nation, under Rumely, erstwhile Klan propagandist, German agent, manufacturer and educator, has as one of its central planks the creation of silver as a monetary foundation, much to the delight of the silver people. On the other hand, the Silver Shirts, definitely fascist and operating in the South and in California, have taken the name of the white metal for their chemises, and hardly by accident, as this was carefully thought out to link the worship of silver in agrarian regions with the general agitation for silver legislation. Governor Rolph of California, the lynch advocate, it is interesting to see, is on one of the sub-committees of the Committee for the Nation, and so is Governor Talmadge of the Ku Klux, Silver Shirt and chain-gang State of Georgia.

Metz, Rumely *corpsbruder*, former New York City comptroller, ex-Congressman, director of Interborough Rapid Transit Company,

director of the defunct Bank of United States, indicted, but never convicted; president of the Board of Trade for German-American Commerce; and leading figure in the American I. G. Chemical Company, controlled by the Standard Oil of New Jersey, Ford Motor and I. G. Farbenindustrie of Germany, has in his long life been under frequent charges. In 1930 he was forced to tell a Senate lobby inquiry of a campaign contribution of \$2,000 to Senator King of Utah, one of the leading silver producing states, incidentally. The charge had been made that Metz advanced this money so that King would favor lower tariffs on German chemicals, much to the annoyance of the American Chemical Foundation. He has had frequent tilts with the Foundation, and between the two sides much strange skullduggery has been revealed. After the war Francis Garvan, former Alien Property Custodian and head of the Foundation, charged that Metz had manufactured salvarsan, "606," which had killed American soldiers. Interviews with Metz in the newspapers show that he admitted this at first and later denied it. When in Congress Metz was accused of representing German chemical interests, with which he had been associated all his life. He voted against the declaration of war with seventeen other Congressmen, but in the case of Metz, who booms Hitler, one may be sure no humanitarian principle was involved.

Rand - Rumely - Coughlin - Wirt - Metz - Le Blanc - Stephen - Rolph and Co. provide a curious background of personalities for the Committee for the Nation.

The Committee for the Nation has an executive committee consisting of business men not tainted with any more skullduggery than one finds in business circles. Rand and Lesing Rosenwald of Sears, Roebuck and Company are on this Committee. The Committee, however, is advised on its major decisions by such fauna as Rumely and Le Blanc. Coughlin and his radio station, polluting the air every Sunday with fascist demagoguery—incidentally Coughlin announced his last radio speech for this week, due to lack of funds—is an important point of contact with the masses of people, but great reliance is placed on the newspapers for the printed junk put out by the bale from the Committee's offices.

No matter how banal or obviously erroneous are the economic and financial policies put out by the Committee, newspapers all over the country print the stuff at length. This is because important local advertisers who would be offended if the propaganda went into the waste basket are linked with the Committee. In certain sections it is believed that the Committee is nothing more than an adjunct of the administration and some elements in this administration believe this because of the fulsome praise for Roosevelt ladled by the Committee through Coughlin.

There are prominent Jewish business men in the group who are oblivious to or ignore the pro-Hitler leanings of sections of the Committee, just as there are prominent Catholic

laymen on the Committee who are oblivious to or ignore pro-Klan elements with the Committee. On the silver issue the Committee can play every religious group in the country on its side and almost every petty capitalist and big agrarian interest.

Thus far the superficial aims of the Committee have been concerned almost entirely with technical economic problems of petty capitalist groups, who are in opposition to the finance capital groups of Wall Street against which Father Coughlin inveighs with truly Hitlerish vehemence. But the Committee has a good start toward a mass following at any time it wants to do more than put silver into the currency or oppose a Stock Exchange bill. Its members are executives of corporations which can in many cases influence their employees to express themselves in favor of policies the Committee may determine, through Coughlin the Committee had an individual on the air who reached more people than any other radio speaker and through newspaper advertising the Committee can command respectful attention from editors.

Rumely, slope shouldered, hulking, grayish, skittishly nervous and shifty-eyed, is merely the fitting propaganda agent for the Committee, button-holing business men in their offices, on trains between Washington and New York and in Congressional cloak rooms and Washington, New York and Chicago hotel rooms. The Committee expresses itself through Rumely, financial and political adventurer, the first issue of whose magazine, McClure's, canonized the murderer Stephenson as "the outstanding man of the young generation."

His notions are as absurd as those of the pale and harassed Rand with his charges of Communism leveled against the Brain Trust, or the humorless Wirt who has written much humorless and senseless stuff for the Committee, although avoiding any claim to membership in it, and the rest of the coterie trailing in the Committee's wake: Vanderlip, Rolph and a horde of bankrupt and near-bankrupt business men and others. But as absurd as the group is, its danger should not be discounted. It is dangerous to anyone who opposes it, be that individual orthodox or heterodox in his economics and politics.

The members of the Committee stand to lose just as much through orthodoxy as through heterodoxy in politics, which is one of the reasons it denounced Prof. O. M. W. Sprague, of Harvard, former adviser to the Bank of England and ideologist of finance capital, as "disloyal" for disagreeing with Roosevelt's money program, and which is also one of the reasons why the Committee has not hesitated even to cast aspersions on the wisdom of Roosevelt's bourgeois reformist right-liberal program when Roosevelt has not taken a direction espoused by the Committee.

The Committee is like an idiot prowling about in a dynamite dump, but most of the members of the Committee do not know it. Like the idiot of this figure of speech, many of them will never know what hit them.



# Empire of the Sun

JOSEPH FREEMAN

I

**A**UTO LICENSES proclaim—*Florida: Empire of the Sun*; and the ballyhoo of newspaper and screen have carried to every corner of the globe the glories and miracles of Florida sunshine.

Newspaper and movie cameras are trained almost exclusively on the life of the propertied classes. When we sit in northern houses surrounded by snow, scanning the Sunday rotogravure or the week's newsreel, we are likely to be bewitched by the legend that Florida is solely a tropic paradise where American millionaires play in the sun while their slaves work and freeze.

The all-too familiar picture was summarized by the Miami Post last December in a special edition hailing the opening of the winter season. The front page, decorated with hanging palm leaves, carried on its borders conventional drawings of Miami life: two greyhounds race after an unseen mechanical rabbit; two women sun themselves on the beach, one in a deck chair, the other under a large sunshade beneath a palm tree; horses and riders gallop through a chukker of polo; a hydroplane shoots through the clouds; a girl leaps high in the air, slamming a tennis ball over the net; a slim figure of indeterminate sex dives into the water; two jockies lean over their horses in a neck to neck race; an idyllic tropical scene; a bridge with pagodas and the inevitable palm trees in the foreground; a golfer swings a club between two—palm trees; a motorboat races through the water behind a fat sailfish hurling itself into the air; three couples in evening clothes dance among palm trees; a girl rushes across the waves on a surfboard. . . .

2

Millionaire's row bears the same relation to Miami as Park Avenue to New York. It is big in the news but small in area. A much greater section of the city is occupied by middle-class visitors. This year they have come from every part of the U. S. A. in greater numbers than ever, from the north as far as Maine, the west as far as California.

In the interior of the city, some distance from the luxurious hotels of the plutocracy, are the apartments and bungalows of small businessmen; they still have some money left after Wall Street's raids but no business to occupy them. Here you will also find people living on small incomes who have returned from Cuba, Italy, and the Riviera. Conditions in Europe and Latin America are "unstable"—and foreign exchange is against the dollar.

Around Washington Avenue is an extensive ghetto of middle-class Jews, segregated to

some extent by an anti-Semitism which does not mask its hostility. The Martha Washington Hotel, in the heart of the ghetto, carries a large sign: *Gentiles Only*. Other hotels carry similar slogans in their newspaper ads.

The Jewish quarter is like Far Rockaway or Edgemere. In the more expensive hotels, such as the Blackstone, fat garment manufacturers and their wives ape the plutocrats of North Beach by playing the races and cards, showing off their costly, tasteless clothes in the lobbies.

On the tennis courts of South Beach you will find the type of school-teacher, accountant, lawyer who swears by the liberal weeklies and improves his mind at Cooper Union lectures. Some are here for their health; some because they are unemployed and—if you keep away from millionaire's row—you can live more cheaply in Florida than in New York.

3

A deep social gulf separates the petit-bourgeois section from the magnificent villas of the ultra-rich. Yet here, too, there is well-being and privilege. Garment manufacturers throw away on horse races money which they refuse to add to the wages of workers whose labor enables them to indulge in this waste.

A deeper social cleavage begins below these middle-class visitors, among the food-workers who serve the rich on the shore and the well-to-do in the town.

One can hardly speak of "wages" in the hotels and restaurants of Miami and Miami Beach. Where wages are paid at all to waiters and busboys they are extremely low; in many cases these workers are compelled to live exclusively on tips. The food which the hotels and restaurants give employees is frequently so bad they are forced to eat outside at their own expense.

The tipping system, degrading to the worker, places him at the mercy of extrava-

gant pleasure-seekers who economize at the expense of those whose resistance is weakest. Men and women who spend ten dollars and up a day for a room, two dollars for a dinner, and hundreds of dollars on gambling, economize on tips which are the waiter's sole source of income. The busboy, forced to live on a percentage of the waiter's tips, is even worse off; I ran across one busboy who walked out of a restaurant in solitary protest because he had received \$2.25 for a week's work of twelve hours a day.

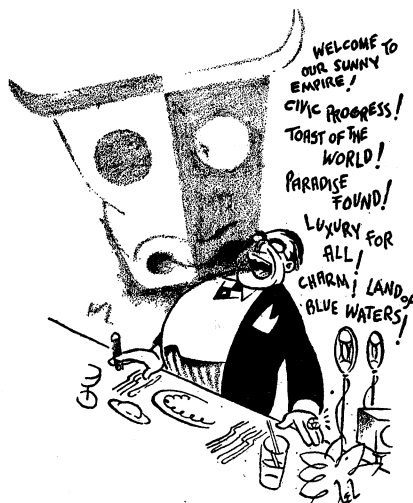
A waiter in one of the most luxurious hotels in Miami Beach told me as he was supping on a cheese sandwich and milk in a drug store:

"I get \$15 a month and I've got to make a living on tips or croak. But the same guy that'll lose \$700 a night at Carter's at roulette or stud poker will save money on me. The lousy food the hotel gives us has ruined my stomach. I've got to eat out. One day, when my stomach went very bad, I went to the Jackson Memorial Hospital. The first thing the doctor asked me was: have you got a dollar? When I said no, he refused to treat me. I live in Albany and haven't got a cent to go home with. The worst is my family thinks I'm having a wonderful time here. They read in the papers about the millionaires and think that's all there is in Miami. You can't blame them. Millionaires make the news and waiters don't."

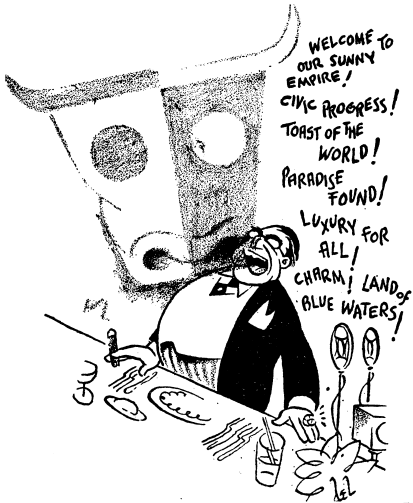
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Twenty waiters and 10 busboys employed by the Villa Venice walked out on strike March 13. The Villa Venice, owned by Mr. Albert Bouche, is one of the most exclusive cabarets on Miami Beach. Mr. Bouche charges his customers \$2.50 for one dinner and three "elaborate presentations of *Soirée Heureuse*," his "masterpiece," the "show of 1939—five years ahead of the times." The creator of "masterpieces" hired waiters at the beginning of the season on the promise that he would pay them \$1.00 a day. The season came and went, but the waiters received no pay. They walked out on strike, the busboys with them. At this writing they are suing Mr. Bouche for back pay totaling \$1,198.

The strike has run into a well-known snag. The only food-workers union in Miami is Local 133 of the American Federation of Labor, whose secretary is M. G. Drapkin. A militant young waiter, anxious for a victorious strike, urged Drapkin to wage a strong fight before the closing of the season left the strikers weaponless. Drapkin assured him the A.F. of L. was doing its best; it was handing Mr. Bouche's customers Mickey Finns in their food. Not content with this all-suffi-



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cient strategy, the A.F. of L. officials called a meeting of the strikers at Union headquarters for the exact hour when their suit against the Villa Venice was to come up in court. Such is the policy of sabotage followed by the A.F. of L. bureaucrats who, in the true Miami Beach spirit, spend most of their time playing poker and dice at Union headquarters.

5

The population of Miami—winter visitors excluded—is about 110,000; the rest of Dade County has a population of some 40,000, making a total of 150,000. Of these, 60,000 or more are Negroes.

Dade County has about ninety miles of beach along the Atlantic; of these ninety miles there is not a single foot where Negroes are allowed to bathe.

The city of Miami is divided, like so many American cities, by a railway track. On the "other side" of the track, in the northwest section of the town, is the proletarian quarter, grimy with the shacks of "crackers," Italians, Jews, Latin-Americans—but chiefly Negroes. These live in dark, dirty little wooden houses, often without doors or windows. The walls are so thin and rotten they look like paper.

The southern gentlemen who govern Miami do not clean the streets of the Negro section; it is as filthy as millionaire's row is spotless. Garbage is not removed for weeks, and the garbage piles rise like hills in front of the fragile shacks. A young local Communist, pointing them out to me, said ironically:

"These piles of garbage are so high that if you stood on one of them you could see the tower of the Roney Plaza Hotel." Then he added: "Florida is at sea level; these garbage hills are the only elevation we have."

6

Prior to the economic crisis, the Negroes of Dade County worked chiefly at unskilled labor. Such labor was plentiful, especially during the boom stimulated by bankers interested in inflating Florida real estate. When the crisis threw most of the white skilled workers out of jobs, they took unskilled work which until then they had scorned as fit only for Negroes.

The local businessmen have encouraged this racial economic war. The Community Chest and various charity organizations gave white workers "unemployment relief" by throwing Negro workers out of their jobs in hotels and restaurants.

Today most of the Negroes in Miami are unemployed. You can see them standing along the streets of the Negro ghetto or jammed in employment agencies asking white passers-by for work.

Mostly they sit dejected on the rickety porches of their shacks which sometimes carry crudely painted signs: *Good Luck Homes—Rent \$2 a Week.*

7

Miami Beach was planned and built as a pleasure resort. Its swankiest section is the

playground of the American plutocracy whose imitation French and Spanish villas and hotels exceed in cost and comfort the palaces of Roman emperors, Renaissance princes, and European profiteers.

The cult of sea and sun dominates this ostentatious world. Like California, Florida employs the quack phrases of pseudo-science to advertise the miraculous cures effected by sunlight. You hear a great deal of twaddle about healthful sunrays, ultra-violet rays, actinic rays, and some obvious sense. Leading hotels display bulletins announcing the day's temperature in various of the world's sunny cities. Usually these bulletins show Miami ahead of Los Angeles, Nice, Cairo, Algiers.

The sea, too, has its devotees. From various docks, 300 Gulf Stream trolling boats, deep-sea fishing yachts, excursion boats and houseboats are "continually carrying voyagers to the happy fishing grounds along this glamorous coast." Credit for that last poetic phrase should go to the Miami Chamber of Commerce.

Yachts named with justice after celebrated pirates take the buccaneers of American industry and finance to the Florida keys where the buccaneers of an earlier period found their winter playground. The Vanderbilts, Wanamakers and Astors follow the vacation trails of Captain Kidd, Black Caesar and the original pirate named Morgan.

Poor folk fish from bridges. Motoring along the west coast from Naples to Tampa, you can see them on every bridge with bamboo fishing rods, whites on one side of the bridge, Negroes on the other.

