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OCTOBER 23, 1934

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new Masses

OCTOBER 23, 1934

AT SARAJEVO, on the 28th of June, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated. Representing as it did the imperialist plots and counter-plots in the Balkans, the oppression of national minorities, the seething economic rivalries of the imperialist powers, the murder became the pretext for the outbreak of the Great War. Twenty years later King Alexander of Yugoslavia is felled by an assassin's bullet in the streets of Marseilles. Alexander was a tyrant, hated by the masses of his country, whether Serb, Croat or Slovene. No more terrible record of sadistic cruelty existed—up to the advent of Hitler—than the story which Louis Adamic compiled, and which THE NEW MASSES published last year under the title of *Torture in Belgrade*. Alexander's reign of terror alone might explain the existence of terrorist groups plotting to kill him. But that is not enough. The aftermath of the assassination has produced evidence that all the antagonisms and contradictions of 1914 are still there, and even more sharply drawn. They are intensified by the world crisis, by the greater class-consciousness of the workers and peasants, by the barbarous Fascist rule in Italy, Austria and Germany, and ever against all these, the success of the Soviet Union. Why was Alexander in France? The French were making frantic efforts to form a common front with Italy, Yugoslavia and the other members of the Little Entente against Germany. Alexander was a French puppet, pulled by the strings of French capitalists and their agents in the French Foreign Office. Italy and France have been mostly at odds. Italy and Yugoslavia have been fighting each other in the press. Now they were all to meet, to patch up their differences if possible, and ensure the triumph of French Imperialism over the iron and coal magnates of Germany. The plot to kill Alexander has international ramifications involving efforts to plunge France, Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Czechoslovakia into war.

THE ruling powers in Yugoslavia fear mass uprisings. They have deliberately sought to turn these into "harmless" channels by inciting demon-



Limbach

strations against Italy. Everywhere in Europe the capitalist press steadily incites to war by playing up the international fears and jealousies. Each country finds its own interpretation, pleasing to itself, of the murder of Alexander. The cross accusations rise from the boiling cauldron of imperialist rivalries. The assassin, one Georgieff or Kaleman, has been described as a member of the secret Macedonian terrorist organization. He is also said to have been a Croatian terrorist, member of a group of Croats residing in Hungary. The Yugoslav press threw blame on the Italian government. German Fascism may have had a hand in the killing: the Nazis had inspired the murder of Premier Duca of Rumania earlier this year to speed organization of the pro-German Fascist Iron Guard. The strengthening of French power, for which purpose Alexander was in Mar-

seilles, would have interfered with German war plans in the Balkans. Whichever of these is the truth—and none of them is the whole truth—these various theories of the murder eloquently testify to the troubled situation of Europe, to the fact that the World War and Wilson's rearrangement of European boundaries has not solved a single basic problem. There can never be peace in Europe so long as there are warring imperialisms, and small states under the exploitation of greater ones. And there will be warring imperialisms and exploited smaller states as long as each country exploits its own masses in the interest of capitalist profits.

BUT the portents of war, last week, were not restricted to Europe. They blazed across the continents from Germany to Japan, threatening the Soviet Union. The announcement by the Paris





Soir that a secret military alliance had been concluded between Japan and Germany providing technical and military collaboration was most ominous. Such an alliance is a further extension of the friendly relations, based on a common objective—destruction of the U. S. S. R.—already manifested by Hitler's inclusion of the Japanese imperialists in that select circle known as Aryans, by visits of military, cultural and economic missions and by previous military cooperation. According to the report, this agreement provides that within the next six months 500 airmen and engineers will be sent to Japan. Goering, the Prussian prime minister and German air minister, has already sent to Tokyo 10 expert designers from the air ministry headed by the well-known aeronautical expert Milch. Admiral Behncke of the German navy is to assist Japan in perfecting its naval artillery. The I. G. Farbenindustrie, the great German chemical trust, and Krupp, munitions manufacturer, are also co-operating with Japan. Lenin long ago pointed out that Japan needed the co-operation of an industrially developed power in any major war adventure it might undertake. Significant too is the visit of the British Industrial Mission, headed by Lord Barnby to Japan. Lord Barnby has said that his mission is interested only in economic collaboration between Japan, "Manchukuo" and Great Britain. Obviously, however, it is an economic-political mission, bringing not only moral support to the Japanese adventure, but the promise of substantial aid in case of war against the U.S.S.R. Great Britain has been trying to steer the complex of imperialist antagonisms in Europe in the direction of a solution by a combined attack of all the imperialists against the U.S.S.R. Why not attempt to solve its difficulties in a similar way in the Far East? During the course of the war Japan would be unable to undersell Great Britain in the markets it is now securing by dumping, and Great Britain would have an excellent opportunity to secure its position. Winter, when the North Asian roads and fields are frozen hard, and heavy layers of ice span the rivers more effectively than bridges, may also be the time for war.

NEW from Washington is invariably bad news for the working-class. Two recent announcements are especially ominous in their effect on the employed and unemployed masses. Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins releases figures showing that whereas re-

lief needs are rapidly increasing, Federal relief expenditures in 110 cities have dropped about 8 percent. This means that a good deal less money is being spread among a greater number of families on relief in the face of mounting living costs. Food prices have already risen 8 percent in the past three months, and are expected to increase by at least a like amount during the next three. Reduction of Federal relief in urban areas thus doubly depresses the miserable living standards (can one still speak of "standards"?) among the unemployed, who are being ground down more and more mercilessly between the two millstones—rising costs and lower relief. So tight has the Relief Administration pulled the purse-strings (like nooses around the necks of relief families) that Hopkins joyfully announces that Congress' \$920 million appropriation for relief, which was glaringly inadequate and expected by even the most tight-fisted legislators to last only until January, will probably be eked out until March. Nor is this enough for the Roosevelt government. A White House statement says that a sharp general rise in prices is point number one on the "recovery" agenda. According to preliminary government estimates of last summer, living costs were expected to rise from 8-10 percent by winter. This of course would constitute another wage-cut for the American workers, who already received a staggering cut last winter when the devaluation of the dollar sent prices of necessities hurtling skyward. Now, apparently unsatisfied with the progress of the additional 8-10 percent price-rise and wage-cut that already lies in the offing, Roosevelt is prepared to speed it on its way, and promises to manipulate the dollar still further "if necessary" to achieve that end.

THIS point is significant for all workers: the President's proposal represents the second deep wage-cut on a mass scale within a year, engineered, not by the capitalists directly, but by the government itself, the agency of big business. Is it an accident that the President's announcement follows immediately after an unprecedented series of secret conferences with the overlords of industry and finance at the White House? Is it a mere coincidence that the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and the powerful individual corporations which until recently have been engaged in shadow-boxing the President, are now spreading their paeans in praise of Roosevelt all over the newspapers? Of

course, the President expresses the pious hope that a rise in prices may be followed with wage increases. But what does this mean if not a re-affirmation of the old Hamiltonian doctrine, the corner-stone of American reaction: "Pour in wealth at the top, and some of it is bound to trickle down to those at the bottom?" Where now is Roosevelt's pre-election avowal that raising the purchasing power of the masses would be the foundation of his "recovery" program, an avowal that sent gullible liberals swooning with delight? What will the workers say to this additional onslaught on their living conditions?

THE attempt of Samuel Leibowitz to make political capital and gain personal aggrandizement out of the Scottsboro case has completely collapsed, although it seemed to come dangerously near succeeding. The International Labor Defense has conducted the defense of the nine Scottsboro boys almost since the moment the case began. Backed by mass pressure of militant Negroes and whites throughout the world, the I. L. D. has succeeded in saving the lives of the boys so far. Recently Leibowitz, already out of the case, suddenly announced that Heywood Patterson and Clarence Norris, the two boys under sentence to be electrocuted December 7, had turned over their defense exclusively to him. He demanded that the I. L. D. turn over to him within two days all the records in the case and cease raising funds for the defense. How Leibowitz obtained the powers-of-attorney for the boys was not disclosed. Nevertheless, the I. L. D. decided it could not risk jeopardizing the defense of the boys in any way. It announced its readiness to make the documents available to Leibowitz. And then, with equal suddenness, the situation righted itself. On the day set for this action, Osmond K. Fraenkel, I. L. D. attorney, received letters from Norris and Patterson, later supplemented by affidavits, reiterating their complete confidence in the I. L. D. and authorizing him and it to continue their defense. Mothers of three of the boys sent similar messages.

AT present, Osmond K. Fraenkel, noted constitutional lawyer, and Walter H. Pollak—the latter successfully appealed the first conviction of the boys to the U. S. Supreme Court, winning a reversal of the first conviction—are pushing the application they filed for the right to appeal to the Supreme Court. It was the choice of these two

attorneys to handle the appeal that Leibowitz resented. The fact that he is not admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court, that the constitutional knowledge and experience of Fraenkel and Pollak eminently fitted them for the task of conducting the appeal, that with the I. L. D. the freedom of the framed-up boys came first—all these considerations apparently meant little to Leibowitz. His name would not figure in the historic appeal, and this was enough for him. It was last year, during the municipal elections, he wrote to voters in Harlem, exploiting himself as the "Scottsboro lawyer" and urging the Negro voters as a personal favor to vote for some local Tammany candidates! He has now rallied around himself some of the Harlem ministers and reformist leaders who have been hostile to the I. L. D. and the Scottsboro case. When the I. L. D. called an emergency meeting there in view of the acute situation created by the imminence of Dec. 7 and by Leibowitz's efforts at this crucial moment to split the defense, some hall owners refused to rent them their places. But the defense the I. L. D. has conducted so vigorously for three and a half years is now being pushed with even greater vigor. More and more militant voices swell the mass protest against the legal lynching of the Scotts-

boro nine. For the masses know that Leibowitz, however wrong he may be now, was completely right when in April, 1933, and in later interviews, he declared: "If not for the I. L. D., these boys would have been dead long ago."

JAMES W. GERARD, former Ambassador to Germany, mounted the pulpit in a synagogue last week and warned the Jews to avoid Communism. If they did not heed his advice he predicted the "possibility of a pogrom" that would "make those of the Czar's era in Russia look like a small parade." Mr. Gerard carried on in fashion typical of all those who helped pave the highway for Hitler in Germany. He voiced the thesis of the rich Jews, the type that supported Hitler. Mr. Gerard's sympathies for Nazism are not deeply veiled. A student of Germany, he knows well enough that it was precisely this method of deflecting attacks against Fascism upon Communism that helped usher Adolph Hitler in. Will the Jewish people be misled? It is doubtful. The object-lesson of Germany is an education never to be forgotten. The rich Jews, will, like their money-and-blood brethren in Germany, be ready to sacrifice their people to save their class. Like those described in John L. Spivak's article in this issue, many will find them-

selves supporting anti-Semitism with contributions obtained from them for anti-Communist drives. The majority of Jews, being like Mike Gold's Jews—without money—will not cringe before these awful warnings of Gerard.

THE world will never forget the 1,100 miners of Pecs, Hungary, who entrenched themselves one thousand feet underground and threatened mass suicide unless their demands for a more human life were granted. Four long days these embittered men remained in the flooding pits, some finally driven to eating their shoes, others to raving madness, all slowly nearing death of hunger and suffocation, while the government and the mine owners used every means to force them out without making any concessions. The miners refused to heed the pleas of a Social Democratic deputy who came to wrangle. Governmental agents, "sent to negotiate," so enraged the strikers that they held them as hostages. "Rather than suffer the slow pangs of death by starvation we will commit suicide by smothering ourselves," they said. They asked for "1,100 red coffins" in case their demands were not granted. They wanted the unbelievable sum of \$3.50 a week!

THE company, ever with a realistic eye to the ledger, said there was a superabundance of coal in stock; people had no money to buy their wares. They could pay no more. Thus capitalism reveals itself as a blight upon the majority of the world, bringing pestilence, starvation and violent death. One can admire the determination of these miners to live a more human life or else to die. But one cannot think without bitterness that if they had all actually died down there in the pit, the British and Hungarian owners would not have slept any the less soundly, except as they feared a bad reaction on their business from the embittered populace. The tactics of the Pecs miners were not those of militant, class conscious members of the great working-class. Rather they were those of repudiated Ghandi. Indeed the demands the miners finally did win were not gained by their tactics alone. The government had troops on hand to suppress a sympathetic general mass uprising. It feared violent popular uprisings in the event of wholesale deaths. In the final analysis it was, as always, the fear of mass action—not mass suicide—that impelled the company to grant the miners' demands — that almost insuperable \$1.50 more a week.

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Dr. Robinson's True Story

THE administration of the College of the City of New York, despite its denial of Fascist sympathies, stands convicted of using the terroristic methods of Fascism in dealing with the student body.

Brushing aside the objections of the regularly constituted representatives of the student body, the administration, on October 9, formally greeted in the Great Hall 16 students of the Italian Fascist "good will" delegation. When an enraged student body manifested anti-Fascist sentiment at the welcoming ceremony, administration patriots provoked a brawl. Immediately thereafter more than 500 students gathered in the Stadium and passed resolutions demanding the ousting of President Frederick B. Robinson.

The following day Dean Gottschall suspended 5 students without a hearing. On October 11 six more were suspended. The same afternoon, the faculty (not the entire teaching staff, but merely those with professorial titles) turned summary power over to the Dean to carry out the President's campaign of suppression. On Sunday, October 14, it was announced that the Student Council, the body of elected student representatives, was suspended, and that an inquisition was to be made into *The Campus* and *The Student*, which promises the expulsion of the editors and dissolution of these papers. October 16 four more students were suspended, bringing suspensions to a total of 15.

Such a reign of academic violence is unprecedented in the history of American colleges. Only one other campaign of repression compares with it; and this also was the work of President Robinson of C. C. N. Y. In June 1933, following the student anti-war demonstration against "Jingo Day" ceremonies, the City College administration expelled 21 students, suspended 9 for 6 months, dissolved 3 leading clubs (the Social Problems Club, the Student Forum, and the Liberal Club), and revoked the charter of *The Campus*, 4 editors of which it expelled. At that time the administration sought to suppress the student anti-war movement. Today it aims at the growing anti-Fascist movement. And this time, as a vicious symbol to the collegiate world, it is making a wild drive to blast out all vestiges of student government and freedom.

In an effort to divide the student body and gain support for its own violence, the administration has tried to deny that the issue is Fascism. But even the *New York Times* stated on October 13, in connection with the participation of the Italian students in games at the Yankee Stadium:

Despite Mr. Kirby's statement that the visit had no political significance a quantity of literature extolling Fascism was distributed during the games.

The administration itself provoked the actions of the students which it characterizes as discourteous. When the invitation to the Fascists became known, the Student Council visited the administration, pointed to the strong anti-Fascist sentiment among the students, and courteously suggested the advisability of withdrawing the invitation. Backed by Mark Eisner, chairman of the Board of Trustees—who on a return from Italy last year suggested that the N.R.A. had much to learn from Fascist procedures—President Robinson flatly denied the student requests.

Student attempts to get administration permission for an effective protest meeting were refused, leaving the students no way of stating their anti-Fascist position without violating administrative rulings. The administration's concern with manners is belied by its sympathetic toleration of rowdies, whose names are known, and who attempted to disrupt the orderly Stadium meeting by throwing missiles at the assembled students.

Seen in the light of the administration's persistent flouting of student requests, the statement by Professor Harry Allan Overstreet, Liberal, becomes absurd and treacherous. Professor Overstreet deplored the fact that the visitors had not been courteously received and courteously informed "of our own fundamental belief in free speech and the liberties of men." Obviously, Professor Overstreet should have directed his remarks, not at the students but at the administration, which, before the ceremonies, denied the students the rights about which he declaims so liberally, and which has, since then, operated to suppress them completely.

But the student body will not yield so easily. Alive to the dangers of political Fascism before the ceremony, it is now struggling valiantly to put down aca-

demie Fascism. The Student Council, which consistently defended student interests this semester right up to its dissolution, quickly organized the defensive and offensive against administrative reprisals. On Thursday, two days after the Great Hall fracas, it called a mass meeting in the Great Hall. Resolutions were adopted by the assembled students to this effect: (1) No disciplinary action is to be taken against anti-Fascist students; (2) All discipline shall be controlled democratically by the students and the instructional staff, not by a Star Chamber Committee appointed by the President; (3) The vigilantes who tried to disrupt the meeting in the Stadium shall be taken before the discipline committee for disorderly conduct; (4) Oust Robinson "because he has evidenced support of Fascism."

The struggle now is in the hands of the united front leadership consisting of the dissolved Student Council, the League for Industrial Democracy, and the National Student League.

On Friday, October 19, the National Student League is holding a mass trial of the City College administration at Webster Manor. Victims of Robinson's 6 year reign of terror will be there to accuse and demand the ousting of Robinson. If the goal is to be achieved, teacher organizations, parent organizations, worker organizations must broaden the drive. Of course, it is obvious that the ousting of Robinson will not bring sweetness and light to City College. A new President will be banker controlled. But the ousting of Robinson will rid the collegiate world of one of its most violent reactionaries. He is hated alike by students and an intimidated faculty. Again and again he has made an ass of himself in public: his latest escapade, writing for *Bernard McFadden's True Story Magazine*, has won him wide public derision. In the years of his presidency he has gained only notoriety as an ineffective educator: he has tried unsuccessfully to wrest obedience from the student body with the bludgeon of discipline; suspensions and expulsions having followed term after term in rapid succession.

If the suspended students are to gain an open hearing, if they are to win unconditional reinstatement for themselves and their dissolved organizations, Robinson must go.



"WHADDYE READ?"



"WHADDYE READ?"

The Revolution in Spain Lives

FROM ALL INDICATIONS it appears that the capitalist press has printed the obituary of the Spanish revolt without verifying the patient's condition. Newspaper history repeats itself. In 1917-18 the Russian revolution was killed and buried numberless times. Today the Spanish revolution is "dead" and grateful services are being held by all Rome's brethren.

But despite the Lerroix-Robles censorship this fact has escaped out of Spain: the sound of gunfire is heard in the North. The workers and peasants haven't given up the ghost by far. And class-conscious workers of the world, cognizant of this fact, are massing to the defense of their Spanish brothers. Whatever the outcome of the present fighting, every effort must be made to establish a united front for the defense of the Spanish working-class. Reports have it that hundreds of Communists, Socialists, anarcho-syndicalists are being arrested. Of that fact we need not be dubious. Despite the New York Times' assurance that the "firing squads will probably have little work to do"—that Lerroix and Robles are on the side of "mercy" history has taught a different lesson. The Spanish workers must be defended; their lives must not be snuffed out against a wall. The Communist and Young Communist Internationals have appealed to all workers, to the Socialist International, to act NOW for the united front in defense of the fighting Spanish proletariat.

So far as can be determined now, with the sketchiest of reports available, here is what happened:

At midnight, October 4th, the day on which Lerroix formed his Fascist Government, the United Labor Front declared a general strike, which by morning had assumed the proportions of a revolutionary struggle for power. The United Labor Front had made good its warning that any attempt to foist a Fascist Government on the nation would initiate civil war.

The downfall of the Samper Government, consequent upon its inability to effectively deal with the Catalonian agrarian law, the Basque revolt on the question of local taxes and the growing unrest of the working-class, put the political future of Spain squarely up to President Niceto Alcalá Zamora. He

had dissolved the Cortes on a previous occasion when the temper of the nation was apparently anti-Socialist. Would he do it again, now when the temper of the nation was frankly anti-Fascist? The Left Bloc Republicans and the United Labor Front were unanimous in their desire for dissolution and new elections, but finance capital forbade it. Francisco Cambo, head of the Lliga Catalana, the political party of the Catalonian Industrial Magnates, who had recently merged his party with Gil Robles' CEDA, publicly stated that he did not favor such a procedure. The die was cast. Emulating another famous renegade, Ramsay MacDonald, President Alcalá Zamora turned traitor to the cause he had helped to win. He called upon Lerroix to form a government. The result was a foregone conclusion. The new Lerroix government included three members of Gil Robles' Fascist Accion Popular, in key positions.

