MAY 22 1934

10c

# New Masses

## Brain Trust

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

## Days in the Chinese Red Army

By AGNES SMEDLEY

## Upton Sinclair:

**Reactionary Utopian**

By SENDER GARLIN

JOIN
THE FIGHT
AGAINST ATTACKS
ON THE
EDUCATIONAL
BUDGET
AND
TEACHERS'
PAYLESS
FURLOUGHS!

Prof. COLSTON WARNE
*Associate professor of Economics, Amherst College*

Prof. GEORGE S. COUNTS
*Columbia Teachers' College*

ISIDORE BEGUN
*The Unemployed Teachers' Association*

*will take part in a*

SYMPOSIUM

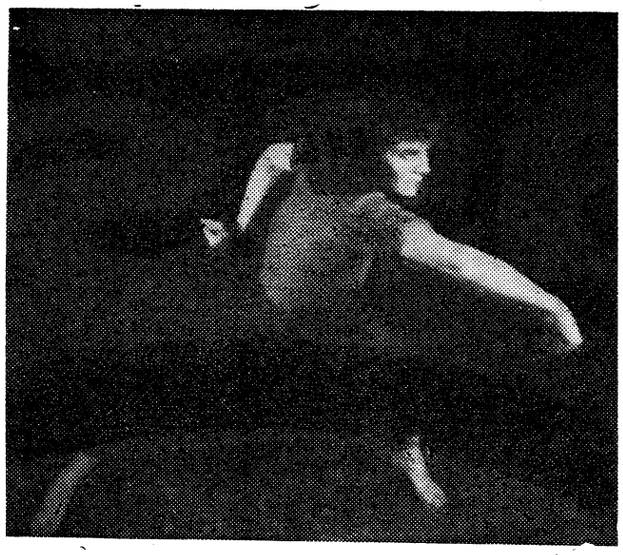
*on the*

TEACHERS'
STRUGGLE

*at*

WEBSTER MANOR
125 East 11th Street
New York City

Wednesday Evening
May 23rd at 8 P. M.
Admission 25 cents
*Auspices:* NEW MASSES



# DANCE RECITAL

# TAMIRIS

## AND HER GROUP

Genevieve Pitot at the Piano

FOR THE BENEFIT OF NEW MASSES

**TAMIRIS** as a modern dance interpreter has scored triumphs both in America and Europe.

**PROGRAM:** A new Group Dance; Toward the Light, a cycle of five dances; Suite of Negro Spirituals; Dirge; Salut Au Monde; My Call Is the Call of Battle; Dance for a Holiday; 20th Century Bacchante; South American Dance; Composition for Group.

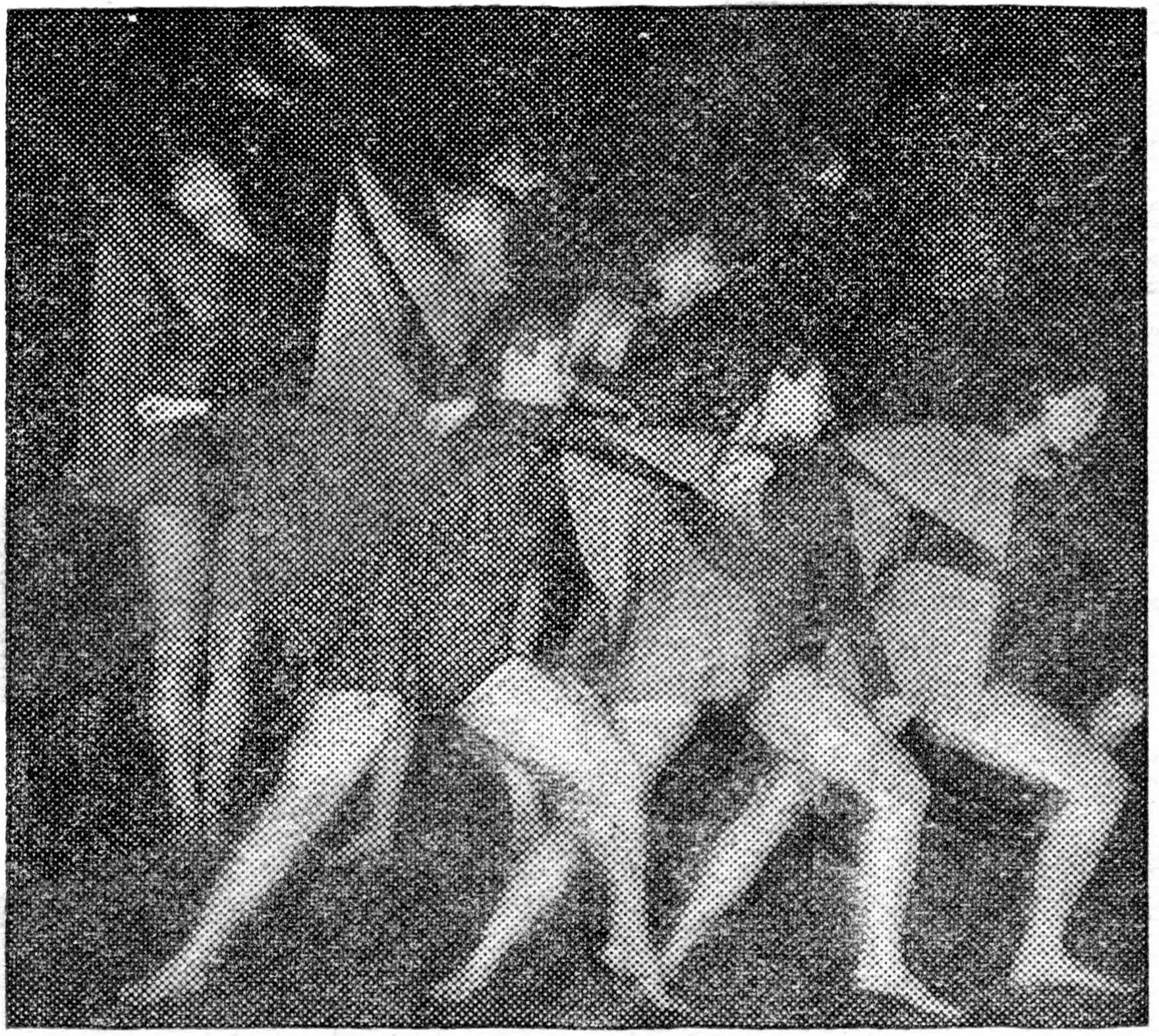
## Sunday Evening, MAY 27

**8:30 P.M.**

CITY COLLEGE
AUDITORIUM
Lexington Avenue &
Twenty-Third Street
New York City

**TICKETS: 95c, 75c, 55c, 35c**

*Order Tickets by Mail — Reserved Seats —*
NEW MASSES
31 East 27th Street
*Also on Sale at:*
WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOKSHOP,
27 West 8th Street,
WORKERS BOOKSHOP,
50 East 13th Street,
DRAMA BOOKSHOP,
48 West 52nd Street.



New Masses

MAY 22, 1934

RELIEF expenditures throughout the country are to be whittled down sharply and progressively during the next five months. Simultaneously with this news comes Roosevelt's announcement that he will propose to Congress an appropriation of only $1,322,000,000 for "relief and recovery expenditures" for the next fiscal year, beginning July 1st, instead of the already ridiculously low estimate of 1½ billions submitted by Budget Director Lewis Douglas. Included in the relief budget are such "relief" items as crop loans, the army air corps, funds for more naval construction, and federal paycut restorations. In other words, the unemployed are to be forced to bear the burden of the pay cuts restored to government employees and to pay for war preparations. Excluding items such as the above, the proposed budget covering an entire year for emergency relief, public works, "and other recovery purposes" totals only $940 million. Compare this sum with the admittedly inadequate half-billion dollars spent for emergency relief *alone* for a three-months period under C.W.A., and with the $3,300,000,000 originally appropriated (but never expended) exclusively for the Public Works program! We have the recent admission of Federal Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins that relief needs were growing, due to sharp increases in prices of necessities, lags in employment gains, and exhausted reserves among the unemployed. In the face of the League of Nations report that 6 million children in the United States (a very moderate estimate) were suffering from undernourishment and lack of clothing and shelter, this latest action of Roosevelt comes as a typical piece of callousness and hypocrisy unparalleled even in the days of Hoover.


BUT HE'S BEGINNING TO STAND UP STRAIGHT NOW

GROWING resistance of relief workers to the government's attacks, not only on their well-nigh irreducible standards of living but on their very right to exist, is indicated by the wave of strike actions on relief projects during the past few days. In Wichita, Kansas, 3,000 emergency workers, receiving wages as low as $3.15 (35c per hour for nine-hours maximum employment a month), went out on strike. After police attacks had failed to break the strikers' ranks, the Governor ordered National Guard troops to smash the picket lines with tear gas, clubs and guns. In Ohio over 15,000 relief workers are on strike against starvation pittances received in return for forced labor. In New York City, militant struggles by the United Committee of Action on Unemployment and Relief, featured by daily mass picket lines thrown around the offices of the local relief administration, have resulted in the reinstatement of nearly 10,000 of the 40,000 emergency workers laid off last month with the termination of the C.W.A. program. A notable victory has been won by the Associated Employees in forcing the reinstatement, after a five-weeks fight, of two of its members, Carl Bollinger and Harry Mensh, who were fired because of their organizational activities. As stated in his dismissal slip, Bollinger was discharged for: "Distributing literature tending to disrupt the morale of the men in this yard. Agitating and causing dissension. Conspiracy: plotting to organize the office to his way of thinking." Mensh had been fired for participating in a one-hour strike of relief workers some weeks ago. This victory has heartened New York's emergency workers to carry on their fight against the gross intimidation still being used by the administration in its attempt to check organizational activities.

THE Roosevelt government unable longer to ignore the terrific need for housing, the devastating unemployment in the building trades, and the growing popular agitation for a federal housing program, comes forward with one of its customary panaceas. Roosevelt has just sent to Congress what the New York Times calls "recommendations for a housing program of an unprecedented size which will mark the next great ef-

BUT HE'S BEGINNING TO STAND UP STRAIGHT NOW


BUT HE'S BEGINNING TO STAND UP STRAIGHT NOW

fort in the drive for recovery." And what is this program? It is a typical Roosevelt brain-storm, providing means for coaxing private capital into home modernization and construction. It provides in no way for building homes for the masses of ill-housed Americans. All it does is to guarantee for banks, mortgage and insurance companies their loans to home owners and others, loans at 5 percent interest or more. Thus the government plans to add another billion and a half to its guarantees of four billion dollars of mortgage loans to private money-lenders. In no way can this be called a housing-plan. It is merely an additional way of insuring money-lenders against loss on their investments. The article *Housing and Jobs* in the April 10th issue of THE NEW MASSES showed why private capital can never solve the country's housing needs. Meanwhile evidence of these needs constantly increases. A C.W.A. survey of 300 rural counties in 46 states, conducted under the Department of Agriculture, shows how the great masses of rural Americans live. In Hickman County, Kentucky, for example, when home owners were asked what they would do with $500 to spend on their houses, 55 percent said they would use the money for outside walls. 44 percent wanted it for roofs, 56 percent for inside walls, 29 percent for running water. None dared even hope for toilets, baths or lights. In short they needed the money for the barest necessities of shelter. These figures are duplicated in all parts of the country, as can be seen in the report in the Architectural Record, April, 1934, p. 297ff. Roosevelt's latest scheme to help the banks and insurance companies will give neither homes to homeless nor jobs to the jobless. Only intense agitation and mass pressure for federal-financed and worker-managed housing projects will give Americans homes and jobs.

THERE was a shortage of mules on Tucker Prison Farm, Number Two, in Arkansas, so convicts were harnessed to pull the machines. When protest was made, the chairman of the State Penal Board, Walter Helms, and H. Grady McCall, secretary to Governor Futrell, "investigated" and decided that the man-mules were not working too hard. In examples like these, growing in number and variety, the collapse of capitalist civilization is showing itself, the steady and continuous retrogression that begins to take on a tone of barbarism. Ten years ago something of this sort could have become a flaming journalistic issue; today it is a tiny item buried in the back pages.

*L. Arenal*

THE reactionary Fascist role which the Catholic Church aspires to play in the United States as it is playing it in Italy, Ireland, Austria and Poland is being revealed in recent statements of many leading Catholic churchmen. Father Charles E. Coughlin of Detroit, is not the only one. The Very Rev. Aloysius J. Hogan, president of Fordham University, talking Sunday, May 6, before the Mystic Rose Council of the Knights of Columbus in the New York Knights of Columbus Hotel (which pays no taxes to a city that is slashing the pay of its employees) was the latest to advance the Catholic Church to the attention of capitalists as a stronghold of reaction. "I am proud to say here that one of the few institutions of higher learning which in the past few weeks was not the scene of any anti-war demonstration was Fordham University—a Catholic university," he said. He went on to suggest that people who would not fight in capitalist-imperialist wars should be driven from the country. He came out flat-footedly against free speech by denouncing "these people who on street corners and in magazines endeavor to bring down our institutions of church, society and government." Thus the priest, as usual, stacks up with the traditionally sanctimonious munition-makers, the war mongers, the enemies of society—the capitalist class.

THE town of Pasco, in Wyoming, was sold to the Consolidated Oil Company for $1,775,000. The former owner was the bankrupt Producers and Refiners Company. The listed assets included plants, office building stores, and "dwellings in pink stucco in the Spanish style of architecture." Nothing was said in the newspaper accounts of the people who worked in the plants, and lived in the pink stucco company houses. They were accessories handed over to the new owners with the more important property.

PERIODICALLY the cry goes up that the Reds—the Communists—with well-stocked arsenals in their cellars, are preparing to dynamite the capitalist system out of existence. This is the stock in trade of the commercial press, particularly around the big days of proletarian demonstration, such as May 1. California newspapers seized on the story avidly the other day when Clarence Morrill, chief of the Bureau of Criminal Identification announced the "disappearance" of dynamite from Federal C.W.A. projects. He whispered that his "under-cover men" in the ranks of "Communist-controlled" organizations had information that "dynamite had been procured and might be needed on May 1st." The press, like the police, pretended ignorance of a fundamental tenet of the Communist Party—"No individual violence!" Time and again the Communists have explained their thesis: organization, mass pressure, mass action. Communists declare the futility of the lone shot, the isolated bomb. They have always repudiated terrorist tactics. Communists contend that a successful revolution demands the following pre-requisites: first, the dominant class can no longer rule; second, the turbulence of the discontented masses reaches such a pitch that they are ready to descend into the streets to fight; and third, there must be a Communist Party able to guide the elements of revolution into Soviet channels.

IN California the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union (affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, an organization in which Communists are a leading element) warned its members in a recent strike in the Imperial Valley: 'On the picket line

*L. Arenal*

*L. Arenal*

there must not be a weapon in the hands of one worker." The ranchers and growers have been advertising their own preparedness; they openly import machine-guns and arm deputies. A sample of the official attitude toward terrorism is depicted by Richard Bransten in the article *Glassford in the Imperial Valley* in our May 15 issue. A delegation of protesting students, preachers, teachers, was fired upon May 6. When the ranchers deal with workingmen they take better aim. They shoot to kill. Last Fall they murdered strikers, kidnaped and flogged organizers, and in general ran amuck throughout the fertile valley. Today, in their press they boast of arming for the inevitable strikes. In the face of such terrorism, the industrial union, which repudiates individual violence, demanded for the workers the right to arm in self defense. This was promptly denied. The statement of Morrill that dynamite is "missing" paves the way for provocation and frame-up. As Lincoln Steffens, on behalf of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, wrote to the California Governor:

> The reason this Committee sees grave danger in such veiled accusations as the one reported coming from Mr. Morrill is that some unidentified shot, some use of violence by irresponsible elements or by organizations who have stated that they are armed and shall see that "trouble is handled" may, following the example of Hitler Nazis in Germany, be pinned on to members of unions affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League or Communist-controlled organizations in which Mr. Morrill has "under-cover men."

He urged an open meeting between Morrill, his under-cover men, with the leaders of the "Communist-controlled organizations." There the charge would be dragged into the open. We believe the California authorities will have none of this. California which has to its official credit a Mooney case, the San Jose lynchings and other infamous incidents of justice, will not get excited about ranchers and fruit growers arming to keep wages down. Only a nation-wide protest overwhelming the California government and the complaisant N.R.A. officialdom will halt the authorities in their plans to engineer a mass frame-up.

ON May 7 the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union issued an historic decree, transforming the area of Biro-Bidjan, in the Far East, into an Autonomous Jewish National Region. While Hitler, to divert the attention of the already disillusioned masses, is intensifying his Jew-baiting campaign, while anti-Semitism is increasing throughout the capitalist world, the workers' republic, under the leadership of the Communist Party, is teaching the world a lesson of how to solve, permanently and absolutely, the vexing problem of national minorities. Only yesterday the classic land of Jewish legal disabilites, official persecutions and pogroms, Russia today is the only country in the world where the Jews enjoy unqualified political, social and economic equality, including national self-determination.

THE feeling of tremendous release which the Bolshevik revolution has brought to the Jews is wonderfully illustrated in the work of the Jewish poets both in the Russian and Yiddish languages—Mandelstam, Pasternak, Antokolsky, Bagritsky, Selvinsky, Bezymensky, Svetlov, Golodny, Utkin, Gorodetsky, Oleander, Brodsky, Markish, Gildin, Fefer, Reznik, Kharik, Halkin, Khana Levin, etc. etc. The Jews are singing. And their song is gay and heroic. Forgotten are the old Ghetto, the grey Jewish townlet, the fear, the poverty, the obfuscation, the subservience. Forgotten are the petty Jewish traders, peddlers, middlemen. The Jew can go anywhere—Kaluga, the Urals, Siberia, Moscow. The Jew can do anything that any other Soviet citizen can do—work in the factory, the mine, the field, the office, the laboratory, the university, the stage, the army. Small wonder that the Yiddish poet Itsek Fefer sings:

Siberia,
The Urals,
Keluga and Tripolie . . .
The young blood tingles, riots in my veins,
As ever I
A flaming Comsomoletz,
Am ever treading to our flaming strains.

In field, in mine, in battle, while at labor,
Each tiny space throbs with our mighty joy,
And when we fight we wield our swords with fervor;
And when we work, the hammer is our toy.

Our days are young,
Our earth is young and wondrous,
And I am young
And all my friends are young.
It is for us, the barefoot, growing youngsters
To smash to bits the yesterday in us.

New Masses

VOL. XI, No. 8 CONTENTS MAY 22, 1934





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.

# Labor Takes the Offensive

AMERICA today is witnessing a wave of strikes threatening to reach unparalleled heights. The longshoremen of the entire Pacific seaboard are out. The Alabama miners are out. The auto workers are out. The aircraft builders are out. The strike call sounds from every point of the American compass.

The main offices of the N.R.A. must resemble G.H.Q. of war days: communiques constantly pouring in from the front as the enemy lunges forward in major offensive. Here the enemy is the working-class. The N.R.A. has proved itself what the Communists had foretold a year ago: it is the workers' enemy. It is pro-capitalist. Millions are realizing this; Roosevelt's grand experiment in social engineering at Detroit was the turning point. Up to that moment the President's word carried weight with most workers. A message from him, and the strikers would heed his exhortation to arbitrate. Then delay, bickering, long drawn procedures wearing the workers down, until finally, in the despair born of hunger, they would straggle back to work. The policy of liberalism is delay. But there comes the moment of reckoning. Then liberalism changes: it stands naked in its true class outlines. Today those outlines foreshadow Fascism.

As the strikes for bread take on political character — strikes against the N.R.A., against Roosevelt — terror grows. Miners are murdered in Alabama. The guns are being used every day—not only in the South, but in the North, in the West, everywhere. Five workers were shot down in Buffalo, their wives and children, pickets, trampled by mounted police. Longshoremen shot down on the Pacific Coast. Eight strikers killed in a week!

N.R.A.'s attempts to outlaw strikes have failed. The working class is on the move. The government is cracking down. For the workers are bucking the bosses' strongest line of defense—the officialdom of the A. F. of L. Not only that. The workers are defying the local and national labor boards. They are defying church, newspaper, police, Washington itself in their struggle for the right to unionize; for the right to live.

On the Coast 20,000 longshoremen are out, reinforced by seamen of the Marine Workers' Industrial Union. The mayor of Seattle has called for the National Guard and threatens to ask President Roosevelt for Federal troops: "The strike paralyzes shipping; order must be maintained."

And among the automobile workers the Fisher Body and Buick plant strikers refuse to approach the Regional Automobile Labor Board. They rely only on themselves—on mass picketing.

The strikes affect many other key industries—war industries. Small shops, large shops, the complete list is too long to repeat: the Ford Motor Co.; Hartford and Buffalo — aircraft workers; Butte, Mon.—copper workers; Paterson, N. J.—printers; Philadelphia—auto shop workers; Matoon, Ill.—shoe workers; Worcester, Mass.—wire company employes; New York City—fur workers; Camden, N. J.—shipbuilders; Gloversville, N. Y. — glove workers; Cleveland—cab drivers, etc., etc.

