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New Masses

NOVEMBER 27, 1934

THANKSGIVING, 1934 *Boris Gorelick*

AS one disillusioned member of the President's Committee on Economic Security phrased it, Roosevelt, in his recent speech to that body, administered the "kiss of death" to the social insurance program which he had held before the people as an effective vote-catching bait. Once again the American masses, still under the spell of the high-powered Rooseveltian demagogy, have been betrayed; their mandate to the President, clearly expressed in the elections, to carry out his promise of social security, has been contemptuously thrust aside. Immediate legislation to guarantee "security to all men, women and children" in America, set forth by Roosevelt in June as a necessity—as a "sacred" duty—has suddenly become a miracle in (post-election) November, and "we cannot work miracles," he tells us. The few delegates who had come to the meeting in Washington expecting to help frame an honest-to-goodness program of social insurance soon learned that they had been convened only to rubber-stamp ready-made blue-prints for "alternatives to social insurance." In place of the broad plan for security he had explicitly promised, the President fished the notorious Wagner-Lewis Bill from its dusty pigeon-hole. His proposed unemployment insurance "must be financed by contributions, not taxes," he declares. In other words the government does not intend to put one cent into the insurance pot. Furthermore, it must be placed on a "sound actuarial basis," which means that the workers will have to wait several years before beginning to draw any benefits. This was too much even for that treacherous enemy of the unemployed, Mayor LaGuardia of New York, who told the assembled Committee that destitute workers could not wait for unemployment insurance to reach an actuarial plane.

THE Wagner-Lewis Bill which was endorsed in principle by the President is a fraud pure and simple. It does not provide for unemployment insurance at all. It is intended, in euphemistic language, to "encourage" unemployment insurance enactment in individual states through a Federal 5 percent tax on payrolls, exempting employers in those states providing for unemployment reserves. The major proposals being considered by the Committee on Economic Security all centre around the principles embodied in the Wagner-Lewis Bill: non-participation by the government in financing insurance; and the encouragemet of low benefits for short-time periods. The most "radical" proposal was made by that super-liberal, Professor Paul H. Douglas. It calls for a 26-week limit, as if it were unnecessary for unemployed workers to live fifty-two weeks a year like normal humans. Douglas, incidentally, in espousing the principle behind the Wagner-Lewis plan, added an anti-labor feature of his own. This called for workers' contributions so that, he explained, they might feel that they were receiving benefits as a right and not as a gratuity! Herbert Benjamin of the Unemployment Council had to crash the gate to expose such schemes as hoaxes, which only force the workers to transfer money from a pocket labeled "wages" into another labeled "insurance." The plan which appears to be most favored by the conservative-led Committee is the vicious Wisconsin system, based on individual plant reserves. This system excludes from benefits large sections of workers, and provides only a miserable dole over a short period for those coming within its scope. The "continuous work" provision, and other features of the plan, make the worker a virtual slave to the boss and threaten to deprive him of his most ef-

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fective weapon, the strike. Compare these principles with those incorporated in the Workers' Bill—HR 7598 providing for insurance for all those unemployed through no fault of their own, benefits to begin immediately and to cover the full period of unemployment; payments to be equal to wages in "normal" periods. The funds to be raised by government and employers' contributions, and to be administered by the workers themselves.

AND what of the other aspects of social insurance—old age security, health insurance, etc.? These, the President strongly intimated, are questions to be decided in the sweet bye and bye. Even when the time for Federal old age pension legislation does arrive, it must be based on the "means test," whereby the individual would have to prove destitution before receiving benefits. Hence, just as his unemployment insurance is not genuine insurance, his old age pensions are not pensions. And what of the sixteen million workers now jobless? The President has no place for them at all in his picture. On the whole question of relief, there is an ominous silence, broken only here and there by hints of deep cuts in relief expenditures and efforts to balance the budget at the expense of the unemployed. Security for the "individual" (i.e., the worker), Roosevelt blithely informs us, can come only after "general security" has been achieved. And this general security, in turn, waits on "economic recovery." What kind of economic recovery has the government in mind? The answer to this question lies in the fact that the entire "recovery" plan has been taken over by big business—the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the industrialists and the bankers. The job is too important to be entrusted to its faithful lackeys in government. The U. S. Chamber of Commerce, spearhead in the capitalist drive against the working-class, has just issued a call to big business for a conference next month to map out the basis for "economic security" at "the President's request." What does this mean for the workers, the destitute, the impoverished middle-classes? That the "recovery" they contemplate is to be entirely at the expense of these masses. The American working-class has shown its fighting power this year. A new wave of resistance will meet these attacks against the few shreds of standards left to it. The National Congress on Unemployment and Social Insurance is to be held in Washington January 5th and 6th. It is the only hope for a red program of social insurance. The Congress which is to represent a broad united front, will rally the fight against hunger. But it must be backed by actions, by organization and mass pressure from all strata of the submerged, and those about to be submerged.

CITY COLLEGE students made history on November 20. Under the united front leadership of the National Student League and the League for Industrial Democracy, 1,500 went on strike for two hours in protest against faculty disciplinary action against anti-Fascist students. The strike was the climax of more than a week of militant activity, during which the student body as a whole denounced the faculty's expulsion of 21 students, in mass meetings, picket lines, resolutions, and special editions. On November 20 the authorities found a blue flag floating atop the campus flagpole bearing the word STRIKE. At 11, the hour set for the walkout, some 200 students burst from the college buildings. Police were swept away when they tried to block the movement toward the flagpole. By 12 o'clock, despite Dean Gottschall's warning that the strike was unauthorized, the number of demonstrators had grown to 2,500. A large effigy was brought out on the campus: a single body with two heads, Mussolini on one side, holding fasces, and President Robinson on the other, with an umbrella. More than 800 students formed into lines and marched back and forth, demanding the reinstatement of the expelled students and the ousting of Robinson. Then the effigy was burned.

THE faculty has not been unaffected by this exhibition of student unity and militancy against academic Fascism. The dissension which was evident at the meeting which voted the disciplinary action by a bare majority has grown sharper. Actually, it is the first real opposition Robinson has met from a hitherto intimidated and cowed faculty. The liberals, under Dean Gottschall, are waging a campaign for a new meeting at which the faculty may reverse itself. But instead of confronting basic issues, they are fighting—as they fought at the past session—merely for leniency. The liberals will probably win their demand for a new meeting, for some of the administration group have been alienated by Robinson's splurge in the New York American on November 16. Under the title "Punish Student Reds," Robinson demanded that he be legally made dictator of the College with power to take criminal action against all—student and faculty—who acted against the wishes of the administration.

THE masses in Germany become increasingly bitter under the "Ersatz regime" described by Harold Ward in THE NEW MASSES of November 13. With suffering piled on suffering as all liberties are taken away, food prices rise, wages decline, the Nazi leaders must find new outlets for popular wrath. And since Fascism is based on the fiction that there is no class war, that all are one in the corporate state, this rising indignation must be directed against either a racial minority or particular individuals. Turning the wrath against individuals is accomplished now by the "public pillory." It works like this: a man not contributing sufficiently to the winter relief funds, a shop-owner who raises prices, an individual who evicts a sick family, has his name publicly displayed. The result may be dangerous to him as it was in the case of a Herr Koeppen who tried to evict an unemployed man with a sick wife and three sick children. Koeppen's home was stoned and he was nearly lynched. Will the government continue this policy of the public pillory, knowing that it leads to mob violence and bloodshed? The answer is given in Goebbels' paper, Der Angriff. "We are of the opinion that it is better that the people's rage should turn for once against a single individual than against the order of the State." Better, indeed, to have one capitalist sacrificed than to jeopardize the class. The German people must and will see that their enemy is not the individual price raiser or the single evicting landlord, but the whole class of capitalist exploiters and their hired gangsters who comprise the Nazi Government.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Chicago to the New York Times dated November 17, President Roosevelt's action last week in removing the restriction on dealing in foreign exchange, was aimed at easing the difficulties the gold countries, specifically Belgium, were having in maintaining themselves on the gold standard. If this is so, and it is quite possible, the effect, as we pointed out last week, can at best be but of a temporary nature, if not altogether illusory. The Times correspondent admits this: "To date," he says,

"this action has not resulted in any appreciable movement of American funds to Europe." The same dispatch, however, discloses another fact that is of significance, namely, that the U. S. Treasury, through the agency of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has during the preceding three weeks advanced to the Kingdom of Belgium $25,000,000 with which to buy American exchange to stem the flight of the belga. "This," according to the dispatch, "seems to negative recent rumors that the administration in Washington would like to see the remaining 'gold bloc' countries forced off the gold standard so that there could be general revaluation, or devaluation of currencies throughout the world." Editorially (Sunday November 18), the Times accepts this interpretation and concludes that the implication of this action is "that no plan of further 'dollar devaluation' is in mind,"—one more psychological factor in whipping up business confidence. What has happened, of course, is that the "gold bloc" countries—and that, as regards international trade, means largely France and Belgium—are right now experiencing the sharpest moments of their economic crisis, and like England and the U. S. before them are being forced off the gold standard. Should that occur, America would lose the presumed advantage she now enjoys in the world market by virtue of a depreciated dollar. Such an eventuality would also administer a severe shock to the shattered nerves of international capitalism. America will attempt to stave this off by lending dollar exchange as an emergency measure. America does not want these countries to go off the gold standard. She wants their currencies to remain at a disadvantage in the world market.

THIS move parallels America's efforts before the crisis to sustain Great Britain on gold. The United States attempted to achieve this by enforcing low rediscount rates at the Federal Reserve banks, relative to those of the central banks abroad, so that foreign capital would be repelled from our shores. In the end, it failed, and under the circumstances which compelled that experiment it was bound to fail. But in addition, the particular means adopted helped sharpen the contradictions which were to lead to the stock market debacle of the Fall of 1929. The enforcing of low rediscount rates in a saturated capital market served to encourage the raging speculative mania that raised common shares to an average of 40 times their annual earnings. The end was as sudden and as precipitous as it was inevitable, and helped to expose to the world proletariat the inward rottenness of the capitalist system. The difference between the present experiment and that of five years ago lies only in one small detail. The advance of the $25,000,000 to Belgium is an advance for the brief time only that it takes gold from Belgium to reach the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. That amount will be in its coffers before these lines appear in print. Uncle Sam takes no chances now. Will this loan save Belgium from going off the gold standard? The presumption, of course, is that less gold will leave that country in this manner than if permitted to be exported uncontrolled by patriotic Belgium. It is the psychological effect that is counted on to check the stampede of the belga. America's interest is to prevent that stampede. But the disruptive force of the crisis now raging in France-Belgium may be too strong to be overcome by psychology.

EVEN the American Legion yields to mass pressure. Paul P. Crosbie, who was the subject of a sketch in a recent issue of THE NEW MASSES, was brought to trial before a courtmartial. He was charged with being a Communist. This charge has heretofore usually resulted in a resignation, but Crosbie refused to resign. Instead he waged an open campaign as a candidate of the Communist Party for Congress. While he was winning mass support for his candidacy in Sunnyside Gardens, Long Island, the Legion delayed his trial from week to week. After five adjournments, a new trial had been scheduled for November 19. Crosbie was completely vindicated. Two Judge Advocates read a report recommending dismissal of the charges without trial. All of Crosbie's activities—his picketing, his distribution of anti-war literature, his speaking for the Communist Party—were legal, the report stated. Membership in the Communist Party is not sufficient grounds for dismissal "since the Board of Elections recognizes the Party." And so Paul Crosbie, Communist, remains a member of the organization which went on record at its recent convention in Miami as

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opposed to Communism. What the American Legion nationally will say to this is hard to conjecture. Our guess is that it will say nothing, realizing that the Crosbie episode is a symptom of the revolt of the rank and file against the reactionary leadership of the Legion.

WORKING one's way through college is one of the most cherished traditions of America. *Through College on a Dollar a Year* was once a best seller. During the period of an expanding economy educated persons were in demand; and a few students annually did work their way through college. But for five years now this has been increasingly difficult. To meet the need, the Federal Government allotted funds to the colleges to be used for work-relief for students. The grant was none too generous, $15 a month, and the college was required to affirm that without this grant the student would have to leave college. This at once denied assistance to vast numbers of students who through heavy sacrifices on the part of their families and themselves, could still complete their college careers. But what was the response of our institutions of higher education? Many of them accepted the grant for their students, but some of the more snobbish declined. Harvard refused the government's offer. All of John Harvard's descendants were assumed to be too well off to accept a government hand-out for useful work done. The conscience of the Dean of Yale was so delicate that, afraid of being dishonest in some case where he might assert a student must leave school without the F.E.R.A. money, he refused it altogether. His conscience was of more concern to him than was the welfare of Yale's needy students. But at snooty little Williams College the new widely-heralded President Dennett not only refused the government aid but attacked the whole program, demanding that the colleges cut their enrollments instead. He said there were too many college students anyway and this would be helping the unfit to survive. This is also the view of German Nazidom.

Not a Sweep for the New Deal

THE election was hardly over when Roosevelt, addressing the Committee for Economic Security, said: " . . . there can be no security for the individual in the midst of general insecurity." Elsewhere in this issue, the full meaning of this speech is discussed in detail. Here we simply wish to point out that within a week after the big majorities rolled up in the by-election, Roosevelt—bloated by success and safe in the arms of the bankers—drops the veneer of love for the toiling and destitute. He says, "There can be no security for the individual. . . ."

Small wonder Henry I. Harriman, president of the National Chamber of Commerce, exults:

> There is every indication that the administration desires cooperation of business and will in turn cooperate more closely with business to revive trade and industry.

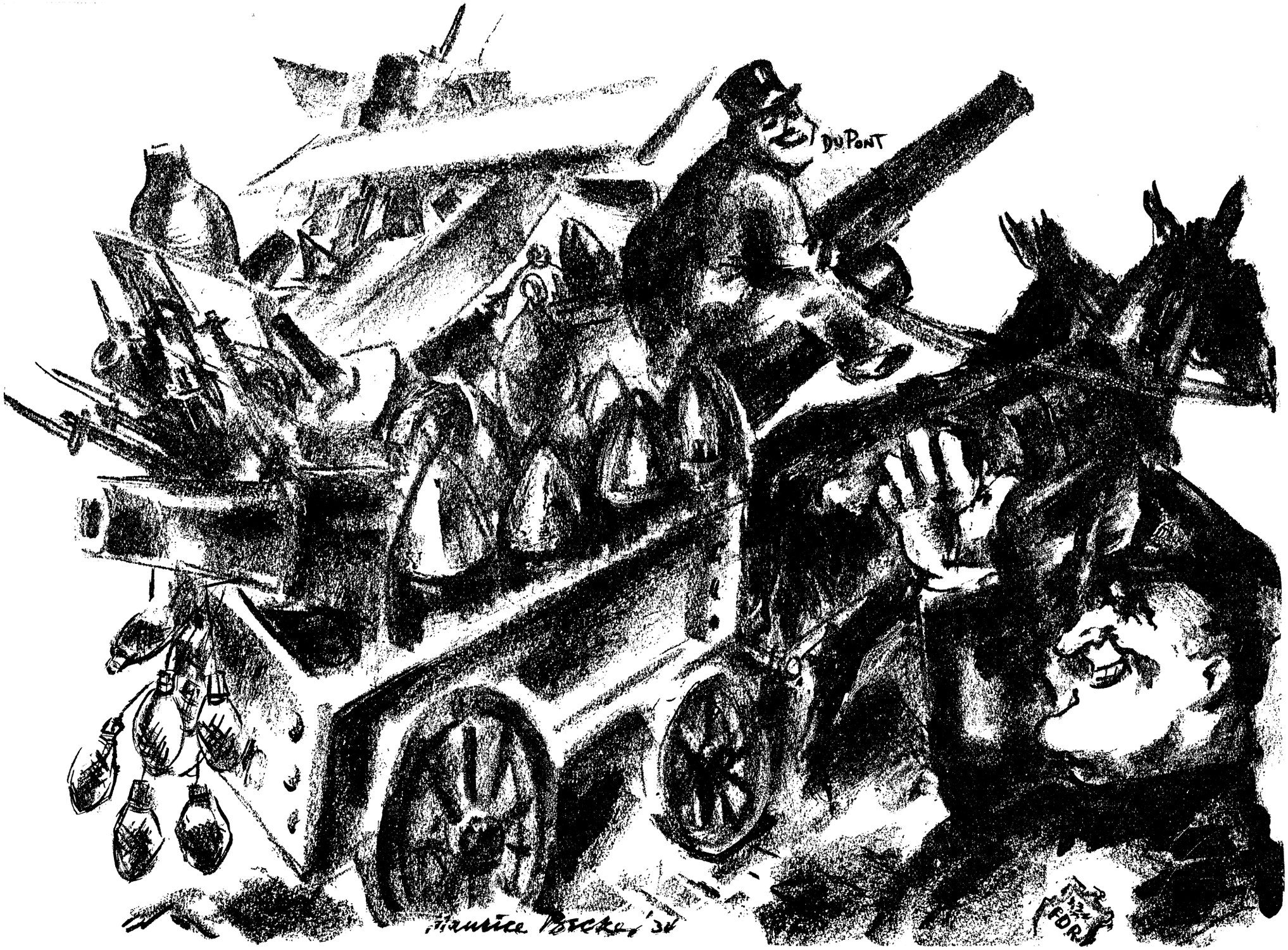
The purpose of this editorial is to examine more closely the underlying meaning of the election. The first speech of Roosevelt after election belongs decidedly in such an examination. The deeper logic of the election points to just such an utterance by Roosevelt.