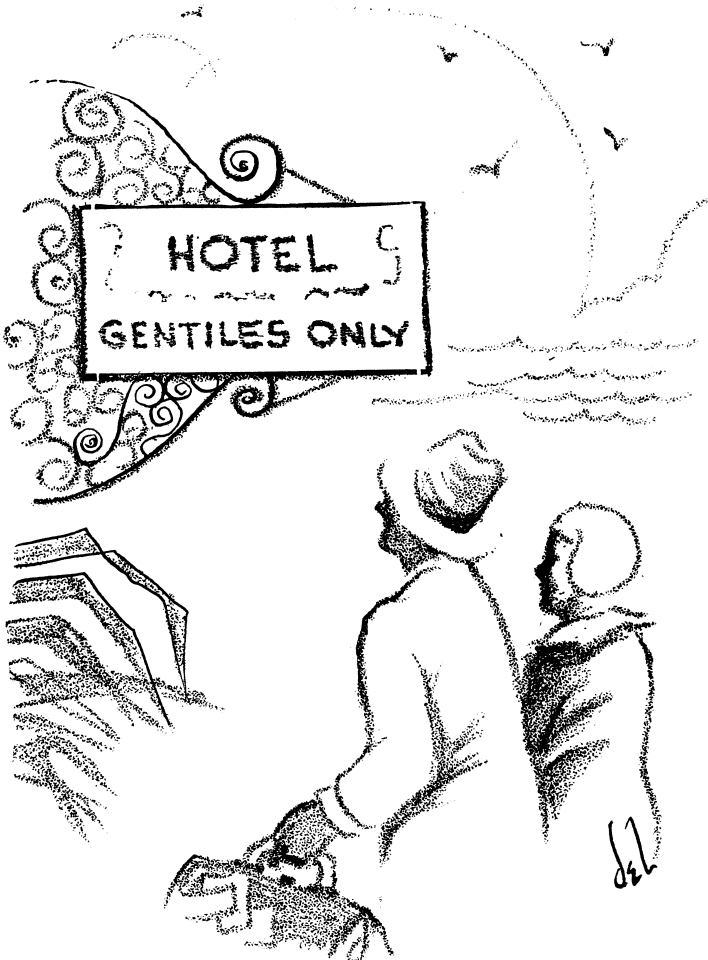
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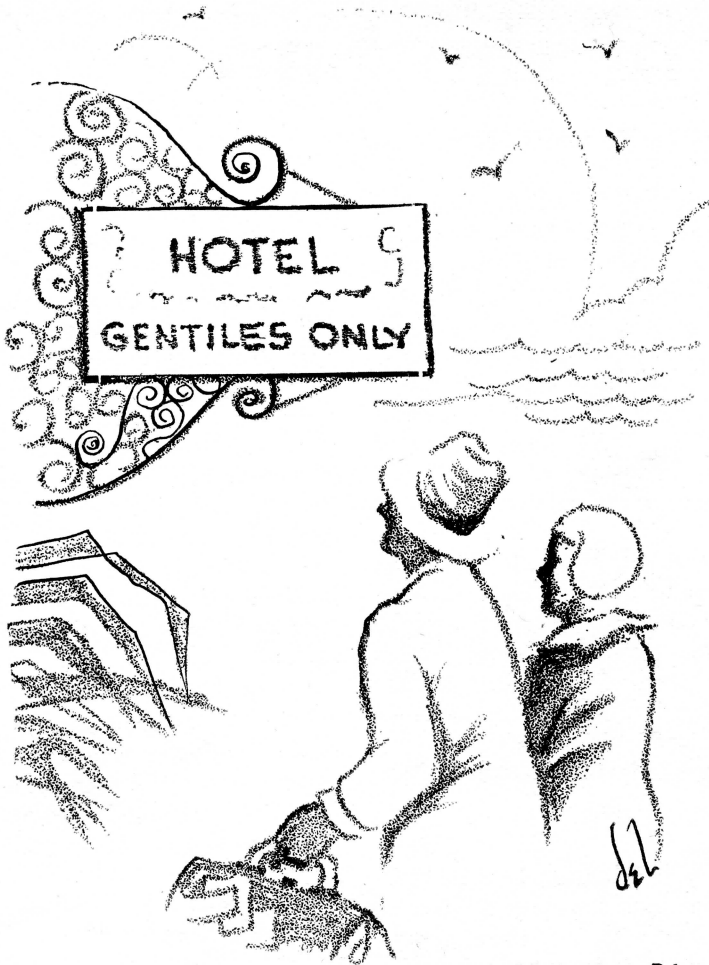
Last year the federal government set up an Emergency Relief Council in Dade County to carry out the "New Deal." The Council was in the hands of white politicians, charity organizations and churches. The Negroes were unrepresented.

Emergency relief work was set at three days a week, forty cents an hour. Wages averaged \$7 a week. In theory, white and Negro were entitled to equal pay for equal work. Jobs were to be distributed to "worthy cases." The right to decide which Negro was "worthy" of the blessing of emergency relief work was delegated to the Negro churches, thereby increasing the hold of that reactionary institution over the Negro workers.

When the Emergency Relief Council was replaced by the Civil Works Administration, no change was made in the personnel of the Dade County administrators. The same local white politicians remained in charge of distributing work and pay.

Florida was allowed funds for employing 105,000 men. Paper plans called for certain C.W.A. projects in Negro neighborhoods, chiefly schools and sanitation. These projects were never started. Funds assigned for such projects were spent by the C.W.A. bureaucracy on itself in the name of overhead. At the same time Negroes were given only those





C.W.A. jobs which white workers would not take, such as draining mosquito swamps.

At its peak, the C.W.A. employed about 6,700 men. Unskilled labor was paid 40 cents an hour on the basis of a six-hour day, five days a week. Skilled labor was supposed to receive wages at the prevailing market rate. In practice, such labor was underpaid twenty percent. Local trade unions finally protested and obtained the payment of prevailing rates in practice.

The differences in pay between so-called common and skilled labor opened the way for the customary corruption. Politicians, churches, charity organizations, American Legion chieftains placed their friends and members on the better paid jobs, regardless of qualification. The A.F. of L. in Miami protested against this practice and succeeded in obtaining a system of examinations for the better paid jobs.

One of the C.W.A. examiners assigned to this work told me that the new system simply created a labor racket for the A.F. of L. bureaucrats. They strengthened their own positions by handing out jobs to their henchmen. Eventually a triangular fight for the better paid jobs developed between the A.F. of L. labor "leaders," the American Legion, and the so-called Dade County Unemployed Citizens League, which includes 4,500 unemployed workers misled by labor racketeers.

9

The chief occupation of the "great and talented of many nations" who winter in Miami is gambling. Opposite the Roney Plaza Hotel, a few steps from the beach, is a stockbroker's office where fat, sunburned men and women in bathing suits and brightly-colored bathrobes play the stock market.

Scattered along the beach are casinos where the "leaders of the nation" throw away on poker, dice and roulette enough in one evening to feed, clothe and house thousands of workers' families for a year. At Hialeah Park and Tropical Park fortunes are thrown away on horse races.

At night the lovers of "sport" may rest from their labors at the ticker-tape, gambling casino and turf by betting on the greyhound races. I have not seen them, but a Chamber of Commerce pamphlet assures me they are "thrilling."

10

The corruption pervading the C.W.A. delayed much of the work. None of the important projects were completed on time. Federal and state investigations revealed "irregularities" in supplying labor and materials throughout Florida.

The federal government stepped in, suspended the C.W.A. and sent in Julius F. Stone, Jr. as acting federal administrator to prepare the way for a new federal-supported "relief" campaign. Stone suspended the C.W.A. work. The suspension, he explained, was to provide a breathing-space for transfer-

ring eligible workers from the C.W.A. work program to the new "relief" work program under federal control.

In discussions with the acting federal administrator, local white property-owners revealed with callous cynicism their hatred of the Negro. Why were C.W.A. funds assigned for educational and sanitation projects among Negroes not used for that purpose? Mrs. Meade A. Love, president of the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs, explained: *Many Negroes in Florida refuse to live in houses with glass windows; they prefer wooden shutters. Mrs. Love further explained: Negro children do not like to learn to read.*

It seems that the Negro masses positively enjoy the misery forced upon them by the southern white ruling class.

Acting federal administrator Stone announced that under the "new" program the minimum wage would be 30 cents an hour. But he omitted to say that this minimum is for Negro workers. White workers are to receive 40 cents an hour. The federal representative, like the local white bourgeoisie, adheres strictly to the color line in emergency "relief."

11

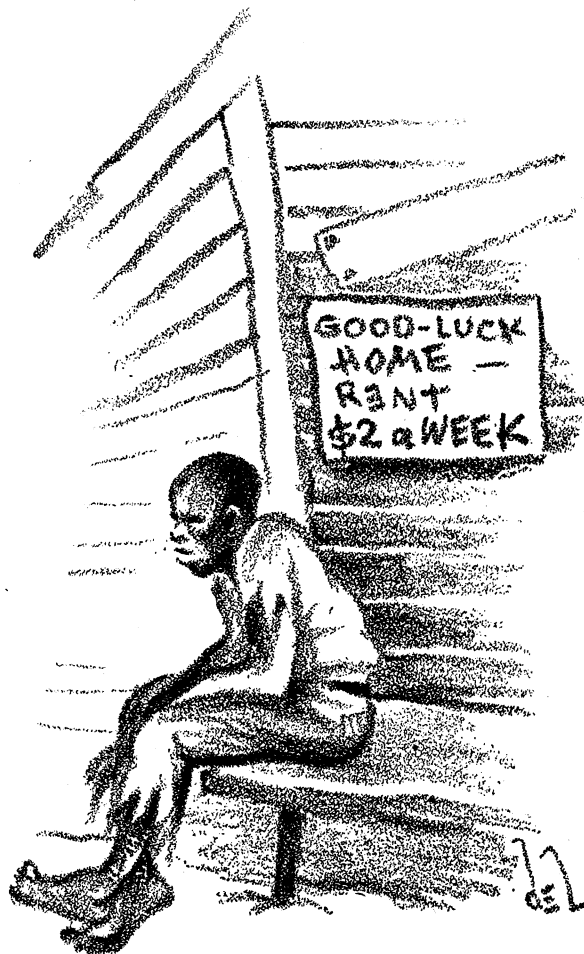
Theoretically, Washington sent Mr. Stone down to "remedy abuses" in the distribution of relief work in Florida. Actually, there has been no change. Neither the federal nor the state government has the slightest intention of aiding the workers in the crisis.

Florida is back on the system of "emergency relief." This system now operates as follows: A worker applies for relief. Thereupon an investigator visits his home and asks all kinds of relevant and irrelevant questions—the worker's name, his wife's name, the names of their respective parents, brothers, sisters and children. Are they American citizens? Where were their children born?

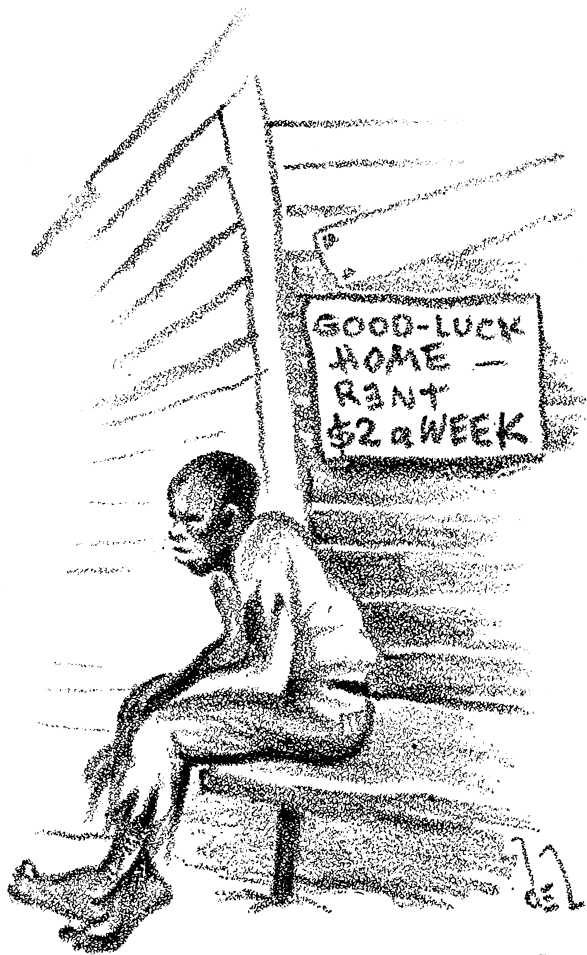
The investigator lists the minimum necessities of the family; he budgets its rent, groceries, clothing, insurance, debts, incidentals. Nothing is allowed for new furniture or depreciation of the old. *Not one cent is allowed for doctor bills or medicine.* The investigator is the one who determines the family's needs; he, and not the worker or the worker's wife, decides how much may be spent for the baby's milk.

After deciding the budget, the investigator makes deductions on the basis of other sources of income. Has the family a boarder? Has it a boy who sells newspapers on the street? Has it chickens that lay eggs in the backyard? Any income in goods or money is deducted from the budget.

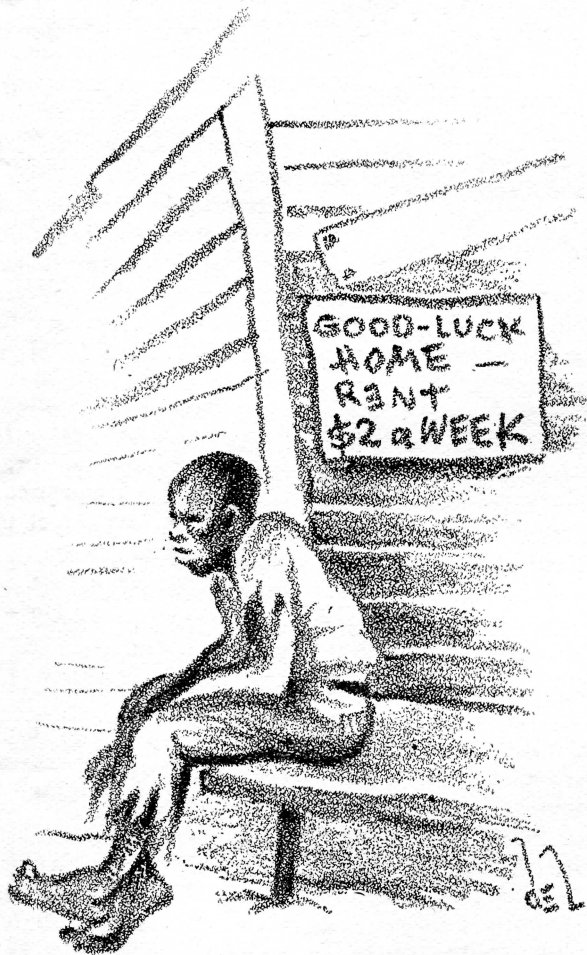
Two more rules: Only one member of the family can get work under the "emergency relief" system; *no allowance is made in the budget for dues of any kind.* The government does not formally forbid emergency relief employees from joining workers' organizations; *economically* it makes it difficult for them to do so.



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12

The "new" system of "relief" has made several other "improvements." The C.W.A. working time has been cut from five to four days a week. In the cities the total working time allowed is 24 hours a week; in the rural districts only 15 hours a week.

Emergency relief work is given for only one month at a time. But even for this period the worker does not receive his full pay. He gets only the amount called for by the budget determined by the investigator. The rest of his pay is kept for "relief" which he receives in instalments after he is laid off. But if after he is laid off, he should be *working*—it is reduced by an amount corresponding to what he earns at his new job.

Example: a painter working 24 hours a week under the emergency relief may earn \$120 for the month for which he is hired. At the end of the month he is laid off. Instead of his full pay, he receives only the \$60 (let us say) allowed by his budget. The remaining \$60 is doled out to him as "relief." But if after he is laid off he earns \$35 at some other work, he will get in "relief" only \$25. The worker will thus receive for his emergency relief job only \$85 instead of the \$120 which he earned.

13

If the "New Deal" robs the white worker so shamelessly, it goes without saying that the Negro worker is even more brutally exploited.

At the rate of 30 cents an hour he may earn a maximum of \$7.20 a week. Since he pays two dollars a week rent for a dilapidated shack, and corresponding prices for rotten food and does not need glass windows or schools, his budget is determined at less than \$7.20 a week.

Living standards in the Negro section of Miami, "city of sun and happy hours," are sub-human.

14

The acute distress of the thousands of unemployed white and Negro workers in the "world's greatest winter playground" has not prevented local politicians and labor "leaders" from celebrating the "success" of the "New Deal." The first anniversary of the "New Deal" was observed by a parade on March 9. The chairman of the parade committee was F. G. Roche, an official of the Electrical Workers Union and the Miami Building Trades Council, both affiliated with the A.F. of L.

Fittingly the parade was headed by Major E. J. Close, director of work in the C.W.A. of Florida. With equal appropriateness, Stephen Early, assistant secretary to Roosevelt, wrote to a Miami paper that the President "is pleased to learn that Dade County will hold a celebration in honor of the first anniversary of the New Deal," and that he is "more than happy that the situation justifies such action."

The President's sentiments, as transmitted by his secretary, appeared in the March 2 issue

of *The Eagle*, weekly organ of the Dade County Unemployed League. The same page which carried the President's congratulations on the success of the NRA also carried the following statement by labor "leader" Roche:

"It is a sad commentary on Miami that so many of our business concerns are making little or no effort to comply with the provisions of the NRA."

15

It seems there is a limit to the kind of entertainment white visitors from the North may see in Miami.

Wometco Theatres, Inc., owned by a mid-western businessman named Mitchell Wolfson, runs the *Harlem* theatre, a vaudeville and movie house on Northwest Fourteenth Street, the heart of the Negro section. Current at the *Harlem* is *The Brown Skin Models Revue*. All the performers are Negroes, some of them from *Shuffle Along*, which ran in New York several years ago. The audience has, as a matter of course, been Negro.

Recently Wometco Theatres advertised in the Miami press that on Saturday night, March 17, a special performance of *Brown Skin Models* would be given exclusively for white patrons. About 2,000 whites appeared at the *Harlem* Saturday night, but they never saw the show. The police sent them home, saying that whites may not view a Negro performance.

This was Jim Crow in reverse. As a rule, Negroes are forbidden to enter white places, a Southern custom with which Northern visitors to Miami are acquainted; they were surprised to learn that the color line works both ways.