The steel workers are preparing for a strike in June. The railroad men are not silent; they too are organizing rank and file groups for struggle. The Chicago street car men threaten strike unless their demands are granted. In Berks County, Pa., hosiery workers are ready to join the struggle.

This is the fourth strike wave within less than a year and a half. In January, 1933, beginning in the automobile industry, strikes started spreading through America. A second wave picked up momentum that summer. The N.R.A., which had just been created, was thrown onto the economic battlefield and succeeded for a time in checking this movement. But last January the workers began striking again. In all these movements, the result, aided by the sell-out tactics of the A. F. of L. leadership, was the same.

Now on a larger and more intense scale than before, labor is rising. It is taking the offensive. It has been tricked, betrayed, bludgeoned back too many times. Today growing thousands are heeding the advice of the revolutionary unions, of the revolutionary party, the Communist Party. They reply to the strike-breaking N.R.A. as well as the strike-breaking A. F. of L. officialdom with solid picket lines. They advance toward attack in united ranks—on the united front basis. Negro and white, hand and brain worker, are fighting in powerful phalanxes against the starvation, the degradation engendered by the fifth year of capitalism's crisis.

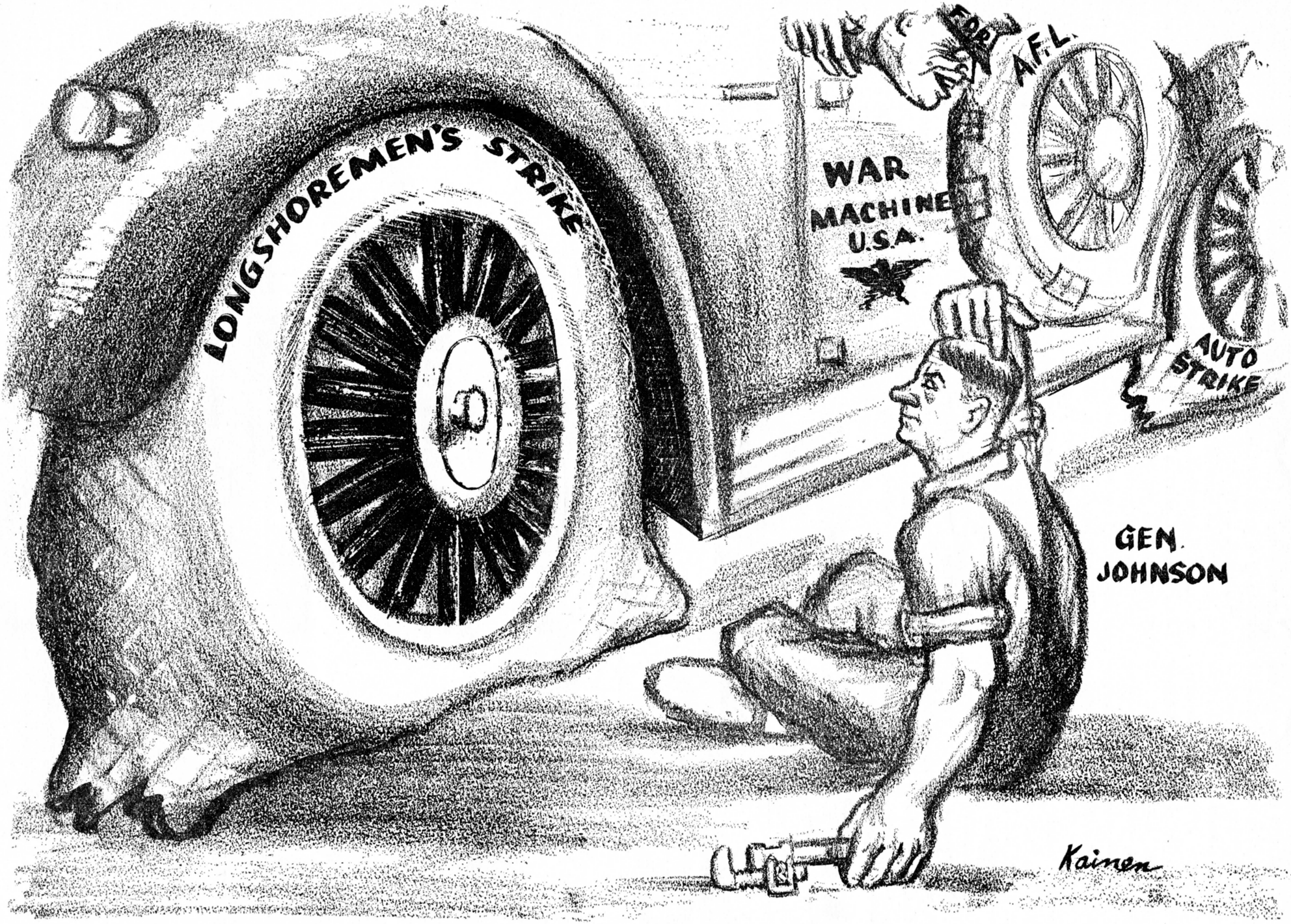
# The Pulitzer Prize Business

IT HAS proved impossible this year to conceal from the literate public the stupendous fatuousness of the whole Pulitzer prize business. Compared with the awarding of the Pulitzer prizes, the Easter egg-rolling on the White House lawn is a ceremony of dignity and significance and Mother's Day a beautiful and noble institution.

We are not referring, of course, to the class prejudice of the Pulitzer awards, a phenomenon so obvious and, in its way, so proper as scarcely to deserve comment. The ultimate arbiter of the awards is the advisory board of the Columbia School of Journalism, which includes Nicholas Murray Butler, Kent Cooper of the Associated Press, Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the Tariff Commission, Marlen Pew of Editor and Publisher, and the Pulitzer boys. The various special committees are, almost without exception, made up of the kind of timid nonenities who get elected to the American Academy.

No one aware of these facts could expect Jack Conroy's *The Disinherited* to be acclaimed the best novel of 1933 or John Wexley's *They Shall Not Die* the best play. John Spivak can write circles around Birchall or Knickerbocker, and Burck and Gropper make Edmond Duffy and Rollin Kirby look like beginners in some correspondence school of drawing, but no Daily Worker reporter or cartoonist will ever be crowned with Joseph Pulitzer's laurels.

The Pulitzer prizes are 100 percent bourgeois awards, and quite rightly so if




"QUICK, HUGHIE, THE SPARE TIRE!"

*Kainen*

the memory of the proprietor of the New York World is to be fitly honored. On that score we have no objections to make. But we should like to call attention to the whole performance as striking evidence of the decay of bourgeois culture. During seventeen years the committees have, with almost unfailing accuracy, fostered whatever was mediocre, inane, and antiquated in American life.

In certain fields and in certain years there has been, it is true, no work that rose above the Pulitzer level; but, whenever there has been a bourgeois writer of originality and courage, he has, almost invariably, been ignored.

The mental calibre of the committee can be illustrated by the award for the best editorial article, which was this year bestowed upon Mr. Edwin P. Chase of the Atlanta (Iowa) News-Telegraph. This editorial states, according to the New York Times, that "the only way back to solid ground and to a degree of prosperity and well-being commensurate with common sense and economic soundness will be by the application of thrift and hard work and the balancing of the budget of every individual." Why the judges picked Mr. Chase, in preference to the thousands of editors who have written this same editorial every third day for the past four years, is a mystery. But the fact that this was what they wanted indicates that their minds function, if that is not too strong a word, in a world that expired when the voice of Jehovah told William McKinley to grab the Philippines.

With such a revelation before us, we can understand how Herbert Agar's half-baked history of the presidents, *The People's Choice,* a book whose fascist tendency is so obvious that John Chamberlain noticed it, won the prize for history. Thus it happened that he, rather than Mark Sullivan, for whom the special committee was rooting, was permitted to take his place with General John J. Pershing, Rear Admiral William Snowden Sims, and His Excellence, J. J. Jusserand. Tyler Dennett, lately of the State Department, won the biography prize with his apology for John Hay's imperialism. Frederick Birchall's charming little tales of Hitler's Germany were acclaimed distinguished correspondence, and the $500 for "disinterested and meritorious public service" went to R. W. Ruhl of Medford, Oregon, who prevented armed rebellion, according to his own account, and, according to Time, is highly approved of by the Medford upper crust.

In poetry, the committee singled out Robert Hillyer, who has written seven volumes of utterly undistinguished poetry and who, we are told by a Boston paper, believes in the English language and in holy America. Messrs. Hamilton, Eaton, and Strong of the drama committee voted for Maxwell Anderson's unhistorical and pseudo-poetic *Mary of Scotland,* but they were overruled by the advisory board, which preferred Sidney Kingsley's neat little show piece about operations. A mild local color novel of the South before the Civil War elevated Caroline Miller to the ranks of Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Louis Bromfield, and Oliver LaFarge.

Perhaps the most revealing comment anyone has made on the awards for 1933 is John Chamberlain's: "Doubtless many will wonder that *Anthony Adverse* is not the prize winner. But the committee wisely refrained from piling Pelion on Ossa; a book that has sold some 400,000 copies in a year must be pretty near a saturation point anyway, with no sales help needed from the adventitious interference of Fate." Mr. Chamberlain, it will be observed, implies not only that the committee was quite capable of choosing *Anthony Adverse* but also that the needs of publishers were taken into consideration.

We believe that the Pulitzer awards illustrate the way in which individual capitalists and capitalist institutions encourage culture. If a scheme had been concocted for the systematic debauching of American journalism and literature, it could not have surpassed the Pulitzer prizes.

We do not credit Mr. Pulitzer and the administrators of his will with either the malice or the intelligence necessary for the devising of such a conspiracy; we merely observe that the normal operations of the bourgeois mind have achieved this precise result.

# Brain Trust

**JOHN L. SPIVAK**

HIBBING, MINN.

ALL THIS talk about Tugwell and Larry Todd being the Brain Trust is a lot of hooey. I know because I met the Brain Trust in the back room of a saloon in Hibbing, Minn., after it had captured political control of this town in the heart of the Mesaba range, long notorious as the private domain of the iron ore companies.

Now the Brain Trust sits in the Mayor's office and controls this mining village of 15,000 inhabitants. But now that it is in power its efforts to figure out how to be both a capitalists' and a workers' government all at the same time is giving it a headache as big as Roosevelt's.

It all started when the small property owners here got a little tired of being kicked around by the two ruling political parties. Foreign-born are in a majority, Russians, Poles, Swedes, Lithuanians, Italians—almost every nationality is represented. They were originally imported by the companies to dig the precious ore so essential to American industry. These foreign-born workers are rather clannish. They stick to themselves, have their own social life, clubs, churches, ministers, priests and their own little political leaders. The only thing these groups of different nationalities found in common was their religious beliefs and politically they allied themseves in favor of either Protestant or Catholic candidates, with the iron ore companies not caring a hoot which one was elected to office.

The struggles between the two parties, or rather the score of men who controlled the parties, kept the workers beautifully divided. None of the workers thought very much of organizing politically; and economically it was out of the question, for the companies had one of the most efficient spy systems ever developed to keep labor from organizing.

So the years went on with Protestant candidates or Catholic candidates in power and dispensing patronage to their own cliques. This see-sawing went unchallenged as long as the iron ore companies were able to give the people the usual four months' work during the year. But when the depression came and the mines shut down completely there were so many out of work and the limited relief had to be distributed so thinly that many miners went hungry and the small business men couldn't take in enough to cover even their overhead. The companies insisted that they could not pay the $100 per capita tax levied against them, which brought in 99 percent of the village's income, and the religious-political leaders reduced it to $70 and again last year

to $65. With Hibbing's income so drastically reduced there was still less for the unemployed who grew restless and threatening.

Into this irritable atmosphere came the revelation of an old American custom. A school house had been built with a great fanfare of virtuous oratory about educating the children. The bill for the school was seven million dollars, with everybody but the political leaders feeling that it could have been built for two million. This was a little too much for the workers starving on the iron range. But the C.W.A. came along just in time to give them something to do and money to buy food and the mounting anger was dissipated.

The two political organizations maintained their tight control. Those who were sick of the graft and corruption did not dare oppose them by starting a rival party, though every one seemed to want one. If you were a worker and talked of opposition, you found it difficult not only to get a job, but even relief, and if you were a business man, pressure was brought to bear on your customers in a dozen different ways until you wished you had never started messing around with politics.

History, however, says that events produce their own great men and sure enough history didn't fall short in this case. Two linotype operators working for the Hibbing Tribune, Arthur B. Timmerman and his brother Ben, good, firm labor union men, started pondering on the town's troubles. Last year they ran a labor candidate. They weren't fired because neither the paper nor the politicians worried about it. They knew that what little there was of organized labor would not risk its jobs to vote for the labor candidate; and the politicians, the newspaper and the iron ore companies were right.

When the votes had been counted, Arthur and Ben met kind of sadly in the back room of the saloon where I sat subsequently with them. Clarence Smith, 26-year-old reporter on the Hibbing Tribune, dropped in.

"You know what's the matter with this town," said Clarence. "The people are afraid to vote against the ruling parties."

"You're darn tootin'," said the Timmerman brothers.

"What we ought to do is organize them secretly so that no one's name will come out; then they'll feel they're not alone when they go to vote," suggested the reporter.

And with that was born the idea of the secret units which actually captured Hibbing and is spreading like wild fire through the whole Mesaba range. Nearby Chisholm is now in the hands of the secret units, and several other small towns are reporting enough members to capture their villages at the next elections. The secret unit idea is really simple. Half a dozen trusted and intimate friends of the brothers met in Ben's house. Each was appointed a unit commander: that is, it was his job to line up two other men, sworn to secrecy since their own jobs depended on it. These two men were each to line up two, and these four two each, and so on until there were 32 men in the secret unit. No one but the commander was to know the names of all the members. No names were to be used at any time in the matter of the very small dues. Each unit of 32 was given a letter of the alphabet and each member in the unit a number and they were so recorded.

The idea of being very secret and meeting at midnight in some home or barn or chicken coop thrilled the people of Hibbing, who were rather bored with their humdrum existence anyway, and this feeling of being conspirators contributed a great deal to the very rapid development of the secret unit idea. Only men were accepted, it being understood that the women would vote with their men anyway. Most of the membership consisted of small business men and property owners who were eager to do away with the graft-ridden parties.

When last year's election came along the secret units named Arthur Timmerman for Mayor as labor's choice, and his paper and the other political parties laughed again. And so well had the secret units been organized that though news of their existence had leaked out, the ruling parties did not even suspect their strength. When the election was over, Arthur B. Timmerman, 35-year-old linotype operator, was Mayor.

And from then on Arthur's troubles began.

First he dispensed patronage to keep his units from being dissatisfied, for as the Mayor explained it to me in his office one secret Sunday afternoon, "patronage is the life of a political party"; and secondly, he announced that his was to be a labor government. Shortly after this announcement the iron ore companies very sweetly said that the $65 per capita tax which they were paying was too large and that it would have to be lowered or they would take the matter into the courts. The Mayor and the Brain Trust back of him did not worry, for the people were with them.

When I called the Mayor and asked to see him, he left a meeting with an A.F. of L. organizer who had just arrived to start organizing the miners. The Mayor was apparently pleased that the secret unit plan had spread as far as New York, but he would not talk without the secretary of the secret units, his brother Ben, who is now 29, and is still a linotype operator.

"The important thing to me, Mr. Mayor," I said, "is that this is an announced labor government. You are having difficulty feeding the unemployed miners. What will happen under your regime?"

"Trouble," he said frankly. "Maybe riots. I can see it coming here within a year."

"What will be your position?"

"My sympathies are with the laboring man."

"I know. But you are faced with a peculiar situation. Your sympathies are with the workers. You are a labor government. Yet you have sworn to uphold and defend property and your membership consists chiefly of small property owners. What will you do when the workers demand food, even to the extent of taking it forcibly?"

He shook his head with a worried air.

"I don't know."

"Will you order the police to shoot into them?"

He stared at his brother and then out of the window. Finally he shook his head.

"I'm going to try to straighten it out if possible, but if it gets to the stage where the workers insist upon taking things I think I'll tell the police to lose themselves somewheres."

"But what happens to your oath to protect property?"

"I don't know," he said a little forlornly. "But I'm not going to give orders to shoot down the workers. I know if I were hungry I'd take a brick and smash a window and let them give me 30 days and feed me while I'm in jail."

"But that doesn't answer the question. If you permit the police to let them take food, then you lose the support of the small store keeper and property owner who makes up most of your membership, and consequently your political control; and if you order the police to stop the workers you are no longer for them and lose their support. So which side are you on?"

"Say," he said, rubbing his head, "I've got an awful headache."

I gave him two aspirin tablets and his brother got him a glass of water. After he swallowed them he said: "You know this whole scheme was started to overthrow the local graft-ridden machine. It wasn't intended to cope with all these problems. Look here, why don't you see Clarence Smith tomorrow. I've got to leave for Duluth. I'm willing to be quoted for anything he says."

At lunch the next day Smith, Ben and I wandered into a saloon and sitting in the back room with beer and highballs before us, started all over again. They were curious about what I had learned of public sentiment since I had seen them last.

"I've been talking with unemployed miners all morning," I said cheerfully, "and in the City Hall where you gave the C.W.A. workers a room in which to organize, I talked with about 30 or 40 of them. They said plainly that if they do not get sufficient food for themselves and their families pretty soon they intend to take it by force. Now what will you do in that case?"

"Jesus," said Ben, "I've been thinking about that all night. Must we start on it all over again?"

"You're going to face it sooner or later; we might as well get the answer."

Ben gulped his drink and looked long and thoughtfully at the melting ice in the glass. Clarence finished his beer and drew nervous lines on the table top. Finally the Brain Trust secretary sighed and gave his decision.

"That's a sticker," he said.

"It sure is," said Clarence, drawing another design.

"But that's not an answer," I persisted. "You are supposed to be a labor government. That's for the workers. On the other hand you are sworn to uphold property rights. That's the capitalist government. If you de-

fend property rights you lose the support of the workers and if you give the workers free rein you lose the support of the property owners. Right?"

"Right," said the Brain Trust.

"And if you lose either one, you lose your political organization. Right?"

"Right," they said disconsolately.

"So what's the answer?"

"I don't know," said Ben.

"Yeah," said Clarence, "that's a mess."

They thought for the space of a beer and a highball and then Clarence borrowed a pencil from me.

"Look," he said worriedly, "the iron companies have a per capita tax at the present time of $65 for every resident of Hibbing. We have over 15,000 people living here. If we raise it back to $70 that would bring us in, let's see, about a million dollars. Now if we raise that to $100 per capita tax, which is what they used to pay, that would bring us a million and a half, and with the other incomes we would have enough to feed the unemployed. That's your answer."

"Not quite," I cautioned. "In the first place the iron ore companies are already insisting the $65 per capita tax is too much. They want it reduced. They threaten not to pay the second half of the tax this year unless it is reduced. They pay about 99 percent of your income. If they refuse to pay, where will you get money to run the town, pay the officials' salaries and thus keep your patronage in line, as well as feed the unemployed?"

"That's a sticker," said Ben Timmerman sadly.

"Sticker?" said Clarence, "That's a headache."

"The companies can start litigation, keep it in the courts for several years and in the meantime where do you get money to run the town?"

"That's more headache," said Ben, rapping for another highball.

We drank quietly for a while. Finally Clarence said:

"Look here, we have a friendly Governor. If the companies start litigation and won't give us a cent to pay salaries and feed the unemployed for whom they are responsible anyway because they brought them here in the first place, then the Governor can prohibit moving any ore out of the state."

"So what? Assuming the Governor does that—which of course he can be stopped from doing by an injunction—how will that bring you in taxes to run the village? While all this is going on, the workers get restless and take food. And where are you then?"

"Jesus," said Ben Timmerman, "haven't you any cheerful questions?"

"So your organization is busted up either way and the other parties get control again. And when that happens, you can bank on it they won't let you fellows stick around this town and work against their control. So where are you?"

"So we take the first freight out," said the Brain Trust. "We know if we get licked we couldn't get a job in this town. We'll be out in the cold."

"That's right," I agreed sympathetically. "You'll be out in the cold, especially you and the Mayor and all the leaders."

"What do you suggest?" they asked anxiously.

"I'm not suggesting. I'm trying to find out what you fellows are going to do. You can't straddle the fence. Either you are entirely with the workers or entirely with the companies. You can't have a half and half government any more in these days."

"Looks like it sure," said Ben Timmerman.

"And a workers' government means Communism."

"No, not that," Ben said almost hysterically.

"If things get very bad and the workers revolt then you'll have to give them free rein or use force to keep them down. And that will be the beginning of a dictatorship—Fascism."

"That would be better than Communism," said Clarence with a momentary hopeful gleam in his eye.

"Yeah," said Ben, "then we confiscate food and feed the workers."

"If you're in favor of a dictatorship, then all this voting stuff and democracy is a lot of hooey. So what happens to your Fourth of July speeches?"