Was the victory of Roosevelt an endorsement of the New Deal, as such, by the masses? All recent history shows that this is nonsense. The answer of the masses to the New Deal was given in the San Francisco general strike, in the general textile strike, in Minneapolis and Toledo. No administration has ever before met with such mass resistance. The great strike struggles indicated clearly that large numbers of workers have no faith in the New Deal. Up to the early months of 1934 there was a growing disillusionment expressed by mistrust of the administration, of rough-shod bullies like Hugh Johnson, of anti-labor officials like Frances Perkins and Richberg, of Roosevelt himself. Since then, this disillusionment has become open suspicion and hatred of the N.R.A. itself, open disbelief in Section 7a.

How then can we explain the fact that in an off-year election—when almost invariably the party in power suffers a loss of support—there was actually an increase in the Democratic majorities? In the first place the so-called tidal wave has been exaggerated. There was an enormous falling off from the vote indicated by the registration. Why, if a devoted nation is intent upon supporting its "great leader," did 18 million registered voters think it too much effort to go to the polls? The Democrats' large majority is explained by a number of factors having nothing to do with Roosevelt's popularity. Hoover is still remembered. There was a disinclination to bring back the G.O.P., a positive widespread fear of Hoover, Mellon, and Mills. There was a tremendous anti-Wall Street sentiment, fostered not only by the loud-sounding passes of Roosevelt himself, but by many other capitalist demagogues. Its mistaken expression in Democratic votes is in no sense a contradiction of the definite leftward trend of the masses, as shown by the struggles against hunger, wage-cuts and the company union.

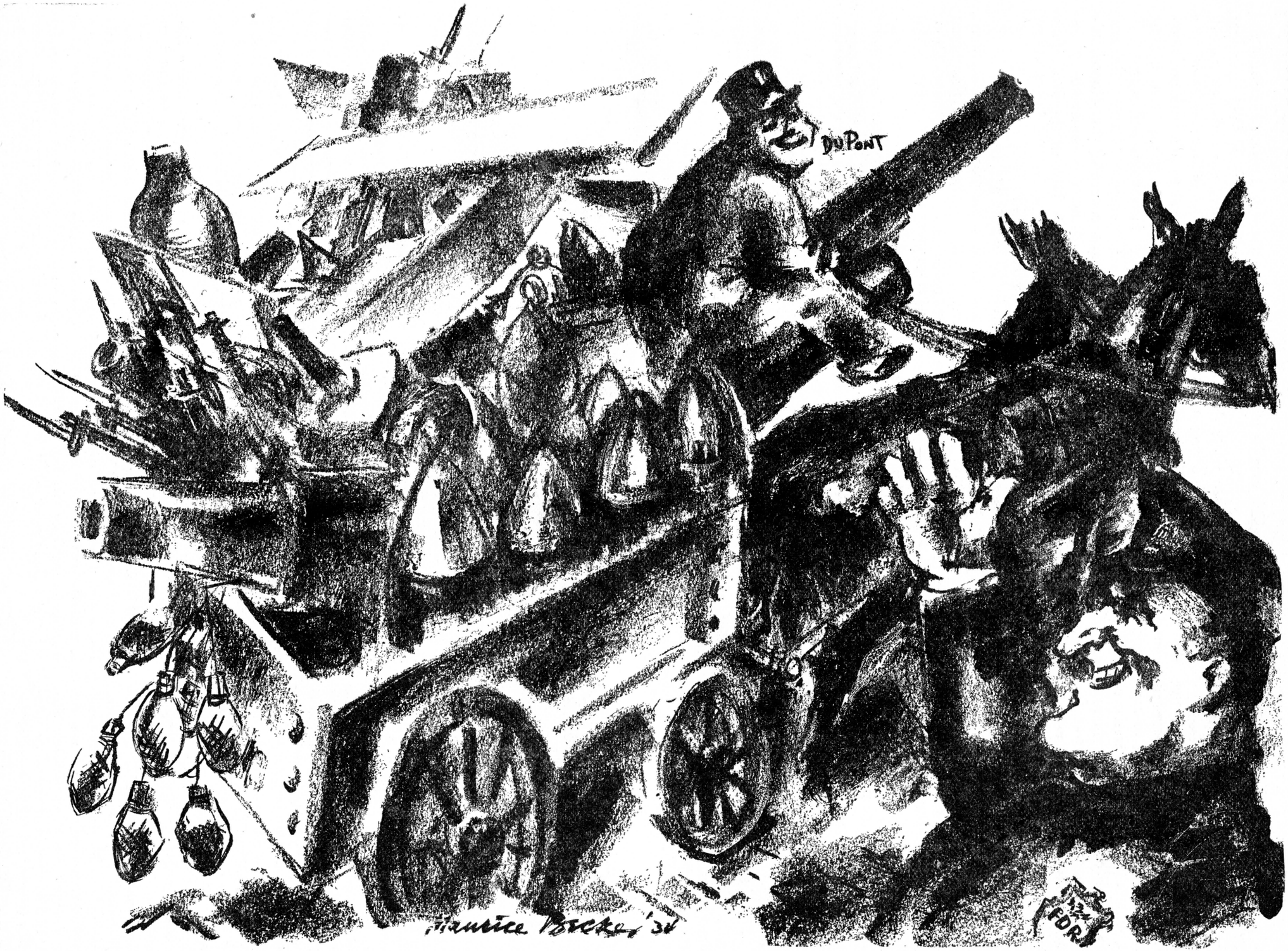
The leftward trend is a fact. It is worth while looking into the character of this phenomenon, which expresses itself in two forms: the directly conscious or class-conscious upsurge, and the unconscious or semi-conscious dissatisfaction with capitalism. Class-consciousness was expressed in the large rate of increase in Communist voters. In a number of districts, New York, Ohio, California, Massachusetts, the Communist vote ran from double to four times the count at the last elections. It is significant that the greatest gains were in the big industrial centers. In Ohio and Massachusetts, where struggles have been intense, the Communist increases were notable. In California, where terror was raging, Anita Whitney, Communist candidate under indictment for "perjury" (in connection with ballot petitions) polled 80,000 votes.

The masses who were swayed by a confused but growing fear of capitalism turned to a number of seemingly progressive outlets, which offered glittering utopias. The La Follettes of Wisconsin, Sinclair in California, Olsen in Minnesota, Zimmerman in Oregon were prepared to catch the left swing with various panaceas. Sinclair was going to "end poverty." Olsen actually spoke of abolishing capitalism in his platform. The truth is that all these programs, dema-



"Roosevelt Will Not Upset the Apple Cart."—*Farley*

Maurice Becker



"Roosevelt Will Not Upset the Apple Cart."—*Farley*

Maurice Becker

gogically presented, bear the typical signs by which Fascism is introduced—*the idea of classlessness without destroying the class society.*

But if uncounted numbers of the American populace seemingly favored programs expressing opposition to capitalism, why is it that the vote was preponderantly for capitalism? In the first place, the class-conscious vote was far from adequately gauged by the vote itself. One-third of the registered did not vote at all. The count excluded millions of unfranchised foreign-born producers; the mass of disfranchised Negroes; large numbers of the unemployed who, either by eviction or a migratory life have lost residence status, and those refused the right to vote because of their inability to pay poll and taxes, or because they are on relief. Equally important is the swollen army of youth—workers and declassed middle class—of producing age but not yet of voting age. Finally we must take account of the notoriously "non-partisan" practice of the A. F. of L., which tends to chain the membership to the chariot of the capitalist parties. The A. F. of L. vote is thus practically turned over to the party in power which uses its leaders as tools.

It is noteworthy that while the Communist Party was multiplying its totals the Socialist Party vote everywhere declined. In California the Communist candidate for governor received more than twice as many votes as the Socialist candidate. In New York Norman Thomas polled about 135,000. Socialist Hillquit polled nearly 300,000 for Mayor in 1932. In New York State the Socialist vote for Congress declined in every case, and in some cases to less than half, while the professed "left-wing" candidate Thomas polled more than twice the votes of the right-wing Solomon. In spite of these losses, however, the Socialist Party leadership—which helped to groom the N.R.A. in the beginning, which smoothed its way, which still condones the strike-breaking acts of the A. F. of L. leadership in collusion with the administration—played the role of definitely helping the Democrats to get votes. The Detroit convention of the Socialist Party, though it recanted and declared the N.R.A. was "not a step toward socialism," cannot wipe out this early endorsement. Nor does the Detroit decision constitute the Party's present policy. Words cannot stand against acts, nor outweigh the callous attacks on militant workers, the consistent refusal to join with the Communist Party in a united front against New Deal fascization and war.

The Communist Party foresaw the menace concealed by Roosevelt's demagogy from the beginning, it exposed the New Deal at the first. This year the Communist Party carried out a vigorous and lively campaign the fruits of which are to be seen in the gains made in the most decisive sections; and in the carrying out of the united front—as in Trumbull County, Ohio, where a united front of the Socialist and Communist Parties carried out an election campaign. But the Communist Party does not cease the struggle after the election. It calls for the organization of the whole working-class, with the professional and middle-class toilers, it calls for the persistent building up of a United Front against War and Fascism, against hunger and terror—for the unceasing fight against the unmasked dictatorship of capital represented by Roosevelt.

The First Big Guild Strike

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

AT THIS writing forty-five out of the fifty-two reporters and editorial employes of the Newark Ledger are out on the first major strike in the history of the American Newspaper Guild. After an all-night session Friday, November 17, they voted to defy Publisher Lucius T. Russell, who had repeatedly refused to deal with the negotiating committee of the Newark Newspaper Guild on a contract specifying job security and working conditions. Except for the seven scabs who are obviously wavering, the entire staff is on the picket-line or doing publicity or working at headquarters, determined to vindicate the Guild as a real union and prepared for a showdown.

More than the bread and butter of forty-five families is involved in Newark. The situation is decisive in its bearing on the future of the American Newspaper Guild. The issue is clearly joined. A publisher refuses to recognize the right of his employes to organize. The newspaper men react the same way that militant unionists react everywhere. They employ the chief weapon of labor—the strike.

Early in October the Guild wrote to Russell requesting an appointment with its negotiations committee to discuss a proposed contract which had been unanimously approved by the Ledger Chapter. Suburban correspondents had been receiving as little as $15 a week and firings were coming fast and furious. It was a modest contract with wage scales of $20 to $45 a week, vacation provisions and a five-day, 40-hour week. It did not deny Russell's right to discharge employes for reasons of economy, but provided "that where such discharges were clearly justified, the men and women dismissed should receive the protection of a dismissal wage," graduated on the basis of length of employment.

Russell chose to disregard the letter. After two weeks another request was sent and to this he responded with a series of statements tacked on the office bulletin board.

Reiterating his perennial plea that the Ledger staff is one big happy family, he wrote:

"I now give formal two weeks' notice to anyone who is not willing for it to continue as a family party and remain a member of that family that they take two weeks' notice to secure a Guild paper job, if there is such a thing."

About the negotiations committee, headed by Robert Ring, the bulletin said, "I am not in the slightest concerned about Ring and the committee going before the Regional Labor Board, but I will make it quite nervous for quite a number of the Ledger Chapter personnel if the thing ever reaches that point. . . .

"You can go to all the Regional Boards you damn please but you will get no relief from the Ledger until they come to me personally in the same way when you want personal favors. . . .

"Such a contractual relationship between a newspaper publisher and the news room is utterly impossible, and it is the outgrowth of socialistic propaganda that is trying to make everyone class-conscious."

In response to a third letter calling Russell's attention to Section 7a, he posted another bulletin stating he intended to discharge 25 percent of the staff within two weeks. Then, Mr. Russell confided, he would take a pleasure trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas. Upon his return 25 percent more would be dismissed. He didn't wait two weeks. Immediately after the appearance of the bulletin several staff members were called into the office by Paul E. Smith, managing editor, and

fired outright. To one Mr. Smith said, "You are one of twenty being dropped for reasons of economy." To another he said, sixteen editorial workers, more than 25 percent of the staff, were being dismissed. In the first batch was a man with a wife and four children, whom he had moved to Newark at considerable expense only two weeks before.

Mr. Russell was economizing. His son, Russell, drives a splendid Lincoln. There is a fine family mansion in Newark's fashionable Mount Prospect section. Mr. Russell owns the Ledger property and a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills, California. His frequent travels to Battle Creek Sanatorium and elsewhere are by airplane. He is a character. He has shot and killed a man in Oklahoma. He is rugged. Once he was given a snapshot of a picnic held by the staff and he said, "Hm, what a large staff," and fired several of them. One Ledger reporter has worked for twenty-four city editors and twelve managing editors during a period of six years.

Despite his economizing, Mr. Russell is not on the best of terms with his stockholders. They do not appreciate what is being done for them. In the course of the past year they have demanded Mr. Russell's resignation and they made an attempt in Chancery Court to obtain an accounting by Russell and to put the Ledger in receivers' hands. This request was denied by the court on the ground that the Ledger was a going concern and making plenty of money.

On the night of the firings twenty-one Ledger staff members came to a meeting of the Guild at the Newark Athletic Club and voted 16 to 5 in favor of a strike. But because the gathering represented less than half of the staff, action was deferred until the sentiments of the remainder could be considered.

Mr. Russell, who was still economizing by retaining the expensive Merritt Lane for counsel and by placing ads for star reporters at high wages in Editor and Publisher, agreed to meet with the negotiations committee.

Emmet Crozier, President of the Newark Guild, attended the conference in an observer's capacity. He said, "The meeting was brief. Mr. Russell refused to discuss any phase of the situation which had brought terror and confusion to his entire staff, except to say that he would receive what documents or contracts the committee cared to submit and turn them over to his lawyer. He said the Guild would have to revise its constitution, permitting him to deal directly with his own employes."

The Ledger Chapter has been the most conservative and decorous in the entire Guild. They have often and openly criticised the New York leadership for its comparative radicalism and emphasis of the strike as a weapon. Publishers are human, was their point, they are willing to listen to reason; and the government is willing to help. The Ledger Chapter had gone to the Regional Labor Board, which shunted them to the National Labor Relations Board in Washington, which referred them to the Newspaper Code Authority in Chicago, which recommended them to the Regional Code Authority in New York, which recommended nothing.

The Newspaper Guild is not revising its constitution. Its Ledger Chapter voted three to one for a walkout. In a front page editorial in the Ledger Russell announced that the strike had been fomented by "Heywood Broun's New York agitators."

There was nothing reticent about the reporters' first day on strike. The Ledger chapter and some of us from the New York Guild picketed all day before the office, at the main intersections around town and at the strategic Hudson Tube station. Leaflets and 35,000 copies of a one page newspaper, "The Reporter," were given out. A young reporter who had been wavering came into strike headquarters and said, "I have just spoken to my father. He said, 'If you don't strike, you're no son of mine. I've been a union man all my life.' So now I'm here."

