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JUNE 26, 1934

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Masses

MOLEY

*Provocateur-in-Chief
for the New Deal*

By WILLIAM FRANCIS DUNNE

The Tombstone Swastika

By Edward Dahlberg

Smugglers of Reaction in the U. S. S. R.

By Joshua Kunitz

Japan Rides the Tiger

By Harold Ward

"Georgia Wants Me - Dead or Alive"

By Don West

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THE Cuban commission investigating American loans during the Machado regime has declared \$60 million of these loans to be illegal. Meanwhile Cuban Fascism, fed by American and native capital, bids for greater power and terror. While the wool is being yanked over the eyes of the Cuban workers, peasants and lower middle-class for the benefit of American capitalism, the Cuban capitalists through their A.B.C. threaten to quit supporting the Mendieta government unless the A.B.C. receives "adequate protection." This "adequate protection" means putting the government openly behind the A.B.C., whose chief backers are those business men, landlords, and politicians who were kept from enjoying the lion's share of the booty while Machado was in power. The struggle of the Grau San Martin "left" clique—which is ready to lie with American capitalists between pink sheets—against the admittedly reactionary clique led to the outbreak in Havana, June 18, when 14 Fascists were killed and over 60 wounded. The Communist Party of Cuba, the revolutionary Cuban National Confederation of Labor, and the Anti-Imperialist League had called on the workers to come out in a strike and counter-demonstration against the A.B.C. parade. Thousands of workers joined the strike. Transportation was tied up. The desperate gangster attack by the A.B.C. "lefts" against the parade is just what Mendieta and the Fascists have been looking for. Now elections will not be held in December because of the "unrest." Twenty officials of the revolutionary unions have been jailed, and the police are hunting other trade-union leaders and Communists. Against this terror the Cuban masses, led by the Communist Party of Cuba, and supported by the workers of America, are now preparing unrelenting counter-attacks.

AMERICA need bow to no nation in the fine art of sell-out. The steel situation is an example. The impending strike for a seven-point program has been neatly knifed and temporarily sidetracked. William Green, "labor" member of the National Labor Board and "labor" lieutenant of the Roosevelt re-



"FOR YOUR FIRST BIRTHDAY."

B. Limbach

gime, journeyed to Pittsburgh and delivered the goods for the Iron and Steel Institute. The program to defeat the steel workers, which the Iron and Steel Institute, the N.R.A., Hugh Johnson, Frances Perkins, and the entire Roosevelt administration were unable to put across by maneuvers, trickery and terror was shoved over by Green and Mike Tighe, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, who has a long record of strike-breaking and betrayals in the interest of the United States Steel Corporation. The present betrayal was carried through also with the active aid of the leaders of the turncoat "Committee of Ten" which publicly merged its identity and program with its erstwhile enemy Tighe and the reactionary leaders of the A.F. of L. steel union. They succeeded in splitting

the ranks of the steel workers. At the reconvened session of the 52nd Convention of Tighe's union, they turned into a retreat a powerful and fighting movement that had every possibility of ending in an outstanding victory of tremendous importance and significance not only to the steel proletarians but to workers of the whole country.

THE repeated warnings of the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union and the Communist Party to the steel workers were borne out: that Tighe and Green, the N.R.A. and the entire Roosevelt regime did follow and are following a policy of attempting to prevent a steel strike and to defeat the demands of the workers by putting across compulsory arbitration schemes and rackets in order to handcuff and chain the steel

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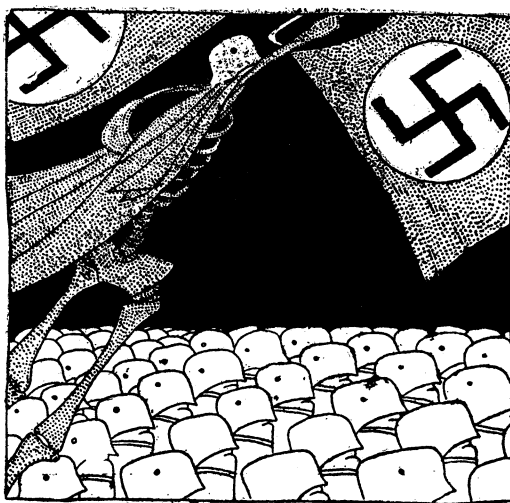
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workers—to place the interests of the steel workers in the hands of the governmental lieutenants of the capitalist class where they would be crushed. All these warnings have been carried out to the letter. Through Green's intercession the Convention voted by a majority to accept his proposal to call off the strike and to petition Roosevelt to set up an "impartial" Board of three persons not connected with the steel industry, to give this Board full and final powers of arbitration. This, in different words, is the original proposal of the Iron and Steel Institute in every particular. That the proposal of Green had the full sanction of F. D. R. is clear from the assurance by Green that the President would surely accept the measure. It was clear from the veiled remarks of the press that Green came directly from Roosevelt's desk to the convention. It is important to note that Green came on the same train with Charles Wyzanski, solicitor of the Department of Labor. Green's plan places the entire struggle in the hands of the government. The function of the arbitration board which shall also supervise the elections in the mills, sounds ominous.

THE steel workers already have an inkling how this plan will work out in reality: Weirton and Clairton have conducted "government supervised elections" resulting in blacklists for thousands of workers, and firmly entrenched company unions. The strategy of Green to prevent the struggle now while the mills are in full bloom, and to wait until next month or later when the slump commences is clearly to prevent any struggle at all. But struggle was by no means ended with the A.A. convention. The steel workers in the steel villages are surging forward. Reaction to the convention's action has been immediate. In Duquesne, McKeesport, and elsewhere the workers are bitter. The realization is developing that to win their demands it must be through a real fighting Union: the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union. There comes a time when skullduggery, procrastination and betrayal reach a terminus; and ultimate retribution by those betrayed is something Bill Green should not dream about of nights.

NAZI Germany is on the skids. The S. A. men can march from today into the middle of tomorrow and flaunt all the Swastika banners in the breeze and they won't stop the decline. Hitler knows it. His emissaries scurry agi-



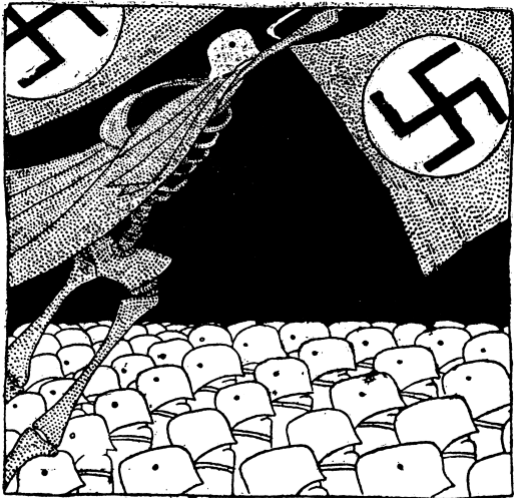
tatedly to all the chancellories. Der Führer himself flies beyond the Alps to his counterpart in black shirt. Goebels hies himself to crochety Pilsudski. There is probably less midsummer college madness and more business in Haenfstangl's American visit than appears in the press. Goering thunders. Von Papen broadcasts a curious—and to the Nazis—ominous note of disagreement. Mummified Hindenberg belches a few words in agreement. Hitler appears to be trying to ride two horses. He tugs at the horse swinging off to the left—the "national bolshevists"—to the right—the Junker influence, the Von Papen, Hindenberg lineup. The masses inside the Storm Troopers demand the "second revolution." They have got tired of the circuses and want the bread. Hitler has none to give them. Germany declares a moratorium on foreign obligations for six months. Her gold supply has vanished. It is up the blind capitalist alley the Communists predicted many months ago. The world press buzzes with rumors of Wilhelm's return. Meanwhile the Nazis in desperation plan to make a wild gesture of strength by turning Thaelmann and Torgler over to the headsman. This danger is horribly real as the Nazi "People's Court" prepares to sit in "judgment." Three more Communists have been condemned to die. But there is a higher authority: the masses of the world. Their verdict must be "Freedom."

PERHAPS we should be kinder to the rich. We aren't going to have them with us much longer and George Burns and Gracie Allen can't go on forever and we are someday going to regret that there is no John Jacob Astor, 3rd, and no Eileen Gillespie and no \$100,000 engagement ring which John wants back or he will tell things about the Gillespies.

It is hardly possible that you have missed the case. It came in before Carnera-Baer and is ending up after and whoever is arranging it in the press should get a raise or he is a fool. Mr. Astor became engaged to the Gillespie girl. His half-brother, Vincent, who rides Mr. Roosevelt around in the *Nourmahal* and owns the beautiful slums on the East Side, did not like it and his mother, who married Fiermonte, the prizefighter, did not like it and the Gillespies, whose daughter was only 17, did not like it, but they gave in gracefully when John offered a million and a half as a marriage dot.

LATER he got to thinking it over and came charging up with his legal force to whittle the Gillespies down to \$500,000, but they were a good brave family and they consented. Then John added the \$100,000 engagement ring. Having done all this, he proceeded (so say the Gillespies at least) to become nasty about things in general and finally bawled Eileen out in the lobby of the Savoy Plaza. Since this is against the lobby laws at the Savoy Plaza, the Gillespies announced that John could get married but not to their Eileen. Like a true aristocrat, John demanded the return of the ring, a fair enough request under the sporting conditions maintaining in these events and the Gillespies, yielding to nobody in their aristocracy, clung to the bauble until John apologized for his gentlemanly remarks. This went on for months and prompts us to the suggestion that if there were no fine true Christian aristocrats of this vintage, we should, paraphrasing Voltaire, have to invent them. We have ideas of how to handle such people under a Sovietized world but one alteration of our plan might be considered. It might be a handsome and profitable thing to isolate them on the Island of Monaco at Monte Carlo. You don't just get laughs of that kind by accident.

TERROR is an overworked word these days: almost everybody is getting accustomed to the term except those who have to undergo it. They are the workers. And growing numbers of the lower middle-classes, also thrown into the army of the disinherited. To them it is of the greatest significance that the International Labor Defense has not only survived these past nine years against heavy odds, but this week, celebrating its ninth year of existence, bids high to become a mass organization of



scores of thousands. The I.L.D. has a heroic record. It battles against the refinements of torture capitalism has perfected: it struggles daily on a thousand fronts against the every-day, minute to minute, class brutalities inflicted upon the working class. Its record is epic. The I.L.D.'s heroes: Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, Angelo Herndon; across the seas the victims of Chiang Kai Chek, of Adolph Hitler, of Mussolini, Pilsudski, the host of axemen in mufti who strut the ministerial chambers. The I.L.D. has fought, is fighting, and will continue to fight to save these workingmen and their allies from imprisonment, from torture, from death. Before the I.L.D. there were many defense committees and organizations. They sprang up whenever the powers that be committed some screaming outrage against the working class. When Moyer, Heywood, and Pettibone were kidnapped and tried in 1906, a huge defense movement spread across the country. Thousands of dollars were collected from workers, pennies and nickels for expensive lawyers, for publicity. But all the activities of the committee were concentrated about this one case. Though a great victory was won against the legions of reaction, the defense committee was dissolved. . . .

AFTER that the history of defense committees in the U.S. was much the same, McNamara Defense, Ettor, Giovanitti and Caruso, Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, Workers Defense Union, Labor Defense Council—all temporary, weakened by the very purpose for which they were created—the defense of a single case—and further hindered by fundamental illusions. Illusions that by relying on legal defense you can get justice from the ruling class courts. All had illusions of impartiality, of the “majestic fairness of the law,” as Anatole France said, “which forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under the bridges at night.” Only when the I.L.D. was established in 1925 was a persistent fight against these illusions organized. The I.L.D. has proved the correctness of its thesis: mass action, mass defense as the determining factor in gaining freedom for class war prisoners. Legal defense can only supplement mass action: it can attack every technicality behind which the courts try to hide. It can uncover every tricky subterfuge. But only the voices of tens of thousands can halt ruling class justice. Proof? Scottsboro. Dimitroff, alive and free today in the U.S.S.R., throws another challenge to those who doubt and say “Why antagonize the judges and the courts with

all those telegrams and demonstrations and resolutions?” Incomplete but conservative estimates place the number of cases handled by the I.L.D. since 1925 at 25,000! The I.L.D. has spread across the continent until today it has branches in every state but one. It has a membership that can be swiftly mobilized into action. It has a program that defends not only individuals as such, but as symbols of the denial of elementary human rights, of democratic rights supposedly guaranteed by the Constitution. With the capitalist class chalking the swastika across the map of America the I.L.D. needs, and merits, the support of all who understand the workings of class justice—of all who believe in elementary human rights.

THE Reds have gone back to school. This is the alarm sounded by a series of newspaper articles on teachers in New York. Of course, all teachers who protest unbearable conditions and insist upon immediate changes are Reds! The tabloids and their big brothers shriek at “poisoning the wells of knowledge.” That Communist-led protest is growing among teachers and students is both admitted and denied. The protesting groups are a “constant source of annoyance and irritation,” there is “repeated rebellion against school rules.” Mayor LaGuardia himself, quoted in the Daily News, which also is worried because “Radicalism Joins Schools’ 3 R’s” (a headline in the New York News), declares “there is an extreme trend toward radicalism among the educated.” But there is also extreme anxiety to deny that any considerable number of teachers or students are radical or even discontented. There is, the Journal says, “a small but mischief-making percentage of teachers”; as for students, the “boy and girl agitators are a small yet extremely troublesome minority,” it declares, while admitting that they are active in at least six high schools. All sorts of flamboyant charges—“the Third International is behind the whole thing”—were hysterically thrown about; photographs and cartoons of student and teacher protest meetings were spread on the Journal’s pages; spies were sent to the meetings, threats were made, oaths of allegiance were yelled for. The Journal editorially—but belatedly—even suggested a restoration of appropriations for health care in schools, under the slogan, “Keep the Children Well.” . . . Teachers and students should feel encouraged: the bosses are getting scared!

new Masses

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Educating the Army

THE crisis has been a real boon to the War Department. The rush of tens of thousands of army applicants has been, from the War Department's point of view, the most gratifying result of the depression. Previous to 1929 many an army recruiting office went for weeks without an enlistment. Now hundreds of applicants show up daily; the New York district office alone reports an average of 300 applicants per day.

Back in the so-called prosperity era it was necessary to seek recruits largely among down-and-outers, hoboes, men of doubtful occupation; not infrequently even such recruits were scarce for many of them were the disillusioned products of the last war. Precarious as was their existence, most jobless war veterans preferred fighting a desperate battle for a living to going back into the army.

Time and time again the Army had to go in for ballyhoo campaigns in order to win recruits. The marked increase of army vacancies which went unfilled kept enlistment officers worried and busy. Today the Army has the pick of the human crop.

"The majority of our recruits these days are unemployed workers of the superior type," according to Col. Douglas Potts, supervisor of enlistment of the Second Corps Area. "We get men from every industrial line—machinists, carpenters, steel workers, etc. Many of them have highly technical experience and make splendid army material. Such men help build up our efficiency. There are plenty of white collar applicants, but we don't accept many of them because they aren't suitable material."

The number of men actually enlisted has not increased to an unusual degree, Colonel Potts is quick to point out, in order to distract attention from the significant facts. The small increase of actually enlisted men is comparatively unimportant beside the fact that the Army is giving its attention to the quality rather than the quantity of its recruits. Only the best applicants are, of course, being accepted. Selections are made with a keen eye to improving the fighting efficiency of the Army. Enlistment qualifications have been jacked up; standards are rigidly adhered to. Youngsters with a desire for adventure

are being turned down abruptly. Those who have been drawn by necessity to the recruiting office meet such questions as "What technical knowledge have you, buddy? None? Sorry——"

Many of the applicants, according to the United States Army Information Service, come from what they like to call the aristocracy of labor and the higher social strata: men who have lost responsible jobs, students financially unable to remain at college or professional schools, writers, unemployed teachers, architects, engineers, petty bourgeois ex-business men. All these swarm to the recruiting office as a haven in the enveloping storm.

Not all the applicants are willing to enlist for three years; they hope the depression will be over before then and that they will then be able to return to their former occupations. Many do not care to throw away three years of their lives to be trained as soldiers—something which under less pressing circumstances they would do everything to avoid. Many are inherently opposed to militarism, but it is not theirs to choose when starvation is staring them in the face. The opportunity to buy back one's enlistment contract after one year is not particularly enticing, for it will take most of one's meager pay to do so.

Five years ago the scope of the Army's service was limited to such dull activity as giving the United States proper land defense, conducting an elaborate school system, supervising rivers and harbors, flood control, inland waterways, the Panama Canal and insular affairs. Today one of its principal components, the National Guard or militia, is called upon to do such "exciting" work as putting down strikes, breaking up Communist demonstrations, guarding foreclosed banks, protecting the lives of threatened financiers and politicians. The use of the National Guard in the Toledo strike recently was only the most recent of a long series of similar incidents.

If five years ago there was little to look forward to but routine matters, today the Army is assured by its own officials that increased industrial trouble will keep the kinks out of every soldier's body and brain. It is no secret that fear of strikes was the principal

reason for high Army appropriations this year; Assistant Secretary of War Woodring and ex-Secretary of War Hurley have made blunt statements to that effect. Nor is it a secret that the First Cavalry Regiment was transferred from Texas to Kentucky because of the rebelling miners in Harlan and Bell Counties.

Five years ago an officer had to rely primarily on text-books and manuals for his knowledge; he seldom could test the validity of his martial maxims. "Democracy," he read in the General Staff's Training Manual No. 2000-25, "is the direct rule of the people and has been repeatedly tried without success. . . . Democracy results in mobocracy, demagogism, license, agitation, discontent, anarchy." Today an officer can demonstrate that he has benefited by such learning; the depression and Roosevelt's New Deal have opened vast opportunities.

Prior to 1929 the National Guard was seldom used in suppressing strikers or breaking up demonstrations. Little use was made of these powers even after the National Defense Act of 1916 gave the government practically a free hand in organizing and controlling the National Guard in each state. But the last few years have seen the National Guard transformed into a highly effective instrument of the police power. It has not failed to give satisfaction to coal operators, trusts, and factory owners who have needed its "protection." The presence and use of bayonets, machine-guns, and tear gas, have served to break—temporarily, at least—many a strike and militant unemployed demonstration.

What the National Guardsmen think of their strike-breaking role is not difficult to estimate. Our strike story from Toledo gave an inkling of how the men hate the "duty" of bayoneting workingmen fighting for existence. For after all, the Army—and this applies similarly to the National Guard—is made up, as Lenin said, of "workers and farmers in uniform." Eventually the Army, the Navy, and the National Guard as well, will learn this fundamental lesson. The spectacle of fighting picket lines flung across the continent is helping in the process of education.



"HEIL COLUMBIA!"



Burck

HANFSTAENGL

"HEIL COLUMBIA!"

Jacob Burck

The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY — William O. Thompson quits Darrow Board . . . Asserts only a government by workers and farmers can have a planned production, produce goods for use, not for profits . . . Navy seizes bottles and documents carried by a victim killed in a plane crash in the Catskills . . . These related to a secret formula for Naval explosives . . . American Civil Liberties Union charges Police Commissioner O'Ryan of New York with provoking police brutality in smashing unemployed demonstrations . . . Judge James E. Horton of Scottsboro case infamy, defeated for re-election in Alabama . . . Public forbidden for day to visit *S.S. Chicago*, in New York with fleet, to "allow it to take on ammunition" . . . Cruiser *Portland* ordered barred Thursday for same reason . . . Eighty-four women packers and wrappers in butcher plants join wholesale meat workers' strike in New York . . . Massachusetts Emergency Work Administration plans to start up two idle underwear factories . . . Editor and reporter of *Daily Worker* notified of indictment by Grand Jury on criminal libel charges for exposing strikebreaking detective agency.

Thursday — Germany notifies Washington of six-months' moratorium on all debts . . . Steel workers meet in Pittsburgh to decide on strike . . . Baer knocks out Carnera "technically" . . . Senate confirms Tugwell as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture . . . Remington-Rand strike affecting several cities settled . . . Dawn of Flag Day finds red flag inscribed "Free Thaelmann. Down with Hitler Terror" flying from top of Eternal Light in New York to chagrin of guardians of law and order . . . Soviet Ambassador Troyanovsky predicts resumption of Soviet-American trade on big scale soon, perhaps to extent of \$300,000,000 yearly . . . War munitions worth \$600,000 consigned to Bolivia despite arms embargo found on New York dock . . . Prof. Henry J. Cadbury tells Rabbis' Conference at Wernerville, Pa., Hitler terror and oppression of Jews can be ended only through goodwill of Jews toward Hitler . . . Carpenters' strike in Washington may affect all building trades.

Friday—Police mobilize to carry out order of Mayor Smith, Seattle, that

"emergency" measures must be taken to open port paralyzed by longshoremen's and seamen's strike . . . Green-Tighe steam-roller effective in having Pittsburgh convention of steel workers vote to delay proposed strike . . . Finland is only nation to pay war debt installment to U.S.; 14 other European nations default . . . Profits of Remington-Rand for fiscal year ending March 31, 1934, were \$1,264,940 net . . . Workers plan mass picketing campaign in Jersey City in nine-months' furniture trade strike to protest jailings of pickets and anti-picketing injunctions as well as police brutality.

Saturday—Hanfstaengl on arrival by ruse evades 2,000 anti-Fascists at pier . . . Congress passes compulsory arbitration, strikebreaking labor bill sponsored by Roosevelt . . . Washington building trades' strike ended under government pressure . . . Former Gov. Alvin T. Fuller, remembered for his shameful part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, back from Europe, says he may run for Governor of Massachusetts again this year . . . Workers' complaints against speed-up, low wages, code violations, increase at New York state N.R.A. Compliance Board . . . Director Nathan Straus, Jr., says the multiplying complaints are "encouraging" because it shows workers are eager for "a square deal" . . . Henry I. Harriman, president of the Chamber of Commerce, says the employer has a right to deny employment to a worker if he belongs to a union.

Sunday—Removal of Maj. Gen. Benjamin D. Foulois, Chief of the Army Air Corps, on grounds of "dishonesty, mismanagement and gross misconduct" demanded of Secretary of War by House investigating committee . . . So jittery is Gen. Johnson that all mail addressed to officials or other employes at N.R.A. headquarters is opened and read before being given to them so snoopers can learn what they are corresponding about . . . By July 1, over 100,000 new recruits are to be sent to C.C.C. camps to keep personnel up to 303,000 at all times . . . Advertising men to hold convention in New York this week admit advertising ethics "dropped with those of business in general during the depression" . . . Mother Bloor is jailed in Hall County, Nebraska, after police viciously

break up mass meeting of striking women chicken pickers at Loup City . . . New York City relief workers plan strike against inadequate relief in July . . . Police savagely and without provocation break up peaceful Union Square meeting of New York unemployed.