"Jesus," said Ben rubbing his hand through his hair.

"I've got a headache and it's not the beer," said Clarence.

"*You* got a headache," said the Secretary of the Brain Trust. "Think of me."

"We got to make up our minds," said Ben.

"Yeah, that's it," said Clarence. "Of course we saw all these things you bring up, but we've been so busy with day to day things we've had no time to think about them. You know it takes time to think about these things."

The Brain Trust promised to write and let me know how they intend to solve the problem of being a workers' and a capitalists' government at the same time. That was weeks ago. I'm still waiting for the answer.

# Upton Sinclair: Reactionary Utopian

**SENDER GARLIN**

The Epic men, the Epic men,
This is the song of the Epic men.

Epic men and women too,
Here's the job we mean to do:
Put an end to poverty
And set the worried people free.

We tell the world we have a plan,
We tell them more, we have a man;
And like our California bear—
We roar for Roosevelt and Sinclair.

The Epic men, the Epic men,
This is the song of the Epic men.
—*From Upton Sinclair's campaign paper.*

SOMEONE once remarked that Upton Sinclair has spent the past thirty years trying to convert the bourgeoisie to the social revolution. Justification for this estimate is found not only in the present campaign which Sinclair is conducting as candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of California. Such a "program" is actually the keynote of one of Sinclair's books.

In *The Way Out* (1931), a series of letters to a young millionaire, Sinclair concludes his fervent plea with these words:

> We ask you to use common sense, ordinary business judgment, and realize how preposterous and unthinkable it is to keep this vast business machine of ours in idleness any longer. We propose that you surrender your privileges as a profit-maker, and accept in return your rights as a citizen of industry. Is it altogether a Utopian dream, that once in history a ruling class might be willing to make the great surrender and permit social change to come about without hatred, turmoil, and waste of human life?

Perhaps the millionaire to whom Sinclair addressed himself never read Karl Marx; but surely the old-time Socialist writer and propagandist faintly recalls the words of Karl Marx that "force is the midwife of history" and that no ruling class has ever relinquished power without a struggle.

Upton Sinclair was twice a candidate for Governor of the state of California and once a nominee for the United States Senate on the Socialist ticket. Today he is conducting a colorful and hectic campaign for the gubernatorial nomination on the Democratic ticket.

"End Poverty in California" is the slogan which Sinclair has adopted in his campaign, and from the first letters of each word he has fashioned the slogan EPIC, the battle-cry of his crusade "to capture the Democratic primaries and use an old party for a new job."

As far back as 1915 Lenin characterized Upton Sinclair as "an emotional Socialist without theoretical grounding," and his 12-point program of EPIC in 1934 boils down to a reformist seeking, by a program of reactionary utopianism, to solve the ravages of the crisis in the state of California with its more than a million unemployed.

Before his own conversion to the "war on democracy," Sinclair joined issue with Robert Blatchford, British social-patriot for the latter's open support of the British war aims. "A thousand men aglow with faith and determination are stronger than a million grown cautious and respectable," Sinclair wrote at the time.

Now, fired with his Epic plans, the former Socialist ideologist has embarked upon a crusade to capture the Democratic party in order to put over a program which ignores only one "minor" factor, the capitalist class of the state of California.

Twelve points are contained in Sinclair's campaign program. The three major points in the "Epic Plan" are:

1. A legislative enactment for the establishment of State land colonies, whereby the unemployed may become self-sustaining and cease to be a burden upon the taxpayers.

2. A public body entitled the California Authority for Production (the C.A.P.) will be authorized to acquire factories and production plans whereby the unemployed may produce the basic necessities required for themselves and for the land colonies, and to operate these factories and house and feed and care for the workers.

3. A public body entitled the California Authority for Money (the C.A.M.) will handle the financing of CAL or CAP. The body will issue scrip to be paid to the workers and used in the exchanging of products within the system. It will also issue bonds to cover the purchase of land and factories, the erection of buildings and the purchase of machinery.

The rest of the program contains the usual planks found in all "progressive" and Farmer-Labor programs calculated to draw in votes from ruined members of the middle class. For in addition to the three major points in the "Epic Plan" there are nine others which call for legislative action for state income taxes, inheritance taxes, widows' pensions, etc.

One wonders what assurance Mr. Sinclair has that the capitalists whom he is presumably attacking will rush to buy his bonds in order to put over any program that will militate against their unbridled control of economy. The "Epic Plan" has for its main purpose the utopian scheme of placing a million or so unemployed in California on state farms. How about the conditions of the millions who are still slaving in the mills, factories, on the docks and peon plantations throughout the state?

Mr. Sinclair's scheme calls for an elaborate barter exchange system between farmers on the land and workers in the cities. The laws of capitalist economics which prevail in the 47 other states—will these not affect his private little Utopia in California? Mr. Sinclair is apparently untroubled by the California legislature, the United States Supreme Court, the venal press (which he has so well exposed).

*Esther Kriger*

UPTON SINCLAIR

"People always have been and they always will be the stupid victims of deceit and self-deception in politics," wrote Lenin, "until they learn behind every kind of moral, religious, political, social phrase, declaration and promise to seek out the interests of this or that class or classes."

Sinclair's campaign literature provides a rich source for this kind of inquiry. In his campaign handbook called, *I, Governor of California,* Sinclair describes the circumstances surrounding his decision to seek the Democratic nomination for governor. It was, he writes, "a letter from a gentleman in Santa Monica, urging me to join the Democratic party, and permit him and some of his friends, members of the County Central Committee, to put me forward as candidate of the party for Governor of California, in 1934. In spite of resolutions I had made to keep out of politics, I found myself thinking continually about this idea."

After a while the idea of running on the Democratic ticket of Franklin D. Roosevelt seemed quite natural for the old-time Socialist. For, writes Sinclair:

"It happens that I am a Democrat by the same right that makes us Americans either Democrats or Republicans. I was born one. . . . My grandfather, Captain Arthur Sinclair, commander of a U. S. naval vessel which helped to open [exploit—S.G.] Japan to the Western world, was a Democrat. My great-grandfather, Commodore Arthur Sinclair, commander of the *Congress,* the first frigate built by this nation, was a Democrat. How did I cease to be one?"

Dr. Wirt will undoubtedly be interested to know that Sinclair claims credit for being the ideological godfather to the "Brain Trust." The author of that excellent though over-simplified expose of American education, *The Goose-Step,* writes that "nearly thirty years ago I founded an organization, the League for Industrial Democracy, which has had wide influence in American colleges, and helped to train those minds which now constitute the so-called 'brain trust' in Washington. These men, whether they know it or not, are the children of my thought."

Moreover, Sinclair claims to have predicted the famous "Roosevelt Revolution," for he declares that "it is interesting to note that in the first book I wrote in support of my new ideas, *The Industrial Republic,* published in 1907, I predicted that the Democratic party would be the instrument through which the needed changes would be brought about in America. I declared that the Democratic Pres-

*Esther Kriger*

UPTON SINCLAIR

ident who performed this service would 'write his name in our history beside the names of Washington and Lincoln.'"

Sinclair may be an excellent prophet, but in 1933 when he criticized Roosevelt and the "New Deal" in his book, *The Way Out,* he was unable, apparently, to foresee that he would be lauding Roosevelt to the skies in 1934.

He chides Roosevelt in *The Way Out.* "We have a new President, promising a 'new deal'," writes Sinclair. "He is unfolding it as I write, and I can only discuss what has so far come to view. First, we are forbidden to own any gold; the virtue of thrift which has been dinned into us from childhood is now punished by a ten-thousand-dollar fine and ten years in jail. . . . A million or so of veterans and hard-working public servants are to be deprived of their jobs, and are to receive the same amounts of money as a dole! . . . Another boon for the farmers; they are to be taught to reduce their product, by renting part of their land to the government, which will keep it idle. . . . There is only one source of wealth sufficient to stand the strain, and that is the pocketbook of our good Uncle Samuel."

Today, however, Upton Sinclair is beside himself with enthusiasm for Roosevelt and his "New Deal," for he writes:

"I have watched with satisfaction a new birth of the Democratic principle under the leadership on his journey, but he is headed in the right direction, towards government control of business and industry — and I am shoving."

The naivete of the author of "47 books, hundreds of magazine articles and tens of thousands of letters" is almost incredible, for he writes that:

"There is nothing novel about the idea of taking possession of one of the old parties and using it to serve the people. In Wisconsin the elder La Follette took the Republican party away from the old gang. Hiram Johnson did it in California, Norris did it in Nebraska. Woodrow Wilson took the Democratic party of New Jersey out of the hands of boodlers, and Franklin D. Roosevelt is very earnestly trying to make the Democratic party of the nation into a party of the public welfare. Why cannot the same thing be done by the Democrats of California?"

What, pray, did the workers of the United States ever gain from these dramatic "seizures," except that it placed the masses ever tighter in the clutches of the ruling political parties?

Mr. Sinclair is apparently attempting to gain possession of the Democratic party of California with the noble aid of the old-line capitalist politicians. For, in the May, 1934 issue of his campaign paper, End Poverty, Sinclair answers the following question in his election column, "Meet Mr. Heckler":

> Q.—Do you expect to get a square deal from the Democratic machine? A.—A number of active Democratic politicians in our State have studied the (Epic) plan, and have come forward to express their interest, and are working for it.

Another Sinclairian campaign song, *End Poverty,* seems to have been written by Mae West, for one stanza demands:

> I want a PLAN—
> An Epic Plan!
> A great big Plan
> And a great big man.

And the refrain announces that:

> Sinclair's the man.
> With the EPIC PLAN
> A great big plan
> And a great big man.

As for eliminating profit, let no prosperous Republicans and Democrats fear. For, in answer to the question, "would you kill all profit?" Mr. Sinclair says, "I don't want to interfere with profit. Profit is being killed by the present system. If any business man is able to make a profit under this present system, I have no desire to interfere with him."

Really, why should Mr. Sinclair seek to eliminate profit when he numbers among his contributors the "idealistic" Boston millionaire, Mr. Edward Filene, who explains "The Sales Tax Question" in a recent issue of Sinclair's campaign publication?

If you don't exactly know who Mr. Filene is and you haven't a copy of *Who's Who* handy, Sinclair's paper informs you that the gentleman is "Planner and Co-organizer of the Boston Chamber of Commerce as well as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the International Chamber of Commerce." What's more, Filene, who pays another former Socialist, Evans Clark, $25,000 a year to tell him how to spend his money, is an author, so to speak—having written *Successful Living in This Machine Age* as well as the more pragmatic volume, *More Profits in Merchandizing.*

Upton Sinclair's campaign paper abounds in varied features, and the famous writer has even so corralled the Chautauqua economics "expert," Walter Thomas Mills, who conducts a department called "The Four Horsemen: the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall and the Primary Law." These four horsemen, apparently, guide the chariot of "Socialism" via the road of the Democratic Party!

Sinclair volunteers to become an ally for President Roosevelt in an editorial entitled "Peas in a Dry Pod," which appeared in the March issue of his campaign paper:

> . . . No wonder the President is reported to be "dissatisfied" with the men who have hitherto directed the destinies of Democracy in the state. No wonder that he is said to be "looking around" for suitable material with which to build a local fighting machine to back up his broad social programs.
>
> The time is ripe for Upton Sinclair's entrance upon the scene. Rallying the forward-looking, constructive radicals about him in his race for the governorship nomination, he adds new meaning and new strength to the genuine Rooseveltian forces.

The veteran Socialist then makes a coy bid for endorsement by the Wall Street president. "It is not too much to hope," concludes the editorial significantly, "that before the present campaign is many months older the President will plainly indicate his pleasure at Sinclair's presence in the Democratic party, if he does not mildly suggest his availability as a gubernatorial candidate."

And while his paper boasts that Gus Johnson, the Republican candidate, has admitted that "Upton Sinclair is being accepted by the best people," Mr. Sinclair's devoted wife has a few kind, cloying words to say of the First Lady of the Land. "I have decidedly much more optimism about the Roosevelt administration as a result of meeting the President's wife and hearing her express herself so clearly and emphatically on the importance of every human being having security." For, Mrs. Sinclair has discovered, "no one could give their best selves to the world until they had security."

Reports from California indicate that the Sinclair movement is gaining some headway. Loren Miller, Negro journalist, writes from Los Angeles that "cautious political racketeers with a weather eye cocked on the leftward moving masses are watching the campaign furtively and commenting carefully, favorably." Sinclair's northern campaign manager is a retired manufacturer. Weary liberals, frustrated club women, and the rag-tag and bob-tail of the bankrupt middle class are climbing aboard the bandwagon. The Technocratic and Bellamy clubs are flirting with it. A Franciscan *padré* has discovered that the Epic plan is "absolutely in harmony with the Pope's encyclical: We must . . . elect Upton Sinclair . . . if you love humanity and serve Jesus Christ, then you will join this crusade," reads a plea from a prosperous Methodist minister to his fellows of the cloth.

Here we see a Socialist of thirty years' standing putting forward a program of reactionary utopianism, incarnating the logic of reformism! But Sinclair confesses that his heart is really not in politics, for says he:

> I like to get up early in the morning and go into my garden with a high wall around it, and see the new sunshine on the wet grass, and on the scarlet hibiscus flowers and the pink oleanders and the purple and golden lilies, to stroll around in an old dressing-gown, with my mind full of my next chapter, and then presently bring a typewriter out into the sunshine, and sit there and peck away for three or four hours. . . .

Among the far-reaching reforms that Sinclair threatens if elected Governor is to crack down on the present formalism in official dress. "I propose that people dress comfortably and pay no attention to the fashions whatever," he is quoted in his campaign paper. "As for myself, either at Sacramento or on visits to the colonies, I shall wear flannel trousers and soft shirt."

# Letters from America

**Sketches by PHIL BARD**

## Chickens and Meat

To the New Masses:

I have to go to town twice a week for supplies. Because my neighbor, a chicken farmer, has no car I always stop at his house to ask whether he wants anything in town. Most often all he wants is coffee, sugar, flour and potatoes, and 24-pound bags of salt for his chickens. Last week I began to buy evaporated milk for him. He had had a cow and the State inspectors came around and tested it. On their second visit, to see how the animal had reacted, they found the ominous lump under the cow's tail. She was condemned, of course. My neighbor's wife cried all that day. The State still owes my neighbor for the cow. And when he gets his money, it will be much less than what he paid for her.

Last week I stopped at my neighbor's house. "Let's get some meat," says his wife. She speaks through tight lips because she's afraid her loose upper plate may fall out any moment. She's small and worn and her dress is a bleached black. "Meat!" says her husband. "What do you want meat for?" "I'm so sick of chicken I could die," she says. "Let's get some meat."

This farmer loves his chickens. He feeds them the best he can get credit for. He keeps his coops as immaculate as chickens permit. He calls the chickens his "babies." When he walks through the yard or enters a coop, he speaks in a soft, cooing voice so as not to frighten them. Yet he eats chicken every day, twice a day. And he's never yet killed one. You see, there's cannibalism among them.

The chicken today is a victim of the age's speed-up. It's fed food that produces the maximum number of eggs. It is "forced." As a result, the chickens are terrifically high-strung. They release this tension by picking upon one another. And once blood is drawn the poor bird's entrails are quickly pecked out. These are the victims my neighbor finds warm and still on the floor of the coop every day.

He's tried all the known preventives. He has the government booklet on the subject. The government practically has thrown up its hands. Cannibalism would end if the speed-up ended, if the chickens were not herded so closely together.

He lost money last year because, he says, he didn't have enough chickens. He has about 600. Since he can't seem to cover his present cost he thinks a lower unit cost will solve his problem.

Yesterday his new chicks came, some 800. My neighbor was up all night with them. He had to make sure that the brooder stoves were working properly, that the temperature was just right and constant. He felt carefully all along the walls and along the edge of the flooring to see that the pasteboards he had nailed up were keeping draughts out. And often through the dark night he walked the long walk from the coops to the well and back to the coops with water for the chicks, and from the coops to the feed house and back again for more and more of the meal that has cod liver oil in it to make the chicks grow and prosper and lay many more eggs.

Other chicken farmers in the neighborhood belong to an association—a sort of mutually supported auction—in Doylestown. The week before Easter the auction brought the farmers

four cents a dozen more for their eggs, whereas my neighbor got one cent less.

Because he has no means of transportation, he is dependent upon a huckster for the sale of his eggs. For the last two years he has been selling his eggs below his cost of production.

He knows about the association. But he's afraid to join. He isn't a citizen, you see, though he's been here more than 35 years. Somehow "association" implies something of revolutionary practice to him, and he's afraid of deportation.

William Burston.

Erwinna, Pa.

## Georgia vs. Communism

To the New Masses:

> Liberty of speech guaranteed. No law shall ever be passed to curtail or restrain personal liberty of speech or of the press. Any person may speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty.—Article 1, paragraph 15, Georgia Bill of Rights.

The emptiness of these words was first brought to light when in 1930, six young workers, two Negroes, and four whites, were arrested and indicted for "attempt to incite an insurrection" which is punishable by *death.*

This antiquated law was passed in 1861 in the interest of the Southern slave holders who were shocked by the rebellion of the Negro slaves. In 1867 the law was revived to include all incitement to insurrection, only the words "master" and "slave" were stricken out. In its present form it carries a provision for the death penalty, but in the discretion of the

jury sentence can be fixed at from five to twenty years on the murderous Georgia chain gang.

The six workers who were the first to be arrested and indicted under this law were released on bail as a direct result of mass pressure. Demurrers attacking the constitutionality of the law were filed with the Supreme Court of the State. In 1932 the court held that it was valid. The six workers must stand "trial" for their lives.

Since unemployment had driven millions of workers out of work throughout the country, thousands in the city of Atlanta who were existing on miserable charity were dropped from the relief lists in June, 1932. The excuse given by the city and county governments for such action was that funds in their treasury had been completely exhausted. The unemployed council being a fighting organization hastened to call the officials' bluffs and to organize a demonstration of unemployed workers to demand the continuation of the meagre relief. Over a thousand Negro and white workers participated in the demonstration. The following day $6,000 was voted. The Negro and white workers had been victorious.

The slave masters, not liking such militancy, had their police agents start a search for the leaders. Within a few days I was arrested, my room and person searched. I was taken to jail, where I was threatened with being "electrocuted" if I didn't give certain information the policemen wanted. I was indicted under the same insurrection law. The blanket indictment offers no evidence to the charges therein, only that I admitted membership in the Communist Party, and that I had in my possession literature of a Communistic nature, which according to the state's attorney was sufficient to send me to the electric chair.

The attorneys for the state used their usual trick of the "red scare" to stir up the passions of the already prejudiced jury. Their arguments had nothing to do with the charges against me. They continually played upon such phrases as "niggers taking away the property of whites," "red revolution," "Stalinism," "Trotskyism," etc., etc. In their final plea they asked the lily-white jury to "stamp this damnable thing out with a conviction."

Under the circumstances, no other verdict but guilty could have been expected. I was convicted as charged. Communism has been "stamped out."

If those unctuous gentlemen had enough sense, they could see that by convicting me as an individual they cannot by any means "stamp out Communism." Communism is embodied in the very souls of all working men. It cannot be destroyed. All attempts to do so only serve to accelerate its growth. Communism is not something foreign to us American workers. We feel the agonizing pains of exploitation in our sweat shops, on the bread lines, and behind the grim and dismal walls of stinking capitalist hell holes. Everyone who fights against our chains of slavery is bound to help build a society of workers. We can

look to the militant struggles of the Southern workers and see that Communism is inevitably destined to be triumphant throughout the whole country, as well as the entire world.

ANGELO HERNDON.

Fulton Tower,
Atlanta, Ga.

## In a Subway Train

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A Negro worker boarded a subway train at 116th Street and Lenox Ave., carrying a plumber's torch and tool chest.

Placing the tool chest on the floor of the train, he stood on it and waving his hands at the passengers cried, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll be brief." The train started and unable to make himself heard, cried out. "At the next stop, listen."

The next station reached, the worker shouted, "There is not one white Christian—not one white Christian. From coast to coast, there isn't one white Christian."

Again the train started and again the request—"At the next stop, listen."

With the next opportunity, the worker raised himself upon the box shouting, "Down in Mississippi they hung three boys and buried them without a coffin. Yes, they threw them all in one grave and buried them without a coffin. Do you call that—"

At the next station he continued, "They send missionaries to Africa. We don't need missionaries, we're civilized. There isn't one white—" A voice was heard from the next car coming closer, "Get a bar of fresh milk chocolate."

D. CLARKE.

New York.

## Trapping Transients

TO THE NEW MASSES:

It is interesting to note how with the advance of civilization new sports have arisen. In the early days of the European invasion of the American continent the frontier peoples lived mainly by trapping animals, such as beavers, foxes and wolves for their skins and for food. With the development of agriculture and industry, trapping of animals died off. However, with the coming of this decade, a really unique sport has arisen. It's not humans against animals any more. It's man versus man. It's grown-ups playing their games of cowboys and Indians, with scalping and burning and slaughtering of each other. Yes, dear editors, this new sport which the democratic government of the United States is playing is really the sport of kings in a modern translation (who cries the blare of trumpets, the thrill of the chase). This vital and illuminating sport is trapping transients. (Transient, a result of capitalist economy, men and boys not needed in capitalist industry or agriculture and perforce bumming their way around the country.)