A program of action, appointing committees and detailing functions such as publicity, relief and picketing was drawn up and printed in six mimeographed pages. A sound truck boomed through Newark's main avenues. When it pulled up before the Ledger office, Russell himself rushed out on the stoop and tried to shout down the invisible voice. Finally the truck was pulled in by Captain Meehan's men, but immediately released. "I don't want to monkey with reporters," said one cop.

That night a mass meeting was held in the Commission Chamber of City Hall. Heywood Broun, President of the Newspaper Guild, spoke, promising national support for the strikers. Jonathan Eddy, executive secretary, read telegrams from Guild chapters all over the country. Cleveland sent $100 and pledged itself to a weekly sum. John Fuller, secretary of the Typographical Union in Newark, brought fraternal greetings to a young union from one almost a hundred years old. Moe Smith, representing Electrical Workers Union, Local 3, delivered the most militant speech of the evening and promised his union's support. President Leo Sternberg of the Essex County Cigar, Stationers and Newsdealers Association, comprising 850 members, told of his own organization's troubles with Russell and offered the most potent form of cooperation. At the YMHA that same evening, 1,500 people applauded John L. Spivak's expression of solidarity with the strike. Since the boycott is illegal in New Jersey, Mr. Spivak merely voiced a lack of enthusiasm for purchasers of the Newark Ledger.

One by one, non-strikers deserted the office and reported for picket duty at strike headquarters. By Monday Mr. Russell, on advice of counsel, agreed to meet with the negotiations committee of the Guild.

The writer approached Mr. Jerry Nussbaum, city editor of the Ledger, one of the seven remaining scabs.

I said, "Mr. Nussbaum, are you on strike?"

"I'm not in the office, as you see."

"But are you on strike?"

"No."

"What are your hours on the Ledger?"

"My hours are my own. I come and go as I please. Generally I come in at 3 a.m."

"How is it that eight members of your staff tell me that you are in the office every day from about 10 a.m. and stay until 6 p.m.?"

"My hours are my own."

"Is it true that you receive over $3,000 a year in your capacity as Assistant Superintendent in the Bureau of Weights and Measures in Newark?"

"Yes."

"What are your office hours at City Hall?"

"There too my hours are my own."

"Don't you find handling two such responsible positions wearing on your constitution?"

"I could take on another two jobs."

"We might supply you with one that involves some explaining."

"Are you through asking questions?"

"Almost. Don't inspectors of the Bureau of Weights and Measures frequent stores with fly-specked windows and are you not connected with the Acme Window Cleaning Co. which has been known to practice unique sales methods?"

"That's run by my brother-in-law."

Mr. Nussbaum's wife has offered to scab on the Ledger reporters.

"Am I to assume that there is no foundation for the reports of some of your staff to the effect that they have answered phone calls giving orders for window cleaning?"

"I'm going into this restaurant for a cup of coffee."

"One more question. Do you remember Dick Shafter's story on the Moffett case which was held out because it implicated one Longie Zwillman?"

"No."

Longie Zwillman is the town's big-time racketeer. Jack Ryan, formerly managing editor of the Ledger, as well as Mr. Nussbaum, have been seen in his company off and on. Mr. Nussbaum has boasted that he has permanent access to Mr. Zwillman's yacht. Two gruff individuals recognized as associates of Mr. Zwillman made somewhat feeble efforts to discourage one of the picket captains.

All of which represents rather a subsidiary aspect of the situation. After this interview with the versatile Mr. Nussbaum, the sound truck led off a parade of 28 cars which wound through Newark until late in the night. I don't think there is a person in Newark who doesn't know about this strike. People from the curbs and from other cars which pulled up shouted encouragement at us. The strikers took turns at the mike and their speeches rang with fight and determination.

Back at strike headquarters they were met by the negotiations committee which reported that Russell was far from adamant, but still reluctant to talk contract. There was no flutter of disappointment through the crowd of strikers. They knew they weren't being handed anything on a platter. They know that to get a contract they'll have to hold their ranks and fight and they're prepared.

Plotting the American Pogroms

9. Selling Anti-Semitism to the Farmer

JOHN L. SPIVAK

FARMERS throughout the country, particularly in the South and the Middle West, are as bewildered by the crumbling of the economic system as the business men and the workers in the mills, mines and factories of the land. During the survey which I made for THE NEW MASSES this spring and summer I found that many farmers, in trying to understand the causes of the depression, placed the blame upon the "international Jewish bankers."

There was the Nebraska farmer who expressed the attitude of so many others. I had asked him what he thought caused the depression and he answered promptly:

"I'll tell you. It's the Jews."

"I don't quite understand," I returned. "Your Jewish population in Nebraska is pretty small. How do you blame the loss of your land on the Jews?"

The farmer explained. He had lost his land for non-payment of taxes. The local banker in his community was a friend of his. This banker assured him that he (the banker) did not want to foreclose.

"My banker told me that if *he* did not foreclose a bigger banker in Chicago would foreclose on him. The bigger banker in Chicago was forced to do that because still bigger bankers in the East—in New York—threatened to foreclose on him. And the biggest bankers are Jews!"

He paused, spat a mouthful of chewing tobacco, and looked at me triumphantly.

"Look," he continued. "Who is secretary of the treasury? Morgenthau! A Jew! Who is the Governor of your state? Lehman! A Jew banker! Who is the biggest international banker in the country? Warburg! A Jew!"

He motioned with his hands as if that settled the discussion.

"But there are others," I murmured. "Morgan, Rockefeller—"

"They are controlled by the international Jewish bankers," the farmer insisted. "The Jews have a world-wide conspiracy among themselves to wreck the economic system, capture all the gold in the world through their banking interests and thus gain supreme control of the whole world—"

What this bewildered farmer was telling me was what he had been told by those reading the "protocols of Zion." The farmer did not know the protocols had been proved to be forgeries. He was not an economist. He did not understand the economic forces which wrecked his prosperity, which caused him to lose his land. The average American, I found, does not reason economically and when some one tells him of a definite entity which caused the depression—like a world-wide conspiracy of Jewish bankers—he can grasp at that.

Leaders of farmers, unless they want to advocate the overthrow of the capitalist system, must find reasons to account for the farmers' plight, and many of these leaders seize upon the "international Jew" as an excuse. These leaders wield national power and influence upon many thousands — leaders like Milo Reno of the Farmers Holiday Association, for instance. Mr. Reno's Congressional supporters, farmers in his organization and liberals who support this farm leader do not know that he has been one of the foremost disseminators of anti-semitic propaganda in the country, his harangues against the Jew profoundly developing hatred of this race.

Reno went through the farming area, particularly in Iowa, telling groups that the Jews were responsible for their troubles. The development of anti-semitism in Iowa, Nebraska and other areas in the Mid-West became so great as a result of this anti-semitic propaganda, that Jews living in that area pleaded with Henry Wallace (now Secretary of Agriculture) to talk to Milo Reno and explain that the Jews were no more responsible than the Chinese.

In the latter part of June, 1933, Wallace and Rabbi Eugene Manheimer of Des Moines met with the Farmers Holiday leader. Milo Reno told them vigorously that "the Jews invented 'usury' and were consequently responsible for the farmers' troubles." The Jew, Reno insisted, is the author of all that the farmer is suffering from today.

What the present Secretary of Agriculture did not know, what the Des Moines Rabbi nor the farmers following Reno did not know, is that this leader had been working hand in glove with the anti-semitic organization known as the American Fascists, whose leaders seek to overthrow the government of the United States by force as soon as they are thoroughly organized!

The American Fascists have another name by which they are more commonly known: The Crusaders for Economic Liberty (or the White Shirts) headed by the eccentric George W. Christians, with headquarters in Chattanooga, Tenn. This organization, with a wide espionage system of its own directed by C. F. Fulliam of Muscatine, Iowa, has been intensive in the distribution of anti-semitic propaganda, working all the while with Nazi agents in the United States.

When Henry Wallace became Secretary of Agriculture he had too much power and influence for Milo Reno to oppose too openly; and when Wallace called Reno's attention to the results of his "Hate the Jew" creed, Reno decided to break away from the White Shirts and their fostering of race hatred. Leon Vanderlyn, Resident Secretary, Northeastern Division of the Farmers Holiday Association, with headquarters at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, under the name of the Associated Liberal Groups of Greater New York, spoke for Reno in the discussions between the farmers' leader and the head of the White Shirts espionage system.

At the beginning of February, 1934, Fulliam wrote to Vanderlyn in part:

> Do you really know what Fascism is or do you accept what all avenues of publicity in the hands of the enemies of the American people want you to believe? Many organizations and movements are labelled Fascist that are no more that than you claim to be. Fascism is modern nationalism. Fascism is not a foreign importation. It is a world idea. It is not even a new creed. It is a new method. Fascism is the modern adaptation of an old creed. It is the creed of all for each and each for all. It is essentially a "spiritual rebirth." An "enlightening." Every Aryan world power today is organizing its own type of Fascism according to its needs and the psychology of its people. It is the answer of the White Races fighting to maintain their World Supremacy and their Christian culture and civilization to the International Financialism and the International Marxian Communism of the International Jewry which seeks to destroy white supremacy. The entire world is a battleground and International Jewry has no one to blame but themselves for what is happening, for they have industriously for many years been sowing the whirlwind of which they will reap the harvest. Although now in control of America in every walk of life, they must relinquish their control over us and recede from the key positions that they now occupy or suffer the consequence of their own action.

Bearing in mind that the Secretary of Agriculture had warned him about fanning the flames of race and religious hatred in this country, Milo Reno instructed Vanderlyn to break away from this Fascist group. On February 15, 1934, Vanderlyn wrote to Fulliam, head of the espionage and propaganda service, as follows:

> Dear Mr. Fulliam:
>
> I deeply regret that the trend you and Mr. Christians have taken in the last three months must result in the cessation of all cooperation between us. As I told you in the summer of last year, while I agreed with you concerning the international bankers and concerning the necessity

of keeping the fundamental tenets of Christianity alive, nevertheless, I thoroughly disapprove of anything smacking of the Hitler method and of Nazi philosophy. The fact that you have distributed German propaganda authorized by a group of downright reactionaries, Hamilton Fish and his crowd, has been the last straw. [Vanderlyn is referring to the anti-semitic book, *Communism in Germany,* imported into the United States by George Sylvester Viereck, Nazi agent, and distributed by Ralph M. Easley of the National Civic Federation.—J.L.S.]

I am authorized by Milo Reno to inform you that there can be no possible tie-up between the Crusaders for Economic Liberty and the Farmers Holiday Association. Mr. Reno is of my opinion that the essence of Christianity does not lie in inciting racial and religious prejudice. When the Crusaders made the statement: The Golden Rule instead of the Rule Gold, they were on the right track. When they changed their name to American Fascists, they alienated the strongest element which could have come to their support, the Farmers Union and the Farmers Holiday Association.

When our Master threw the Money Changers out of the temple, he did not enter upon a campaign of religious persecution, and the warfare against Wall Street and the Chicago Pit does not imply a campaign of religious intolerance, and the trappings of dictatorships and Hitlerism.

If at any time the Crusaders for Economic Liberty are willing to change their tactics, to abandon the foolish idea of Fascism, and truly preach the Golden Rule, they will find the Farmers' Holiday Association more ready to cooperate with them.

Until then, we must consider ourselves on entirely separate paths.

Leon Vanderlyn
Resident Secretary, Northeastern Division,
Farmers Holiday Association

Mr. Vanderlyn's indignation, after Mr. Reno's anti-semitic propaganda in the Mid-West, is easily understood when the conferences between him and the Secretary of Agriculture is known. Perhaps Mr. Vanderlyn, as well as Milo Reno, will understand the sudden change of the American Fascists into a body intensively preaching the "Hate-the-Jew" creed when they learn that Fulliam, at this period, was in close touch with Nazi agents in the United States, signing his name in the special letters to these agents with the Swastika sign of allegiance to Hitler.

Let me quote a sample letter. It was written on April 24, 1934, and addressed to Reinhold Walter, of the Friends of the New Germany, the leading organization in disseminating anti-semitic propaganda in the United States. The letter arrived at Walter's home, 805 Fairmount Place, New York City:

Dear Mr. Walter:

A week or so ago I sent you in care of your publication a copy of a statement to the press by the Department of Propaganda, Crusaders for Economic Liberty. If you have printed it would very much appreciate your sending me a copy for my file and reference. Will be glad to remit for a copy of same.

I have followed with great interest the articles in TODAY magazine about the Nazi activities. I would not worry much about such articles if I were you. Every knock is a boost because you know and I know that they do not tell the truth. I treat all such that attack the crusader movement with scorn and contempt and am entirely unruffled and unmoved by their ravings.

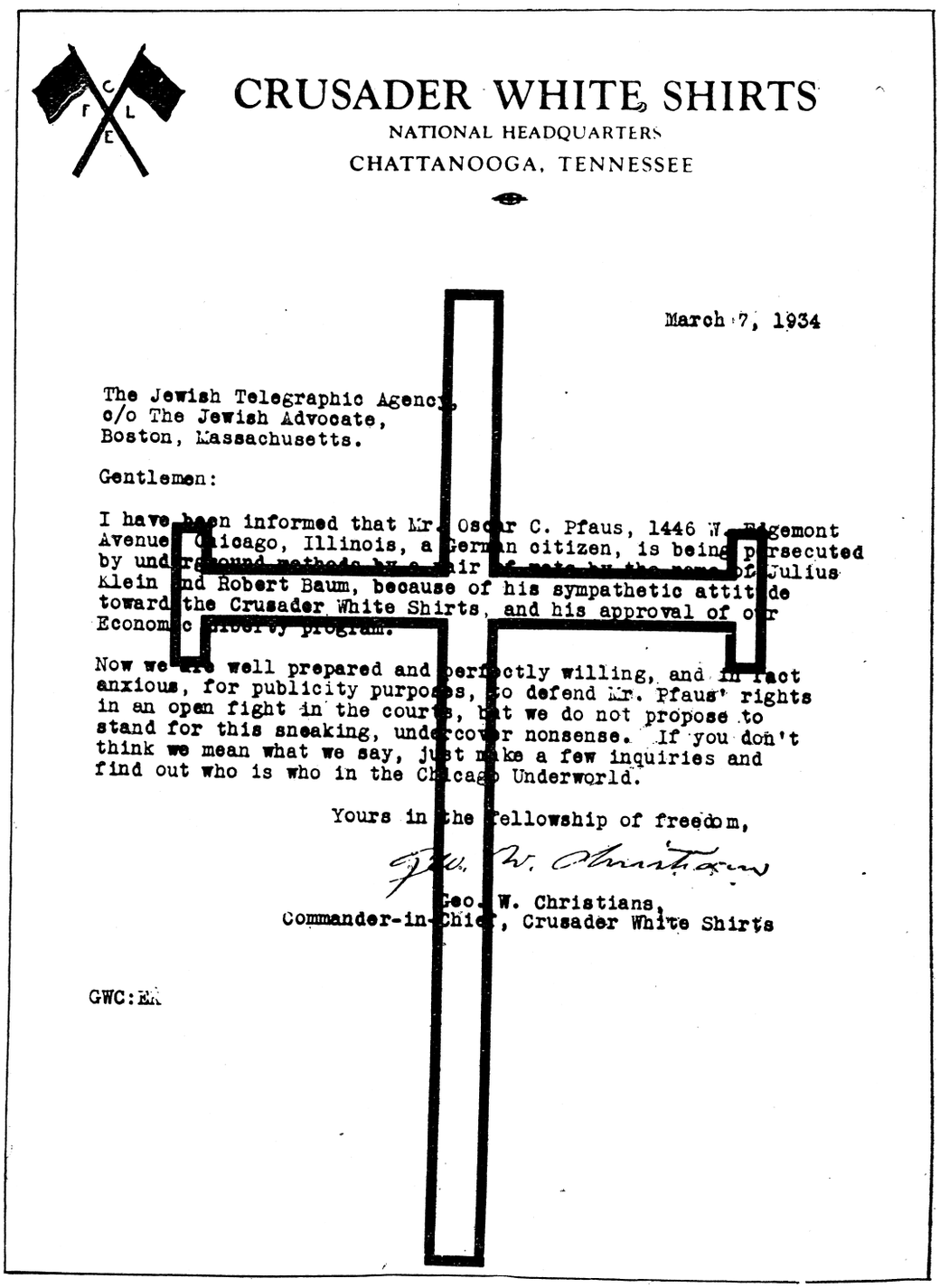
You can do a great deal for American Liberties and Institutions and trust that I may have the pleasure of hearing from you.