At this point, the Left Bloc Republicans intruded upon the scene. Declaring that it was monstrous to hand the Republic over to its enemies, they washed their hands of the Lerroix Government, and "sided" with the revolutionary masses.

The military tactics employed by the revolutionaries indicate the following plan of action. The simultaneous attacks of 30,000 miners and their allies in Asturias, and 20,000 anarchists in Catalonia, together with the hunger blockade of Madrid, were to be the signal for a nation wide revolt. Co-incident with the general strike of all labor factions (Socialist, Syndicalist and Communist), the syndicated Peasants of Andalusia were to seize the land; the defection of a large part of the army, with the numerous rank and file commissioned officers, was confidently expected. Finally Catalonia and the Basque provinces were to secede.

The participation of the Left Bloc Republicans in the revolutionary struggle was not without disastrous effects upon the united labor front. The Syndicalists in the South, accusing the revolution of being a political and not an economic struggle, boycotted the general strike. This was the first and perhaps the most important setback suffered by the revolutionaries, in that it prevented the seizure of the land by the

peasants. This defection, with its unfortunate influence upon the agrarian central provinces, confined the struggle to the North and North-East of Spain. The Central Government, thus relieved of pressure from the Center and South, was able to concentrate its loyal troops against the revolting provinces.

In Catalonia two days of intense fighting brought victory to the revolutionary masses in ten towns and eighty villages, notably in the industrial centers of Sabadell, Martorell and Badalona. Luis Companys, President of the Catalonian Generalitat (Legislature), arch-enemy of Communism, directing the forces of the autonomous Government in Barcelona against the Central Government, precipitated the second setback.

Confident that General Franco, Military Commander of Barcelona, who had previously permitted the Catalonian Esquerrists to provide themselves with arms from the Central Government's arsenal, would support him, he announced the Catalonian Secession. This afforded the Government the excuse to declare martial law throughout the nation. General Franco, who had asked for one hour in which to decide whether he would side with Companys, suddenly attacked the combined forces of the Local Government and the United Labor Front. The declaration of martial law not only rendered a wholesale defection of the army improbable, but also aborted uprisings in the wavering provinces. The Catalonian Secession lasted but 24 hours. The arrival of the army under General Bate, Military Commander of Catalonia, and three cruisers of the Mediterranean Squadron, led to the capitulation of Luis Companys and other Catalonian Government officials.

The opera bouffe surrender did not, as it might have been expected, mark the end of the revolutionary struggle in Catalonia.

With the elimination of Luis Companys, who last May caused the arrest of anarchist leaders in his frantic attempt to prevent the achievement of a united labor front, the anarchists joined in the revolutionary struggle wholeheartedly. On the heels of Lerroix's statement that the end of the Catalonian Secession marked the end of the revolu-

tion, fresh outbursts occurred in Barcelona; the fortified town of Gerona fell into the hands of the revolutionaries; and for the first time Lerroux' Fascist forces faced a truly united labor front.

In Asturias, where the most sanguinary battles took place, the revolutionary miners held the Government forces at bay for one week. Only the united efforts of the Government's land, sea and air forces, could finally dislodge the miners, who retreated to their mountain strongholds. Even to this day, communications, other than by plane or wireless, do not exist between Asturias and Madrid. The full story of Asturias has yet to be told.

In the Basque provinces, although the general strike was effective, the rev-

olutionary uprising was limited to San Sebastian and the French frontier. For several days the revolutionaries were in complete control of the railroads and highways. In Madrid, the chief fighting centered around the buildings of the Ministries, Telephone and Telegraph, the Bank of Spain and the National Hospital. No sooner had the Government repulsed one attack, than a fresh outburst took place. As far as we know this situation continues.

With the surrender of Luis Companys, and the later arrest of Manuel Azana, who, it was reported, had directed the revolution from Barcelona, the Left Bloc Republicans again washed their hands, only this time of the united labor front. Their alleged reason was the revolutionary character of the strug-

gle, despite the fact that they had advocated extra-legal measures to oppose the advent of a Fascist government. The movement, thus purged of its "political" character, was now joined by the syndicalists in the South, but they at this time, with the Government apparently in control, could not effectively marshal the full forces of the united labor front.

On October 11th it was reported that 700,000 Catalonian Syndicalists returned to work. Many leaders of the revolutionary masses have been arrested, among them Angel Pestana, head of the Syndicalists, and it is rumored, Francisco Largo Caballero, Socialist leader. Many Communists face court-martial.

The proletarian army has not lost its battle with the Fascist hordes—it has instead received a baptism of fire.

The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 10.—Roosevelt again sets higher prices as goal for recovery. . . . Ford cuts plant production in half, firing 15,000 workers. . . . Food shortage in Germany causing prices to soar. . . . Four more anti-Fascists beheaded. . . . Split in building trade unions at A. F. of L. convention may cause secession of the 12 controlling unions. . . . Elkins 5-&10-cent stores petition N.R.A. code authorities to *reduce* minimum wage, \$9. . . . Accomplices of assassin of King Alexander of Yugoslavia being sought throughout Europe. . . . Italy makes new "olive branch" offer to Yugoslavia. . . . Harvard debating council arranging mock trial for Hitler. . . . Bureau of Home Economics in Washington proposes plan to cut food costs, recommending substitutes.

Thursday—Consulates in Yugoslavia stoned in anti-Italian riots. . . . New Soviets established in Spain as infantry regiments and marine corps join workers' ranks. . . . Munich police attack Protestants at demonstration against expulsion of Dr. Hans Meisser. . . . A. F. of L. adopts "vertical" unionism proposal. . . . Mexico to enforce "socialistic" education in secondary schools. . . . Spanish army aviators attack revolted strongholds. . . . Senator Borah will make "hard fight against monopoly" on behalf, of all things, of the G.O.P. . . . Prof. I. Ruzicka announces first artificial production of male sex hormone.

Rapid decline of dollar follows Roosevelt's promise of raising prices.

Friday—Northern Spain still held by workers. . . . Economists of A.A.A. admitting rise of 30 to 40 percent in meat prices, promise 15 to 20 percent additional rise next year. . . . Communist Party put on New Hampshire state ballot despite intimidation and legal obstacles. . . . Peter II, aged eleven, proclaimed King of Yugoslavia, Prince Paul and two colleagues inducted as Regents. . . . Protestants jeer Hitler and call for their Bishop Hans Meisser in Munich.

Saturday—19 newsboys arrested for picketing Brace Memorial Newsboys Home, N. Y., in campaign to obtain better food. . . . 25,000 Paterson silk dyers plan strike on Oct. 25. . . . Estonian Parliament indefinitely adjourned and virtual dictatorship set up by Cabinet ministers. . . . 1,100 miners at Pecs, Hungary, threaten mass suicide in mine unless their demand for increase of their \$2 weekly wage is granted by British and Hungarian owners.

Sunday—Severe censorship imposed on all news from Spain. . . . Atlantic Seamen's United Front Strike Committee halts general strike, but votes to continue individual ship strikes. . . . Gold miners in Sierra region strike for 50c day increase. . . . China cuts 10 percent tax on silver exports in attempt to stop

vast United States purchases. . . . Hunger-striking miners in Hungary continue vigil in mine.

Monday—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt accepts chairmanship on finance committee of Mrs. Caroline O'Day, Democratic candidate for Representative-at-large from New York. Morgenthau approves of wire-tapping to trap violators of laws against narcotics, smuggling and bootlegging. . . . First Moscow subway train makes successful two-mile test trip. . . . Dr. Cornish, who recently completed successful attempt to revive a dead dog, is refused permission by Colorado, Arizona and Nevada to experiment with bodies of executed convicts. . . . Exhausted from hunger, some feared mad, 1,100 Hungarian miners emerge from 5-day voluntary entombment in mine when mass suicide attempt forces British and Hungarian owners to grant pay rise.

Tuesday—Hungarian miners at Pecs charge mine owners seek to cheat them out of promised demands. . . . Hauptmann ordered extradicted to New Jersey. . . . Mrs. B. V. Stoll, kidnap victim, returned to her home in Louisville. . . . Acting Captain and four officers of Morro Castle officially accused of negligence in fatal fire, by inquiry board. . . . Attorney General Bennett rules Syracuse and all other New York State cities must permit Communist Party candidates on ballots.

Plotting the American Pogroms

4. Rich Jews Who Finance Anti-Semitism

JOHN L. SPIVAK

COMMUNISM is the bug-a-boo of the rich, the employing class, whether they be Jew or Gentile, and it was inevitable that some fairly shrewd observers of the American scene take advantage of this fear in the hearts of employers to capitalize on it. Hence, we find secret organizations ostensibly promising to inform the employing class about the threat of revolution, what time it will occur and who will lead it. For this "secret" information they collect money. Wealthy Jew and Gentile fall for this sort of racket. A great many presumably smart Jews and Gentiles, terrified by these "secret" reports, eagerly seek information about the impending expropriation. Such a one, for instance, is Col. Robert McCormick, publisher of the influential Chicago Tribune.

If you should ever happen to be in Col. McCormick's bedroom and see him peer cautiously under his bed before retiring in search of a Communist armed with at least two bombs, four pistols and a knife clenched between his teeth, you can give credit to a gentleman named Harry A. Jung of Chicago. Jung is one of the Colonel's proteges and supplies the Colonel with a great deal of his "inside" information about Communists and Jews.

Jung is the head of a widespread espionage organization, the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, Post Office Box 144, Chicago. This organization was originally founded to spy on Communists and Socialists, but Jung found he needed a new terror-inspiring "issue" with which to collect money from suckers. He found it in the "menace of the Jew"; and now he is one of the national leaders in the distribution of anti-Semitic propaganda. There are anti-Semites who actually believe the stuff in the "Protocols of Zion" but others, active in spreading the seeds of hate against Jews, do so only because it has become a money-raising proposition. Jung is in the latter class.

The location of his office where the spy reports are filed, is never given even to his members, lest "Jews and Communists" descend upon him. Secrecy surrounds his headquarters and his work. In fact, the entire suite of offices is in the Chicago Tribune Tower.

To put it baldly, in the course of Jung's racketeering he has collected and still collects countless thousands upon thousands of dollars by playing Jew and Gentile against Communist, and Gentile against Jew—solely to collect money.

When Hitler came into power this Prince of Racketeers discovered that he could get cash by fanning the smouldering flames of anti-Semitism in the United States. With five

years of economic crisis for millions of Americans, and failure on the part of most of them to understand the causes, putting the blame on the "International Jew" came easy. This "patriot" promptly made connections with Hitler's anti-Semitic propagandists in this country and started disseminating the "hate the Jew" creed on a large scale. And in the course of this activity he used money collected from Jews to distribute the "Protocols of Zion" as well as other anti-Semitic propaganda.

Today Jung is in constant touch with directors of anti-Semitic propaganda in Germany, and receives his instructions from Hitler's stronghold in Munich. The man to whom this hundred and twenty percent American "patriot" reports is Frank Schuller, c/o Frederick Deckel, Waskirnerstrasse, 7-13, Munich, Germany.

Jung has been a professional patriot for years. By crying "Americanism" and "patriotism," inveighing against Communists, So-

cialists or anyone else who favored changing the present economic system, he managed to get support from worried capitalists. He organized a widespread espionage system in the radical movements, collected vast files of "material"—all of it available in *The Daily Worker* and other Communist publications—and armed with this material he sends out agents to call on gullible business men and paint harrowing pictures of the Muscovites now on the high seas on the way to capture the American government. The salesmen are good—they collect and in turn get a 40 percent commission of the pickings.

When Jung heard that William Dudley Pelley of Silver Shirts fame was making big money out of anti-Semitism and that others like Edward H. Hunter of the Industrial Defence Association in Boston was talking with the German Consul General about getting money from Germany for anti-Semitic propaganda, he got busy. He discovered that the Jews were a menace and that they were plotting not only to seize the United States but the whole world, Scandinavia included. "The Protocols of Zion," long discredited as forgeries, were raked up and armed with these Jung's high pressure salesmen wandered about the country, collecting the shekels from scared Christian business men, and getting their commissions.

But—there are a lot of wealthy Jewish business men. These certainly would not fall for the "Protocols of Zion" and yet—their checks are good too. So Jung's nimble agents sell the Jewish business men the idea that the Third International is on its way here to take their businesses away and nationalize their wives and daughters. The wealthy Jews, half scared out of their wits, contribute to fight Communism. In this way Jung's salesmen collect from anti-Communist Jew and from anti-Semitic Gentile simultaneously.

Among the contributors to the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation are business houses owned by prominent Jews and other businesses in which Jews are heavy stockholders. Before listing some of the nationally known of these contributors whose money went into the dissemination of anti-Semitic propaganda, let me explain how Jung operates his spy organization.

The American Vigilant Intelligence Federation was originally used to spy on radical and labor groups. The information collected by Jung was sold to employers for a good sum whenever there was a strike or a threat of a strike. When that didn't work Jung used to put on "Americanization" campaigns and collect money that way. Only since Hitler got into power has Jung picked on the Jew.

Jews Whose Funds Aid Anti-Semitic Campaign

AMONG the more prominent firms, controlled by Jews or having important Jewish officers and stockholders, which have contributed funds to Harry A. Jung's anti-Semitic American Vigilant Intelligence Federation, are the following:

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY; Chairman of the board, Milton S. Florsheim; President, Irving S. Florsheim; Vice-President and Secretary, Harold M. Florsheim; Vice-President and Treasurer, Samuel Goodman—all Jews. Board of directors: the four named above, and Louis and Felix Florsheim, both Jews; also John M. Hancock, not a Jew, but a partner in the predominantly Jewish banking firm of Lehman Brothers, of New York.

SEARS ROEBUCK AND COMPANY, one of the biggest mail order houses in the world. Chairman of the board, Lessing J. Rosenwald. Among the directors: Max Adler and Sidney J. Weinberg, Jews, and John M. Hancock of Lehman Brothers.

THE GENERAL AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION CORPORATION, formerly the General American Tank Car Corporation. Chairman of the Board, Max Epstein; President, Lester N. Selig; Executive Assistant to President, Sam Laud; Vice-Presidents: David Copland, LeRoy Kramer and Bennett Epstein—all Jews. Directors: those already named and Henry Ollesheimer and Lewis L. Strauss, both Jews. Mr. Strauss, of New York, is a partner in the predominantly Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

The Federation itself is run with the utmost secrecy. Names are never used by spies. An agent's report is signed only by a number. Even at their secret meetings the spies are known to one another only by numbers and not by names, particularly the "Inner Circle," a group of eight men who advise Jung on the policies to be followed in fighting "the Jewish menace." The name and address of each number is kept in closely guarded files. Beside Jung and his private secretary only No. 22 has the keys to the office where the spy reports are kept. "No. 22's" name, if anyone wishes to write to him direct, is Joe Cerny. The spy reports, mail from the director of anti-Semitism in Munich and the secret Hitler agents in this country are collected from Box 144, Chicago post office by Miss Rose Peterson, of 3616 South Street, Chicago, Jung's secretary. Miss Peterson's name and address has also been a secret.

An identification tag is mailed to each agent with his instructions. These "confidential instructions," filling four typewritten pages, go into great detail. I shall quote some of them in part. They read:

These instructions are for your eyes only. They must be preserved and read carefully. . . . In brief the following Instructions cover (A) your conduct; (B) your duties, and (C) your responsibilities; all voluntarily undertaken as a working patriot; tritely but truly stated as—For God (against anti-God)—for Home (against Nationalism of Man, Woman, and Child)—For Country (Americanism not Internationalism).

You are cautioned:

Sign all communications by your number only, your signature is not necessary.

Address all communications simply to Post Office Box 144, Chicago, Illinois.

Confidential matters of the organization should only be discussed in private and in confidence. Therefore use discretion on street cars, taxi cabs, buses, the streets, restaurants, and anywhere in public where you might be overheard or others might listen in.

Your Identification Tag (please remove from under the seal on last page) is to be carried with you always. It should be displayed only to identify yourself to other members or as a test to find out if another is a member. It is purposely made inconspicuous and meaningless, almost like an ordinary telephone slug, so that if lost, it can mean nothing to the finder and is readily replaceable.

From then on instructions detail how to cover Jewish and Communist meetings, obtain information, how to combat the "Jewish and Communist menace" secretly and conclude with several private telephone numbers where officials of the Federation can be reached at all hours of the night in the event of an emergency.

Members of this anti-Semitic espionage organization rarely meet as a group. Occasionally, however, certain selected ones considered trustworthy by Jung, "No. 1", and his Inner circle advisors, meet to discuss, not Communism, but "the menace of the Jew," and what steps to take to distribute anti-Semitic propaganda. At these meetings the members are addressed only by their numbers, for a good many do not want it known that they are

connected with this anti-Semitic organization—as, for instance, Police Precinct Captain Wynne of the 48th Ward. Captain Wynne was one of the members especially invited to a secret meeting in Room 103 at the Auditorium Hotel on June 21, 1934.

The moment they were gathered in the room Jung announced that they had to consider "the growing gravity of the Jewish problem."

"For some time," he said, "we have considered and discussed methods of procedure regarding the Jewish menace. Frankly I am at sea regarding what to do, but I am open to suggestions. The Jews, as you know, have a government of their own. This secret government operates in every community. They have a small invisible empire behind every local organized government. When a dispute arises between two Jews it is never taken to the local court of jurisprudence but it is taken to the Jewish court which is presided over by a Rabbi. In other words the Jewish faith is a law unto itself and Jews do not recognize any other law made by any other people.

"Pogroms in the past have been blamed by the Jews upon the aristocrats. As a matter of truth I have evidence that many of these pogroms were started by Jews. You have noticed that in Germany where the Nazis are supposed to have done such terrible things to the Jews that nothing has happened to the

family of Stein, Krupp, Jacobs or any of the rich Jews."

He paused significantly, and added:

"The Roosevelt administration, too, is now run by Jews. The Jews in the administration are deliberately helping the administration build up a gigantic political machine so that by 1936 there will be so many dependent on the government dole that there will be no question of re-electing the Democratic Party—if the people want to eat! The Jews plan to have Roosevelt re-elected President in 1936 and directly after the election the Jews plan to have the government collapse and then set up a Dictator dominated by the Jews."

"That's right!" shouted "No. 37." No. 37 is Gail Carter, former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan of Illinois.

I offer this as an illustration of the sort of stuff this "patriot" who supplies much of the material to the Chicago Tribune editorial staff and who is in constant touch with anti-Semitic directors in Munich, is spreading. The anti-Semitic policies, however, are decided upon not only by Jung but by the Inner Circle. This specially chosen body never meets even with the ordinary run of the organization's spies and propagandists. At the ultra-secret meetings the "Jewish menace" is uppermost in their discussions and plans. Radicalism, ever since Jung began corresponding with Frank Schuller in Munich, is now secondary.

On June 28, 1934, for instance, a special Inner Circle meeting was held, again in Room 103 at the Auditorium. There were only five persons present: Jung, Gail Carter, Charles Wienne, Clemens Studebaker and Lawrence Harper. Studebaker is a member of the automobile family.

(Since I listed those present and what transpired at the secret meetings of the Order of '76, that espionage society has become torn with suspicion. Everybody suspects everybody else. I am afraid the following report of what happened at Jung's ultra-secret Inner Circle meeting will seriously upset them.)

When the door was carefully locked, Jung informed them of a new "Jewish conspiracy" he had discovered, by dramatically spreading the "United States Daily" before them.