Here's how the game is played. *First,* we must have transients, and the broken down capitalist economy of America has supplied them liberally. From all parts of the country, they move about constantly, resting a day here and a day there, now in cornfields and muddy ditches, later in pest-infested rooms and flophouses of metropolitan areas, seeking for a home, a friend, but getting cursed at and spat upon. *Secondly,* we must have trappers, and here's where the flunkies of the city, state and federal governments shine. These flunkies are ably aided by the worst spawn of capitalist industry, the armed thug deputy and company police. *Third,* we need traps, and these are supplied in ever extending numbers by the federal government. The traps are politely called concentration camps or camps for transients.

*Now,* we're ready to play the game. Look, there goes a tramp. It's Bill Sanderson, aged 39, white, free-born American of aristocratic Virginian lineage. His folks are dead. His mother died while Bill was in France fighting to save the world for Democracy. His old man died in 1925 due to the Noble Experiment (some bootlegger bottled Jamaica ginger and paw was found stiff in an alley one morning). Bill's sister is married to a chain-store manager in Richmond and she'll have nothing to do with any poor white trash.

Bill left home and came to Chicago just after his father died, got a job in an envelope factory and helped build prosperity for the bankers. He lost his job in 1929 and has been roaming ever since "looking for work."

That's Bill coming along the road now. He's shuffling along, slowly, wearily, stops every minute or so to rub an aching spot on his body, the spot he landed on when kicked off a freight-car by a brakeman. He has reached a freight yard and is swinging into a west-bound box-car when two R.R. dicks spot him. He runs and they chase.

It doesn't take their well-fed bodies long to overtake his weak, undernourished frame. A slight shove by one of the dicks and Bill's nose is plowing cinders. They pick him up, bleeding, clothes torn, and one of the dicks takes him to the town station where he is thrown into the can (jail).

Bill has been in jails before so he doesn't worry but figures he'll be on his way in the morning. Little Bill kens of what awaits him. He knows naught of this new game, TRAPPING TRANSIENTS.

In the morning he is taken into court. The judge (this procedure is pre-arranged by the police, R.R. and federal transient camp directors) fines him and gives him a jail sentence of 60 days or so, then tells Bill that he will suspend sentence if Bill will agree to be released in charge of the transient bureau. Bill accepts what he thinks is the "lesser evil" and the transient bureau, after the usual routine of useless question and answer makes a case record of Bill, pops the case record into a file, and pops Bill into the concentration camp where he works for his room and board and 90 cents a week.

Of course his pay is not really 90 cents a week. He really works 33 hours at 30 cents an hour which is $9.90 but $9.00 is deducted for his room and board (army cot, beans and stew) leaving the magnificent federal pay of 90 cents per week.

Bill doesn't know that he's being detained in these warrens for transients, awaiting a time for a greater sport event. When the drums start beating and the flags waving and feet marching (and the sound of bankers rubbing their hands can be heard by all those who have ears to hear) then Bill will be allowed to participate in an older and more time-hallowed sport: WAR!

It is important that these transient concentration camps be exposed as another Fascist movement. Make more men realize they are being prepared for slaughter.

MAX DORR.

Chicago, Ill.

## Radio Men on Strike

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The Radio Operators on the ships of the American Merchant Lines are on strike against vicious working conditions. Scab operators of questionable ability and experience are on board the company's four ships. The strike against the latest wage cut of 25 percent is being led by the American Radio Telegraphists Association.

The American Merchant Line is a subsidiary of the United States Lines which in turn is controlled by the International Mercantile Marine Corp. Is it in gratitude to the U.S. Government for the millions of dollars in mail subsidies which they receive that they reduce the miserable wages of the Radio Operators to $75 a month for Chief Operator and $65 a month for the Second Operator, and increase their hours of work from eight to twelve hours a day?

Radio operators are now compelled to work continuous shifts of six hours on and six off—twelve hours out of twenty-four—eighty-four hours a week of nerve-wracking, intensive work; work often involving the safety of ship, cargo, crew and passengers. For this they receive wages which, reckoned in hourly pay, is less than that of the oilers or stewards on the same ships.

The Radio operator is licensed by the Federal Radio Commission. He must have a thorough knowledge of radio transmission, radio reception, motors, generators, storage batteries, and general electrical theory as well as International Radio Laws and Regulations. He must be his own bookkeeper and be responsible for money collected on messages. He is relied upon absolutely by the master of the vessel, to determine accurately the ship's position by means of the Radio Compass in foggy weather. Often he holds in his hands millions of dollars worth of property and the lives of all on board. The Department of Commerce, in licensing him, requires that he pass an examination consisting of approximately 5,000 questions relating to his work.

If the American Merchant Line realizes this, it gives small evidence. It subjects its passengers to the inevitable risk of overworked, under-paid, nervous and irritable Radio Operators. Is it necessary to wait for a major catastrophe at sea, before the A.M.L. concedes to the demands for the most elemental rights of the operators?

Whatever the answer, the operators, members of the American Radio Telegraphist Association, are striking back. For many of these highly-trained, well-educated men, this is the first struggle against a powerful, billion-dollar corporation. Will the readers of the NEW MASSES support us? They may send contributions to the Strike Fund, a vital part of any strike, by communicating with the Secretary, A.R.T.A., 22 Whitehall Street, New York City.

For your information, the ships of the A.M.L. now employing scab operators are: S.S. American Farmer, American Trader, American Banker, American Merchant.

HOYT S. HADDOCK.

## Ray Brook: "for Incipients"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In criticizing the New York State Hospital for Incipient Tuberculosis I shall first mention some of its excellent features. The buildings are in good repair, the interior is beautifully decorated, its man-made environment of lawns, lake, and small golf course is lovely as well as its setting in the Adirondack Mountains.

The principal therapy in the cure of pulmonary T. B. is rest. Yet the patients at Ray Brook must, unless confined to the infirmary, sweep their rooms, make their beds, and in addition do their "state work." The latter varies from such simple tasks as dusting to such strenuous labor as waxing and polishing floors. Unfortunately, I was selected as physically fit to wax and polish a large solarium floor.

If one were to charge that patients are being worked to death he could find much in the records to prove his statement. Consider my case.

| Before strenuous cure (about 2½ months) work | After 9 months floor polishing | Followed by 7 weeks of modified rest cure |
|---|---|---|
| (1) entrance wgt. 151 lbs. | | |
| (2) maximum wgt. 156 lbs. | (2) minimum wgt. 145½ lbs. | (2) wgt. at discharge 152 lbs. |
| (3) wgt. trend up | (3) wgt. trend down | (3) wgt. trend up |
| (4) very little cough | (4) violent morning cough | (4) cough disappears quickly |
| (5) no raising | (5) much raising (compared to entrance) | (5) raising disappears entirely |
| (6) negative sputum | (6) positive sputum | (6) negative sputum |
| (7) general good health | (7) general—patient looks unwell and feels unwell | (7) general—patient looks and feels well |

The portent of the data in column two did not induce a change in the treatment of my case. I finally asked a doctor if there were not an incompatibility between the course of my disease and my "state work." A few days later my "state work" was taken from me and I was required only to care for my room. With the decrease in physical exercise I made the remarkable recovery shown above. I decided to leave for a sanitarium where I would not be required to work.

DE GRAFF GORDON.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

# Steel Against Peace

HAROLD WARD

THE STEEL-MAKERS "praise God from whom all blessings flow." They are, in the pious words of Sir Robert Hadfield—than whom few are closer to the Divinity that shapes their armor-plate and fattens their Golden Calf of Profits—"devoutly thankful for present mercies"; and, like him (but each in his own tongue), all repeat his prayer, "that for what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. And," concludes Sir Robert, his eyes caressing the stockholders whose "Amens!" rise to his ears as incense, "and I say this in no irreverent spirit."

Under the circumstances irreverence would be in very bad taste. In 1933 Hadfield's gross profits were nearly $500,000; Vickers, Ltd., net profits were close to two millions; Baldwins, Ltd., increased its profits from just under a million to one and three-quarter million dollars (a gain of 87 percent in one year), permitting payment of the full 6½ percent and transforming a $130,000 deficit into a *reserve* of over $270,000. The British Iron & Steel Company (Guest, Keen and Baldwins) increased its net profits from £38,110 to £222,101 (*600 percent in one year*), meeting in full 5 and 6 percent dividends on shares.

Behind these striking figures—does any intelligent observer now doubt it?—stands the National Government, with its millions in orders from the Army, Navy and Air Estimates. What innocent peace-time and depression industry could account for such production increases as these:

At the beginning of 1933 there were only 60 blast furnaces in action throughout Britain and Scotland; pig iron production was down to 286,000 tons and steel at around 450,000 tons per month. By the end of that year 81 blast furnaces were in operation, and the year's total production was: for pig iron 15 percent and for steel 33 percent higher than in 1932. By the end of March, 1934, *14 more blast furnaces were blown in,* and that month's production of steel ingots and castings alone was 40 percent greater than for the previous March. Excessive import duties may account for some of this rise, but other, less "public" reasons must have led Sir William Larke, Director of the National Federation of Iron & Steel Manufacturers, to state that he "saw no reason why production should not continue to increase." (No less than fifteen major construction projects relating mostly to national "defense" are in the portfolios of various British ministries: a detailed list of these is now before me.)

In relation to world production of iron and steel, Great Britain in 1933 contributed 8.5 and 10.6 percent respectively—as against 7.8 and 8.4 percent in 1929. Now—bearing in mind the fabulous increase in the military and armament budgets of all the capitalist countries—examine the following figures. They represent the *increase* in volume production of iron and steel in 1933 as compared with 1932, in selected countries. These figures, which are provisional, carry the full authority of that highly respected journal, the London Times Trade & Engineering Supplement:

| | 1933 increase in tonnage | |
|---|---|---|
| *Country* | *Pig iron* | *Steel* |
| United Kingdom | 550,000 | 1,740,000 |
| Germany | 1,310,000 | 1,838,866 |
| France | 760,000 | 850,000 |
| Saar Basin | 250,000 | 220,000 |
| Other European countries | 1,570,000 | 1,900,000 |
| *United States | 4,460,000 | 9,890,000 |
| Australia, Canada & India | 40,000 | 140,000 |
| All other countries | 680,000 | 200,000 |
| Total 1933 tonnage increase | 9,620,000 | 16,778,866 |

* Largest individual increase—and still not more than *one-third* of present United States capacity for iron and steel production.

The only two countries listed as having produced *less* in 1933 than in 1932 are Belgium and Luxemburg: and increases in these minor districts were largely prevented by the activities of the Continental Steel Cartel. On orders from the Cartel (which naturally expresses the will of the "Big Time" producers) little Belgium, for whose so-called "honor" 12 countries and 42 million men fought to no purpose at all, was bidden to suspend her exports of steel into Czechoslovakia, resulting in the loss of 20,000 tons a month.

"Reich To Be Armed In Air With Mighty Fleet By 1936." This headline in the New York Times of May 11 introduces a story which is "news" only to the innocent bystander. To the governments of imperialist countries it has long been known and, for such American firms as Pratt and Whitney, Boeing Airplane, Curtiss-Wright, Sperry Gyroscope and Douglass Aircraft, this air-rearming of Germany is almost too good to be true. For the German steel barons and the heavy industries dependent on them (Bayerische Motoren Werker, Siemens and Halske, etc.) it is pure velvet. Adolf Hitler has well learned the lesson drilled into him by Messrs. Thyssen, Flick, Krupp and their international allies: world power is a matter of "Steel, again Steel, always Steel."

A few facts. German data covering the first three-quarters of 1933 show that the monthly index of raw steel production averaged about 55 (1928=100), as compared with only 40 in 1932. Nevertheless, in 1933 the building industry (one of the largest consumers of iron and steel), despite all the ballyhoo of the totalitarian Nazi State, continued so anaemic that, as measured by the area built upon, the 3rd quarter of the year showed a decline of 36 percent over the same period of the year before. For the whole of last year German crude steel production was 7,585,722 tons—1,838,866 tons more than in 1932; December production alone was 44 percent greater than the same month of 1932. Against this set, the fact that, throughout all German industry 650,000 *more* workers were employed in 1933, working on the average for a *longer* day and receiving in the aggregate *less* than the total paid out in wages and salaries in 1932. It is, accordingly, not surprising that the balance sheets of the four major coal, iron and steel producing groups of Germany show results encouraging to the shareholders. For example, a 1932 deficit of Rm 7,600,000 experienced by the Gutehoffnungshuette was reduced to Rm 2,700,000 last year; the Kloeckner group did even better, reducing a 1932 loss of Rm 10,430,000 to Rm 1,870,000. (These are capitalized respectively at Rm 80,000,000 and Rm 105,000,000 about half that many dollars.) A third group, the Hoesch-Koeln actually made a profit of Rm 840,000: and paid to its 20,290 workers Rm 4,620,000 *less* than a *smaller* number received in 1932. Regarding the fourth group, Krupp, a few facts were given in our last article.

The recent reply of the German government to the British government's inquiry on German re-armament plans may readily explain why, despite a virtually negligible foreign trade, the German steel makers are rubbing their hands:

The *naval* budget, estimated at Rm 236,000,000, represents an increase of Rm 50,000,000 over last year. This increase is necessitated by

> "the increasing cost of the systematic renovation of the long-since obsolete units of the German fleet, the replacement of which, partly on the ground of *the security of the crews* can no longer be postponed."

The *air* budget amounts to Rm 160,000,000, an increase of Rm 83,000,000. "Officially" this is for the replacement of obsolete aeroplane material of the *private* German air transport companies: primarily the substitution of single-motored by two- or three-motored planes. "In addition," runs the good-natured reply, "the increase is occasioned by the development of oversea transport and of *scientific investigation* in the sphere of air transport generally." Wonderful to note the passionate devotion to science of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels *et al!*

A further allocation of Rm 50,000,000 for "air protection" (only Rm 1,300,000 last year) will fall like manna in the thirsty desert of the German iron and steel industry. For it will be used

> "in the erecting of splinter and gas-proof cellars, the training of squads for the rendering harmless of poisonous gases."

# Days in the Chinese Red Army

AGNES SMEDLEY

*This sketch is from a book of stories on the Chinese Red Army, soon to appear in this country and abroad. It deals with the month of March, 1928, when the Red Army was still a small partisan band of workers, peasants, and revolutionary soldiers. Today this same partisan band has grown until it is a regular well-organized, iron-disciplined revolutionary army of over 350,000 men, armed with fully 200,000 rifles, artillery, and a number of airplanes, all of them captured from the reactionary Kuomintang-imperialist armies sent to "exterminate" them. It has defeated six great wars of invasion of the Kuomintang-imperialist forces, and is in the midst of the seventh. It protects a great region under the control of the Soviets, or Councils of workers, Peasants and Soldiers. Under its protection, the first All-China Soviet Congress was held on November 7, 1931, and the Provisional Central Soviet Government of China founded.*

IT WAS night and the Red Army bivouacked in a valley broken by a swollen river. The first early spring thaws had begun in the mountains. The snows in the valleys had melted. In the morning the Army would cross the river on trestles and swinging bridges built by the local peasants and the working members of the Army.

The cooks built their fires behind shelters, carefully protecting the flames that they might not be seen by the enemy.

Scouts brought news that the Kiangsi General, Yang, had troops in all towns to the east. There were Hunan troops to the north, the west and the south. On this day the Red Army had fought the White regiment on the mountain side and had two additional skirmishes with smaller detachments.

A squad of fighting members now lay by the swollen river, talking in low tones of the days of fighting. The boy bugler, Yu-kung, lay outstretched, listening.

"The spring is here and the militarists have come out like bed-bugs in warm weather!" the hoarse voice of a miner said. "The turtles[1] are everywhere!"

"Yes, we've run and fought over two hundred *li*[2] this day . . . if we'd been able to march right on towards Chingkangshan . . ."

"Why march on when the turtles are on all sides?" the miner interrupted. "We have to clean out this country here, for it's our base in the future. Ai-yoh! Think of it—from Leiyang to the west, with Kweitung and Lingsien and Chaling—all Red . . . then Liling and Pingsiang to the north! Chingkangshan to the east . . . Wait—when we meet Mau Tse-tung and reorganize, we will be twice as strong as we are now! Then there will be no defeats!"

"Defeats? We have never been defeated!" a soldier protested. "When we capture no guns, that is a defeat! Do we not fight for guns?"

"Not altogether. We fight to spread the revolution amongst the masses. . . ."

"Unless we have guns we cannot do that."

"Unless our mass work becomes better, we cannot do that either. Now we cannot stay long enough in a town or village to tell them exactly why we fight. Often peasants do not know the full meaning of our slogans."

A Red soldier who had been a printer in Hongkong spoke up: "Our Political Department is weak. We need a printing press . . ."

The lad Yu-kung turned over and remarked: "Even I cannot read! Yet I am a mine worker. So the peasants cannot read."

The printer held his own. "A few men in each village can always read — at least a little. Men will learn to read our slogans if they express their interests. . . . I also think changes must be made in the Political Department. Now only a few men do the agitation and propaganda. We must all learn to do that."

A peasant soldier's voice broke in: "I know how to fight but I don't know how to do agitation. I have no ideas."

The miner scoffed: "Rot! You are fighting just because you have ideas about the revolution. You can always tell the peasants why you fight."

"I tried once. I said: 'Pay no rent, pay no debts, pay no taxes! Kill the landlords!' But they asked: 'Then what is going to happen to us after the Red Army is gone? The landlords and militarists have the hearts of wolves'."

The miner's hoarse voice sounded: "They are being eaten up by the wolves anyway, aren't they? They cannot save themselves by making it easier for the wolves."

"Yes. I told them that. The young peasants are not afraid to fight."

"Comrades," a commander said, coming up in the darkness, "if the whole Army begins talking like this, the enemy will find us easily enough!"

Silence fell upon the men. They shifted their positions and lay on the earth, falling into a restless sleep. Yu-kung arose and picked his way through the masses of dark outstretched figures on the earth, pressed together to keep warm, their guns or spears under their heads or in their arms. Reaching general headquarters, he lay down with a group of sleepers. Near his head sat many dark figures, speaking in low tones. He heard the low voices of Chu Teh, the answering of Sung, the blacksmith, the soft tones of Wu Chung-hao of Leiyang, a word or two of Wu the miner.

The commanders were planning their marching.

Yu-kung listened into the night. It was dark and nothing could be seen, yet the valley and the hillside seemed awake, conscious. The thousands of sleepers turned restlessly on the cold earth. From the wounded came heavy sighs and mutterings. From many, deep, rotten coughs. Beyond were the outposts, but Yu-kung thought they also must be sleeping after this day of exhausted fighting and marching.

Not far away lay the girl Chang, wife of Chu Teh, wrapped in an old blanket. Yu-kung recalled vaguely how the girl had bound the bleeding feet of his brother Li-kwei in grass and in cloth torn from her extra shirt. There drifted before his mind a picture of her eyes as she came out as a delegate from Leiyang to meet the miner partisans. Since then she also had marched and fought on all hillsides of Hunan. She had become as gaunt as the men. Often he had seen her tremble in exhaustion. He had watched her place her hand in Chu Teh's as if to gain strength. He remembered a strange expression of fierceness that swept across Chu's face when his eyes once fell upon her wasted, bruised figure. Then he recalled how once at night he had come upon the two of them suddenly, as they lay on a hillside. Their bodies blended with each other and with the earth, and they were so still and so at peace that it seemed they did not even breathe. Yu-kung had stood, looking beyond them, wondering at this love between men and women.

Through his mind flashed the scattered remarks of two miners who had spoken of women. It seemed they were speaking of the girl Chu-Chang, though her name was never mentioned. One miner had sat with his head sunk on his knees.

"Once," he said roughly, "she lay by my side; we were fighting the Whites on the hillside. I saw her arm reached out along the barrel of her rifle . . . when you look in her face she is not afraid of you . . ."

". . . . afraid, no. She knows a man can't live forever without a woman."

"I think . . . to her it would be like giving a man a drink of water when he needed it most. . . . she's not a bourgeois woman, an empty vase . . . her body's not kept for sale to a rich husband."

"You think . . .?"

"I think nothing . . . don't want to think of these things—but what can a man do?"

In Yu-kung's half-waking mind mingled pictures of the faces of the girl Chu-Chang and of his mother. He sighed and turned

[1] The turtle, regarded as an incestuous animal, is used as a vile term of abuse in China.

[2] A *li* is 1/3 of an English mile.

restlessly. The voices of Sung the blacksmith and of Chu Teh came to him faintly. They brought to him a feeling of security, and he fell asleep.