America is awakening. Hail the dawn of a New America.

Yours in the fellowship of Aryan freedom

(signed) C. F. Fulliam

P. S. Enclosed please find copies of three letters I wrote which might interest you. The Jews in America may have frightened a lot of you American citizens of German birth or descent but here is one American citizen with good German blood in his veins who is not ashamed of it. I say what I please and advocate what I please as granted me in my constitutional rights so send some of your New York Jews out here in Iowa and see how far they get in suppressing free speech. CFF



CRUSADER WHITE SHIRTS
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

March 7, 1934

The Jewish Telegraphic Agency,
c/o The Jewish Advocate,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Gentlemen:

I have been informed that Mr. Oscar C. Pfaus, 1446 W. Edgemont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, a German citizen, is being persecuted by underground methods by a pair of rats by the name of Julius Klein and Robert Baum, because of his sympathetic attitude toward the Crusader White Shirts, and his approval of our Economic Liberty program.

Now we are well prepared and perfectly willing, and in fact anxious, for publicity purposes, to defend Mr. Pfaus' rights in an open fight in the courts, but we do not propose to stand for this sneaking, undercover nonsense. If you don't think we mean what we say, just make a few inquiries and find out who is who in the Chicago Underworld.

Yours in the fellowship of freedom,

Geo. W. Christians,
Commander-in-Chief, Crusader White Shirts

GWC:EK

Letter from the Head of the Crusader White Shirts to the Jewish Telegraph Agency threatening underworld retaliation

The American Fascist or the White Shirt or the Crusader for Economic Liberty or whatever else he may call himself at different times does not always sign his letters "yours in the fellowship of Aryan Freedom." The word "Aryan" is used only in communication with Nazi agents. But no matter how they sign their names, the White Shirts are among the most prolific distributors of anti-semitic propaganda in the country.

One of their chief propaganda activities is the dissemination of the discredited Protocols of Zion. This attack upon the Jews is mailed out in vast numbers, each copy containing a letter from George W. Christians, the eccen-

tric head of this organization, explaining the urgent need to read the book and understand its philosophy.

Christians, ever since he and Fulliam started to work with Nazi agents in this country, has gone to extreme measures to show his loyalty to the Nazi agents. One of Christians' close associates is Oscar C. Pfaus of 1446 W. Edgemont Avenue, Chicago. Pfaus is one of the chief Nazi leaders in Chicago who has been active in carrying on the "Hate the Jew" campaign. Besides making his vicious attacks on the Jews wherever he has an opportunity to speak, Pfaus' main Nazi activity in the Middle West has been to try to consolidate the various fascist organizations into one powerful body to carry on the "anti-semitic" activities from central headquarters. His "official" job is being president of the German Alliance of Chicago.

Pfaus' anti-semitic activities aroused considerable antagonism not only among Jews, but among many gentiles and the Nazi leader communicated with the head of the American Fascists complaining of "persecution" by two Jews, Julius Klein and Robert Baum. Not knowing how to get in touch with these two men, despite his espionage system, Christians wrote to the Jewish Telegraph Agency, care of the Jewish Advocate in Boston, Mass., threatening them with Chicago gangsters. This warning was written March 7, 1934:

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Yours in the fellowship of freedom,
(Signed) George W. Christians
Commander-in-chief, Crusader White Shirts

Simultaneously the patriotic Mr. Christians wrote to T. O. Busbee of Tampa, Fla., to "use your underground connections to see that Mr. Pfaus gets the protection that he needs so that we can keep this scrap in the open and get all the publicity possible."

Of course this sort of stuff sounds a little insane and we could ignore it were it not that Hitler's activities in Germany before he got into power were as fantastic and as mad as this Crusader's letters. But insane or sane, the intensive propaganda carried on by these fascist leaders working in close cooperation with Nazi agents in this country is making a profound effect upon the attitude of Gentiles towards the Jews. The anti-semitic activities not only of Fulliam's propaganda department but of Milo Reno before he was told to "lay off" by the Secretary of Agriculture, have fallen on rich soil. In the business world, the result of this propaganda against the Jews has already reached the stage where word is being quietly passed to take protection away from them in such matters as insurance policies, for instance, solely because holders of policies are Jews. Let me illustrate the effect of Milo Reno's and the White Shirts' propaganda in Iowa.

The Iowa Mutual Liability Insurance Company, with the home offices in the Insurance Building, 512 Second Avenue East, Cedar Rapids, Ia., wrote to J. Max Goar, manager of the J. Max Goar Insurance Agency, 505 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., on Dec. 11, 1933, as follows:

Dear Sir:

In re: FCA No. 406108

Our inspection of this risk indicates that the truck covered by this policy is driven by a young man twenty years of age who has the reputation of fast and reckless driving. Although our policy has been in force since May 5th, and we have not been presented with any claims, we cannot help but feel that to continue the policy will sooner or later involve us in a claim because of the driving habits of the chauffeur.

Under the circumstances, we are obliged to issue cancellation of this policy and sincerely trust that you will encounter no difficulty in picking up this policy promptly. If, for any reason, you are unable to secure the return of the policy within the next seven days, notice of cancellation will be directed to the assured from this office.

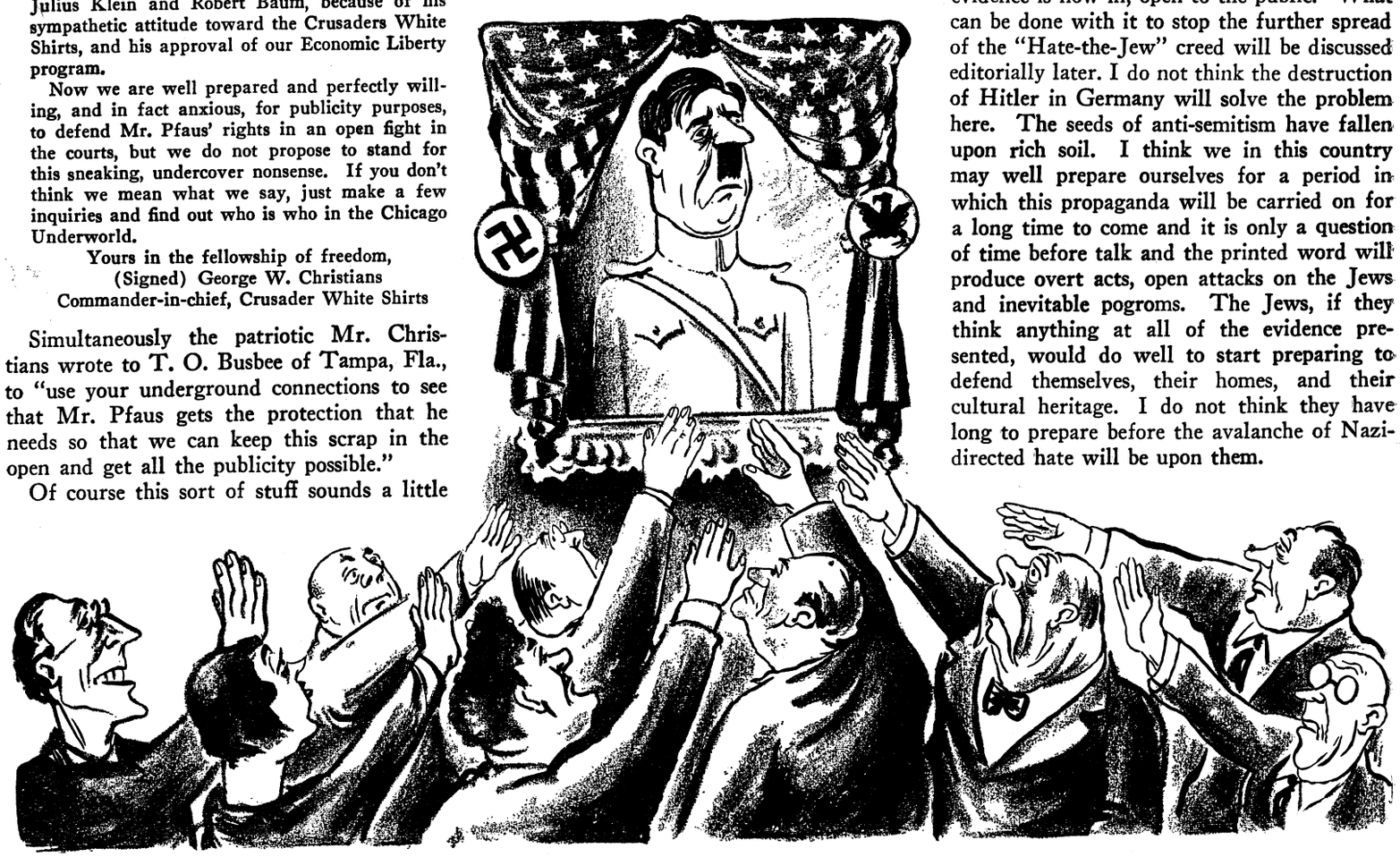
We might incidentally mention that this risk covered a Jewish assured which our experience has indicated to be undesirable risks and for that reason we would appreciate your assistance in declining further risks for people of this type in view of the unfavorable records.

Appreciating your prompt cooperation and thanking you for acknowledgment of this letter, we are Very truly yours,

Iowa Mutual Liability Insurance Co.
(signed) G. J. Starman,
Underwriter

It would not be difficult to present more overwhelming evidence of the wave of anti-semitism now sweeping the United States, guided and directed by open and secret Nazi agents. We have already seen in these articles the amazing network of anti-semitic hate woven by these Hitler agents. We have seen the international intrigue, the hook-ups with nationally known American "patriotic" organizations, the far-flung spidery web of hate reaching into and out of every walk of life, desperately fostering hatred of a people in an effort to make it the scapegoat for a crumbling economic system even as Hitler used Jews and Communists as scapegoats.

In the first of this series I listed twelve points which I undertook to prove. I think I have proved them and many, many more. The evidence is now in, open to the public. What can be done with it to stop the further spread of the "Hate-the-Jew" creed will be discussed editorially later. I do not think the destruction of Hitler in Germany will solve the problem here. The seeds of anti-semitism have fallen upon rich soil. I think we in this country may well prepare ourselves for a period in which this propaganda will be carried on for a long time to come and it is only a question of time before talk and the printed word will produce overt acts, open attacks on the Jews and inevitable pogroms. The Jews, if they think anything at all of the evidence presented, would do well to start preparing to defend themselves, their homes, and their cultural heritage. I do not think they have long to prepare before the avalanche of Nazi-directed hate will be upon them.



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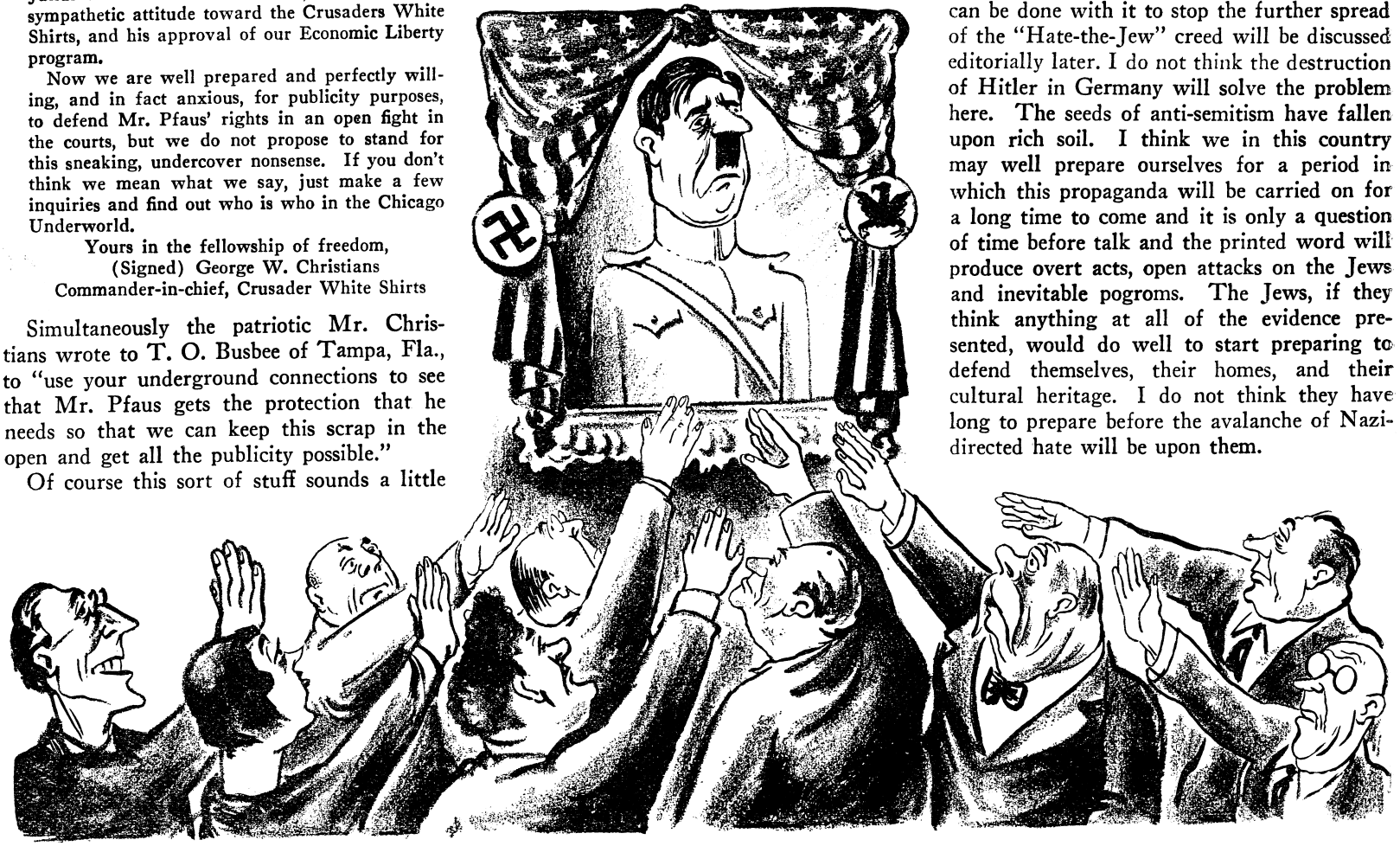