Wometco Theatres obtained an injunction restraining the police from interfering with a performance of *Brown Skin Models* for white patrons. In defending his right to make profits from white thrill-hunters, the president of Wometco Theatres completely accepted the southern attitude toward Negroes; discrimination against Negroes was all right with him. But, he argued, the Negro performers on the stage of the *Harlem* "are separated from the white audience by the footlights and might as well be a thousand miles away." Besides, he did not intend to have mixed audiences or mixed performers. He was willing to maintain the color line; but if whites may attend Negro ball games and boxing matches, why not Negro revues?

The Miami authorities replied to Mr. Wolfson's injunction and logic as follows: Fire Chief Westra suddenly discovered that the *Harlem* lacked an asbestos curtain and condemned it as a fire trap. At the same time the Miami city commission passed an ordinance prohibiting performances before white audiences by Negroes displaying any parts of their bodies other than face, neck, hands and arms. The ordinance placed similar restrictions upon white actors playing to Negro audiences.

To leave no doubt as to the sexual implications of the ordinance, the city attorney explained that its highly moral restrictions would prevent whites from attending Negro theatres, since "no white audiences would go to Negro shows unless they expected something unusual."

These moves were effective. Wometco Theatres reached an "understanding" with the city officials; they agreed not to offer Negro shows for white audiences. The color line stays in Miami.

During the hearings on the case before the city commission, labor "leader" Roche appeared to urge that the proposed performance be stopped. He argued that Negro shows before white audiences are bound to cause "friction." By this "testimony" Roche gained two points: he identified himself with the anti-Negro policy of ruling whites whose favor he curries, and he annoyed Wometco Theatres which refuses to employ A.F. of L. movie operators.

In halting Mitchell Wolfson's attempt to exploit Negro entertainers for the benefit of white thrill-hunters and his own pocketbook, Miami city officials were no doubt serving the owners of cabarets and theatres in the white section of the city who fear to lose customers to Negro entertainment.

16

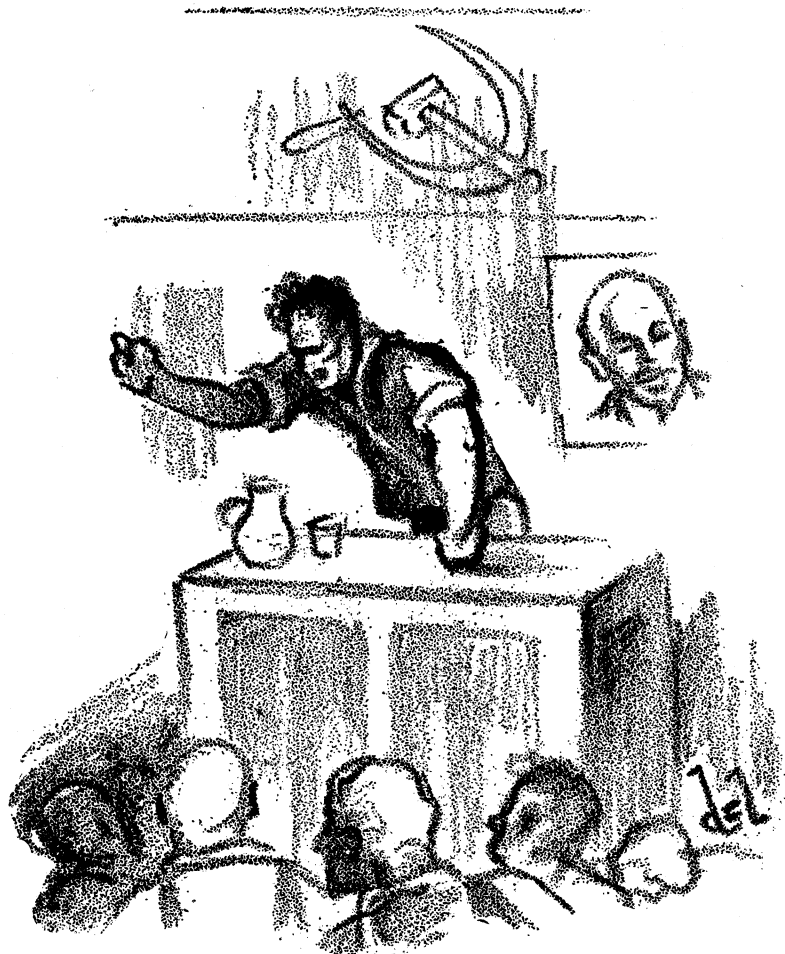
"Boys," writes a wag in a local weekly, "you'll never become cabana boys at the ultra-ultra Surf Club of North Beach if you can't meet the specifications of Alfred I. Barton, secretary. He insists his boys must be blonds and tall and slender, and very, very young, not more than twenty-three. The temperamental Mr. Barton, who is responsible for the beauty of America's most artistic club, is very, very particular, mind you, on this score—and very, very annoyed when applicants do not come up to his requirements."

Temperamental Mr. Barton is a good businessman. The rich and not always young ladies who loaf in the "artistic" cabanas of North Beach, striped with flaming colors suitable under tropic skies, like to have very young, very tall, very blond, very good-looking young men around.

17

One night, on the road from Hollywood to Miami, we saw a truck crammed with Negro workers, men and women, many of them without hats and shoes, all of them in ragged clothes. They were crowded in the truck, standing up packed close together. They told us they were being brought from Georgia to pick tomatoes in Florida.

Curious. With thousands of unemployed white and Negro workers in Dade County, why should growers have to send to Georgia for tomato-pickers? The Miami newspapers shed no light on the mystery. According to the *Miami-Herald*, "not one Negro could be found in Miami's Negro section who was willing to pick tomatoes at from \$2.50 to \$3



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a day. As a result, two trucks may be sent to Georgia in search for fifty Negroes to pick tomatoes on a 700-acre farm near Everglade City."

This explanation only deepened the mystery. Why should Negro workers who stand begging for emergency relief jobs at \$7.20 a week turn down jobs at \$3 a day? The Miami-Herald story, however, hinted at the truth: "The grower, in need of pickers to harvest 300 acres of his 700-acre farm, appealed to the sheriff's office for help in recruiting fifty pickers. Deputies I. R. Mills, Murry Grossman and R. B. Eavenson accompanied him to the Negro section." The Negroes, as we have heard, refused to accept \$3 a day jobs, despite the fact that the same story quotes W. H. Green, Dade County C.W.A. administrator, as saying that about 4,000 Negroes are registered with the C.W.A. but not one of them has been employed by the board.

Investigation in the Negro section revealed another story. The deputy sheriffs came not to offer \$3-a-day jobs but to recruit forced labor. On March 26, this objective was achieved.

"Seventy-five Negroes," the Miami-Herald reported the following day, "who were found loafing in pool rooms and on the street corners in the Negro section, were arrested yesterday by police in a series of raids and booked on charges of vagrancy. The raids were under the direction of Inspector Frank Mitchell and followed complaints that tomato growers in the Redland section have had to send trucks

to Georgia to obtain Negro laborers to pick their crop. . . ."

Miami has A.F. of L. unions run by the usual type of labor-faker. There is also the so-called Dade County Unemployed Citizens League run by a gentleman named Meredith E. Fidler.

Mr. Fidler, arriving in Miami several years ago, hung around for a while among the left-wing groups which meet in the headquarters of the International Workers Order at 328 N. W. Second Avenue. The street runs through the workers' section inhabited by Negroes, Jews, Latin-Americans, Italians, native whites. He suggested the organization of a debating society. When militant workers proposed instead the formation of an I.L.D. branch, Fidler fled and founded his League.

The League has 4,500 unemployed workers deluded by Fidler's demagoguery the object of which is to advance Fidler's career in Miami politics. This has brought him into conflict with A.F. of L. bureaucrats who have similar ambitions.

The Eagle, official organ of Fidler's League, carries the Blue Eagle and ballyhoos for Roosevelt and the NRA. Fidler is candid about some of his methods. The March 9 issue of his paper carried an article addressed to businessmen in which Fidler said:

"In order to further their efforts to relieve themselves, they [*i. e.*, the unemployed citizens] have launched a paper called The Eagle,

and if you will give it a little of your advertising, you may be surprised at the favorable results to them and to yourself."

P. S. He got the advertising.

Sunday, March 25, the Communist Party in Florida held its state convention in Miami. Eighteen representatives of Miami, Tampa, Jacksonville, Fort Lauderdale and other towns, elected two delegates to the national convention of the Party and outlined plans for future work. There were reports and resolutions on the organization of the Tampa tobacco workers; organizations of the unemployed, the farm laborers, the citrus workers, the Negroes, the longshoremen; the development of the Y.C.L. and I.W.O.; the circulation of the revolutionary press.

In the evening there was an open forum at the I.W.O. at which the delegates spoke informally about the convention and about Party work in general in the State of Florida. Most of the speakers were young, many of them of Latin-American origin, especially the Tampa group which included John Lima, a leader of the 1931 tobacco workers' strike.

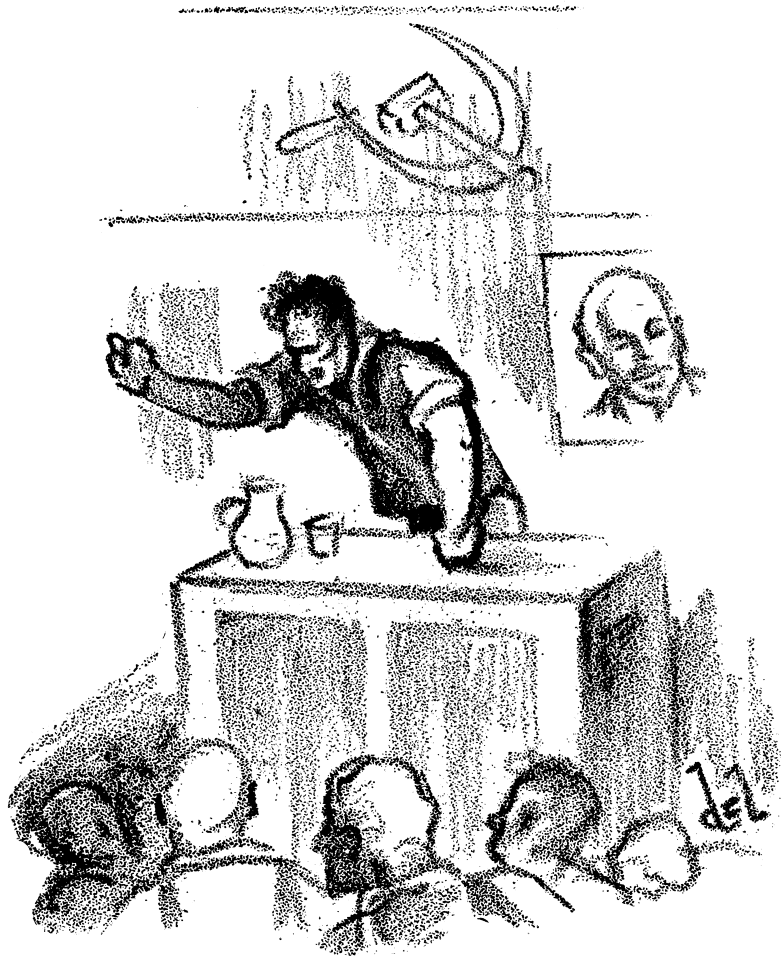
On the wall behind the speaker's table hangs a large portrait of Lenin, beneath it one of William Z. Foster. A large book-case is filled with Communist books, in various languages; a small case, displays: The Daily Worker, THE NEW MASSES, Soviet Russia Today.

The speakers, young and old, men and women, talk quietly and seriously. A woman worker from a canning factory in Oakland Park, near Fort Lauderdale, describes working and living conditions of unusual misery which led to a strike and a wage increase. A waiter gives details about the Villa Venice strike in Miami Beach. A tall white farmer from the palmettas, with a bald head and smiling wrinkled face that reminds you of Gene Debs, tells how he organized 400 Negro land workers around Fort Lauderdale. A pale, young Latin-American with spectacles and an unusually intelligent face tells of the terror in Tampa, the organization of the tobacco workers.

All speakers stress the importance of organizing the land and industrial workers, Negro and white; of developing mass campaigns. Difficulties are analyzed: a brutal class terror prevails in Tampa, Jacksonville and other cities; the church dominates most Negro workers; race prejudice, fanned by the white ruling class, blinds most white workers. The Party in Florida is young and needs forces which must be nurtured in the state; mass organizations must be developed; open forums must be conducted.

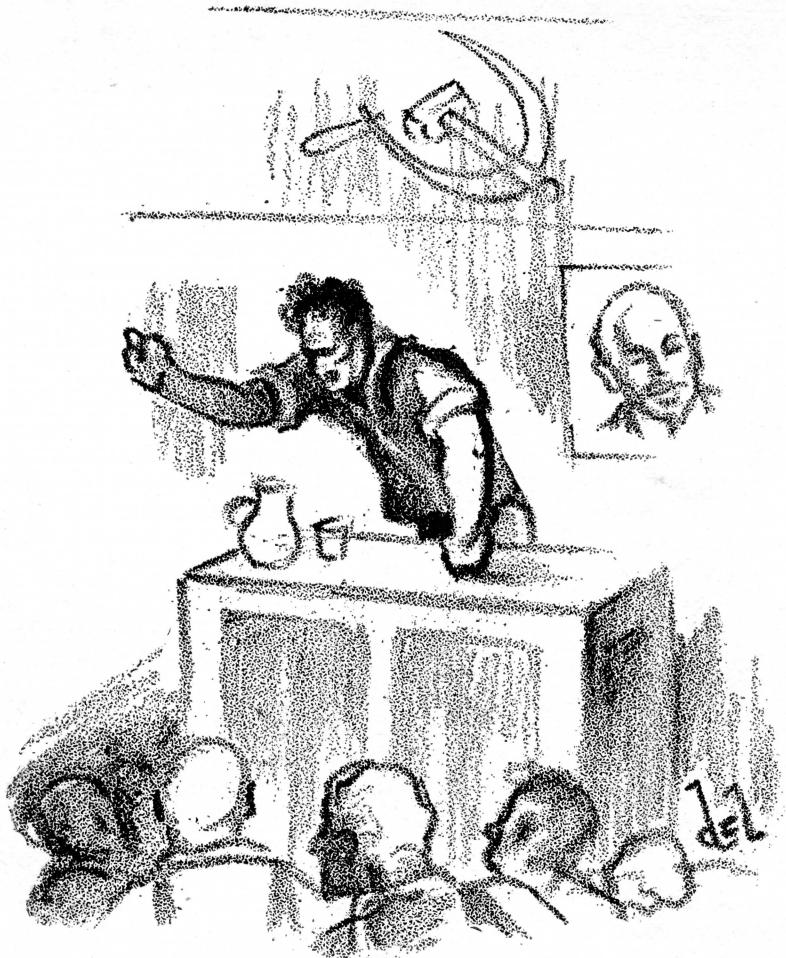
Delegates point out that the work has only begun; but they give the impression that Florida has a militant group of Communist fighters who understand local problems and are determined to organize the struggle of the white and Negro workers against capitalist exploitation and oppression.

April 17, 1934



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# Self-Criticism in

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If the Five-Year Plan collectivization has worked, production is growing at a rate at times almost savage. The workers themselves had a great deal of backward individualism, but in a short time into efficient



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HE: "Who dared?"

SHE: "The Ivanovo Voznyesensky Factory."

This cartoon is based on a news item which appeared in the Soviet press: "In a number of textile factories the struggle for cleanliness hasn't been very successful, and workers sometimes wipe their hands on the material."

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## HOW TO OBTAIN FIRE BY MEANS OF MATCHES —

Self-criticism of the Soviet Match Industry, part of the drive which resulted in a great improvement in the quality of matches.



*A completely unperfected method*

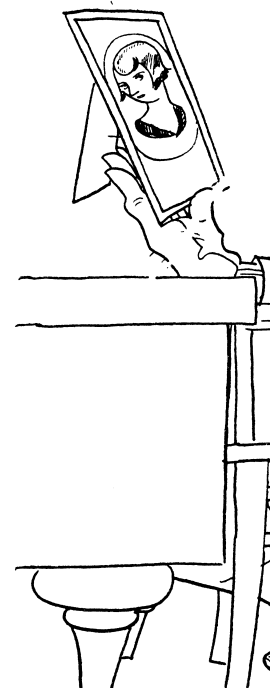


*Somewhat perfected*



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**A SLAP AT SNOBBERY** — "What hurts me is not that she left me, but that she ran away with a non-party man."