It was three o'clock in the morning, in the faintest dawn, that shots of warning from outposts awoke the sleeping Army. A large enemy force was concentrating along the valley. It was the eighth division of a Hunan Provincial army commanded by the "left" militarist, Tang Sheng-chi, and it was well armed, with heavy machine-guns. It had dug shallow trenches and machine-gun emplacements. Through the dim light carriers could be seen lugging machine-guns nearer and nearer where protecting mounds were being thrown up.

The Red fighters stumbled to their feet, blindly grasping their weapons. There were short, low commands. The voice of Wu the miner sounded: "Miners' companies . . . follow me . . . spades . . . picks . . . dig here." The miners began digging shallow trenches, throwing up protecting mounds before them. Machine-guns were set up.

With short commands, squads of Red Army men armed with rifles, spears, axes, began speeding over the hillsides, crouching, dropping to the earth behind grave mounds, boulders, tree clumps. They were gray dashing shadows in the dim light. Some of them crept so near the White lines that they could distinctly hear orders being given. They could see men digging new shallow trenches, throwing up mounds, lugging machine-guns and boxes of bullets. The carriers and the trench diggers were captured villagers, working reluctantly.

A squad of Red fighters who had formerly been Canton arsenal workers and who had fought in the Canton Commune, wriggled on their bellies closer to the trench diggers. They were so close they could hear the orders of the enemy officers and could see the naked revolvers in their hands as they directed the villagers in the digging. Cautiously the arsenal workers found protecting positions, cautiously raised their rifles and took aim. They waited for a signal and when it came there were sharp "sputs" from their rifles. Not a quiver of excitement passed over their faces when they saw the enemy officers drop their naked revolvers and flop to earth, nor when they saw that a unit of men were advancing against them, crouching, running, firing. As calmly as a money-changer counting his copper coins they fired at the advancing figures, carefully, each bullet finding a man. Beside them they heard the flashing rifles of their comrades and then saw advancing White soldiers plunge forward on their faces, screaming.

The Whites seethed and shouted. Their machine-guns began to rattle viciously. The valley became filled with the roar of guns, the shouting of men, the screams of the wounded.

The Whites began moving forward in long gray ribbons, crouching, falling to the earth, firing. Advancing always. The miners in their trenches met the advance with machine-guns. From the hillsides came the steady firing of Red Army sharpshooters. The Whites retreated, took refuge behind mounds, trees, boulders. There came a lull and then from the hillsides sounded the shouts of the Red fighters:

"Running dogs of the landlords and militarists! Death to the landlords! Death to the militarists! Death to the imperialists who gave you guns and bullets to shoot workers and peasants!"

The White troops lay concealed. Again their heavy machine-guns began their vicious hard spitting. White units were sent from the rear to atack the Reds on the hillside. But peasants armed with spears and knives met them. With yells of "Kill! Kill!" they would dash upon them, fight viciously, then retreat, carrying rifles and their wounded, sometimes taking captives. Then when the roar of firing again ceased and the machine-guns no longer rattled the Red fighters would again shout to the enemy soldiers:

"We are workers and peasants! Why do you poor men fight us? You are fighting for the landlords! Land to the peasants and soldiers! Eight hour day for the workers!"

There would be silence from the White positions. White soldiers captured by the Red fighters would creep back to the White positions and say: "They are just like us. They kill only the officers. They fight for land for the peasants and soldiers! Now I ask—why do we fight for the landlords?"

So the hours dragged on and the fighting continued. There were groups of White soldiers on the hillside who would wave their hands at the Red fighters facing them from behind the boulders. "We're coming over—don't shoot!"

They would go over and shouts of victory would go up from the Red positions.

Peasants from the surrounding countryside, armed with spears, hoes, axes, knives, appeared at the rear of the enemy, attacking the baggage and supply forces, capturing the peasant and coolie carriers with loads of bullets and rice.

From behind their trenches the miners continued to fight with rifles and machine-guns. They hoisted their big grass hats on sticks and held the crowns just above the trenches. When the enemy would lift their heads to fire at the hats, the miners from other positions would pick them off.

It was nearing noon when Sung the blacksmith told the miners in the trenches that the enemy was preparing a general attack. Shortly afterwards there began the deadly rattle of machine-guns that tore the miners' grass hats to pieces, and then with furious yells intended to strike terror to the heart of the Red fighters, the enemy advanced.

The miners met them in a hand-to-hand battle, fighting with bayonets. Over the hills peasant spears charged, and the concealed Red sharp-shooters riddled the ranks of the enemy. The Whites fought ferociously. At the miners' trenches they captured a Red banner. When Wu, the miners' commander saw this, his voice bellowed through the noise of battle. Thrusting his Mauser into the holster at his hip, he grasped a big knife from the hands of a wounded comrade. This knife was one of the executioner's blades captured by the miners from the Bureau of Public Safety in Shuikoushan. With this blade Wu began hewing down enemy soldiers as if he were felling trees. The screams of the wounded mingled with the heavy, ferocious cries of "Kill! Kill!" from the miners. The Whites dropped the Red flag and began a desperate retreat, the miners following with dogged ferocity. The White retreat became a flight, the miners capturing the white trenches, a number of machine-guns, ammunition, rifles.

Then an order came from Chu Teh that the advance should cease. With cries of victory, the workers and peasants began fighting from new positions. They were now using enemy bullets. The local peasants carried away their wounded. Their secret deadly firing continued to riddle and demoralize the enemy. From the hillsides sounded and resounded their cries:

"Down with the militarists! Down with the landlords! Down with the Kuomintang, running dogs of the imperialists!"

The Whites kept up a desultory firing. Many of their men had deserted to the Reds. Others awaited the repeated attacks of the Red peasants and workers, often handing over their rifles and bullets without a struggle.

Night descended. The Whites kept up the pretense of firing, but it was only a cover for retreat. And finally all firing ceased. Chu Teh gave the order that the Red Army should return to the river to cross on the bridges and trestles constructed by the local peasants.

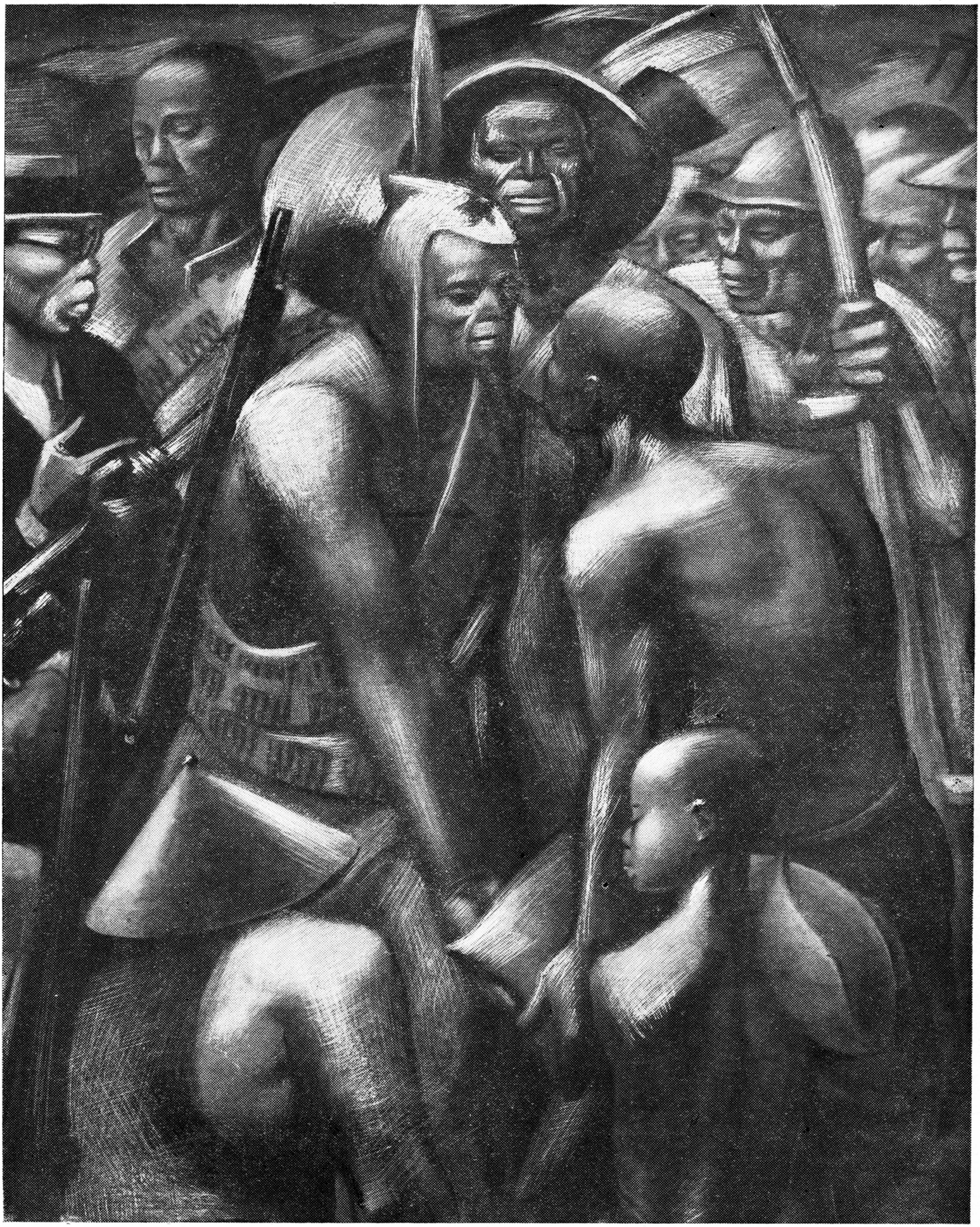
The Red Army commanders checked up on their units. Yu-kung, the boy bugler, wandered among the miners, listening. How quickly the miners were going, he thought. Near to fifty in this one battle, alone. There were others covered with wounds, haggard men breathing hard, but ready to march. Sung, the blacksmith had been wounded again. This was his fourth wound since Shuikoushan. Still he marched, a tall gaunt man with hollow eyes. Wu, the commander, was wounded in the hand. The blood had soaked the dirty bandage, but he said it was nothing and he still commanded.

With the Army were now many deserters from the Whites, and a number of peasants and coolies from the baggage and supply troops. To them Chu Teh said:

"Brothers, you can go home if you wish. We can give you one dollar only, and a little rice for the trip, for we have not even enough to feed ourselves. . . . Or, if you wish, you can fight with us for the revolution."

Most of the soldiers said they would stay and fight.

The confused peasant and coolie captives looked about at this strange army, most of them without uniform, just like themselves. Some spoke their own dialect. Their com-



**THE RED ARMY DISTRIBUTING RICE**

Detail from a Mural by *Jacob Burck*

manders were not big rich men, but called them brothers!

"I will go home, for I worry about my family," one old peasant carrier answered.

Another remarked: "It is a long way to Changsha and we will be captured again by the Generals to carry their guns and rice and fine clothing."

And still another said: "We have walked a thousand *li* or more, prisoners. Give us guns and teach us to fight. Does it matter how we die?"

But a railway worker from Hankow answered him quickly, saying: "We do not fight to die, but to live! We will build a workers' and peasants' soldiers' government—a Soviet Government. Come, brother-comrades, fight with us to live!"

The Red Army began crossing the river on the trestles and swinging bridges constructed by the local peasants. The men who were not wounded swung along the trestles arm over arm. Some of the youth followed. There were cries as young workers, too weak to support themselves on the crossing, fell into the swift, swollen river. Men rushed to the river banks to rescue them, but in the darkness nothing could be seen and only an occasional faint cry from down-stream told of their fate. Peasants ran back and forth along the bank, crying and shouting, but the only answer was silence. The lad Yu-kung, hearing the faint cries of his lost comrades, desperately clung to the trestles, crossing hand over hand to the safe earth beyond. He joined in the search, crying, shouting. But the Army was already marching and with a heart filled with lonely disaster, he turned and marched on with them through the night.

Cold and exhausted and hungry, the Red fighters marched, guided by the local peasants. They had eaten nothing since the meager rice meal the night before. Their only drink had been water, dipped up in their hands from the streams.

Marching eastward, suddenly out of the darkness came the soft flickering of lights. Before them lay a large village astir with throngs of people. Along the main streets and beyond on the other side were rows of flickering candles, open oil lamps, lanterns, and an occasional flaming pine torch. Both sides of this street were lined with vats, jars, tubs, buckets, basins of every kind filled with steaming rice and shredded vegetables. Kettles of boiling water spouted jets of steam into the cold air.

Here in this village the peasants from far and near had cooked food and tea as a gift to the Red Army. Here lay the Red wounded from the day's battle, carried here by the peasants, nursed by the peasant women.

The famished Red fighters ate, standing in the streets. Some used their own palms as bowls. Trying not to show how ravenously famished they were, still their eyes hungrily clung to the rapidly emptying rice vats. Few spoke, and these in low voices. The peasants replied in soft undertones or whispers, their hard, veined hands resting on the shoulders of their Red Army brothers, their women constantly dipping out more food. The children crowded close, touching the weapons of the Army.

The White soldiers who had deserted to the Red Army looked about them, exclaiming:

"It is worth while now—it is worth while to die!" "And to live!" added the Red Army men.

Never before had one of these White soldiers experienced the feeling of welcome, of brotherhood, from the masses of the Chinese people. But now they saw Red Army commanders offer money to the peasants for this

*Richard Correll*

feast. They heard the peasants refusing, not once or twice out of politeness, but for the third and final time, firmly, with raised chins.

The Red Army halted only long enough to eat. Then it marched onward through the night. On and on, without resting. Dark clumps of village huts were passed. Peasant men waiting on the paths silently took over the task of guides. And so it went through the entire night.

The faintest light began to show over the eastern mountains when the Army came to a small village high on a mountain side. It bore the name Shan-ho-kuan and was desolate, dejected. The peasants were ragged, half-famished. In the whole village was not enough rice to last the population for a week. There was no tea. The peasants offered hot water, and they said they would guard all paths while the Army slept. Beyond this they could offer nothing.

The Red fighters threw themselves on the earth to sleep. The wounded lay in the miserable huts, others against the walls outside, still others on any strip of board they could find. Some lay in long rows, jammed together to keep warm, coughing, sighing heavily, groaning in their sleep.

It was late afternoon when they arose and drank the hot water given by the peasants. The rice captured from the enemy in the battle the day before was cooked and eaten, but there was hardly one handful for each man. Only the young lads and the wounded got more.

Then the march continued over the mountains to the east. The afternoon light faded and the night came. The men continued to march silently, and when the morning light came again they slept, this time on the bare mountain sides. With the late afternoon they arose, drew their belts tighter about them and without a grain of rice, marched onward. The gaunt faces of the wounded became like skulls.

Now and then a man with lowered head muttered under his breath: "Rape my ancestors, but I'm hungry!"

"When we get to Mientow we'll eat. In Mientow live the landlords who own all this land and these miserable villages. They're feeding the Whites there—rape their souls!"

"How many White troops in Mientow?" someone asked.

"The scouts say perhaps a thousand. They are Yang's men. They've got machine-guns."

"Good—we'll have more machine-guns, then!"

The lad Yu-kung heard. His head was down and he stumbled as he walked.

It was nearing midnight when the Red Army topped a mountain and came directly into the outskirts of Mientow. The town lay still under the moonlight. The doors of the houses and shops were closed and barred.

Here and there dark figures waited, unmoving. When asked, they proved to be peasants or coolies. The entire garrison troops of Mientow, they said, all the landlords and rich merchants, and with them most of the population, had fled the town hours before. Rumors had been spread that a huge bandit army fifty thousand strong was sweeping over the mountains, slaying, raping, burning cities and villages to the earth. Their leader was said to use magic and to be able to paralyze people by the wave of his hand.

After such rumors, the streets of Mientow had resounded with the beating of alarm gongs, the yelling of men and women, the crying of children and the barking of dogs. Landlords and merchants had loaded coolies, their slaves and servants with their valuables, and all had fled.

A few of the poor had remained behind in hiding and now here they were in the moonlight, waiting curiously to see the bandits.

At the request of the Confiscation Committee of the Army, these men of Mientow pointed out the shops of the rich merchants, the home of the landlords, and the medicine shops. The doors of these buildings were broken down and the Army took all it needed.

The Army unearthed jars of silver buried beneath the floors or in the walls of the rich homes. To their great delight they found in Mientow a small hand printing press with type. And to the delight of the arsenal workers they found a large work-shop that had served as a small arsenal for the White troops and the *Min Tuan*[1]. The printing press and all the machinery and tools from the arsenal were packed up to be carried away.

On the walls of the rich homes and shops

[1] *Min Tuan* are the militia of the landlords.


*Richard Correll*

the Confiscation Committee of the Army posted big notices:

> The Chinese Red Army of workers and peasants, fighting for the agrarian and anti-imperialist revolution, has on this day confiscated rice, salt, medicine, shoes, silver money and warm clothing from the rich who oppress and loot the toilers. It has taken the loot of the oppressors as a donation to the revolution!—Signed: The Chinese Red Army, Mientow, on the last day of March, 1928.

Other proclamations were written and pasted on the homes of the people by the Political Department. None of the poor homes was molested, no bar across its doors touched. On the walls of the town, high up so they could not be easily reached and washed off, big slogans were written in white paint: "Down with the landlords and rich merchants, looters and deceivers of the poor!" "Land to the peasants!" "Eight hour day for workers!" "Long live the Peasant Unions!" "Pay no Rent, no Debts, no Taxes!" "Long live the Red Army of Workers and Peasants!"

The Red Fighters ate, washed, and slept the night in the town. Arising in the late afternoon, they ate again, and shod their wounded swollen feet in new cloth shoes or sandals. Then gathering up their new supplies, their printing press and arsenal machinery, they marched forward.

Two days later, two days of marching by night and sleeping by day, the Red Army approached the market town, Ningkang. Beyond this town, a few hours away, towered their goal, the mountain Chingkangshan.

The population of Ningkang, some ten thousand in all, had not fled at their approach. For in past years there had been a Peasant League here, and there were still a few members of the Communist Party. Who they were few knew. But Red Army scouts had gone in advance and made connections with them.

When the news came that the Red Army was approaching, the Kuomingtang troops and the *Min Tuan* had beaten the gongs and set up the cry of "bandits are coming." But the peasants and hand-workers of the town and of the villages beyond had only snorted in reply. There were two men school teachers in the town but they had disappeared after the landlords asked them to rally the townspeople to a defence.

On the night before the Red Army came, many of the peasants and hand-workers of the town were summoned to a secret meeting in the hills. And there, leading the meeting, were the school teachers. The landlords and the troops heard of it. The sinister silence of the town brooded over them, and before the night had ended they were fleeing eastward toward the Kiangsi city, Kian, on the Kan River.

There were men in Ningkang who watched the landlords go, saying:

"To let them escape is like adding wings to a tiger. . . Let us capture them and hold them until the Red Army comes."

"We are fortunate to be rid of them so easily," others answered.

"We are not rid of them at all!"

When the Red Army at last came winding around the mountain paths, its red banners flying, Ningkang went out to meet it. Even the shopkeepers and small merchants mingled with the crowds of welcome.

On that day there was a mass meeting in Ningkang, and to it came peasants and workers from the many villages beyond. It was a meeting far greater than a fair, greater even than the crowds attending a wandering folks theatre. It was the birth of the mass revolutionary movement in the mountain regions beyond Chingkangshan.

From the throngs of men and women at the mass meeting, committees were elected for the organization of unions and mass organizations: the Peasant League, Trade Unions, Agricultural Laborers' Union, Women's Union. In the days that followed, elected delegates from the new unions took their place as members of the Revolutionary Committee ruling the district—a Committee afterwards to be turned into a Soviet.

In this Ningkang district were thousands of women agricultural laborers with unbound feet. By the landlords they had been given their rice and four or five silver dollars a year for their labor. But some were slaves, bought for work on the land or in the rich homes.

When the Agricultural Laborers' Union was formed, these many women agricultural laborers entered, dominating it, and when the Red Guards were organized, some of these women stepped forward, saying:

"Our feet are big—look! They have never been bound! We can walk and work like the men. We are as strong as the men. Give us guns!"

So the Red Guards of Ningkang became a mixed body of armed men and women with red bands on their sleeves.

Other women of Ningkang saw this freedom of the women agricultural workers. There were some two hundred women in the town who were knitters of stockings and underwear, working with primitive knitting machines owned by masters. Then there were also many weavers and spinners, some of them women. For such workers the daily hours of labor had been as many as fifteen or sixteen and they who worked in the shops had to act as servants if the master demanded it. Women there were many who combined the care of their families with spinning, weaving, shoemaking, sandal and mat weaving, or with labor in the fields.

When these women saw the women agricultural workers organizing, they also demanded the right to join the Agricultural Laborers' Union. For it seemed to them to be a union of women. Before the Red Army had been in Ningkang one week, three thousand women insisted upon this right. But a general Women's Union was organized for them instead, and they took their first step in changing the conditions of women workers and in emancipating themselves from old customs and traditions.

Then Ningkang was swept by another new idea. The Communist Party that guided the mass organizations as well as ruled the Red Army, adopted a slogan calling for the confiscation without compensation of all land held by the landlords, the temples and clans, and its division amongst the toiling peasants.