Monday — Congress, maintaining its record unbroken, adjourns without passing a single measure in behalf of the workers . . . U. S. protests against "summary" suspension of German foreign debt payments . . . Heading out to sea for maneuvers, \$650,000,000 worth of battleships leave New York . . . Walls of Harvard University covered with posters protesting against presence of Nazi "Putzy" Hanfstaengl at class reunion . . . New York's military Police Commissioner, Gen. John J. O'Ryan, revealed to have formed secret police squad to spy on radicals . . . Two men killed, 10 hurt in explosion at Ford River Rouge plant explosion caused by speed-up . . . Sarah Bleeker arrested in Jersey City strike for picketing . . . Her case will be used to test illegal anti-picketing activities of police and courts . . . Pacific Coast strikers reject "settlement" Ryan tried to make them swallow and resume mass picketing . . . Despite Tighe betrayal, steel workers under leadership of Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union mobilize forces for strike action.

Tuesday—New York City, hoping to save \$35,000 a year, announces abolition of free text book distribution in three colleges . . . Government investigation into ocean mail contracts reveals vast corruption, United States paying as much as \$25,000 for transportation of single pound of mail . . . Socialist Jacob Panken offered New York Municipal Court justiceship . . . J. W. Harriman found guilty of wrecking his bank through misapplication of funds . . . Roosevelt names Secretary of Labor Perkins to deal with steel strike situation . . . Gen. Johnson fires organizer of union among N.R.A. employes . . . Unions in San Francisco decide to vote on general strike in sympathy with Pacific Coast longshoremen still out . . . State Senate votes Senator W. T. Thayer guilty of "misconduct" for being on payroll of utilities corporation while in Senate.

Raymond Moley

Provocateur-in-Chief for the New Deal

WILLIAM FRANCIS DUNNE

It was a year of REDEMPTION AND CONSUMMATION — the redemption of pledges to the people of America and the consummation of the hopes of the many who looked forward to a better ordered common life. I am setting forth the milestones that mark the achievement of a new public policy. . . . It is revolutionary. . . . only in the sense that the measures adopted and the purposes they seek differ from those used before. If it is a revolution, it is a PEACEFUL ONE, ACHIEVED WITHOUT VIOLENCE, without the overthrow of the purposes of established law, and WITHOUT THE DENIAL OF JUST TREATMENT TO ANY INDIVIDUAL OR CLASS.

—President Roosevelt in *On Our Way* (published April 12, by The John Day Company).

MOLEY CALLED ON PROBLEMS OF ROOSEVELT

COLUMBIA PROFESSOR STILL ACTS AS CHIEF "BRAIN TRUST" AIDE DESPITE OFFICIAL RETIREMENT

WASHINGTON, June 17.—(By *Universal Service*.) *The closing days of Congress have brought Raymond Moley, one-time head of the "Brain Trust," to light again as President Roosevelt's most intimate adviser. . . . He has seen the President frequently, and has been called into consultation on some of the most important legislation. . . . The Columbia University professor was especially valuable in bringing together divergent viewpoints, and is sifting the merit of legislative proposals. He also has a fine writing style, which has been found most useful in preparation of state papers. . . . He is now working on several matters at Roosevelt's request, and when he finishes, other tasks will be assigned to him. . . . The New Under-Secretary of Agriculture, Rexford Guy Tugwell, has been widely heralded as the chief spear-point of the so-called "Brain Trust." As a matter of fact, he has been used on little else besides Agriculture, and seldom sees the President. Moley, of the whole group, is still closest to the White House.*

THE MORAL PRESTIGE of the Roosevelt regime is declining. A natural catastrophe in the principal agricultural regions has revealed the insane futility of the plan of restriction of agrarian products more effectively and rapidly than tons of printed propaganda.

The N.R.A. program of financial, political and military support of monopoly capital, of encouragement of company unions, attacks on the living standards of the working-class and

the use of force to suppress its struggles for the right to organize and better wages and shorter hours, meets ever wider and more militant resistance.

In every crisis or emergency of American capitalism since 1886 violent attacks upon the consciously revolutionary section of the working-class, and special suppressive measures directed against it and its leaders, have preceded or coincided with the launching of a *new* drive against the living standards and elementary political rights of the working-class as a whole, or with an extension of an offensive already being carried on. These attacks also coincide with the advance of capital to a higher organic composition (the greater proportion of constant capital—plant, machinery, etc., as against capital paid out in the form of wages). The legalized murder of the Chicago anarchists, Parsons, Spies and their comrades, was the ruling class reprisal for their leadership of the eight-hour movement—the attempt of the working-class to overcome the handicap of labor-displacing machinery and the beginning of trustification.

In 1893-4 it was Eugene Debs and his associates who were singled out for arrest and imprisonment following the attacks on striking workers by federal troops in the great Pullman railway strike. In 1907 it was left wing Socialists and industrial unionists of the type of Bill Haywood who were picked as victims.

In the pre-war period it was the I.W.W. and left members of the Socialist Party, militant industrial unionists like Mooney who were arrested, railroaded and imprisoned. During the war members of these same revolutionary organizations, some members of A.F. of L. unions, were the main target of the government and its official and semi-official agencies.

In 1919-20 the government staged nationwide raids, arrests, deportations and imprisonment of members of the newly formed Communist Party. Many were given long sentences.

In 1922, during the nationwide strikes of railway shopmen and miners, the raid on the Bridgeman Convention of the Communist Party took place. Some seventy leaders of the party were arrested and held in high bail. C. E. Ruthenberg, then Secretary of the Party, was sentenced to ten years in prison. His untimely death, and the disagreement of the jury trying William Z. Foster, halted the prosecutions.

There are today many indications¹—notably

¹ In Pittsburgh Phil Frank has been given a two-four year sentence for leading an unemployed council of 18,000 members. James Egan, secretary of the

recent indictment of C. A. Hathaway, Editor of the Daily Worker, and Harry Raymond, member of the staff, for criminal libel resulting from the exposure of the strike-breaking activities of private detective agencies—that the Roosevelt regime, with its program for "recovery" at the expense of the working-class and poor farmers in dire straits, as a result of its own inner contradictions and widening mass resistance to it, is preparing to follow the example of its predecessors and sponsor a campaign of increased police violence and suppression directed against the Communist Party and the militant workers and organizations which support part or all of its program and tactics.

The Communist Party, the Trade Union Unity League and its militant unions, called the turn on N.R.A. from the very beginning. Their exposure of N.R.A. has never faltered. Hundreds of thousands of poverty-stricken people are now saying what Communists said a year ago.

The nationwide drive against elementary political rights of American workers and their organizations, with direct incitement for suppression and "extermination" of Communists and the Communist Party, as its open expression, has reached the stage where special attention must be directed to it and special measures taken to combat it. The issues involved include the right to organize and strike, the right of the unemployed to organize and demonstrate for their demands, the right to free speech and free assembly.

The propaganda establishment hight Today maintained out of his \$68,000,000 inherited fortune, by Brother Vincent Astor for Sister Raymond Moley, on May 26 became a menage a trois. For the purpose of attacking and slandering the Communist Party one McAlister Coleman was included in the household—apparently following the same line of reasoning that resulted in Horst Wessel, murdered by a customer he had procured for his paramour, becoming the Nazi symbol of struggle against Communism.

In considering the article by Coleman, the illustrations which accompany it, and the editorial by Raymond Moley, all directed against the Communist Party, its members and its activities, it is necessary to lay down certain definite premises:

First, it is necessary to show as clearly as possible that the statements and methods used by Moley in attacking Communists express not only his *personal* opinions, strategy and tac-

S.M.W.I.U. has been sentenced to a year in prison for organizing steel workers—after the Ambridge massacre of strikers by steel company thugs.

tics, but that they are, published in *Today*, fairly representative of the policy and tactics of President Roosevelt and his administration.

Second, it is necessary to make a clear distinction between political arguments of opponents of the Communist Party and statements and methods typical of police spies and provocateurs.

Third, it is necessary to show that the vicious diatribes, brazen slanders, distortions and misleading illustrations and captions carried by *Today* in its attack on Communists, are not the result of a sudden awakening to the need for combatting Communism. On the contrary, they only mark the entry of *Today* into an extensive open and covert anti-Communist and anti-working-class campaign that has been under way practically from the moment that Roosevelt stepped into office.

Fourth, to show that this campaign could not proceed with its present scope, with most of its leaders close to the Roosevelt administration, unless it had at least semi-official support.

Fifth, to show the remarkable coincidence and similarity of method of the attack in *Today* under Moley's direction, and the cowardly slander of unemployed leaders, Communist and non-Communist, by Mayor LaGuardia, Police Commissioner O'Ryan and the gutter press; and the brutal battering of unemployed demonstrators by police under their command.

Sixth, to show that this campaign against the Communist Party and militant workers' organizations and struggles generally coincides with the growing popular disillusionment with N.R.A., the increasing mass resistance to the wages and hour provisions of its codes, and the widening influence of the Communist Party.

Seventh, to show that Moley, the author of the recent report recommending the establishment of an additional force of 1,000 Federal police with special power under the guise of stamping out "crime," is attempting to justify the use of forcible repressive measures against Communists and lay the basis for further suppression and restriction of all workers' organizations which incur the displeasure of capitalists, their government and its paranoiac hangers-on of the type of Moley.

Vincent Astor, the angel who finances *Today*, is the scion of the well known family whose fortune was founded by peddling poisonous rum and condemned smallpox-ridden blankets to Indians for valuable furs. He is a close personal friend of Roosevelt and is the owner of the yacht "Nourmahal" on which the President frequently spends his week-ends. Like Roosevelt, he is of the Hudson River aristocracy. He never earned a dime in his life but has the enormous fortune aforementioned. It is this fortune, and not any political ability of Astor's, that makes him a member of the Roosevelt semi-official family.

Raymond Moley is a pedagogue combining all the arrogance and servility of the Dickens picture of this type. He received his Doctor of Philosophy degree when he was 32 years old. This would seem to indicate that either

he detoured on his road to erudite eminence or is not any too bright. He was director of the "Americanization" committee of the Ohio State Council of Defense in 1918-19, the civil organization which, cooperating with the Army Intelligence Service, hounded "radicals" and foreign-born workers during and after the war under the direction of the National Council of Defense and the suppressive measures of the Espionage Act. Appointed Assistant Secretary of State by Roosevelt, Moley resigned to take the unofficial but far more important post he now holds—Editor of *Today*.

Before and since the publication of the Coleman article and the Moley editorial on May 26, a huge amount of evidence has accumulated, all of which tends to show that this material in "*Today*" was intended to give unofficial endorsement of the Roosevelt Administration to a campaign of provocation, police violence and Fascist brutality against Communists, militant workers and their organizations.

On November 15 of last year William Green, in the name of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, submitted a document of 178 pages to President Roosevelt—it was also given to the press—accusing the Communist Party and individual Communists of practically every crime in the calendar—including murderous conspiracy and assassination.

In April of *this year*, Matthew Woll, vice-president of the A. F. of L., and acting president of the National Civic Federation, wrote a letter to Secretary of State Hull—which was given to the press—in which he echoed the charges made by Green against the C.P., as well as his provocations against the Soviet Union, added some slanders of his own, and suggested the need of a special political secret police force—to be used against the Communists, working directly under the Department of Justice. Special suppressive legislation was also suggested.

The Woll letter was followed up by a series of defamatory articles by Ralph Easley of the N.C.F., syndicated in the Hearst press, in which the writer exonerated American capital and the Roosevelt regime from all blame for the terrible conditions of the working-class, the Negro people and bankrupted middle-class groups, and placed the blame on the Communists.

The campaign of provocation against Communists has been under way since Roosevelt was inaugurated. The open entry of Raymond Moley, *the unofficial adviser of Roosevelt*, aided by Vincent Astor's millions, shows only that it is reaching a new peak.

The close connection between the multi-millionaire Astor, Moley and President Roosevelt is a matter of public knowledge. President Roosevelt may deny, but he cannot escape responsibility for the lying provocations of this publication which has the Astor millions at its disposal.

What is the immediate purpose of the Coleman and Moley screeds?

It is, first of all, to exonerate the police

forces of American cities, beginning with New York, of all blame in connection with brutal attacks on workers' meetings, on unemployed demonstrations, strikes, picket lines, etc. More than this, the attempt is made to picture the police as patient and long suffering servants of humanity and the gassing, shooting and clubbing of workers, the cold-blooded torture of arrested workers in police cells, as the acts of public defenders tried beyond endurance.

An attempt is made to identify Communists and unemployed workers with gangsters. And this is done in the face of the record of fifteen years of labor history wherein Communists have been expelled from unions, hundreds of them cruelly beaten, and many murdered, in the fight which they organize and lead against *gangsterism* in the unions—gangsterism organized and aided by the officialdom of the American Federation of Labor.

Who is today leading the fight against gangsterism in the New York Building Trades? Louis Weinstock, Communist worker! Who supports Zausner, leader of the forces of corruption and gangsterism in the Painters District Council, a section of the Building Trades? The officialdom of the Socialist Party, to which McAlister Coleman belongs and whose candidate he has been many times for various offices, and the police!

Why was Coleman, Socialist, picked to write the attack of a police provocateur for *Today*? Because President Roosevelt's henchmen knew that he could be trusted to give in typical Socialist Party style some social justification for incitement to official violence against workers and their leaders.

The history of the American labor movement shows that strikes of workers in this country always have been suppressed by police, troops and the privately recruited armies of professional murderers hired by corporations, with violence of a kind and scope that in other countries only accompanied actual civil war. But this kind of history does not fit in with the present needs of the Roosevelt administration.

Police violence against strikers and demonstrations, according to Coleman and Moley, is caused by the fact that Communists—especially women—deliberately provoke and attack benevolent policemen and thereby chill the milk of human kindness with which each police breast is overflowing. Textile workers also, and miners, according to Coleman, are incited to overt acts by Communism.

Coleman cites the New York Taxi strike and the Hotel Workers' strike as outstanding struggles where Communist violence compelled the police to be brutal. The fact that in both these strikes the employers hired professional strikebreakers and thugs—a number of whom were paroled convicts—to attack strikers, is ignored completely by Coleman.

The thought behind all this is that workers have no right to defend themselves. Since the advisors and military experts of the organized employers know that if workers do not defend themselves against strikebreakers and other government supported and armed forces

of the employers they have no alternative except surrender, and since Communists insist on this right of the working-class and call upon them to organize and exercise it whenever attacked, the "extermination" of Communists and the Communist Party—as the New York Daily Mirror so delicately puts it—is now seriously considered by the capitalists faced with growing revolts against N.R.A.

Never in the history of the American labor movement has there been such *widespread* use of armed force against the workers, the Negro people, and exploited farmers—forces of police, the National Guard, special official and semi-official bodies of armed hangers-on of the system. California, New Mexico, Utah, the Southern states,¹ Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New York, Missouri, Minnesota—all are areas where brutal and bloody attacks have been made upon strikers and unemployed. The press bristles with accounts—inadequate and distorted for the most part—of these assaults upon unarmed workers.

Early last year these assaults had become so widespread and vicious that a conference composed of representatives of the Civil Liberties Union, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Trade Union Unity League, the Church League for Industrial Democracy, rank and file organizations in a number of large A. F. of L. unions, a number of labor attorneys, the International Labor Defense, the Conference for Progressive Political Action and other organizations, met and elected a committee to list the outstanding cases of violence against workers, the use of injunctions, jailings, etc., go to Washington and protest directly to President Roosevelt. The delegates spoke in the name of several hundred thousand members of their organizations.

This was done. *Not a single capitalist paper published a word about the protest, although the statement was given to some sixty reporters who interviewed the delegation—of which the writer was a member—as it came out of the White House. The news of the protest was obviously censored.*

President Roosevelt never made a statement on the vital issues raised by the delegation. Armed attacks on strikers and the unemployed have increased in number and viciousness. Organized terror against and lynch murder of Negroes have reached a new high point.

The crop reduction program of the Roosevelt administration, intended to decrease the supply and raise prices of foodstuffs and raw materials for clothing at a time when millions of workers, farmers and city poor have neither enough to eat or wear, followed by the widespread drought, has created a dangerous food situation, the extent of which it tries to con-

¹ Angelo Herndon, Negro leader, given 20 years under the Georgia "insurrection" law for organizing his people. The Scottsboro case. Six Negro and white organizers indicted under a statute calling for the death penalty—the general increase in organized lynch and murder terror against Negroes, the present phase of it beginning with the murderous assault on the Sharecroppers Union.



ROOSEVELT'S MAN MOLEY

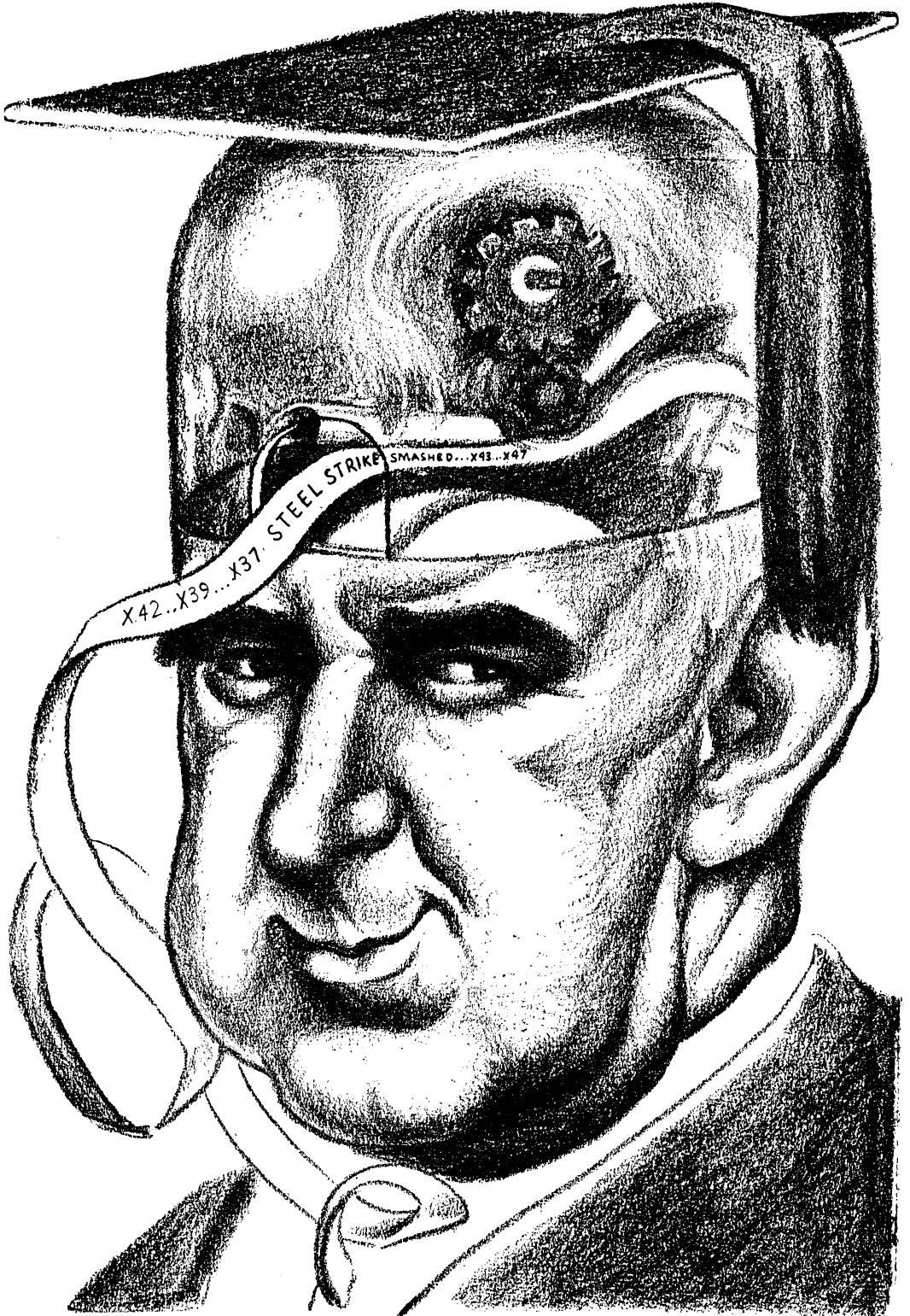
Esther Kriger

ceal. Cattle, hogs and sheep are being slaughtered wholesale. There is already a milk shortage.

The Roosevelt administration tries to conceal the magnitude of the catastrophe but it is beginning to be apparent that the crop reduction program, the arbitrary slaughtering of hogs and cattle, the burning winds and lack of rain, have brought on a scarcity despite the hunger standard set for the unemployed and lowered living standards of the entire working population. Unemployment is growing rapidly. The income of workers is being reduced. Prices are rising. But *profits* of corporations are increasing. Unemployment relief per person is being cut.