"This is a copy of David Lawrence's paper," he announced. "Lawrence has always espoused the Cause of the Jews and also the Cause of the present administration. But in this particular edition he seems to take issue with the Brain Trust. Frankly, I have been puzzled by this seeming change of attitude on his part, but after careful thought I have come to the conclusion that the Brain Trusters, the Communists and the Jews have determined that they are going toward the revolution too fast and they have delegated David Lawrence to call a temporary halt. He is to act as a stop-gap so that they will not be over-confident and cause things to happen before the proper time. I am merely telling you this so that you will not be fooled by any propaganda put out by the Jews through their mouth piece, David Lawrence, and the 'United States Daily', which is his organ."

Max Epstein Promises Not to Do It Again

THE following telegram was sent to each of the three Jewish-controlled Chicago firms shown to have contributed to Harry A. Jung's anti-Semitic organization:

"We will publish in next week's issue of *The New Masses* a record of contributions made by Jewish-controlled firms to the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation of Chicago. According to our information your firm contributed funds on several dates. This money was used by Harry A. Jung, head of the Federation, to disseminate anti-Semitic propaganda. We offer you an opportunity to explain what motivated your firm in contributing to this anti-Semitic organization. In order for your explanation to appear in the same issue it must reach us by Tuesday noon, October 16. Suggest you wire.

"The New Masses."

No reply was received from the Florsheim Shoe Company.

The secretary to Lessing J. Rosenwald, chairman of the board of Sears Roebuck & Co., reported that Mr. Rosenwald was away on vacation and could not be reached.

The following answer came from the General American Transportation Corp.:

"In response to your telegram very much appreciate it if this company or my name were not mentioned in the article you intend to have appear in your next issue but the information you are now giving will be remembered by me and in future I will act accordingly.

"Max Epstein, chairman

"General American Transportation Corp."

At the conclusion of this meeting Jung pulled a letter out of his pocket with several copies which he distributed to the five members of the ultra-secret Inner Circle.

"This is a letter gotten out by the Friends of the New Germany. It is a sort of chain letter. Each of us has to copy it twenty times and send it out to those we know so that they in turn can send it out. In this way we can spread the information about the Jews widely throughout the country. I ask all of you present to see to it that it gets wide circulation."

The chain letter, in part, read as follows:

DO YOU REALIZE that we are nothing but JEWISH SLAVES?

DO YOU REALIZE THE DANGER, which confronts us by the Jews in the United States is much greater than we anticipate?

DO YOU REALIZE that every nation which accepted the Jews, signed its own doom? The Jewish sharks already own New York City, let us prevent them from conquering our whole United States. The Jews think they are superior to us Gentiles, but their religion and business is nothing but an international racketeering, blood sucking gangsterdom, exploiting the poorest of the poor to the last drop of their blood.

Who works for the Jews under the most unsanitary conditions, long hours and for slave wages until the body and mind is a wreck? THE GENTILES. . . .

The Jews are the lowest international race on earth, prospering through thievery without consciousness, they are the biggest enemies and the cause of the destruction of the U. S. A.

HIT THE JEWS WHEREVER YOU CAN.

It is for this sort of propaganda and the distribution of the "Protocols of Zion" that Jung and his high-pressure salesmen collect money from prominent Jews and Gentiles in Chicago. Some of those who contribute know that the money is to be used to spread anti-Semitic material. Some think that it is to be used only to fight Communism. There is no actual evidence that the Jews who contribute to Jung knew their money had been and is being used to spread anti-Semitism.

Among those who contributed heavily are firms on whose boards of directors are Jews, whose stockholders include many wealthy Jews and banks many of whose depositors are Jews. I shall list only some of the most prominent firms whose money has gone into spreading anti-Semitic propaganda within the past two years. (All of these sent checks to this anti-Semitic organization on other dates besides those listed here, but it would take too much space to record all contributions):

June 5, 1934—Edison General Electric Appliance Co.

June 8, 1934—Corn Products Refining Co.

June 12, 1934—Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (the former Miss Helen Could, long a supporter of White Russians and of the National Civic Federation, about which much will be told in a subsequent article).

June 13, 1934—Stewart Warner Co.

June 16, 1934—A. B. Dick.

July 11, 1934—Florsheim Shoe Co.

August 15, 1934—Northern Trust Co.

June 6, 1933—First National Bank.

June 9, 1933—Sears Roebuck.

July 18, 1933—Rockford Bank & Trust.

August 22, 1933—International Harvester Co.

August 23, 1933—General American Tank Car Corp.

December 16, 1933—William Wrigley, Jr.

In this list of nationally known firms are Jewish controlled firms whose money went into the dissemination of anti-Semitic propaganda:

The Florsheim Shoe Co., Adams and Clinton Streets, Chicago, is one of the largest shoe companies in the country. Let us see who are the officers and directors who are responsible for giving money which was used to distribute the "Protocols of Zion." The business reference books in the New York Public Library show the following set up:

Chairman of the Board—Milton S. Florsheim	} Jews
President—Irving S. Florsheim	
Vice-President and Sec.—Harold M. Florsheim	
Vice-President and Treas.—Samuel Goodman	

On the board of directors we find the above four Jewish gentlemen and two more:

Director—Louis Florsheim	} Jews
Director—Felix Florsheim	

and a Gentile, John M. Hancock of New York City, a partner in the dominantly Jewish banking firm of Lehman Bros. from whose offices came the present Governor of the State of New York.

These Jews contribute to a racketeer to fight Communism and labor organizations. Their money was used to spread anti-Semitism.

Let us examine another firm whose money was used to disseminate the "Protocols of Zion":

Sears Roebuck and Company, Arthington Street and Homan Ave., Chicago. This firm, known the world over, was headed by Julius Rosenwald, known for his Jewish philanthropies. Since Julius Rosenwald's death, the chairman of the board is Lessing J. Rosenwald, his son, who took over his father's philanthropic work in the Rosenwald Family Association. This company, whose head is known for his Jewish charities, is among those who supported Jung's anti-Semitic organization.

Besides Lessing J. Rosenwald we find a number of Gentiles among the officers and some Jews, as for instance:

Director: Max Adler, a Jew.

Director: John M. Hancock, a Gentile, representing the Jewish banking firm of Lehman Brothers in which he is a partner.

Director: Sidney J. Weinberg of New York, a Jew, representing Goldman-Sachs, a Jewish firm in which he is a partner.

Let us continue on to more Jews who gave money to fight radicalism only to have it used to spread anti-Semitism:

The General-American Transportation Corporation, one of the largest in the world, was recently reorganized. It was known before as the General American Tank Car Corp. The offices are in the Continental Illinois Bank Building, Chicago.

This corporation, too, gave support to Jung's anti-Semitic organization, the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation. Let us see who are the officers and directors:

Chairman of the Board—Max Epstein	} Jews
President—Lester N. Selig	
Exec. Asst. to Pres.—Sam Laud	
Vice-President—David Copland	
Vice-President—Le Roy Kramer	
Vice-President—Bennett Epstein	

Directors besides some of those already named include Henry Ollesheimer, a Jew and Lewis L. Strauss of New York, a Jew, who is a partner in the firm of the predominantly Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

Some of these men, important officials of firms which have been giving money to an anti-Semitic organization, are prominent in the field of Jewish philanthropies. For instance:

Max Epstein, the chairman of the organization, has made donations to various universities and Jewish philanthropies. Lewis L. Strauss, who started poor and amassed wealth, is very active in Jewish charities. He is treasurer, for instance, of the Jewish Theological Seminary and is on the executive committee of the American Jewish Committee, which has done a good deal of work in fighting the spread of anti-Semitism!

With money collected from Jews, Jung is able to order vast quantities of anti-Semitic propaganda which he sells to other anti-Semitic organizations. Jung likes a profit even in spreading the "hate the Jew" creed. Let me give an illustration. On Dec. 1, 1933, shortly before he got a sizeable sum from the King of Chewing Gum manufacturers, William Wrigley, Jr., Jung wrote to Harry F. Sieber, treasurer of the Silver Legion of America:

In response to yours addressed to R. I. Peterson on November 28, we can give you a price of sixty cents per copy in quantity lots of the "Protocols."

As for "Halt, Gentile! and Salute the Jew," same can be had at ten cents per copy, in quantity lots or fifteen cents a piece.

Besides distributing the protocols Jung secured from Hitler's anti-Semitic agents both in Chicago and in New York throwaways smuggled in off German ships as well as material imported or printed in this country, particularly those urging a boycott against Jewish stores in retaliation for the boycott of German goods. In this way Jung was making a financial appeal for backing from German-American business men. One of those circulars he broadcast in Chicago reads:

AMERICANS OF GERMAN DESCENT
TO THE FRONT

The Jewish race has declared war and boycott against all Americans of German descent, and against the German nation, which means that the Jews everywhere in America cannot deal with Germany in any way; buy or sell, or maintain any manner of commerce with Germany or the Germans anywhere, nor travel on German ships.

AMERICANS
NOW KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN

Four Million Jews would like to dictate and control the trade of one hundred and twenty-five million Americans, take away their freedom and independence in the field of commerce and make them slaves to the Jewish dictatorship.

At present almost every trade and business is in the hands of the Jews and the money they have made is from Christians to cultivate the Jewish race.

Our prisons are full of racketeers, gangsters, murderers and robbers. From bank robbers to the pocket pigeon, the most of them are Jews.

The Jewish press is working overtime to manufacture lies about the German persecution of the Jews in Germany. None of their statements have ever been proved to be true. . . .

Such people and their tactics, especially the "kikes" are a menace to the whole world and should be rushed to Palestine or Jerusalem.

There is a great deal more that can be said about Mr. Jung and his associates in their secret organization cooperating with Hitler agents in this country. I shall offer only one more bit of evidence to show the effects of this intensive anti-Semitic campaign in Chi-

cago this Spring, distributed throughout the 43d Ward. It read:

DANGER!
DO NOT ELECT A JEW FOR
REPUBLICAN WARD
COMMITTEEMAN!

EDWIN B. FEDERMAN IS A JEW!

This was signed "Chicago Nazi Society." There was no mark on the sheet to show who had printed it or where the job was done. Efforts were made by the police and the Jewish candidate to trace the source of the printing. Perhaps it is not too late now. The leaflet was printed by the New-Way Printing Company, 739 S. Clark Street.

Sidney Brooks, economic research director of the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Committee, denied in a letter printed in *THE NEW MASSES* last week that he had been in New York on March 4, 1934, and had met William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts. Brooks submitted two affidavits; one, signed by two names, testified that he had been at work in Washington on March 3 and also on March 5—March 4 was not mentioned. The other, signed by the one name, testified that Brooks had been at work at his desk in his office until about 3:30 p.m. on March 4.

March 4 was a Sunday. Assuming that

Brooks and his office force worked on Sunday, a fast train could have brought him to New York in time for his conference, and a late sleeper, leaving the Pennsylvania station at 2:30 a.m., March 5, could have brought him back to his desk in good time that morning.

Brooks, Pelley and Royal Scott Gulden, head of the now notorious Order of '76, met in New York on the evening of March 4.

Brooks said in his letter:

I have never heard the name of William D. Goodales and to my knowledge have never met or corresponded in any way whatever with William Dudley Pelley.

Besides meeting Pelley (Goodales) at the Hotel Edison and taking him to Gulden on the evening of March 4, 1934, Brooks telephoned Gulden's office on Feb. 16, 1934, from the Hotel Edison. He left a message with Gulden to the effect that he was with "the chief" (Pelley) (Pelley, alias Goodales) and for Gulden to get in touch with him at the Hotel Edison. I have the message.

A Pennsylvania Congressman who has gained a lot of notoriety by his open attack on the Jews in Congress will be the subject of Mr. Spivak's next article. The Congressman's political future is somewhat doubtful at the moment, but he has a past, and next week's article throws light on that.—THE EDITORS.

Sonnets in a Tea Room

Now that I rest me from my daily shuffling
Who pumped the fountains of *Arcadia*,
And tranquil, recollecting its unruffling,
Calm influence, its iterated "Lady a
Chocolate malted?"—and then but the malted's churning:
Oh my Boss, Mister Kantor, let me sing
Here of the seven dollars that I'm earning
And of the firm's Ideals and Everything.

I've often heard you say that Christ is fallen,
And I can hardly see how you stand up
So burdened; yet you walk and keep your gall in
And pour new sweetness in each Lily Cup.
But can we tell, who only count your chins,
Where business ends and brotherhood begins?

For who can tell, who has not seen his inners
Or knows them only through your bill-of-fare,
What Mercy has been poured into your dinners,
How faithfully the Lamb is bleating there!
The Lamb that has been dead and even buried,
And yet that surely was not born to die;
And stewed on Monday, and on Tuesday curried,
Is resurrected Wednesday in Lamb Pie:

That all that is mortality may sicken,
Since all that is not spirit is debased;
And what is dietetically chicken
Is theologically only waste:
Thus Love designs and Business fills the plan,
Since dust has formed, let garbage feed the man.

And yet your virtue is not all quiescence,
Nor is your glory all an inward grace;
There is a glow, a priestly phosphorescence,
A smiling, Liberal something in your face.
And when the supper rush is done, you count
The cash, you wonder if it's time to close,
And put it up to us: would the amount
Warrant our staying on, do we suppose?

So I begin to see how God runs Heaven,
And Milton said it: Kingly is your state:
We're paid to shovel manna until seven,
You can afford to hang around and wait.
For all your time is gain, all ours is loss,
That is your quintessential strength, O Boss!

Prelude to an American Symphony

WILLIAM SAROYAN

SURE he was bitter. Why shouldn't he be? All them fools talking their heads off, saying nothing. Them society people, burning him up. What the hell was he doing there in the first place? What the hell was he to them? A monkey maybe. A guy to be gawked at by society dames and their pals. All dressed up in slick black suits and patent leather shoes, dopes with dough, and no sense. The punks of the world, the rotten aristocracy. And he, he himself, standing in the God damn place, among all the cut-glass and the sparkle, which stank, and taking it; not doing a thing about it.

Sure he was drunk. Why shouldn't he be drunk? What the hell was there to do in such a place? If you talked to one of them, anyone of them, it didn't matter who, why the crazy woman, or man, would make some fluky society remark in a society tone of voice and what the hell could you say back to him? You couldn't say anything back to him. You could just be a little drunker than before and you could smile politely. They had him acting like a God damn monkey. Smiling when he didn't feel like smiling.

Maybe he was walking around like a fool, bumping into the big rumps of big ladies, the mamas, and bowing to the dull faces of the papas, but could he help it? What else was there to do? All they talked about was horsemanure. It was worse and it smelled twice as lousy. Horsemanure had a fine smell. He was a fellow from the street, why in Christ's name he had ever come to such a party he couldn't figure out. Not doing a thing about it. O no, not much, not for a while, maybe, but just wait till he got drunk enough. He'd do a thing or two. He'd make them shiver. He'd give them something to remember him by. The artistic people. They stank. He'd have four more drinks and ten minutes later he'd be ready to sail into them. Those young gals who were good for one thing, the what you call it, and for nothing else, and maybe not so very good for that either. Probably all dried-up anyway, most of them. Probably all worked out. Sure, they looked it. What eyes, what complexions, what hands, what bosoms, what wisdom. They were just plumb full of brilliance, and the way they laughed gave you a pain way down deep in the old pazaza.

Just one more drink and he'd be ready to let them know he came from the street and didn't care if he did because the street was a damn sight realer than they'd ever be. He'd tell them. Right up from the lousy gutter: no piano lessons, no fancy schools, just the old drive that got all the decent poor boys over: just the old anger and bitterness, and what he found out for himself. A fifty-dollar piano when he was ten, selling newspapers

and playing all night, making up his own stuff, pounding hell out of the God damn thing, all out of tune, raising hell with the neighbors, keeping them awake, O'Hara's prelude, the Irishman's crazy overture, late at night, telling the old lady not to worry about him, he'd come out on top, he'd have them dizzy, he'd have them out of their senses with admiration, the stinkers, he'd have them inviting him to their swell parties, he'd be lying with their lovely daughters, his old woman wouldn't have to take in washing forever, her wild-eyed boy would turn part of the world upside-down with his music, wait and see, ma, you just wait and see what I do before I get through with them punks.

Playing his songs on every radio in the country, printing his picture in ten magazines every month, pouring gold all over him, offering him money for anything, any old thing you please, O'Hara, any old song you feel like writing, you're the boy who knows his stuff, you couldn't turn out a bad song if you tried, you got the stuff, and he was hauling it in: he was sitting on plenty: but they knew and he knew: he was from the street and what was more he wanted to remain that way. To hell with their horsemanure.

Writing stories about him in the newspapers, in Time, in the American Magazine, that was the biggest laugh of all. Local boy makes good in Manhattan, ha ha. How I did it. Ha ha, I bought that piano with money I made selling papers and I didn't study a thing at school and I didn't obey my mother or my teachers and I told the whole world to take a flying you-know-what, and I learned to play the God damn thing like a

baby learns to breathe after it is born, a good hard smack on the behind, and bingo, music, O'Hara's American Symphony, the real America at last, the only America, full of fire and insanity and rhythm, Negro, Jewish, Scotch, Irish, Bulgarian, German, ha ha, a little here, a little there, a little Brahms, a bit of a skyscraper, a little Bach, a little of Alabama, a little Beethoven, and a quart of gin, ha ha, and they went under it like the tunnel under the river, ha ha.

So they had him performing like a monkey, did they? They had him in fancy clothes, looking like another punko, did they? They had him in their fancy parlors, talking their horsecrap, did they? Ha ha, he remembered the old lady, over the old washboard: a gangster to hang by his neck, or a genius: flip a coin, one or the other, trail along with the gang and wind up in the big house, or buy the piano and fight it alone: fight it in himself and in the old woman and in the world: make himself stand up big and make the woman believe and make the world bend: ten years old, fighting it out. The old woman thought he was nuts. A piano? Hardly enough to eat and he buys a piano. Wait, ma, for the love of Mike, wait: it won't take long: ten years, maybe twenty, but wait: you won't be over that God damn washboard all your life. I'll put you in the biggest house you ever saw. I'll buy you the finest car that's made. And he would have, too. Well, the old lady was dead. Maybe she was dead, but he wasn't. Maybe they killed her, but he was still alive, even if they were trying to make a monkey out of him. He was getting drunk enough to make them get things



"Do you know, Gerald, I've just had an idea. Why doesn't Mr. LaGuardia simply tax the bankers the amount he needs?"

Gardner Rea

straight about him. He came from the street. He fought it out alone. Who in hell did they think they were?

This punko, for instance, talking with so much pride in himself, a wise guy, telling the ladies about business conditions. Stepped in what? he said. Got what in your eye?

O'Hara's such a comical fellow. Ha ha, they laughed. Stepped in what? They laughed.

N.R.A., he said. You know, bang bang, killing strikers. My next symphony, N.R.A. With a ballet of cooch dancers. You know, happy days with stomach wiggles. You know, capitalistic regeneration. One whole movement on the fatness of the rich. You know, a big belly laugh. Bang bang, killing the poor, so you can loll around in these dumps and arrange for sleeping together. One whole fornication movement: from A. to Z. The way you do it. Funniest symphony ever composed. And a swell syphilitic movement, the rich walking carefully to science and invention. Part of it's already composed. Shall I play part of it? Would you society ladies like to hear the strike movement, with screaming N.R.A. eagles? It's very lovely, don't you know? It's full of death and blood and the running of workers and machine-gun fire. It's simply divine.