And so great was the enthusiasm of the peasants that many peasants began confiscating and dividing the land at once, the women agricultural laborers leading.

Then the confiscation and division of the land was formally discussed in the Peasant Leagues, and things did not go so well. The class struggle began to appear. For, not only were poor and middle class peasants in these Leagues, but there were rich peasants also. The rich peasants employed hired agricultural laborers, and sometimes rented out land to tenants. Many of them could read and write, and because of this they appeared in mass meetings or in the Peasant Leagues as leaders. In the public elections they had proposed each other as committee members in the Peasant Leagues. Poor peasants, serfs, slaves, lifting their eyes from the earth for the first time, said of them:

"Good, let him be on the committee. I am poor and stupid and do not know how to speak or to read the characters. . ."

Then, when the question of the division of the land came up, the rich peasants thrust out their chests and said:

"The revolution is for equality. This means that each person has the right to the same amount of land."

Now this meant that each member in a family, whether he be an old man or a baby, should be given the same amount of land.

Now and then a poor peasant or land laborer bitterly remarked:

"Ai-yo! The clever bird chooses the branch on which to perch!"

For the members in the family of the poor peasants were few. Most of their children died of the destitution of peasant existence while still at the mother's breast. Those who lived were few, and of these the sons had wandered off to the towns or coastal cities, seeking coolie labor, or even entering the armies of the militarists. And the girls had been sold as slaves. In the family of a poor peasant were two or three, or perhaps four souls at best. But the members of a rich peasant family were many, for the richer a man the more chances his children had of survival, the more certain it was that brothers and sons did not wander as coolies to the cities looking for the labor that horses do in other lands.

The poor peasants were as yet no equal for the rich. The slogan for the division of the land aroused in them such burning hopes that they were a bit intoxicated. However, the land was divided, it would be better than their old servitude. If they should be given five *mau*[1] of land, it would seem that their great-

[1] 1 Mau is 1/6th of an acre.

est hopes had been satisfied. True, it aroused their bitterness that the rich peasants owned twenty, thirty, and even fifty *mau*. They were in fact small landlords and only the fact that they had wormed their way into the Peasant Leagues saved them from the fate of the landlords. Cunningly they trimmed their sails to the winds of the revolution. Around Ningkang the land of the landlords was confiscated and divided according to the number of mouths in the family. The poor peasants and land laborers got a little, some five *mau* of good land, some six or seven of medium. But the rich peasants kept all they had, and more.

The poor peasants complained after the division had taken place. For the rich peasants also still employed agricultural laborers. They also owned animals and agricultural implements and would allow no other man to use them, saying they needed them themselves. Through the minds of some of the poor went waves of hatred. Others said one should be satisfied with what the gods had magnanimously given. And the rich peasants in the Peasants Leagues would even have it appear that they themselves had given the poor land. And so many were the problems of the masses, so severe the tasks of the Red Army, so heavy the burden on the Communist Party, that in these early days of the agrarian revolution the probem of land division remained.

The Red Army remained in Ningkang until middle April. Through the spring "rice rains" it had made sallies into distant market towns, scattering the White troops, capturing bullets, confiscating rice from the rich merchants. On the homes of the rich landlords, the Political Department left proclamations saying:

> To the masses of..... town! On this day the Red Army of Workers and Peasants, the vanguard of the Chinese Revolution, has confiscated the following from the rich who oppress and loot the poor: 500 piculs of rice, 100 piculs of salt, 25 hams, 5,000 yuan in silver, 20 lengths of white cloth, 150 flashlights with batteries, machinery for making bullets, 36 cases of medicine. The Red Army has taken nothing from the workers or peasants, nothing from the small traders. Signed: Political Department of the Red Army, April 2, 1928.

It was in the second week of April that couriers came swinging over the hills from the north, bearing the news of the approach of the Red Army led by Mau Tse-tung. They would await Chu Teh's forces at the foot of Chingkangshan.

The bugles sounded over the town. The young lad, Yu-kung, blew his bugle with a gusto that almost made the leaves on the trees tremble. Then leaving one company of Red Army men behind to re-enforce the Red Guards of Ningkang, the Army began to march toward Chingkangshan. It looked clean and rested. Its clothing had been washed and patched by the "sewing-cutting corps" of women and girls of Ningkang, and its feet clad in new straw sandals. With its red banners flying, it swung along the hillside paths, over the mountains toward the peaks of Chingkangshan.

# Correspondence

## "Romantic Capons"

To THE NEW MASSES:

Comrade Gregory's essay, *Saints and Toreadors,* reminds me that there are things about Hemingway that have never been said so far as I know.

For instance, his "tragic" attitude toward life. This attitude is obvious in his work from the earliest to the latest. (I haven't read *Death in the Afternoon,* but I gather from the title, and from reviews, that the attitude is not absent here either.)

Remember one of his early stories, *Indian Village.* Remember *The Undefeated.* Remember *The Killers.* Remember *The Sun Also Rises.* Remember the dialogue about the crucifixion. Remember *A Farewell to Arms.* In each of these, human beings are placed before an insuperable obstacle, in a hopeless dilemma. And what do they do about it? Nothing. At least nothing positive. They have another drink. Or just lie down and take it. All except the Indian, who, as I remember it, commits suicide so quietly and uncomplainingly that nobody notices. Even suicide is completely negativized.

This is Hemingway's idea of tragedy. Pretty different from the Greek idea of it. The Greeks weren't romantics. They knew that people facing unbeatable odds rebel and hate. Think of the raucous (albeit poetic) yells of Prometheus. Think of the ranting of Oedipus and the rest, their rebelliousness.

Hemingway's people are all romantic capons. In life people fight, even against "fate." His don't. They have another drink, or else just lie down and take it. Hemingway is most clearly exposed in *The Killers.* There his "hero" actually goes to bed and waits to be killed. It's plainly a case of no gut, though Hemingway, by his admiration of such "heroes," would have us accept it as a superior kind of gut.

Hardly a philosophy to feed a class that's out to bust its chains and conquer and free the world, is it? Have I read somewhere that Hemingway was flirting with Catholicism? If so, I'm not surprised. For 2,000 years the Catholics have been telling the people to lie down and take it. He belongs.

PHILIP STEVENSON.

Santa Fe, N. M.

## Are Scientists Intellectuals?

To THE NEW MASSES:

THE NEW MASSES caters to the intellectuals. Is a scientist an intellectual? Well, after reading *The Contributions of Science to Increased Employment,* in the April Scientific Monthly, one might have his doubts.

In this symposium Ph. Drs. Karl T. Compton, Frank B. Jewett, Robert A. Millikan, and W. D. Coolidge hold forth on the already well established proposition that science is not responsible for unemployment and plead for the continuance of scientific research. Are they setting up this absurd straw man simply to knock it down? They are not. For it soon develops that they are actually griping about "certain codes of the N. R. A." Should these scientists get a hearing? On the basis of the following (fragments of) statements they most certainly should not:

> In India, where science and engineering have not taken hold, garbage is handled entirely by human hands, by that group who constitute the caste of "untouchables." They are "untouchable" because they carry filth and disease.
>
> Would you like to give up the comfort and conveniences of your modern home . . .
>
> Our American public utility system, for example, represents, as I see it, the Anglo-Saxon's genius for finding an intermediate course between two extremes, *laissez-faire* and government operation of industry, both of which have miserably failed.
>
> That is why in spite of the depression the standard of living here has remained relatively high and there has been no appreciable starvation, while in Russia, where the opportunity for, and stimulus to, individual effort has been removed through state paternalism, not less than five million people, according to Whiting Williams, starved to death last year. . . .
>
> . . . if we can only teach the common man to use that leisure for his self improvement instead of for his deterioration as he does so often now!

One scientist, however, does not feel this way. And Einstein is certainly not the least of the tribe.

JOHN MAY.

Washington, D. C.

## From a Veteran Socialist

To THE NEW MASSES:

I was a subscriber to THE NEW MASSES years ago and kept many copies which I sent to L. I. D. more than a year ago. In August I will be 92 years old. Have been a Socialist all my life. Voted five times for Debs and consider Socialism the hope of the world. If I was situated as I was once, I should send you a yearly subscription to THE MASSES, but I am a dependent invalid, confined to the house for more than a year. I wish you abundant success in reviving THE MASSES.

Fraternally yours,

LEVI PARKER.

Newton Highlands, Mass.

## Two Milwaukee Welcomes

To THE NEW MASSES:

Milwaukee is frequently referred to as a city governed by Socialists. This view, of course, cannot be taken literally, for few will deny that as long as capitalistic institutions remain dominant any "socialism" inaugurated by office holders bearing this label will be of the most circumscribed kind. And it is also true that so far as Milwaukee is concerned, Socialist Party members have never held all of the key positions in city government. This, however, has not prevented the Socialists from encouraging the impression throughout the nation that Milwaukee is a Socialist-governed city — largely because Daniel W. Hoan has been Mayor since 1916 (a date which reminds that he patriotically supported American participation in the World War.)

Within a period of a few weeks Milwaukee has entertained two prominent guests. It is believed that the nature of the reception accorded by the Socialists is more revealing of their "socialism" than various other evidence, such as the "good crime record" of the city, which is commonly cited. On Feb. 21, the British Socialist leader, Lord Dudley Marley, arrived in Milwaukee to address meetings, the main purpose of which was to raise funds on behalf of the victims of Geman Fascism. In line with the attempt to create a broadly representative popular support, Mayor Hoan was invited to membership on the reception committee. He accepted, but on the day following his secretary gave notice that he was withdrawing from the committee, without assigning any reason for this sudden change of mind. Rumor soon had it that the Socialist machine had discovered Communist cooperation in this united program for aiding victims of the Nazi Terror. And Socialist Party leaders would never, never expose themselves to Communist contamination—even though the issue appeared to be one upon which some might naively assume that there was no ground for disagreement.

One of the Milwaukee newspapers had another explanation which does not necessarily contradict altogether the aversion-to-Communists theory of the Mayor's action: it was intimated that the Mayor

was evidencing his usual acumen in realizing that it would not be "good politics" to antagonize voters of German extraction, a considerable proportion of whom are doubtless middle class admirers of the Hitler regime. But it was also politically necessary to soften the snub to the fellow-Socialist Lord Marley. Therefore as he was being escorted out of the railroad station by the reception committee, a representative from Mayor Hoan button-holed him and invited him to visit the Mayor. The invitation was finally accepted, although some whose advice was sought by Lord Marley were reluctant to have him comply with the left-handed manner in which it was extended. (Parenthetically, it may be said that the official Socialist effort to sabotage the Marley meetings failed completely: hundreds were turned away from the large hall and over a thousand dollars was pledged—a not inconsiderable proportion from individual Socialists who strongly resented the advice of their "leaders.")

The other distinguished visitor was General Joseph Haller, Polish militarist. He had been publicized in Milwaukee as the general most responsible for checking the Bolshevik army before Warsaw in 1920. In his speeches the general categorically pronounced the Soviet program a complete flop. His mission was to obtain funds on behalf of the veterans among the Polish-Americans he commanded in France during the war. Did Mayor Hoan participate in General Haller's reception ceremonies? Well, in a two column heading on the first page, the Milwaukee Journal announced: "Hoan Lauds Hero's Work." We were told that "the party went to the city hall, where the general was cheered by city employees who lined the railings on the balcony of each floor. The reception in the Mayor's office brought tears to the general's eyes. . . . Mayor Hoan recalled Gen. Haller's visit here 10 years ago, and said: 'You are here on a great humanitarian mission. . . . Milwaukee has an important element of Poles in this city. There are 100,000 of them, and to them goes a great deal of the credit for the city's reputation' "! As a tribute to the size of the Polish vote thus indicated, across the entire front of the city hall, on the side of the building where the Mayor's suite of offices is located, an immense electric sign blazoned forth: "Welcome, General Haller"! In this manner did "Socialist Milwaukee" greet the intrepid general who "saved" Western Europe from the "menace" of Socialism.

CARL EVANS.

Milwaukee.

## The Juridical Association

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In your issue of May 1st you published my letter with reference to the International Juridical Association, an organization of attorneys interested primarily in labor law, which publishes a bulletin and engages in other activities for the education of attorneys and the benefit of persecuted groups.

At that time we suggested that attorneys who wished to get sample copies of the bulletin or other material with reference to our activities should get in touch with us. You neglected to print our address which is 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

We should appreciate having you publish this additional information. ISADORE POLIER,
Executive Director.

## Three Lines Out

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A typographical error of omission completely reversed my meaning at one point in my article, *The Swastika Sterilizes.*

What was printed reads: "Identical twins, the kind that 'can be told apart,' develop from separated halves of a single fertilized egg, and in general resemble each other genetically no more than any two children of the same parents."

What I submitted was: "Identical twins, the kind that 'can't be told apart,' develop from separated halves of a single fertilized egg, and therefore have the same heredity; the non-identical variety may be of different sex, since they develop from two separately fertilized eggs, and in general resemble each other genetically no more than any two children of the same parents."

May I add that many juicy details, which I had to omit for lack of space, will be presented at a symposium on eugenics to be offered by the Science Committee of Pen & Hammer, on Thursday, May 24. PAUL AMBERSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

# Revolution and the Novel

## *7. The Future of Proletarian Literature*

### GRANVILLE HICKS

SEVERAL years ago I read the whole of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* in the course of a single summer. It was an "experience," if ever the reading of a novel deserved to be called by that name. Every day for two months the world of Marcel Proust constantly impinged upon my own world. I found myself stopping in the midst of my daily routine to wonder about the character and destiny of Swann, Charlus, Mme. Verdurin, Gilberte, Saint-Loup, Albertine, and of course Marcel. I became suddenly aware of the evocative power of certain experiences, and engaged in my own search for things past. Elstir's theories of painting and Bergotte's theories of literature, instead of having the academic remoteness of books on esthetics, took on the pertinence of personal discussions. I compared friends of my own with Marcel's friends, and because of the comparison—at least so it seemed to me—understood them better. At times, I recall, I was bored, especially when reading the fifth volume, *The Captive.* At times I revolted against Proust's preoccupation with his own emotions and against his theories about sex, which seemed to me then, as now, largely false—and false for rather obvious reasons. There were moments when I turned in disgust from the many trivial and irritating people and the solemn snobbery, and at the end I was offended by the obscurantism of Proust's philosophy. But occasional repulsions did not break the spell of the book, which played for a time a larger and larger part, not only in my thoughts and my conversation but also in my attitude toward my own world and in the quality of my emotional life.

Remembering all this, I have been asking myself two questions. First, would I have the same experience if I could read *The Remembrance of Things Past* for the first time now? Second, is it conceivable that any revolutionary novel, any novel that conformed to the demands I have tentatively proposed in these articles, could afford a comparable experience? In the articles of this series we have been proceeding from an examination of particular problems to a consideration of basic principles. The questions I have been asking myself about Proust set before us fundamental issues of Marxian criticism: the value of bourgeois literature for the proletariat and the potentialities of proletarian art. Though my treatment of these issues will necessarily be inadequate, they must be touched upon before I can leave the discussion of revolution and the novel.

The English critic, I. A. Richards, has tried to describe the effect of literary experience on the reader. "We pass," he says, "as a rule from a chaotic to a better organized state by ways which we know nothing about. Typically through the influences of other minds. Literature and the arts are the chief means by which these influences are diffused." "That organization," he further explains, "which is least wasteful of human possibilities is . . . best." He speaks of "those fortunate people who have achieved an ordered life," and goes on: "Their free, untrammeled activity gains for them a maximum of varied satisfactions and involves a minimum of suppression and sacrifice. Particularly is this so with regards to those satisfactions which require humane, sympathetic, and friendly relations between individuals. . . . Unfair or aggressive behavior, and preoccupation with self-regarding interests to the exclusion of due sensitiveness to the reciprocal claims of human intercourse, lead to a form of organization which deprives the person so organized of whole ranges of important values."

We may accept Richards' account of the psychological effect of art—which does seem to me, by and large, the soundest yet proposed—but we cannot accept his principles of evaluation. He has simply restated the utilitarian doctrine: when one acts in such a way that the best ends of society are served, he derives the highest personal satisfaction. But actually, the systemization or integration of which Richards speaks proceeds within the limits of class morality. If, for example, a man had a good income derived from what are called ethical investments, and if he was reasonably phil-

anthropic, he would certainly enjoy "those satisfactions which require humane, sympathetic, and friendly relations between individuals"—despite the fact that he was living on the fruit of exploitation. He would be protected by his whole way of life—the character of his associates, the selection of his reading, the nature of his business relations—from any vivid realization of the human implications of his privileges and thus from the psychological disharmony that might result from such a realization. Richards' theory not only assumes a reconciliation of all human interests, a manifest impossibility in a system based on exploitation; it also ignores the fact that the individual's norms of conduct, and thereof satisfaction, are determined by class factors.

Returning now to Proust, it becomes clear why I value *The Remembrance of Things Past* so much less highly today than I did five years ago. Though I still find plenty to praise, I find less than I did, and what I do find seems less important. I was particularly impressed, for example, with the way in which Proust shows how persons change and how one's ideas about persons change. That revelation still seems to me extraordinarily far-reaching and illuminating, but inasmuch as the persons he portrays have come to seem less representative than they once did, my admiration is tempered. There is truth here, but less truth than I once thought. The same thing may be said of Proust's portrayal of the whole society with which he deals. He has the appearance, if ever an author had, of creating a complete and self-sufficient world. Five years ago I accepted that world. Today I realize that it is not complete, and I realize that every character in it partakes of its incompleteness. How much more there is to be said about these people than Proust said in all his seven volumes! And what is unsaid now seems to me more important for an understanding of them—or, at least, of many of them—than what he does say.

There is another element that enters into my revised judgment of *The Remembrance of Things Past.* If one asks, in Richards' terms, what sort of organization Proust tries to create, the answer can be found in the last volume of the work, *The Past Recaptured,* with its climactic statement of the unifying philosophy of the entire novel. The climax of the novel comes with the decision of the autobiographical hero to write such a work. Life is given meaning only as the past is recaptured; significance lies not in experience but in the rediscovery of experience. The artist, then, is the master of us all. This is the most elaborate and probably the most ingenious statement ever made of the doctrine of art for art's sake. That doctrine I repudiated almost as emphatically five years ago as I do today; but the passivity that I rejected in theory I actually practiced, and, at the same time that I condemned Proust's mystical estheticism, I yielded myself with satisfaction to emotions with which it was indissolubly related. Today, emotional surrender would be as impossible as intellectual acquiescence. For me the reading of *The Remembrance of Things Past* would not be an "experience" in the sense that it was five years ago; it would, rather, involve a series of separate experience, some of great value, it is true, but only in isolation, not as parts of an overwhelming whole.

What I have said of my response to Proust hints at my present attitude toward other bourgeois novelists. There is no bourgeois novel that, taken as a whole, satisfies me. I am not merely conscious of omissions and irrelevancies; I feel within myself a definite resistance, a counter-emotion, so to speak, that makes a unified esthetic experience impossible. On the other hand, portions of particular novels seem exciting and enriching—certain characters, incidents, descriptions. Here, I feel, is truth, a partial truth, of course, but for me a discovery, a realization, the beginning of greater awareness on my own part. It is even possible, when there are enough of these "truths," to perceive a relationship among them that the author himself did not understand. Edmund Wilson has said that it was Proust, rather than the Marxian propagandists, that made a revolutionary of him. I know what he means, though I am sure he is largely wrong. Proust does give the reader an overwhelming sense of the decadence of bourgeois society; he makes one feel that decadence far more strongly than any propagandist could. But recognition of social rottenness did not make Proust a revolutionary; nor would it have so affected Wilson if the preparatory work had not been done by the very propagandists he scorns. It is perhaps true of every work of art that there is more in it than the artist intended to put there. We salvage what we can and are grateful. But, for me and for many others, the complete surrender to bourgeois art is impossible.

With revolutionary novels the situation is reversed: the whole is usually more satisfactory than the parts. This is not quite true, of course, but the revolutionary reader is likely to feel the essential rightness of a revolutionary novel, even when he finds much in it to criticize. This is not purely an intellectual matter; the organization of emotion, as Richards calls it, is satisfying because it extends the pattern that is already formed in the reader's mind. Look, for example, at Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread.* At times the reader is thwarted by the slowness of the movement and the absence of emotional intensity, and yet the climax sweeps him to a height of determination and strength. Or take Arnold Armstrong's *Parched Earth,* a faulty book, certainly, but one that seizes the emotions of the sympathetic reader and disciplines them to a vision and a purpose.

I am not talking about the rightness of the ideas of the revolutionary authors, for that is a relatively unimportant matter. What interests me is that these authors are discovering a new way of looking at and feeling about life. I call it new, though in many respects it is old, because it is new in literature. The reason why revolutionary authors so often seem clumsy is that they are trying to communicate the operations of what deserves to be called a new type of sensibility. And the reason why we respond so positively to their work, in spite of its manifest faults, is that we are moving in the same direction. Each of us finds his own experience clarified by what he reads and is better prepared to assimilate the experiences that the future brings.