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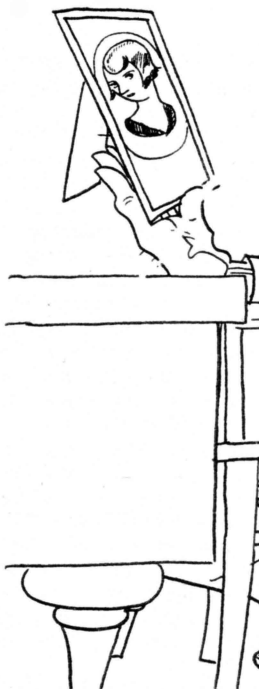


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# Self-Criticism in Soviet Cartoons

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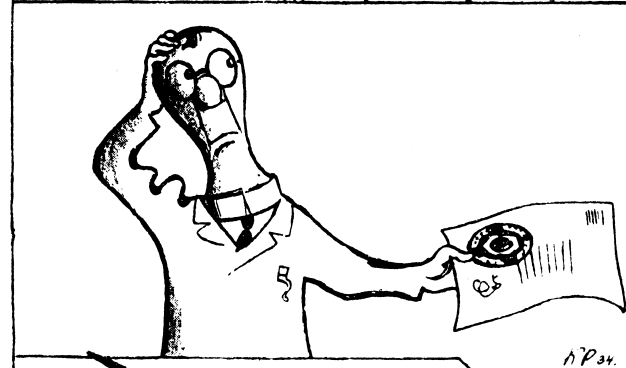
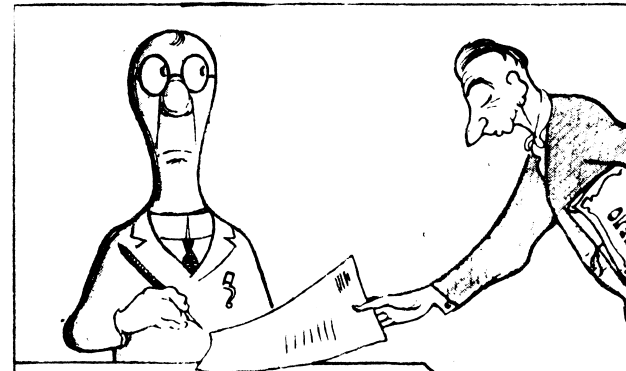
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THIEF: My key opens them all!

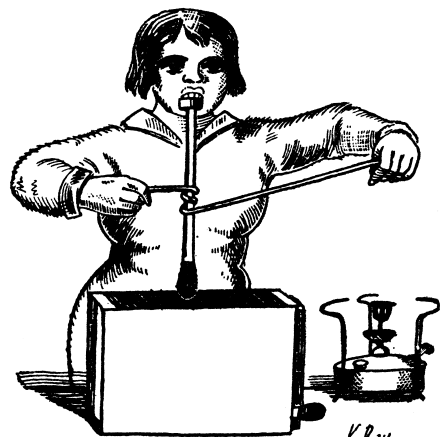
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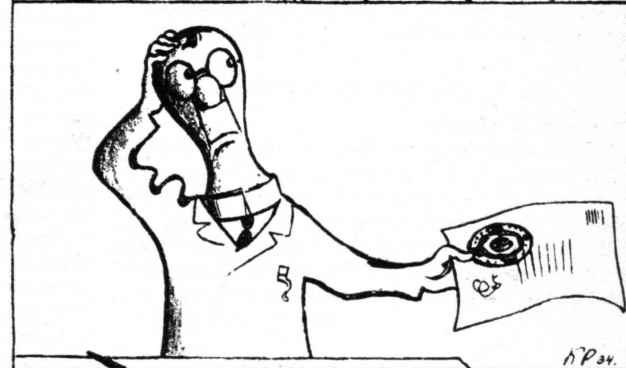
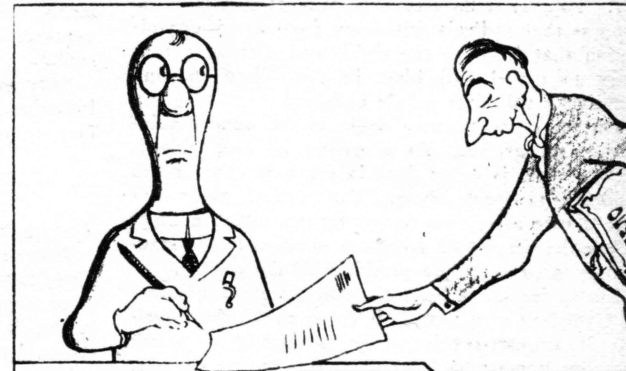
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# Correspondence

## A Lame Old Nag

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Many of Carl Haessler's criticisms of Phi Beta Kappa in *THE NEW MASSES* are valid and incisive. They are the same criticisms radical members of the organization make repeatedly. But he overreaches himself in his objections. He objects to their wearing the key as promoting intellectual snobbery and to their belonging to an organization which has a strong tendency toward being counter-revolutionary. To answer the second point first: does Haessler propose that radicals withdraw from every organization that leans to the right, and thereby permit them to travel full blast in that direction, and "subtly" manipulate public opinion?

On the contrary, they ought to try some manipulating themselves. As a matter of fact, this is exactly what is being done in the only chapter I'm qualified to speak about. The radical group has forced vote after vote on resolutions which attempt to put the chapter on record as opposed to the reactionary policies of the president of the college.

But so far we've been discussing the organization in Haessler's own terms. It seems to me that labeling it counter-revolutionary is giving a pretty vigorous name to a lame old nag. In our chapter, for example, political questions, even those directly concerned with school politics, are avoided like the plague, as not being quite congruous with the delicate literary and fraternal tone of Phi Beta Kappa meetings. Such questions get a hearing only on the insistence of the radical block. Of course, avoiding fundamental political questions may itself be counter-revolutionary in political or labor organizations. Whether the rule applies to a scholastic organization like Phi Beta Kappa is a question which the radicals in our chapter, at any rate, are trying to resolve by awakening a greater political consciousness there.

The reactionary tone of the organization is established by the publication, *The American Scholar*. If contributors, trading on the theoretical prestige of membership in the organization, have any influence through their articles in swinging opinion to the right, then it is all the more important that radical members use this same prestige in their activities for some swinging to the left. On the other hand, and this is much more probable, considering the circulation—which is far smaller than the membership—and the class of readers, if the publication is not a very weighty impetus to the right, then Mr. Haessler's blasts about its counter-revolutionary effect are largely wasted. To say that incoming members have the tone of their thinking and their social attitudes set by the stodgy *American Scholar*, somehow overlooks the fact that an increasing number of the younger membership is turning to radicalism.

ALAN DALE.

## To a Teacher in Distress

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Is our supervisory "teacher in distress" sincere in his inability to find a teacher's organization with a program that satisfies him? Strange that he is unaware of the teacher groups that are striving for militant unity between worker and teacher. Why not come around to a meeting of the "Rank and File" of the Teachers' Union, Mr. Supervisor?

STEPHEN STEPHENS.

## Musicians' Emergency Aid

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A word to Ashley Pettis in connection with his article on relief for musicians. Isn't he a little naïve to accept without question the figures and statements of the Musicians' Emergency Aid? He might ask any rank and file musician why the registration room of the M.E.A. is empty, with perhaps one or two cases a week, when thousands of musi-

cians are starving. Or, he might be curious to know why although the M.E.A. reports about 4,000 active cases over a period of 2 years, the last registration cards are numbered about 1600 or so, although every active case is recorded and numbered? Or, why when a rank and file musician ventures to cross the threshold of this institution, where ARTISTS only are tolerated, he finds himself shunted to half a dozen different agencies on the plea that there are no more funds? Or, why the halls are filled with Russian musicians, *émigrés* and white guard elements, busily rehearsing for several Russian Opera ventures into which the M.E.A. funds are heavily sunk?

Some of the practices of the M.E.A. cry out for investigation and certainly should not be taken at face value.

HESTER SHERMAN.

## Marxian Psychology

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Rebecca Pitts' article, *Something to Believe in*, in *THE NEW MASSES* of March 13, has received a good deal of favorable attention. For this very reason it becomes important to point out certain errors, lest their general acceptance retard the development of a Marxian psychology, something for which the time has now become ripe.

Comrade Pitts' argument is founded on an un-Marxian view of the development of personality. She arrives at her conclusion, that the road to an integrated personality is through "giving one's life away," because she departs from a bourgeois view of the relation between the individual and society, which she unwittingly accepts. (Modern psychology was created by a bourgeois society, and is political to its core. Every one of its concepts needs critical examination.) It is bourgeois to consider the opposition of the individual and society, without remembering that there is an interpenetration of these opposites, and that the forces of society are reflected in the individual (which the bourgeois forgets), just as the nature of the individual is reflected in the structure of society (which is a fact stressed by the bourgeois psychologist). Each helps to shape the other. Hence it follows that the society into which a man fits is the society which has shaped him.

Remembering this, let us examine what Comrade Pitts says. I quote a paragraph which sums up her central point, the only one which I shall discuss. "Men achieve a genuine, incorruptible wholeness and sincerity within themselves in just that degree with which they really *can* surrender their lives to a reality greater than themselves. For as the personality slowly sheds its egotistical aims, and moves toward this surrender, there is a truly dialectical change; a new self emerges—with a new awareness and new purpose, which are integrated because they are relative to ends and values beyond the individual. A man who has thus identified his purpose with greater purposes, has achieved integrity in the pure sense of that term; but the harmony within himself is a mere by-product of this identification."

In this statement, there are several faults:

First, there is an inadequate appreciation of the historical character of personality, which must be an essential feature of any Marxian psychology. The process by which an integrated personality is achieved is described as if it could be the same, in its general lines, at any period of history. It is only the cause to which one must "surrender" that changes from time to time. This is false. In the period of rising capitalism, it was not necessary for the individual to "surrender" himself to a greater cause in order to achieve integrity of personality. It is the only collapse of an individualistic society which makes individualism an unsatisfactory adjustment.

Second, there is an inadequate appreciation of

class factors involved. It is not accidental that Rebecca Pitts speaks in her article to the petty bourgeois, to the intellectual. It is this individual who feels that he must "surrender" himself, to a cause outside himself. This feeling has its roots in the fact that he is being declassed. The argument is not at all applicable to the proletariat. He does not "give himself away" to the revolutionary movement. His character is shaped in it, and his character shapes it.

Third, there results from these two shortcomings a failure to appreciate that it makes all the difference in the world to what movement one "gives one's self away." A given individual cannot choose with which of two causes he can become identified. He can attain an integrated personality only through identifying himself with that cause which corresponds to his personality. What cause is that? It is the historic movement which has shaped his personality. For the petty bourgeois, the destruction of his class may give rise to a need to "give himself away." But this is a temporary phase, an act which exposes him to another historical current. He attains an integrated personality when his unity with the revolutionary movement is no longer determined by his "surrender" to it, but by his being shaped in it.

What is the importance of this? The elaboration of a correct Marxian psychology is not a problem for pedantic interest, but something of genuine significance to the revolutionary movement. The foundation for it, the historic view of personality, was already given by Marx and Engels. Revisions of Marxism are frequently based on false conceptions of the role of personality in history. In particular, when we consider that men must "give themselves away" to the revolutionary movement, then we approach the view of Sidney Hook, that the truth of Marxism depends on whether or not the proletariat will accept it and act on it. That the proletariat will accept it and act on it is determined because his personality is being shaped by historic forces which compel him to be revolutionary. He does not give himself away to the revolutionary movement. He can be himself only by being revolutionary. And the peeling away of "egotistical aims" is not the surrender of a Robinson Crusoe personality to society, but is a historical process in which social forces remake the individual, stripping him of the dominant bourgeois ideology while they at the same time create in him a communist ideology.

EDWARD MAGNUS.

## "Stevedore" Preview

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The vicious questionnaire exposed in one of your recent editorials, given to the children in the Nyack Public School, attempting to breed race hatred against the Negro children, is only one of many issues the League of Struggle for Negro Rights is fighting. We are waging a campaign against the Fifth Avenue Coach Company's policy of discrimination, and demanding jobs for Negro drivers and conductors. We are having a drive against the fire traps throughout the city, and demanding an end to the miserable conditions and discrimination in Harlem Hospital, known throughout Harlem as the "Slaughter House."

To develop our work, which includes fighting for the freedom of the Scottsboro boys and a serious and continuous campaign against lynching, legal and extra-legal, money is needed. We have been fortunate in getting the preview of the Theatre Union's new play, *Stevedore*, with an almost all-Negro cast, for a benefit, Saturday night, April 14. Tickets from \$1.50 down to 45c can be bought at the Civic Repertory Theatre, Workers' Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street, and our office 119 West 135th Street. Readers of *THE NEW MASSES*, who will most likely see the show within the next few weeks anyhow, are urged to go on April 14, and thus greatly help the work of the League of Struggle for Negro Rights.

LEAGUE OF STRUGGLE FOR NEGRO RIGHTS.

# Fantasy in Blue Eyes and Blond Hair

EDWARD DAHLBERG

*Eli Melamed, an unemployed salesman of French perfumes, is one of the principal characters in a forthcoming novel, No Giants Live Here. The prototype liberal, he is the classical economic expression of "on the other hand," and "I guess maybe you're right." Not until he has been miserably declassed and forced down into a Roosevelt Roost, alias the Hooverville, does he learn to take sides. But then it is too late, for he dies of starvation.*

ELI MELAMED had made his third round of Stuyvesant Park. His face, wind-burned and hollowed out with tiredness, he decided that he would go to see the Briarcliffs for an hour's rest. Noticing the few finger-like trees, their embryonic buds of leaves, Spring buds in reverse gear, for they had been wrinkled and corrugated by the death-fumes of automobile gasoline, he felt the need to get near to something human and warmly domesticated. Already eager to be inside the Briarcliff's apartment and to shake hands with Edgar, he thought, with renewed courage: "We Jews do not know who we are and from whence we come. The blood of all nations and races flows through our veins—from feudal times and on our women have been defiled by Christians and the offspring of these acts of rapine have passed as 'pure Jews.'" He repeated this, saying to himself: "Perhaps there is the blood of French or Italians, of the Romance Language Peoples in my veins; after all, I'm a Sephardic type, and my Palestinian forebears must have been in Spain during the Inquisition." All this he said with the same kind of racial reasoning and inferiority complex that prompts Jews to call a Hitler or an Ivy Lee a Jew.

As Melamed stepped under the pseudo-beachish canopy outside the apartment house entrance, a thin rain began to canter lightly against the sidewalk. Suddenly he turned back, took off his hat and stood under it for a moment, lifting up his chin and face as though he were taking a shower. Melamed wanted to get wet so that it would appear that he had run in on the Briarcliffs for refuge. The rain grew swifter, galloping against the curbs, and Melamed ducked under the canopy again. The elevator took him up to the eighth floor.

Standing in front of the Briarcliff's door, he turned up his coat collar, unthinkingly shivered for a second, his arms and legs rippling against his suit, as though he were at large and not inside of it, and touched the bell, sotto voce. When Mrs. Briarcliff came to the door, he was wiping the back of his neck and swobbing his face with gymnastic phews and clucks. As he took hold of Mrs. Briarcliff's hand, he shut his eyes, vigorously

shook it up and down, piston-like, as if he had to reach up to seize it, and greeted her in a high off-pitched voice: "So awfully glad to see you, Jenny (he had never called her Jenny before and he was appalled by his over-familiarity), just ran in out of the rain . . . hope I'm not . . ." He stopped short here, for he heard voices inside, felt that he was intruding, and was afraid that she would give him one of those straight looks that would indicate that he was.

There was something thin-lipped about Mrs. Briarcliff's body. She was one of those women, with long sharp noses and paper-thin throats, which readily crease, whom handsome men so often marry. Frequently taken for a Jewess, or suspected of being one because of her nose, she was, as a matter of fact, of old New England stock. Melamed had always been a little afraid of her, because he thought she was Jewish and was hiding it, and because he believed she knew that he thought so. In one of his nasty moments he had had fleeting pictures of her as the wooden American Indian in front of the cigar store, but as he disliked harboring any sort of unkind thoughts about other human beings, he had summarily exorcised this mental photograph of Jenny Briarcliff.

The Briarcliff's apartment, whose fake medieval wooden panels and electric candle bulbs resembled the interior of Schrafft's restaurant, was filled with people standing around a ping pong table. Three or four people were seated in chairs behind them drinking cocktails; some were sipping from their glasses and standing. Edgar Briarcliff, who had a clean-cut Arrow collar physiognomy and the Gentile retroussé nose, which American Jews admire, was serving. His opponent was a somewhat hefty woman whose green silk dress noisily rustled against her bust. She had a squat Slavonic nose, and her name was Evelyn Syracuse Beach.

Edgar Briarcliff was cutting the ball low over the net, and Miss Evelyn Syracuse Beach was having considerable difficulty in gauging and returning the serve. While the ping pong ball sped back and forth across the green table with the clicking precision of typewriter keys, jibes and japes constantly came from the spectators. "Say, Edgar," said a heavily begoggled, gawky Freudian, "a little less sadism in those returns, save that for the wife."

"Oh, Evelyn, put a postage stamp on that last one, and no return address," said another. When the game was over, Edgar Briarcliff approached Eli Melamed and introduced him and Melamed shook hands with each one. After a colored maid had brought him a cocktail, Edgar left him.

The spectators were now watching the new game. The man, who was serving, held the

paddle upright against his stomach. His opponent was his wife, and this set in motion the stenciled marital remarks. As the server, who held the paddle upright against his stomach, sprung it so as to release the ball, the psychoanalyst, called: "Say, Burt, where did you get that umbilical serve, or what have you?" Melamed also let out a small, guttural he-heh-huh, which sounded like a slender stick being lightly run across a wooden picket fence. He had been admiring the faces around him, and listening with aesthetic attentiveness and pleasure to their aryan, fiscal names. Finally, he had gotten up enough courage to make a complete semi-circular smile, showing all his white teeth, for Miss Evelyn Syracuse Beach, but she did not notice him.