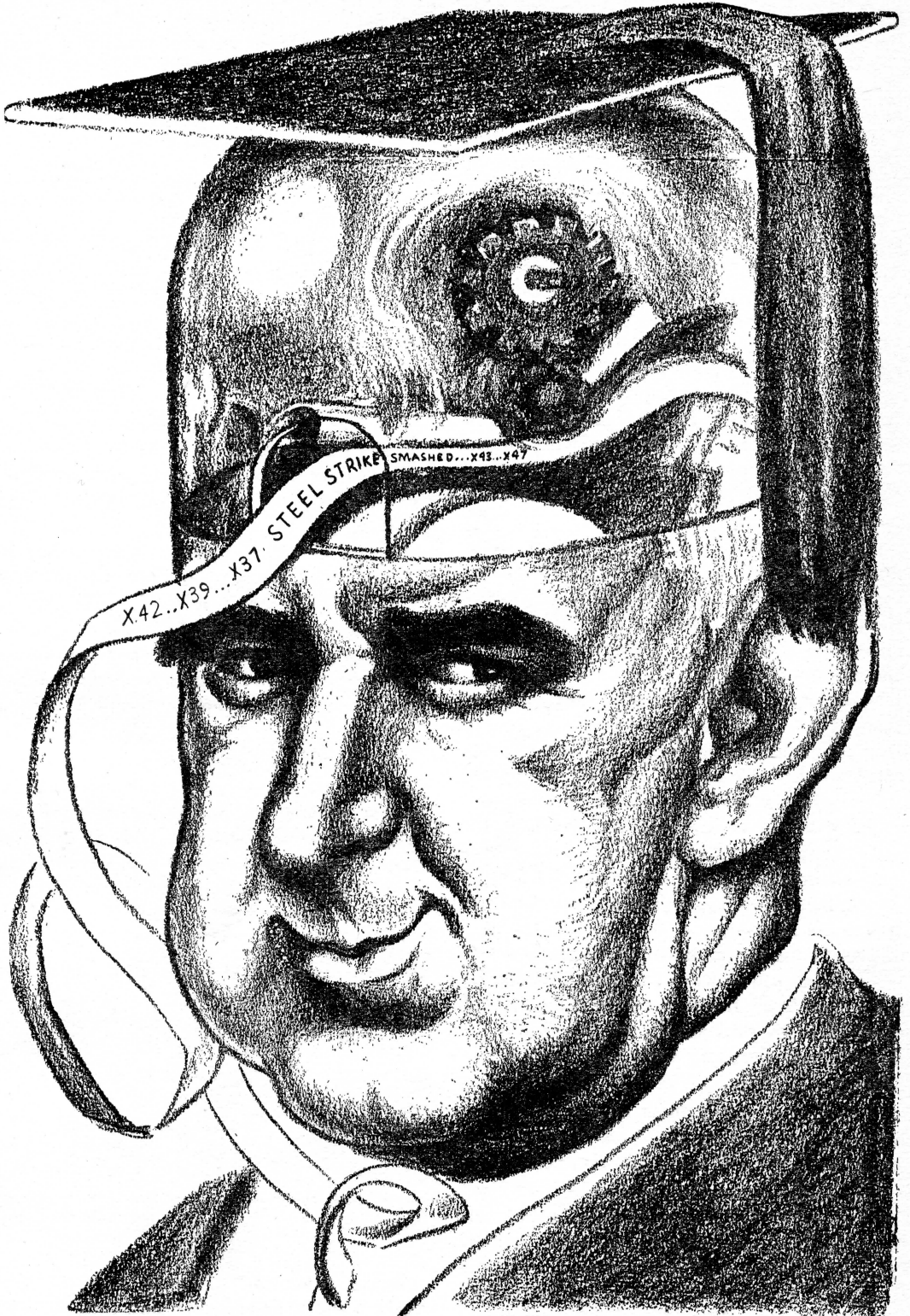
Not since the Scotch and English peasants were driven from their holdings by their landlords to make way for sheep, has any so-called civilized ruling class and its government adopted and enforced a program of curtailing the supply of life's necessities in which the danger of mass hunger and actual starvation for the working population stood out so menacingly.

The major crime of the Communist Party, in the eyes of the Roosevelt administration and its hangers-on of the Moley type, does not consist only in its advocacy of elected rank and file committees and use of the strike, local and general, as the most effective leadership and weapons for the working-class, or in its or-



ROOSEVELT'S MAN MOLEY

Esther Kriger



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ganization and leadership of the struggles of the unemployed, or even in its call to workers to exercise the basic right of defense of themselves and their organizations against the armed attacks of the enemy forces.

No, the major crime of the Communist Party, in the eyes of the ruling class and its paid publicists and provocateurs is that *it has exposed the monopoly capitalist character of N.R.A. from the day its provisions were made known.* It continues to do so and this is the unpardonable crime, this is the sin against the Holy Ghost, especially because living events fasten its indictment on N.R.A. with sledge hammer blows.

The Roosevelt administration and its N.R.A. is in crisis. It is endeavoring with a desperation which in itself is evidence of the acute character of the crisis to distract attention from its failure and crimes against the working-class.

The minority report of the Darrow Committee furnished additional and striking testimony to the monopoly capitalist character of the Roosevelt program, revealing the mechanics of the process by which thousands of the middle-class were being ruined, reduced to poverty and thrown on the glutted labor market.

The further statements by William Thompson,¹ former law partner of Darrow and experienced labor attorney, showed up the official labor wing of N.R.A.—Green, head of the A. F. of L., Lewis of the United Mine Workers, Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, etc.—as supine and obscene creatures of capital, as co-workers with the employers in the industrial codes and in sabotage of strikes. The Thompson statement corroborated the estimate made of the role of these highly-paid gentlemen as “strikebreakers.” The statement corroborated the charges made for years by the Communist Party.

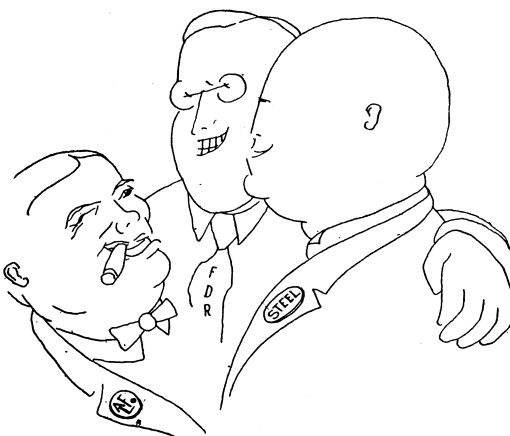
President Roosevelt held up the publication of the Darrow Report. The administration tried to discredit it but did not succeed.

Meanwhile the revised steel code² was signed by Roosevelt. The new code and the proposals made by General Johnson set up new barriers to real unions and strengthened company unionism. Roosevelt’s “compromise substitute” for the Wagner Bill drops all of the features of the Wagner proposals—except its compulsory arbitration, strikebreaking company union and penalty features.³

¹ Herald Tribune for June 1—Associated Press dispatch June 13.

² “In every phase of the administration of the code enormous powers are given to the Board of Directors of the Steel Institute. It combines within itself the functions of policeman, prosecuting attorney, judge and jury, as well as certain legislative powers, all of which in the aggregate give it absolute control not only over the economic destinies of the firms in the industry but over consumers of steel, transportation agencies, and, indeed, the economic welfare of entire communities.” In addition, a fact not mentioned here, the steel companies have been allowed to force 85 percent of the workers into company unions.—The Nation for May 23.

³ Daily Worker for June 14-15.



Stephen Alexander

The steel companies are being allowed to increase their private armies, to purchase quantities of riot guns, machine-guns, tear gas and vomiting gas.

Private detective agencies boast openly in the press of their part in these preparations. In a recent issue of the World-Telegram an interview with one of these heads of agencies specializing in strikebreaking and murderous terror was headed: “Dean of Strikebreakers Rushes Steel War Plans.”

“Preparations,” said this news story, “include selection of some ten thousand armed guards, purchase of arms and ammunition, erection of barriers, purchase of searchlights, erection of commissaries, buying of cots—all the preparations for regular warfare, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars.” Reports from steel centers bear this out.

Civil war is being organized openly—against workers. President Roosevelt’s supporters, Moley, Police Commissioner General O’Ryan, Mayor LaGuardia, etc., who are filling the press with the most vicious incitement to violence against Communists, who blame the Communists for all violence in labor struggles, have nothing to say about the preparations of the big capitalists for smashing attempts of workers to better their conditions and strengthen their organizations—for smashing these necessary struggles by all possible means, including organized mass murder.

These advocates of Fascist suppression of workers and their organizations, these devotees of the policy of “extermination” of Communists, are motivated by only one thought—to preserve profits and the profit system intact. Property rights are sacred. Lives and liberties of workers—this is a matter to be turned over to the police and other armed forces. Property rights must be “protected.” So must “American institutions” rooted in capitalist robbery.

“Most of the rioting in the Squares of our larger industrial cities,” says Coleman in Today, “around factories and before relief agencies and police stations, is kept boiling—more often than not it is started—by card-carrying members of the Communist Party. This is frankly admitted by those in the inner circles of the Party.”

Coleman then lays the blame for “disorder”

in the hotel strike in New York upon the Communists. He claims that the Amalgamated Food Workers’ Union “consisted originally only of two waiters and bus-boys at the cafeteria in the Communist Party headquarters.”

The venom of Coleman gets the better of his notoriously small stock of veracity. Even a casual reading of the Daily Worker during the strike would have disclosed that the Amalgamated Food Workers was not led by Communists and had no connection with the Communist Party. The Daily Worker denounced the leadership of the A.F.W., not because it created “disorder,” but because it tried to get the strikers to surrender to the employers on the terms of the N.R.A. Regional Labor Board.

Perhaps the lowest point in provocation by a journal pretending to ultra-respectability is reached in the illustration and its caption which dress up the first page of the Coleman article.

It is a picture of an automobile being hoisted out of the river. The caption says: “The driver of this cab was drowned when his machine was run into the East River, New York. For days bands of strikers roamed the city, stopping and toppling over cabs and terrifying the passengers.”

What are the facts? One, the taxi strikers did not run any cabs into the river. Two, the driver of the machine in question was not drowned. Three, the picture used by Moley and Astor’s Today originally accompanied a news story in a New York daily dealing with the destruction of automobiles in order to collect insurance.

Any person not knowing these facts would conclude naturally that the strikers had run this machine into the river and drowned the driver. This is the impression Moley intended to create. This is a cheap but brazen lie. He plies his trade with the greatest enthusiasm when it can make serious trouble for Communists and other workers. Moley and Coleman, on the payroll of the multi-millionaire Astor, working for the Roosevelt administration, are inciting murderous violence against strikers and unemployed by these lies.

That is their purpose.

From all over the country come figures showing the tremendous increase in the number of people needing public relief to live. In New York City there is an influx of some 1,500 new relief applications per day.

The demand put forward by the Communist Party in 1930 for compulsory federal unemployment insurance⁴ for all workers has been fought tooth and toenail by all the forces of capitalism. Unemployed workers have been forced to fight for the right to live. The United States has become a gigantic poorhouse with unemployment relief still considered a privilege and not a right. The administration

⁴ H.R.7598—introduced by Representative Lundeen—has been endorsed by thousands of A.F. of L. local unions, by union conventions, by many central labor unions, by state federations of labor. This, according to the Moley-Green-Woll theory, is Communist provocation of Congress.

of the charity funds and public grants still awaits a chronicler who will picture it correctly as one of the great scandals of all history causing indescribable suffering for those it was supposed to benefit.

The will-o-the-wisp of speedy national economic recovery has been used to halt the struggles of the still uncounted millions of unemployed for insurance and relief systems that do not destroy all self-respect. As far as the ruling class and its government are concerned, the mass of permanently unemployed, created by capitalism, are pariahs, comparable to the Eta of Japan and the untouchables of India.

Who took the lead in organizing the unemployed, in raising the issue of solidarity of employed and unemployed, of the responsibility of the capitalist class, its government and the system as a whole for the maintenance of standards of decency of the unemployed?

It was the Communists. Foster, Amter, Minor and Raymond were sent to the filthy cells of Welfare Island for long terms after March 6, 1930, as a result of a mammoth demonstration of unemployed demanding relief—the first effective mass demand made in the crisis. Unemployment relief became a national issue. Hunger marches in practically every state and two marches to Washington made still clearer the need for federal relief and compulsory federal unemployment insurance.

Wide mass organization was necessary to prevent evictions and thousands of militant struggles have been necessary to secure even the hunger rations on which the unemployed now exist.

No one but a fool would fail to see the connection between the unrestrained denunciation of Communists in Today, the crisis of the Roosevelt administration, its program for the preservation of capitalism, and the cowardly attack by Mayor LaGuardia upon elected leaders of the Greater New York Conference for United Action on C.W.A. and Unemployment, singling out James Gaynor, chairman.

Today carried its lying attack on the Communist Party in its issue for May 26. On June 5, following a conference with various editors of the metropolitan press (exposed by the Daily Worker) LaGuardia called Gaynor "a yellow dog" when he went as leader of a delegation to protest the unusually brutal police clubbing of unemployed demonstrators for relief at 50 Lafayette Street on May 27. According to the World-Telegram, the fearless mayor, whose public record shows him to be entirely devoid of political principle, "charged Gaynor with desiring that people starve and with intent to mislead them and misappropriate the nickels and dimes collected from them."

"We're not going to give you yellow dogs the chance to break up this conference," the mayor said. Gaynor had requested that the organization of which he is chairman, representing some 130,000 people, be allowed to have a delegation present at the bankers' conference. Mayor LaGuardia says he does not know where to turn for relief. *But he does.*

He turns on the unemployed, their organizations and leaders.

Gaynor is not a Communist. Typical of the army of middle-class professional people ruined by the four and one-half years of crisis, he voted for LaGuardia. He at one time was paid \$24,000 per year by an engineering firm. As evidence of the spying that is done on unemployed leaders, we submit the following, also from the World-Telegram of June 5th:

"At police headquarters it was said a thorough search into Gaynor's history failed to reveal anything against him." *In police parlance, the liberal Mayor was trying "to get something on" the leaders of the unemployed.* Against ordinary unemployed the process is simpler. They merely club them down. Or shoot them.

The unemployed must be taught that they are a huge nuisance, allowed to exist only because of the mercy of tender-hearted capitalists, public officials and humane police—armed with blackjacks, riot clubs and revolvers—whose patience has been exhausted by the "provocative tactics" of unemployed demanding the right to live at least as well as the pet dogs of Vincent Astor.

It is hoped by arrests, clubbings, jailings, and other suppressive acts against leaders of the unemployed to cow the great mass of jobless workers and their dependents into silence, to force them to accept slow starvation without protest. There were only 139 persons who died of starvation in New York City in the last year, according to the official figures. (These figures are meaningless except insofar as they show that the facts could not be entirely concealed by the practice of giving some other cause for death whenever possible.)

Relief funds on hand will scarcely last through July. State and Federal allowances for relief of the unemployed are being cut down. If the unemployed reduced their demands, if they disbanded their organizations,

if they did not appeal to and get moral and material support from employed workers, if they ceased their militant activities, the problem of relief would be solved in the characteristic capitalist manner—relief would be cut to fit the reduced funds, the unemployed would be pressed harder against the sharp edge of the hunger knife.

The hunger standard of relief per family in New York City—it is estimated that 270,000 families are on city relief and work relief—can be seen from a news story featured in the World-Telegram for June 12: Ever anxious to reduce relief expenditures, city investigators found that more than 2,000 families were getting both city and work relief. Their total income from both sources was \$80 per month!

Divided by two, this gives \$40 per month per family as the standard amount of relief—and as far as we know the average family still consists of five persons.

The situation is desperate—for the unemployed. But neither the unemployed workers or the Communist Party caused the crisis which has resulted in submerging millions of the working population in a bottomless well of misery.

President Roosevelt, Vincent Astor—his \$68,000,000 pal—Raymond Moley, the wandering troubador of the administration, Mayor LaGuardia, Relief Administrator Hodson, Police Commissioner O'Ryan, all support the robber class and the system which brought on the crisis. They seek the way out in only one direction—lowered living standards for the entire American working-class, and an increase in profits and power for the handful of multimillionaires and billionaires who are the real rulers of America, in imperialist war preparations.

(The conclusion of this article will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.)

A Balanced Diet

GREENVILLE, MISS.—Here is one example I would like to have exposed. During the winter the workers had to eat grass and corn bread. This is a grass that comes from the graveyards on the railroad tracks. Even the hogs do not eat this grass. The Negroes call this grass the shouting grass. They ate this because this State system would not give them relief. (Daily Worker, from a Worker Correspondent.)

ATLANTA, GA.—The population of Bibb County is 77,000, yet the total persons, black and white, on the emergency relief rolls is 19,209. . . . The amount paid for relief is \$4.25 per month each, or less than 15 cents a day. Conditions are so bad that many of the needy are in a state of semi-starvation. (Editorial correspondence, the New York Times.)

NEW YORK.—Every two and a half days, one man, woman or child dies of starvation in New York City. (Better Times.)

WASHINGTON.—There's a plethora of food at the White House.

Many of the delicacies for the President's table have come pouring in from all over the country from supporters of the Roosevelts.

"We've had mangoes from Florida, and persimmons from California; frogs' legs from Florida, cantaloupes from the Middle West; prize apples, peaches, cherries, pears and beef," Mrs. H. F. Nesbit, housekeeper for President Roosevelt, declared.

"Ducks, quail and smoked wild turkey were abundant. We had mountain sheep, moose, caribou, venison, brook trout, oysters, clams, Nova Scotia salmon, terrapin."

With President Roosevelt going on vacation soon, Mrs. Nesbit mourns the fact that for a little while he and Mrs. Roosevelt, "connoisseurs both of good food," will not be there to appreciate the tasty feasts. (Washington news dispatch in the capitalist papers.)

How to Become an Idol

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

JOSEPH GUBBINS, of Los Angeles, took to bed with a fever a week ago Monday. It took him thirty hours to reach the critical stage but he weathered it. By Thursday morning he was resting easily. The doctor ordered him to avoid all excitement, there was no danger.

Thursday evening the patient insisted on having the Baer-Carnera fight tuned in. His wife called the doctor to ask if it was all right, but the doctor himself was listening to the fight at the home of a friend who had no phone. Gubbins was insistent. He died somewhere along the ninth or the tenth round, and his death rated seventeen lines in one New York paper and fourteen in another.

One is staggered by the outpouring of energy precipitated by a fight such as this. The impending steel strike, the Hitler-Mussolini conferences, events ordinarily treated in eight column streamers, were relegated to the innocuous page two.

Deliberate, if obvious, cunning went into the construction of these issues. Carnera, the fascist, was ballyhooed by Il Duce himself. Odds on him soared above 10 to 1 in Italy. Baer was maxie-the-jewboy with his race's star blazoned on the purple trunks!

Carnera is not a fascist. He is a mild and misled imbecile. I don't get this from the papers. I have heard him talk.

Neither is Baer a Jew, although there is some Jewish blood in him. Before his shot at the big time he had been billed as Bohemian, Litvak and Irish, according to the locality's composition. It was for New York he donned the tzitzes.

Yet there is no closing one's eyes to the spectacle of an allegedly reasonable people being goaded into violent partisanship by factors certainly not more impressive than these. Actually it was the news releases on Baer's plucking hairs out of Carnera's chest, mumbling "He loves me, loves me not," which swung the odds to favor the Livermore Loon. Exceedingly conservative multiplication discloses the fact that the daily newspapers of our nation saw fit to devote over two billion words to the depilation.

Baer is manna to them. He's copy. He's "dizzy." But Baer isn't dizzy. He's goofy. And who wouldn't be. Maxie's adolescence was spent slaughtering and dressing hogs ten to fourteen hours a day. He was a drinker. When he found he could fight he went into the ring under the management of Ham Lorimer who, by the way, has attached his Carnera fight purse of \$40,652.69. And Max has been fighting five years, hard, tough fights. No boxer comes through five years of victorious campaigning without being beset by toadies and hangers-on.

Not all of Baer's hallucinations of grandeur are worked out by gag men. A great

deal of that is pathological. He came to New York in 1930 with a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac, a chauffeur, a secretary-dietician, thirty suits of clothes, ten trunks, a manager and his wife. It was costing him three hundred dollars a day and he had to sell shares until he owned but 20 percent of himself. Fabulous yarns circulate about this period of his career.

Naturally the local sheets ate this up although they were forced to relinquish their clown after he was outslugged by poor, stupid Schaaf and made to look like a ludicrous ape by the overstuffed, notoriously light-hitting Loughran. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Max Schmeling put him back in the running he got a press which hurtled him into the class of Technical Advisor Lindbergh. Exultantly the Campbell story was dug up and rehashed week after week:

In the fifth, Baer hit Campbell a looping right-hand punch, knocking him into the ropes, where he stiffened and hung, the top strand passing under his armpits. The referee was on the other side of the ring. While Campbell hung on the

ropes Baer hit him eight punches with both hands, so that Campbell looked first to the left, then all the way to the right, then back to the left again, like an automaton, before he slid to the floor. A man named Thomas in Frankie's corner ran the blade of a penknife an inch up and under the nail of Campbell's thumb. . . . The boy never even quivered. He died the next morning.

After the Carnera fight this Max Baer received ten thousand dollars for putting in an appearance at a New York night club and acting for a brief period as master of ceremonies.

Also after the fight an Italian radio station announced that Baer had worn brass knuckles and had been placed under arrest. Eighty-eight thousand dollars of Carnera's share, deposited to the credit of his manager Louis Soresi, was attached by Amelia Tersini, suing the Falling Tower of Pisa for breach of promise. Ugly matters float in the cauldron of a big fight in America, but the greater the ferment the richer the skimming. It's skim milk being ladled out to the young beneficiaries of Mrs. Hearst's Fund. This fight was advertised as a charity bout to feed babies. Ten percent of the gate is going to the Milk Fund, much of it for administration. The rest will feed Max, his secretary-dietician and the wide-eyed, coy babies who figure in the releases.

1,400 People: 1 Water Faucet

G. E. BARR

A department of the city of New York maintains and operates a place commonly called Hoover City at the foot of Columbia Street, Brooklyn. I've known people to drive in from Massachusetts to take pictures of this place. New Yorkers don't even know it exists.

Imagine, if you can, fourteen hundred people with only one water faucet? Hungry women standing in line to get an oil can full of water to feed to the half starved kiddies? No sanitary facilities for fourteen hundred people right in the shadow of the largest dry dock in the world? Fourteen hundred people, one water faucet, and relief being dispensed or otherwise by a British-owned corporation which gets a juicy slice of the relief melon and is buying extensive tracts of land all over Northern England. Cops from the 76th precinct have seen and smelt these conditions, carried bodies out, called ambulances for childbirth cases, the sick and the starved—and they must be aware that denatured alcohol has been sold in this section by jealous landlords.

They know—I told them and their Commissioner—but it's another City department and they can't do anything under their regulations. Even the Army can find no authority to intervene under 486 Army regulations, section 5299 U. S. Laws. The Health Department went on record as stating that they can only add water faucets with the permission of the Sinking Fund Commissioner.

One would be surprised at who is in this place and why they got there. Ships' officers with no prospect of a ship. One fellow who sailed the seas with the famous Emden—the German commerce raider which raised hell with Allied commerce until a British battle fleet caught up with her. I met one fellow whose family used to own a lot of Massachusetts until the depression of '21 put Massachusetts permanently out of the running. A German who ran a machine-gun section for the old Spartacists outside of Bremerhaven or something like that—discussing the rations issued by the Salvation Army, he stated that he'd not eaten for four days—and said—Don't do me no favors—when offered a pack of cigarettes.