Of the historical importance of this tendency we have no doubt. No critic, in evaluating a work of art, can afford to disregard the possible significance for the future of what the author has tried to do unless he thinks his duty is merely to give out grades. If he is conscious of his responsibility in shaping literary growth, he must reckon with personal intentions and historical tendencies. From that point of view a revolutionary novel that falls far short of its author's intentions is more important than a bourgeois novel that almost perfectly reaches its goal. This does not mean that the critic should relax his standards; on the contrary, the most searching analysis is necessary. But that analysis is useful only if the critic can understand the author's aim and measure its importance.

In a classless society the integration of individual and social satisfactions, of which Richards speaks, can become a reality. Until that time the integration toward which the revolutionary writer aims is limited by the outlook and needs of the proletariat. This means, obviously, an emphasis on class-consciousness and militancy, but the author most effectively creates such attitudes, not by ignoring large sectors of life but by integrating them with the class struggle. "Proletarian art," Ernst Toller has said, "must ultimately rest on universal interest, must, at its deepest, like life and death, embrace all human themes." The class struggle is not something that concerns men and women for a few minutes during the day; it touches every thought and feeling and action of their lives. The scope of the proletarian novelist is not narrower but broader than that of the bourgeois. Thomas Craven, in a recent article in Scribner's, attacks the Communist painters and art critics, and argues that propaganda invariably narrows art. The attack rests on the assumption that Communism is merely the expression of special interests and is not a comprehensive philosophy of life. Communism does express the interests of a class, it is true, but so does the nationalistic liberalism to which Craven subscribes. The philosophy of Communism, Marxism, is broader than any philosophy the bourgeoisie has evolved. The sympathies of the Communist are more inclusive than the sympathies of even the liberal bourgeois. And the idea of Communism can broaden and grow, whereas the ideas and attitudes of liberalism are bound to shrivel in the violent heat of capitalism's last struggles.

As yet no revolutionary novelist has done for his readers what Proust did for the liberals and esthetes of the twenties. I have no doubt that, when the work of which *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919* are parts is finished, the reading of it will be an engrossing experience for any revolutionary. But Dos Passos is not Proust. He has not seen so many sides of his characters, does not provoke so much curiosity about them, does not make the reader so aware

of the changes taking place in them. I would be the first to insist, of course, that what Dos Passos is trying to do is more difficult than what Proust tried to do. That may be sufficient explanation, but it does not alter the facts. Much as I admire Dos Passos, I cannot live in his world so completely as I once did in Proust's.

Proletarian literature, however, does not end with John Dos Passos, and his work is no more than a promise of what may be done. The achievement will require, obviously, even greater sensitivity than Dos Passos', as well as clearer vision and sharper understanding. But if we can imagine an author with Michael Gold's power of evoking scenes, with William Rollins' structural skill, with Jack Conroy's wide acquaintance with the proletariat, with Louis Colman's first-hand knowledge of the labor movement, with all the passion of these and a dozen other revolutionary novelists, with something of Dreiser's massive patience, we can see what shape a proletarian masterpiece might take. It would do justice to all the many-sided richness of its characters, exploring with Proustian persistence the deepest recesses of individuality and at the same time exhibiting that individuality as essentially a social phenomenon. And it would carry its readers toward life, not, as *The Remembrance of Things Past* does, toward death. The rare combination of circumstances necessary for the creation of such a masterpiece may not occur in our country and our lifetime, but there is nothing inherent in the nature of proletarian literature to prevent it. Our goal is apparent, and we can only battle our way toward it.

There may be a few skeptics who question the value of proletarian literature to the revolutionary movement. I would remind them that, as Richards says, the most powerful influences are often exerted upon us in ways of which we are not conscious. It is not merely direct experience of exploitation that makes workers class-conscious and brings intellectuals into the ranks of the Communists. It is not merely the study of Marxism that eradicates the patterns of thought and feeling that years of exposure to bourgeois education and propaganda have created. The making of a thoroughgoing revolutionary requires a long process of readjustment, involving the whole personality. In this process proletarian literature can play a crucially important part.

On the one hand, the growth of a proletarian literature is the mark of the power of the revolutionary movement, for it shows how deeply the ideas and emotions of revolution have penetrated and how insistently they demand expression. On the other hand, proletarian literature is an indispensable instrument for intensifying and organizing the vague impulses toward rebellion that are the foundation of the revolutionary state of mind. Perhaps those of us who are directly concerned with literature are tempted to exaggerate its importance, but I think it is better to do so than to under-estimate its power. We fight with what weapons we have, confident that when we have forged better ones there will be an opportunity to use them.

*(This is the final article in Granville Hicks' series of seven on Revolution and the Novel.)*

# Books

## Covering the Retreat

*THE ITALIAN CORPORATE STATE, by Fausto Pitigliani. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.*

ONE of the most baffling aspects of Fascism is its lack of theory. For years after his march on Rome in 1922, Mussolini boasted that Fascism was based on action rather than doctrine. Even the theory-loving Germans have presented no general theoretical foundation for Nazidom. Instead they have demanded that all "follow the Leader" (written with a capital L), into the new fascist world. Elsewhere there has been fascist practice in abundance, with surprisingly little fascist theory. Under the circumstances, a book on the Italian corporative state by a trained investigator might well be something of an event.

Mr. Pitigliani had the field almost to himself. He might have written a first-class theoretical and practical analysis of Italian Fascism. But he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary he has prepared an analysis of the Italian corporations that is legalistically so adequate and sociologically and historically so absurd that one wonders why the author has not been appointed to the New York Court of Appeals.

The book is divided into two parts. The first, "The Principles of the Corporative System," deals with the legal aspects of occupational associations, of collective contracts and of labor courts. Historic precedents are cited and official documents are quoted. The second part, "Occupational Associations in Practice," lists the various organizations of bosses, workers, and professionals, and prints some notes on the history of these associations. The book ends with some comment on social work under fascism and on the "compulsory contributions" made by bosses and workers toward maintenance of the fascist bureaucratic apparatus. There are three appendices: one contains the Charter of Labor; the second presents some economic statistics, and the third offers an elaborate theoretical scheme for wage-fixing through arbitration. And that is all there is to the book.

If ever an author put together a skeleton, and omitted all vestiges of flesh, blood, and ganglia, Mr. Pitigliani has done the job. One can read this book from cover to cover without having the remotest idea of what is actually going on in Italy. The historic notes tell of the decline in trade union membership after 1921; the statistical tables present wage rates "calculated in relation to the Percentage Variation as from February, 1928" for "a varying number of establishments," of 2.02 liras per hour in 1928, 1.90 liras per hour in 1930 and 1.72 liras per hour in 1932; other figures show that while wage rates have fallen 14 percent, the cost of living has declined 15 percent. But as to the working out of the corporative principle in the practical affairs of Italian every-day life, the author says not a word.

How do corporations function? In industry? In trade? What effect have they had on the bosses? the workers? Have they intensified speed-up and exploitation? What effect have they had on unemployment? on the national income? on the trade cycle? What have they done for the small farmer and the farm laborer? What role does the Fascist Party play? What class rules in 1934 Italy? To these questions the book presents no answer.

As for theory, it is barren of theory as the Gobi desert is barren of vegetation. The author says, in his introduction, that "the idea of sovereignty of the State and of national unity is the primary motive underlying the Fascist theory of government. All with the State, all for the State, none against the State" is a Mussolini slogan which sums up forcibly enough the fascist purpose of concentrating in the government the maximum degree of power, of authority and of responsibility." Beside this "unifying principle" the author offers nothing of consequence to justify the elaborate corporative structure which he so painstakingly describes.

Mr. Pitigliani admits that "the early fascist attacks on the institutions of the day and the violence of the hostility to its adversaries were not to any large degree based on well-matured or fully considered theory. The earlier action of the Fascist Party was the outcome of a spontaneous and vigorous movement for the protection of certain clearly defined moral and economic interests." He also begins his first chapter with a reference to "the workers in the medieval Italian communes." Perhaps the absence of theoretical formulas and of practical details from *The Italian Corporative State* is due to the fact that the apologists for Fascism are doing their best to hide the retreat of the propertied and privileged from

the financial imperialism of 1922 back toward the levels of the Middle Ages.

SCOTT NEARING.

## The Fool of Baltimore

*TREATISE ON RIGHT AND WRONG, by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

The spectacle of H. L. Mencken writing a book on ethics suggests irresistibly one of the most hackneyed wisecracks in English: a woman preaching, said Dr. Johnson, is like a dog walking on its hind legs; it is not well done, but you are surprised to see it done at all. Mencken is certainly one of the best amateur philologists in the country, and as a humorous commentator on all the more superficial aspects of American manners he has held high the torch passed on to him by F. P. Dunne, and to *him* by Artemus Ward. But when he ceases to expatiate on slang or on loan-words, on the teaching of penmanship or on the Anti-Saloon League, when he lapses into solemnity—a precarious solemnity, to be sure—and discourses of such large matters as Good and Evil, he advances with a teetering gait and an expression of self-conscious distress. It is true that you are surprised to see him advance so far as he does.

If he advances no farther, it is not because he has not gone into the subject, speaking in an academic sense, in a large way. On the contrary, Mencken seems to have accumulated an impressive library of standard works on anthropology and ancient history, on ethical theory and Biblical criticism, on theology and the history of religions; and the book is made up largely of half-serious, half-vaudevillistic summaries of what is known about the sexual morality of savages, the background of Christianity, the ideas of Aristotle, and the like. But the sage's capacity for illuminating generalization is notoriously paltry, and if you lost your humor sufficiently to ask seriously what light his researches are made to throw on the actual moral difficulties facing real people in 1934, you would be handed for your pains a large piece of very rich cake in the form of some lengthy remarks on contraception. The safeguarding of what Mencken calls "dalliance" — now that the Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed—is apparently, to his sense, the most urgent ethical question of the day.

*Treatise on Right and Wrong,* in short, is not—and no one could have expected that it would be—a work that issues any important challenge to the conventional ethics of a class society rank with falsity and meanness. From this point of view, it would be hard to imagine a book based on a more complete indifference to actual right and wrong, without capital letters, or on less real understanding of the forces that make for morality or immorality. Sometimes this want of understanding breaks out into expressions of a sensational naïveté, as when the author declares that "the fascist system is even less revolutionary [than the Bolshevik], ethically speaking; indeed, the fact that it is actually reactionary is generally recognized." Side by side with Mencken's grotesque comments on morality under the Soviets, such a passage has the air of an almost primeval ignorance. A writer with Mencken's limitations, indeed, writing a whole volume on morality in the years of the crisis is about as impressive a figure as a Methodist J. P. in some Missouri thorp writing a treatise on wines or on the teachings of the Marquis de Sade.

HUGH COLE.

## Engineers in Action

*DRIVING AXLE, by V. Ilyenkov. International Publishers. $1.*

*Driving Axle* makes of the struggle between the old technical intellegentsia and the new proletarian technicians a thrilling detective story. The "Red Engineer," back from five years' study in Moscow and Germany, to direct where he had formerly served as a molder, succeeds, in the nick of time, and not before a tremendous lot of damage had been done by sabotage, in exposing the nefarious plot of the old engineers of the locomotive works, Krasny Proletary, on the banks of the Molva in western Russia.

The time is 1930, the third "decisive" year of the first Five Year Plan, the year of the famous Ramsin plot and the engineers' trial. The story moves swiftly, a bit jerkily like the moving picture, which has evidently been a deciding influence on its form. The characters are clear-cut, but two-dimensional types rather than people. The hero of the story is the All-Union Communist Party, the villain, counter revolution.

Considering the difficulties the writer had to contend with, he has done a remarkable piece of work. For the story succeeds in holding one's interest to the end, sometimes even giving thrills. As a picture of life in the Soviet Union it is better than half a dozen books by foreign reporters, for the whole kaleidoscopic, confused turmoil of Soviet life is there. Even the history of the revolution from the time of the freeing of the serfs is vividly told in a few pages where eighty-four year old Kuzmigh, one of the most human characters in the book, relates the story of his life.

It is well written on the whole, with occasional passages of real beauty, others of amateurish crudity. A tendency to personify nature and machines is regrettable and surely un-Marxian. There is no humor anywhere. Perhaps the writer is too close to the grim realities of that hard year to make use of the comic element which is never absent where two or three, or more, human beings are gathered together.

The American translation needs a list of dramatis personae as there is little explanatory or connective matter to orient the foreign reader, unfamiliar with Soviet conditions and problems and with the difficult Russian names.

BEATRICE KINKEAD.

## Certainly Not!

*DO WE WANT FASCISM? by Carmen Haider. John Day Co. $2.*

With calm, academic restraint, as becomes a student of political science trained in such conservative institutions as Columbia University and Brookings Institution, Carmen Haider goes about inspecting and analyzing the rise of Fascism in Europe, its causes, its effects, and its possibilities in the United States. With the same scholarly detachment she draws her conclusions, and, warning against democratic illusions, she points out that "since . . . the situation resolves itself into a fight between the capitalists and the workingclass, the success of Fascism can be prevented only by an active workingclass movement."

Throughout her work Miss Haider employs Marxian methods to explain contradictions in Fascist theory and practice which could not be explained otherwise. As one reads, one becomes unalterably aware that without Marxian theory it is impossible to arrive at a correct understanding of Fascism or to formulate an effective line of action against it. And Miss Haider's book leaves no room for doubt that anti-Fascist action is imperative.

Miss Haider's question, "Do we want Fascism?" inevitably raises the question, "Do we want Social-Democratic leadership?" Here, again, Miss Haider's data and conclusions lead to a decisive "No!" Not that she engages in any discussion which might be cried down by liberals and Socialists as partisan polemic. Far be it from a discreet sociologist to engage in such unprofessional conduct! She simply presents the facts and states the logical conclusions. In Italy: "Instead of leading the masses forward, the Socialists now considered it their duty to apply the brakes to the popular movement." In Germany: "The Social Democrats . . . following their faith in peaceful means, held the workers back from struggle."

Turning from specific countries, the book devastates the two main fundamentals of Fascism, national self-sufficiency based on a planned economy, and the concept of the corporate state. Miss Haider demonstrates that Fascism fails to differ in any important respect from capitalist democracy since both are based on private ownership of society's means of production. Having established this premise, she proceeds to show the impossibility of planned economy under capitalism. This leaves her the comparatively simple task of showing that the corporate state cannot justify its pretentions as the one institution capable of complete impartiality, and reduces it to its true terms as an instrument for violent suppression of the class struggle.

Disposing of European experience and its lessons, Miss Haider turns to the American scene. Here she finds active manifestations of Fascism in the growth of company unions, in the increasingly open alignment of N.R.A. agencies with the employers, and in the possi-

bility of turning the existing trade associations into semi-governmental bodies resembling Italy's economic councils. She concludes that "the N.R.A. laid the burden of sacrifice for overcoming the depression on the shoulders of the workers" and that "it was largely the workers employed when the Recovery Act went into effect who paid for the reinstatement of the unemployed."

On one point it is necessary to take issue with Miss Haider. She admits that the Communist Party is the only group fitted by its program and practice for leadership in the fight against American Fascism, but she declares that the American Workers Party is also to be regarded as an anti-Fascist fighting force. It is difficult to reconcile such a belief with Miss Haider's implied condemnation of the nationalism of European Socialist parties, for, surely, to recognize it is to condemn it. Is an American Workers Party different in name and principle from a National Socialist Party? Is not the plea of the American Workers Party that it wishes to phrase its appeal in American terms a denial of the internationalism which is essential to a revolutionary struggle against capitalism in any form, in any country? Does not the conglomerate leadership of the A. W. P. recall to Miss Haider her own words: "Many of the second-rate leaders of Fascism are themselves individuals without any group attachments, opportunistic elements such as come to the fore in every period of national upheaval."

It can only be hoped that the author has found occasion to change her mind since her script went into print. For Miss Haider to persist in illusions about the American Workers Party is for her to look forward to the possibility of a public bonfire fed by copies of *Do We Want Fascism?*

PHILIP STERLING.

## Another Paraphrase of Ulysses

*JAMES JOYCE AND THE MAKING OF ULYSSES, by Frank Budgen. Smith and Haas.* $2.50.

An English painter who lived near Joyce in Switzerland for a number of years, presents a portrait of the man and a detailed analysis of his major work. The account of Joyce's habits and opinions reads like a peep for the privileged into the life of a forbidding man of genius. Every conversation and incident, however irrelevant to an understanding of Ulysses, is played up as though it were an indispensable key to Joyce's work. However, a few of Joyce's ideas about his own work are interesting. For example: his belief that Ulysses is the only "complete man" in literature; and that the book as a whole is "the work of a skeptic"; and Joyce's opinion of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* as "the *Schwaermerei* of a young Jew," etc. And those critics who find revolutionary threads in Ulysses should ponder Joyce's admission of indifference to politics, and his claim for art as superior to politics, for "bettering and saving" the world, through the agency of beauty. Most of Budgen's book consists of a lengthy paraphrase of *Ulysses*. Some readers may find parts of this sketch helpful in tracing all the incidents of the story, but laboring through Budgen's paraphrase is not much easier than reading the original work. Budgen's critical method is a kind of literary psychology, by which he rationalizes the effectiveness and the meaning of situations, and of Joyce's prose methods. Budgen is really not aware that criticism is a disciplined study grounded in an outlook on literature as a whole, not a springboard for ingenious psychologisms and fitful comparisons. The only belief he seems to have is that "the sworn foe of sensibility in art is doctrine." An adequate critique of Joyce is still to be written. And the necessity in such a task for examining the meanings of *Ulysses* in relation to contemporary literature (bourgeois and revolutionary) and to the class struggle, which form the context for these meanings, makes it plain that only a Marxist critic can do this work successfully.

WALLACE PHELPS.

## The Virtuosity of William Faulkner

*DR. MARTINO and OTHER STORIES, by William Faulkner. Smith & Haas.* $2.50.

William Faulkner has given us, in his second book of short stories, a collection of tense and single-minded people, living through events which are strange equations: passionless, accounted for in fact but not in meaning. The stories are remote and hard—the characters move against a hot and insidious Mississippi, the Civil War, the World War, and remain half-people, touching no others, being touched by nothing. In the title-story, the main force is the influence of a doctor precariously near to death of heart disease, who pushes a young girl to rashness and bravery of a sort, feeding on her youth—but the girl, her lover, and the doctor are hardly connected in the relationship. In *Turn About,* into which Miriam Hopkins was inserted to make the formula of a Hollywood movie, the men's reaction to waste and danger and war is violent and from the stomach alone. In *Elly* and *Death Drag,* lust and danger are casual factors. Others range from fantasies of afterlife to a straight detective story.

These pieces are terse and ingenious; they might be vehicles for something of more account than unconcern. They are valuable for encounters and backgrounds; Southern society, now disintegrate, and yesterday sore with the defeat and pride and poverty engendered by the Civil War, is here. The share-cropper Wash — the decayed lady of *There Was a Queen*—the horror of *The Hound,* while Cotton tried to remove the body from the tree-trunk in one piece — the elements are here. Cause matches effect, everything is traced. But the sum lacks importance. There is a lack of emotional documentation. This work is apt and deft; it is not memorable, for the characters have no purpose nor passion, and the writer cares too little about his symbols to leave any mark of feeling in the reader's mind.

Much more could be done with this observation and the material that has gone into the stories. As they are, it is the deftness that is impressive; the maneuvering of situation rather than the internal motion coming out of the story itself. Because of his gift for manipulation and disinterest, Faulkner falls into the lists of precious writers. Less erudite than the academic authors concentrating on a society they would never remake, he nevertheless is in a position parallel to those writers of vignettes of the macabre who portray a civilization without explaining it. It is his merit that he is not didactic, that he has never pushed a point; but if a writer omits the earnestness of preaching, he must compensate with other values. The choice is left to him to drive his characters implacably by outside forces, or to dignify them, giving them enough consciousness to make meanings in their lives. Faulkner does neither.

The novels demonstrate his faults and strong points magnified. In works like *Light in August* and *Sanctuary,* observation is more important, the social backgrounds can be fully drawn, and the coldness piles up, setting horror upon horror, mathematically. But these are penny-dreadful virtues. If Faulkner is to assume the proportions his work still shadows, this dexterity—the skill of suspense, of deliberate characterization, and hinted interpretation—must be reinforced with the emotional sophistication which he now lacks, and which is the hallmark of literary maturity. Then his work will be what he is ambitious for it now to seem, having the living dimensions of the society he draws.

MURIEL RUKEYSER.

## Brief Review

*IT'S A BATTLEFIELD, by Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran and Co.* $2.

There is no way of describing this new English novel without making it more fantastic than it is. Its locale is London, and the main characters are a Police Commissioner with a sense of duty and an accountant so overburdened with brains as to be uncomfortable. Unquestionably it is limburger. Just as unquestionably the author sympathizes with socialism. The "battlefield," for instance, is the class struggle. What must be unreservedly condemned is the author's light-hearted attempt to write a proletarian novel with characters borrowed from the works of such revolutionary writers as Julian Green and Mae West. They have economic roots, of course, but among those that don't know it is Graham. It is slick enough for Hollywood, but that isn't where *Potemkin* was produced.