The Negro maid came around again with a tray of ice-clinking glasses. Mrs. Briarcliff moved from one couple to the other, and Edgar was seated on a cushion on the floor in the next room, holding a serious theosophical discussion with Mrs. Van Cortlandt Dinwiddie. Shortly afterwards, Edgar came over and said, "How about a set, Mel-ah-mede," and Melamed emotionally bubbled over this intimacy.

Melamed went toward one end of the table, and picked up his paddle and Edgar moved toward the other. Eli Melamed, who had played a good deal of ping pong at the Phoenix Physical Culture Club of New Jersey, now for the first time felt sure of himself.

He had a short, inching, sniping serve, which Edgar was unable to pick up. Melamed won the first five points. The people standing around the table stopped talking and began to watch. Edgar corkscrewed his serve which twisted and landed in an askew cut. But Melamed coolly waited for it to hit the table and then slammed it back across the net with the speed of a football player. Melamed, whenever Edgar returned the ball, ran from one part of the rim of the table to the other, picking up the ball, and lunging in after it with quarterback alacrity and the confidence of good fleshly poundage across his shoulders. As his bow-wing collar touched his neck, he felt as if it were a strong leathern head-gear. Melamed took the next three points, and pausing for a second, examined his small feet with glowing sartorial satisfaction.

"Really, you're not the man you were," said Melamed, in a friendly non-competitive spirit, but without looking at Edgar. As he took the ninth point, Melamed accidentally caught a vague cross-section of Edgar Briarcliff's countenance, which seemed to have become plaque-like. Looking again to make certain, Melamed missed the next one. The two men changed sides. Melamed laid his paddle down to adjust his suspenders and to catch Edgar's eye, and to soften him with a warm glance.

But Briarcliff did not see and was impatient to continue the game.

Melamed then turned to the guests, and parting his lips, he imagined that he had smiled at them. No one returned his greetings. However, this slight movement of the lips was more of an unprinted negative in Melamed's mind than an objective salutation. Melamed sent the next three balls wildly off the table, and did not see the following one which Briarcliff lightly popped over the net. His trousers, hanging in a wretched defeatist sag, his suspenders unloosening again and sprawling over his suspiciously gray shirt, Melamed fumbled another shot. Troubled and unhinged by the silent, tense faces around the table, Melamed felt like an oppressed minority people engulfed by a hostile imperialistic power.

By now Melamed had entirely lost his intuitive and photographic sense of time and place, which had made him so uncannily precise in his serves and returns at the beginning of the game. When Melamed hit the ball off the table again, and both men stooped over to pick it up off the floor, Edgar said: "Too bad, old man, I know how it feels." These words of non-competitive sympathy filled Melamed with gratitude. And when they both stepped forward and bent over to get another ball, Briarcliff patted Melamed's shoulder. Melamed closed his eyes which simmered with quiescent emotions. His face was covered with the light pink marks of happiness that a lover might have playfully put there with his teeth. He was enormously thankful that it was Edgar Briarcliff and not he who was winning. Melamed gazed at Briarcliff's aristocratic nordic eyes, mouth, teeth and cravat, which were of one piece, and felt this was as it should be.

After the game was ended, Briarcliff having won, Melamed thought he had better leave. He had the same unmistakable sense of time now, the precise *time for leaving*, that he had had at the beginning of the game when he had served and returned each separate, atomic ping pong ball with an historic intuition of time and place. But he wanted to slip out of the room without leaving, so that there should be no interruption, no gap, no empty and fatuous space between him and the on-looking guests.

But some one began to discuss the German situation. Every one trailed into the next room, taking chairs or sitting on cushions on the carpeted floor. "Do you think Hitler will last?" some one asked. "I feel the whole Nazi Youth Movement has a homosexual basis," said the bespectacled Freudian, whose snub Tyrolese nose looked as though it were pressed up against a windowpane. "The only way to approach the whole situation is psycho-analytically," he continued.

"I must tell you of a little experience I had," said Mrs. Van Cortlandt Dinwiddie, who was related to the Astors, to Bismarck, and who, genealogically speaking, had a Wotan-like bust. Otherwise, she had Samoan

brown eyes and resembled the Phoenician Jack of Spades. "I had dinner with Charmion London, the wife of Jack London, at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. She told me, and incidentally, I am using this in my Memoirs, that she believed that certain meteorological changes which had taken place in 1914 had so unhinged people's nerves that it brought on the World War. I have since developed this thesis as a kind of undertone in my autobiography, which I was going to call, "I Have Only Myself To Blame," until I discovered it had been copyrighted and published, fancy my disappointment . . . anyway, it is my opinion that we are compelled to interpret fascism in terms of neurones and meteorology. I think that the Versailles Treaty had such a devastating effect upon the nervous system of the German people."

"Don't you think," interrupted Mr. Monte Lorrimer, who had stout Arabic thighs, "it was the stomach rather than the nerves."

"I think that the Versailles Treaty," pursued Mrs. Van Cortlandt Dinwiddie with more resolution than before, "had such an exhausting effect upon the nervous system of the German nation that it turned them into lunatics; so what we have in Germany today is an insane asylum, with the only difference that the few sane people left are strait-jacketed and kept in the protective custody of the crazy who are the wardens."

"I think that's a brilliant analysis, Mrs. Dinwiddie," exclaimed the young Freudopath. "Just think what superb endocrine portraits Modigliani could do of Hitler and Rosenberg if he were alive today. Why, the League of Nations would actually sanction intervention so that they could be committed."

"I don't think we'll ever solve the European situation until Germany is wiped off the map. They're always getting us into trouble," stated an intellectual Anglo-American in a dreary adenoidal tone.

"Now take Goering," went on the Psychoanalyst.

"No, you take him," popped up Melamed who had been waiting for such an opportunity. Every one laughed and Melamed's eyes glistened. He had been anxious to be included in the conversation, not because he had anything specific to say, but because he felt unhappily isolated. A Dakota western pulp type, with a Semitic Tom Mix probiscis, was so tickled over this bit of repartee that he pulled out his handkerchief and began to boo-hoo loudly into it. He was as shaken up as a large fleshy woman, and Melamed fetched a glass of water from a tray, brought it to him, and sort of held his arm as he drank it down.

"Well, Goering's a drug-addict and a dangerous paranoiac," continued the psychoanalytic student. "He was in an asylum in Stockholm in 1925."

"I don't think it's psychoanalysis, but race," uttered Edgar Briarcliff.

"You're absolutely right," supported Mrs. Briarcliff. "Edgar, it is race."

"You-you—will par-pardon me," stuttered Monmouth Hightower, turning to Melamed, "I didn't get your name."

"Oh, this is Mr. Mel-ah-mede," spoke up Edgar Briarcliff. "Terribly sorry."

"We—well," continued Monmouth Hightower, who had a dark, smutty Mediterranean complexion and was the son of a D.A.R., "I—I have the-the great—greatest fancy for pee—people—of your race, you are Hebrew, aren't you?" Melamed nodded. He was beginning to feel deeply united with these persons and deriving a jubilant aesthetic experience from their high Anglican names and countenances. Seeing Monmouth Hightower in a happily weepy haze, he thought his soiled maple hair was the mane of Siegfried.

"But—but, I—I be-believe," said Monmouth Hightower, "that the an-antagonism between different nationalities, as—as well as the-the attractions is chemical, take-take inter-marriage." By this time his mouth had become a nervous hoop out of which the words rolled askew. "And—and just go back to Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, and-and—"

"Well-ah, per-perhaps there's something to what you say," interrupted Melamed, also stammering, because he felt very sensitive and high-keyed at that moment, and because he believed there was a certain wonderful non-Jewish quality about Monmouth Hightower's aryan stuttering.

"I—I don't wan-want you to mis-misunderstand me, Mr. Mel-mel—ah-ah-mede, I think your people have gifts of genius, and—and—that accounts for-for my opinion, no doubt, but don't—don't you think the Hebrew people are—are a little difficult."

"Well-ah-a, per-perhaps there's a certain amount of truth in what you say," answered Melamed. "Of course, if you-you mean some of the pushing, aggressive type," added Melamed, feeling that it would be in good taste to be a little anti-Semitic in order to show them how objective and impartial a Jew could be; "I must admit, I find that kind just as objectionable as you do."

"And—and don't you think—think the-the Hebrew people are a little too sensi-sensitive," pursued Monmouth Hightower.

To prove how outside of it he was, Melamed replied: "Maybe Jews are, to borrow the information Mr. Burt Webb has been so good as to give us, as paranoiac as Goering."

"I think," stated a tallish woman, with a Hittite beak and charcoal Armenian hair, who came from the Aran Islands and who spoke as though it were high time for a little political house-cleaning, "that the German-Jews are getting what's coming to them. They not only lorded it over," she sped on in a shrill and impassioned prose, "the poor Russian and Lithuanian Jews who migrated into Eastern Germany, but it was actually German-Jewish money that supported and kept in power the Czar so that he was able to carry on his pogroms. Don't you think that's right, Mr. Mel-ah-mede?" Melamed, who was still occupied tying new emotional bonds with these

acquaintances, and who had not been listening attentively, attempted to shuttle back to the conversation.

"Of course, eh, but you know my mother and father were born in Palestine. But then, what you say is—well, I guess it is true the German-Jews were a little impatient about becoming Germans, and no doubt they did lose their head in the excitement."

"What's your opinion on Russia?" asked Mr. Monte Lorrimer, whose nose, which looked like the toe of Italy, seemed racially at logger-heads with his Ottoman thighs. By now everybody was directing questions at Melamed, presupposing that he as a Jew naturally knew all about Germany, Communism and the Soviet Union.

"We—well," interrupted the son of the D.A.R., "I'm in fa-favor of the Russian Bol-bolsheviks, but I don't like—like the Com-com-munists."

"Is—is it true," went on Monmouth Hightower, "that-that Jewish bankers financed Lenin?"

Melamed looked blank, and weighing his words, he answered:

"I—I'd be willing to look that up for you."

"What is the Communist situation in this country?" asked Mr. Lorrimer. He looked with kind eyes at Melamed as he added: "I'm really very interested and would be grateful to you if you'd tell me."

"Well, I can't say off-hand," asseverated

Melamed, "but I'd be willing to look that up, too."

"What do you think of the German Terror?" asked Miss Evelyn Syracuse Beach.

"I think it ought to stop," replied Melamed snappily and getting his bearings for a moment.

Three people simultaneously shot questions at him after which Monmouth Hightower asked "Ma-mel-mel-ah-ah-mede, what is your opinion of the Com-com-munist International?"

"Well, I don't know whether they do or don't," replied Melamed, who now was so harassed-looking that he became psychologically stone-deaf. And like a deaf person, who pretends he is hearing every word spoken, Melamed replied as though he knew the answers.

"I believe we should have nothing to do with the boycott," blurted forth Mrs. Briarcliff. "I think it's positively wrong and immoral for one country to attempt to interfere in the affairs of another." Melamed's voice twittered, then died. He said nothing.

There was a pause, and then Melamed said: "I guess I must be going," but as no one noticed him, he remained. Finally, he said good-bye, and sort of waved at every one as though he were running for a street-car, but the others were talking. He got his hat and coat, and as he started to move toward the door, Edgar Briarcliff ran up to him: "Must you be going, old man," whereupon those

present stopped talking and looked up at him. Mr. Monte Lorrimer smiled at him, and Melamed beaming, took a tiny step forward and then hurried back to shake hands with Mr. Lorrimer. Looking at the others, whom he did not wish to offend, he shook hands with each one, repeating each time, "So awfully glad to have met you," falling into that nordic bostonese vocabulary. By the time he reached Mrs. Jenny Briarcliff, he was bubbling again with emotion. His eyes half-shut, he grasped Mrs. Briarcliff's wrist, and pressing his fingers hard against it, broke the crystal of her watch. She screamed, and Melamed was so alarmed that he bent down, picked up the pieces of glass and handed them back to her. Looking at him in amazement, she said, with fingernails in her voice, "Thank you."

After Edgar Briarcliff had shut the door, Melamed stood outside, wondering whether to ring the bell, go in, and to apologize all over again to make amends for his clumsiness. He put his finger out, pressed the elevator bell, and then went down the steps, emptily sliding from one side of his suit to the other.

Outside the rain was still thinly scribbling against the curbs. Gazing at the trees, which looked like skeletal umbrella frames without covers, he turned up his coat collar, and reminding himself that he was without employment and alone, he no longer wondered whether the blood of the Romance Language Peoples flowed through his veins.

## Cheerful Liars

STEPHEN J. ADDISON

Whether we look to the general death rate, to the mortality from tuberculosis . . . or to the survival of infants born into our homes, we see persistent and consistent evidence right through to the present month, of improving rather than retrogressing health conditions throughout the forty-eight states.<sup>1</sup>

THIS statement by Dr. Haven Emerson, President of the American Public Health Association and one of the outstanding health authorities of the United States, is a fair summary of "the wish is father to the thought" pronouncements that are appearing. Within the past weeks, newspapers have headlined the announcement that 1933 was this country's healthiest year. State and local health officials are busy patting themselves and each other on the back and boasting of their good work. Some are issuing conspicuous assertions that the depression is perhaps not so bad for people after all. On the surface, the facts seem to support the contention. The Weekly Health Index of the Census Bureau shows that during 1933 in

eighty-five large cities, there were 11.0 deaths per thousand of estimated population against 11.2 in 1932 and 11.7 in 1931.<sup>2</sup>

Unfortunately this record of deaths gives a far from accurate picture of what has happened to the health of people during the depression. It is a record of deaths based on estimated figures of population. Due to a number of factors, these estimates are probably far from accurate. Death rates by their very nature cannot give a complete or a current picture of the health of a population. They can give no indication of the gradual lowering of vitality that may be going on. They do not show the increased illness that a number of recent studies indicate are a companion of unemployment. The effect of these periods of sickness may not show for years to come. At most, the only definite conclusion that can be drawn from the mortality figures is that so far the depression has not killed a large percentage of the population.

Although unsatisfactory and misleading as

a measure of the health of the community, it is necessary to consider the death rate because there are no general sickness figures in the United States. The striking fact revealed by a study of the causes of death, the diseases from which people have died in the past few years, is as has been pointed out by Armstrong and others, the absence of any serious flare up of respiratory disease. The slight outbreak of influenza in the winter of 1932-33 did not at any time assume serious proportions. If there had been an influenza epidemic the figures in all probability would present a very different picture.

More important, however, if conclusions are to be drawn from statistics is the question of the accuracy of the figures themselves. In mortality statistics the *actual* deaths are measured in terms of *estimated* population. In practically all parts of the United States there is complete reporting of deaths; consequently this part of the proportion is accurate. As much cannot, of necessity, be true of population figures, however. The last Federal Census was in 1930; it is only taken every ten years. The population during the ten year

<sup>1</sup> Emerson, Haven, M.D. "What's Ahead in Tuberculosis."—Philadelphia, December, 1933.

<sup>2</sup> Department of Commerce Bureau of The Census, Division of Vital Statistics, Vol. 4, No. 52. (December 30, 1933.)

period between censuses must be estimated. This is done by using the rate of growth of the previous ten years as a basis. If the rate of growth from 1930 to 1940 is the same as during the previous ten years, the calculation for 1940 will correspond to the actual figure at that time. Moreover, the estimates for the year in between will probably be reasonably accurate.

If a community has grown slowly during one decade and then in one following for some reason has expanded rapidly, the calculated death rate will be higher than the actual rate because the population will be underestimated. If, however, the population has jumped during the preceding period of ten years and during the succeeding one the closing of plants results in a smaller number of people being drawn to the city or even in a drifting away of population, the resulting estimate will indicate a death rate far lower than the true one.

Since 1930 there have been movements of population that may seriously invalidate estimates based on the rate of change from 1920-1930. Most important of these is the drift of population from the cities to the country. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics estimates the increase in farm population in the three years ending January, 1933, as 2,073,000, or 6.9 percent, half again as much as in ten years preceding. Which communities have these people deserted? It is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but it seems probable that a large part of the exodus has been from cities and towns which showed the greatest growth in the decade before 1930; it was probably places where people were not deeply rooted by family and other ties. In part, perhaps in large part, this accounts for the low death rates and the decreasing ones in the automobile cities that showed such a marked growth between 1920 and 1930—Akron, Detroit, Flint, and South Bend. Each of these show a death rate of less than ten per thousand for 1933, and except Flint, a marked reduction in 1933 over 1932.

The same question arises in regard to the entire group of eighty-five cities for which 1933 reports are available because in the period from 1920-1930, only four of these lost in population, another twenty gained less than ten percent, the other sixty-one increased in population more than ten percent.