Epidemics flourish in summer—and additional water facilities in this section will save a few people who will otherwise pass out before August. It is certain that any competent medical expert or sanitary engineer would consider this fourteen hundred people to one solitary water faucet affair as constituting, in itself, a definite menace to the public as a whole and a dangerous threat to the people involved through residence in this area. This is a situation which just grew up without anyone being able to do anything about it. It exists because everyone who knows about it just blinks at the facts involved and puts it off for another day.

“Georgia Wants Me—Dead or Alive”

DON WEST

Thy star-crowned hills and valleys sweet,
Georgia land, my Georgia land!

THE little school house at the foot of Burnt Mountain rang with the music of our voices. Thirty mountaineer children proudly lifted our state song up through cracks in the roof. Echoes resounded from the sides of Burnt Mountain. They mingled with the dark thicket of Devil's Hollow. A farmer across the valley on the mountain stopped his mule. The song floated up through the fodder blades. Two of his grand-kids were in that school! He smiled. The last verse climbed up from the valley.

Old Kim Mulkey clucked to his mule. The plow tore through crab grass roots, hung on a sour wood stump. He jerked it loose, plunged it into the dark loam soil. Old Kim had a feeling of satisfaction. He was the most respected citizen in the Burnt Mountain neighborhood. For years he had been justice of the peace. He “rived” the boards from white-oak trees to cover the single room school house at the mouth of Devil's Hollow. He had never gone to school. Reading and writing had been learned by candle light around an open fireplace in the evenings. But he wanted better things for his grandchildren. They must be good, educated citizens!

Kim Mulkey was my grandfather.

A one-room log cabin stood on the ridge above Devil's Hollow. Down below Turkey Creek sang and split its sides against the rocky banks. The Hollow was dark and foreboding. Children dreaded to pass there after dark. Up in the new ground field, above the cabin, corn stalks bent to the winds. Southern breezes softly whispered as they crept through their blades. Crickets chirped. Katydid chattered like a bunch of old women at a quilting. Jim West held his plow handles sidewise to keep it up in the next row. Roots jerked at the plow point. The mule was contrary. It was an all-day grind—“Gee, haw. Giddap”—The mule was interested in a bunch of grass.

Below the plowman a young woman dug at the crab grass and sour-wood sprouts. From early morning till noon she toiled. An hour off to cook a meal of corn bread, sow belly and turnip greens. Then back to the corn rows again . . . till dusk spread a sleepy spell over the hills and valleys. She was Jim's wife. These two were my parents.

These are my earliest memories. My folks had always lived in the southern mountains. We were Scotch-Irish with a little Cherokee Indian blood. Dad fought the rocky hillsides for a living. Mother just faithfully followed his plow, digging the crab grass and sprouts from the corn rows. My job was to “tend

the baby.” Down by the creek under a huge weeping willow we played and fought—quarreled, made up and loved. (Today that baby sister is a grown woman, and a Communist organizer in the deep South. I never see her any more.) Later there were six other kids added to our family. The living got harder. But mountain families are always large. Life is bitter.

In the school house my grandfather built we kids sang patriotic songs and learned about the wonders of Georgia. There were the mountains, foothills, piedmont and plains. There were cotton, corn, vegetables, turpentine and timber; the rich deposits of minerals, the coast line and fishing. The varieties of climate were unsurpassed. We saw the rolling hills, the creek and valley. The grand summit of old Burnt Mountain stood like an eternal sentinel to watching our lives—the suffering and hates, the joys and sorrows of Georgia mountaineers! I remember how I thrilled with pride! Georgia! Surely there was no other place like Georgia!

Thy star-crowned hills and valleys sweet,
Georgia land, my Georgia land!

Later I grew up and left the hills to seek an education. Mountaineers often try to better themselves by getting educated. But it is a hard grind. I worked as a telephone lineman. I worked in steel mills, came to Philadelphia to spend six months in a radio factory, dug ditches, plowed fields, shoveled coal, and dozens of other jobs. Anything honest to help get an education. My parents sacrificed my services at home so I could work my way through school. At sixteen I went away, a long-legged green mountain boy. It didn't occur to me that I was leaving the hills for good. They had always been our home place.

Many times, I recall, I've gone away from Georgia for a few months—once for two years to Europe—always eager to be back. As the train pulled out of Chattanooga over the Blue Ridge into Georgia, I've eagerly watched for the first sign of her red clay hills. I loved Georgia. It makes no difference where a mountaineer goes, he “allus has a-hankering” to go back to the hills—his home place. I have yet to see the mountain man who has gone out and doesn't somewhere have a longing to return to the hills. I was that way. The mountain people were mine. I loved them. For years I stumbled around trying to find a way to help them. Three years were spent getting educated to be a preacher. I entered the church only to find that when I preached sermons against the exploitation of mill workers in the factory town where the church was, I found myself no longer wanted. I lost the job. I was a school teacher and worked in a mountain missionary school. But

all these efforts were so futile. It seemed like painting a rotten apple red. I learned that there were two classes. I organized for the Socialist Party in the South. But “Jim Crow” locals were only one of many things that showed me the bankruptcy of the Socialist program! One day a Daily Worker came to my hands. It was news! In the South the Reds were hard to find because of the illegal situation. I talked with Socialist leaders—Clarence Senior, Norman Thomas— It was no use! But I still had hopes in the Socialist Party. I rode a motorcycle from Atlanta to New York to see Clarence Hathaway. He was the only real Communist I knew anything about. Four days I stayed with him. He was considerate, kind, the most human person I thought I'd ever seen. How different from the tales we heard in the South about long-haired Bolsheviks with a knife between their teeth and a bomb in each pocket ready to cut loose on the first person they met!

I returned to the South to be state organizer of Georgia for the Communist Party!

Today I write this article in an East Side New York coffee pot. I think of Georgia, the long past, the recent weeks. I am a fugitive from Georgia! Ruling-class justice demands my arrest. It threatens me with the electric chair or a long term chain-gang sentence! It brags what it did to Angelo Herndon—18 to 20 years! “Ought to be lynched, the damned nigger, though! Nigger lovers ought to be killed, too. Reds ought to be sent back to Roosia where they all come from! Burn Communism out of Georgia! Georgia is a hundred percent American. Pure old Anglo-Saxon blood. No room fer them furriners, them Roosian Reds!”

• “One hundred percenters!” I think about my people. The first to settle the Georgia mountains. And the Cherokees, the real “one hundred percenters!”

The Georgia rulers brand me as a dangerous criminal! A Roosian Red! They threatened to get me “dead or alive.” I have committed the unforgivable crime of organizing Negro and white workers together to struggle for better living conditions! It is the same “crime” for which they are sending Angelo Herndon to the chain gang for 18 to 20 years. I, a native white Southerner, a one hundred percenter, took up the job Angelo Herndon had to drop! But these ignoramus still jabber about “Roosian Reds”!

The world finds welcome at thy door,
Georgia land, my Georgia land!

My old motorcycle went sputtering down out of Tennessee into the hills. Again I was returning home, to Georgia. That was last summer after leaving Clarence Hathaway. I had found what I had so long been feeling

for. I had a different program, a new vision. I wondered what kind of welcome I was to receive.

That old school song rings in my ears. Our teacher was honest. She did the best she knew, perhaps. I don't even hate her now for whipping me once till the blood ran down my legs. But I no longer wonder about welcome of the Georgia ruling-class. Georgia has a welcome to offer her own sons who have opinions differing from the ruling-class! Such persons are welcomed on the chain gang or in the electric chair!

Three weeks ago the Georgia Supreme Court handed down its decision on the Herndon case. It condemned him to a slow, agonizing death! No man in Herndon's position, under all the brutality John Spivak so truly

pictured in *Georgia Nigger*, could hope for more than a few painful years! With the Herndon decision the authorities launched a merciless reign of terror against the Atlanta workers. The Assistant Solicitor General, Rev. John Hudson, with his famous "Red Squad," haunted the working-class sections for days. They raided private homes, tore into closets, trunks, in search of "radical literature." All books, papers, magazines, dealing with workers' problems or organization were seized or destroyed. News stands were forbidden to sell the *Daily Worker*, *THE NEW MASSES*, *Liberator*, *Labor Defender* or other working-class publications. Workers were forbidden to receive these publications by mail on threat of the same fate that they settled on Angelo Herndon! They got a warrant for

me, charging "inciting to insurrection." They threaten to get me, "dead or alive." Georgia's famous old slave insurrection law makes it possible for the ruling-class to suppress all workers' activities and attempts to organize legally. Hitler's brutal fascist dictatorship in Germany where all pretense to democracy has been abandoned, is hardly more effective in destroying workers' freedom than are the rulers of Georgia. But Georgia is still a state of the United States of America, supposedly a nation of "freedom and Democracy"!

Georgia land, my Georgia land!

Even Olin Montgomery, one of the nine condemned Scottsboro boys, was taught to sing that song!

I Have Seen Black Hands

RICHARD WRIGHT

I am black and I have seen black hands, millions and millions of them—

Out of millions of bundles of wool and flannel tiny black fingers have reached restlessly and hungrily for life.

Reached out for the black nipples at the black breasts of black mothers,

And they've held red, green, blue, yellow, orange, white, and purple toys in the childish grips of possession,

And chocolate drops, peppermint sticks, lollypops, wineballs, ice cream cones, and sugared cookies in fingers sticky and gummy,

And they've held balls and bats and gloves and marbles and jack-knives and sling-shots and spinning tops in the thrill of sport and play,

And pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters and sometimes on New Year's, Easter, Lincoln's Birthday, May Day, a brand new green dollar bill,

They've held pens and rulers and maps and tablets and books in palms spotted and smeared with ink,

And they've held dice and cards and half-pint flasks and cue sticks and cigars and cigarettes in the pride of new maturity . . .

II

I am black and I have seen black hands, millions and millions of them—

They were tired and awkward and calloused and grimy and covered with hangnails,

And they were caught in the fast-moving belts of machines and snagged and smashed and crushed,

And they jerked up and down at the throbbing machines massing taller and taller the heaps of gold in the banks of bosses,

And they piled higher and higher the steel, iron, the lumber, wheat, rye, the oats, corn, the cotton, the wool, the oil, the coal, the meat, the fruit, the glass, and the stone until there was too much to be used,

And they grabbed guns and slung them on their shoulders and marched and groped in trenches and fought and killed and conquered nations who were customers for the goods black hands had made,

And again black hands stacked goods higher and higher until there was too much to be used,

And then the black hands held trembling at the factory gates the dreaded lay-off slip,

And the black hands hung idle and swung empty and grew soft and got weak and bony from unemployment and starvation,

And they grow nervous and sweaty, and opened and shut in anguish and doubt and hesitation and irresolution . . .

III

I am black and I have seen black hands, millions and millions of them—

Reaching hesitantly out of days of slow death for the goods they had made, but the bosses warned that the goods were private and did not belong to them,

And the black hands struck desperately out in defence of life and there was blood, but the enraged bosses decreed that this too was wrong,

And the black hands felt the cold steel bars of the prison they had made, in despair tested their strength and found that they could neither bend nor break them,

And the black hands fought and scratched and held back but a thousand white hands took them and tied them,

And the black hands lifted palms in mute and futile supplication to the sodden faces of mobs wild in the revelries of sadism,

And the black hands strained and clawed and struggled in vain at the noose that tightened about the black throat,

And the black hands waved and beat fearfully at the tall flames that cooked and charred the black flesh . . .

IV

I am black and I have seen black hands

Raised in fists of revolt, side by side with the white fists of white workers,

And some day—and it is only this which sustains me—

Some day there shall be millions and millions of them,

On some red day in a burst of fists on a new horizon!

Japan Rides the Tiger

HAROLD WARD

THE JAPANESE have a proverb: "He who rides the tiger cannot dismount." If we call this tiger Imperialism, its habitat the entire world, and its natural food the flesh of human beings, it is easy to understand why the Japanese government is very anxious to stay mounted until practically everything else—including, of course, the Japanese *people*—has been devoured. To this ambition there is one grave drawback: the jungle of modern capitalism is filled with the roars of a whole herd of tigers; all ravenous; each with its own terrified rider; each rider equally resolved not to dismount until the bitter end.

The most peculiar thing about the matter is that, although each jockey is literally armed to the teeth, none of them even dreams of killing the tigers whose appetites grow with what they feed on. This, it appears, would be very unsportsmanlike and might, dreadful thought, bring about the destruction of the jungle game-preserve which they, with tearful eloquence, call "civilization." "Security? freedom? progress? prosperity? Oh, by all means!" declaims Japan, driving her mount into the thick of a strike in Tokyo, Osaka, Mukden or Seoul, to the gloomy admiration of her colleagues, "By all means. But first, naturally, for the tigers—and ourselves! Is that not the—what you call it—great idea?"

It is certainly Japan's idea. Now for a brief close-up of how it is working:

Trade

As a normal result of her merciless industrial speed-up, Japan's foreign trade in 1933 increased by 32.5 percent over that of 1932. Exports to the United States and American markets during the first four months of 1934 rose by nearly 20 percent, while total world exports were up by 24.5 percent in the same period. Imports, however, had risen by less than six percent—which almost looks as though Japan were manufacturing her myriad products out of nothing at all. Despite frantic tariff regulations, export quotas and other capitalist devices to keep the profits at home, Japanese industry, behind the barrage of a depreciated currency, firm government support and intense labor exploitation, continues to invade every market in the world. She is rapidly overtaking the United States as leader in the production of rayon; in Canada, British West Indies and South Africa Japanese rubber-soled canvas shoes are available at half the price of the English product; in the Dutch East Indies Japan's imports outrank Holland's (including beer, which sells in Batavia at half the price of the Dutch product). American cotton goods have been crowded out of the Philippines, among many other countries; and the Japan Industry Co. has just acquired 20,000 shares of General Motors of Japan, whose profit rates during the last seven years

—despite the depression—have averaged more than 30 percent. A new factory will soon be capable of turning out parts for 20,000 automobiles a year, including American-built units.

Production

In order to obtain, and hold, markets on which the sun never sets, Japan must operate her machinery and force her workers at a pace on which, hitherto, the sun has never risen.

The Mitsubishi Index of Industrial Production gives the following figures for the first 8 months of 1933 (1927=100); compared with 1932:

Industry	1933	1932
Iron	152	123
Steel	178	146
Cement	133	106
Paper	120	114
Cotton products	129	118
Silk materials	130	101
Soda	200	167
Chloride of lime	150	110

The increase in iron, steel and chemicals bears directly on Japan's war preparations; with regard to chemicals alone, half a dozen powerful corporations (including the recently-formed Manchuria Chemical Industry Co.) are increasing their output of "fertilizer" (for an admittedly ruined farm population!) by upwards of 400,000 tons a year. As for textiles, part of the secret of Japan's tremendous productivity in this field is to be found in the Toyoda spinning machine, which makes it possible for *one* operative to supervise from twenty to forty spindles, as against the four to eight maximum possible with the machines by which the Lancashire textile workers are expected to "overtake and surpass" Japan.

The ill wind of all this feverish Japanese activity to dominate the world markets certainly blows plenty of "good" to Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, Kanegafuchi, Toyo Spinning Co., Showa Fertilizer and their stockholders. The average dividends in 1933 of 1,300 enterprises of all kinds were 7.1 percent—as against 6.2 percent in the "low" year of 1932. Selected industries had 1933 profits at the following rates: Iron and rolling mills, 13.5; machine factories, 15.1; woolen mills, 23.1; artificial silk, 24.9; paper and cement, 12.9. In the cotton industry, according to an official report of the Japan Cotton Spinners' Association, the average dividend for the last six months of 1933 was at the rate of 10.8 percent: net profits *increased* by 2,664,000 yen and reserves by 5,924,000 yen. "All losses," the report proudly said, "were made good."

This genial optimism, however widely ad-

vertised it may be in Japan, has certainly a very evil sound for—

Labor

In the year 1933, according to a reliable English observer, the average *weekly* earnings of both men and women workers in five selected industries were about *five dollars* (taking the yen at par). For the men alone the average came to under four dollars, while the women did their bit for a dollar a week. According to the wage index of the Mitsubishi Bank, the rate of wages paid on a time- (hourly) basis had declined in June, 1933, to 85.1, from 88.1 in 1932. Despite a general production index in the first eight months of 1933 of 124 (1928=100), total employment was only at 79.8, largely due to the intensive rationalization and technical improvement of the textile and other mass-production industries. In the major establishments wages have declined 40 percent since 1926; during the past year alone the Nippon Steel Works has reduced wages by from 22 to 40 percent, and in the chemical industries women receive one yen for a 15-hour day. In textiles, women, of course, have always been preferred: the great Kanegafuchi Mill likes farmers' daughters, between the ages of 14 and 20; these machines are rated to be good for about 2½ years, beginning at fifteen cents a day and ending—if they are lucky—at about 50 cents—with a lot of phoney "welfare benefits" thrown in. Small wonder that the government officially lists more than 300,000 registered prostitutes, of whom 60,000 are geisha girls and another 90,000 so-called "waitresses" in the notorious Japanese "cafés."

Of the 3,000,000 jobless of Japan 2,000,000 are reported to be absolutely destitute (there is no unemployment relief); farmers are slowly starving on their less than half an acre per capita, and even the cultivation of the 5,000,000 acres still available would not raise this portion to much above three-fifths of an acre. Meanwhile a "rice surplus" of over 50,000,000 bushels is waiting for higher prices in storage warehouses: "as much as eleven million people normally eat in a year,"—Japan Weekly Chronicle. And the population increases by a million a year, of whom 250,000 are potential, but unwanted workers.

In six years the Japanese government has arrested nearly 30,000 people on the charge of "dangerous thought" and Communist activities: but the Japanese Communist Party merely talks less and works harder. Thus, in the first six months of 1933 there were 843 strikes, involving over 53,000 workers. The largest number was in the chemical industry (131 strikes), with the metal (war) industries second (109 strikes)—and armament shares increased 4 times from 1931 to 1933.

On your way, Japan. *Tigers won't wait!*

Literary Wars in the U. S. S. R.

III: *Smugglers of Reaction in Soviet Letters*

JOSHUA KUNITZ

IN A PERIOD of intense class war, when the historical process seems to have cracked into two diametrically opposed parts and everything from economic relations to psychological reactions is in a state of explosive dualism, to pose the question of freedom in general and of creative freedom in particular, appears, to say the least, rather fatuous.

Two orders, two worlds, two cultures are engaged in a life and death struggle: one represents the past and is profoundly rooted in traditions, institutions, habits, apperceptions, in the very subconscious of the race; the other represents propulsion from the past, the dialectical necessity for growth, for change, for reaching out toward the new, and is also something profound, ineluctable, something inherent in the very nature of society and in the very life of the individual.

Not until this struggle is resolved in the harmony of a classless society can man hope to attain even a semblance of freedom. In the meanwhile, the only people *relatively* free are those in power. Under capitalism, it is the capitalists; under proletarian dictatorship, the workers and the poor peasants.

One of the tests of freedom is the right to criticize and challenge the basic principles of a given society. In the Soviet Union the workers and poor peasants have this basic right. It is their revolution, their government. They fought and worked and suffered to achieve a workers' and peasants' republic. And who would be foolhardy enough to deny them the right to carp, complain or denounce?

In most cases a mood of refractoriness in a Soviet worker can be traced to an inadequate understanding of some specific Party policy or measure. Often it is the result of an immediate difficulty in obtaining sufficient food, or satisfactory quarters, or wearing apparel. A worker who is chronically disgruntled is diagnosed as "backward." Everything is done to "raise his cultural level," to "educate" him; for the Bolsheviks are firm in their conviction that a worker who realizes his own interests cannot possibly be opposed to a workers' dictatorship whatever its mistakes and occasional failings. "All right," I once heard an old textile worker, a Communist, argue with his non-Party comrade, "granted it is bad, our rations small, we work hard. But would you be willing, therefore, to admit that we are licked, that we, workers, are incapable of running our own industries, our own government? Would you be ready to call back our former bosses from Paris? Well, if you won't admit that, then better get down to work, and work twice as hard as before, and see that the

fellow next to you does the same. We must show the *bourgeois* [contemptuous for bourgeois] here and abroad that the Soviet proletariat can get on without them."

The same is true of the poor peasant. He may, for instance, be intransigent in his opposition to collectivization, for he doesn't understand it. When he grasps the idea, when it is patiently demonstrated to him, not by force but by suasion, that he and his would be the beneficiaries of the change, he is intransigently for it.

Once in a crowded Moscow tram I heard a tipsy peasant make some sharply derogatory remarks about Kalinin, President of the Soviet Republic, calling him "the Soviet kitchen maid"¹ and maintaining that "hanging is not enough for him." Nobody in the car took umbrage at the peasant. The passengers were amused; they laughed; some young fellows even took special delight in encouraging the peasant's ravings. There was nothing extraordinary about that incident. The peasant was obviously a poor peasant. He was not an enemy of the revolution. He was not a kulak. Had he been a kulak, he would have never dared, no matter how drunk he might be, to rail in such language against the head of the workers' government, especially in Moscow and in a public place. The poor peasant had no inhibitions. Nobody would mistake him for a counter-revolutionist. It was his revolution, his Kalinin, his government. And he felt free to say what he pleased. He was angry. He had come to talk with little father Kalinin, and the latter failed to grant him an audience. He was hurt; and he expressed his anger and hurt without restraint. The same peasant, I am certain, had he heard a kulak utter similar indignities about Kalinin, would have been the first to attack the detractor as a "dangerous element" and an enemy of the revolution.