Sure he was bitter. It was their lousy party. Their idea. He came from the street. They were the ones who were always giving

him a pain in the old pazaza, asking him to their lousy parties. The little boy made good, so they took him up. He became an aristocrat. He was in on the dough. He had talent. Maybe he was a genius. And they loved geniuses so much if they didn't turn out to be gangsters. They took geniuses right to their hearts and their beds. They loved poor boys who made the grade and did big things. It was their idea. You must come, Mr. O'Hara, you *simply* must come. So all right. So all right, he was in their dump. So what did he care if they were all looking at him as if he had just gone nuts and was about to run amuck? What did he care if he had shocked half the fat ladies out of the room? What did he care if the well-dressed punkos were telling one another he must be ill, poor fellow? He was from the street and he was proud of it, only he didn't want them to get it wrong: he could have become something a little different like the other boys and end up in the big house: the other boys had as much of anything he had, and maybe more: so he couldn't be proud: all he wanted was to let them understand he could have been a gangster just as well, and would they invite a thief to their homes? Would they ask a murderer to their parties? He was no different from the others, so what did he care if they were scared out of their wits and didn't know what to do about him, swearing in front of the ladies and making everybody uncomfortable.

This young writer, on the eve of his literary career, wants to declare to the world that "the Communist program is the most valid and decent I can think of, and I am wholly in sympathy with it." The reason for this testament is not far to seek; it may be found in the short story printed above, which has an autobiographical fervor. Mr. Saroyan comes from the working class. Nothing has been made easy for him; he has had to fight for the right to eat and the right to dream, as must all proletarians. It is obvious that he has felt all the humiliations capitalist society places on the young proletarian of talent.

In the Soviet Union such writers can now develop normally, but in a capitalist land their path is still tortuous. It is the bourgeois literary world which alone can reward one financially, and the writer cannot avoid being molded and influenced by the bourgeois critics and publishers. This is the primary source, we believe, of the confusion that is apparent in the minds of many young writers of proletarian birth. The loss of Jim Tully is a striking case in point.

Only a grim determination to study the realities of Marxism and the day-by-day activities of Communism can save young writers from the Tully fate. If Mr. Saroyan does this, he will be surprised to discover, we are sure, that most Communists are not opportunists, as he believes. Such people could never build a Communist movement, it is obvious, risk jail, outlawry, persecution and death. Dimitroff and Angelo Herndon are more in the pattern of the true Communist, and it is a heroic pattern.

Communism is not a literary fad. It is the history of our time. An old world is dying, in convulsive mass horror, and a new one is being born in blood, tears and sacrifice. This enormous world-cataclysm makes the greatest demands of its writers—chief of which is, truth. If Mr. Saroyan will read some good Marxist literary criticism he will discover that his fears on this score have been groundless. We have never demanded anything but honesty of a writer. It happens, however, that most bourgeois writers are dishonest—they ignore the basic facts of our time, the mass hunger, the threats of war, the degradation of the majority of human beings. Today truth is revolutionary. It is becoming more and more dangerous practice for a writer. What one detects in Mr. Saroyan's story, however, is the assumption that pessimism is the only truth he is persuaded of. This, of course, the Marxist critic challenges. He insists on the whole truth, and in that truth one finds the marching armies of the working class, fighting and dying daily to establish a better world.

THE NEW MASSES welcomes Saroyan to American literature, and wishes him well. May he never forget his proletarian youth, or be disloyal to the great mother who bore him. And may he soon learn that not only is honesty necessary in a proletarian writer, but also the serene wisdom and courage of Lenin and Maxim Gorky.—THE EDITORS.

A Letter From William Saroyan

TO THE NEW MASSES:

PRELUDE TO AN AMERICAN SYMPHONY, a story, is attached.

Now this is the point: I do not belong to the Communist Party, and as yet have no intention of belonging. Basic reason: I (personally) find groups of any sort intolerable. The Communist program is for the most part the most valid and decent I can think of, and I am wholly in sympathy with it. So far I have found members of the Party somewhat disappointing: most of them being opportunists: Communism being almost the style at the moment. My own writing is not a style of any kind: it is the only writing I am able to do or give a damn about doing. If it isn't proletarian, O.K. If you fellows pan hell out of my book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, out October 15th, O.K. again. That's your privilege. I'm asking no quarter. Do what your principles demand. I am doing what mine demand. I submit this story unsolicited because I believe I should at least offer something of mine to the most important workers' publication in the country. And besides, having sold stories to Vanity Fair and Esquire, I would like to make up for it, just as a number of proletarian artists make up for their pot-boiling drawings by drawing for one or another of the publications of their own class.

If you wish to print the story, I must insist that I receive no payment for it. If you

want to use the story, and insist on making some sort of payment for it, you can send THE NEW MASSES to me for a year, and maybe to one or two other people I will be glad to name who will be glad to get the magazine.

The story is almost important, I believe, in that it: well, read the God damn thing and decide for yourself. I'm no critic: I write what I must write.

What it comes to is this: if you are willing to accept me just as I am, not a Communist, not a Capitalist, not a Fascist, merely a writer who is trying like hell to be honest, fine; if not, fine. I am doing this because I believe I must. My feeling toward the group you represent has always been a lot more than merely friendly and always will be. This is all I know.

With very good wishes to the whole bunch of you: WILLIAM SAROYAN.

Editors' Note

WILLIAM SAROYAN is in the literary news this week, with the appearance of his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. He has already been praised by the critics for his short stories, which revealed the presence of a new, fresh and startling young talent.

His letter is therefore of great interest.

One Literature of Many Tongues

The All-Union Writers' Congress in Moscow

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

AN OLD MAN of slight build, with a grey beard and dark mustache, appeared on the platform of the Writers' Congress. He had sad eyes and a happy smile. A huge sheep-skin cap and a coat of a certain cut marked him as a Caucasian. It was Suleiman of Ashaga-Stall, the people's poet of Daghestan. He made a speech which few understood, for it was delivered in a strange Oriental tongue. Only from the translator did we learn that Suleiman was speaking of his people, freed by the Bolshevik Revolution. He spoke of the new. He told of the roads that were being cut through the highlands of his country, of electric power plants that emerged in places where mountain waterfalls were rushing and narrow paths were skirting cliffs on the edge of precipices, of a collective life that was replacing the old sordid existence, rank and poverty-stricken. He pointed to the future that lay ahead, rich and sun-lit.

The big hall was electrified. Suleiman was somewhat taken aback by the outburst of greetings. And here Gorky rose to meet the poet of the mountain people. They stood, shaking hands, looking at each other with love and admiration. Suleiman does not know Russian but Gorky's stories were read to him in his native tongue. Gorky does not read the language of Suleiman but he had heard that Suleiman was the most beloved people's poet. All of Daghestan knows his poems. He is about the age of Gorky. First a farm hand, then a factory worker, then a railway laborer, then a worker at the oil wells, then again a laborer, now he is a member of a collective farm. He cannot read. He has never learned to read or write. He just composes his poems by heart. Before the Revolution he sang of the cruelty of the Czarist officers, of slavery under the lash of the landlord, of the beastliness of the tax collector, of the knavery of the Mullah. Now he sings of what Lenin and Stalin have done for his people.

The speech was over. The meeting of the two great men ended. But Suleiman had something in store for the Congress. It is a custom in our country, he said, that when a man visits his friend, he brings him the best he has in his possession. The best I have are my poems. I have brought the Soviet land the best fruit of my creative power. Armfuls of the fruit of literature will I bring to my people from this Congress, the fruit that has been raised by the great gardeners of our life, Stalin and his Party.

And Suleiman recited a poem. He delivered it in a bizarre sing-song which, to most of the Congress, sounded like an Oriental

prayer chant. But it was a poem to the Congress. It was a poem of the mighty battles of October that did away with the "wild road of hungry life" and which "plowed the land with the powerful plow" so that the present freedom may grow. "My great land has been liberated from slavery. We have awakened from a cruel dream and, awakened, we came here."

This appearance of Suleiman of Ashaga-Stall on the platform of the Congress was one of the most colorful moments in the history of a gathering so replete with inspiring scenes. It symbolized the essential unity of Soviet literature. The world-celebrated Gorky and the man celebrated only in his mountain villages, Suleiman, were doing the very same thing and leading towards the same goal.

THE Congress was not a gathering of Russians. Interposed among the Russian delegates were figures unmistakably Oriental. One could recognize them not only by their garb and not only by the display of that sheep-skin cap without which an Oriental does not seem to feel comfortable even in Summer, but also quite often by that quizzical look with which they examined everything in the lobby. There were many things to examine. A portrait gallery of writers. A brigade of nimble-fingered draftsmen doing portraits from life. A book stand doing brisk business. A book exhibition. A special book stand for foreigners. Heaps of material for the delegates. A spacious lobby nearly always filled with hundreds of delegates and guests. A lunch-room which was often turned into a second Congress. A constant coming and go-

ing. Leaders of literature and the theatre, high Governmental officials, representatives of learned societies, Red Army commanders. The Oriental guests looked. They were obviously provincial, and yet, or perhaps therefor, they were terrifically alert. Also they had a dignity about them, an almost aggressive air. They clearly felt their importance, and they were not going to be modest about the achievements of their native literatures as part of the achievements of their native countries.

Nine extensive reports were given at the Congress right after the reports of Gorky on Soviet literature in general and of Marshak on juvenile literature. Ukraine, White Russia, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Tatarstan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan and Tadjikistan, the most important of the national minority republics, were chosen to bring reports to the All-Union Congress. They presented from this high tribunal a summary of their achievements and a survey of the problems confronting them in their respective surroundings.

All these peoples were oppressed under the Czars and were not freed by the Kerensky "democratic" régime. They had no governments of their own; they were not allowed anything reminiscent of national statehood; they were not permitted to publish literature in their native tongue; they were not permitted to have their own schools. They were the object of heedless and haughty Russification. The masses were rushed under the double yoke of native aristocracy and Czardom. As a general rule, the masses were illiterate.

Lakhuti, the celebrated poet of Tadjikistan, opened his report on the Tadjik literature with the remark that up to 1923 he did not know that his people were Tadjiks. Long before the Revolution, he said, he had read a line in a poem by the Persian poet Saadi which said that "the cruel Turk before your eyes sheds the Tadjik's blood." He was interested to know the meaning of that word, Tadjik. He looked it up in a dictionary where he found the following definition: "Tadjik is the name of a people that once existed. In the Turkish dictionaries it is denoted as fars, Persian." From this definition he could only glean the idea that there had been some kind of national antagonism, some struggle between the Turks and the Persians. Many years passed. He had forgotten the word Tadjik. But how great was his astonishment when, in 1923, while in Moscow, he was invited to see "the leaders of the Communist Party of Tadjikistan." He had to strain his memory to recall the unusual word. Oh yes, that was the name of a people that had once existed. It now exists once more. From a backward



ZADASSA GAMSAT
People's poet of Daghestan

Panfilov

down-trodden Czarist colony, Tadjikistan has risen to the position of a republic that is building Socialism with the aid of the proletariat of the entire Soviet Union.

This is the tale that nearly every delegate of the national republics told the Congress.

EVERY delegate reported unprecedented progress. The progress in literature and the arts was intimately connected with the progress of industry and agriculture. White Russia before the Revolution was a sad, forlorn province with hungry, down-hearted people. It was nothing but a huge marshland. Fifty percent of the land belonged to landlords. Eighty percent of the population were illiterate. At present White Russia is one of the foremost republics of the Soviet Union. It has created an Academy of Science, said the reporter for White Russia, Comrade Klimkovitch; it has thirty-two research institutes, nineteen higher institutions of learning, eighty-one technicus; it has liquidated analphabetism among the adult population and has provided all the children with adequate schooling.

Before the Revolution, hardly five out of a thousand in what is now known as Tadjikistan could read and write. The country had



SHAMURADOVA YAZGUL
Poetess of Turkmenistan

Panfilov

almost no schools at all. At present, sixty percent of the population are literate. In 1933 the country had four higher institutions of learning, twenty-three technicians, fifteen Soviet-Party schools, nine factory schools and one hundred and twenty-nine various courses. The Government is spending on education a sum equal to the entire budget of bourgeois Afghanistan, the population of which is several times larger than that of Tadjikistan.

The population of Uzbekistan, before the Revolution, was probably no more educated than that of Tadjikistan. At present, said the reporter for Uzbekistan, Comrade Madjidi, fifty-two percent of the population are literate.

During the First Five-Year Plan, the number of students in the secondary schools rose from 325,000 to 520,000 and the number of students of higher institutions of learning rose from 411 to 6,000.

The growth of national economy of the republic under the Soviets, the lavish contributions to the national budgets from the budget of the U.S.S.R., the special attention given to cultural problems in general and to literature in particular made rapid progress in all literary fields possible. The Soviet literature of Ukraine is going through a powerful development. We can record a number of concrete achievements, said Comrade Kulik, representing the Ukrainian writers. The subject-matter of our literature has become much closer to the burning problems of life; our prose has become much more amenable to the actualities of Socialist construction, of the class struggle on its present stage. We are dealing with the problems of remaking the individual. Our literature also shows how men and women who were the dregs of society yesterday can be reformed into builders of Socialism today.

Similar developments are noticed everywhere. Uzbekistan has a writers' union of over three hundred members. The union of Soviet writers of Azerbejan counts sixty writers and the literature is rapidly improving both in the number of books and in the mastery of writing. The literature of Armenia counts in its ranks the best writers of the pre-Soviet period and also a number of younger talents who started their literary career after October. All of them are giving realistic pictures of the struggles for Soviet Armenia, of the upswing so remarkable in the last decade, of the processes of industrialization and collectivization. Armenia is proud of the writer and dramatist, Shirvan-Zade, who is the founder of the realistic school. Being a man of very advanced age, he is full of youthful vigor and is one of the leaders of the present Soviet literature. Armenia is proud of the fact that it created an alphabet for the Kurds, a small minority living in Armenia. Literature is being developed in the Kurd language. Great successes are being recorded in the literature of the Tartars. The reports were a series of enthusiastic enumerations of developments startling to the reporters themselves. Comrade Fefer, a leading Jewish poet from the Ukraine, speaking not as a reporter, but as one of the delegates, gave a picture of the marvelous growth of the Jewish Soviet literature. Similar growth could have been reported by all the other nationalities of the Soviet Union had they been represented at the Congress.

Here are the most frequently mentioned realms of achievement:

Orientation on the Toiling Masses.—Even before the Revolution, there were writers in every nationality who deplored the misery of the exploited and oppressed. Many a writer sympathized with the plain people and dreamed of national liberation. But few went beyond the limits of the bourgeois-democratic

outlook. At present nearly all the poets and prose writers are dealing with the workers and peasants as participants in the great processes of building a new life.

Bright Outlook.—The literatures of very many of the oppressed nationalities were saturated with sadness. The folk-lore of Turk-



Panfilov

W. T. CHISTALEV
Delegate from Kon Region, Siberia

menistan was all one strain of pessimism. The poets close to the people were also full of melancholy, of renunciation.

My heart is all burned up, burned up;
My candle is extinguished, extinguished.

The same holds true about White Russia, partly Ukraine, and others. The writers of the present epoch have done away with wailing. This is a period of struggle; these are deeds that lead to a great future. There can be no room for pessimism. The road ahead is open. The forces are growing. The new achievements are lending courage for greater exploits. Literatures of optimism, all astir with the spirit of aggressiveness, are the order of the day.

Industrialization and Collectivization.—Every one of these outlying republics is full of the hustle and flurry of new construction. The Turksib (Turkestan-Siberian Railway), that magnificent feat of Soviet engineering, has aroused the imagination of dozens of writers. But the Turksib is only one of many achievements of this kind. New dams, new canals, new waterways, new powerful irrigation projects, new roads cut in the wilderness, new blossoming plantations where there was a desert only a few years ago, new houses with gardens where nomads recently trailed along—all this clamors for description and is giving new life to the literature of the national republics.

Internationalism of Outlook.—The literatures of the minority nationalities are national in form and proletarian in content. But because they are national in form and because

they have grown on the basis of the preceding literatures of the bourgeoisie and the landlords—some of them, like the Georgian and Armenian, have an inheritance of twelve centuries, rich, beautiful and unique—they had to go through severe struggles against nationalistic influences. Even after the October Revolution, the forefront of many literatures was taken by poets and writers who were pro-Soviet by declaration and nationalist in core. Under the mask of Sovietism, they brought in the ideas of the bourgeoisie. In contents, the nationalist writers had an orientation towards the past; they glorified the national heroes of former generations; they extolled the special qualities of their own nationality as contrasted to all the others. In the realm of language they orientated themselves on archaic words and phrases, trying to avoid the new expressions created by Soviet life and common to all the nationalities of the U.S.S.R. Symbolism, mysticism, epochs of religious sentiments were the accompaniment of such nationalistic writings. A consistent class struggle, sometimes assuming very sharp forms, had to be fought by the Soviet writers until the nationalist elements were overcome. Even at present the danger of nationalist deviations is not over. The general line of the national literatures is leading to a closer understanding and cooperation among all the peoples of the Soviet.

Realism.—The fight against nationalism does not exclude, however, national characteristics. On the contrary. The class struggle in the realm of literature is fought in defense of adequate presentation of present-day realities of social life which are, of necessity, different in the various republics. Socialist realism has become the program of all the minority literatures. Socialist realism is, first of all, realism, *i.e.* a method of artistically presenting typical human beings in typical social surroundings. Socialist realism is a method of presenting, truthfully and sympathetically, men and women in the social surroundings of combating capitalism and building Socialism.

THE Soviet literatures of the minority nationalities do not repudiate the cultural inheritance. As a matter of fact, they make it the task of the Soviet writer to study the classics. They view the classics from the class point of view, *i.e.*, in the light of Marxism-Leninism. The case of Shevchenko, the great classic of Ukrainian literature, is characteristic. The nationalist historians of literature painted him as a Socialist and as a forerunner of the present revolutionary writers. This was what Comrade Kulik called a hallelujah attitude towards a classic. Soviet literature sees Shevchenko in his true historic rôle. It appreciates him as a singer of the revolutionary bourgeois peasant democracy. This places him alongside Chernyshevsky and Dobrolubov, great revolutionary democratic writers of Russia. It by no means diminishes his value as a genius of the Ukrainian literature, but it places him in the right perspective. It is sometimes even more difficult to deal with poets of an earlier age who are surrounded in the

minds of the masses with a halo. Echoes of this worship of ancient poets one could hear even at the Congress itself in the reports about Georgia and Uzebekistan.

THE decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party to abolish the special associations of proletarian writers (Decree of April 23, 1932), was hailed by all the



PETRO PANCH
Ukrainian writer

reporters as a step that accelerated the growth of the national literatures. That decree expressed the confidence of the Party in the Soviet writers declaring that by their work they had shown their devotion to Socialist construction. The task of organizing an All-Union organization of writers was placed on the agenda of the various literatures. The separatism and sectarianism of the associations of proletarian writers was finished. The mass of writers felt relieved. It felt a new confidence. Creative activities increased rapidly. The period between April, 1932, and August, 1934, was reported as the most fruitful in the history of every literature. The process of "reconstruction" of the older writers, their coming over to the platform of Soviet literature—this process was going on even before 1932 as a consequence of the rapid growth of Socialist construction and the victory over the remnants of the bourgeoisie—was brought to a head in this momentous period. There is hardly a writer in all these minority literatures that has not come over. David Bergelson is a case in point. Bergelson is one of the most talented of the Jewish writers. He is one of the few great of the present era. He started his literary activities as a bourgeois realist twenty-five years ago. He began moving towards the Soviet platform as early as 1926. But his final merging with the revolutionary literature of to-day and his readiness to fight for that platform as against his former views, was completed only in the last two years. Today Bergelson is celebrated as the master from whose fount of creative experiences the younger writers may draw.