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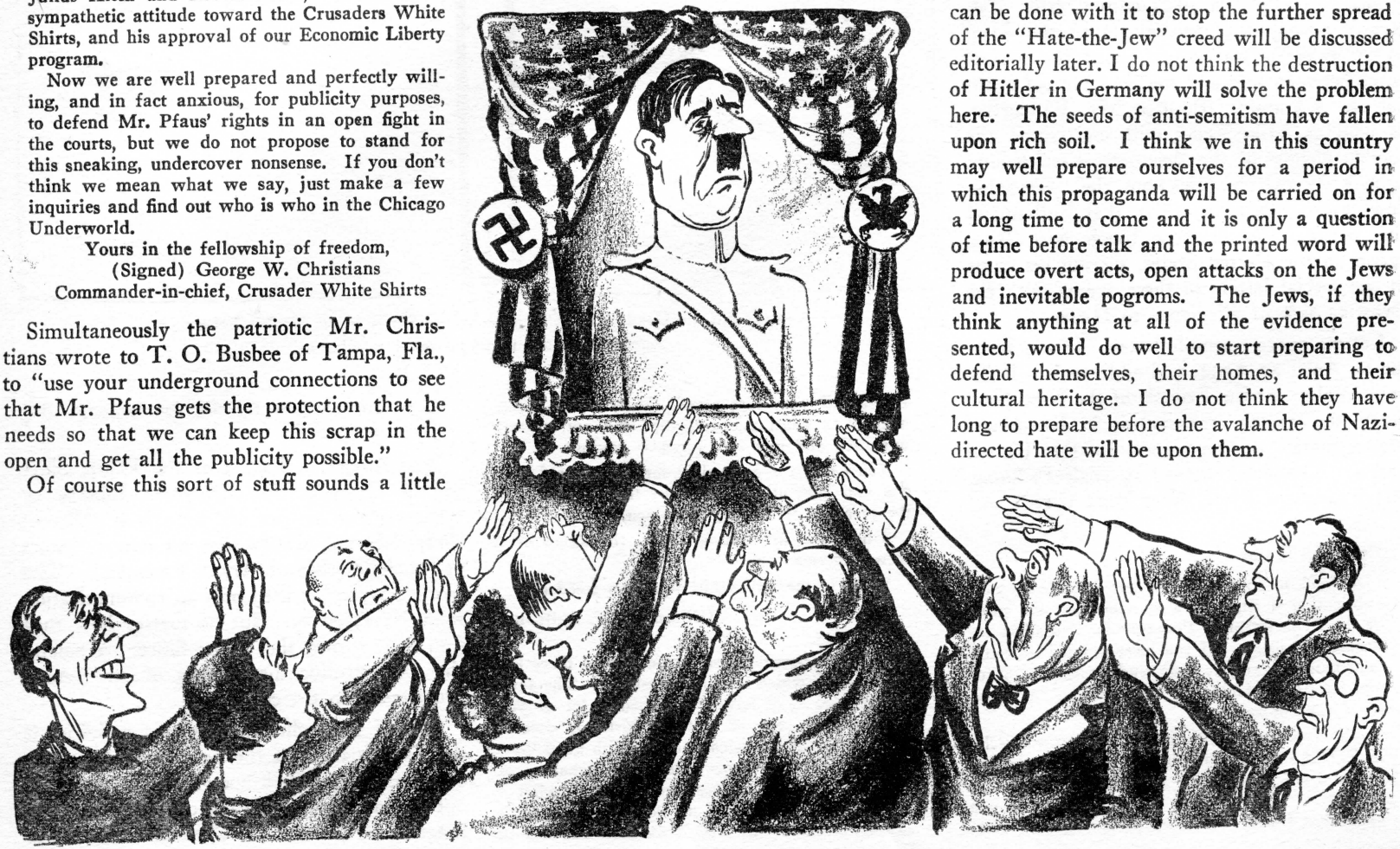

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City College's Rebel Generation

THEODORE DRAPER

THE sons of City College sing a song in which they call themselves "sturdy." They have to be sturdy. Fees of one kind or another have gradually been increasing. Textbooks are no longer loaned to students the vast majority of whom come from the very bottom of the middle class. The average weekly earnings of the City College student fell from $11.22 in 1931, to $9.00 in 1932, to $7.86 in 1933 and to $5.59 in 1934.

Because students at City College pay no tuition, and applications far exceed capacity, admission standards are very high and gauged to eliminate thousands. Standards are probably more rigorous than anywhere in the country, certainly equal to the highest. Every entering class is therefore an exclusive assortment in intellectual attainment. This year, for example, intelligence tests prepared by the American Council of Education and given to freshmen in 203 colleges and universities throughout the country ranked City College freshmen first. They have invariably been up with the leaders.

In this school 42 students have been expelled in the last two years, many more have been suspended and expelled since 1927, for anti-war and anti-fascist activity. Twenty-one students have just been expelled; it was not an isolated, sporadic outburst of radical sentiment and faculty repression. Just twenty-one students were expelled in 1933; nor was that isolated. The significance of all these expulsions and of the current episodes at City College is tragically obscured if the continuity of the struggle be not understood. For almost ten years this groundswell of revolutionary student sentiment and power has been advancing from a rumble to a roar.

More important than any single expulsion is the experience of a whole generation. This institution would normally turn out trained ideological defenders of capitalism. This recurrent rebellion, this systematic struggle by class after class indicates that something profound and penetrating is taking place. It is symptomatic of the rotting away of the academic and intellectual basis of capitalist society. What is happening in one place is happening elsewhere, almost everywhere, in a certain measure.

In the Beginning. The chief, though not the only, cause of strife between faculty and students has been military training. It is interesting to note that Frederick B. Robinson, then Dean, in defense of the students' patriotism once revealed that City College was "the first institution in the country to offer practical service to the Government during the war period." Until 1925, there had really been no effective opposition to military training. In that year, the official newspaper, The Campus, under Felix S. Cohen, son of the distinguished professor of philosophy at the school, Morris Raphael Cohen, undertook an editorial campaign against compulsory military drill. The department had faced critics before Cohen, but his blasts hit a weak spot. Cohen was aroused at the compulsory feature only. One of his articles contained lines which unmistakably reveal the direction of his radicalism:

> Patriotism must spring from the individual's conscience. It will be as varied in its manifestations as is individual conscience. To impose an arbitrary military code upon students is certainly no better than imposing an arbitrary religious code. City College wants optional drill. A large number of students would enroll every year in such a course. (N. Y. Times, November 29, 1925.)

This indicates how confused those early struggles were. Today the demand is not for a "reformed" military drill, but for its utter abolition. This department enjoys a unique status in the school. It alone is permitted to attract incoming freshmen with bombardments of propaganda, with special inducements. The R.O.T.C. builds character, prepares for leadership, promotes physical well-being, pays all expenses (including uniforms) with Government funds, promises Reserve commissions, and more of the same. The Military Science department is the chief instrument of the War Department on the campus, the focal point for war propaganda. It fulfills this function whether optional or compulsory.

At the beginning of November, 1925, the newspaper suggested a student referendum on whether Military Science should continue as a "prescribed course" or not. Sidney E. Mezes, then President of the College, paid little attention to the agitation, called military training "a patriotic act" and sat tight. Seventy-five percent of the students voted in the referendum. The vote was 2,092 against, 345 for compulsory drill. When President Mezes dismissed the student poll as simply immature enthusiasm, the Student Council polled the parents and got an equally decisive majority against compulsory military training. The faculty stood pat. Mezes wrote a letter to The Campus advising the students of the Faculty decision and Cohen refused to print the letter, on the ground that the paper was being censored and was not permitted to mention Military Science. Cohen now became a stickler for faculty orders, including censorship, and burlesqued the whole foul business by running a clean white column where he had heretofore published anti-compulsory R.O.T.C. editorials. President Mezes lifted the censorship on The Campus and advised everybody to return to the good life. There was a lull in the agitation against military drill.

Career Man. Frederick Bertrand Robinson, former alumnus, former tutor, former Dean of the School of Business and Civic Administration, became President of the College of the City of New York in 1927 at the early age of 43. Long before that, his teaching had been overshadowed by administrative work as head of the evening and summer sessions. When he was inducted into the presidency in May, 1928, a noted member of the faculty said that "Robinson's ideal heaven would be an office with a single long desk, on which stand twelve telephones, all ringing at once, and all the calls for Robinson." Under his guidance, the school has grown from one almost exclusively devoted to a liberal-arts program to one including technology, education, and business. He can become eloquent about academic nobility and the school as a scholar's retreat, but there was self-revelation in his words uttered at a luncheon given by Arnold, Constable & Co.:

> Looked at from one point of view, there is no great difference between an effective and ethically conducted department store and a formal centre of learning. (N. Y. Times, June 20, 1931.)

Robinson is directly responsible to the Board of Higher Education who are the trustees for all three City Colleges; City, Brooklyn and Hunter. The tone of the board is set by its chairman, Mark Eisner, who is a legal tax expert, member of the law firm of Olvany, Eisner and Donnelly, the senior partner of which is the former boss of Tammany Hall, and director in five corporations, including Bourjois, Inc., perfumers. Robinson and Eisner work well together. Speaking before the C.C.N.Y. graduating class, in 1931, President Robinson figured thus in a story in the New York Times:

> President Robinson took occasion to criticize the government of Soviet Russia, declaring that "we must regard all products of the present Russian system as products of slave labor, even though some of the slaves are willing slaves."

In 1932, Robinson spent his summer in Iatly. Returning on the Italian liner *Saturnia,* he was reported as having said:

> He (Robinson) said he found no war-like spirit among the fascisti and considered them more like a crowd of college boys "whooping it up for the team." (N. Y. Times, Sept. 23, 1932.)

And speaking before the men's club of a Jewish reformed temple in New York City, Robinson warned his audience not to be swept away by the anti-semitism in Germany.

> Uttered vilification against the German Nationalists will be of little avail, and support by American Jewry of opposition parties in Germany to defy openly Hitler and his followers would only serve to aggravate the condition. (N. Y. Times, March 28, 1933.)

Suspensions. The agitation against military training was gaining headway when Robinson

took control. In 1926 the administration began the compromises from which it has not yet extricated itself. In that year Military Science became elective, but all students had to elect that or "civilian drill," a semi-military course which was introduced as an experiment. Uniforms in military drill were free but they cost from $5 to $10 in civilian drill and the latter was scheduled at inconvenient hours of the day. As a result, civilian drill had about one-fourth the enrollment of military drill. Everybody still had to take some form of military training, and nobody was satisfied, including the faculty.

At an Armistice Day meeting on November 11, 1926, the Social Problems Club called a symposium on war and military training. Robinson sent a stenographer to this meeting to keep tab on what his students said. Three days later Alexander Lifshitz and Leo Rothenberg were indefinitely suspended from classes for making disrespectful remarks about the faculty in the symposium. Under pressure, Rothenberg finally capitulated, retracted what he had said and was immediately reinstated. Lifshitz was willing to withdraw his remarks about the faculty but not about military training, and remained out.

The Lifshitz case dragged on into 1928. In March, two weeks before Lifshitz was finally reinstated, Robinson in an attempt to bear down on the Social Problems Club, traditionally the spearhead of the anti-R.O.T.C. movement, ordered the president of the club, Simon W. Gerson, to withdraw from all extra-curricular activities. Gerson disregarded the threat and continued as president. He was suspended almost at the close of the semester. Protest meetings were held where faculty members took down the names of students they recognized. High-powered espionage was coming into practice. At one meeting police were called on the campus and arrested two former students. The faculty made another concession. Military Science was kept elective, but instead of the former phony civilian drill, students could now choose a three-year course in hygiene. That is still the regulation. There was another lull in 1929. Agitation continued but there were no suspensions.

Organization. College radicalism is peculiar. In most places, students are satisfied and sheltered by the very conditions of their existence. This academic tradition is much weaker at City College in the largest city in the world and with an impoverished student body. It holds sufficiently, however, to make radical activity distinctly different from that in a factory or neighborhood. College radicalism was, until quite recently, unplanned, haphazard and individualistic. The masses of students were introduced into activity infrequently and only partially. There was never any organizational gain from success because there was no organization for sympathetic students to join. The Social Problems Club represented the class-conscious students, but it had no coherent program and no mechanism for continuity. Many followed its leadership, but few belonged.

In 1931, the Social Problems Club of City College played a leading role in the building of a militant student movement. Together with a number of other clubs, especially the Columbia Social Problems Club, and a few unattached individuals, they formed the New York Student League, later extended to the National Student League. There was need for a militant student organization with a clear program which would struggle primarily on student issues and at the same time draw the maximum social understanding and effect from those issues by recognizing an identity of interest with the working class. For example, R.O.T.C. is a student issue only in the sense that it is the manifestation of the war machine on the campus. Students can best be organized against imperialist war as a whole by organizing them against the particular form they themselves experience. The understanding, the social support, and the solution of their struggle extends, of course, beyond the lecture room and laboratory into the class struggle in society at large. The Social Problems Club was seeking an organizational form to express this need for the unity between student and worker in terms of student problems, in terms of the experiences of the student, and the National Student League became that organization. This is the explanation of the transformation of City College radicalism from individual heroism to mass opposition, from a confused basis to a clear and uncompromising understanding, from individual expulsions to mass expulsions.

Interludes. A number of major actions took place in 1931 and 1932 which, though not directly connected with the anti-R.O.T.C. movement, served to keep up the militancy of the students.

In 1931 Max Weiss was suspended for protesting against the confiscation of the Social Problems Club publication, Frontiers, which had been issued without authority. Robinson banned the whole club and handbills were distributed protesting the suspension of Weiss and the outlawing of the club. Robinson suspended ten more for the handbill. They were soon reinstated, but one of the number, Max Gordon, was suspended for the second time in eleven days when he admitted being author of a letter in The Campus signed by the "Members of the Suspended Social Problems Club." The letter charged the President with political discrimination in his suspensions. A month later, Frontiers was given formal authority to publish.

In 1932 fees threatened the City Colleges. The Social Problems Club, together with the evening session Liberal Club, was in the forefront of organizing student opposition. The fees were beaten but the campaign cost Oakley Johnson his job. Johnson was an instructor in English and faculty adviser of the Liberal Club. He had been cajoled and warned to leave his post as adviser. When Johnson stubbornly stuck to the club, he was through with teaching at City College. At a protest meeting held in the school, police, called by the Dean, cracked heads and made four arrests, including Donald Henderson, then an instructor in economics at Columbia and executive secretary of the National Student League, who was an invited but unheard speaker. At eleven at night more than 1,000 students stormed the night court, calling for the freedom of those arrested. Sixteen more were arrested outside the court. The next day, October 18, ten were suspended from school for being arrested. Three days later the first mock trial of President Robinson was conducted before a packed auditorium. The administration's activity was skillfully exposed at the trial by testimony from the participants themselves under cross-examination by one of the expelled students acting as prosecutor—Joseph Starobin. Henderson and the rest received suspended sentences and the ten students were reinstated a week later.

But in the latter part of November the Board called the students to account for their mock trial and suspended nineteen in retaliation. Again, the round of protest meetings got under way. This time, however, resentment reached a new high and on February 25 a strike was called. Almost the whole school came out. Things quieted down only when the students were reinstated.

Jingo Day. The anniversary of the founding of C.C.N.Y. has always been observed with military exercises. In 1933 the administration compromised with the anti-war spirit in the school by shifting the R.O.T.C. exhibition to another day, May 29. The Campus dubbed it Jingo Day and the name stuck fast.

Classes were dismissed for Jingo Day at about 1 o'clock. The anti-war meeting began alongside the place where the R.O.T.C. was lining up. The police moved the demonstrators a block away. The demonstrators were now near Lewisohn Stadium, the college athletic field. The Dean had issued an invitation for all students to attend the exercises in the Stadium. The demonstrators decided to go in. Their first line was stopped, blocked by police and detectives. Police chased them clear across their own campus. Finally, the meeting was resumed across the street.

The Umbrella. Just then, President Robinson, Col. Lewis, head of the Military Science Department, General Byrne and two Daughters of the American Revolution drove up in a car. The students turned, glared and booed. President Robinson deserted his guests and rushed at his students across the street, using his umbrella like a policeman's club. The students were too astounded to strike back at the impotent little man who had obviously lost his head. One of them, now expelled, courteously returned the umbrella.

Next day, several were suspended. The faculty appointed a committee of three to investigate, with power to suspend. They had a large photograph of the student demonstration and as students entered the room identified them by the picture. There were questions about everything but the umbrella episode. When the semester had ended, the total casualties were twenty-one expelled, nine suspended for six months, three clubs sus-

From John Reed Club Exhibition **INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE—1934** *Harry Sternberg*

pended. The Campus banned; four of its editors expelled.

Guttersnipe Administration. This is the background without which it is impossible to understand the current series of expulsions. They are not spectacular, isolated, accidental heroisms by a few bitter-enders or mad-hatters. Only a spark is necessary to set the anti-R.O.T.C. or anti-fascist feeling into action.

The spark that set twenty-one students to ultimate expulsion in 1934 was an invitation issued by the President to the visiting fascist students from Italy who toured the country last month. These salesmen of fascism were greeted with jeers and tumult in such eminently respectable places as Yale and Princeton. It was inevitable that the City College students would exhaust every possible means of showing resentment at both the representatives of fascism and the administration which had invited them.

On the day of the visit, the Student Council issued a leaflet calling for a mass picket-line in front of the main entrance. After this preliminary picketing, everybody marched into the Great Hall where the reception was being staged. Robinson himself spoke first and the hisses and catcalls began to grow in volume and variety. He faltered and then unloosed an epithet which will be his epitaph:

"Guttersnipes! Your conduct is worse than that of guttersnipes!"