One could cite such instances without end. Soviet fiction is full of them. One fact is indisputable: *the Soviet workers and poor peasants, that is the vast majority of the Soviet population, enjoy a sense of freedom such as has never been enjoyed by workers and poor peasants in any other country.*

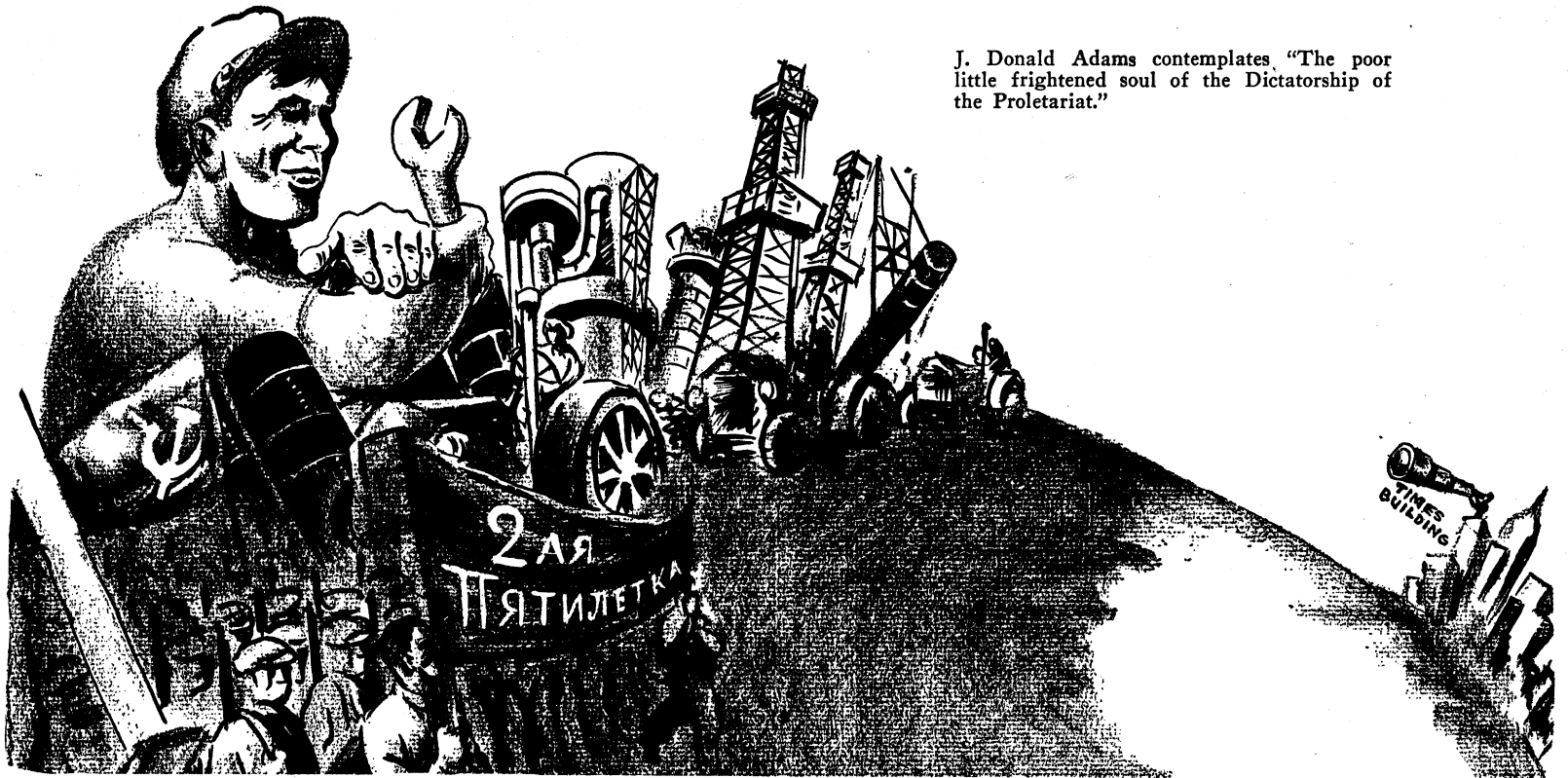
Of course, a lady like Tatiana Tchernavina, author of the lurid *Escape from the Soviets*, and similar unfriendly intellectuals, never felt free in the U.S.S.R. Yet even Tchernavina and Tchernavina's husband had worked in responsible positions, had occupied a comfortable

¹ Confused allusion to Lenin's apocryphal dictum that not until every woman in the kitchen masters the principles of government will the Soviet Union be solidly established.

apartment, had owned a piano and a library of rare books, had sent their child to a school where he received free instruction and free lunches not inferior to those received by any workers' children. For fourteen years! And it was not until Tchernavina's husband became involved in some sabotaging affair—the lady is rather vague on this subject; the only suspicious circumstance she lets by is the fact that almost all of her husband's friends were people whom the workers' government had found guilty of sabotage and wrecking—that she began to feel the full force of the Proletarian Dictatorship. But in the 170 million Soviet population the number of Tchernavinas is very small indeed. J. Donald Adams (of the New York Times), the husband of a White Guard Russian, sheds copious tears over the lack of freedom in Soviet Russia. Lack of freedom for whom? The workers? No! The poor peasants? No! The sympathetic intellectuals? No! Lack of freedom for ladies like Tchernavina! Lack of freedom for saboteurs and wreckers! But for every Tchernavina in the Soviet Union we can cite literally millions of victims of class violence in capitalist countries, thousands of Tom Mooneys, Torglers, Thaelmanns, Saccos and Vanzettis, Scottsboro boys, Herndons, millions of Negroes, persecuted, oppressed, lynched, thousands of beaten and slaughtered strikers, countless millions of enslaved colonial and semi-colonial peoples.

I dwell on Tchernavina's "revelations" because they are so revealing. Here the American reader has an excellent opportunity to acquaint himself with the psychology of "former people," with the type of petty bourgeois whom the Communist in Gladkov's novel *Cement* characterizes as the "hidden foe" who "reincarnates in various forms." Here is a refined lady who when she speaks of the workers' government becomes as mean and shrewish and lying as any fish-wife justly accused of cheating. Yet she was a Soviet citizen. Yet she was employed in Soviet institutions. Yet she was trusted. Now we see what people of her type and class felt during all those monumental years when the Soviet proletariat was making superhuman efforts to lay the foundation for something unprecedented in human history—a society without oppressors, exploiters, wars: a free, classless Communist society. Not a grain of generosity, not a grain of sympathetic imagination in this lady of breeding and culture!

Tchernavina tries to paint herself in the very best colors. Forsooth she loved her child and was devoted to her husband and worked in the Hermitage. Of course she worked.



Hyman Warsager

J. Donald Adams contemplates "The poor little frightened soul of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat."

To live she *had* to work. She says she worked well. This is exceedingly doubtful. The book provides inner evidence that she could not have possibly worked well and loyally. A person who in fourteen years in the Soviet Union saw not one intelligent or honest or lovable Communist, not one efficient Soviet worker, not one educated Comsomoletz is so deficient in elementary honesty and decency that her work in a cultural institution could scarcely have been of benefit to anybody, especially to the government and the class for which she had nothing but snobbish contempt and petty-bourgeois hatred. Tchernavina found herself cramped in the Soviet Union. Certainly, gentlemen like J. Donald Adams or Simeon Strunsky or Max Eastman would also find the large freedom enjoyed by the Russian workers and peasants an annoying limitation to their own freedom. But what of it? This is to the distinct credit of the Soviet Union. A workers' and peasants' society can well get on without creatures of the Adams and Strunsky and Eastman type. Revolution means a general cleansing; vermin are at least held in check when they cannot be wholly exterminated.

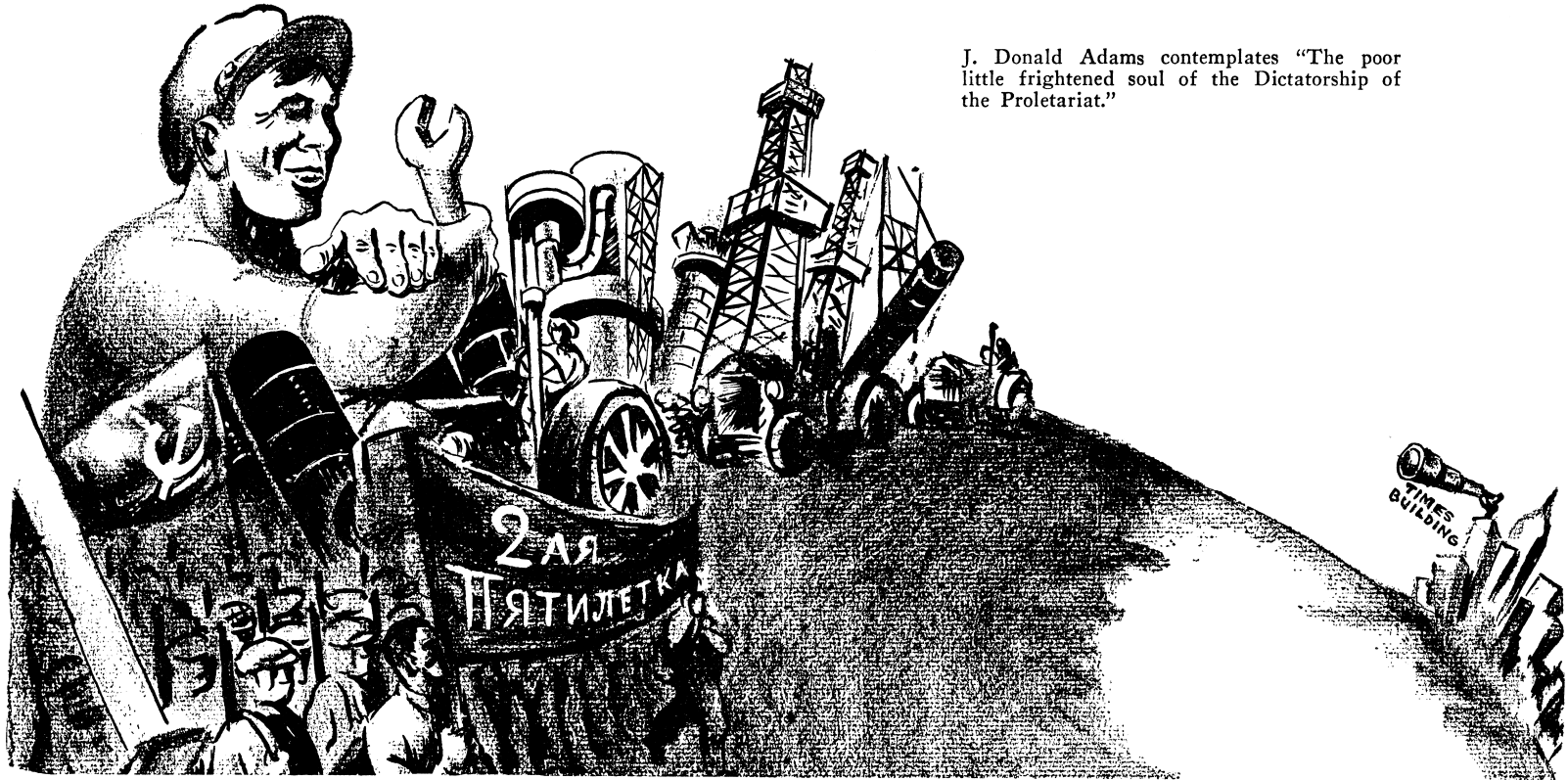
Though the Tchernavinas were relatively few, they were in strategic positions on the cultural front—academies, planning commissions, universities, libraries, museums, the arts. The Industrial Party (Ramzin) trial and similar trials have revealed the lengths to which some of these learned ladies and gentlemen went in their machinations against the Soviets. In literature, the "foe" worked much more insidiously. Obviously the literary Tchernavinas could not operate surreptitiously—as their colleagues in the other professions did. Literature is a public profession. A book published is exposed to public scrutiny. It

has to pass the censor, the critic and the reader. Here the "hidden foe's" approach must be extremely subtle and cautious—a delicate but not impossible task.

True, the Soviet censor has authority to stop publication of any subversive material, but fortunately for the bourgeois no censor can be omniscient enough to discern every piece of subversive matter that comes before him. This is especially so in a country like Russia, where strict literary censorship is an ancient heritage and where the counterfoil offered by allusion, innuendo, allegory, *reductio ad absurdum* through violent over-emphasis of accepted and orthodox views is a heritage quite as rigid as that of the Czar. Yet the great Russian writers in the nineteenth century did manage to communicate their revolutionary messages to an eager reading public over the censors' heads. People learned to read between the lines, to sense overtones, to respond to the remotest allusions. In this game of hide-and-seek the censor, under whatever regime, does not always emerge the winner.

An interesting illustration. In the spring of 1931, in Moscow, an acquaintance of mine, an engineer not too friendly to the Soviet regime ("but somehow the portentous fact that the Muzhik is learning to use the tooth brush fails to thrill me!") recommended to me with much enthusiasm a recently published fictionalized biography of Lermontov. The book, rather well written, contained a most attractive study of the romantic, freedom-loving poet who was crushed by the tyranny and persecutions of Nicholas I and his diabolically efficient Third Section. Together with the poet's tragic life, the book gave a devastating picture of the Czar, his court, his intrigues and his secret service.

The fact that the book was recommended so highly by the anti-Soviet engineer appeared to me rather significant. In a subsequent conversation with the author, a former member of the Czar's army, I expressed surprise at his selection of so remote a subject. Life during the third year of the *Piatiletka* was, I suggested, so fascinating, the rigid rate of collectivization and industrialization so thrilling, that to me the idea of abstracting oneself from all this and of retiring to a distant and by comparison rather unattractive past seemed quite incomprehensible. The author whole-heartedly agreed with me. "True," he said, "but it is just because life now is so dynamic and kaleidoscopic, it is just because of that that it is practically impossible to deal with it adequately in creative literature. By the time a novel is conceived, written and published, life is so far ahead that a novel is obsolete. The novelists of the somnolent nineteenth century had an easy time of it. Now, however, if a writer wants to create something finished and of permanent value, he is forced to go to the past." A perfectly plausible explanation, one I had heard many a Soviet writer make in extenuation of his lack of productivity or unsatisfactory treatment of a contemporary theme. "Furthermore," continued the author, "my subject is not really remote. By exposing the horrors of the past, I had hoped to intensify the younger generation's hatred for that past." These were good explanations, but somehow I suspected they were not the real explanations. During the second visit I happened to congratulate this author on the comparative spaciousness and comfort of his dwelling. "Yes," exclaimed he, "a bird in a gilded cage!" My question was answered. Lermontov's biography was a thinly disguised pasquinade on what the author



J. Donald Adams contemplates "The poor little frightened soul of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat."



J. Donald Adams contemplates "The poor little frightened soul of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat."

thought was the proletarian dictatorship.

Curiously, a worker friend of mine, a Young Communist who read the book, commented very favorably on it: "Life in those days must have been pretty unbearable. How poor Lermontov suffered! How impossible they made it for him to create!" To this innocent soul it never occurred that Stalin, the great leader of the world proletariat, could by the wildest stretch of imagination be compared with the bloody Nicholas I, that the O.G.P.U., the valiant guard of the proletarian revolution, could be mentioned in the same breath with the Third Section of the Czar, and that a great rebel poet could feel crushed in the Soviet Union. In the present historical period, a great poet, he thought, would be bound to be with the proletariat, with the Revolution. And where else could a revolutionary be as free as in the Soviet Union?

Here, then, is one example of the way Tchernavina's literary counterparts in the U.S.S.R. managed to disseminate anti-Soviet

ideas in the Soviet Union. A chord was struck, and this set off in the readers who were properly attuned a wave of sympathetic vibration. The engineer who felt like the author received the message; the Young Communist did not. As to the censor, either he, like the worker, failed to recognize the implications of the book, or he did recognize them, but thought that the good derived from intensifying the worker's hatred of the past would outweigh the harm done in helping to crystallize anti-Soviet sentiment among a few still unfriendly intellectuals.

Another circumstance that greatly enhances the hidden foe's opportunities for undermining the worker's government is the Communist passion for self-criticism. Self-criticism was devised by Lenin as a means of combating bureaucracy, inefficiency, venality and abuse in the Soviet apparatus and in the Communist organization. In practice, a writer who does not overtly challenge the basic tenets of Communism may indulge in vigorous flings at

specific evils. This offers a loophole to the unfriendly bourgeois writers. Under the pious cloak of self-criticism a great deal of muck is skillfully smuggled into Soviet letters. It is no exaggeration to say that while the Soviet censor can and most often does prevent the publication of palpably counter-revolutionary propaganda, he cannot prevent the direct or indirect reflection in literature of any of the negative aspects of Soviet life, and he certainly cannot prevent "woodlice and worms" from crawling into Soviet literature "out of the dark corners and crevices of the N.E.P.," for the "petty trader . . . reincarnates in various forms" and often he manages to insinuate himself in the revolutionary ranks, "behind a solid barricade of revolutionary phrases, with all the attributes of Bolshevik valor."

(This discussion of how anti-proletarian writers smuggle in their bourgeois ideas will be continued in the July 10 issue of THE NEW MASSES.—THE EDITORS.)

The Jew as Fascist

A Letter from Canada

BEN MALKIN

WINNIPEG, MAN.

A YOUNG JEW asked me if I would be interested in joining a new Jewish organization that was being started all over North America. The sole purpose of this organization is to defend the Jewish community in each city against the attacks of the Fascist, anti-Semitic groups that are springing up everywhere. He told me that this Jewish group was to be organized along somewhat military lines, and that it was being backed by some of the wealthy Jews of the community.

There already exists in our city an Anti-Fascist League, which is a united front of Socialists, Communists, and various trade-union groups. Its sole purpose is to defend itself and the rest of the working-class from all onslaughts by Fascists upon the workers. I asked the young man if he had ever heard of this organization. He said he had. I asked him why, if he and his friends were so anxious to combat Fascism, they did not join the class which is the direct antithesis of Fascism, the militant and class-conscious section of the proletariat.

"I don't give a damn about the trade unions," he replied, "what I want to see is a Jewish organization which will protect Jewish homes and Jewish lives. That's what we're after."

These Jewish organizations, which are

springing up all over the continent are not going to fight Fascism. They are going to fight anti-Semitism, which is an entirely different thing. It is impossible for them to fight Fascism, for they themselves are clearly Fascists in character.

These organizations are being sponsored and subsidized by, and are completely under the influence of the Jewish bourgeoisie. It has been demonstrated only too often that the class interests of the Jewish bourgeoisie are far more vital to it than its racial interests. In Germany, last year, the Jewish bosses got rid of their Jewish employees with disconcerting speed. In Montreal, to come closer to home, many Jewish manufacturers in the needle trade industry will not hire Jewish labor, because the Jewish workers will strike while the French-Canadians generally remain in the shop.

Profits and the protection of capital, are the first and foremost considerations of the bourgeoisie, all over the world, regardless of race, creed, or color. If these deluded and naïve young Jews think that a Jewish organization, built along military lines, and sponsored and subsidized by the Jewish bourgeoisie, is being built to defend the Jewish community as a whole, then they're crazy. Such a movement can have only one purpose—and that purpose, it is quite evident, is the defense and protection of the Jewish bourgeoisie.

Working-class youth, and a sprinkling of intellectuals, seem to form the main body of the rank-and-file of these new Jewish organizations. Their officers are, generally speaking, of middle class extraction.

Most of the rank-and-ilers sincerely believe that they are working to defend the Jewish community as a whole. They do not understand that in order to defend themselves they must work for the defense of the *working-class*. A large portion of their own bourgeoisie is sympathetic to most of the Fascist aims. Were the Nazis not anti-Semitic, many of their own officers, and a large proportion of other Jewish youths of middle class extraction, might immediately put on brown shirts and start "heiling" each other. In Palestine there is a Fascist movement, led by one Jabotinsky. The members wear uniforms, salute each other, and make it their business to help the Jewish employers in Palestine to crush "agitators," "trouble makers," and all manner of radicals.

In other words, these young workers and intellectuals who compose the rank-and-file of this new Jewish movement, must understand that they must battle Fascism along strict class lines. They must fight it as workers, not as Jews. And as workers, they must fight shoulder to shoulder with the workers of every other race—and of every other creed—and their allies among the middle-class.

Correspondence

Steel Towns Are Preparing

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Eight a. m. in front of the Republic Steel and Iron in Youngstown there will be a crowd of four hundred looking for jobs. Most of them are boys—eighteen, twenty—who never worked in a mill before—boys who will be less likely to strike than men who know what it means to be a scab. Last week it was out-of-town applicants who were being hired. Now the policy has changed—only those who have recommendation slips from a foreman inside the mill can succeed in even seeing the employment agent. It is the same in all the plants—at the Carnegie, in the company towns. "Listen, buddy," I was told, "in the sheet and tube in Campbell you can't even get near the hirin' office unless you got a relative who's workin' in the mill already. They're tryin' to keep the family money in one mill, see, so there won't be anything comin' in from outside if they do strike."

And the old men—the men from thirty to fifty—who once worked these mills stand around, silently, bitterly, day after day, watching the kids being hired. Once during a long day of waiting I saw a small, bowed, dark little man edge over to a curb stone a few feet away and sit down. A minute later a company policeman came over and routed him out. "C'mon, Mac," he said, "you can't sit there."

The little man exploded. "Why don't you let me go in and see the agent then? I've worked here before. What are you lettin' the kids in for?"

"You can't go in unless you got a slip," the policeman replied. "You might as well go home."

"What do you want me to do, go out in the street and starve? I got a family. What do you want me to do go out and starve?"

"If you haven't got a slip you might as well go home. I'm tellin' you for your own good," the policeman said.

But the little fellow stayed there with the other old men who had nothing else to do. "I'm only twenty-four," he said, as the cop went off. "I can't help it if I look older. What am I supposed to do, go out in the street and starve?"

These kids are the manna stored up against the lean time of strike. "You hear 'bout McKeesport?", a Croatian open hearth man asked me. "They hire one tousand men my mill—all kids, all high school boys. Got no vork . . . just stand 'round hold hands. They tink they got good job. Strike no come boss man say you fired, go on get out."

A leaflet was circulated in Duquesne which stated "Hunkies, Niggers and Communists are trying to start trouble." By trading upon the red scare and race prejudice, it is hoped to shatter the solidarity of the mill workers before their picket lines have had time to form. If black can be played off against white, if foreign born against American born, if each can be made to scab upon the other, a strike is not possible and the companies know it. Thus the newspapers in the steel districts are flooded with letters written by "old workers who refuse to strike." These letters either attack the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union or else insist that conditions in the mills are Utopian and the union is merely a money racket on the part of labor fakery. Frequently the letters are accompanied by appropriate comment in the leading editorials.

Running below the surface of all strike conversation are rumors about preparations for terror. In Youngstown one hears that a gang of New York thugs has been established in a hotel at company expense. The Carnegie Orio works is renovating a restaurant that has been in disuse for several years; it is stocking up on beds and food. The Jones &

Laughlin plant in Pittsburgh has re-commissioned a police boat to patrol the river alongside its property. Workers in any given town remark on the changed make-up of the company police—native policemen are being transferred to other towns where they are not likely to have friends on the picket line and forces have been greatly augmented by strangers. In the day time men work at erecting barbwire fences around those mills not already protected by a high stone wall; at night new floodlights suddenly glare out over mill property. "I guess," a hand moulder from Salem said, "I guess they just prepare fourt' July celebration."