Everyone of the national reporters stressed the influence of the entire literature of the

U.S.S.R. on the respective national literatures, the influence of the Communist Party, the influence of Maxim Gorky and the influence of Stalin. Gorky is the man who has all literature at heart. He stimulates by his criticism and he encourages by his demands. Here he writes a letter to the Ukrainian writers, asking: "Is there an outline of the history of the Ukrainian literature, and if there is none, are there plans afoot to write such a history?" There he criticizes the careless method of writing of the younger poets; at another time he raises the question of artistic depth and saturation with ideas. His word is listened to everywhere. He is the master. He is the acknowledged leader.

And as to Stalin, two examples may suffice. It was under the personal supervision of Stalin as the head of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of U.S.S.R. that the decisive turn was taken by the Ukrainian literature in its struggle against dangerous nationalist influences that dominated the field and hampered sound literary growth. A special resolution was passed as late as December 14, 1932, under Stalin's supervision, calling particular attention to the errors and the insufficient watchfulness of the Ukrainian leaders in the process of building the national culture of the Ukraine. A group of Russian Bolsheviks headed by Postyshev was delegated to the Ukraine to help liquidate the nationalist line pursued by such leaders as the Ukrainian, Skrypnik.

And here is what Stalin wrote in 1925 to the leaders of Tadjikistan:

Tadjiks have a rich history; their past organizational and political abilities are no secret to anybody. Workers of Tadjikistan! Raise the culture of your country, develop its economy, help the toilers of city and village, rally around yourselves the best sons of your fatherland and show the entire Orient that you are the best descendants of your ancestors who firmly held in their hands the banner of liberation.

"I am quite confident," said the reporter for Tadjikistan, "that Tadjikistan, under the leadership of the Communist Party, will justify the confidence of our leader, the leader of the proletariat of the whole world, Comrade Stalin, in every respect, and particularly on the literary front."

The *shortcomings* of every literature were not glossed over. On the contrary, self-criticism was one of the major sections of every report. *Abstractness* was one of the shortcomings most frequently criticized. The writers, said the Congress, must come closer to the actual life of the people. Without the closest and most intimate connection between the writers and the broadest masses of the toilers, their lives and their struggles, literature cannot move ahead. Lack of agility, of creative enterprise was often pointed out. The writers do not follow minutely every new development. They do not grasp at the most recent traits in the lives of the people to create the new man, even if he is only in the process of emerging. The representatives of Central Asia criticized the slowness of the writers in depicting the industrial proletariat that is

now coming to the fore. However, all these shortcomings, it was pointed out, are growing pains. They only signify the vigorous upswing of the literature, some of which did not even exist twenty years ago. The urgency of study, of Marxist-Leninist education was stressed with particular emphasis by every one of the speakers. The writer must work over himself. He must master his craft, but he must also widen his political horizon. Writers must be sent to school, said the representative of Turkmenistan. They must be given opportunity to travel to centers of culture in the U.S.S.R. in order to acquire the necessary knowledge and outlook.

All the literatures were dealt with as part of one great whole. The reports and debates revealed a great similarity of problems and tasks amid a diversity of countries and historical backgrounds. Such unity of purpose could exist only where there is being created a culture that is national in form and proletarian in content.

A closer interrelation between the literatures of the national republics and the Russian literature was urged. This can be realized by an increase of translations into various languages and by a more frequent personal contact between the writers of the various na-



YANKO KUPALA

Celebrated White Russian poet

tionalities. Gorky advanced the idea of a theater for the national republics to be located in Moscow and to show the best plays of the minority literatures. The publication of magazines intended to bring the achievements of one literature closer to the attention of all was proposed.

The Congress will undoubtedly have stimulated the interest of the entire Soviet Union to the national literatures. The Congress has welded the various literatures into one great literary body.

The Armenian reporter said:

The first Writers' Congress in the history of the world will be a powerful stimulus for our entire Soviet literature, moving it to new artistic

SHIRVAN ZADE
Famous Armenian poet

heights. The works created by the Soviet literature of Armenia give us ground to believe that the Armenian writers have a tremendous reserve of creative energy. With the torch of Marxism-Leninism in their hands, marching in step with the working class, under the leadership of the Communist Party, the writers of Armenia will be in the first rank of Soviet literature. After this historical Congress they will start, with new forces, with fresh energy, to create great works that are in tune with this, the greatest of all epochs.

The Pravda wrote:

We do not lull ourselves to sleep. We do not rest on the achievements of the genius of the proletarian dictatorship in whatever realm they may have been made. At the Writers' Congress, including the reports on the national literatures, not a few shortcomings of the Soviet literatures were mercilessly exposed. The literature of a young class that has just come into power over one-sixth of the surface of the earth has no reason to conceal from itself or others its shortcomings, both the lack of literary ripeness among many new authors who have recently taken up the pen, and the existence of alien influences still exercised here and there by the bourgeois nationalists who have sold their future to capitalism.

There is still struggle ahead, stubborn struggle for the growth of culture, the Soviet culture of our peoples, for cleansing it of the centuries-old mud of capitalism and the past social formations of exploitation. But can anything stop the marvelous forward rush of Socialism? Can any enemy power stop our heroic peoples? Are there any fortresses—of science, technique, culture—that could not be taken by the Bolsheviks? There is no such power, there are no such fortresses.

Lakhuti on the responsibility of the writers:

We must not forget how important is that tremendous responsibility which the name of a writer imposes on us. The writer is an engineer of the human soul. If an engineer makes a mistake when he builds a factory, that may cost the State several millions additional. If an engineer of the human soul makes a mistake, then the damage caused by him to Socialist construction will be immense, because this mistake will be reflected in the consciousness of the builders themselves.

Heightening the sense of responsibility among the writers of the various nationalities, the Congress, by bringing them closer together

and hammering out for all of them a clearer program, has enormously increased their individual and collective power.

The next article of Moissaye J. Olgin will deal with some of the theoretical problems raised by the Congress.—THE EDITORS.

THE MARCHER

This is the fifth year
I have marched across America;
get outa town and
keep movin
the factories are rust-scabbed and silent,
prairies are dry and desolate,
stopped the sheriff sale
no evictions here
farmers solid
breadlines eat like ever-lengthening worms
into the guts of the cities.

My brain is slow
and slowly I am learning
that this is wrong
and I must set it right.
Don't expect much longer
that I will be held back
by words and laws that are not mine.
I know now
that more than words are barriers
cops, machine guns, clubs,
courts, armies, tortures,
and priests and tear gas, lynchings...

This is the fifth year
I have looked in America's face:
how goes it
brother
shifting, silent men in breadlines?
yes we've demonstrated
stopped evictions
we gotta do more
factory workers stretched and wracked with
conveyor belts and speed-up.
Many are they, strong and angry.
Storm
is damned behind the clouds
that are their eyes;
sullen as thunderheads,
banked against the night.
It can't be held back much longer.
Your flimsy words and futile weapons
will be crushed, turned back against
you
by the tempest of steel sickles,
by red thundering hammers of millions up-
raised.

HARLEN CRIPPEN.

The Second Macaulay Strike

EDWIN ROLFE

TRYING AS IT IS to the strikers, the second Macaulay strike, now in its fourth week, has this value among others, of indicating the progress white collar workers can make toward realistic class-consciousness.

When the first strike was called in the publishing house, it was difficult for the workers who went out to think of themselves as regular strikers, like the placarded men and women they had seen walking up and down outside the nearby garment shops. Few of the workers were, at the start ready to picket. It was not until sympathetic writers set the example that those workers who had hesitated joined the picket line. Today, without hesitation, they do their stint. During the mass picketing they sing union songs.

In the first strike also, many of the workers had the old individualist feeling that if people stayed behind, it was unfortunate but it was their privilege; and it was not nice to call them names. Politeness was maintained between the strikers and the few scabs. The picketers, for instance, smiled, though wryly, at the scabbing advertising manager, Charles Springhorn, who tipped his hat to them. They were even inclined to sympathize with him and to take his word for it that he was staying in because his family needed the income. The others needed their income, too, and his selfishness endangered their income; still they considered it a matter of individual choice. The notion that they might do something to make scabbing a misery to the scabs was hard for them to realize. Their attitude has changed radically in the intervening three months. The scabs are jeered. They cower as they sneak into the building. Mr. Springhorn, scabbing a second time, walks by with hunched shoulders; has given up tipping his hat, which is jammed over his face like a mask. There is no idle sympathy for him now, no attempt to "understand" his motives. And there have been, instead, determined efforts to pull the scabs out. Committees of the strikers have visited them, have pleaded, shown their scorn and their anger. The neighborhoods where the scabs live have been roused against them.

Even the changed attitudes of the scabs are significant. In the first strike they rolled their eyes upward and said, "We wish we could be with you." Now they knew that they had a decisive choice to make, and they have made it. The head of the shipping room, Philip Wolf, said defiantly, "I was a scab twenty years ago and got away with it." Another shipper, Milton Roth, tried to excuse himself by saying, "I am not taking anybody's job," although he knew, when he said it, that he would be taken out of the shipping room and put in place of the discharged telephone operator, at the switchboard. Sydney Kaplan,

the third shipper, who, incidentally, was offered the bribe of a course through evening college, said to the strikers, "You are right, but I haven't the guts." The secretary of the president of the firm, Mildred Gertler, admitted to one of the strikers that she had made a "bargain" with Mr. Furman when she took the job—obviously a verbal yellow dog contract.

Equally significant was the attitude of the "sympathizers." Those writers who in the last strike had been virtually dragged into activity now were nowhere to be seen. In the second strike the writers who picketed were, with a few exceptions, decisively of the left. The others no longer indulged in the risky adventure of a demonstration on the picket line. Clifton P. Fadiman, Tess Slesinger, and others who had appeared, though reluctantly, on the first strike lines, excused themselves from the second. Other writers who were invited to participate made startling apologies. Hendrick Van Loon wanted to stay in a corner where he could keep on "writing little books for little children." Manuel Komroff considered it "undignified" to picket. Most of those who refused to picket found it possible, however, to "do their bit," in the Carnegie-Rockefeller Charity Foundation spirit, by sending contributions.

Those who have stood by, however, have developed in firmness. They include Samuel Ornitz, Louis Adamic, Edward Newhouse and Ann Rivington, two Macaulay authors who jeopardized the career of their books, Mike Gold, Dale Curran, James T. Farrell, William Rollins, Jr., Selden Rodman, Frances Park, Lauren Gilfillan, Maxwell Bodenheim, Slater Brown, Kenneth Burke, Joshua Kunitz, John L. Spivak, Myra Page, Orrick Johns, Alfred Hayes, Oakley Johnson, David Liebovitz, Leane Zugsmith, Heywood Broun, Michael Blankfort, Edward Dahlberg, and many others.

Perhaps most significant was the change in the newspapermen. In the intervening three months, the Newspaper Guild had entered its active period of organization, following its first gentlemanly course of polite dinner meetings with the publishers. They had had strikes and picketings of their own and as a result their reporting was straight. In the first strike they had written kidding reports. Headlines like "Beauty on the Picket Line," "Cops Biff Authors," were out. They wrote soberly and with commendable attention to the facts.

The strikers made some novel efforts to publicize their action. Mass picketing being now allowed, the police on one occasion even ordering the onlookers to fall into the mass picket line or keep moving, it was possible for the strikers to find other means than those of being clubbed and arrested to bring their case

to the public. They arranged a literary tea at which Louis Adamic acted as host. There were more than 100 writers, editors, and men and women from publishing houses at this tea. Some were already members of the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers' Union. Some half dozen new ones joined up. Bitter experience has taught them that lone wolves do not prosper, not even the lone wolves of Wall Street.

Later on the strikers held a symposium on the question of industrial organization in the book publishing industry. The large hall of the Office Workers' Union proved insufficient to accommodate the audience. Two publishers were among the standees. Harold Guinzberg, president of the Viking Press, the only publisher who had had the courage to appear on the platform presented, as an individual, he insisted, the case of the publishers; William Rollins, Jr., author of *The Shadow Before* spoke for the writers whose support in the strike has been one of its outstanding features; a critic and poet, Horace Gregory, presented the case of the reading public; Elmer Brown of the Amalgamated Party of Big Six, spoke of the growing realization of workers in the printing crafts of the folly of craft organization as opposed to industrial organization; Mr. Schoenfeld of the Newspaper Guild described the analogous experiences of this analogous organization. The chairman recognized two other publishers in the audience and provoked them to comment. They were Thomas Coward, president of Coward-McCann, and a Mr. Alex Hillman of William Godwin, Inc. The publishers had their turn first with a communication received from Bennet A. Cerf, president of the Modern Library and Random House. It stated that he wished to go on record that he would place no hindrance to organization in his office. Mr. Guinzberg, and after him Mr. Coward, who was prevailed upon to speak, insisted that organization was not suitable for the publishing industry; but said that they would do nothing to prevent it in their offices. Mr. Hillman gave a cruder expression of opinion. He would chase out, he said, any employe who joined the union. He would regard such a step by any of his "girls" in the same light as if his wife took her grievances to a lawyer. His statements were received with indignant laughter by the audience.

As a result of the symposium, publicity was given to the minimum demands of the union. Mr. Coward mentioned that several of his employes were receiving salaries under the union minimum and when challenged admitted that this fact alone was in itself a good reason for organization. Since the symposium, Mr. Cerf of the Modern Library has taken a historic step in this industry. Voluntarily

he gave raises to all his employes, bringing those who were being paid below it up to the union minimum of \$21 a week. Since organization is going on in his offices, the Modern Library may soon have the distinction of being the second publishing house—Vanguard was the first—to have an organized shop operating on union standards.

There probably will be, as a result of this symposium, still another organized shop. Negotiations with the employers are now going on. The strike is again proving to be of service to the workers in the whole industry.

The strikers have been told that Mr. Furman considers himself a Galahad of the publishing industry; that he is carrying the banner for the publishers against the union, and that he intends to fight to the point of bankruptcy rather than yield. The strikers have accepted his challenge. They have begun a campaign among bookshops in New York to have Macaulay books withdrawn from display and from open sale. Thus far Gimbel's alone has definitely refused and the store is now being picketed by the strikers. Of the large number of bookshops that have consented, two are permitting their names to be made public. They are Moss and Kamin and the Gotham Book Mart. This action is being extended through John Reed Clubs and Pen and Hammer branches throughout the country. Not only in New York, therefore, but in some thirty of the larger cities in the country the Macaulay Company's books are being taken out of the window and off the open tables and put under the counter. In many instances Macaulay salesmen are being turned away by book sellers for the duration of the strike.

In the meanwhile authors are notifying literary agencies not to submit their books to the Macaulay Company, and agencies themselves are, without instruction, withholding manuscripts. Thus, from two sides, the Macaulay Company's invitation to the receivers, is being unexpectedly countersigned.

In the meanwhile, the strikers have been holding daily mass picketing and open meetings. The audiences are responsive. They are chiefly white collar workers, from publishing concerns, insurance offices, magazines, accountancy and collection agencies, others from the big office buildings nearby. Contributions for the strike fund have been voluntarily offered from the audience; and picketers have stepped out from the crowd and marched straight to the picket line at the end of each meeting. The illusion of white collar dignity is disappearing around 381 Fourth Avenue. And this is not a sentimental matter. In the huge offices of the insurance companies, addressing agencies, and circulation departments of the big magazines, sweating, speed up, dark and airless work-rooms, for the massed hundreds of office workers are providing the same motives for organization that built up unions among industrial workers.

In the first strike, a hearing at the Regional Labor Board was effective both in raising the morale of the workers and in somewhat sham-



"You know, Montmorency has gone 'RED' since the bottom has dropped out of *Toodles-Perambulator*."

ing the employers into negotiations. How treacherous a support the N.R.A. is to the workers, a fact well known in the basic industries is now being made clear to office workers as well. The Furmans, owners of the Macaulay Company, airily disregarded two notices to appear before the Regional Labor Board. The workers' testimony was taken; testimony that offered incontrovertible evidence of a violation of Section 7A. So far, although workers cannot afford to wait through the delays of crafty lawyers, N.R.A. has done nothing.

In the meanwhile, the N.R.A. has put through a code for the publishing industry which constitutes one of its major crimes. In an industry where the 35-hour week is general the 40-hour week is instituted; where the salary average is higher, the fifteen dollar minimum is set, with the further provision that office boys and office girls, to which status a large proportion of the employes can soon be reduced, will work at a \$12 minimum. Other provisions of this outrageous code drive down its labor standards still further. In the preparation of this code no workers and no organization of workers were consulted. And the Office Workers' Union, in all its attempts to secure information was put off with evasions and lies. The head of the code who worked constantly "with the industry"—was himself a former publisher, a man who had gone into bankruptcy in the attempt to run a book publishing business on mass production lines, with a vertical trust reaching upwards from the paper mill to the bookshop and with all the attendant exploitation of workers.

The strike has served one other purpose. It has brought out into the open an enemy of Labor—one who till now has passed himself off as its friend. Philip Wittenberg, a lawyer who loved to have his name among the famous names alongside letterheads of radical organizations, and who answered a threat to expose him with the words: "I can find other ways of amusing myself besides contributing to revolutionary organizations," has been the Furman brothers' chief reliance in their fight against the workers.

During the first strike, the workers, after a hearing at the Regional Labor Board, were invited to the offices of Mr. Wittenberg, who explained that the Regional Labor Board had asked him, as a notorious Friend of Labor, to use his good offices in calming this little storm in the publishing industry. Mr. Wittenberg assured the strikers that he was acting purely from disinterested personal motives and out of his extreme love for unions. But in the course of the negotiations with the Furmans—who were found comfortably ensconced in one of Mr. Wittenberg's inner offices—it soon became obvious that Mr. Wittenberg was acting as the publishers' counsel. Although every effort at the time to secure such an admission from him failed, a large sum of money to Mr. Wittenberg was routed through the book-keeping department later on—obviously Mr. Wittenberg's fee. And later, in a conference with Isidor Schneider, A. L. Furman admitted that Wittenberg had been retained and, had acted as the company's attorney.

Now, in the second strike, Wittenberg is acting openly. The Furman brothers are so pleased with his work that they have boasted that they will not have to see or hear anyone of the strikers at Regional Labor Board hearings or elsewhere. Meanwhile he has done his best to deceive the strikers into thinking that he was still working in their interest. He professed to be willing to drop the case if the strikers wished, but when this offer was accepted he retracted it—promising to arrange a meeting with the Furmans "on his (Wittenberg's) own terms." The implication was, of course, that these terms would be favorable to the strikers. He has neither arranged the meeting which he pledged himself to do nor has he withdrawn from the case.

Later on these pretences were dropped. In an accidental encounter with strikers and sympathizers he tried to confuse the issue by saying: "Has the union asked me to drop out?" The answer was, "You have already done all the damage you can do." Wittenberg replied: "Not yet. There's more I can do—and will."

Correspondence

Poetry Pamphlets for the Masses

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Several years ago B. C. Hagglund, a Scandinavian printer with a literary bent, conceived the idea of a series of inexpensive poetry pamphlets to reach the broad masses once stirred—and still stirred—by the simple, eloquent songs of Joe Hill. Installing a rusty and discarded press in a Minnesota cow-barn, fastening it together with baling wire, the Spartan Swede began his labors. His first booklet was *Red Renaissance*, by H. H. Lewis, and in the course of time it became quite well-known. Hagglund worked in the harvest fields and as a railroad section hand betimes. He even even ventured far into the wilds of the Peace River Valley in Canada to earn money to continue his series, but whenever he could he returned to the cow-barn and patiently set to work at the booklets. The series now numbers six titles: *Red Renaissance*, by H. H. Lewis; *Dark Metropolis*, by Jacob Hauser; *The Unknown Soldier Speaks*, by George Jarboe; *Thinking of Russia*, by H. H. Lewis; *When the Sirens Blow*, by Leonard Spier; and *Salvation*, by H. H. Lewis.