The next speaker was scheduled to be a representative of the student body itself. This was the cream of the jest: the proletarian and lower middle class students of City College greeting fascism face to face! When the chairman, Professor Costa, head of the Italian Department, saw Edwin Alexander, a leader of the local chapter of The National Student League, step forward as the chosen representative of the Student Council, he sensed danger. Costa hurriedly pleaded with Alexander not to mention fascism. He was told that the greetings would be given in Alexander's own way. There was a conference with Robinson on the platform. Several students shouted: "Let him speak! Let him speak!" Alexander began by saying:

"I do not intend to be discourteous to our guests. I merely wish to bring anti-fascist greetings from the student body of City College to the enslaved, tricked student body of Italy."

He got no further. Professors and the visiting fascists surrounded him, the students in their seats rose and massed forward to his defense and the scene became one of bedlam.

Next day Dean Gottschall called the parents of five students and gave them a choice. Their sons must apologize or be fired. No apologies were forthcoming. In a few days seventeen students were suspended and five were expelled. Then all but the five were reinstated. On November 9 the real blow fell. The faculty decided to expel twenty-one, suspend six and put twelve on probation.

Protest meetings started almost immediately. Another mock trial was held. A strike has been called for November 20. The City College class struggle tradition marches on.

Why Do They Do It? Throughout the country the militant student movement is rising in power and clarity. The National Student League has in three short years become national in scope and powerful enough to lead, with the League for Industrial Democracy, the demonstration against war of last April of 25,000 students. The student body in the United States if of a mixed class composition and for the most part middle class in origin. In one sense, it is the focal point for winning the middle class over to the workers. This process has already begun. There is no longer any reason for looking abroad, to France, to Cuba, to Latin America, to the Soviet Union, for student awareness to the fundamental disasters in modern society.

The vanguard of the movement, for the last ten years has been attending City College.

From John Reed Club Exhibition

INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE—1934

Harry Sternberg

From John Reed Club Exhibition

INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE—1934

Harry Sternberg

The Blue Hat

CHARLES BRADFORD

IT WAS one of those hot nights, so hot that it wasn't any use to try to sleep. The blind at the window hung still and straight; the air in the room was heavy and hot and damp. I could hear the two kids on the floor turning and turning and I could hear little Lena breathing loud. She breathed like that, sort of choking, ever since she had diphtheria. She slept on a little cot near the window. The Doc said she must have fresh air, lots of it.

Nina, my wife, didn't sleep any too well. She tossed and tossed and mumbled in her sleep. Once I heard her say, "Nat." I said, "What?" But she was asleep. She kept throwing the covers back and sticking her arms out. It was too hot for women and kids.

I was wide awake all night long. I could see everything and it was dark too. I could see Mario and Joe on the floor. They had pushed all the covers off and Mario had his legs across little Joe. Lena was awful quiet except for her breathing. I could see the calendar on the wall with a picture of Jesus on it and I could see the bunch of old letters in the holder right beneath it.

I got to thinking about the strike. I had been on the picket for two weeks almost. All day I walked up and down in front of old man Lewis' Blue Hat Restaurant, from seven in the morning until eight at night. I had no money left. Only two bits worth of bus tokens. I thought, "What if the kids get scarlet fever? What if Lena don't get better? Those kids next door have scarlet fever." When you think like that it makes you want to yell out loud to somebody for help. It makes you feel like a little kid that's lost. It makes you feel like hell.

About two o'clock in the morning, I got thirsty. I didn't want to get up because of the kids. But I got thirstier and thirstier. I had to get up. Little Joe heard me, poor little fella. He said, "Get me a drink too, Dad."

"Shh, boy," I said. I gave him a drink and he sipped it in bed, spilling a little. Then he nestled down like a little pup and went right back to sleep.

I drank about two more glasses and got back in bed. The bed clothes seemed to be sticky and the room seemed smaller and hotter. My stomach felt heavy and bloated. I guess it was too much water.

My head started to ache. Right in the back of my neck, it throbbed. I couldn't go to sleep.

I got up at five o'clock. The kids and the wife were still asleep and their faces were red and puffed. I took one look out of the window at the city. All over was a blue haze. It was going to be a scorcher. I looked back at my gang sleeping in that damned little room, their arms outside the covers, and little Lena with her mouth open and her cheeks thin and little blue spots under her eyes; and my wife Nina with her hands up to her face, like she does when she prays.

I didn't shave. I put on my black waiter's uniform, and went into the kitchen. It's not really a kitchen, it's a closet with a gas plate in it. We had a little cupboard for our stuff and a box outside the window for milk.

I looked around. There was a little oatmeal, and some flour, and some potatoes. And there wasn't a bit of milk of any kind for Lena. "Jees," I thought, "I gotta get some milk for that kid." I didn't know how I was going to do it. Tokens? I had tokens. Maybe somebody would trade milk for tokens, maybe.

My head was still aching, right in the back, and I seemed to be a little dizzy sometimes. It was getting worse. I went over to Nina and shook her a little. "I'll get some milk uptown," I said. Then I beat it.

There wasn't many people out. There never is at five-thirty in the morning. First of all I saw Mrs. McBain's husband. He'd been out of work for a year. He was fooling around the garbage cans.

He said to me, "Good morning, Mr. Di Martini."

"Hello," I said.

"How's the strike goin'."

"Lousy," I said. "Lousy." Then I said, "Say, if you see your wife, tell her that I'll give her something next week."

He shook his head. "You better tell her that yourself Mr. Di Martini." He was afraid of his own shadow.

"Well," I said, "if you see her." Then I went on.

I saw a couple of dogs running down the street, sniffing at poles and gutters. They were lucky. At the bus stop, a newsie was yelling the morning paper.

The big yellow bus came rolling down the street and stopped for me. I gave the conductor one of my tokens and he jerked the bell and they started up again. The air went out of the brakes, hishhh, and I had to hold on to keep from falling. I went up on top.

The whole top deck was empty and the wind was strong. It felt good. I could see down the street a long ways ahead. I seemed to be higher than anything else in the world, and the wind made me feel better.

I saw a milk wagon and from up on top I could see how much milk there was in it. There must have been two hundred bottles. "By God," I said, "I'll have to get some milk some place." I thought it would be easy to steal some out of a wagon like that. I wondered if he would take tokens. Of course, I didn't have a chance to ask him, me being up on top of the bus, but I thought about getting milk all the way down town. I was scared.

When I got to the joint old Lewis was just unlocking the front doors. He was a little old guy, and always wore a white vest and a gold watch chain across his front. He looked at me for a minute and I said, "Good morning, Mr. Lewis."

He didn't answer me, just looked.

The Blue Hat was one of those places where they put a fat roast turkey in the window and a fish pond full of green water with a bunch of trout swimming around and poking their noses up to the glass. There were cakes in the window, big ones with white frosting and pink decorations. I thought about cutting a great big slice of white meat from that turkey and eating it. The cook in the Blue Hat knew how to cook turkey too.

Well—after old Lewis looked hard, or tried to, he went inside and I started to walk up and down. It was getting good and hot. People were running up and down the sidewalk hurrying to work. Some of them turned in to Lewis' to get some of his famous Supreme Ham and poached eggs for breakfast.

They didn't notice me much, not the regulars. They had seen me out in front there for two weeks and it was old stuff. The new ones did look at me, some would just give me a glance, some would stop and stare. I was something new, like a man naked in a window or something. Just something new.

Lewis' new crew were hustling around inside. He had hired women, and dressed them in stiff Dutch dresses, and I could see them serving the morning customers, and smiling and talking.

One of them came up to the window and smiled at me. "Christ," I thought. "I would like to give her a kick in her fat backside." She didn't smile very long.

The big cop came along and stood around for a while. Then he went inside and I saw him drinking coffee and eating doughnuts. He sat near the window and kept an eye on me. Then Joe came.

Joe is a little waiter like myself. He said, "How it goin', boy?"

"Goddamn," I said. "Goddamn."

Joe looked at me and said, "Say, Nat, could you lend me a dime? I ain't had breakfast yet."

"I sure would like to Joe," I said. I felt real bad. "I sure would, but I haven't got it. I'm broke."

"We can't keep this up much longer," he said.

The cop came out and stood in front of us, sucking his teeth.

He looked at Joe and me and said, "Now we don't want any monkey business around

here today."

"Oh yeah?" I said.

"Oh yeah?" said Joe.

"Oh yeah," he said. "And don't forget it. I don't see why you guys don't go back to work anyway."

"That's some more of your business," said Joe.

"Well," he said, "all I've got to say is, no monkey business."

Then he went off and stood leaning against the building, sucking his teeth.

I wondered what my wife and kids were doing. I thought about the milk. "Come on, Joe," I said. "Let's get going." We walked up and down. It was getting hotter every minute. My head seemed to whirl around.

About that time a kid newsie came along with a bunch of papers. He put some of them on the sidewalk and started yelling, holding a bunch of them under his arm. He yelled, "Strike, strike, strike, read all about it right here. Read about it, latest. Poipey! Poipey!"

Joe looked at me. "What's that he's sayin'?"

"Something about a strike," I said.

We rushed over. "Let us see it, kid," I said.

He let us look at a copy. It was about us. It said, "Waiters Picket Blue Hat." Then it said, "For the past two weeks, downtown shoppers have been treated to a genuine picket of the famous Blue Hat Restaurant on Broadway," and so on.

"Well," said Joe, "that's swell."

It made me feel good too. I did feel proud.

Old man Lewis looked out of his window and the kid flashed him the headline. Old man Lewis looked like he had a mouthful of worms.

"Maybe we'll get somewhere now," said Joe.

The cop bought a paper from the kid and started reading it. Joe and I went on walking up and down. The kid yelled. There was no breeze and the pavement was like the top of a hot stove.

A few bums drifted along and fell in with us. I heard one of them say, "Picketin' a restaurant. Maybe we'll get a feed, boys."

The cop bounced them off in short order.

I said to Joe about that time, "Say, I got to get a drink of water."

There was a fountain—an iced fountain—at the Lombard Hotel. I went down there and drank a lot. It was plenty good.

Joe came back and at the same time the cook changed the window display. He took out the cakes and the turkey and put in a plate of combination salad, a couple of pineapples, a plate of cold meats, and a couple of glasses of beer with foam on it.

"Looka that," said Joe. "Boy!"

I almost fainted. "Say, Joe," I said, "I got to get another drink of water."

Noon came along. Old Lewis came out and let down his awning. The cop went inside and sat near the window where he could watch us. One of the girls brought him a plate of cold meats and a glass of beer, just like those in the window.

Right after twelve a lot of people started flocking in. I knew some of them and they saw me and looked the other way. They looked guilty for some reason. We could see them lined up at old Lewis' famous counter. The counter where people like to sit and imagine they're in the slums or down at the waterfront or something.

The kid with the papers yelled louder than ever, and he sold some. He must have made at least fifty cents.

The cop came back out and stood against the building. He was picking his teeth this time. He said, "Don't you guys take any time off for lunch?"

"Go to hell!" said Joe.

I watched those people come out looking so satisfied. You could tell their stomachs were full. We could hear the banging of the cash machine and the silver money ringing in a steady stream.

Once in a while a girl would bring a customer up to the fish tank and he would take a net and haul out a fish.

Joe and I didn't talk. We just walked.

The noon crowd finally cleared out and old Lewis came up to the front window and stood there grinning. He didn't like us being out in front, but he never could help going to the window and grinning right after a big rush.

The newsie went away for a while and came back. He'd had lunch. He'd probably been to a drug store somewhere and had had a malted milk or a tuna sandwich. He started right in yelling again.

Joe went over to him and said, "Say, kid, let me bum a cigarette."

"Sure!" said the kid. "Sure thing."

It was a Lucky and Joe broke it in two, and gave me half. It was the first cigarette I'd had in about a week.

I saw an old customer of mine coming down the street. He was dressed in white trousers and a tan colored coat. He was an attorney or something. He said, "Why hello, Nat."

"Hello," I said.

"How is it going?"

I shook my head. Everybody said that, "How's it going?"

He waited a minute as if he wanted to say something else, then went on in. There was a woman waiting inside for him. I saw the bar man wheel the little wagon up to their table and mix a couple of old fashioneds. Those old fashioneds sold for four bits a throw. If I'd had four bits—I thought about Lena and Mario and Little Joe and the wife.

Joe and I walked up and down. The cop leaned up against the building. The newsie yelled.

After about an hour, this fellow and his girl came out. They walked down the street aways, then he stopped, left his girl there and came back.

He held out his hand with something in it. He said, "Here Nat."

I looked at it. It was four bits! And I'd been thinking about those cocktails costing four bits. I yelled after him, but he didn't wait.

Joe said, "What is it? What did he give you?"

"Four bits," I said. "Four bits."

"By God, Nat. We can eat!"

Well—I was in a fix. Here was Joe. There were my wife and kids at home. I looked at the four bits. I said to myself, "Hell!"

"Here Joe," I said. "I'll split with you. You go eat first."

It took him about fifteen minutes. He came back and told me that he'd had a hamburger, a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie.

"You go eat now," he said.

"All right," I said. But I didn't eat. I went down to the Lombard Hotel and drank some water. Then I went into the men's room and washed my face. The cool water felt good.

That was the longest afternoon I'd ever seen. It was hot, plenty. Everybody dressed in white. The men had on white pants and shoes and the women had on white dresses and hats.

The cocktail crowd began to show up. One woman who had already had too much stopped her man and yelled, "Why there's Joe. Lookit Joe. What you doin' out here, Joe?"

Her man said, "Come on. We don't want to stop here."

She said, "You go to hell! I can stop and talk to Joe if I want to. How about you buyin' me a drink, Joe?"

Joe didn't answer her. He didn't even look at her. He and I kept on walking.

After a long while the dinner crowd came. They were dressed in soup and fish. Joe said, "Look."

I thought about little Lena. Anyway I had milk for her.

Two cops came and let the other cop go home.

After a long while Lewis turned the lights out. The last customers were a crowd of men and women, laughing and talking and smoking. The cops stood by the alley and watched the girls leave.

Joe said to me, "Say Nat, can I borrow a dime to get home on?"

"Here's a token," I said.

I piled on the bus and got off about a block from the rooming house. I went into one of those all-night markets. I bought a quart of milk, that was eleven cents and thirteen cents worth of oatmeal. That left one cent for sales tax.

At home all the kids were waiting for me. Little Mario, he is sure a card, he said, "Come on dad, fork over."

The wife fixed up five bowls of oatmeal and little Lena drank almost the whole quart. After that we sat and talked, and then went to bed.

Selma Freeman

Washington Run-Around

The Macaulay Strikers and the N.R.A.

NATHAN ASCH

WHEN the Regional Labor Board in New York told the Macaulay Company to reinstate the discharged shop committee, it was a triumph for the Macaulay strikers. There had been eight weeks of picketing by other publishers' employes, by bookstore clerks, by sympathizing writers; there had been much publicity, and noon-time mass meetings at the 4th Avenue, 27th Street corner, there had been waiting cops, and radio cars, and hovering nearby there had been riot squads (in a Macaulay strike five months before that, there had been arrests). Now, the government behind them, the employes went back to the Macaulay offices to work and were met at the door and asked to go away. The Macaulay Company rejected the decision of the Labor Board. It seems the decision was only a recommendation, and when the bewildered strikers went back to the Labor Board they were told that the Board had no way to enforce its own pronouncements. But in Washington the National Labor Relations Board had just been reorganized, and if it agreed with the strikers' side, it had as its own right arm the Department of Justice. The strikers asked if it was a good idea for them to go to Washington and were told it was just the thing for them to do. There had been letters sent to the President, now a telegram was sent, and another to the National Board. Two automobiles were borrowed, and a group of strikers drove away to Washington, with three writers who went along to watch.