*IN SIGHT OF EDEN, by Roger Vercel. Harcourt, Brace and Co.* $2.50.

A good French novel about Iceland fishermen, written with less polish but more ease than the famous classic by Loti. The author's lack of sympathy with the common sailor is

both implicit and explicit, but the descriptions are well done and the climax is stirring. Its focussing of attention on a private problem of the captain's is regrettable but conventional.

*T. N. T. (THESE NATIONAL TAX-EATERS), by T. Swann Harding. Ray Long and Richard Smith.* $2.75.

This book is a curious mixture of about three parts interesting and valuable fact and one part deplorable logic. When Mr. Harding set out to write it, his purpose was to present a defense of what he terms "collectivistic spending." To put it in his own words, he wanted "to show that the social business of the Federal Government is managed more effectively, more intelligently, and more competently than the business carried on by private enterprise under the profit motive." And for some three-quarters of the book he sticks to this point and presents an extraordinary amount of proof in its behalf. But having done this much, and done it rather well, Mr. Harding goes reformist and argues that such "collectivistic spending" offers a genuine road toward a new social order. His idea is that the government, by increasing such spending—it is now only an infinitesimal fraction of the national budget—can gradually gain control of our economic institutions and direct them along socialist lines. What Mr. Harding ignores is that business groups and special interests are constantly interfering with governmental expenditures. In short, Mr. Harding's collectivistic spending does not at all mean collectivistic consumption — the thing that really counts. Money spent by the government —even though spent wisely—is, more often than not, spent for the benefit of some special interest. This hardly seems the way toward a cooperative commonwealth.

*IN A NAZI GARDEN, by Lona Mosk. Vanguard Press.* $2.

The story takes place during the year preceding the Nazi dictatorship. Anne Levy, an American Jewess, falls in love with an "Aryan" German. They try to escape the Berlin "nightmare" by moving to a small suburb where they live as man and wife. Nazi gossip and spying gradually make this impossible and in the end they are forced to leave. The novel is very meagre in content, and the author limits her portrait to a few of the surface phenomena accompanying the rise of Nazism.

*POEMS, by Marie De L. Welch. The Macmillan Company.* $1.25.

Marie De L. Welch's sincere and quiet observations on creatures of earth and air are unusually intelligent though somewhat attenuated by over meticulousness and bare lyric qualities. Here is a mind that contains a healthy outlook on phenomena of nature and one that unconsciously revolts against pseudo-popular philosophies of annihilation. However one misses certain pieces that have appeared under her name in current reviews—poems that have shown more of a left tendency than any included in this collection. The absence of these poems might lead one to believe that Miss Welch is content to cast her lot with Wylie and Bogan and the "bone-stone" school of metaphysical poets, an assumption that may be unjust; for these recent uncollected pieces show that she is not entirely disinterested in the world of reality nor blind to facts and events which lend themselves to poetry of contemporary value.

*KALEIDOSCOPE, by Stefan Zweig. Viking Press.* $3.

In this collection of thirteen stories and novelettes, most of which have appeared before, Zweig again resorts to the psychological method familiar to readers of his *Marie Antoinette,* etc. Following the old premise that he who understands the human in himself understands all mankind, Zweig (usually from a café table) sets about understanding and observing what he calls "the tedious swill of dirty human water." An overwhelming interest in people continually involves his observer (frequently a young man of "good family") in embarrassing situations with pickpockets, prostitutes and other underworld characters. Nothing is clarified beyond the observer's strictly individual reactions; there is complete acceptance of the thesis that criminals are necessary phenomena. Indeed, Zweig is rather glad they exist: they're so picturesque. Likewise brothels: "I have a special predilection for such quarters in unknown towns, those foul market-places of the passions." Zweig knows his characters are sick people, but he is content to study and observe their symptoms without trying to penetrate to basic causes or to suggest a cure. Like other novelists of his school, Zweig is unwilling to think his problems through in relation to their economic and social implications. He will not admit the futility of "understanding" people without understanding the society which has molded them. It is obvious once again that psychology is not enough.

# Second Workers' Music Olympiad

**ASHLEY PETTIS**

THE Second American Workers' Music Olympiad, April 29, demonstrated the accomplishment of various groups of performing worker-musicians, including the following choral groups and instrumental ensembles: Pierre Degeyter Symphonietta, Charles Williams, conductor; Workers' International Relief Band, J. Zilbert, conductor; F.S.U. Balalaika Orchestra (conductorless); Freiheit Mandolin Orchestra, Jacob Schaefer, conductor; Italian Workers' Chorus, Giovanni Camajani, conductor; Finnish Workers' Mixed Chorus—New York, Werner A. Birch, conductor; Freiheit Gezang Farein, Jacob Schaefer, conductor; Ukrainian Workers' Chorus, Lahn Adohmyan, conductor; Brooklyn Finnish Workers' Male Chorus, Werner A. Birch, conductor; Lithuanian Aido Chorus, Bernice Shelley, conductor, and the Daily Worker Chorus, Lahn Adohmyan, conductor.

The contest between the choral groups resulted in the award of the banner for the best chorus to the Freiheit Gezang Farein, Jacob Schaefer, conductor, the second time this extraordinary organization has been so honored. The much smaller but excellent Daily Worker Chorus, under the leadership of Lahn Adohmyan, received honorable mention.

This Olympiad clearly showed the strength and weakness of the revolutionary musical activities organized by the Workers' Music League. Everyone who heard the first Olympiad of a year ago seems to agree that the technical advance made by such instrumental groups as the W.I.R. Band and the Pierre Degeyter Symphonietta were notable achievements, due unquestionably to the excellent and indefatigable workmanship of their drillmasters. The extraordinary improvement made by the latter organization deserves particular mention. Williams has taken this group of players, and, in a very short time, through unrelenting effort and attention to detail, moulded the orchestra into a really excellent ensemble. As yet, the first violin group overbalances the other choirs in tone quality and precision. But the improvement already noted presages a significant future for this organization.

Choral groups under the skilled leadership

of such conductors as Jacob Schaefer and Lahn Adohmyan showed their accustomed thoroughness of preparation, resulting in remarkable technical finish and perfection of ensemble. But this discussion is not for the purpose of tossing compliments to our really splendid workers' choral groups and instrumental ensembles, which are filling such an important place and are destined to play an ever expanding role in American music life. The very importance of the part these organizations are destined to play places a tremendous responsibility upon those who guide their activities. This responsibility, as far as drilling is concerned, has been coped with successfully.

But that stage, in the development of such groups as the W.I.R. Band and the Pierre Degeyter Symphonietta, when we can excuse their lack of diversified and representative repertoire, is passing. It is all very well to affirm that instrumental groups must be grounded in traditional musical literature in order to develop technical assurance and precision which are the essential concomitants of a good ensemble, before they attempt more revolutionary "modern" compositions. As far as the playing of such classics as Händel, Mozart, Wagner, etc., are concerned, this necessity is self-evident.

However, when such banalities as Conductor Zilbert's *Overture in F,* played by the W.I.R. Band, are interpolated, it is time to register a protest. There is no excuse for the playing of such twaddle as this and a "Suite" performed by the Pierre Degeyter Symphonietta and announced as the "first American performance." I could not hear the name of the composer of this "Suite," but it really doesn't matter. The music was of that type of authentic dinner music which probably thrives in the restaurants of Hitler's Germany, and which is, along with beer, conducive to that sense of well-being and absence of thought so valued by ruling classes under the term *"gemuetlichkeit."*

If the rehearsing of classics and music of familiar form and pattern is necessary to the formation of skilled ensembles, by all means let us have the best classics, such as the Händel *Concerto Grosso* in which the strings of the Pierre Degeyter Symphonietta showed to such excellent effect; but not music such as Edvard Grieg's *Holberg Suite,* in which Grieg's strongest characteristic, the "folk-spirit," is reduced to a minimum, while he vainly attempts to attain symphonic proportions but only succeeds in writing well-made music of astonishing emptiness, without the stamp of individuality. The playing of such works as German's *Dances of Henry the Eighth,* beloved of hotel and restaurant orchestras the world over, smatters of that familiar custom of the bourgeois world of "playing down to the masses." Protest must even be made against the playing of the really terrible *Fifteenth Jubilee March-Red Army* by Ippolitov-Ivanov. If this composition, which has all the faults of a bad military march with none of its virtues, really reflects Ippolitov-Ivanov's conception of the significance of the 15th anniversary of the Russian revolution, it shows that, although he has remained in Soviet Russia and been honored by the government, the revolution came too late in Ippolitov-Ivanov's life for him to grasp its significance. Surely such stuff must be termed counter-revolutionary.

It was not until the W.I.R. Band reached its final number, *Selections from American Revolutionary Songs,* that a breath of new musical spirit was made manifest. Here one heard the refreshing, invigorating strains of some of the new revolutionary songs being written and sung in America, by Swift, Sands, Adohmyan, Schaefer, etc. But even here, Zilbert, in his "arrangements" of the songs, saw fit to make unnecessary and stupid concessions to outmoded convention, by the alteration and simplification of harmonies; by the deletion of dissonances; so that in such works as Schaefer's *Hunger March* and Swift's *Scottsboro Song,* the new, revolutionary character was almost completely lost. The W.I.R. Band is capable of and prepared for better things.

It had been announced that the combined choruses would join in the singing of Aaron Copland's *Into the Streets May First,* which recently won THE NEW MASSES' contest for a mass song. It was found impossible for the choruses to unite to rehearse this song, so the excellent Daily Worker Chorus, under the leadership of Lahn Adohmyan, essayed the composition. This chorus, a rather small ensemble, is not large enough to produce the volume of tone necessary to an adequate projection of Copland's song. Furthermore, the intended effect of the composition and the inherent spirit of both words and music were largely nullified by a too trivial and detached (staccatissimo) rendition. The sense of climax, of growing color, as when the composition moves into the key of A, was lost. That the work was as effective as it was, without its structural values being projected, seems, in retrospect, quite extraordinary; and assuredly a tribute to Copland's craftsmanship. To give this song its full meaning, the ending phrase, in public performance, when not used as a march, should be somewhat broadened. Otherwise the close lacks cumulative effect and the sense of finality.

# The Screen

## ROBERT FORSYTHE

THE trouble with the Russians is that you can't keep your finger on them. Just when you've convinced yourself that they wear beards and carry bombs and dance with their rear portions practically on the ground, they produce a sophisticated motion picture like *Marionettes* and leave you baffled. Can it be that the residents of the Soviet Union are human beings with a sense of humor? Undoubtedly not, because they are crushed under a brutal dictatorship and Dr. Will Durant spent three weeks in the country without seeing a single smile. He must have, however, heard the guffaws.

According to the program at the Acme Theatre, *Marionettes* is the first Soviet operatic comedy satire which would be almost too imposing if the picture didn't happen to be good. It has to do with the puppets of Bufferia who are dangled on their strings by the gentlemen who do such dangling in all Christian countries. There is a cabinet crisis (which, by the way, was not made very understandable by the English captions) and it is decided that the child king shall be ousted and Count Something or other elevated to the throne. The Count and his barber start by air for the capital and the count falls out of the plane on his ear, leaving the barber to be received by the populace as their majesty. In the part of the barber, S. Martinson is superb. In physical appearance he is a cross between the Moron of Europe, King Carol of Rumania, and the former Halfwit of Europe, King Alfonse. There is in him also a touch of our minor screen star, Edward Everett Horton, in that he possesses the same audacity of a meek man in high position.

Thrust upon the throne unexpectedly, he saves himself by answering all questions in tonsorial terms. What about the prospects of business, demand the industrialists. Our policy in the future, says the fake king, will be one of permanent waves. Remarkable, cry the industrialists, looking at one another in astonished admiration, since it is much sounder sense than usually comes from a throne.

But Count Something or other is not killed when he falls from the plane and now he pops up again. First, however, he is seized as a Soviet spy. There is a very funny scene when they make the Count confess to his nefarious Bolshevik plans. They pose him for a picture which will later appear in the Daily News as typical of all Bolsheviks. He bears a gun in one hand, a knife in another and his face is twisted into such a grimace of menace and innate degradation that the youngsters of an American audience would shout, Boris Karloff! and settle down to an afternoon of enjoyment. Eventually the Count reaches the king's palace, where the best he can do is become valet for his former barber. The film ends with the battle of the two over the former mistress of the Count.

Among other things the film marks the entrance of the chorus into Soviet pictures. For the benefit of connoisseurs who are moved by such matters, we may report that the young ladies would have no trouble getting jobs on Broadway. This is undoubtedly a trick done by mirrors, for it has been conclusively proved that all Russians are starving to death, including chorus girls. The men also had the appearance of well being, but they were probably padded.

The involved musical score by Polovinkin was difficult for this American ear and sound production of both words and music was faulty, due either to the apparatus at the theatre or to the film itself.

But the complications in the making of talking pictures are obviously being solved and in a way which carries the artistic progress forward while the mechanical difficulties are being mastered. With all its stupidities, Hollywood is supreme in humor and humor has a quality of getting around. A Frenchman will laugh up his sleeve at the typical serious drama of Hollywood, but he will bow in reverence before Charlot and Mickey Mouse. Hollywood, however, deals with audiences of such a politically immature order that it would never attempt satire of the type of *Marionettes*. It is so fearful of Mr. Hays, the Methodist Board of Morals and public pressure in general that it dodges satire entirely. A great opportunity for Soviet directors and writers.

# Between Ourselves

WE wanted to present this week Gen. Hugh Johnson's explanation of the wage-cutting, anti-union activities policy of his carpet factory—as set forth last week in Anne Allen Barton's article—but the N.R.A. boss couldn't be induced to comment.

The lithograph by Jacob Burck in last week's issue should have been credited to the Contemporary Print Group, which is issuing this, together with five other prints, in a forthcoming portfolio.

Agnes Smedley was correspondent in China for the Frankfurter Zeitung until Hitler seized power. She has written *Daughter of Earth* and *Chinese Destinies*. Her next book, also dealing with China, will be published in the fall by Vanguard.

Sender Garlin of the Daily Worker staff will speak in several cities next week at meetings arranged by THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau. His itinerary follows: (all meetings are in the evening) Cleveland, May 20, Workers' School, 1524 Prospect Avenue, auspices John Reed Club; Detroit, May 21, Hotel Fort Wayne, auspices J. R. C.; Ann Arbor, May 22, National Student League Headquarters; Chicago, May 23, Medical and Dental Arts Building, auspices J. R. C.; Milwaukee, May 24, 312 West State Street, auspices J. R. C.

FOR A RED FIGHTING FUND AGAINST
HUNGER WAR FASCISM

The New York District of the Communist Party
Invites New Masses Readers to its

## FIVE-DAY
# MAY FESTIVAL & BAZAAR

*Splendid Programs Every Evening:*
The Theatre Union and Workers' Dance League Groups
Maxim Gorki Union artists in Russian sketches and songs
Ukrainian, Finnish, Daily Worker and other choruses
Young Pioneers' presentation of *Strike Me Red*
Symphonic and Chamber Music Ensembles
Andre Cibulski, in revolutionary songs
The Freiheit Gezangs Farein

*Address Every Evening by Prominent Party Leaders*

All Kinds of Merchandise Will be on Sale
At Extremely Reasonable Prices

RESTAURANT WITH INTERNATIONAL CUISINE AND
MUSIC BY THE FRIENDS OF THE SOVIET
UNION BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA

*DANCING EVERY EVENING*

## MAY 23, 24, 25, 26, 27

# MANHATTAN LYCEUM
66 EAST 4th STREET NEW YORK CITY

*Tickets: Daily 35c Saturday 50c*
*Combination Ticket Good for Five Days 85c*

*Ten-cent Reduction at Door with This Advertisement*

SIXTH

# Annual Benefit Dance

of the

## New York Protective Association of Blind News Dealers

●

will be held

## Wednesday evening
## May twenty-third

●

at the

## ASSOCIATION'S HEADQUARTERS

111 East 59th Street New York City

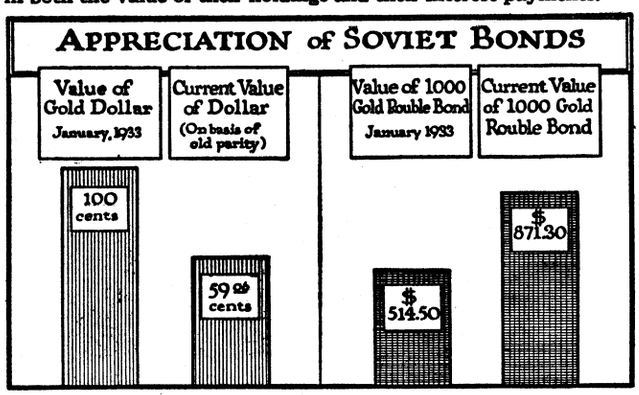
●

Tickets: Fifty Cents

# SOVIET UNION
# GOLD BONDS

## ~ *equivalent to a fixed quantity of gold*

**Coincident with the increase of nearly 70% in the official price of gold in the United States during the past year, holders of Soviet Government gold bonds have witnessed a corresponding increase in both the value of their holdings and their interest payments.**




Thus, the foresighted investor who purchased ten 1000 gold rouble bonds in the early part of 1933 at a cost of $5,145 can resell them today for $8,713.

This is because the gold bonds of the Soviet Union are payable in the equivalent of a fixed quantity of gold, and both principal and interest are paid in American currency at prevailing exchange rates. Any additional increase in the price of gold in terms of the dollar obviously would cause these bonds to further appreciate in value.

## SOVIET UNION 7% GOLD BONDS

are the direct obligation of a nation which has met promptly every obligation which it has assumed during the entire 16 years of its existence. Among such payments were short and long term credits involved in the purchase of over $4.5 billion in foreign goods.

Long term marketability is assured the investor by the agreement of the State Bank of the U.S.S.R., to repurchase these bonds on demand of the holder at any time after one year from date of purchase, at par and accrued interest. The State Bank has a gold reserve of more than $706 million.

Bonds are offered at par and accrued interest in denominations of 100 and 1000 gold roubles. (A gold rouble contains 0.774234 grams of pure gold.) Interest is paid quarterly at the Chase National Bank of New York.

*Send for circular K-12 for full information about these bonds*

## Soviet American Securities Corp.
**30 Broad Street** Tel. HAnover 2-5332 **New York**

## Sunday May 20 at 8:30 P. M.
The Year's Outstanding Program of Revolutionary Plays

# "NEW THEATRE NIGHT"

An All-Star Cast *presents* Six New Revolutionary Plays

| | |
|---|---|
| SCENE OF MARION MODELS | THEATRE COLLECTIVE |
| AMERICA, AMERICA | THE R. P. A. PLAYERS |
| BLUM—THE UNDERTAKER | VIRGIL GEDDES' COMEDY |
| A SATIRE | by STARS OF "MEN IN WHITE" |
| CHARITY | WORKERS' LAB. THEATRE |
| NEGRO SONGS | by STARS OF "STEVEDORE" |

REVOLUTIONARY SONGS BY MARA TARTAR

**GEORGE SKLAR will be Chairman**

It will be a gala affair—a full evening of exciting revolutionary plays and satires.

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE Fourteenth Street & Sixth Avenue, New York City

*Auspices:* NEW THEATRE MAGAZINE
5 East 19th Street New York City

*Twenty-five cents Thirty-five cents Fifty-five cents Seventy-five cents*

# GOOD MORNING, have you had your dose of faith, hope and optimism this morning?

**IS EVERYBODY HAPPY? Secretary Perkins reports that unemployment has been cut a fracton of one percent (but there are still 16,000,000 unemployed).**

**STOCK DIVIDENDS and bank balances are up (and so are strikes, starvation, and the cost of living).**

**HARRIMAN Gay as He Enters Court Test (and so are Mellon and Mitchell, recently discharged with the juries' blessings).**

●

FROM EVERY SIDE the capitalist press, the radio and the movies do their best to mislead, confuse and bewilder the average person. In this welter of optimism mixed with half-truths and untruths, the service rendered its readers by THE NEW MASSES stands out like a searchlight in a dark night.

THE NEW MASSES is not a "journal of opinion." It is an instrument of ACTION: searching out facts which the capitalist press ignores and suppresses, revealing the trend toward Fascism, thinly concealed, of both liberal and reactionary groups.

THE NEW MASSES stands alone in America. It can be read by an iron puddler, a college professor, a Bonnaz operator, an artist. The only requirement it makes of its readers is intellectual honesty, a desire to know what is going on in the world even if it's unpleasant reading.

**The coupon at the right, with remittance, will bring you THE NEW MASSES regularly. If you are already on the subscription list, send it to a friend who ought to have it.**

THE NEW MASSES
31 East 27th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send THE NEW MASSES to the address below.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

I enclose $3.50 for a year—$2 for six months.