Hagglund now has the manuscript of a booklet by Henry George Weiss, veteran revolutionary poet, to be called *Lenin Lives*. Hagglund has not been able to wangle a job from drought-stricken farmers, and his services are no longer needed as a section hand. So he is sadly in need of a few dollars to buy paper and ink for the booklet, containing verse that has been praised highly not only by Granville Hicks, Michael Gold, Walt Carmon and other revolutionary critics, but by such bourgeois poets as Arthur Davidson Ficke, who wrote of the poem *As Men Having a Job to Do*: "I don't see how it could have been better written."

I believe that Weiss' booklet will be a memorable addition to revolutionary literature, and I hope that anybody who can spare a quarter, a half, a dollar, or several dollars, to help make its publication possible, will send the money to H. H. Lewis, Rural Route No. 2, Cape Girardeau, Mo., who is trying to scrape enough together to enable the Spartan Swede to get to work. JACK CONROY.

Gov. Lehman Says "No"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

"No," said Governor Lehman, Saturday, October 13. The "liberal" governor of the richest state in the Union refusing to call a special session of the state Legislature at the end of this month to consider adequate winter relief. He refused knowing that present state relief appropriations are tapering off sharply and that the whole state Temporary Emergency Relief dispensation comes to an end the middle of this winter.

"No," said Governor Lehman again, almost in the same breath. This time the "liberal" chief executive of the Empire State was refusing to open the state armories to house enroute the penniless unemployed who will march on Albany at the end of this month to ask adequate winter relief, small-property-owner, anti-eviction and anti-foreclosure legislation, and an unemployment insurance law. The Governor knowing that he had opened the armories for other purposes such as dog shows and horse shows.

The gentleman who gave these self-assured refusals to a delegation from the United Action Conference on Work, Relief and Unemployment was the same gentleman who declared to a committee from the Conference last August: "The needs of the unemployed are keeping me awake nights."

And at the very moment Lehman was saying "No," something else was happening to which, as a politician, he might well have turned a weather eye. Headed by an unemployed newspaper man, a mass picket line of white-collar and professional workers marched for two hours before the

Forty-second Street Library in protest against the fascization of the work-relief program. The Associated Office and Professional Emergency Employees, one of the organizations in the United Action Conference, had mobilized the pickets at the library because in those cultured precincts had taken place the latest outbreak of illegal anti-organization discrimination. Three A.O.P.E.E. leaders there were fired because they led the fight against layoffs, for higher pay, and for adequate winter relief. And then the pickets turned to their morning newspaper next day, and read that the Governor had refused a special session. Governor Lehman that day made history, history of a sort which might well give insomnia to a stouter man than he.

He made it as clear to the organized white-collar and professional workers as any "agitator" ever could that the basic elementary condition for even the bare minimum of food and shelter is now and will continue to be *organized mass action*.

Historically it is, of course, true that the "middle class" has played a sucker's role, fighting for the owning class against the working class only to be left holding the bag, as they were in Italy, Germany, and Austria. But it is precisely because the "middle class" has played such a role in other countries that it is beginning to play a different role here. We have seen too often how, in the fight between owning class and working class over living conditions, when the "middle class" has sided with the owning class it has in the end been rewarded by forced starvation.

Employment of architects and engineers, for example, is about 10 percent. Of the 775,000 office workers in New York, 300,000 are unemployed. For every librarian employed as such, 14 are jobless. Private and public schools are curtailing teaching staffs; research budgets are being cut to the bone. In the face of these conditions we of course understand that we cannot repose any false hopes in re-employment by private business, but must fight for adequate relief not only for ourselves, who number only about 22,000 on relief work in New York, but for the hundreds of thousands who never got relief jobs. And above all, we understand that, along with manual workers, employed and unemployed, we must broaden and sharpen the campaign for genuine unemployment and social insurance, of a kind which will benefit those *now* unemployed, whom the Wagner-Lewis Bill, Roosevelt's favorite, ignores.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR, Chairman,
Associated Office and Professional
Emergency Employees.

A Mass Trial of the Colleges

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The National Student League has called a mass trial of the administrations of the city's colleges at Webster Manor, 119 East 11th Street, Friday, October 19 at 8 p. m.

The purpose is to present an indictment proving the direct support given Fascism by leading educators in the Universities. Donald Henderson, ousted from his position in Columbia last year, will serve as presiding justice. Joseph Starobin, expelled a year ago in an anti-war demonstration will prosecute the same administration which threw him out. The plaintiffs, Edwin Alexander (City College), Ruth Rosenthal (Hunter) and George Herbert Toddings (Wagner) will seek to convince the jury composed of such prominent liberals and educators as Roger Baldwin, George S. Counts, William O. Thompson, Profs. Burgum and Hodges of N.Y.U. and others, to convict President Robinson and the rest of the defense and to demand their removal.

Meanwhile, funds will be necessary to carry on the fight for the reinstatement of the 12 suspended City College anti-fascists. Money should be sent immediately, care of National Student League, 114 West 14th Street. W. MENDELSON.

An American Musician Abroad

TO THE NEW MASSES:

We arrived in Underwald as the sun was setting. . . . The inhabitants of the village were gathered to greet us, decked out in their best clothes. We were the "Kalonna Links" German Theater from Moscow touring the German Volga (Autonomous) Republic. They scrutinized us carefully—for among us were comrades who had recently come from their ancestors' fatherland, Germany, and spoke their language.

No sooner did we descend from the truck than we were asked questions concerning Fascist Germany, the situation of the peasants there, how they lived, what were their prospects, etc. During our entire tour we had not come across such a spirited, enthusiastic crowd. The discussion continued around the dinner table as we ate roast meat, potatoes, tomatoes, milk and watermelon. The waitresses, the Mennonite type we find in and around Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa., stopped between trips to the kitchen to listen. The village orchestra, a violinist and 'cellist, were so eager to entertain us that they drowned out much of the conversation.

Immediately after eating we sped to the kolhoz to perform for the peasants before dark. On our way I wondered why there was so much difference between this collective and the previous one we had visited—why things were so well-organized, why the kulak problem was no longer a problem and why we were served delicious white bread instead of black. The whole atmosphere was one of cheerfulness and optimism.

My perplexities were solved when I met the chief of the politotdel (Political department) Strachovenko. I had heard him mentioned several times by the peasants as they spoke on collectivization during the meal. Strachovenko spoke with me in English. He was one of the many sent out by the Party to speed up collectivization. He was in charge of eight kolhozes numbering 4,000 peasants, and was proud of the fact that there were six tractors and two combines on his territory.

His popularity with the peasants was revealed as they came up to him in short intervals, chatting with him on all subjects, asking advice, etc. Strachovenko told me he was also approached on questions of the household, love and general troubles.

The "Kalonna Links" performed a skit called *Moritat*, a satire on the Reichstag burning, using a huge stack of wheat for a back drop. They sang mass songs of Eisler and Volpe. We had an artist with us who asked the peasants to mention the enemies of the German proletariat and peasants so that he could caricature them. They fired out the names, Goebbels, Goering, Bauer, Trotsky, and, of course, Hitler. Then our small orchestra played for the folk-dancing.

It was pitch dark by this time and I looked for the politotdel chief. He was in the center of the dancing circle, spinning around, in German fashion, with an old peasant woman, whose face was lit up with her shining eyes. He received request after request to dance and obliged without a word.

It was getting late now and we were packing our things up to leave for the village when I heard a rumbling noise and a series of "swishes." There in the distance were these same peasants, who had danced and danced for at least two hours, threshing wheat in the dark, working with enthusiasm to complete their plan for the season. There were several brigades present prepared to alternate throughout the night. A buxom German peasant girl sat at the wheel of the combine and as we left she yelled, "come back in a couple of years and see what we've done."

I later learned that this collective was the best in the German Republic and I keep thinking of little Strachovenko and his young Comsol son who sang all the Russian folk and mass songs as we traveled back to the village. Here was a Communist, a valuable cog in the wheel rolling towards socialism and the new life of the peasant.

Moscow.

ALEX NORTH.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Urbanity of Mr. Krutch

IN THE NATION a month or two ago Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch wrote a series of four articles under the general title, "Was Europe a Success?" I am glad Mr. Krutch wrote these articles. For three or four years he has been sniping at Communism and the Marxist critics in his reviews of books and plays, and it was about time that he got down to fundamentals.

Thanks to Mr. Krutch's strange manner of generalizing about Europe, the reader is not likely to discover at once what his basic principles are, but close scrutiny reveals them. The revolution, he says, threatens to destroy not merely capitalism but "a way of life and a heritage of philosophy and art" and "the very sensibilities and forms of thought which made that heritage possible." Specifically, the revolution threatens individualism, freedom, and disinterestedness. Therefore, he concludes, the intellectual has "a stake in capitalism."

I do not doubt that the revolution will destroy a great deal that Mr. Krutch cherishes. If he wants to argue that such writers as Joyce and Proust, for example, could not possibly be developed in a proletarian society, I for one will not disagree with him. He happens to like a great deal in contemporary literature that I think is either definitely decadent and bad or else superfluous. He will miss it when it is gone, and I do not suppose the appearance of other qualities—which I regard as better and more important—will console him.

I can readily see why Mr. Krutch is unhappy at the prospect of the destruction of this culture of his, but I wonder how he intends to preserve it. He apparently has the strange idea that he can preserve it by defending capitalism. This culture did, it is true, develop in close association with the rise of capitalism, but I doubt if the capitalist system as such has nourished culture. A large proportion, perhaps a majority, of the artists of the past century have said or given the impression that their work was accomplished in spite of, not because of, capitalists and the capitalist system. From Shelley and Byron to Shaw and Wells, from Thoreau and Melville to Lewis and Dreiser, writers have testified that the values on which business is founded are utterly opposed to those on which culture rests.

Yet, Mr. Krutch may say, art has flourished under capitalism. There has been art, certainly, and very good art, but it is a by-product. Though individual capitalists have occasionally patronized the arts, capitalists as a class have been brutally indifferent to them. The culture Mr. Krutch enjoys and the values he adheres to have not been created by the capitalist class nor even fostered by it.

The best one can say is that capitalism has tolerated them.

What will happen if it becomes definitely to the interest of the capitalist class not to tolerate this culture and these arts? The question is not an academic one, for the thing has already happened. Monopoly capitalism, threatened by destruction as the depression grows worse, has not hesitated to destroy everything that might hamper its exploitation of the workers. This last desperate stand on the part of capitalism is called Fascism, and even Mr. Krutch seems to suspect that Fascism is not precisely favorable to culture. What has happened to the artists and scientists of Germany we all know. In Italy, where Fascism has had a longer and less tumultuous history, there has, according to an article in *Current History* last spring, been no considerable achievement in any of the arts. Mr. Krutch and his kind may have a stake in capitalism as it is at present operating in America. Will he maintain that they are going to have a stake in Fascism?

The difficulty is, of course, in convincing Mr. Krutch that Fascism is certain to come in this country unless revolution intervenes. The task is more, I suspect, than I could accomplish even if I had unlimited space at my disposal. I very much wish, however, that he would take the time to read and ponder over Palme Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution*. A year or so ago he got round to reading the *Communist Manifesto*, and it is time that he continued his education. He would not find in Dutt's book any brilliant generalizations about European man and the nature of civilization, but he would find an extraordinarily lucid argument, beautifully documented. When he had finished it, I should like to ask him if he still thought Fascism could be avoided by non-revolutionary means.

And in the meantime, I should like to inquire what Mr. Krutch, who will, I suppose, admit that Fascism is at least a possibility in the United States, is doing to prevent its triumph. If Fascism comes, culture, freedom, individualism, detachment, urbanity, and all the other good things of the civilized life will disappear. Mr. Krutch might devote to the combatting of Fascism at least a portion of the energy he spends in fighting Communism.

It may be possible to convince Mr. Krutch that in the long run he has no stake in capitalism; I doubt if it will ever be possible to convince him that he has a stake in Communism. But I trust that many of the intellectuals he is addressing are not quite so concerned as he with remaining urbane and detached and civilized in the midst of the kind of struggle that is now going on. I hope they

are capable of looking at the Soviet Union, not with malicious joy at every evidence that it is not a Utopia, but with interest and sympathy. They will see that, though bourgeois culture is very much alive. If, for example, they will read even hostile reports of the recent congress of writers in Moscow, they will discover that large masses of the Russian people are deeply concerned with what their artists are doing. No American writer today has so large or so keenly attentive an audience as any one of a score of Russian writers has. Russian literature may be dull and mediocre according to Mr. Krutch's standards, but he can scarcely deny that it has deep roots in the interests and hopes of millions of people. I am well aware, of course, that he would prefer the appreciation of a chosen few to that of multitudes of workers and farmers, but I have too much respect for American intellectuals to believe that he is wholly representative.

As for disinterestedness, freedom, and the sacredness of the individual, one question is indeed, as Krutch says, whether they have ever existed. For the vast majority they never have. Moreover, even for the minority they have existed only within limits. Mr. Krutch is free to do the things he wants to do because he does not want to do any of the things that are prohibited. He knows well enough, however, that there are many things he would not be free to write in the *Nation* or to say in an American college, and many things that he would not be free to do in New York City. He is satisfied with the treatment his individuality has received because he is not conscious of the forces that have moulded it. He is more disinterested, as he says, than S. Stanwood Mencken, but the limits of that disinterestedness are perfectly obvious to the revolutionary reader of his articles.

Under the dictatorship of the proletariat Mr. Krutch would have less freedom than he has now, but other people would have more. He would be painfully aware of the forces impinging upon his individuality because they would be forces exerted by a class hostile to his, but millions of people would have for the first time in their lives and, indeed, in the history of their class an opportunity to expand and grow. The awareness of individuality will presumably diminish in a collective society, but the opportunities for the realization of individual potentialities will, for the majority, enormously increase. During the period of the dictatorship conscious partisanship will no doubt be the rule, but in a classless society the freedom of the mind from the pull of economic interests will at last become a human possibility.

Communists, according to Mr. Krutch, "are full of an intense and burning hatred for that urbanity, detachment, and sense of fair play which make thinking amiable." I had not

supposed amiability to be the principal requisite in thinking; accuracy and effectiveness, I should have said, are more important. Mr. Krutch's essays are no doubt amiable and urbane, but they are neither detached nor fair. Is it, for example, precisely fair, in view of the diversified achievements of Russia in science and all the arts, to say that the tendency of Communism is "to reduce all intellectual life to a state where it is concerned with nothing except essentially theological debates concerning the meaning of dialectical materialism"? Is it detached to grasp at every bit of slander about the Soviet Union and to disregard the steady progress that is

being made there in every field of activity?

Not all the intellectuals who read his articles will, I believe, accept his thesis that he has all the virtues on his side and that on the Communist side are only dogmatism, harshness and intolerance. Mr. Krutch has his own variety of dogmatism and intolerance and even, beneath the mask of urbanity, his own brand of harshness too. Communists may be dogmatic, harsh, and intolerant; perhaps they have need to be; but that is not all they are. If intellectuals are looking for courage and honesty and impatience with cant and intolerance of injustice, they will not find them on Mr. Krutch's side. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Black and White, Unite and Fight

BABOUK, by Guy Endore. *The Vanguard Press, Inc.* \$2.

B*BABOUK* is the story of an African youth who, sold into slavery in San Domingo, developed in his middle age into an insurrectionist. Guy Endore has done better than anyone else to date with such a subject, but he could have done much better with a little more preparation of his material and a little more care in the development of his story.

In making an African youth the chief character of a novel dealing with the slave trade, and slavery in San Domingo, Mr. Endore cultivates virgin soil. Other writers will use the same general theme but they will all have to credit the author of *Babouk* with breaking the ground. Even one who is no more than casually acquainted with the history of African peoples knows that Endore's Africans are authentic. Evidence of Endore's wide historical research are apparent throughout the book: apparent in unfolding of character, in tribal and place names, in ethnological references, and so on. Not only are his Africans, with their numerous cultures, authentic; his descriptions of the capture and transportation of Africans for the slave trade is historically accurate. *Babouk* is an excellent document for the student of African lore, of the slave trade, and of slavery.

Endore has no illusions about the reasons why slavery arose when it did in this part of the world. In most instances he is as sound economically as he is historically. The thread of dramatic narrative that holds the book together is a good story, splendidly told. *Babouk*, with others from his and neighboring tribes, is sold into slavery. He reaches the coast and the compound carrying a heavy but valueless stone—valueless except for exhausting the body and breaking the spirit of revolt.

In the compound the slaves are "tasted"—that is, each is licked under the chin by the official "nigger taster"—to determine the state of their health. They think they are being tasted to find out which of them will make the best dish for the white captors. *Babouk* is separated from his fellow-villagers, branded, chained with another slave of the same size, and driven aboard the ship. There follows

a chain of dramatic incidents, admirably held together by a narrative that loses nothing by the author's frequent stepping out of character to chat amiably or satirically with the reader. There are the horrors of the middle passage and of the plantation.

But Endore confuses his reader toward the end. Whether this weakness in *Babouk* derives from the author's own confusion I do not know, but I suspect it does. The author does not spare the white slaveholders. He sees clearly through their tricks of doping the blacks with religious hashish. He is not led into sentimental moralizing about Negro "superstitions," for he realizes that all primitive peoples, as well as most "civilized" peoples, are ridden by superstitions springing from their historical past and their environment. Better, he knows that superstition under the guise of "civilized" religion is none the less superstition; he knows that this superstition both in pre-literate and "civilized" society is manipulated by those in power as an instrument to maintain its power. He knows that the basis of "race prejudice," with its byproducts of torture, murder, and oppression in general, is economic. We know that he knows all this by the quotation with which he heads his chapters; for instance, Chapter 19: "'Divide and rule,' say the imperialists; 'Black and white, unite and fight,' modern rallying cry for world social justice."

How does Endore confuse his readers? Immediately following these excellent passages, he lifts his voice in angry protest against the world-wide oppression of blacks by whites, making it clearly a matter as between blacks and whites. In other words, he gives the impression that he is dealing with "race" forces instead of economic forces. He does this by going into a polemic against whites in general: by presenting the ghastly picture, and justifying it, of the blacks rising en masse, in their newly organized strength, against the whites in general. Here, he does not touch upon the fact that whites and blacks under capitalism, under imperialism, are divided into classes. He now overlooks the Negro oppressors of Negroes (which he pointed out earlier), and white oppressors of whites, and that the interests of all workers, white and black,

have nothing fundamentally to do with "racial" similarity or dissimilarity.

"But it is the white man's drum, backed by lash and chain, by gun and cannon, that has girdled the globe. And that is why the Negro jumps with mortal fright when he hears it. But beware, whites! Beware!" Does that not sound like the excuse for and warning of a "race riot," when we know that Endore means it to be nothing of the kind? It may be that the author is telling the white man that if he continues to bedevil and oppress the Negro, black men may organize to fight back. Perhaps he is implying that the way to avoid a "race war" is to organize the whites and blacks together against their common enemy. What he means is not clear; what he says is too clear, and it is not true. He might have added a word about why the white man's might has encircled the globe; and he might have told us why it happened to be the African that was enslaved at that particular time.

Mr. Endore cries to the blacks and whites to unite and fight. Good! Then he suddenly leads them into a situation from which there can come nothing but "race war"; leaves the blacks and the whites glaring murderously at each other across an unsubstantial color line—all the blacks glaring murderously at all the whites.

The confusion that arises from this treatment of the relation of whites and blacks under imperialism has not spoiled the book as a fine and readable novel. I do not wish to leave

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the impression that it has. It is the best book of its kind yet done. Perhaps Mr. Endore himself will write a novel showing what Leninism has done toward uniting the black work-

ers and the white workers in such a way as to make "race war" impossible while bringing the proletarian revolution nearer.

EUGENE GORDON.