To one born in old autocratic Russia and brought up in bureaucratic France, the capital is a marvel of pleasant informality. The delegation was nowhere kept waiting and saw everyone that it asked to see. There were no arrogant officials, and no exasperating red tape. People talked man to man, cold turkey; people asked for indulgence because they worked so hard, seventeen hours a day, they said, and their associates were ready for a nervous breakdown. One of the writers watching the expedition remembered the last time he had been in Washington, with the Hunger Marchers, and the reception definitely was different. The police instead of attacking the visitors with tear gas, left a sticker on the windshield of one car, remarking they thought it was wrong to park it on the street all night. When the strikers came to the White House and were escorted inside and it was discovered they had been mistaken for sightseeing tourists, the mistake was quickly rectified and they were shown into the office, and Mr. McIntyre, the President's Secretary, immediately came out. They were even made to understand during their wanderings from official to official and then back again that, if needed, the money to pay for gas to get out of Washington, could probably be found. They left the following morning, and driving through the lovely Maryland, on the way back to report to the Union, this is what they remembered of their day and quest:

There must be very little room in the official quarters, or else the functions of the National Labor Relations Board are not considered important, because its offices are grey and dreary, and the Mills Building is not one of the numberless magnificent marble edifices that interminably stretch through the capital city. It is just a dingy office building, and on the third floor there is a door of translucent glass, anonymously marked 324, and there is the Board office. The delegation entered a large and empty room, peeked through a side door, asked for the Acting Chairman, Dr. H. A. Millis. Immediately he appeared, an imposing and professorial figure, said he *had* received the telegram, said unfortunately there had been another hearing arranged three weeks ago; he was very sorry; but the Board's Executive Secretary knew all about the Macaulay case, and in this hearing he would represent the Board. Dr. Millis brought in Mr. Benedict Wolf, said he was sure the delegation would be satisfied, assured it if it were not, he himself would be available in the afternoon, smiled, and went away. Mr. Wolf, young, with eyeglasses, and a shock of hair, sat down.

Mr. Wolf had with him the Macaulay file, the union's telegram clipped to the cardboard cover, but he knew very little about the particular case. He was willing however to discuss the N.R.A., the Section 7a, and Public Resolution number 44, which mentions all industries engaged in interstate commerce. When the strike had started the Macaulay Company had not yet signed a code, and the Board had to decide if it could legally proceed against this particular company. When Mr. Wolf was asked when the Board would make up its mind, he said that depended on

many different things. He was asked if it wasn't his impression that the President had recommended that workers organize before a code was signed, so that they would explain their side and have part in the shaping of the code, but he said definitely that was not his impression. More, he said that before the N.R.A. had become the law, the workers in America had had no right to organize.

The delegation went to the White House to find out if these opinions were everywhere official.

The door to the lovely spacious white reception hall was politely opened, and soon Mr. McIntyre came out, poised, high-collared, and extremely courteous. He was told the situation and it was explained to him that the delegated strikers could afford to stay in Washington only a single day. He smiled understandingly, and excused himself while he found the union's letter in the files; and a little time passed, and he came back, and said he had just spoken over the telephone to Dr. Millis, who would be glad to see the visitors early in the afternoon. He assured them that the National Labor Relations Board would resolve their case and added that there really wasn't any use in establishing agencies and giving them power if they were not going to be used.

So a while later the delegation went back up the clanking elevator to 324 and sat down on chairs in the empty room, and there appeared Dr. Millis, and he sat down before a desk, and joined his hands on the lap before him, and looked down at them, and would not look up; he refused to answer any questions at first; he denied the President's Secretary had promised a decision; he denied that Mr. Wolf had said what the delegation had heard him say; he would not speak of the recommendation of the Regional Labor Board, and did not know when the National Board would decide if it could handle the Macaulay case. He said: "We're not clear in our own minds. It's a matter of policy; and we're discussing it daily."

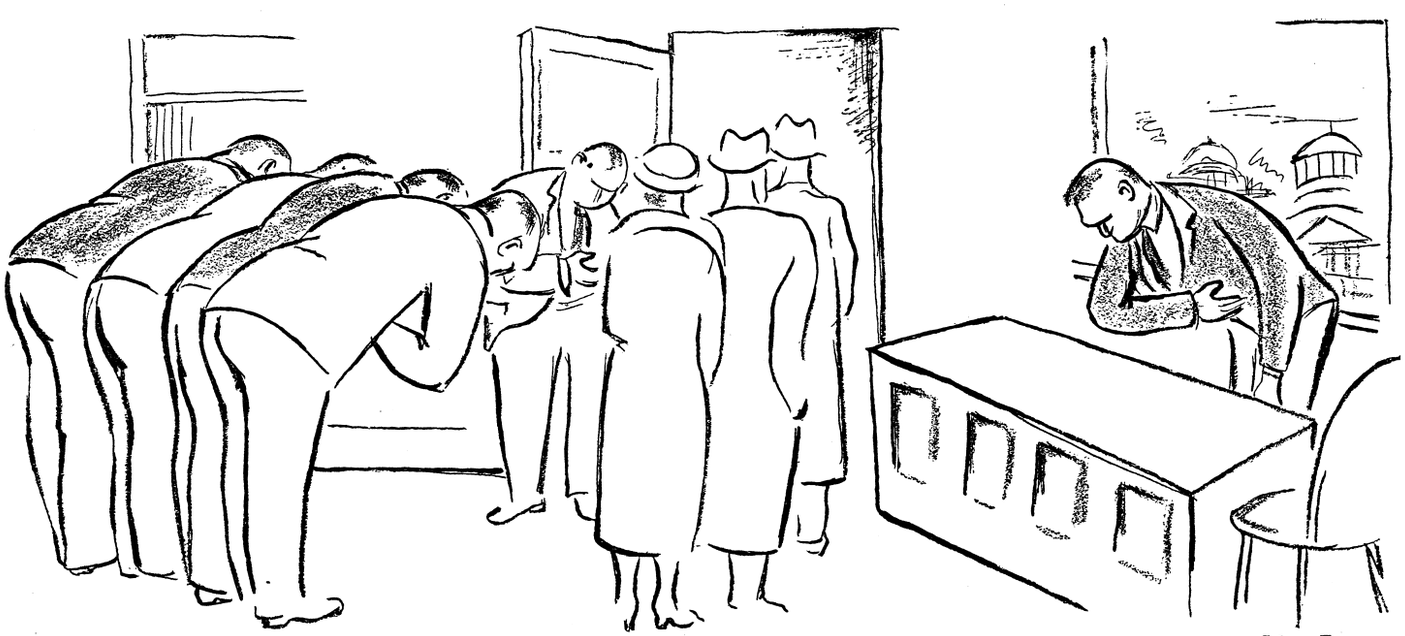
But Dr. Millis would not reveal with whom he was discussing this policy-to-be. He, too, was told about the union's problem. A long strike. Not a very wealthy union. The delegation could not remain in Washington beyond this day. He said: "We've bluffed with our decisions for a whole year now, and we've got to stop. We have to interpret the law as Congress has passed it, and the words are not clear." What in the meantime were the strikers to do? Dr. Millis did not know. He became confidential. He said: "You know, strictly between ourselves I've always believed in the strike and the boycott." What about the President's appeal for industrial truce? "What I just said is my own personal opinion."

Finally he thought that by the following Monday (the day was Friday) the Board would make a decision. He took the address of the union office, and he promised to wire one way or another. He lifted his head, and he saw the delegation rising, and he rose, too, and as silently the visitors passed out, and just as he went into a side office, he called after them: "Goodby."

The several strikers and the writers following went then to the large and busy building which is taken entire by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, and a delegate spoke to the Deputy Administrator. Mr. Jacob Baker has four secretaries and a complicated telephone arrangement, and a spacious office with a view over the Potomac. He was told one of the strikers had a child to support, another had an entire family dependent on her—until the Board had made its decision, could relief be arranged for the striking workers? He suggested that they apply singly to their local office, for either Home or Work Relief; and he asked: "Are they really destitute?" Well, perhaps, the delegate admitted, there could still be an apple found on one of the kitchen shelves, or a box of oatmeal. "You know," Mr. Baker said, "you'd have a much greater chance to get somewhere, if you didn't take that attitude."

The delegation had no opportunity to take a different attitude because it was early evening then, official offices were closing, and the strikers' day in Washington was done. But the accompanying writers had a chance to see the attitude various administrators were taking toward the work they did. There was a party given that night for a worthy cause, and Mr. Baker encouraging his associates and subordinates to contribute, remarked: "You know you're mostly earning more money now than you ever had in your life before. And you know that this emergency is not going to last long, surely not much beyond this generation." And later that night a few of the officials in F.E.R.A. gathered in a private home, talked shop. One said: "We've had an awful lot of cases of fly-blown beef of late." "So you," exclaimed his neighbor, "are the fly-blown beef man! The memorandum has been lying on my desk for days. But I could not decipher whose name was signed to it." And another one: "We got a very funny telegram today, collect—we never read telegrams unless they are sent collect—it read 'WHY IS VIRGINIA BENNETT SICK FROM EATING FLY-BLOWN BEEF?" Everyone laughed at this very funny telegram sent to the office of the F.E.R.A. And finally when the writer listening, did not want to listen any more, but lost his temper, and asked them if they, these intellectuals, former instructors in universities, former editors for firms of publishers, did not realize that they were all sitting on a load of dynamite, that this game they were playing could not long continue,—and that the only thing that could delay the final explosion would be another war . . . "It would be a God damned good thing," someone interrupted, "if we had a war."

P.S.—Up to twenty days after the Washington visit no telegram had been received from Dr. Millis' office.



Selma Freeman

Correspondence

Services of the "Small Exploiter

To The New Masses:

By publishing a letter from a druggist, you no doubt stirred up a "hornets' nest" as the small storekeeper and small manufacturer, or professional question in relation to the working class, is a basic problem in these United States, where there are ever so many of them.

I understand fully the holder of the title of fence-sitter, can not longer hold out. The class struggle will sweep them down and into the struggle. But what about the services that the small exploiter performs? Is the proletarian state, in its infancy, ready to be so pliable as to furnish individual service, where it is needed? Now I like my steak well done and well spiced. Can the factory kitchen give it to me that way, or must I eat what the mass likes? I am willing to serve in the proletarian army and eat hash, but when the military struggle is over, I will want specified service—because the proletarian state will demand of me the same.

Being an accountant on a twelve-hour-a-day trick, I meet a lot of small business men. They are not to be pitied, because when times were better, they forgot their working class origin. It is only now that they say: "Just give me enough to live on, and you can have my business, that keeps me shut in eighteen hours, seven days a week." But they are performing a certain service in the production and distribution scheme. *Which cannot be replaced nor duplicated overnight.* Many of them, are now beginning to see their follies, and are making up for it by heavily contributing to the Communist movement. Others are raising children who are loyal Communists.

There must be a Communist plan to absorb the socially necessary small distributor. A plan that will give the worker more personal attention and *less* standing in line to get a needle. There will be room for Communist merchandising of consumption articles after the state trust will produce the articles. When the Soviet cooperative stores will open, they will only be able to give good service when grocers will work in grocery cooperatives and *not* when they will place a shoemaker in charge of a grocery.

For the present the employe of a small business man must press for conditions as well as in a big factory, or else the old eighteen-hour day will prevail for a long time. Conversely the small merchant must press the landlord for lower rents, which eats into the small merchant's flesh. Let the small merchant pay less for location and more in wages.

M. D. Litman.

[A full editorial discussion of the middle class in relation to the revolution will appear next week.—The Editors.]

Reply to Dr. Rubinow

To The New Masses:

In his reply to my review of his book, *The Quest For Security,* Dr. I. M. Rubinow chided me for not abiding by "certain rules of the game" which demand "some measure of consideration for truth of statements." But he then went on to set me a very bad example by failing to observe any of the rules that he himself set up.

He evaded all the issues raised in the review. Instead he made the false charge that I had insinuated that he was preaching "at very, very good salaries," the illogical mess of doctrines coated with a layer of pseudo-erudition that make up the body of his volume. If Dr. Rubinow had put truth before spite, he would not have distorted what I really said. For in the opening paragraph of the review, I referred specifically to those social workers who had become the intellectual shock brigaders of the New Deal, preaching its gospel to the masses in return for fat jobs.

Nowhere in the review did I state or imply that Dr. Rubinow was a salaried employee of one of the New Deal's alphabetical concoctions. However, I would now venture the guess that his gracious spirit of "sweet reasonableness" which made him come out for an unemployment insurance scheme that will not impose undue "burdens" on either the government or the employers, will not forever be overlooked by a regime that simply dotes on such reasonable suggestions.

Since Dr. Rubinow ducked all the important points in the review, and contented himself with giving a characteristic exhibition of artful dodging, slippery argument and a cute display of alleged wit, there can be no clarification of issues. But I should like to quote from an instructive commentary on his supposed radicalism which appeared in an article in the Daily Worker on July 20. This piece reveals how he was instrumental in blocking the passage of a rank-and-file resolution at the 1934 Conference of Jewish Social Service, which urged the enactment of the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill.

The article also discloses how Dr. Rubinow who boasted of his radical past carries out his beliefs in action. The following paragraph gives a pretty good picture of why Dr. Rubinow cannot exactly be called a ruthless enemy of our ruling class.

"The rank-and-file urged the support of the principle of collective bargaining between social work employees and the big social agencies. Mr. Rubinow, who is always in the forefront of any fight against the lowering of social work ethics or professional standards, also attacked this resolution. He pointed out that he believed in collective bargaining and had fought for its principles for over 30 years. But in social work—well it was different. The principle couldn't apply in a field so thoroughly fenced with ethics, so thoroughly sown with standards. . . . He omitted to add, and so thickly spread with the ripest sophistical manure."

David Ramsey.

From Viola Ilma

To The New Masses:

You published in your November 13th number an outrageous and untruthful article charging that I am a Nazi spy and implying that my recent trip to Germany was financed by Nazi money. This article is in the form of an interview with John L. Spivak. Some of the alleged statements I made to Mr. Spivak are true. A good deal of it is made up out of whole cloth. Its inferences are wholly absurd. On the whole, it is a fraudulent and malicious patchwork of unrelated parts.

I therefore ask that you will make a retraction and also publish this letter in your paper, in as conspicuous position as the article containing your charges.

I went to Germany to study the youth movements there, as I did in other countries. My trip was paid for in part by people who were interested in what I was doing in the United States. My sympathies are not pro-Nazi, but strongly the opposite. However, in my opinion some things the government has done there in encouraging various youth activities, especially athletics, are excellent.

I was given a letter to Mr. Hanfstengel by a friend who knew him when he kept a print shop in New York many years ago, and has not seen or heard from him since. My object in seeing Hanfstengel was to get him to put me in the way of finding out as much as possible about the various youth movements.

Your charges that the Committee for the Nation, an organization with which I never had any connection, is a pro-German organization, whose object is to have the gold content of the dollar reduced in order to make it easier for Germany to pay its debt to this country is a sample of the peurility [sic] of your paper. This Committee, I understand, is one of business men who think, like many others, that a depreciation in the dollar's value to the 1926 level would cut down debts and help business.

Altogether, your attack on me—inspired, I suppose, by my hostility to the communists in the Youth Congress—is so deliberately untruthful and so fantastic that it could only appear in a sheet conducted by rather pathetic little neurotics, cursed with a sense of inferiority and a false humility that permit them to stoop to shameful acts.

New York, N. Y. Viola Ilma.

[Mr. Spivak's interview with Miss Ilma centered about her mysterious trip to Nazi Germany just before she organized the fascist Youth Congress. The facts are that she did have letters of introduction from Edward A. Rumely of the Committee for the Nation to Nazi leaders, that she did see them before she organized the Congress and that she did receive money from a mysterious source to cover her trip and expenses to Germany. Miss Ilma's letter does not clear up the question of who paid her expenses to Nazi Germany.—The Editors.]

From Pelham St. George Bissell 3rd

To The New Masses:

I have never been wittingly or knowingly associated with any anti-semitic propaganda activities. It is understandable that anti-communist activities may be confused with anti-semitism, but I have never been and am not now under the impression that communism is a Jewish movement. As soon as I learned that Royal Scott Gulden, whom I saw only twice, was engaged in anti-semitic propaganda, I promptly severed all relations with him. I had no further dealings or communications with him. My attitude toward the Jewish people has always been free from prejudices and of the friendliest nature. I am not now and never have been a member of or affiliated with him in any manner with the Order of '76 or the Reveres nor have I contributed any funds to these or any anti-semitic movements. Pelham St. George Bissell 3d.

[We are glad to record Mr. Bissell's statement that as soon as he learned, as revealed in The New Masses, that Royal Scott Gulden was engaged in anti-semitic work, he severed all connection with him. —The Editors.]

Women in U.S.S.R.