How accurate are the figures for the thirteen largest cities, those with populations in 1930 of more than 500,000? Nine of these show a reduction in death rate in 1933 over 1932; Baltimore, New York, and Philadelphia remain the same; Boston shows an increase. The lowest records are those of Chicago, Detroit and Milwaukee, each of which show a figure under ten per thousand against the average for eighty-five cities of 11.0. Pittsburgh and Cleveland show the greatest percentage of reduction in this group over 1932. It is impossible to tell how seriously the "back to the farm" movement has been the cause of these good reports.

Another important factor that must be considered in drawing conclusions from mortality statistics is the reduction in birth rate. A lowered birth rate will affect the death rate. Even with the remarkable increase in the percentage of infants who survive the first year, it is still true that six percent of the children who are born alive die before their first birthday anniversary. Consequently, if there are fewer children born (and there has been a marked drop since 1929), the total deaths as measured by the population will be seriously affected. A larger percentage of infants die than individuals at any single age until we get well into the seventies, when of course there are many more deaths than at any other age. Figures are not as yet available to indicate how seriously the death rates of the larger cities have been affected by this factor. Probably between 33 percent and 40 percent of the vaunted drop in death rate is accounted for by the drop in the number of births. Babies cannot die if they are not born.

In the Census Bulletin there are other points to give pause. For seventeen cities separate death rates are given for the white and colored population. Fourteen of these show a lower death rate in 1933 than 1932 for whites but eight, about half, show a higher rate for colored. In six cities the negro rate has risen although the white has declined, Atlanta, Fort Worth, Kansas City (Kansas), Louisville, Tampa, Washington; in Miami the white was reduced and the Negro remained the same. The reverse situation is found in only three cities. The Negro rate has declined or remained stationary, while the white rate has risen in Baltimore, Dallas, or Indianapolis.

It is impossible as yet to draw a definite conclusion as to the effect of the depression on the Negro death rate. But as the Negro has probably been a greater sufferer than the white during the depression, it would seem that the depression might in part account for our failure to reduce the Negro death rate in these cities. That there is no immediate reason for this mortality except environmental ones is the general opinion of vital statisticians. As Dublin says, in discussing the Negro death rate, "The problem . . . is largely one of environment. The very diseases and conditions from which the Negro suffers point out clearly that we are not concerned to any serious degree with weaknesses of stock or of stamina. Other races when subjected to similar conditions of housing, hard work, limitations on food, clothing and medical attendance, show mortality rates no better than the Negro."<sup>3</sup>

Increasingly it is becoming evident that it is not only the Negro's health that has suffered. It should be repeated that mortality statistics do not present the full picture of the health of the community and that sickness may take a long time before it is reflected in

death rates. In other words, minor illnesses and undernourishment take a long time to be factors in a death table. If we had the ability to look forward fifteen or twenty years, the picture might be very different. Recently, however, a number of studies have been published which indicated clearly that "all's not well with the world" and that the health situation is not as happy as the newspaper stories would lead us to believe. The signs point to the fact that the depression is having an effect on health and that the persons suffering most seriously are the families of the unemployed and those in poor farming areas.

In the absence of general sickness statistics in this country, we must rely consequently on studies of the increase of malnutrition among children and in sickness surveys of the entire population in limited areas. During the recent summer there were 6,000,000 children in families in receipt of relief.<sup>4</sup> The number is probably higher now. What is happening to these children? In spite of disagreement as to the exact meaning of the term, malnutrition, or exact methods of measuring it, there is clear evidence that it is increasing. In New York City the percentage of school children suffering from malnutrition has increased markedly. In Manhattan the increase was from 16 percent to 29 percent and in the Bronx from 13 percent to 23 percent between the years 1929 and 1932. A West Virginia study shows a marked increase in underweight school children between 1931 and 1933. The children in mining areas have been most seriously affected. These results are similar to the results of very careful examinations in Pennsylvania where studies in the past year indicate correspondingly high percentages of malnourished children in families receiving relief in similar areas.<sup>5</sup>

The largest group for whom figures are available are for 667,000 children in every county of Pennsylvania, except Philadelphia. These show a marked increase in the number of malnourished children between the school years 1931-1933 and for the one following. In thirteen of the sixty-six counties the amount of malnutrition more than doubled and in thirteen others it rose from 50 to 100 percent. Many rural counties were among those hardest hit. There are other figures. The proportion of malnourished children rose from 18 to 36 percent between the years 1927-1929 and 1930-1932 in the Mulberry Health Center (New York). A group of pre-school children in Denver showed malnutrition in one-fourth of the cases in the last year as compared with 7 percent the year earlier.<sup>5</sup> The Community Health Center, Philadelphia, examining children from similar backgrounds and using the same physicians found malnutrition in 11 percent of the children under six years of age in the period 1928-30, and 23 percent in 1932. The Milbank Memorial Fund in a study of 500 children found a

<sup>3</sup> Dublin, Louis I., Ph.D. *The Health of the Negro*—Annals American Academy of Pol. & Soc. Science, Philadelphia, Nov., 1928.

<sup>4</sup> Child Health Recovery Conference—Washington, 1933, p. 8.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. p. 10 ff.

direct association between nutrition and income, that the lowering of nutritional status appears to be associated with a drop in family income even within a year.<sup>6</sup>

Recently the League of Nations inaugurated a world-wide study of the effect of the depression on health. The first of the results for the United States have just been made available. Among several thousand families in Birmingham, Detroit and Pittsburgh, the findings are that the illness rate was much higher among the lower income groups. The highest rate was shown among those whose incomes had materially dropped between 1929 and 1932. The illness rate was 39 percent higher in families of the unemployed than in the families having full time wage earners. It was 23 percent higher than among those containing part-time, but no full-time workers.<sup>7</sup> A similar result was found by the Mulberry Health Center, New York. The report

says "when people have no work their health suffers in comparison with those who continue to have work."<sup>8</sup>

The information is sketchy, but it is certain that the ballyhoosers that believe that the tightening of belts does not harm, in fact that it reduces the number of deaths, have been a bit premature in their statements. They have jumped to conclusions. They have been too busy looking for silver linings.

The health experts have failed in their responsibility. They should have called to our attention the serious effects on community health that may follow the depression instead of staring in open eyed wonder at the phenomenon that health conditions are not as bad as they conceivably could have been. At most they have urged that health department budgets be cut not too deeply. They should have told us of the experience of the English Army last year which in order to recruit 30,000 vol-

unteers, was compelled to reduce its requirements to a height of five feet three inches and a weight of 113 pounds. (This group were probably born or raised during the early days of the War when food was far from plentiful.) The Experts have been busy "pulling a Little Jack Horner." They have sat in their corner and shouted, "What a big boy am I!" Instead of sitting calmly by and boasting they might well have urged decent standards of relief and unemployment insurance. Instead of pontifical blasts on a theoretically remarkable record, they should have shouted from the house tops—Watch Your Step!

<sup>6</sup> Kiser, Clyde V. and Stix, Regina, M.D. Quar. Bul. Milbank Memorial Fund, Oct., 1933 p. 306-7.

<sup>7</sup> Perrott, G. St. J. & Collins, Selwyn, D. Quar. Bul. Milbank Memorial Fund. Oct., 1933 p. 297-8.

<sup>8</sup> *Idleness and the Health of a Neighborhood*—Berry, G. H. N. Y. Asso. for Improving Conditions of the Poor. 1933

# The British Capitalists' Awakening

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON.

**T**HE international crisis still dominates British affairs.

Under the surface the most striking development in Britain is the awakening of the British capitalists to what is happening in Germany. Needless to say, British capital has the strongest sympathies with Hitler's social objectives, viz: the perpetuation of capitalist rule and the crushing of working class organizations. It is now, however, beginning to dawn upon the British capitalists that it was *German capitalism* and not *British capitalism*, that it was Herr Thysson, not the Federation of British Industries, which Hitler saved. The British bourgeoisie are slowly and sadly beginning to realize that however much they approve of the objectives, if not the methods, of Hitler's internal policy, his external policy is one of deadly menace to themselves.

An important new book has just been published here, entitled *Hitler Over Europe*, by Ernst Henri. (Dent 5/-). This book, written by an avowed supporter of the German Communist Party tells in far greater detail than has yet been done, the story of Thysson's use of the National Socialist Party for the double purpose of establishing his monopolistic control of German industry, of crushing his great Liberal rival, Otto Wolf, and of saving German capitalism as a whole from the German working class. The great merit of Ernst Henri's book (which contains some rather serious, though understandable faults) is that it forces into the centre of the picture, the world needs of German capitalism. Henri never loses sight of the fact that the Ruhr and the other centres of German heavy industry are today the second greatest dynamos of

industrial power in the world. The Ruhr Iron and Steel works and the Leuna Synthetic Chemical plant are today the greatest productive units on this side of the Atlantic. They demand for their profitable operation the widest markets and the freest access to raw materials in the world—and they have the narrowest. They are decidedly larger, more productive, more rationalized than the British and French iron and steel and chemical plants. Yet they have not a tenth of the semi-preserved market of the British or French Empires. These German industrial giants demand enormous quantities of raw materials—vast quantities of iron ore for the Ruhr, cotton, copper, oil and other essentials for Leuna. Germany today is at the mercy of any hostile power which cuts off these supplies.

In a word there is a colossal and unparalleled disproportion between the economic productivity and potential power of Germany and her actual, present, political power. It is precisely one of those disproportions which Lenin diagnosed in *Imperialism* as a basic reason for war. It is a disproportion more violent and more acute than even he could have dreamed of. These disproportions can only be adjusted by a war, by a re-distribution, a re-partition that is to say, of the world in favor of that state whose true economic power is altogether out of proportion to her political position.

Ernst Henri's book may well be discounted by the British bourgeoisie because of its Marxist and openly pro-working class approach. But the facts of Herr Thysson's ownership and control of the National Socialist movement are widely known in at any rate the governing sections of the British bourgeoisie. Capitalist statesmen are usually pretty good

Marxists in deed if not in word. And the more intelligent leaders of the English governing class can see for themselves, whether they read Ernst Henri's book or not, that Germany today must expand by conquest or burst.

The immediacy with which this question is beginning to face the British capitalists is illustrated by a little story I recently heard. A famous statesman was arguing with a social democrat of pacifist leanings on the necessity of Great Britain building a vast air force, and on the question of re-armament generally. The social democrat protested the allegedly peaceful intentions of Great Britain, and asked what possible need we had for vast armaments. The capitalist statesman replied: "What, Sir, will be your answer if we receive tomorrow morning the following note from General Goering: 'At 10 a. m. tomorrow morning my troops will cross the French frontier. The German Government wishes to receive the unequivocal assurance of the British Government's benevolent neutrality in the ensuing conflict. As a pledge of this neutrality we request the British Government to hand over the British Fleet at midnight tonight.' What would be your answer," continued the British statesman, "if you knew that General Goering commanded ten thousand bombing aeroplanes with which he could lay waste London, and that you had only your present air force? *My answer*," he added, "when I have built an adequate air force, would be to blow up the Ruhr."

This is the inescapable logic of capitalism: a new armaments race and then a new, inconceivably desperate, struggle between the German capitalists and their rivals. Why is it then, that the British bourgeoisie is still

delaying the building of an enormous air fleet? It is true that some ten million additional pounds are being spent this year on armaments; but this is a small increase in comparison with what will be needed in the near future. I think there is little doubt that Britain is delaying her preparations only for the following reasons: (a) she has information, which may or may not be reliable, that Germany is not yet ready; (b) the present Cabinet believes that a really great increase in armaments would come as a severe shock to the British people. It is undoubtedly the case that anti-war sentiment is extremely widespread in Britain today. The essence of the matter is that British capitalist statesmen do not feel that they can openly reveal to the British people that capitalism once again entails war. Hence, they are keeping up the lamentable farce of the disarmament conference to the very last minute. It is only if and when they can put the blame entirely upon their enemies' shoulders that they are prepared to arm.

Time however is running short. General Goering is an active man. Krupps have spent £1,800,000 in the extension of their plant since last October (as "a contribution to the campaign against unemployment," of course). Hence, I fully anticipate startling supplementary British air estimates before the year is out.

Finally, there is a more important reason for British hesitation in rearming against Germany. There is a powerful section, at any rate, of British capitalist opinion, which is still pro-German. This section is led in the Cabinet by Mr. Macdonald and Sir John Simon. This school of thought has, of course, only one solution. Germany must be allowed to expand, but not at the expense of Britain. She must be allowed and encouraged, and in the last analysis, assisted, to expand eastwards, to attack the Soviet Union. At first sight this seems so obvious a solution from the capitalist standpoint that one cannot believe in any other eventuality. Even in this case, however, the present contradictions of capitalism

are so acute that there are no certainties as to what will happen. The opposing, anti-German, school of British capitalist opinion, represented by Mr. Churchill and Sir Austen Chamberlain, oppose British assistance for an attack upon Russia. Naturally this does not come from any love of the Soviet Union. They are both of them fanatically anti-Bolshevik, but they see that a Germany that had been assisted to take the Ukraine would have become an invincible world power, which would inevitably turn westwards in her next adventure and despoil the British Empire.

At present the British capitalists are hesitating. On the one hand they are playing Hitler's game, as against France. On the other, they have concluded a profitable trade treaty with the Soviet Union. As in everything else today in Britain, Stanley Baldwin will prove to be the decisive power. For if Hitler, Roosevelt, Mussolini are each dictators of their respective countries, Stanley Baldwin is the even more absolute, though carefully concealed, dictator of Great Britain.

# Revolution and the Novel

## 3. Drama and Biography as Models

GRANVILLE HICKS

THESE is a point at which the novel of the past or of the future cannot be clearly distinguished from the novel of the present; there is a point at which the novel without a hero cannot be distinguished from the novel with a hero; there is a point at which the collective novel cannot be distinguished from the complex novel. The distinctions I have been proposing in these articles are suggestive rather than definitive. This becomes particularly true and particularly important as we turn to the novel centered in individuals. The distinction that I use as a point of departure in this article, proposed by Edwin Muir in his *Structure of the Novel*, cannot be made with any great precision, but it is nevertheless useful. It is the distinction between the dramatic and the biographical novel.

### The Dramatic Novel

The dramatic novel is dominated by a situation or a plot. Like the complex novel, it distributes the reader's interest among several characters, but these characters are closely related in terms of the plot and not merely in terms of some sociological or philosophical generalization. Moreover, the distribution of interest is not incompatible with the emergence of one character in a position of dominant importance—the hero, in short. As in the complex novel, the characters compose a

group, but this group has no psychological unity; on the contrary, the plot usually demands opposition between two or more of these characters, as in the typical hero-heroine-villain situation. In their emphasis on individuals as individuals, biographical and dramatic novels are very much alike, and often the distinction is hard to make, but between fully developed forms the differences in treatment are obvious. No one, for instance, could hesitate to call *The Scarlet Letter* dramatic and *Tom Jones* biographical.

Edwin Muir contends that the dramatic novel develops in time and the biographical novel in space, and he compares the former to music and the latter to sculpture. This is merely a figure of speech, but it does indicate that the structure of the dramatic novel is determined by the development of the situation with which it deals, a development in which time is an important factor. The time element is not important in *Tom Jones* or *Tono-Bungay*; in fact it would be difficult to say, off-hand, how much time either covers. In *The Scarlet Letter*, however, or in *Wuthering Heights* the sequence of events is precisely measured. It is, of course, the emphasis on direct causation, rather than the emphasis on time, that is important, and the reader's consciousness of the passage of time is merely his recognition of the necessary orderliness of events. In most plays—not all plays are dramatic in this sense of the word—the time

intervals are specifically denoted so that the spectator can have a precise framework of reference in which to locate the events he watches.

All this implies, and correctly, that the structure of the dramatic novel is more rigid than the structure of the biographical novel. This, in turn, demands a more careful selection. Thackeray in *Henry Esmond* or Dickens in *David Copperfield* could introduce any person or event that illuminated the life of the times and could even comment directly and personally on the progress of the story. Hawthorne, on the other hand, could tell us only so much about Chillingworth, Dimmesdale, and Hester as was necessary for our understanding of the situation of sin and punishment that is *The Scarlet Letter's* theme. Observe the rigorousness with which Henry James selects the material of *The Awkward Age* or *The Wings of the Dove*. And note, incidentally, how easily a novel by either James or Hawthorne can be arranged in scenes.

Obviously the dramatic novel must be self-contained. Every piece of characterization or description has a necessary relation to the sequence of events, and these events build towards a climax that is in itself their justification. This kind of limitation is not only difficult; it is genuinely restricting. The novelist may well be loath to exclude types of experience and kinds of events that he recog-

nizes as important. Perhaps that is why dramatic treatment is more common in the short story than in the novel: the purely physical limitations of the short story make structural limitations acceptable and even desirable. The traditional expansiveness of the novel, on the other hand, encourages the writer to break through any such barriers.

Barriers are, however, absolutely essential in the dramatic novel. The impact of such a novel—like the impact of a play—comes from the fact that it is self-contained, that all the premises on which it rests are clearly stated, and that the end can be recognized, once it is reached, as having been foreshadowed by the beginning. This is precisely where the great difficulty arises. The traditional masters of the dramatic form in the novel have known how to select their material and how to order it. But the situation must be at one and the same time self-contained and relevant to the lives of the readers. Skillfully written melodrama may observe all the rules of dramatic structure and yet be valueless because the characters and events involved bear little relationship to ordinary human existence. The situation, in other words, must be representative; the characters must be recognizable men and women and not mere puppets; and the order of events must correspond to a credible conception of cause and effect.