The Not-So-Strange Case of Ludwig Lewisohn

THE PERMANENT HORIZON, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

SINCE the publication of *Upstream*, twelve years ago, Ludwig Lewisohn has assumed and been accorded the position of seer in Israel. His following was largely drawn from the middle-class, the comfortable bourgeoisie, with whom he took his stand about a year ago in Scribner's magazine and which stand he now reaffirms with embellishments in this collection of articles. Not infrequently however his books could be seen in the hands of stenographers or heard discussed by society leaders, at weekly literary soirees. Ludwig Lewisohn was supposed to communicate something deep and meaningful; he was regarded as a challenging writer, an authority, above all "a man who made you think." That his readers had to be *made* to think was indicative both of the comfortable lives they were leading and of the energy they were willing to release for thinking. Readers who have to be *made* to think, generally read for amusement. However that may be, Lewisohn was read and widely discussed. At these discussions, one soon arrived at the conclusion that while Lewisohn might be challenging and "a man who made you think," it was by no means certain what he was challenging or what he was making you think about. There was a suspicion in some quarters that Lewisohn was, not unlike his rabbinical commentators,—mere sound and fury. His popularity, skeptics traced, to three sources: one, the undisguised personal references in his writings which piqued the gossip mongers at a time when literary confessional was still a novelty; two, the authoritarian, ex-cathedra tone he assumed; three, exaggerated and well-timed ballyhoo.

That Lewisohn was no revolutionary spirit was quite clear from the beginning. Today he admits that he is "too ignorant of economic technics" to enter into any discussion about the New Deal. That however, has not hindered him from making vast moral judgments condemning Marxism, supporting bourgeois ownership of property, and lauding President Roosevelt's solution of our economic difficulties.

But Lewisohn was no revolutionary for another and more definite reason. He had no sense of fellowship, of comradeship. He hated the mob whom he identified with any one who disagreed with him. It was Lewisohn against the Christians; Lewisohn against all critics; Lewisohn against the world. He never ceased to proclaim his individuality, his freedom, all the while identifying himself with the middle-class, of all mobs, the dullest and most barren.

Therefore, Lewisohn is not to be dealt with

as a writer trying to grapple with fundamental problems. His prophetic manner reduces itself to a piece of rhetoric. His role is less than reformer. He speaks for a group whose desires and aims are so amorphous and confused that they do not resent his own confusion. He speaks in the name of a middle-class Jewry, or in those few cases when he fakes up general themes (I am not now discussing his literary criticism, though a study of that too would bear me out), for a middle-class in general, who alternate cringing to the rich, with mock heroics. Lewisohn plays to those heroics. Like a ham actor bellying the lines of Hamlet, his mistakes noise for understanding. For instance, in his statements on the Jewish situation, a subject dear to Lewisohn, he has shouted loudly and at great length that he was a Jew, while in his soul of souls he hated the fact that he had been born Jew. Through several volumes he has tried to convince himself that he was a Jew and "glad of it," a feat that middle-class Jewry makes its life long goal. Lewisohn's Jewish return was mock heroics. He was going to be a martyr, albeit a comfortable one.

"So you're going back to the Jews. What a quaint thing to do."

"They think that any emphasizing of the Jewish question might drag them in and shake their position."

"Well, Elizabeth, don't you agree with them?"

"Of course not. I'm my father's daughter. . . . When I was a kid, long before I knew what suffrage was, I thought I'd like to be a missionary in China and maybe be martyred for the sake of the Lord. . . ."

"Do go on, Elizabeth, do!"

Romanticism — and faked. Certainly not scientific sociology which is the only way to treat the Jewish question. Elizabeth's conversation is cut off but Lewisohn goes on, in several other books addressed to the Jews and in some others which touch upon them indirectly as members of western civilization. Lewisohn sets himself up as solver of the eternal riddle, the problem of the Jew. He would unravel that "mystery that puzzled the ages," that "sneer that crossed the face of the eternal." First one had to make a tour of the chief centers of Jewry. Lewisohn did this and returned a convinced Zionist. He glowed over the noble Chalutzim, those pioneers who left books and pens to dig in barren Palestine. But he spoke from an establishment in Paris. Like other middle-class people, Lewisohn did not choose to be discommoded by his beliefs. The "parlor Zionist," justifies himself:

"Not every one need go upon so long a pilgrimage. But everyone can come home to himself and to Israel, and learn that to be a Jew

is to be a friend of mankind, to be a proclaimer of liberty and peace."

This love for "proclamation" without sacrifice and without understanding is characteristic of Lewisohn's middle-class position. His solution of the Jewish problem is a mere affirmation of Jewishness, of one's descent from the sages of old, of one's mission as passive bearer of a mysterious secret from God.

As to his casting in his lot with his own people—I don't know but what I like that; it's natural and thoroughly honorable to him. If all Jews did it, I for one would respect them the more. I don't think that Jews who try not to be Jews do themselves any good in the eyes of intelligent people. There's something wrong with a man who betrays his own kind. . . . I didn't always take that point of view, but I've changed my mind about a good many things during the years since the war. . . .

How hollow all this is, is most clearly revealed when Lewisohn deals with the present German situation. He condemns German Jewry for their failure to shout "Jew" loudly enough, as though that has anything to do with Hitler's Fascism. He then turns against Germany for having lapsed from intelligence into barbarity. But he offers no explanation of this lapse.

Such statements show that Lewisohn, like all middle-class people, has not "changed his mind during the years since the war." He, they, learned nothing from that experience. They still repeat, as they did in the years prior to 1914 that they do not *want* war; they do not *want* anti-Semitism. But they propose no solutions and they refuse to accept those solutions which are proposed. Lewisohn retreats into middle-class mysticism, middle-class religion.

The force that the world needs is a binding, not a separating force, not foolish theory but converting power, not Karl Marx, but Moses and Jesus. . . . Our economic ills are the direct result of moral delinquency and stupid mismanagement. . . . The ultimate cause of social change remains in individual conversions toward specific moral choices and their laws

That Lewisohn should write thus in the face of present revelations about munition manufacturers, big industrialists, and their affiliates in government, and their propaganda drives, certainly does not speak well for his "changed mind." More than that, it contradicts his own statements about psychology. But after all, what is a contradiction more or less to Lewisohn?

Lewisohn speaks of psychology as though it were something more than a description of mental processes. He lauds it as a thing in itself, separate and apart from its originating forces and the channels of its action. Psychology is divine. Freud is God. Here, Lewisohn knows he is on safe ground with his middle-class readers. "Psychology" is a new word that has intrigued them but, being middle-class, they have never explored its actualities. It gave them excuses for inaction and further grounds for their mysticism: "there are depths which shall forever remain dark and concealed, locked up within us." Thus, swami-like,

Lewisohn orates of "spirit," "personality," "inner nature," "spiritual freedom."

He departs from these lofty heights only when he confronts the Communists, those "barbarians" who want to take away the property of the middle-class. In considering them, Mr. Lewisohn departs from his own much vaunted psychological sense of morality, resorting to obvious falsifications:

What we see today is on the one hand capitalistic societies in which about 30 percent of the population is pauperized and a Communistic society in which 100 percent is pauperized.

The word has gone forth from Moscow that moral scruples and spiritual involvements and physical conflicts are bourgeois morality, invented by the wicked exploiters of the capitalistic age to bedevil the poor.

The effect of property on bourgeois thinking has found no better illustration than Lewisohn's mind.

And again speaking of the "lands in which Communism arose":

In those lands, as we shall presently hear from the lips and by the witness of a Communist leader, there has arisen the suspicion, firstly, that Communism may not even provide bread, and secondly, that the ideological price which it demands for its hypothetical bread is one that not even the poorest and the hungriest of Europeans is willing to pay.

But Lewisohn never brings his Communist leader to the witness stand; nor accounts any-

where for the growth of Communism among poor and hungry Europeans. As for Americans, Mr. Lewisohn informs us in a recent article in Harpers' Magazine, that there are no class lines here, because "an old family servant in New England calls her master and mistress 'dearie' and 'child';" that there is no depression in America because "the buildings still look burnished" and "chic and stylish women are to be seen on the streets."

But it is even more significant to note what this champion of justice and morality and peace has to say in behalf of the oppressed. "The oppressed are oppressed because they are dull and unseeing, stupid and superstitious." Their highest function is to serve the middle-class who alone possess "soul" and "spirit," and who have "courage" and "decency."

For he (the middle-class propertied man) is the only man left in view who has preserved that human dignity that will not punch an alien master's time-clock, either of the spirit or of the body, be that master called King or oligarch or

commissar of the people. He is the only man left who would rather flee with his kindred and family to waste lands and wring a scanty living from a narrow and infertile plot of earth in spiritual freedom and disinterestedness, than to consent to a despair that would destroy human civilization.

Poor middle-class Lewisohn, still haunted by his dreams of martyrdom in his well upholstered Paris retreat! Still a hero,—a valiant knight who will some day slay the dragon! But the dragon is here with us in the form of poverty, war, injustice. Where is Lewisohn? See him, wrapped in the mantle of resignation:

We must abandon neurotic protests against being the creatures we are, in the world as it is. We must not ask more of people or circumstances than is in them to give. Before improving society, we must consent once more to what is the essential and unchanging character of man's mortal lot.

Thus Mr. Lewisohn reconciles himself to other men's misery. BENJAMIN GOLDSTEIN.

Terrible Saint-Maker

JOHN BROWN, TERRIBLE "SAINT,"
by David Karsner. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

ONE day last summer, a certain unit of the American Newspaper Guild held a stormy meeting. A decision had to be made about "suing" the owner of the newspaper employing the members of that unit before the Regional Labor Board. Certainly almost any labor union would be expected to approve such mild action with a very minimum of discussion. The newspaper editorial workers, however, as yet new to the idea of unionization within their trade, not yet certain that the Guild really is a labor union, hesitated. Certainly that was a time for every member of that unit whose experience in labor union work was greater than that of most of his colleagues to speak up. As the discussion drew to a close and a vote was about to be taken, one of the members got up to speak—a man of previous experience in the labor movement.

"I have been a Socialist," he began, "for twenty-five years. I have been connected with the work of all kinds of labor organizations, from the A. F. of L. to the I. W. W. . . ."

With such a prologue, the peroration of that speech can easily be guessed. "BUT, remem-

ber that Mr. ——— [the publisher, not the district man covering the Negro quarter of the city] is in financial difficulties himself right now. Now is not the time, etc., etc., etc."

It was David Karsner who delivered that speech. The same David Karsner, who, you will remember, was the Socialist Party's "authorized" biographer of Eugene Debs and who was managing editor for a time of the Socialist Party's now defunct daily newspaper, The Call.

In his *John Brown* (the sub-title is irrelevant) Karsner has done a pedestrian piece of work deserving only perfunctory notice, were it not the product of a gentleman who—though disclaiming any present Socialist connections—brushes up the chevrons won in twenty-five years of Socialist Party journalism when their display might be employed for the protection of a newspaper publisher from the "radicalism" of the Newspaper Guild.

The activities of John Brown deserve serious study. But a mere recording of all the facts in his case—and I have little doubt that Karsner has left none out of the catalogue—is insufficient. Whom, fundamentally, did the abolitionists represent? Was anti-slavery just something for politicians or religious fanatics to play with, and for highly stylized humanitarian essayists in the North to write nice pieces about? Or was there a battle between the feudal South and the industrial North which could have been reconciled only through revolt and blood?

Just exactly what was the role of Frederick

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Douglass, the "cultured and suave Negro leader," as Karsner calls him? Was Douglass, to whom Brown had confided the plan of the Harper's Ferry raid, just a coward reformist? Or was he, on the other hand, a stern realist, correct in his refusal to join Brown's adventurist *putsch*? An understanding of Douglass' role, for instance, might help us today in dealing with the Walter Whites and the Du-bois of Negro reformism.

One searches in vain for clear presentation of such issues in this book by an ex-Socialist journalist. To be sure, the industrial revolution in America is mentioned. But that mention is as casual as is the reference to Senator Borah (in elucidation of the character of Daniel Webster) as "more sincere and more honest!"

"The slaves," assures us Mr. Karsner in one place, "were never asked whether they wanted their freedom or not." In another place, where the author does juxtapose Southern feudalism to the growing industrialism in the North, Mr. Karsner tells us comfortingly: "The slave was assured of food, clothing and shelter. Your freeman had no assurance of a job."

Perhaps had the South had then a couple of ex-Big Shots from the Socialist Party to guide the happy slaves, it might have risked "asking" the Negroes—and been fairly certain of the answer. SAUL CARSON.

Brief Review

CHAFF BEFORE THE WIND, by Sigurd Christiansen. Liveright. \$2.

This is one of those sober, careful studies in human relationships that seem to come regularly from the pens of Norwegian intellectuals. This one is about a woman who allows her drunken and brutal husband to perish in the snow outside their home. She becomes the housekeeper, and later the fiancée, of a conventional and unimaginative widower who breaks with her when he hears her story. Also present are a meditative teacher and a religious fanatic. There is a good deal of weighty and unimportant moralizing about strong and weak people in this, but the final conclusion, that all events are the result of chance, reveals

rather clearly that the book's wisdom is nothing more than academic flatulence.

THE SECRET KINGDOM, by Ben James. Illustrated. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.75.

It seems incredible that a reputable publisher would give his imprint to so insensitive a book whose author, for instance, felt it unnecessary to watch a procession of religious maniacs, mutilating themselves, because they were howling over "what were really quite insignificant wounds." It is a book about Afghanistan, which has nothing, but sidelong assurances about its mystery and noble savagery, to offer. It is written in a clumsy, offhand style which the author imagines to be dashing. Perhaps the reason the publishers have for publishing it lies in the attitude of mind revealed in this quotation: "The driver's eyes sharpened. He . . . spat one, two, three, four times—in the direction of the U. S. S. R. I smiled in agreement." A few pages later, having "escaped" the horrors of the Soviets, he describes Persian scenes. He notes six-year-old children, working in cigarette factories, as merely one among several features of a "picturesque" scene.

Book Notes

As mentioned in the article on the Macaulay strike in this issue, N.R.A. has instituted a code, finally, for the book publishing industry, which lengthens hours, cuts wages, permits the evasion of its own \$15 a week minimum by introducing an "office boy" and "office girl" status, at a \$12 a week, minimum. The Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers' Union, at 114 West 14th Street, is circulating a protest petition for putting to flight this particularly predatory blue eagle. Writers, artists, readers, should offer their help to the Union to keep the book publishing trade from being turned by N.R.A. into a sweated industry.

That famous "humanist," Bishop Potter, author of a book to be called *Technique of Happiness*, had no "humanist" objections to dealing with a firm that nullified the rights and the happiness of its workers. Walking blandly through the picket line before the Macaulay Company, he delivered his manuscript, a typical package of inspirational hokum, to his publishers and asked for a red binding, because he had been told "red bindings sell books."

The Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers, is looking for a slogan to promote home ownership of books. Their tentative selection is "Your Home is Known by the Books You Own." We propose instead, as a gentle hint to publishers and to booksellers whose exploitation of their clerks is notorious, "More money in the pay envelope will bring more books into the home."

An order has been issued by the management of the New York Public Library forbidding its employees to discuss organizational

problems in the library, and from distributing leaflets of any kind on library premises under penalty of immediate discharge. This move follows a rapid, and to the library authorities, alarming growth of organization among the librarians, perhaps the poorest paid of all professional workers.

The New York Public Library is notorious for its espionage system and its deliberate policy of fostering jealousies and divisions in the staff. These professional workers are subjected to humiliating supervisions which certainly no organized worker would tolerate. Recently two research workers hired on a competitive basis at work where college degrees and the knowledge of languages was required, and employed on a work relief project, a critical Bibliography of American History, were summarily dismissed by the public library management, although it has no authority over them. The reason given was infringement of library rules, but the real reason was their activity in the Association of Office and Professional Emergency Employes, a militant white collar organization. The A.O.P.E.E. did not meet this attack supinely. The unique spectacle of readers picketing the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue in sympathy with discharged workers was one of the most educational sights of the town last Saturday morning.

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Music

The First Philharmonic Concert

THE INAUGURATION of the concert season of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of 1934-35 possessed several aspects of particular significance.

In the first place, we were permitted to renew our acquaintance with a foremost conductor of the day, Otto Klemperer, long a leader in the musical world of Germany, in the presentation of new and "revolutionary" music; now, due to the constantly narrowing confines of Hitler's Aryan world, a refugee from his native land—whereby Germany's loss is decidedly our gain.

In building his initial program, Klemperer did not fail to live up to his reputation for presenting works of contemporary composers. To be sure, there were no compositions of experimental nature from unfamiliar sources. The presentation of such compositions would not be in line with the policies of the Philharmonic Society. But the list was nevertheless interesting, since it embraced such contrasted composers as Schönberg (also a non-Aryan refugee from Germany), now resident in this country; Hindemith, who, although his compositions are reported to be in growing disfavor in the Nazi concert halls, still remains a leading teacher in the Hochschule in Berlin; and the celebrated Finnish nationalist, Sibelius.

The various works of this program have been subjected to lengthy analysis, more or less erudite, in the daily press. Yet certain salient points as well as pertinent analogies and contrasts have not received the consideration which their importance demands.

The opening number, Schönberg's orchestral transcription of a Bach Prelude and Fugue ("Queen Anne's" fugue) for organ, succeeded in revealing the magnificence of Bach's tonal structure in new and imposing proportions. Schönberg has called into play the enormously varied tonal palette of the orchestra to bring out the contrasts inherent in the original organ score, but at the same time enhancing these values by means of the more plastic orchestral colors. This music, permeated with the religious fervor of Bach's spirit, requires no program notes to trace the source of Bach's inspiration. No one has to be imbued with, nor believe in, the underlying spirit of the German religious reformation, which Bach portrayed, to be seized by the emotions which he expressed with overwhelming conviction and, through his supreme craftsmanship with such inevitability. Schönberg's arrangement of the fugue was obviously superior to that of the prelude.

Grouped with the Bach, was the first American performance of the Hindemith Symphony, *Matthias the Painter*. Lawrence Gilman's lengthy program notes give an elaborate analysis of the sources of Hindemith's "inspiration." We are told that the work,

made up of excerpts from a new and uncompleted opera of the same name, was "inspired" by three paintings by Matthias Grünewald, the sixteenth century master and religious mystic, entitled: I *Angelic Concert*; II *Entombment*; III *Temptation of Saint Anthony*. It must be said at once, in spite of the elaborate program notes, that this music, with the possible exception of the second movement, *Entombment*, does not convey the mood of the carefully notated emotions. The spirit of religious intensity and conviction so definitely sensed in the work of Bach, is by no means grasped or projected in Hindemith's work. As far as we are concerned, and in spite of the interpolation of occasional hymn themes, the source of Hindemith's "inspiration" might just as well be tales from the *Arabian Nights*. It seems as though the claim of being "inspired" by the religious feeling of the German Reformation is merely a magnificent although empty gesture, made, for the purpose of currying favor with those directing the newly-awakened artistic ideals of Hitler and his cohorts in building a purely "Nordic" culture.

In spite of the "modernity" of Hindemith, his mastery of almost-too-clever modern orchestral effects, rhythms and moments of atonality, the neo-classic trend is more and more apparent. The "linear" character of his writing is referred to frequently, but this "linear" character often results in "made" music in which the structure is vastly superior to the content. In spite of Hindemith's undeniable skill in contrapuntal structure, this music, except in isolated moments such as the glowing climax of the 3rd movement of the Symphony, fails to strike fire—to convey the sense of inevitability which is such an essential characteristic of the music of Bach. In harking back to the "inspiration" of past ages and affecting a neo-classic garb, it seems as though Hindemith reveals himself completely detached from those influences of the past whose spirit he assumes, as well as from contemporary life. Needless to say, Klemperer gave a completely understanding reading of the Symphony; its intricacies being projected with the utmost clarity.