It is very unlikely that the convention taking place at this writing will vote for a strike. Strike sentiment was high two months ago when the rank and file delegates of the A.A. overruled their buxom leader Mike Tigie and voted in favor of a strike. Since then weeks of stupid and uncertain leadership on the part of the Committee of Ten elected to conduct the strike have made that unlikely. It is no accident that the convention was opened yesterday by a priest with a record for strikebreaking; it is not by error that his prayer was a plea that the strike be averted.

Despite the fact that the convention has voted against strike at this time, it is generally taken for granted that steel strikes must occur this summer. The steel companies are not wasting their preparations and they know it. The workers know it too. In the mill towns they are buying up groceries. It is not the organizers who are telling them to prepare in this way—it is the wages they receive, the unbearable speed at which they work, the conditions in the mills. "I ain't et nothing but milk and bread all last year," a worker said at a strike meeting. "I can't go on like this. I'd rather starve on the picket line." Watch Gary, they say; Duquesne's goin' to break. Weirton's a powderbox."

Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALBERT MALTZ.

A Workers' Bookstore in Pittsburgh

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Pittsburgh is at last planning to fulfill a long felt need in its preparations to open a Workers' Bookstore by September 4th. Sympathizers and friends are urged to cooperate in making the bookstore a reality by fall. Contributions of money and donations of books should be sent to Room 209, 929 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SYLVIA SCHLESINGER,
Committee for Workers' Bookstore.

Another Letter from Greece

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Some days ago I received THE NEW MASSES of May first and your letter of May 5. I don't know how to express my thanks to you and to the two friends who paid my subscription. You can fancy how I need here your organization.

You cannot imagine the fascist terror in our country. Suffice it to write you some of the latest events:

About a month ago they condemned the anti-fascist Karvoumiz, one of the greatest Greek writers, for having translated *The Brown Book* of the Hitler Terror. They dismissed from the University many "left" students, also many pupils from the schools. There is no freedom of the press at all. On May first many policemen went to the office of Rigospastis, the organ of the C. C. of the Communist Party, they destroyed all the furniture, stole all the useful things, painted the Hitler swastika on the walls and forbade the editors to publish the newspaper. Now they want to close down all the workers'

newspapers and magazines. This is the freedom of thought in Greece, the country of the free and classical mind!

On the other hand all the Carrey Islands are full of exiled workers, for whom they are now building new prisons for there is no room in these which we have. All the organizations of the workers are illegal. Perhaps you know that some days ago (May 10) in the great strike of Kalamaka the army after telegraphic order of the government killed nine strikers (among whom were two women) and wounded many others. Many workers and chiefly strikers have been killed the same way, in Salamanca, in Niauxsa, in Samos, in Oliberis and now in Kalamanka. They want to put the last mayor of Kavalla, Paetslaides in prison. Some days ago they condemned four municipal councillors of Lyonavos, for 13 years in prison. And today the trial of the writer Karvouniz and three others, a lawyer, a newspaper man and a painter, for they were in the central commission of "Social Solidarity," the Greek section of I.A.H. Now you have, I believe, at least a dim idea of the fascist terror in Greece.

And now I finish my letter.

Greece.

NONDAS PANAGOPOULOS.

England's Pitiful Farce: The Dole

TO THE NEW MASSES:

As an Englishman I should like to call your attention to a fallacy that is popular in the United States today: that in England the government is stable, the provision for the poor adequate, and the governmental representation of the workers considerable.

England today is a stronghold of capitalism; militant, stubborn, reactionary; she thinks nothing of spending some four hundred and fifty million dollars a year on the navy, while English workers starve.

Americans often get the impression that in England the poor are well-cared for, by means of the dole. Let me correct that impression; the dole has been changed from a blessed, though temporary, reconstruction measure to a pitiful farce. Responsibility for this lies in the bill introduced and carried sweepingly by the Tory government, now known as the Means Test. Under this act government inspectors are empowered to enquire searchingly into the circumstances of applicants for dole. The private lives of the workers are ruthlessly laid bare; one case I remember in which an unemployed husband and his wife applied for dole; the Public Assistance Committee refused them any dole on the ground that they kept a lodger. The lodger is therefore obliged to support the entire family!

The government is anything but stable, but by suppression of the press and refusal of freedom of speech to radicals, the administration manages to give an impression of strength that is in reality wholly false.

Loomis School,
Windsor, Conn.

RODERIC PAPINEAU.

Schools For Proletarians

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In the last issue of THE NEW MASSES, several sketches giving a brief picture of recent steel strikes in the Pittsburgh district were printed. I wrote them, frankly, as an attempt to arouse attention and interest among the thousands of your readers in the struggles that are taking place in the Pittsburgh area, and of the decisive struggles that will continue to take place in this proletarian center of America. I am hopeful of arousing not only interest, but concrete support for the vanguard of

these struggles—the Pittsburgh District of the Communist Party.

During recent weeks, the Pittsburgh District of the C. P., working under the most difficult conditions, has organized a circulating training school, through which able instructors of Marxism-Leninism will reach into the most important steel towns and mining camps for the training of steel workers and miners in Communist theory and tactic of the class-struggle. Regular, well organized classes of these workers will be trained as Communist leaders of their various localities as a result of this circulating school. Out of these classes will come many of the future leaders in the gigantic class-battles against the steel barons, coal operators and their government.

The circulating school needs help. It needs money to carry on its work. This money, while forthcoming from the steel workers, miners and workers in the Pittsburgh district itself to an extent, is not sufficient. I appeal to the readers of THE NEW MASSES to contribute personally, and to raise funds through speaking to their friends, holding small house parties and so on. Contributions should be in money order form, send direct to J. Allander, Treasurer, Workers School Committee, Room 209—929 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. JOHN MULLEN.

To Greet Ben Davis

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The League of Struggle for Negro Rights has selected as editor of their newspaper, the Negro Liberator, Benjamin Davis of Atlanta, Ga., whom Paul Peters, one of the authors of *Stevadore*, de-

scribes as "One of the very few really fearless men I have ever known—this southern Negro named Ben Davis." A banquet welcoming Davis and the Negro Liberator will be held at the Lido Ballroom on Sunday, June 24, at 7:30 p. m. Members of the *Stevadore* cast will attend and perform. Both Peters and George Sklar, playwrights, will be present. Twenty-five thousand copies of the special edition of the new Negro Liberator will be off the press this week. Included are articles by Langston Hughes and Henri Barbusse. We hope the readers of THE NEW MASSES will support our paper and attend the June 24th affair.

THE COMMITTEE.
New York City. 119 West 135th Street.

Ex-Soldiers Raise the Red Flag

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Before the economy act we soldiers at the home got a pound of tobacco a month which was not enough to last. Now they have the gaul to cut it down to a half a pound a month and a small bar of soap a week, which I enclose and the pay off is that we do not get any matches with this generous package. So the old law of demand and supply is in full swing and when a vet lights a match he is mobbed by those about him for a light.

Every morning an army of 1917 heroes start down Wilshire Blvd., to pick up snipes. The traffic on this boulevard brings the wealthy from beautiful Westwood, Beverly Hills, and other residential towns. These generous people driving to business throw away large lovely snipes. So the old saying that the early bird gets the biggest butts. This

college town of Westwood with the aid of the police sees to it that the soldiers from the home do not roam around the streets here and advises them to stay on their home grounds.

Most of the 3,000 inmates of the home or about 75 percent, have to work 15 days a month for about \$5.00 of grub and 30c pills, which means that you must earn your room and board. My case is rated 90 percent disable and my doctor said I was not able to pass the test to earn a dollar a day on the pay job, but it is perfectly all right for them to work me fifteen days a month for my room and board. Most of my comrades work on a stagger system and to complete an eight-hour day they are working over a period of sixteen hours for from \$27 to \$34 a month. Two months ago they did away with the system whereby you worked two and three months at these jobs before they put you on the pay roll and in most cases you were discharged with the excuse that you could not hold the job, so you never made the pay-roll.

The soldiers are still following the misleading American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the new ex-service Voters' League.

No doubt you have been informed of the red flag which flew in the early morning breeze of May first on the main 150 ft. flagpole here at the home. The governor personally took charge of the affair and it was not until 11:00 a. m. that with the aid of a steeplejack from downtown Los Angeles they got the flag down. He charged them \$30. The red flag created such a stir that the capitalist press here had war-time headlines.

National Soldiers Home
Sawtelle, Calif., W. Los Angeles. J. R. C.

The Tombstone Swastika

EDWARD DAHLBERG

IT WAS a soft, grape-toned evening and the air and the leaves of the maples at the far end of Vine Street were like fresh pencil sharpenings. Regina Gordon browsed through the streets of the German section of lower, slummy New Republic. She did not notice the chocolate-smudged facade of Schultze's delicatessen or the roach-rusted brick stores. She did not look at the scavenger biscuited cobblestones. The air, with its smell of leafy pencil-sharpenings, reminding her of the second form at the girls' school in Chalk Farms Road, the Asiatic-Himalayas *geog* hours, foggy London, wreathed her slate hair. Again and again she brooded: "I have half a century within me." Alone, but not too self-enclosed or remote, she still believed the treasures of the past might not yet outdistance those of tomorrow.

At the next corner, a large group of young men and women stepped out of a Vine Street bus. The girls wore light blue coats, Easter straw hats and corsages of lavender and white Sweet Peas. The men, well-dressed, had chestnut, black and maple hair, neatly sawed and planed at the back and sides. Slowly appraising them, she took her fill of their youth, and for a moment dreamed of their tomorrows. She stopped for a few minutes in their midst, looking down the street for a bus that was not in sight.

Regina Gordon furtively watched them,

listened to their light, rippling chatter. Then she thought she saw a small insignia, perhaps a fraternity pin, in their button-holes. Uneasily, she moved near them, the heady fragrance of face powder and Sweet Peas breaking against her like surf and pines. It was the swastika.

Just like one who has been breathing in with kneeling ecstasy the odors of new-mown grass, trees and flowers, pressing them to him with jubilant cries of "Divine gentians! Dewy earth! Dear heaven!" but whose heart dies within him upon discovering that all these beautiful fragrances have come from a cemetery, Regina Gordon, upon seeing the tombstone swastika, blanched.

The group walked on and she followed, muttering, "So they too are with the Nazi ghoul." Continuing, quickened motion was pounded into her pace. In front of a spotted tan building, where the Woodmen of the World had formerly held their meetings, a large crowd was gathered. From a loud-speaker inside came German choral singing. Outside of Hubel's instrument shop small circles were conversing. A long line of girls in white communion dresses and boys in blue serge suits were marching into the building and chanting the Horst Wessel song.

At the entrance were two men, in dark blue trousers, puttees, arm-bands and faint blue shirts, storm troopers. A man, with a

broken, stoop-shouldered nose, low, wide shoulders, a post-war peaked face and beery hair waddled through the crowds, shouting: "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!" Three young boys filtered through the throngs distributing hand-bills; a lean fellow, with skinny hair and consumptive eyes pushed a leaflet into Regina Gordon's hands. She read:

Jewish Ritual Murder in San Diego

The object of the ritual murder is to obtain the blood of a Gentile child under twelve—some of which is mixed with dough and baked into matzoth—some mixed with wine and drunk to the accompaniment of certain incantations.

As a rule the blood is obtained by tearing the cheeks with pincers and stabbing. . . .

Her eyes slipped off the page; a deep nauseating, empty gulp filled her throat. She thought she would retch.

A squat green bus drew up to the curb and discharged twenty to twenty-five men. It was the New Republic Branch of the United Jewish Committee. Pinned to their coat lapels were white ribbons with blue lettering: "We appeal to German Culture and Conscience." Ten storm troopers, with rubber-truncheons, and in Easter blue ritual shirts, came out of the building as the Committee began to mingle with the throngs. A radio patrol car moved up to the curb, and a de-

tachment of policemen circulated through the crowds. Various delegates from the committee started to address small groups. One said: "You are Germans and we are Germans." A woman, with tight-fitting, small features, and empty iron eyes, screamed, the words spitting from her mouth with machine-gun speed: "Dirty Jew! Dirty Jew!" Another delegate, a lawyer, with a fanfare of Mediterranean hair, stood up on a wooden box and commenced: "We appeal to German Culture which we esteem and love, We appeal to the German Conscience which has produced the greatest philosophy and ethics in Europe. We beg you as Jews, but first as Germans, for every member here was either born in Germany or else one or two of his parents were, to stop hating us and to stop the persecution of the Jews so that all of us can help to restore the Fatherland to its rightful place as the center of science, literature and civilization. We implore and importune. . . ." The Nazi, with the disproportionate shoulders, his jaw, hanging low like a clenched fist thrust forward, yelled "Juden Schweinerei! Juden Schweinerei!" The group in front of Hubel's instrument shop joined in with: "Boycott the dirty Jewish boycott!" and the woman with the expressionless iron eyes screamed again: "Hang Untermeyer! Hang Untermeyer! Heil Hitler!" A storm trooper approached a Jewish delegate and shoved a copy of *Liberation* into his hands, with: "Well, you are Germans, buy and support us." The Jewish delegate looked at the puttees, the dark blue trousers and the arm-band, and not knowing what to do or how to reply, gave him a quarter. The storm trooper grinned. Another member of the committee tore the paper from his hands, got up on the box and said: "Here is a sample of the idiot lies you are commanded to swallow whole. This is from *Liberation*, filthy organ of the Silver Shirts which makes money out of lunatic race-hatred: Mutilated bodies of women hostages and S. Ivanova, owner of a drapery business, and Mme. Khlopova, a property owner, had their breasts slit open and emptied. . . ."

Regina Gordon found her way to the curb, and lowering her head, she hid her face in a handkerchief. A by-stander tried to assist her. She thanked him and hailed a taxi.

The radio patrol car mounted the sidewalk and rode through the crowds. Plain-clothes men, cops and storm troopers with rubber truncheons hemmed in the delegates. Shouts of, "Juden Schweinerei! Boycott the dirty Jewish boycott!" drummed against the press of men and women.

As she stepped into the taxi, a radio inside jangling:

*I can't give you anything but love, baby,
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby*

she heard mutilated cries from anonymous bones and flesh, and she moaned the lines from Ezekiel: "Do these bones live?"

Night air was unribboning through the open window; an electric globed moon sailed through a few clouds which were huddled



Mabel Dwight (Weyhe Galleries)

together like bleating lambs. In the State Reservation Park, sweet hay-perfumed odors from bedewed grass, leaves and trees, sprang up like flowers and laughing dandelions over her graveyard swastika memories of the half hour before. On her way back to New Republic, she alighted at Phoenix Square. She glanced at the watch-tower of the Phoenix Life Insurance Company; it was eight fifteen. She walked toward Loew's, air-conditioned. Vaudeville and pictures were advertised.

She paused; perhaps she would go home. Then she thought of the stale dust midst the majolica animals on the mantel-piece the two man-sized cactuses set in museum copper urns, the Nazi meeting, and somehow she associated all this with a tremendous meat-eating plant she had once seen. She decided to go in to amputate all that—at least for an hour or so.

Regina went upstairs to the balcony. A shaft of oblique light, speeding its tinny rays down to the footlights, hung low over the seats and heads, revealing the Louis Quinze interior which looked like the green, lemon and silver tinfoil inside of a box of assorted chocolates.

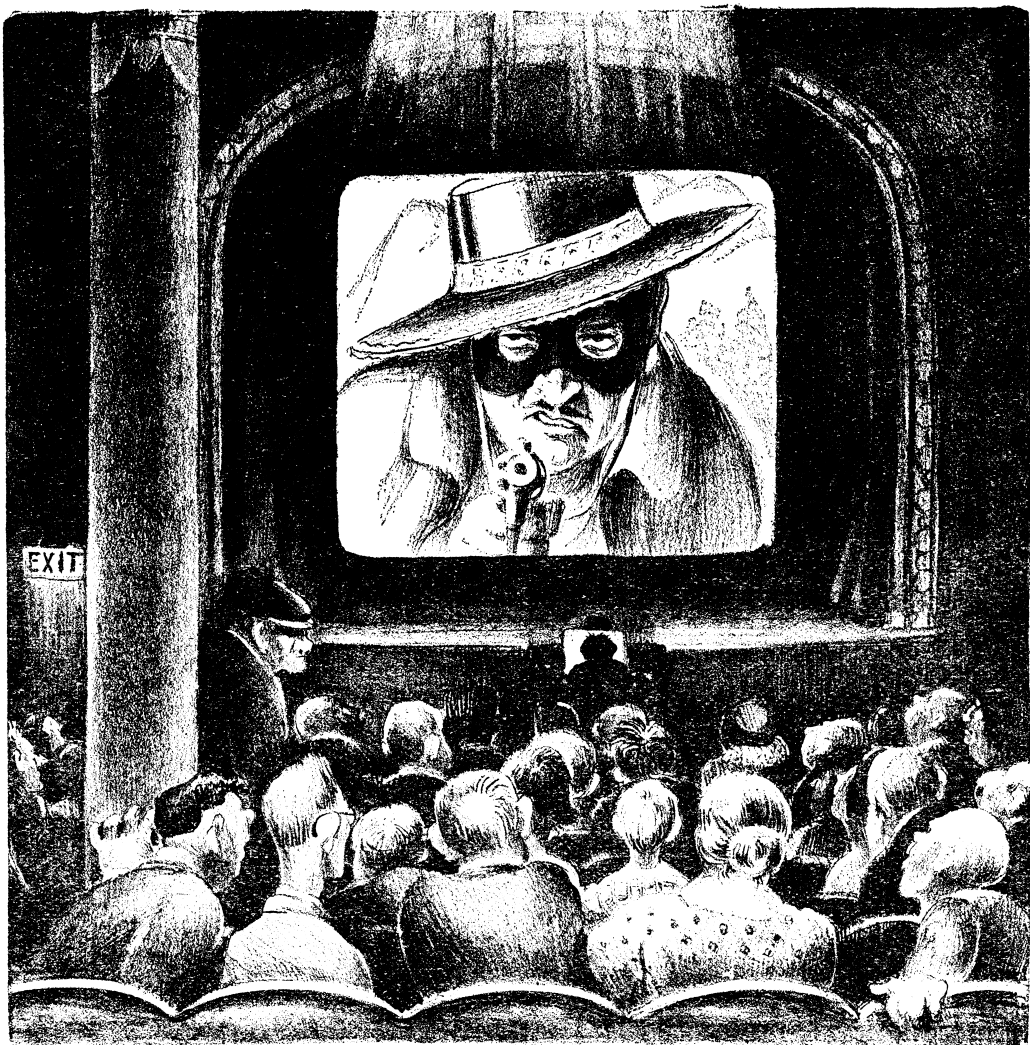
A mezzo-soprano, with Gretchen plaits, and in ballet tulle, was singing *Babes in Toyland*. The confectionery tune, the pleasant smell of face powder, and the sentimental sight of youthful haberdashiered couples lightened her mood.

The red curtain rang down. When the lights were turned on again, the backdrop on the stage was an impassioned and heightened blue cyclorama. The orchestra, with the violins and cello in the lead, were playing the *Skaters Waltz*, with the low, mystery-novel technic which invariably assures the spectator of the appearance of a Houdini, a Thurston or three to four ham acrobats disguised in top hats and swallow-tails.

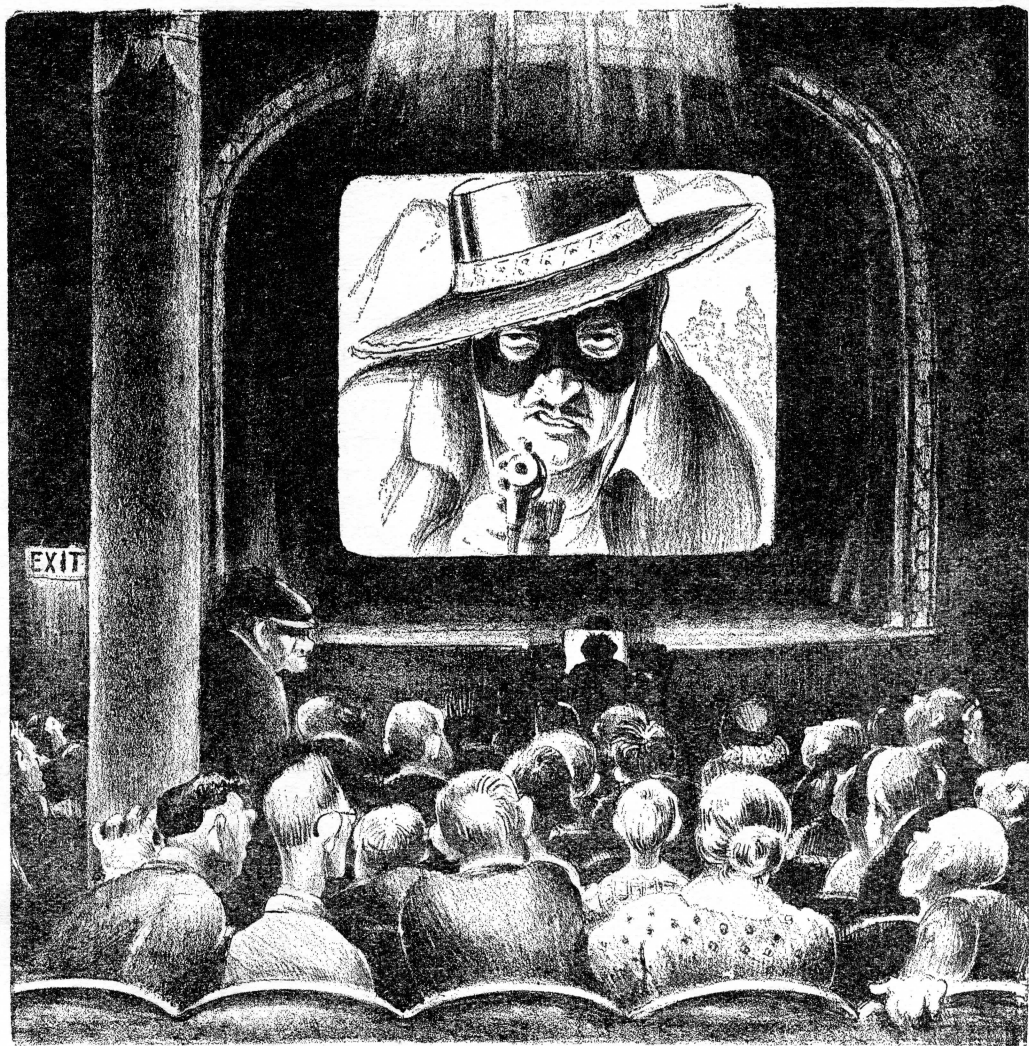
When Regina Gordon looked up, the drums in the pit were melodramatically racing with a stunt-motorcyclist who was revolving inside of a moving ferris-wheel studded with yellow-skinned electric lights. The nerves of the audience were an exposed live-wire; and when the motorcyclist stepped out of the ferris-wheel, the house broke into a vicious pistol report of applause. The sadistic tenseness of the spectators unhinged her. Down the metallic shaft of light rolled, exploded and burst cigarette smoke.