Obviously no serious novelist would permit himself to take advantage of the kind of irrelevance we find in melodrama, but relevance is a matter of degree, and certain recognized masters of the dramatic form have achieved less relevance than is demanded in art of the highest order. The absence of relevance may be manifested in the selection of a situation of narrow reference, in the arbitrary and implausible manipulation of events, or in the distortion or imperfect creation of character. Henry James, for example, narrowed and narrowed his field of reference until the characters in *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*, to say nothing of *The Sacred Fount* and *The Outcry*, live in a world as remote from that of his readers as if he were writing of another planet. The weakness of Hawthorne's characters has already been noted. Thomas Hardy did not hesitate to make excessive use of coincidence, not as the melodramatist does, to make his plot come out right, but rather to suit his philosophy, which is supposed to be the basis for the relevance of the drama he unfolds.

The dramatic form permits the novelist to make a strong and immediate impact upon his readers, and it is, furthermore, a form obviously adapted to certain situations. So far it has been neglected by proletarian authors. Mary Heaton Vorse approximates, but only approximates, a dramatic form in *Strike*. In comparison with *Call Home the Heart* and *To Make My Bread*, which are biographical, *Strike*, though inferior in other respects, shows the superiority of the dramatic form in the depiction of a situation so charged with emotional and social significance as that in

Gastonia. A strike also invites either the method of the complex novel, as in William Rollins' *The Shadow Before*, or the method of the collective novel. The choice of method depends on the author's point of view and his plan of emphasis. When he wishes to bring out the conflict of personalities in terms of a rapidly changing situation, the dramatic method naturally suggests itself.

A strike is not, however, the only occasion for dramatic treatment, and perhaps not the best. Any situation essentially representative of proletarian life and involving representative proletarian characters—though very possibly characters from other classes as well—is a possible subject for such treatment. The conversion of a worker or intellectual, for example, to Communism, a theme frequently found in the biographical novel, might be more effectively presented in dramatic terms. Many incidents of the daily struggle invite dramatic treatment in the short story, and some of them in the novel as well. The personal psychological conflict between a Communist and other individuals—members of his family, for instance—is admirable material for the dramatic novel. There is no limit to the number of situations susceptible to presentation in this form, and certainly no proletarian author could be unaware of the relevance of the kind of situation we have been speaking of. His difficulty would be, not in showing the relevance of his material to the lives of his readers, but in shaping that material in accordance with the austere orderliness that dramatic presentation demands. It is important for some proletarian author to attack these problems of selection and structure, for if he succeeded in solving them, he might measurably enrich the literature of the revolution, not only by his work but also by his example.

### The Biographical Novel

All the forms of the novel we have thus far discussed are relatively late innovations. Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett wrote of Robinson Crusoe, Moll Flanders, Pamela Andrews, Clarissa Harlowe, Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Humphrey Clinker as if they were biographers—though, of course, biographers endowed with the privileges of the creator. Even Sterne used the biographical form as the basis for his eccentric experiments in *Tristram Shandy*. Certain of the Gothic romancers found that the maintenance of suspense demanded departures from the formula of the life-history, but biography provided the model for most nineteenth century novelists, including Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and Meredith. By this time, it is true, Jane Austen and the Brontë sisters had broken almost completely with the biographical method, and such novelists as George Eliot, and to some extent Thackeray and Meredith, had found out how to select and order the events of a biography so as to approximate the dramatic effect. However, the general biographical form con-

tinued to predominate, not only in English and American, but also in French literature.

As I remarked earlier, it is only between extreme forms of the biographical and the dramatic novel that a clear distinction can be made. The difficulty of differentiating becomes apparent if we observe the novels of Thomas Hardy. Hardy's method is clearly dramatic, and the dramatic structure of *The Return of the Native* is obvious. In *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, however, he employs what seems to be a simple biographical method. Nevertheless, the selection of events in both books follows so rigorous a pattern that the novels resemble *The Return of the Native* far more closely than they do *Tom Jones* or *Roderick Random*. To turn to American contemporaries, Dreiser and Lewis have never departed from the biographical form, and on the other hand Ernest Hemingway has definitely followed a dramatic pattern. The problem of classification arises, however, when we come to such a writer as Edith Wharton, who is clearly dramatic by some works, such as *Ethan Frome*, and in others, such as *The Custom of the Country*, is apparently but perhaps not actually biographical.

My excuse for dwelling on this problem of classification is not any idea that classification is at all important, but rather my desire to give the broadest possible scope to my remarks. Certain things that I have said about the dramatic novel are equally applicable to the biographical, and the greater part of my discussion of the biographical novel is more or less pertinent to the novel in general. I have reserved for discussion in subsequent articles certain practical questions about point of view, selection of material, method of narration, and use of documentation. I shall discuss these subjects in relation to the biographical novel, but, as I have indicated, my comments ought to have a more general bearing. The biographical form was the first to develop, and in a sense all other forms are variations of it. It should be possible, in the light of my analysis of the differentiating factors and special problems of these other forms, to make whatever re-interpretations are necessary for a wider application.

### SNOWFALL IN MARCH ENDED

Give up your hold on earth, old man.  
Your blood is sour and now you spit—  
Snow swirling over the groundswell,  
Saying proudly through your beard:  
"See, there's life in the older system yet."

Old man, have you not heard the revolution-  
ary bird  
Along the river,  
Nor felt the waters rise in retribution,  
Nor seen the horizon lengthen into red?

It is no use, old man, this fascist show—  
Fold up your fingers and sleep in the April  
sun.

ROBERT GESSNER.



# B o o k s

## The Feeling of a Strike

*THE SHADOW BEFORE*, by William Rollins, Jr. Robert M. McBride. \$2.50.

SOMETIMES there is an event of so dramatic and moving a nature that widely different people are moved to write a book about it. The wave of textile strikes in the South in 1929, which culminated in the chance killing of the chief of police, Aderholdt, and the trial of ten men and women for murder, was one of those historic episodes. The latest of these books is *The Shadow Before* by William Rollins, Jr.

Mr. Rollins has taken legitimate liberties with his material. He has changed the milieu from the southern textile towns to New England, but he has retained the historic Aderholdt trial and the familiar figure of Fred Beal as the labor leader. His book seems to me by far and away the best of the books on the strike, good as some of the others have been. Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread* was excellent in its portrayal of the southern mill workers and the progress of a family from the freedom and poverty of the hills to the mill slavery. Her picture of the strike, however, lacked life and conviction. Indeed, all the other books that have been written around the textile strike are surface books. The look of things, how people talked, what happened, were more or less adequately portrayed in all of them, but it has remained for William Rollins to plumb down to deeper truths, to give what one might call, the moral feeling of a strike, with its exaltations and its frustrations.

He has caught very exactly that peculiar quality of the labor leader Marvin when he faces his arrest for murder, his years in jail, while he lies on the bed beside the tormented Harry. This scene is peculiarly moving, and beautifully done. The feel of the mills and the quality of people working in the mills have been fully realized.

In his form Rollins has somewhat followed Dos Passos. The four principal characters—Mickey, the Irish mill girl; Ramon Vieira, the Portuguese boy who is going to be a traitor to his class, and on his upward climb is going to become a "good American"; the thwarted foreman's daughter, Marjorie Thayer; the son of the mill owner, the neurotic Harry Baumann—are presented to us separately in their own environments. Their roads meet and their lives become intermingled in the mill town.

From my point of view I think that Rollins did a better job with the haunted, neurotic Jewish boy with his inferiority complex than with any of his other characters. He knew more about him and depicted his special sort of anguish better than he portrayed the simpler, more humanly successful Larry Marvin. So, too, the tortured, futile, genteel Marjorie

is more vivid and becomes alive more than does the wholesome, fearless Mickey. Some of the minor characters are admirably drawn, the fat pansy, for instance, and the bibulous Mrs. Thayer.

Rollins has a flair for anguish and a talent for depicting tortured nerves without sentimentality. Everyone who is interested in the labor movement and the new forms of writing should read this exciting book and see how much closer to the truth the author has gone than have any of his predecessors, how much more of the reality of a labor conflict and of a labor trial he has managed to pack into the pages than the rest of us did.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

## A One Sided Picture

*THE OPPERMANNS*, by Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

The Nazi upheaval offers material for a modern epic on the theme of the greatest betrayal of a mass and workers movement in history. Out of its immense welter, Feuchtwanger has chosen the problem of anti-semitism as applied to a well-to-do Jewish family.

The Oppermanns are of the upper middle class stratum and have lived in Germany "from time immemorial." The war and the revolution have had little effect on the present generation, who live in a heavy atmosphere of good drinking and eating, and enjoy their mistresses, their homes and their profitable furniture business. They dabble in literature. Not being concerned with politics, they do not foresee the Hitler deluge and when it comes, they are at a loss to understand how it all happened in the land of Kant and Goethe. Even so, Gustav and Martin lose their homes and business; Edgar, a third brother, has to resign his medical position and Martin's son, Berthold, commits suicide. Gustav flees to Switzerland. There, he settles down in a villa, where he receives reports about Nazi-hooliganism. He is stirred to go back to Germany. Overheard talking against the Nazis, he is taken to a concentration camp, but is later released through the intervention of friends who have connections with powerful Nazi capitalists. He returns to Switzerland, broken but alive, consoling himself with the Talmudic saying: "It is upon us to begin the work; it is not upon us to complete it."

Feuchtwanger has given a true and representative picture of the activities, interests, and psychology of the liberal upper middle class Jew who feels that his roots are in Germany. There is also an effective portrayal of the "Little Man" in Marcus Wolfsohn, content with his radio, his modest home, his narrow bourgeois activities. The novel also tells of Nazi-brutalities, similar to those which *The Brown Book*, foreign newspapers, and

Liepmann's *Murder—Made in Germany* have familiarized us with. In the latter part of the account, Feuchtwanger diverges from the story of the Oppermanns proper and writes of Nazi-propaganda within and without. He makes clear that "their nationalism, their socialism were lies, their ethical philosophy was a lie. The pillars of that order were the 600,000 mercenaries and its foundation the 100,000 prisoners. . . . Every instinct hostile to culture was considered a virtue. . . . The moral code of the cave-man was vested with the dignity of a State-religion."

It is significant to note, however, that most of this criticism does not follow from the story of the Oppermanns itself. It is true that the members of this family suffer from the Nazi regime, which uses anti-Semitism to get possession of their business and positions. It is true, they have to flee. But they are able to flee and settle in villas. They may even be able later to return to Germany. The counter-movement on the part of the Oppermanns consists in a suicide and in migrations to Palestine and elsewhere. Gustav's return to Germany is but a romantic gesture, a kind of masochism without plan or purpose. It arises out of a desire to feel the sufferings of his fellowmen. Indeed, what these Oppermanns wish for is nothing more than the pre-Hitlerite Germany of Bruening, at the most that of Noske and Ebert. Their hope is that "they would return, Germany grow great and sane again, as it used to be."

The Jewish tragedy under Nazidom is deep, but is not the fundamental issue of Fascism. Indeed, among the richer Oppermanns, there were those who played a part in Hitler's financial backing. A Jewish proletarian has less in common with them than he has with a Nordic proletarian, even in present-day Germany. Feuchtwanger's story of the Oppermanns merely touches on the superficial reverberations of the Nazi reaction. The Nazi scourge appears in Feuchtwanger's novel in the main as the plight of a Jewish family unable to carry on its shallow social life and its big business in Germany. Feuchtwanger believes that his Gustav Oppermann "merely saw things as they were and could not devise a way in which he could be constructively helpful." But the Oppermanns could not and did not see things as they were, not from their spacious villas and business offices. They had no part in beginning the work of anti-Fascism and can have none in its completion. That task falls to the working class. And it may well be that in this work, it will be obstructed rather than aided by the Oppermanns.

VICTOR BURTT.

## The Monstrous Provocation

*THE NEW DEALERS*, by "The Unofficial Observer." Simon and Schuster. \$2.75.

Our reporter, who chooses anonymity because he wishes not to "lose the friendship or cooperation of the New Dealers," serves up a slightly spicy dish of newspaperman's sketches

of fifty odd important people in the Washington end of the New Deal. Not much knowledge or guesswork is required to place this book in the lineage of *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, also anonymous, which muck-raked the Hoover administration from the vantage point of a daring "liberal" reporter.

But our reporter's task has changed with the administration. His liberal friends are now inside rather than outside, and his problem is one of putting spice into ballyhoo. Political puffs tinctured with a bit of harmless biographical realism are presented to the New Dealers. No danger of losing friendship here! A receding target is provided by the "stupid" money-grubbers of the old order and their Tory political henchmen, who are in process of complete rout before the magnificent attack of Roosevelt and his gallant liberals.

It certainly is a thrilling story. To keep the thrill at its highest pitch the reporter tells us on nearly every page that we are having a revolution. He even speaks of the "revolutionary movement"—of the liberals. Of course, it's a peaceful revolution. More than that, it develops that the victims of the revolution, i.e., the Wall Street bankers, are unaware of it. They have ignored it because they are so stupid, we learn on page 389. This news comes as an anti-climax after we have seen the money-changers so nobly put to rout (in words) during the preceding pages. The final paragraph of the book contains the biggest surprise of all about this very surprising revolution. For here it appears that "the real victims of the New Deal are obsolete ideas and irrelevant ideals." Furthermore the New Deal is a "laughing revolution." How jolly!

To dress up the anecdotes and human-interest bits of biography which form the main content of the book some misplaced historical analogies are used. Thus the chief administrators of the N.R.A., Johnson, Swope, etc., become the "Industrial G. P. U."; agricultural and railroad administrators, Peek and Eastman, become "Storm Troopers"—they are storming the pill-boxes of the enemy, depression. Roosevelt draws no ticket from these historical parallels. He is simply a "croupier," apportioning the winnings and losings of the game, acting as a highly romanticized agent of the impersonal forces of "revolution." The A. F. of L. leaders in the New Deal apparatus are portrayed as stodgy and "conservative," no hint being given, of course, of their sell-out role. Richberg, we learn, is a tired radical, and Leo Wolman is regarded by his more advanced colleagues as no longer a liberal. The industrialists who occupy key positions in the N.R.A. administration are regarded as being in the process of radicalization through the objective position into which Roosevelt and the other shrewd liberals have put them. In spite of themselves they are furthering the revolution and they are learning to like it!

A note of open Fascism is sounded at several points. Wagner and Swope are correctly labeled as Fascists for correct reasons. But

our reporting author notes the fact as casually as he does General Johnson's baggy trousers, and proceeds to suggest that the only thing that can lift the New Deal "above the merely Fascist level lies neither in industry nor in labor but in the development of the interest of the consumer as a corrective to both the dollar-snatching industrialist and the dime-snatching laborer." The author's interest in the "consumer" is associated with his special fondness for the most "left" of the left New Dealers to be found in the agricultural wing, Wallace, Tugwell, and Frank, and in the Consumers Advisory Board of the N.R.A. The triumph of the "revolution" will be complete when the whole economy is controlled by the "consumer." In the meantime, "in many ways, it is possible that a Big Business Fascism would be a good halfway station to the desired goal of the more abundant life." There is also considerable boosting of the principle of nationalism contained in panegyrics to Raymond Moley and in contemptuous references to liberals of the older stripe, such as Cordell Hull, who have failed to grasp the new dispensation of nationalism.

Such political interpretation is ladled out along with tidbits of human interest, such as a ten-point audit of Mrs. Roosevelt's personality, number eight of which is "devotion to husband's career" and number ten "motherly love." The workers and farmers are not even seen in the distant background. In the background are only "the people," and the people love Roosevelt. Roosevelt, the author tells us, has political "it." There is one dark reference to the "political underworld" and we may guess what that contains.

Unfortunately this book, representing just another example of New Deal demagoguery closer than ever to Fascism, is written with enough journalistic competence to give it a good send-off into the middle-class book market. Meantime American workers by their new strike wave are giving the lie direct to the monstrous provocation which holds up the "New Deal" as a new and revolutionary social order.

ADDISON T. CUTLER.

### Who Can Free Ireland?

*THE WAR FOR THE LAND IN IRELAND*, by Brian O'Neill. *International Publishers*. \$1.50.

Within the framework of international antagonisms, the swift drive for war between the British and American empires emphasizes anew an observation made by Lenin in his defense of the Irish Insurrection of 1916. Certain Socialists had brushed aside the Easter Week revolt as a defeatist conspiracy of no consequence.

Fiercely deriding this viewpoint, Lenin declared: "A blow of equal strength, when struck against the power of the English imperialist bourgeoisie by a rebellion in Ireland, will have a hundred times greater political effect than if it occurred in Asia or Africa."