It is the fashion of modern critics to extol everything Sibelius does. His mastery of large symphonic structure has misled many of his admirers into including him in that comparatively small group of great symphonists of all ages. The English critic, Cecil Gray, "an impassioned believer in the symphonic pre-eminence of Sibelius," has been largely responsible for this fetish.

Sibelius is unquestionably most noteworthy for his utilization of (his admirers say "immortalizing") the folk songs of his native land. The particular symphony (No. 2) which closed the concert, was written in

1901-2. Yet it is difficult to realize that this work is the creation of someone yet living. In spite of certain innovations in symphonic structure, the writing is of such an obvious nature in the constant utilization of folk themes, in the use of orchestral color reminiscent of Tschaikowsky, in a full-throated sensuousness which soon surfeits, that it is difficult to think of Sibelius otherwise than one who ultimately must rank with the more or less significant nationalists in music. Even now, the reactionary character of his nationalism is apparent, and the future, we believe, will confirm the opinion that Sibelius was a follower in this field, not a revolutionary leader, and that his most typical and convincing utterance is the celebrated *Valse Triste*.

The program notes tell us that this symphony reflects, among other things "the quiet, pastoral life of the Finns undisturbed by thoughts of oppression." "The second movement is charged with patriotic feeling, but the thought of a brutal rule over the people brings with it timidity of soul." Again, the Scherzo "portrays the awakening of national feeling, the desire of the Finns to organize in defense of their rights," while, in the Finale, "hope enters their breasts, and there is comfort in the anticipated coming of a deliverer."

The various moods described in the foregoing quotations are all expressed in authentic, obvious and somewhat banal musical terminology. However, the finale described as the "coming of a deliverer," sounded more like a complete musical realization of jingoistic flag waving and shouting—the more platitudinous, the louder—which by no means awakened similar emotions and response from the Carnegie Hall audience, which was far short of filling the auditorium.

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The Theatre

GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, the current season is covering the easterly waterfront with a trilogy of regional plays: Bucksport, Maine Yankees (*Spring Freshet*), lower middle class New York Jews (*Spring Song*) and southern mountain folk (*The Bridal Quilt*). Utilizing the local colors for more serious ends than decoration, each of these plays presents its problem as outgrowth inextricable from the particular region. Which fact alone might make one hopeful of some serious adventures in rediscovering 1934 America. To a certain degree one's hope is gratified—by two of the plays that manage to be both successes and failures.

The Bridal Quilt (Biltmore Theatre) is not one of these, being a patch quilt of familiar southern hill-folk theatrics upon which a collection of Broadway clichés has been superimposed. There is a big bad mountaineer, a backwoods-shy daughter, a wisecracking grandma and a young fellow with a tender heart and a disposition one part Frank Merriwell and two parts Rover Boys. An Englewood, New Jersey, couple on a pleasure tour drive into a stream (pronounced "crick"), the young wife is lifted out of the puddle by the tenderhearted local hero, whereupon love enters their lives and presents the problem. In Act II the hero is so annoyed to meet the husband in the case that he goes back home, and we find him in the hills dispensing philosophy about class being class and 'taint no use to try to rise out of your class. Aware of the sub-starvation existence led by the very stratum of hill-folk presented in this play, you see the downright fraud of almost every line. For purposes of titillating the audience with its preposterous romanticizing, *The Bridal Quilt* indulges in forthright falsification to such an extent that it takes first place among the shameless fakes of the season.

No such charges can be made against *Spring Freshet* (The Plymouth) for Owen Davis' familiarity with diehard Yankees is apparent to anyone who has lived among them. He succeeds in making at least two live characters (one of which, the servant of the house, has striking individuality), and he unmistakably emphasizes the underlying motivation of the action. The hard-shelled Yankee grandma controls the pursestrings and therefore rules the lives of her kinfolk, who are too incompetent or unwilling to shift for themselves. One quarrels with this play not for what it is, but for what it might have been had Davis penetrated the psyches of his characters. Surviving on rents, keeping the escutcheon unblemished, hiding the family skeletons—all of the decadence is displayed, but its effect in terms of characters as diseased human beings is only superficially felt. Thus although it says some revealing things, *Spring Freshet* never says them well enough, with sufficient perception or in a configuration that makes for memorableness. It stands as a draft of what might

have been a valid piece of Yankee regionalism.

Somewhat the same failure of penetration glares out of *Spring Song* (Morosco Theatre): not in its regionalism (which is sufficiently convincing) but in the very thinking through of the problem. A Jewish widow supporting herself on a candy stand in New York's lower East Side, focusses her life on successfully launching her two marriageable daughters. Solving problem after problem with intuitive shrewdness fused with traditional Jewish supernaturalism, she prepares the way for the elder daughter's marriage by giving a few hundred dollars savings—when she discovers her second daughter pregnant by the son-in-law to be. Her shrewdness failing, she sets out to save the day according to Jewish traditionalism and forces the unwilling couple to marry. The young wife's death in childbirth solves the situation her mother had tragically aggravated.

A generally excellent cast with Francine Larrimore and Helen Zelinskaya achieve the maximum from a script which provides some intense and moving moments. The magisterial role of the economic problem is adequately demonstrated, the situation is a real one, and yet the play as a whole fails to realize itself. The problem presented alternatives from which Bella and Samuel Speewack, the authors, chose the one which has made clever theatre though by no means a most illuminating demonstration. Because of this oversimplification, the characters remain at best convincing and appealing types rather than individuals; and one begins to question the logic of the characters themselves: why the self-willed tragic daughter submits to doing what

she most loathes though she has never in the past done anything she hasn't wanted to. One takes issue with the validity of a solution by which a pregnant daughter must die in order to make order out of what is represented as chaos. One objects to the glaring absence of any rational suggestion in solving the problem, for a solution entirely based on Jewish mysticism is hardly credible when the characters are generally represented as contemporary and intelligent. An enlightened attitude is today indiscoverable from any such social problem as *Spring Song's*—that is, if its dramatic treatment is to stand for anything more than an isolated and therefore socially insignificant tale.

Two weeks ago in these columns we abstracted from two current hits (*The Distaff Side* and *Small Miracle*) the formula: excellent craftsmanship-plus-brainlessness. In *Spring Song* and *Spring Freshet* there is no such absence of brain but an insufficiency of penetration, making characters and solutions inadequate, unacceptable. And the simultaneous successes and failures in these plays may be recognized for what they are: willingness on the authors' parts to take the easy way out.

GEORGE WILLSON.

Other Current Shows

The First Legion. Forty-Sixth Street Theatre. A mediocre play about two miracles, one fake and one real. The Society of Jesus comes in for some benign criticism, but the power of God is upheld. Alfred E. Smith thought the play was great, but then he believes in miracles.

Merrily We Roll Along. Music Box Theatre. The Messrs. Kaufman and Hart tell an old tale in temporal reverse about a playwright with the finer things in him who sells out and loses friendship and true love. The moral: What shall it profit a man if he gain the Pulitzer Prize and lose his soul.

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Dream Child. Vanderbilt Theatre. Take your overshoes along if you have to see this play. The aisles are knee-deep with sentimental slush. Go if you want to see how impotent fathers re-live youth's joys, and if you're interested in smut in a small way. In other words, a *great* show.

Continental Varieties. The Little Theatre. An oh-so-exclusive upper-class evening with Balief of *Chauve Souris* fame doing a heavy job of mine-hosting. Two excellent novelties—concertinist, a quick-change drink artist—and Lucienne Boyer's charming French songs almost make up for the thinness of the show that tries to feature Escudero, Spanish male dancer, who turns out to be the colossal flop.

Pudovkin's "Deserter"

NOT since the days of *The End of St. Petersburg*, *Mother*, *Potemkin*, has there been a Soviet film as powerful and as stimulating as Pudovkin's first sound picture, *Deserter* (Garrison Film).

Pudovkin covers a huge canvass. The disintegrating capitalist world with its unemployment and poverty. The bitter suffering of the unemployed and their struggle for a better world. The Soviet Union building socialism, raising an inspiring goal for workers everywhere suffering under capitalism. But there is also biting satire; there are joyous moments,

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as well as stark and bitter tragedy. The capitalist press screams "Propaganda!" It is right. And what swell propaganda it is!

Deserter opens in Hamburg in the days just before Hitler, with the dock workers on strike. Only one gang is at work finishing a ship for the Soviet Union, which must be delivered before the completion of the Five Year Plan. Hunger and terror finally break the morale of the leading character, Karl. He fails to show up on the picket-line. The strikers are attacked by soldiers: many are killed. In the meantime, *Cruiser Five Year Plan* is completed and delegates are being chosen to deliver the ship to the Soviet Union, among them, Karl. His motive in going is to escape the hardships of Germany, and he remains in Russia. His relationship with his Soviet comrades makes a new man of him. He becomes an *udarnik*, a hero of labor. But at a factory celebration he confesses to the audience that he doesn't deserve honors. He is a deserter. The chairman, however, reads a letter from Germany stating that Karl was an honest but confused worker, and reveals why he was sent to the Soviet Union. He was sent there to regain his courage. Karl goes back to Germany to take his part in the struggle at home.

In *Deserter* Pudovkin is once more concerned with human values, with individuals rather than the abstract mass (*End of St. Petersburg*). I say once more, because *Deserter* is a development from his first dramatic film, *Mother*. In the *End of St. Petersburg* he concentrated on the objective events of history; with deeds rather than with individual personalities.

Sound is never used as mere accompaniment. It complements the visual image; it comments on the scene. Thus Pudovkin widens the scope of the sound film. This theory of a synchronization and its illustration in *Deserter* is one of his major contributions. He shows us the suave capitalist world: the smooth sweep of the swanky automobiles is accompanied by a waltz, conducted by a traffic policeman. This dreamlike artificial bubble is suddenly pierced by the cries of youngsters selling the workers' paper and yelling about the strike. One youngster is being trailed. Her newspapers are taken from her and she is warned by the police. The newspaper plant is raided and apparently all of the papers are confiscated. The waltz is resumed. But the girl goes in and secures more papers. Again the cry. This time it is taken up by an off-screen commentator who recites as though broadcasting news. There are times when the sound is used in direct conflict with the picture: a rumba is played while a starving man desperately "steals" a roll from a

restaurant table and is then driven to suicide by a lynch-mob; again, a triumphant workers' march is played when the police succeed in breaking up a demonstration. As Pudovkin says:

When the scene opens peacefully the music is militant; when the demonstration appears the music carries the spectators right into its ranks. With the batoning by the police, the audience feels the rousing of the workers, wrapped in their emotions the audience is itself emotionally receptive to the kicks and blows of the police. As the workers lose ground to the police, the insistent victory of the music grows; yet again, when the workers are defeated and disbanded, the music becomes more powerful still in its spirit of victorious exaltation; and when the workers hoist the flag at the end the music at last reaches its climax, and only now, at its conclusion, does its spirit coincide with that of the image.

PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

NOVEMBER 30 is the date of THE NEW MASSES Costume Ball this winter. It will be held, as usual, at Webster Hall.

Joshua Kunitz, now on tour for THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau, has the following schedule still remaining:

Sunday evening, October 21, Cincinnati, at the Bureau of Jewish Education, 658 Rockdale Avenue. This lecture is arranged by the Pen and Hammer, and the subject is "U. S. S. R., Where National Minorities Are Free."

Tuesday evening, October 23, Pittsburgh, at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement, Assembly Room, 1835 Center Avenue. Auspices, Pen and Hammer. Subject, "Creators of Soviet Literature."

Thursday evening, October 25, Philadelphia. Auspices, John Reed Club, 504 Pine Street. Subject, "Creators of Soviet Literature."

Philadelphia is Kunitz's last lecture date. Originally it had been planned to route him as far west as the Pacific Coast, but early in September the entire tour west of Chicago was cancelled.

The drawings of six Soviet writers which appeared with Moissaye J. Olgin's article on the All-Union Congress of Writers, last week, were from the Moscow Daily News. The drawings and caricatures with his article in this issue are from *Izvestia* and *Pravda*.

The Film and Photo League offers an opportunity to workers to learn photography, in a course for which registration is taking place on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 12 East 17th Street, New York. The course will begin November 8 and will be given Friday evenings at 8 p. m. The course will be a general one, based on laboratory work and lectures; among the lecturers will be well known figures in the field of photography.

Michael Gold will go on a lecture tour under the auspices of THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau beginning November 22.

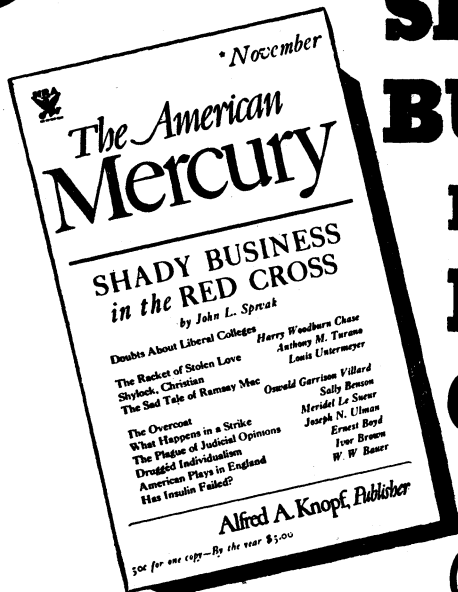
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By JOHN L. SPIVAK

Sensational!

SHADY BUSINESS IN THE RED CROSS



Of all the sensational scoops in the field of journalism, this exposé in the November issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY of a great public institution, supported almost wholly by contributions from millions of American men, women and children, will perhaps shock the American people the most.

The author, John L. Spivak, has unearthed a mass of information which casts a shadow upon "The Great Mother." He makes twenty serious charges against the Red Cross—charges buttressed by tremendous documentation from Red Cross and government reports and from admissions made by Judge John Barton Payne, its official head.

Mr. Spivak concludes that there is SHADY BUSINESS IN THE RED CROSS, and that the Congress of the United States, which chartered the organization, owes it to the American people who support it to make a thorough investigation of the Red Cross.

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In the November Mercury

Doubts About Liberal Colleges

Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, chancellor of New York University, believes that the modern Liberal Arts College, because of the primary interest of its faculty in scholarship rather than in education, has failed to give its graduates a coherent and workable philosophy of life which will adapt them to a modern complex civilization. He suggests a change of emphasis in the curriculum from the formal study of languages and mathematics to the more basic and contemporary valuable sciences, such as economics and philosophy.

The Racket of Stolen Love

This is an amusing attack on "the chattel theory of marriage" and a call for its abolition by legislative action in the various States. Anthony M. Turano reduces the theory to an absurdity by an interesting collection of alienation of affections suits—the theory's most popular offspring.

Shylock, Christian

This is Louis Untermeyer's ironic conception of the sixth act of "A Merchant of Venice." His Shylock is an interesting deduction, and he answers here in clever fashion those questions we feel at the end of Act V.

Drugged Individualism

Ernest Boyd flays the American conception "That the Civil Service is a sort of asylum for the disabled and incompetent—with its corollary that profit-making is the first and highest ideal of youth."

The Sad Tale of Ramsay Mac

Ramsay MacDonald, according to Oswald Garrison Villard, is in a melancholy situation. A virtual prisoner of the Coalition Government, ignored by the public, scorned by his former allies—the Labor Party—because of his treason to their cause, he is retained as head of the Conservative-Coalition Party as a mere figurehead.

What Happens in a Strike

This is first-hand information, told in a lively and dramatic fashion by Meridel Le Sueur, of what goes on backstage during a strike.

Has Insulin Failed?

The death-rate from diabetes is on the increase in spite of the discovery of insulin in 1922. Dr. W. W. Bauer, director of the Bureau of Health and Public Instruction of the American Medical Association, tells why.

The Plague of Judicial Opinions

Joseph N. Ulman, an associate judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, attacks in this article our common law system with its attendant bedlam of precedents in judicial opinions, "a mass of printed pages that obscures thought, stifles initiative, stultifies its practitioners" and which if laid end to end in a single year "would reach from confusion to futility."

Premier Goemboes of Hungary

Behind the scenes of Hungarian political life during the last fifteen years looms the name and figure of one man—General Julius Goemboes de Jáfka, now Premier of Hungary. This is a detailed study of Goemboes' career and of his steady rise to dictatorship written by M. W. Fodor.

Feudalism and Senator Cutting

Jan Spiess, a native of Santa Fé, New Mexico, gives us an intimate picture of New Mexico's Senator Bronson Cutting. She explains how he came into power by taking advantage of the "retrograded feudalism" in the State.

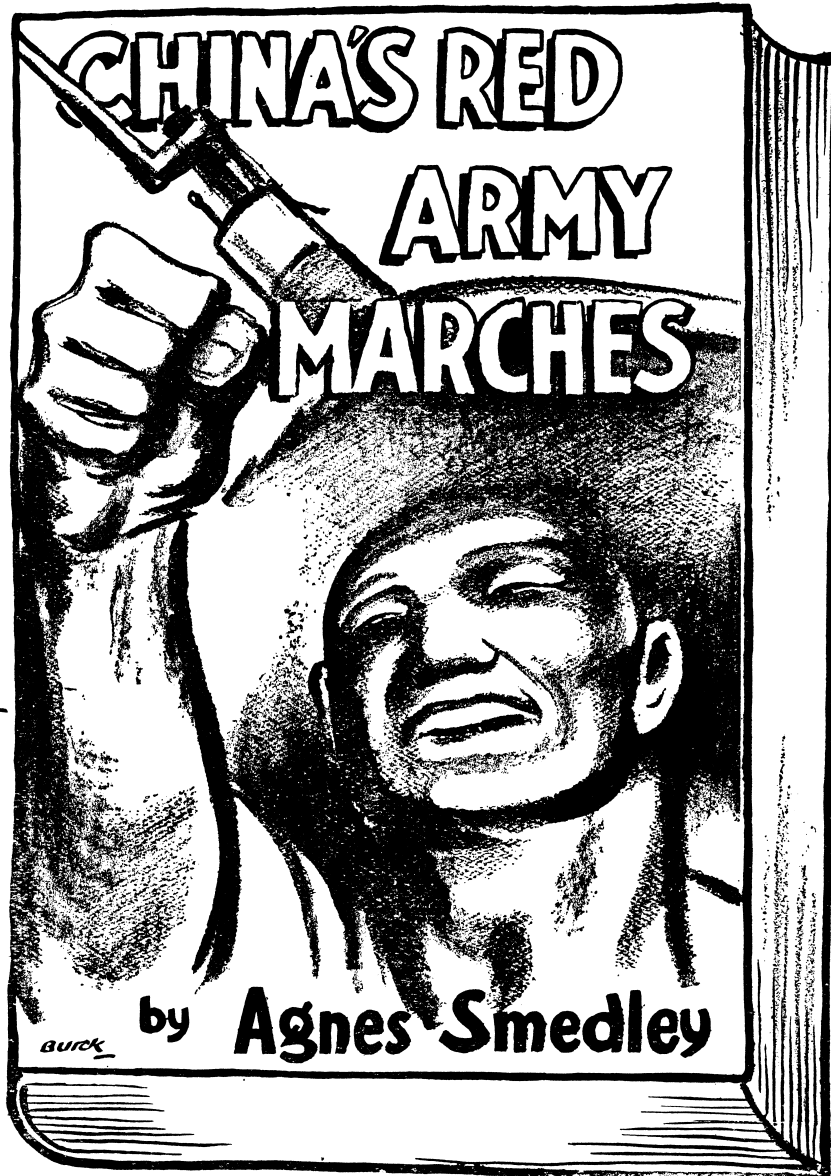
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