Passing her hand across her misty hair, she attempted to time and place the Nazi meeting on Vine Street, the ghoulish leaflet that had been pushed into her hands, the Skater's Waltz, and the ungraded events of the day before. By the time the master of ceremonies had appeared, she did not know whether it was today, or a week ago, or tomorrow.

The master of ceremonies proclaimed:



Mabel Dwight (Weyhe Galleries)



Mabel Dwight (Weyhe Galleries)

"You give me the subject and I'll improvise the song."

From the balcony came: "Roosevelt! The New Deal!" and from the orchestra some one shouted: "The Toledo Strike!" Two or three hands applauded. Across the aisle from her some one yelled: "Hitler!" Scattered clapping and hissing followed. Regina trained her gaze upon him; catching her eyes, his face, sprawling like loose suspenders on a fleshy waistline, slit into a sneer.

"O. K.," said the master of ceremonies. "I'll do this to one of your favorites, *Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen.*"

He began:

Hurrah for Roosevelt
Father of the New Deal—

Audience interrupted with ringing round of clapping. The master of ceremonies called for silence and started again:

Hurrah for Father Roosevelt
Of Our New Deal
He'll settle that Toledo Strike
In a fashion that'll be real
Just give him a fair chance
And he'll give the country back its pants. . . .

The shipping clerks, the pen-pushers stamped their feet and whistled through their fingers. The master of ceremonies, his cheeks, stunned-looking with make-up, raised his hands and went on:

And as for Hitler, the German leader
We are for his Germany too
If he'll just keep his hands off the Jew. . . .

A heavy man, with perspiry carbon-colored hair in a box-seat called out:

"That's right!" A number in the orchestra answered with hand-clapping.

And keep making his own home brew
In his own country, and not in ours too. . . .

More whistling.

The master of ceremonies, half-tossed back against the drop which was a photograph of Phoenix Square, and throwing his hands out in all directions, ran on and off the stage.

The next act was announced: Lulu Gray and Jack Bryce.

A toe-dancer, with muscular, knotty legs, swanned her hands up and down, making fatuous penguin-like *Heil* salutes. Disappearing, she then came out in hick pigtailed and in a purity-squad gingham dress. Her male partner was wearing a salt and pepper suit, peninsula side-burns and cockney bowler. Their shoes lightly smacked against the stage with the clicking precision of typewriter keys as the orchestra eased back to 1910:

Any little girl that's a nice little girl
Is the right little girl for me
She don't have to look like a girl in a book
If a good cook she should be. . . .

She goo-gooed at the orchestra, training the soft footlights of her front row teeth upon them, while he placed his hands upon her well-rounded hips, and winked.

A thin potato-chipped titter came from the audience.

Tossing her Eva Tanguyish head, while he held his chestnut bowler aloft, they glided, dipped and moved across the stage with:

She don't have to wear rats in her hair
Or a straight front X. Y. Z.
Any little girl that's a nice. . . .

Tepid lights thinly flooded the gilded braids framing the coca-cola panels. *Mickey Mouse* was on the screen. Abstract mice were doing a dance macabre, in a cemetery. Slabs, like the bleached bones of creaking-hinged joints, joined in the dervish. From the throats of uncovered graves rose up Lazarus-skeletons. Shaking garments of worms from their umbrella-spoked backs they did the Rumba.

This broke the taut electric silence of the audience.

The Lazarus-skeletons then balanced themselves on the window-ledge of the Empire State. As the ghouls hung by their skeleton-key toes, the torpedo-facade of the Empire State, leveled at the spectators, exploded.

Regina jumped, her nerves sparking like a burnt fuse. When the mice, the ghouls, the jazzy, dervishing slabs jittered back to the cemetery and resumed their places in the waking world again, a savage shout of hands, beating and rubber-truncheoning against one another, filled the theater for a solid minute. The hand-beating brought back to Regina the mangled shrieks at the Nazi meeting.

The Paramount Sound News was then flashed across an enlarged screen. The orchestra in the pit again swiftly jockeyed from one martial piece to another. Breezy and intimate small talk from a radio announcer accompanied each panel of news.

Regina leaned far forward, listening. A close-up of a broad-shouldered Mid-western striker with a club in his hand and a cop on one knee trying to ward off the next blow was speedily followed up with: "In Minneapolis, the mob has broken loose like a Chicago Fire. . . ."

"Always the mob," muttered Regina.

"But take a look at the Toledo Militia. Here's a khaki boy shooting that sickening, D.M. gas into the ranks of the rioters. And does it make you sick, oh boy. . . ." The man in front of her let out a horse-laugh. Some one in the orchestra hissed. As the man in front pivoted his head around toward her, Regina Gordon realized that her knee had rammed hard against the back of his seat.

"Well here's Old Kentucky again, and do they go to the races, no strikes, no depression here. . . ." Another hissing noise came from below. Clapping followed. An usher, in the valet uniform of *The Chocolate Soldier* ran down the aisle, looked from row to row and then returned to his post.

United States battleships in squadron formation rode the knuckled, billowy waves. A Sousa March accompanied the target practice. Two giant guns were raised and pointed toward the audience. Renewed hissing came from the orchestra. Some one snarled: "Shut

up!" Regina uneasily glanced at the cigarette smoke rolling and bursting in bombs in the tinny shaft above her head.

The guns were discharged, the drums heightening the detonations, bags of dirty smoke filling the watery-gray horizon. From the radio-announcer came: "The world is sitting on a powder-keg. Uncle Sam means no harm to any country. He's merely keeping the fleet oiled up just in case. . . ." Applause greeted this. A long boo followed taken up by a thin stream of scattered hisses. As the guns, which were again leveled at the spectators exploded, somebody yelled: "Laugh that off!" "Down with war! Down with war!" shouted the booper. Ushers sped down the orchestra aisles. "Throw him out! the dirty bastard Red!"

Regina was already at the balcony railing quilted in maroon plush. She heard feet-scuffles and slugging. Her eyes went out. "Down with war! down with war! down with mass-murder!" and it thudded against her temples like screaming flesh unribboning against rubber-truncheons. She leaned far over the railing, her hair, distraught fingernail scratches over her face: "Let him alone! Stop beating him, you beasts, you Storm Troopers! He has a right to say, 'Down with War! Down with war!' I join him a thousand a million more times, 'Down with war and murder of our children and brothers!'"

Her arms were bound and locked in those of two ushers. When her eyes opened, she saw that the lights were on; the coca-cola panels framed in Nordic Gretchen plaits gyrated. She saw the oleomargarine leer of the man who had sat in front of her.

Outside on the walk, she looked for the booper. Clenching her eyes tight she took hold of the proprietor of the theater, a lean spittle of a man, with a bony head: "You're still beating him, you beast! Where is he, what have you done with him, where is he!" Two ushers shoved her, and stumbling, she fell down. Lifting herself up, she for the first time saw the proprietor of the theater; it was Bernard Luft, one of the trustees of the Community House, and treasurer of the New Republic branch of the United Jewish Committee. Their eyes met, and he immediately went inside.

Her eyes searched the rear exit of Loew's; she thought he was being beaten there. Then she scanned the streets. She wanted to comfort him, take him home and nurse his wounds. She had never met a Communist. Regina Gordon walked into Hackensack Park. Through the forked branches she gazed at the dreadnaught-span of the Phoenix Life Insurance Company. A stone-chipped smile was set in the corners of her mouth. That was the way it was, if you were against murder and war, you were a Communist, a pariah. As the cool, alfalfa-like air wreathed her slate hair, she said: "So be it." With that, she stepped out of the small doggerel A & P panel that was New Republic and into the world at large. Regina Gordon entered the world of tomorrow.

Books

The Devil and Mr. Eliot

AFTER STRANGE GODS, by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.25.

THIS bit of tight-rope walking was performed for the students of the University of Virginia. Very brief, very tentative, very cagy, the three lectures are masterpieces of calculated affrontery. They mark a further stage, moreover, in T. S. Eliot's progress, and now he has with him—the Devil! This interesting figure has not played much part in recent literary criticism, even in the Hound and Horn, but, as one might have guessed, the Old One has not been idle among the writers. He had poor D. H. Lawrence firmly in his grasp, and is waiting for anyone who sets himself up as a spiritual leader without humility, orthodoxy and a Catholic sensibility. Since “a whole generation might conceivably pass without any orthodox thought,” and since the Inner Light is the most “deceitful guide that ever offered itself to wandering humanity,” Hell yawns wide. Some still cling to belief in Liberalism, Progress, and Modern Civilization; they are scorned by Eliot and the Devil alike.

Eliot suggests two safeguards against the Diabolic Influence: tradition, which is non-intellectual, the “blood kinship of ‘the same people living in the same place’ . . . a way of feeling and acting which characterizes a group throughout generations”; and orthodoxy, which is Christian, intellectual, “a consensus between the living and the dead.”

Of this kind of tradition we have heard before. It has been expounded by hemp ropes, the stretched throat of Dr. Goebbels, and the poetry of Archibald MacLeish. Eliot adds that “reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable.” His “group,” of course means class. In a footnote he says that social classes, as distinct from economic classes, hardly exist today. In his preface he says that argument on fundamental matters today is futile. “It requires common assumptions; and perhaps the assumptions that are only felt are more important than those that can be formulated.” Ideas are a class expression; one defends ideas by defending a class.

The political program that Eliot sketches for bourgeois defense is, except for its intention, inept and remote. Elsewhere we have seen references to *Quadregesimo Anno* and the regime of virtue defined by St. Thomas. Here Eliot speaks of the disastrous effects of industrialism, New York City and the Civil War. He praises regional patriotism and the sectionalism of *I'll Take My Stand*. The impracticality of these programs is not considered important. Eliot refuses to “worship” economic determinism, and says “that when anything is generally accepted as desirable, economic laws can be upset in order to achieve

it; that it does not so much matter at present whether any measures put forward are practical, as whether the aim is a good aim, and the alternatives intolerable.” The good aim is to preserve difficulties and struggle, and thus to preserve character. Any writer, he warns, that expects by redistribution of the purchasing power, by benevolence, tolerance, and devotion to art, to make a good world, will find humans growing “more and more vaporous.”

Unhappily, there is no way out for the writer, according to Eliot, until orthodoxy dominates all society, because intellect is dependent on group feeling. It is impossible, for instance, to understand Kant without moving in good German society. And as for Confucius! Even for the man who is not a foreigner or a Jew and has breeding, a proper religious training is a requisite for true sensibility. For this reason Joyce is ethically orthodox, and Lawrence, a prime heretic, given by his “deplorable religious upbringing . . . a lust for intellectual independence.” In fact, “individual writers can be understood and classified according to the type of Protestantism which surrounded their infancy.” That he, Eliot, brought up in a chaotic and irreligious society, can write only as he feels, explains the discrepancy between *For Launcelot Andrewes* and *Sweeney Agonistes*.

Despite its absurdities, *After Strange Gods* displays a good deal of shrewdness, and its rationale is very clear. A Marxist can accept Eliot's perception of the degradation of liberal individualism, of the tragedy of Lawrence's genius, of the effect on art of a chaotic and diseased society, even if he cannot accept the terms in which that perception is expressed. He can examine with some interest Eliot's discussion of the relations between sensibility and experience and ideas, and of the extent to which ideas must be felt as well as held before they can become the material for literature. The Marxist opposes in the cultural world a very real and dangerous evil, an evil not in individualism and liberalism, but in the qualities which replace individualism and liberalism in the bourgeois consciousness as the class struggle sharpens. These are qualities like denial of mind, resurrection of cult, release of mob passions and prejudices. And as he sinks into the determinism of group sensibility and impulse—for his orthodoxy is pale and insubstantial, a thing wanted but not held—Mr. Eliot becomes of this devilry a very meticulous priest.

OBED BROOKS.

The Specialist

WINTER IN MOSCOW, by Malcolm Muggeridge. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50.

The year 1934 has already been unusually fertile in anti-Soviet books: *Artists in Uniform* by Max Eastman, Tatiana Tchernavin's

Escape from the Soviets, Alan Monkhouse's *Moscow 1911-1933*, and finally *Winter in Moscow* by Malcolm Muggeridge, formerly Moscow correspondent for the liberal Manchester Guardian.

It would be difficult to say offhand which one of these authors is most hysterically anti-Soviet. Each one of them, to be sure, does his best to falsify Soviet history and to slander the regime of the Russian workers and peasants. *Winter in Moscow*, however, even as anti-Soviet propaganda, is the least effective. As a piece of reporting it is incompetent. As a factual treatment of Soviet events it can easily be refuted by any one who knows anything at all about the Soviet Union. Is this, perhaps, the reason why the publishers were so late in sending the book to THE NEW MASSES for review?

In writing *Winter in Moscow*, Mr. Muggeridge tells us, he had to be “a bit of a novelist as well as a reporter.” He was afraid to introduce “real” people lest his statements call forth upon their heads the wrath of the G. P. U. Thus, while “the characters and events are imaginary,” they are nevertheless “real people and real events.” Those with “a taste for sport may even amuse themselves by trying to spot the originals.” This reviewer, having an unusual taste for sport, at once spotted the original of a correspondent of a “great English newspaper.” He is a man “with a simple mind” and a great “love for food.” He was sent to Moscow to find out the “truth” about the Soviet Union. In fact, this reviewer not only spotted the original in the book; he also saw him in action in Moscow—forever drinking vodka at the bar of Café Metropole, playing poker, or searching for sensational news: “Haven't you heard any gossip? . . . Human interest . . . Love affairs of the Kremlin . . . Commissar and ballerina . . . Mrs. Stalin; Mrs. Molotov; Mrs. Kalinin—Who are they? Where are they? . . .”

Incidentally, we have also read the original's sugar-coated reports from Moscow—sugar-coated in spite of repeated warnings on the part of Soviet officials that the construction of socialism, great and inspiring though it is, is more like a war than a picnic.

The truth is that *Winter in Moscow* is neither a book about Soviet Russia nor about the Russian people. It is primarily the story of foreign correspondents in Moscow, soused in vodka, and about frustrated tourists from America and England who flock to the Soviet Union in search of thrills and who pester the life out of Intourist guides with questions about free love, abortions, etc. Even here, however, Mr. Muggeridge is incapable of telling the truth. For there are many foreign correspondents in Moscow—this reviewer knows some of them—who, within the limits imposed upon them by the capitalist press, are sincere and honest. The same is true of the majority of the tourists.

To lend his story a certain amount of authenticity, the author has introduced a number of Soviet officials. There is, for instance, Maxim Litvinoff, the Soviet Commis-

sar of Foreign Affairs. As this review is being written, the press is full of Litvinoff's remarkable speech at Geneva, which exposed the bluff of the disarmament show put on by the world imperialists. What does this correspondent for a liberal newspaper have to say about Litvinoff? Does he portray him, for instance, fighting the diplomatic battles of the Soviet proletariat in Washington and London? Does he portray him fighting for peace at Geneva? Of course not. "With a beginner's enthusiasm . . . shaking his plump body," the Commissar is depicted dancing the rumba at a dinner given by VOKS—Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. He has learnt the rumba, you see, "on his last visit to Geneva. . . ."

But we have forgotten to mention the most important point of the book—the author's passionate complaint about the fact that "the state of the lavatories in Russia leaves something to be desired." This complaint takes up the whole first chapter of the book and it is, we believe, the author's only constructive criticism of the Soviet Union. Indeed, judging from the lyricism and passion with which this chapter is written, there is no doubt that it is this aspect of Russia which has so deeply affected Mr. Muggeridge's attitude toward the country.

LEON DENNEN.

Green Mountain Antique

LIFT UP THE GLORY, Anonymous.
Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

Lift Up the Glory is like nothing so much as a sere, dusty manuscript turned up in the bottom drawer of some old walnut bureau. Against the shadow of Ascutney mountain and with the Connecticut river valley in the foreground, the anonymous author poses a family of Vermont hill-dwellers who writhe in bovine anguish under the lash of God's Word, God's Wrath, Sin and Eternal Damnation. Issachar Fane, a Godly kulak of superhuman strength, rules his timid wife and husky sons with the Book and a club; he thwarts the boys' efforts to get married until two of them, one slight but possessed of "deep thoughts," the other with the physical power of Paul Bunyan, break away from him and smite him down. And this overthrow of the elder Fane is supposed to represent the downfall of ancestral customs and the triumphant budding of lustier life. Lift up the glory.

To make this obsolete ideology seem a little more likely the author has adopted a measured prose which he evidently intended to sound grand and solemn, but which is so creaking and labored it further exposes the sham. But even at its best a book of this sort would be no better than a whatnot dragged down from the attic by some dealer in questionable antiques. For the Vermont farmer, whether in hill-town or valley, is far less concerned with God than with the registration fee for his Ford, the five cent gas tax, the price rises in the mail order catalogs, the few pennies he gets for his milk, the mortgage interest to the banker. In Newport, Vermont farmers struck

for a profit on their milk. In Barre, Vermont granite cutters struck for a union and though the militia and the compromisers broke the strike the same men will strike again. In Vermont as elsewhere the capitalist paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty is becoming too obvious to be missed. And if Mr. Anonymous, instead of trying to make his characters peculiar, had attempted to deal with reality he would have discovered the fact.

THOMAS BOYD.

The Drama of Scottsboro

THEY SHALL NOT DIE, by John Wexley.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

They Shall Not Die is probably the best revolutionary play by an American writer to achieve publication to date. In it the great drama of Scottsboro takes on literary flesh and blood. Most of the young worker-writers in the workers' theatre, and even most of the professional playwrights who come over to the revolutionary viewpoint, understand too mechanically the thesis that all art is propaganda. They write plays whose "propaganda" consists all too little of realistic action by well developed characters and all too much of political talk by unconvincing abstractions of capitalists, sheriffs, and revolutionary workers. But John Wexley has not fallen into this. He has created real human beings, whose speech and action grow naturally out of their character and social background. His play thus offers a lesson to revolutionary dramatists: careful characterization and motivation are artistically and ideologically far more convincing than "type" abstractions and politically correct but mechanically motivated action.

Yet *They Shall Not Die* has weaknesses. Indeed, it offers a striking example of artistic weakness that grows out of ideological weakness. It is today clear that the dramatic struggle of Scottsboro is not a struggle between lawyers over a questionable "injustice," but is essentially a struggle of the whole governmental machinery of the southern ruling-class against the politically conscious workers, Negro and white. Such a social struggle is tremendously dramatic. Given a playwright with marked creative ability plus understanding and courage, a great revolutionary drama might well be forthcoming.

But Wexley does not quite make the grade. Though he has created the white ruling class protagonist in powerful artistic images, yet the other real protagonist, the aroused masses, is only talked about instead of being presented in terms of dramatic action. The romanticized humanitarian lawyer (called in by the I. L. D.), who has no understanding of, or concern for, the social issues involved, but who is simply seeking abstract justice for nine boys, becomes the major protagonist, dwarfing the masses and their leaders, to whom the case has vital meaning in terms of misery and oppression, progress and freedom. Indeed, the final words of the play, the slogan that has been proclaimed by millions of voices—"They shall not die!"—come from the lips of this lawyer,

to whom it means fighting it out *in the courts* for the rest of his life, if necessary. The lawyer's character is convincingly drawn; the flaw lies not in the working out of this material, but in its selection and emphasis.

Thus it comes about that the artistic quality of the play thins down, after the extraordinarily fine first act. But even the trial scene remains among the best trial scenes in any drama. For here, too, Wexley has skillfully built up character and motivation and has developed the action to a good dramatic climax. Some scenes in the second act thin the play's quality further because a new thread that leads the interest for a time away from the main drama is introduced—the love affair between Lucy Wells (Ruby Bates) and a young traveling salesman. The dialogue here is weaker in quality and the salesman's character is not convincingly drawn.

Wexley, aiming at a Broadway production and middle-class audiences, may have felt it necessary to build his last act around the brilliant Jewish lawyer and the occurrences in court. While the artistic difficulties of building the climax around the actions of the revolutionary masses are great, Wexley showed in the first act that he could handle a large number of characters brilliantly. His stirring and uncompromising portrayal of the economic and social background of lynch terror demanded an equally stirring and uncompromising depiction of the mighty forces struggling against the terror. To compromise here was an artistic contradiction that weakened what might have been the finest contribution to American dramatic literature in many years. As it stands, *They Shall Not Die* belongs among the most important plays of today. It deserves the widest reading and production.

BEN BLAKE.

Rabbit's Foot Rogers

CRISIS GOVERNMENT, by Lindsay Rogers.
W. W. Norton and Company.
\$1.75.

Crisis Government is a slight book, cleverly but hurriedly put together and ill thought out,—the kind of book written by a busy man who holds a position in Columbia, is Chairman of the P. W. A. Board of Labor Review, and does the manifold chores that are imposed on those who live in New York. But after all, the form of the book is not a major consideration. It is with the subject matter that we are chiefly concerned.

Much of the discussion is personal, and quite largely in terms of Mussolini. "Until the advent of Hitler, the philosophy as distinguished from the fact of dictatorship had to be discussed very largely in Italian terms. That, unhappily, no longer suffices. Even so, one can view the gingerbread of democracy with great complacency and can argue that parliamentary government has broken down in no country where it had had a fair trial under conditions which were other than highly unfavorable." Mussolini and Hitler are not exactly to blame for being dictators, but the

reader gets the feeling that had they been men of the calibre of F. D. Roosevelt, dictatorship would have been superfluous.