In *The War for the Land in Ireland* Brian

O'Neill digs to the roots of this international "nuisance." It arises from the ancient battle of the Irish poor to wrest a living from the soil, to wrest the soil from the Gentlemen of Property. Not that this is "just an agrarian question" as the Social-Democrats of 1916 parroted and as many well-meaning radicals repeat even today. Virgin Socialists of the Second International were blind to an imperialism which begets its own "little" ironies: the Irish question becomes as far-flung as the oppressing "empire on which the sun never sets." It influences the war machinery of British and American empires. "Ireland without British naval bases?" English ministers cry in horror. "Ireland's coast, potential war base of an enemy power, unguarded by British wireless stations? England cut adrift from her source of food supply? From such disasters may God and our field guns preserve us!"

Scattered over the earth, the Irish brood over black and bitter memories of clearance and famine, of coercion and transportation enforced by bestial Christians of the empire. Profound hatred of everything British does not cease with the first generation. It spurs on the Fenians seeking vengeance in America as in 1866; and if their raid on Canada (unofficially encouraged by the United States) failed, nobody denies the British empire's fathers were scared. Thousands of the dispossessed are forced by economic conscription

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into the British Army. There they preach "sedition" as they did in India during the war. British generals were then rubbing their hands over the slaughter of the Dublin insurgents. But when the last firing squad had butchered the last rebel, the generals were appalled by another mutiny—a sympathetic outburst (in India!) led by Irishmen of the Connaught Rangers' Regiment.

Strengthened by revolutionaries hounded from Ireland after the Anglo-Irish wars, the huge Irish population here is a jealous prize of skilled demagogues. They play upon a widespread anti-British sentiment which is rooted in a revolutionary struggle against British domain in Ireland. They fashion this sentiment in a weapon of the U. S. Navy League against the ex-queen of the seas: "Build a Navy Second to None! Make England Pay her Just War Debts to the American People!"

Hence the Irish question is no mere nationalist noise. It is more and more of international concern to the labor movement.

"Who would own and control the land?" James Connolly, Easter Week's socialist hero, infused a new and vibrant meaning into the Irish revolution when he posed this question as the dynamo of Irish politics in his classic *Labor in Irish History* in 1910. "Who owns the land?" This was the question that famished peasants sought to answer with pike and gun in the revolutionary explosions of 1798 and 1848 and 1867 and the black years between—a heroic background for middle class knaves to whom the revolution was a platform oration. "Who owns the land?" asked the Moonlighters, the Whiteboys, the Hearts of Steel as they houghed cattle, levelled enclosures and shot rackrenters. These annals of the Irish landless were written by Ireland's greatest revolutionary "that other and abler pens may demonstrate the manner in which economic conditions have dominated our Irish history."

Where else those "other pens" than in the revolutionary working class? Brian O'Neill, spokesman of the young Communist Party in Ireland, worthily carries forward the tradition of Connolly. Tersely and dramatically he unfolds the broad sweep of the land war and hammers away at its vital lessons: the poor fought; the rich betrayed. But betrayals then and now are not defections peculiar to individuals, O'Neill shows. Betrayals are shaped by the pressure of class forces and class ideas. Wrong programs can strangle a movement as effectively as nests of informers. Take the Fenian revolt of 1867, about which O'Neill gives his best writing. Discontent smouldered over the countryside after the great famine and tithe wars of the '48 period. From the "rough and ready roving boys" of the agrarian rebel lodges arose the Fenians (the name is derived from the traditional Fianna, the military defenders of ancient Ireland,) who saw a military insurrection alone as the escape from national slavery. But though the leaders recruited from the poor of town and country, though they roundly de-

nounced "the thuggery of the landlords," they dodged the land question organizationally and thus—their bravery when they did take to the field does not disprove this—dislodged from the revolution one of its most powerful forces.

What a lesson for certain Irish revolutionaries today! How well does this keen analysis of the Fenian movement—the grandfather of the Irish Republican Army of today—answer those who seek to free Ireland by a military coup, to be accomplished by select bands of skilled marksmen wholly unconcerned with such trifles as evictions and unemployment and wage-cuts.

Then which class and which program can free Ireland? O'Neill asks. Certainly not the wealthy cattle ranchers who want a grazing land for bullocks. Nor the business men of Fianna Fail who paint lofty visions of peasant proprietorship. ("Wiping out peasant proprietorship is an integral feature of bourgeois society.") Nor can the poor farmers, for all their gallant fights of yesterday and today. The farmers are scattered. They have not the industrial discipline which binds the working class together into a solid fighting army. And as Peadar O'Donnell, an outstanding leader of the Irish Republican Army, notes in his introduction (a little history within a history, by the way: "The small farmer dearly loves to see men of property on his platform.")

The solution? It has to be "the solution offered by James Connolly when he founded the Irish Socialist Republican Party in 1896: The forcible overthrow of capitalist-imperialism and the establishment of the Irish Workers' and Working-Farmers' Republic."

That task can be carried out only by the "unconquered Irish working class" to whom Connolly dedicated his *Labor in Irish History* years ago. Ireland's working-class historian was attacked—as Brian O'Neill will surely be attacked—by the hired scribblers of native Irish capitalism. But no cheap sneers could prevent *Labor in Irish History* from imprinting its lessons on the brain of the Irish working class. An eloquent proof is *The War for the Land in Ireland*.

Brian O'Neill has written a sturdy little history. Its insight is sharp and its conclusions bold and revolutionary. Its strength is the strength of its source: "the unconquered Irish working class, the incorruptible inheritors of the fight for freedom in Ireland."

MARTIN MORIARTY.

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## Brief Review

*MAN WITH FOUR LIVES*, by William Joyce Cowen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

A British Army doctor relates the story of John Fenton who, after slaying a German soldier in a cavalry skirmish, witnesses this same German killed in trench warfare, shot as a spy, and finally reappear as a sportsman in Switzerland. Fenton goes insane and commits suicide—one of the few logical touches in the book. Thereupon it is disclosed that the four Germans were brothers. This is a first novel by a New Yorker who, on the strength of his service in the Canadian Army and a decoration from the King, has become more British than the Britains. His inept treatment of an incredible theme is pardonable, but his stigmatizing of "youths who . . . pass resolutions not to fight for King and Country" as "gutless herrings"—one of many instances—is too offensive to be forgiven. A few illustrations by Lynd Ward fail to add anything to the book.

*THE CHINESE, THEIR HISTORY AND CULTURE*, by Kenneth Latourette. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Most writers of the history of China squeeze the interesting past of that country into a few first chapters and then expand over the recent eras when China became interesting to Western imperialism. Mr. Latourette avoids this error of the average historian of China; avoids also any show of condescension to the Chinese as a race; but these are the only errors he avoids. His work is, otherwise, the usual, dull, traditional text book history; and its pretense of impartiality collapses at the end when he deals with the rise of Soviet China. To that event, the most important and hopeful probably in all the thousands of years of Chinese history, Mr. Latourette can spare only one paragraph, in which his prejudice gets the better of his historical judgment. The movement is summarily dismissed as the work of bandits and militarists.

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# "Inner Conflict" and Proletarian Art

## A Reply to Michael Gold

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

**M**IKE GOLD calls me "a bourgeois Hamlet." Here's a long soliloquy. The fact that his scathing review of my plays in *THE NEW MASSES* of April 10 made me angry is of no importance. What I have to say is significant because it relates to many writers whose position in regard to the class struggle is similar to my own. Our problems, and specifically our relation to proletarian criticism, deserve careful consideration.

In the first place, I unhesitatingly admit the truth of 70 percent of Mike's attack. In fact, it's so true and I am so aware of it, that I am surprised by his calm assumption that I proceed in ignorance of my own faults. I would not be worth my salt as an author if I were not acutely familiar with the problems facing me in breaking away from bourgeois romanticism and being of some genuine literary use to the revolution.

But to tell the truth is one thing. To tell it one-sidedly and with complete disregard of the connection between these facts and other facts, is to give a total impression which is neither fair nor constructive. It's certainly the business of Marxian criticism to view the facts as a whole.

Mike says that I am "lost" in an inner conflict: "Through all his plays wander a troop of ghosts disguised in the costumes of living men and women and repeating the same monotonous question: 'Where do I belong in the warring world of the two classes?'" You're dead right, Mike. I'd be a fool to resent this clear statement of a problem confronting myself and hundreds of other writers. As far as I myself am concerned, I think a glib answer to this question is worse than no answer at all. For a person with my particular equipment, a genuine acceptance of the proletarian revolution is a difficult task. I'm not alone in this: it's a tough job for anyone who faces it with a realistic sense of the implications.

Russian literature and theatre since 1918 offer a record of great achievement; but this record clearly shows the immense difficulties of creating working class art—even in the workers' fatherland. The difficulties in a capitalist country are much greater; prior to 1933 I know of no novels or plays in English which can be called completely successful from a proletarian point of view. A few have recently appeared, among which I believe *The Disinherited* is the most important. But the majority of American fellow-travellers are struggling with the problem of their own orientation. This is strikingly evident in the work of John Dos Passos, which combines great revolutionary fervor with all sorts of liberal and individualistic tendencies.

Mike Gold deliberately ignores the historical background which is intimately connected with my development as a dramatist. He ignores my repeated statements (with which I assume he is familiar) that my work to date is utterly unsatisfactory in its political orientation, that the left tendency in my plays has been clouded and insufficiently realized, and that the only justification for my existence as a dramatist will lie in my ability to achieve revolutionary clarity.

Mike says I've learned nothing in ten years. If Mike thinks the *realization* of this problem is nothing, I think he vulgarizes and underestimates the nature of the "inner conflict." We all know that many American intellectuals are so confused about the whole issue that they waver idiotically between Communism and various manifestations of social fascism. Five years ago I had similar tendencies toward confusion, because I was emotionally revolutionary and had not made a disciplined study of the issues. In the intervening period I've kept my eyes open and have not neglected my education. I am a fellow-traveller because I have not demonstrated any ability to serve the revolutionary working class either in my writing or in practical activity. I don't think my convictions should be relied on or taken on faith—we've seen far too much of the unreliability of intellectuals. Nevertheless I believe my position has been arrived at by serious processes, and is both definite and disciplined.

I readily admit that my plays have achieved no real clarity. But my work shows an orderly development: after the childish high spirits of *Processional*, I turned to a confused religious escape in *Nirvana*; that was the inevitable next step considering my background and intellectual processes. *The International* was a serious attempt to portray a world revolution, but my lack of theoretical background betrayed me into many inexcusable errors and a general air of anarchistic sentimentality. However, the play does *not* end only with a love-duet. It ends with barricades in the streets of New York.

I believe *Gentlewoman*, in spite of faults, shows a considerable ideological advance. It is concerned solely with bourgeois

intellectuals. The lines which Mike quotes jeeringly are clearly intended to indicate that the matters which puzzle these people are characteristic of a dying bourgeois class; that these psychological difficulties are completely *outside* the living struggle of the workers. I also endeavor to make clear that the dividing line between Communism and social-fascism is increasingly definite, and that "you can't play both sides against the middle." When Mike speaks of "tossing away money that could be splendidly used for printing the *Daily Worker*, *THE NEW MASSES*, or a mountain of pamphlets," he's simply ignoring the actual lines spoken in the play. The only money available in the play, which comes from brutal exploitation of workers, is only available if the people conform to the standards of the old lady who lives by that exploitation. Moreover, the hero is not a red, and I point it out consistently; he's a confused Bohemian who is trying to orient himself. Now it's perfectly possible to write a play about middle-class and "sterile" people on Marxian lines; it seems to me correct to end such a play with the definite statement that the only solution, the only hope for these people, lies in Communism. Unfortunately, *Gentlewoman* is not fully developed in terms of theme and has many faults from a Marxian standpoint.

Nevertheless, I sincerely believe that the unanimous antagonism with which these plays were greeted in the bourgeois press was due to their uncompromising and correct picture

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of bourgeois decay. If I'm wrong in this, I certainly want to know it. But Mike contents himself with discovering the half-truth that my preoccupation with bourgeois decay shows that I am still involved in it. He's right as far as he goes. He could say the same thing about any of our left-wing writers who go beyond straight reporting and endeavor to reach an aesthetic synthesis. These plays obviously belong to a transition period and show the consequent unsolved contradictions. Instead of doing a real job of analyzing these contradictions, Mike places me in the past tense: "Lawson was a man of great potential talent."

I'm still around, Mike, and I'm not asking for any favors. I don't want any pats on the back because I don't deserve any. Whether I turn into a revolutionary dramatist or a "bourgeois Hamlet" is up to my present development, and there's no reason why you or anyone else should take any step of that development for granted.

Marxian criticism is the only criticism with which I am in the least concerned, and I expect it to maintain a consistently high and severe standard, and to give me concrete assistance. It fails to maintain this standard when it goes to unbalanced extremes. Now and then some distinguished writer is welcomed with open arms: Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser are cases in point. These prima donnas receive a few rounds of radical applause and the next thing you know they're in the camp of the New Deal and Fascism.

I'm not a prima donna and I don't mind being kicked around. But I can't help seeing that this sort of unbalanced attack and failure to weigh tendencies might do a great deal of harm to many writers who are sincerely struggling to clear their own minds, and who would feel (with considerable justification) that they were being kicked in the face. I object to blithe acceptance of writers whose left conversion is meaningless and grows out of temporary emotional excitement. I also object to hasty judgments against intellectuals whose progress toward the left has been slow and who are aware that there is no sense in lip-service without a lasting comprehension of the issues.

I appreciate Mike's services as a proletarian writer, but I object to his sentimental and mock-heroic attitude toward revolutionary

themes. This attitude seems to me to color his otherwise brilliant column in the *Daily Worker*. It gives the impression of self-satisfaction and glibness, as in his review of such a great novel as *The Disinherited*, he condescendingly encouraged the author and spoke reminiscently of his own proletarian childhood.

He dismisses me with condescending assurance. "When a man achieved a set of principles, when he knows firmly he believes in them, he can, like the Soviet diplomats, make compromises, box office and otherwise." This is a smug statement of an essential fact. I don't believe it's easy for anybody to make compromises, whether he's a Soviet diplomat or not. If Mike knows so much about compromises, "box office or otherwise" under capitalism, I wish he'd give me lessons. I don't know how to do it, and nine cases out of ten I don't think it can be done. It takes hard courage and hard thinking to accept a revolutionary line and stick to it.

## Between Ourselves

**T**HE lecture bureau recently launched by THE NEW MASSES is proving of considerable interest to organizations—and benefit to the magazine. A steady stream of requests for speakers has set in. Over this weekend, the following lectures have been arranged around New York (this announcement is not as belated as the date of this issue might suggest, since the magazine, while dated April 17, is on sale on about one thousand stands throughout the city beginning early Friday, April 13):

Friday evening, April 13, Joseph North on "The Eighth Convention of the Communist Party," at the Prospect Workers Club, 1157 Southern Boulevard, the Bronx; Isidor Schneider on "Revolutionary Literature" at the International Workers Order branch, 114 West 14th Street, Manhattan.

Saturday night, April 14, Stanley Burnshaw on "Literature Today," at the Young Circle League, 3 West 16th Street.

An intellectual struggles with this problem in terms of his own environment and background. I see no justification for referring to this struggle as "futilitarian." I think it's cheap radical snobbery to refer to me as dead and buried, to call me "irresponsible," "forever betraying the fundamentals," etc., etc. These phrases are deliberately misleading. They would be justified if Mike made out any real case against me as being counter-revolutionary, drifting toward any sort of liberal betrayal of the working class, sympathizing with any reactionary or reformist tendency, or answering confusion in terms of social-fascism. If I'm guilty of any such tendency, either in my plays or in my personal activity, I'd like it thrashed out. But Mike's case simmers down to the fact that I ask a "monotonous question": "Where do I belong in the warring world of two classes?" I'm sorry the question bores him, but I intend to make my answer with due consideration, and with as much clarity and vigor as I possess.

Sunday night, April 15, Joshua Kunitz on "Revolutionary Literature," at the I. L. D. Bedford Centre, 1083 Bergen Street, Brooklyn.

"S. J. Lenihan" is a research specialist who has gained recognition as the originator of business management systems. His article on the Committee for the Nation in this issue is based on records, court proceedings, letters, newspaper clippings, magazine articles, and personal contacts in business circles.

Next week's issue will contain an article by Ilya Ehrenbourg, which we regard as outstanding even among the works of this gifted writer. There will also be a quite full discussion of the present situation in education in this country, in the schools and colleges, by Oakley Johnson, and John Spivak's report on the lumber country around Longview, Wash.

A plea to letter writers: Please keep communications within 300 words.

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## NEW YORK WORKERS' BOOKSHOP

Fifty East Thirteenth Street

New York City

April 9, 1934

NEW MASSES,  
31 E. 27th Street,  
New York City.

Dear Comrade Editor:

We wish to congratulate you on the article you published in your April 3rd issue by Oakley Johnson on "A Five-Inch Shelf of Booklets." Since its publication many workers have come in to ask for these very booklets using THE NEW MASSES as a guide. THE NEW MASSES is the only magazine that has given its readers a systematic Marxist-Leninist reading list.

The sales of the titles mentioned in the article have risen tremendously. For the first time workers are coming in to the bookshop asking for pamphlets they didn't even know about. We hope you will continue to list new pamphlets as they come out. The Workers' Bookshop will be only too glad to cooperate.

With Revolutionary Greetings,

NEW YORK WORKERS' BOOKSHOP.

*and  
how!*

**PROOF**

**No. 1** 