Professor Rogers interprets dictatorship almost in terms of personal caprice, and the reader of his chapters certainly gets the impression that it is a simple matter of choice which each man and each nation faces: democracy or dictatorship? Very much as one might ask: shall I wear my tan shirt or my blue shirt today? Shall we have baked apples or grapefruit for breakfast? But life isn't like that, except for a few of fortune's favorites, and even then it only affects that part of their lives that is involved in the consumption of goods and services. Industry, merchandizing, finance, government do not allow any such margin of choice. Historic forces and movements dominate and dictate. Did the statesmen or business men of Europe will the War of 1914 or the grand slump of 1928-32? Are they choosing, now, to disarm or not to disarm? Not for a moment. Their choices are drastically limited by potent historic forces that shape, mold, and sometimes mutilate the structure of social life. It is idle for Professor Rogers to write as though a people could decide to have or not to have a dictatorship. Dictatorship is as much a product of historic forces as any other part of the social process.

It seems a shame that Professor Rogers' leisure did not serve him to examine crisis government in historical perspective. Had he done so he would have found democracy and dictatorship changing places time after time, with dictatorship occupying the center of the political stage during an overwhelming proportion of the time in most countries and for most centuries. Such an historical excursion should convince even the hide-bound U. S. A. patriot that dictatorship and democracy are two methods of community organization adapted to different phases of social evolution. Professor Rogers' assumption that dictatorship is more ephemeral than democracy has no historic justification, and his insistence that dictatorship need not come in the United States can be met only by the answer: when the crisis becomes

sufficiently extreme, dictatorship will come in the United States as it comes elsewhere, and as a matter of course.

Not only has Professor Rogers presented his topic without historic perspective, but he writes as though class alignments, internal and external tensions and contradictions, morphological development, cyclic change and social evolution played no part in determining the form of governmental institutions.

Different people have different totems. One tribe of North American Indians had the badger. Certain primitive moderns carry a rabbit's foot for luck. Others rely on democracy. When they want rain or relief from a toothache, or victory in battle, or escape from any other crisis, they refer the matter to their respective totems. Sometimes luck is with them, but on the whole the odds are on the side of history.

SCOTT NEARING.

Brief Review

GERMAN FAMILY, by L. C. N. Stone.

Bobbs Merrill. \$2.50.

Thoroughly bourgeois-minded members of a very bourgeois family (English Christians crossed with German Jews) and their circle of friends suffer annoying losses of money, comfort and courage when the Hitlerite "cold pogroms" begin. But luckily there is always Auntie Whatshername in Switzerland and Cousin Soandso in England with whom they can find refuge. They are inconvenienced—bitterly hurt—but they get along. None is able or interested to fight against the Nazis.

German Family shows some effects, few causes; is entertaining but superficial, peripheral. Only the Nazi episodes make it at all exciting or important. The real conflict is not in these urbane, flabbily cultured circles: it is amongst the workers who are fighting in a hundred ingenious, hazardous ways the naked violence, the boss-state terror, the colossal militarized company unionism known as Hitlerism.

And they have no rich uncles in Holland or Luxembourg to whom they can hasten, and the Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism. They are the German families whose stories need to be told and whose fight needs to be supported. They are our German families.

Lullaby of the Leaves

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A BUSY LIFE,

by Morris Hillquit. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Man proposes, history disposes. There is time and chance in all. Some such remark seems needed to supply a backdrop for this autobiographical sketch of an American Socialist leader.

Time, place, and chance denied Morris Hillquit that ecstatic moment dreamed of by every "class-conscious" Social Democrat—that moment when one steps forward and, at the

same time, to the right, and betrays a splendidly-organized majority of the working-class at the crux of a class crisis. That instant of swooning delight, experienced so intensely by MacDonald and Bauer, remained to the end an envisioned grail to the Social Democrat Hillquit. Yet even when it glowed faintest to his inner eye, even when it seemed but a tantalizing mirage in a desert of routine, it cannot be said that he was not always hopeful and persevering. And at the end he could say:

Satisfaction does not lie so much in attainment as in effort, not so much in "victories" as in aspiration and struggle.

* * * *

If, forty years ago, I could have foreseen all phases of the tortuous course of the Socialist movement in this country and in the world, I would have done exactly as I did. If I had forty more years of life in me I would continue spending them in the Socialist movement, without regard to its "practical" prospects or immediate accomplishments.

To me the Socialist movement with its enthusiasm and idealism, its comradeship and struggles, its hopes and disappointments, its victories and defeats, has been the best that life has had to offer.

Hillquit in his autobiographical sketch indicates that he was what he became by congenital right. "It did not take me long to choose between the rival social creeds that divided the constituency of the Cherry Street Roofs and the Russian Progressive Union," he says. "I allied myself with the Social Democrats almost immediately." And further:

It would be difficult for me at this time to define just what determined my choice. I am inclined to believe that political creeds and philosophies of life are as a rule formed by the imponderable elements of personal temperament, predisposition and mental affinities rather than by reasoned analysis of their merits.

Undoubtedly a urinalysis at this period would have revealed some glandular excess capable of turning red litmus paper a poisonous pink. Hillquit descended from the rooftops "deeply impressed with the practical idealism of Social Democracy." As already hinted, he never got over it.

Of Daniel De Leon, Hillquit remarks:

He was strongly influenced by the Blanquist conception of the "capture of power," and placed organization ahead of education, politics above economic struggles, and leadership above the rank and file of the movement. He was the perfect American prototype of Russian Bolshevism.

In other words Hillquit could comprehend a hierarchial arrangement, but not a functional unity, of party policies. The Social Democratic leader's ideal is a politic synthesis of aims and tactics, since his mode of class-consciousness reveals to him neither the necessary objective nor the organic aptitudes for struggle of the class he misrepresents. Incidentally, this quotation shows only one of the many ways in which Hillquit contrives to misrepresent the most mature expression of prole-

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tarian aims, ways and means, Bolshevism. Elsewhere he says (my italics):

Until the October revolution the "Bolsheviks" were *nothing but a wing* of the Russian Social Democratic Party. . . . It was only during the Russian (March) revolution, . . . when the question of methods of gaining and holding political power *ceased to be one of abstract theory* and became a *practical problem of immediate and vital importance*, that the factional disagreements between the two wings widened into bitter and irreconcilable party antagonisms.

This is to say that at all times Hillquit avoids any hint of the fact that the Bolshevik program represented a true crystallization of the working-class will. He also omits to explain how a group which "placed . . . leader-

ship above the rank and file" came to comprise a majority of the party. Furthermore, he is at pains to warn the reader against recognizing the Bolshevik Revolution as a basic accomplished fact:

On the face of it the methods of Russian Bolshevism have, to date, scored a clear victory over those of German Social Democracy [note nationalism!]. Still it may be rash to venture a final historic judgment on the much mooted question. The Russian revolution has not yet run its full course or matured its final meaning and form, nor has Germany reached its ultimate political and economic destiny through its tortuous and thorny post-war path.

So, through the hollow reed protruding from the fat rump of Social Democracy there may yet be sounded the bugle call which shall

announce the triumph of evolution not revolution, class collaboration; and peace on earth. Norman Thomas shall appear glorified on a verdant dungpile ringed round by choiring kalsomined NRAigles, and the twelve tribes of twilight deviators shall weaving form mystic fraternal designs, while the soulbones of St. Morris of the Golden Age of Socialism are deposited canonized within a comfort-station shrine in Madison Square Park.

But this task of flaying dead horses, even when it is a question of only fractions of horses, gets finally tedious. Lines are straightening. Work is to be done. I suggest that at this point we consign the late Hillquit to posteriority and to the vast obloquy that waits for his kind.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Music of, by and for the Masses

ASHLEY PETTIS

" . . . a first performance . . . the audience and performers in a state of contagious excitement; following the first performance, an open forum, a heated, public discussion of the work, by experts and others—the general feeling that here was a vital, significant composition, inaugurating a new epoch in music—a repetition of composition, confirming and intensifying the first impression—the audience composed of musicians, critics, representatives of the press, and a large number of workers, as vitally interested as the participants—convinced that here was music which was an integral part of their lives, expressive of their aims and activities—their will to live and do!"

THE above was written after I had witnessed a typical first performance of a new composition in Moscow three years ago. Yet, with a couple of minor exceptions, what I wrote then is applicable to the premiere of Mike Gold's *Strange Funeral in Braddock*, with music by Elie Siegmeister at the summer Festival of the Workers' Music League at Irving Plaza, June 17th.

That Siegmeister's musical setting of the poem is a work of revolutionary character, is, without doubt, apparent to everyone who heard it, whether trained musician or merely interested auditor. The poem deals with the tragic story of a steel mill worker in Braddock, Pa., who was imbedded in a block of steel. The poem portrays with bitterness and irony the injustices inflicted upon the steel workers and their families. What concerns us, in considering the musical setting, is an age old, yet pertinent, aesthetic principle: does the musical investiture enhance the character of the poem so that the dramatic imagery is vitalized and made more graphic to the auditor?

Both from personal reaction, and from that of the audience, expressed in applause and speech, Siegmeister's setting succeeded, to a

remarkable degree, in bringing out the hidden intensity inherent in the poem, with its sharp contrasts between the idyllic spring of the landscape and the inferno of the steel mills. Siegmeister has full control of his modern medium of expression: of sharply broken rhythms and of dissonances which in less skillful hands would have lacked the plasticity necessary for a portrayal of the expanding drama of the poem. Siegmeister uses a modern technique of musical expression without succumbing to merely cleverly repetitious mouthings which have lured so many of our accomplished young composers from the creation of significant, vital works.

In the discussion which followed the performance, some expressed a certain puzzlement concerning the lack of "melodic line." Evidently what they looked for in this music was a "tune" which could be sung, or, at least, recalled, without being directly associated with the dramatic poem. Yet such a treatment would have been eminently inappropriate to the nature of this poem. Here the music becomes indissolubly linked with the contrasts and tragedy of the drama, from which it becomes impossible to dissociate it. To me, this is the essential, primary strength of a singularly bold, revolutionary composition, in a musico-dramatic, declamatory form which is a far-cry from the mellifluous, ear-tickling "tunes" which we have become accustomed to associate with musical settings of dramatic works made primarily to appeal to the conventional patrons of the "box-office."

The exceedingly difficult music, as well as the words of the poem, were projected with remarkable clarity, dramatic verity and fine voice by the baritone, Mordecai Bauman.

One might easily have dispensed with the seemingly interminable *Adagio* of Bruckner, played by the Pierre Degeyter Symphonietta,

in order to have had a repetition of the Gold-Siegmeister work. So frequently, a second rendition clears up many of the ambiguities of a first performance, and is particularly enlightening after the discussion of a composition.

This Summer Festival demonstrated, to a remarkable degree, the growing interest of workers, combined with intellectuals, in the enormously important and vital work of the Workers' Music League. The workers, coming together in choral and instrumental groups, are producing their own music: music which is inspiring them to revolutionary thought and action, as well as adding new richness and fullness to their lives. No longer is music the exclusive privilege of a musical aristocracy but an essential, integral part of the lives of the people—workers and intellectuals.

The audience, as well as the performers, were equally spirited and enthralled. We are no longer concerned with the mere theory of "collective" music; we can witness its extraordinary growth right here in our midst.

The groups participating included those choruses which received either a prize or honorable mention in the recent Workers' Music Olympiad, including the Freiheit Gezung Ferein, Daily Worker Chorus, Finnish Workers' Chorus and Italian Workers' Chorus.

Some reduction in size in all the choruses was remarked, due to the summer vacation period; as well as certain inequalities in some of the performances. But these details do not concern us here.

What does concern us is that we are in the midst of a new musical growth of the utmost significance, which is momentarily gaining strength; while at the same time we witness the desperate and vain attempts of the old musical world to hang on to the rapidly crumbling remnant of an outmoded past.

"Epic of an Era"

SAMUEL BRODY and TOM BRANDON

"And I am convinced that if we did put on here in one of our cinema palaces a film that did actually embrace our era, that was actually a real National-Socialist ' Battleship Potemkin,' the house would be sold out and for a record run!"

—Goebbels.

ON JUNE 28, 1933, in the Ufa Palast, Berlin, Hitler, Goebbels and Goering, surrounded by uniformed Storm Troopers, acclaimed National-Socialist Germany's major film of their "era": *S. A. Mann Brand*. Since then, whatever was left of the moribund German film industry was called again and again to hear Propaganda Minister Goebbels exhort that "real life must once more be made the basic stuff of films."

And now in an unknown New York "palace" in Yorkville, seating some 300, whose Jewish owner has for years specialized in dishing out fifth-rate sex and cowboy ribbons to relaxation-seeking proletarians, this film version of what Goebbels calls "real life" is being shown to "special" audiences recruited from the shopkeepers of the vicinity by S. A. Manner of the local Friends of New Germany. Not that this theater was their original choice. For the past few months Herr Herrlitz, manager of the Bavarian Film Co. in N. Y., had insistently informed the trade journals that *Brand* would appear in grand style in one of the better known theatres. So completely unsuccessful did his plans prove to be, that the idea of general exhibition of the film to include English-speaking audiences was finally abandoned. A version with English titles was not made, and in its present form *Brand* is relied upon to attract solely the German population of Yorkville and possibly of one or two other cities.

What are the main threads in the disjointed and at times almost completely unrelated episodes that constitute *S. A. Mann Brand*?

The Nazis act in the interests of all the German people—in the interests of the German working-class. They will solve all social and economic dilemmas confronting Germany. All opposing groups are the natural enemies of Germany's "awakening," particularly the Communists.

Brand, the young Storm Trooper, is the incarnation of the lofty, heroic ideals motivating all Nazis. He is home-loving, God-fearing, self-sacrificing, humble, kind to his mother, a lover of kiddies; clean, neat, and decidedly blond. His old father, however, is what the program-note characterizes as "a fanatical Marxist." Between father and son, there is no possible reconciliation until the former, inspired by "the mighty and inspiring speeches" broadcast by Hitler, goes to the polls and votes

Nazi. "The hard-boiled Marxist, Father Brand, weakens slowly, and the Communists, too," reads the program synopsis. Brand is the inspirer and protector of a little 14-year-old (also neat, humble and very blond) boy, a neighbor, whom he guides in the theory and practice of Nazism.

In the same poverty-stricken section of Berlin lives a Communist family, Baumann, and their Red followers "who thrive by terrorization." Baumann's daughter, Anni, is the black sheep of the family, but she has an honest face. She falls in love with Brand, the handsome Aryan. An ominous note is struck very early in the development of the story when Anni, returning home after having been out with Brand, is greeted by her father with a terrific bombardment of assorted right-hooks, round-houses, jabs, finally culminating in the successful delivery of a "one-two" follow-up in the traditional Manassa Mauler fashion. We are now in the Baumann household. The family, considerably more ferocious in appearance than the classic Hollywood melodramatic versions of underworld characters, blandly continues its feast while sister is being treated to the aforementioned reception. In a stray piece of dinner-chatter, one of the sinister young Baumanns inquires of mother as to the number of love affairs she has had in her life.

These dregs do not complete the picture of Communism, however. There is Turrow, Moscow agent, bearer of Moscow gold. From his home, splendid as an oriental potentate's, emanate the plots and directives for the destruction of law and order, religion, the home, and the Aryan race. This leader of the Reds is an out and out degenerate who is forever guzzling vodka and issuing orders over the telephone in the presence of a divan-ful of heaving harlots. The cut-throats and blood-thirsty morons who make up his groveling if

not too distinguished following, greet his every depraved comment, his every drink of vodka with "Red Front!" This salute is invariably photographed from an angle revealing pornographic pictures on the walls of the cafe where the Reds meet. Turrow who bribes Anni into using her feminine appeal to win over the Storm Trooper Brand to Communism. In order to put Brand in a position where he will be unable to resist a large money bribe to spy on his fellow-Nazis, Turrow divests himself of his Russian blouse for the moment, visits Neuberg (Brand's Jewish employer), and arranges to have the young Storm Trooper fired. Brand yields, but with a noble purpose in mind. He finally succeeds in leading a raid of Storm Troopers on the arms cache of the Reds. Anni saves his life in the nick of time by warning him that the Reds have discovered his incorruptible devotion to the cause of THE LEADER.

Turrow and his bloody gang finally arrange to snipe at a peaceful parade of Nazis. Bearded Jews spit and heckle from balconies along the line of march. Erich, the little blond parader, is fatally wounded by a Red gun that stealthily protrudes three feet from a cellar window. Brand carries the dying victim of Communist individual violence, as men, women and strong Troopers weep. But all this bribery, lechery and violence is calmly vanquished by the orderly selection of Adolph Hitler for the Chancellorship. A decent life finally and forever more is assured by the peaceful but jubilant balloting of the Nazi Party into power. Into every home the voice of Hitler brings the message of the New Germany and everybody back from the orderly polls cries with joy and drinks beer. Plenty of orderly Nazi parades. "The Nazi payoff period is recorded as an extremely courteous event, with even the Communists picked up on a raid, shown as being daintily assisted by the elbow into the paddy wagon" (Variety).

The pressure of special conditions characterizing the American market as an outlet for Nazi propaganda films has forced the distributors to make certain important omissions in the present version of this movie.¹ What are these conditions! What are the reasons for the deletion of most of the anti-Semitic material? What caused the American agents of Goebbels' Propaganda Bureau to cut out of the running cry of "Judah Verrecke!" (Perish Jewry!) What made them patch over the exile of Neuberg, the Jew? The answer lies in the political policies of German fascism

¹ In his dispatch from Berlin to Variety on June 28, he also wrote "no kidding, the picture might be a big movie maker in houses catering to serious-minded and politically interested audiences. I have personally advised London Film Society to book picture for their highly select and highbrow members."



GOEBBELS SPEAKS

Mackey



GOEBBELS SPEAKS

Mackey

which finds it necessary to hide its ruthless persecution of Jews at home while it counters international protest and boycott against these actions with the brazen lie: "Atrocity stories!" Moreover, Herr Herrlitz and his crew were fully aware that the wrath of the American Jewish population would have driven him and his film out of the country had the original version been offered in a New York theatre.

In this connection it is interesting to see that the Congressional Committee for the Investigation of Nazi Activities has not bothered to investigate this Nazi film brought into the country through the German Consulate. Though American and German capitalism may for the moment differ as to the forms and degree of anti-semitism, they stand united—like capitalism the world over—in their bitter and ruthless opposition to Communism. The Nazis hail Hollywood's most mature fascist effort in the field of the cinema, *Gabriel Over the White House*¹ with: "It is a document indicating a nation seeking truth" (Prussian Minister of Justice on March 27, 1934), while the violently anti-working-class film, *Brand*, is received in New York as "really thrilling" (New York Times, May 28). Nazi censorship put its stamp of approval on *Gabriel* and the New York censorship board approves *Brand*.

It will prove instructive at this point to examine the place of *S. A. Mann Brand* in the recent history of the German film industry. The so-called "heroic" period of the German film (*Caligari, Destiny, Mabuse, Dracula, Dubarry, Faust, Golem, Joyless Street, Last Laugh, Metropolis, New Year's Eve, Nju, The Street, Student of Prague, Tartuffe, Variety, Warning Shadows, Waxworks, etc.*) lasted approximately six years, ending in 1926. Even that period was made possible only by the perennial financial patches applied by the Government. But the irreparable fissures of German post-war economy doomed such heroics to inevitable collapse. The Hugenberg (Nationalist) interests grasped what was left of the industry in almost complete monopoly.

The German film entered upon the period of the "waltz" and "costume film—false papier-maché romances and operettas designed to supply the masses with inexpensive escape from the misery of hunger and unemployment which at that time was beginning to assume catastrophic proportions (*Waltz Dream, Two Hearts in Waltz Time, etc.*). Supplementing the production of these mass soporifics, there appeared a number of "historical" films designed to stimulate jingoistic aspirations in the hearts of the masses. The dramatic descendants and prototypes of Thor re-echoed in the third-rate "epics" emanating from Hugenberg's highly class-conscious brain. Whenever the production schedules were unable to produce a sufficient number of variations on the "wine-music-dance - women-moonlight - sofa"

theme, the good old-reliable shadow of Siegfried was once more invoked and dragged willy-nilly across the screens of Germany. But the box-offices continued to reflect the increasingly negative sentiment of the movie-goers,—a sentiment now prevalent in all capitalist countries—and which must here of necessity be euphemistically conveyed as approximating "Aw, nuts!"

The German film continued its rapid economic disintegration and artistic decay. The few important independent films of the period prior to 1933 (*Comrades of 1918, Kameradschaft, Weavers, M, Accident*) present no exception to this continuous decline. While it is true that in treatment and subject matter these films tended towards independence, an iron-ring of censorship regulations, monopolized theatre control, and unstable financial backing doomed them to a brief life. Long before the German capitalist film industry had reached complete bankruptcy, the "independent" movement was already a thing of the past.

Between Ourselves

WILLIAM FRANCIS DUNNE, better known as Bill Dunne to thousands of workers, has been active in the labor movement for nearly a quarter of a century. One of the earliest members and leaders of the Communist Party in America, he has written extensively on all phases of the revolutionary movement and has actively participated as an organizer in many of the most important labor struggles in this country—Butte, Montana (1917), Gastonia (1929), Penn-Ohio-West Virginia Coal strike (1931), etc. In our next issue we will publish the second section of his analysis of provocateurs of the New Deal.

Educating the Army (page 6 of this issue), which appears as an editorial statement, was contributed by M. B. Schnapper of Washington, D. C., whose report on the Dickstein Investigations was published in our issue for June 19.

THE NEW MASSES together with the Friends of the Soviet Union will hold a moonlight boat ride on July 21. The excursion steamer, Ambassador, will leave South Ferry at 7:30 p. m. There will be music, dancing and entertainment on board; refreshments will be available. Tickets are 75 cents in ad-

vance, \$1 at the pier. The affair is being conducted for the joint benefit of THE NEW MASSES and the Friends of the Soviet Union.

Edward Dahlberg's short story *The Tombstone Swastika* in this issue is an excerpt from his forthcoming novel, *No Giants Live Here*.

Error crept into the editorial paragraph on the relief situation in New York published in last week's issue, despite all our editorial care. It was stated more than a million families were on relief. As a matter of fact, the number is 270,000 families—more than a million persons. Also, LaGuardia was quoted as saying there would be no relief funds at all available after July 1. What he said was that these funds would be exhausted during the summer unless new appropriations were made.

We regret that we have been unable to publish in this issue John L. Spivak's article, *Something to Eat*, which was advertised to appear this week. It will appear next week without fail.

Don West—wanted by Georgia, dead or alive—is the author of several pamphlets of poems. Some of his verse has appeared in THE NEW MASSES and The Daily Worker.

Edward Newhouse, formerly sports writer for the Daily Worker, is now completing a proletarian novel which will be published by the Macaulay Company.

Richard Wright, a young Negro poet, is a member of the John Reed Club of Chicago.

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