To The New Masses:

Apropos of that section of Grace Hutchins' article *Feminists and the Left Wing* dealing with the U.S.S.R., I would like to say that one of the most surprising and pleasantest tasks for me while doing daily assignments for the Moscow Daily News was to be constantly knocking on the doors of women executives where I had expected to find men in charge. Soviet women are leaders in thousands of scientific, educational, industrial and artistic enterprises spread all over the vast Soviet Union, even though AS YET they may not be numerous in those comparatively few high positions of command in a place like Moscow.

Equality of men and women is taken so much for granted in the Soviet Union, that that manifestation of our hypocritical, perverted system here known as the "feminist" is practically an unknown quantity over there, much as is the meaning of the word "cop." Over here the feminist stands out so sharply that a picture in the newspapers becomes her best known working attitude. Over there, masses of "feminists" (from a bourgeois viewpoint) go to work daily, unassuming, with no complexes—building socialism. Joel Rustam.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Home Girl Makes Good

IT WAS in a room in the Algonquin Hotel, still the chief cage for literary lions, that I met Gertrude Stein, as an interviewer for THE NEW MASSES. So often had it been commented upon, and so diligently had I been warned by friends who had spoken with her that she was a poised, suave, and disarmingly reasonable person, that I was prepared for this aspect of the Stein phenomenon. But I was prepared for it in still another way. Some years ago I worked for a news syndicate doing feature stories for Sunday supplements. Had Gertrude Stein been then in the country she would have been one of my assignments. In that manner other "queers" came my way—the automatic lady painter who sat before her easel, and held a brush limp in her hands until spirit hands reached down to guide it; Abrams of the omniscient "electronic" machine, who was taken up by Upton Sinclair; a Japanese faith healer who sat cross-legged in a chair and spoke Japanese softly, in a dim room, to American patients lying on the floor, on mats; a man who painted you a lampshade to suit your temperament, the color to be determined by a "personality diagnosis"; and other conscious, or unconscious exploiters of or experimenters upon, human credulity. In all these cases the interviewee proved to be a "sensible" person, and it soon became clear to me that as a type they had all, wisely, developed this form of counter-attack. The interviewer, they knew, came in protruding skepticism, determined to crack a "nut," and could be disconcerted by a simple, common sense front. As a matter of fact, Abrams, the electronic wizard, was so clever at it, that at the time when I saw him, before a half hour had passed, he had a roomful of hardboiled reporters staring at their bared forearms, and whispering to each other that they actually saw the white triangles and red hexagons Abrams told them should be there.

Part of Gertrude Stein's suavity and disarming reasonableness may be ascribed to this adroit defense; part to her intelligence which is quick and sensitive, though limited; and part to sheer friendliness, which may be a personal quality but which I imagine to be a compensation for the uncommunicativeness of her prose. Other writers I have known who in their work made themselves inaccessible to their readers, were similarly cordial and accessible to auditors, and in that manner fulfilled the urge for an audience which in their writings they denied themselves.

This friendliness has, I think, deceived Miss Stein. She has spoken in direct and unstudied cordiality to artists and writers who came to see her, to tradesmen, to the plain citizens of the village in which she lives, and at last notice, to the presumably hostile interviewer of THE NEW MASSES. Perhaps, for this reason, as well as for the reasons she offers, she announces herself a better Communist than the Communists.

All of these qualities, an elaborate and perfected defense mechanism which, I imagine, psychologists in the future may ponder over as one of the most exciting psychological data of an outstanding neurotic era, added to a rich voice and a dignified presence, have had their effect upon a small section of our generation. Her writing itself is without disciples, but she has influenced many writers personally, and, from the standpoint of purely literary discipline, the influence has had its good points. She has encouraged at least a sentiment against outright forms of opportunism in literature.

When I came in I had with me some pages of prepared questions, which, when she saw, she asked me at once to put away. She wanted, she intimated, an even break with me to ask me as many questions as I asked her; with my budget all worked out, I would have her at a disadvantage. Besides, she wanted us to be spontaneous in our conversation, which formal interviewing would make impossible. She then took the floor, and, I willing, kept it for most of the allotted hour; and I had a good, full portion of the famous Stein monologue, arrestingly delivered in a prose which, had it been recorded would probably, on reading, prove to be good prose, and in a voice which, in itself, was quite worth recording.

The manner, then, was brilliant; but the content stripped of its style was something else. Miss Stein did not mind my taking notes and while she spoke my pencil ambled after, but as I look now at these notes, they look strangely like automatic writing. In this cold morning light some of the ideas of this "serene" intelligent fifty-year-old woman revive memories of what I heard twenty years ago in the adolescence of my generation, and others that belong to the second childhood of its elders.

Miss Stein divides human beings into "active" "live" minded "thinking" people—I am trying to recall all the adjectives of her peculiar snobbism—and the inactive, the morons. This division she appears to consider a scientific fact, not yet, perhaps, formulated by scientists, and by that omission proving again to her satisfaction, I suppose, that the insight of the artist is more penetrating than the deductions of the scientist. Ordinarily only morons are interested in government, she said; which interests the active minded people only in periods of stress, when even politics becomes "amusing"; but their interest soon flags. Government and, in general, running a social system, is not amusing to active minded people because it is merely accountancy and janitoring, and an activity suited chiefly to morons. Emma Goldman was disappointed in the U. S. S. R. not because it was not what she thought she wanted but because she found it as boring as any other system, and she was raising an outcry against its boredom. Nor is it revolutionists who make a revolution. The revolution is the "publicity" for what has already occurred within "the people." "The people" always get the government they want. The Germans have Hitler because they wanted a tribal chief; the Italians have Mussolini because they wanted a strong man; and the Americans have Roosevelt because they wanted a smile. No people except the subject nations of an Empire are governed against their will. By thinking in terms of classes instead of thinking of all the people, Communists are not as good Communists as Gertrude Stein.

At my insistence, the conversation was veered at last, though for a moment, from the janitor to (another metaphor) the building itself. Miss Stein agreed that a time might come when the janitor's repairs might no longer keep the house habitable, that a new house needed to be built. In such a rebuilding of the house of civilization what would she propose? When asked for something specific Miss Stein, who resisted the specific, said reluctantly, and with qualifications, that perhaps the breaking up of big cities and the dispersion of their crowded populations into small towns might be one of a number of measures that could profitably be taken. But more important was for the people to adjust themselves. Miss Stein declined to be specific about this adjustment but it appeared to be the Hoover doctrine of resignation. Workers had made the mistake of having many kids, of going to the movies, of supporting a second-hand car, and of getting "out of contact with realities." Getting out of contact with realities appeared to mean to have become unaccustomed, for a brief interval, to the worst punishments of poverty. To these punishments of poverty, in Miss Stein's view, workers must again adjust themselves.

They had "gotten out of contact" because of the dislocations of the World War, but when I reminded Miss Stein that the capitalist system had already been jarred before the war, she said that that was why the people had had the war, and the war had had its gaiety which we socially minded people missed, and because we missed it, failed to understand people and the war they had wanted.

I have tried to arrange these recollections of Miss Stein's monologue, which must do without her persuasive manner and her pleasing voice, in as orderly a manner as I can. It has not been arranged to build a case against her. Perhaps I do her an injustice,

but she may find this presentation "amusing" even. Reading it over I find these reflections coming to my mind.

First, Miss Stein's constant speaking in metaphors; Government, the accountant; Government, the janitor; Society ,the house; revolution, "the publicity" of social change. Miss Stein was pleased with them, dilated upon them, mothered them and made them produce a numerous offspring of sub-metaphors. For me it is a significant illustration of her evasion of direct thinking, of the peculiar game of substitutions which, as indicated in her autobiography, has been her life.

At certain times in the history of civilization life has been so repulsive that men and women have rejected it as reality and sought reality elsewhere. St. Simeon Stylites found reality on top of a pillar; Huysmans thought he had imprisoned reality in a sealed room rank with perfumes; Harry Crosby located reality in the stupor of opium. Reality, in the last generation, malodorous with the decay of the capitalist system, has been an unamusing spectacle, to use Miss Stein's terminology. The escapist writers, of whom Miss Stein is the most notable, have turned away from reality, physically, by emigration, intellectually by burrowing into the world of literature itself. When it is a burrowing into reality literature is as deep as life; but, when it is a burrowing to escape from reality their literature proves to be as thin as its page of paper.

Miss Stein's escape, however, due to an income which permitted her to live "in a civilized manner," to eat well, to travel, to buy paintings, to hear music, to entertain interesting people has led her to a cult of enjoyment, the implications of which she does not understand. She happens to be the one success among the escapists, and forgetting deaths like Ernest Walsh's and suicides like Crane's, and Crosby's and the miseries and frustrations which have made this one of the most tragic literary generations in history, she speaks of the "amusement" active-minded people can find in the world. It has been easy for her to lead a life of continuous amusement not only because she had the means to indulge herself but because she has been so completely self-centered and self-protected. Other writers have accepted the responsibilities of their ideas—they have worn themselves out editing and publishing and polemicizing; but Miss Stein has sat back, preened and talked, and let others worry about printing bills and distribution. Even in the matter of according recognition to contemporary writers she has not stirred herself. Her favors have been granted only to the courtiers, only to those who could afford a trip to Paris and had the *entrée* with the result that the praises awarded in her autobiography go to a surprising number of nonentities. She has been, in a fantastic version, the bourgeois housewife, living on the labor of others and keeping a stylish house.

Her division of people into active-minded people and just people is class arrogance in a special version. But her scorn for politics—"janitoring"—(the metaphor itself is a damning piece of class hatred) has a special origin. It is the old-fashioned self-exaltation of the writers of the art-for-art's-sake era. In compensation for their neglect by society, artists, in their enforced solitude in society, flattered themselves that they were somehow god-like; shunned as a nobody, the artist compensated by saying that he was more than a somebody, an everybody. Eighteen years ago, I was beaten up by a couple of art-for-art's-sakers for denying that artists, in their intuitions, comprehended all that scientists could reveal. Today, as the devisers of political change advance in importance, Miss Stein flips them away with jealous malice.

Today Miss Stein is having her hour of glory. She is visiting America in a period of torment and upheaval, to enjoy fame which, I suppose, she finds amusing. The facilities of a corrupt civilization that are closed to the wholesome voices of revolution, are opened to her work, the most extreme expression of escape, the most typical expression of the neurosis of shunned art. Universities, clubs, popular magazines, radio stations—are allowing her to do her stuff, hoping it will provide an hour's diversion in the deepening twilight.

In the meanwhile one of the handsomest books [*Portraits and Prayers,* by Gertrude Stein. Random House.] made this season has wasted excellent paper and other materials, the time of skilled book designers and the labor of printers, binders, to say nothing of the facilities of its enterprising publishers, the handling by shippers, booksellers, book editors, reviewers, a portion of the working time of at least several hundred people, and a few minutes anyway of the reading time of some thousands of its purchasers who will look into it a few minutes before squeezing it into place among other curious and unread books in their libraries, to be dusted once a week by several thousand maids. . . .

A book which contains matter like this:

ACT I
Having not met one.
Maximilian Or a million
Or Maximilian Or in a million
Maximilian Or in a million or one
A Play to Believe a Poem.

Miss Stein says to understand her work one must enjoy it. When the Broadway, Tin Pan Alley dadaists write nonsense they are more honest. They say enjoy it but you don't have to understand it. Yip—I-addy—I-ay—I ay, I find superior musically, and rhythmically to Miss Stein's Max in a million; and if meaning must be found, will disclose vaster deeps of meaning to the patient explorer.

I am sure of course that Miss Stein enjoys her own work, but I am not sure that she understands it. Perhaps, if she considered the phenomenon of herself, which has occupied her all these years, considers it as a Marxist would, she might understand it. But she would not find it amusing. She would in fact find it terrifying. And she would know, at last, why she is the only success among the escapists.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

In the Great Tradition

THE EXECUTIONER WAITS, by Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE class consciousness of the middle-class American is still only partly touched by economics. His drug store may net next to nothing, his salary may be cut, he may lose his job, but he still clings desperately to a little sense of position and distinction that seems quite apart from the N.R.A. or a general strike, so completely identified is it with his personality or his memories of childhood. If he preserves this, remains an individual, he feels that somehow he will get the breaks, find eventually his proper place. His consciousness rejects the economic categories that underlie his social feeling, because they threaten to doom him, to imprison him, forever. Many individuals of this kind will be glad when Fascists tell them that class economics are a Marxist plot, that they can keep their pride and hope and prejudices, and still save society.

To anyone who lives at all in this middle-class consciousness — and it still dominates most of America, even among the workers—*The Executioner Waits* must serve as a brilliant clarification. For most of us a sense of life as it is actually lived around us does not come out of books and movies. It is carried rather in conversation, in the talk of youngsters lying together on a beach, in the endless voices of women in upstairs rooms on Sunday, analyzing and justifying, going over again and again family quarrels and crises, sickness, failure and debt. Josephine Herbst begins with the material of such talk, catching the tone and the phrases so well that at first it merges with the reader's own family memories. But then the work broadens and develops without ever losing its immediacy, without leaving the single family, until it becomes the experience of a whole class, and spreading like water, flows over the history of these years until the aches and pains of individuals, their making wills and selling lots, become suddenly an inseparable whole with strikes and farm revolts, I.W.W. meetings and the torture of conscientious objectors.

This novel, *The Executioner Waits,* had *Pity Is Not Enough* before it, and is the second of a trilogy which centers largely on the Trexler family. The first volume showed them in the decades after the Civil War, pushed around by the empire builders, missing always the main chances, clinging precariously. The second describes two generations of them up almost to the present time. The older generation, withering emotionally

on its stalk, is still firmly rooted in the past, but is incapable of ideas, of understanding what is going on. It tries to escape from its bewilderment by seeking to find again the strength of its tradition, by trying to revive old relationships. The novel ends with David Trexler at the grave of the man with whom his daughter Millie eloped for one brief year of bliss after he had kept the couple apart, out of paternal jealousy, for twenty years. The lives are full of such meanness, indignity and obscure feelings, with always the odor of money about them, breeder of family hatred and power. The younger generation, drifting after the war from place to place, from job to job, are pulled one way by this class and family feeling, and another way by new ideas which have a reality for them that ideas never could have for their parents. In the last years, and particularly as a result of coming up against open class conflicts, some of the younger Trexlers are drawn uncertainly toward the cause of the workers.

Although the great function of *The Executioner Waits* is to take familiar non-political, middle-class individuals and make them the expression of a society at a crucial point in the class struggle, it is done with complete freedom from lumpy ideology. The only parts of the book not immediately concerned with the Trexler family and its connections are eight short descriptions of struggles of workers and farmers in Iowa, Detroit and Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1932 and 1934. They are enough to locate the Trexler lives in historic and geographic perspective. Otherwise, everything comes of itself; the characters are self-revealing, are described, even, in their own phrases. And yet Miss Herbst's use of this speech has nothing in it of ventriloquism or the long flats that sometimes appear in Dos Passos's work. It is so selected, so shaped that one thinks to see in it, as in Robert Cantwell's prose, the emergence of a new classic American style. Even when later wisdom seems inserted in the earlier material, as in this bit from a letter from Munich early in the twenties, effectiveness is not destroyed: "all night parties where orgies went on behind palms and a German with a Harvard accent talked seriously about an incredible little pansy who was trying to push over affairs in the south." Only the climax at the end seems a little managed, perhaps, when David Trexler, going on his strange errand with the potted blue hydrangea, is forced to listen to the funeral speech for a worker killed on the picket line.

In theoretical articles on Marxist literature, the problem of the middle-class writer's making significant novels out of middle-class experience has been made to seem a very difficult one. With the publication of *The Executioner Waits* the problem is solved or made irrelevant. Three things only are necessary: knowing what is going on in America in terms of class forces, knowing what the lives of middle-class individuals really are like, and being able to describe the second in the perspective of the first without any theorizing or distortion. This Josephine Herbst has done brilliantly, and I think that in what Granville Hicks has called the great tradition in American literature, her present social treatment of middle-class life is really the first that can stand in valid succession to the work of William Dean Howells.

OBED BROOKS.

Bertrand's Deviations from Russell

FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION, 1814-1914, by Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S. Norton. $3.50.

IN the literary-tea sense of the words, this book is "modern" and "sophisticated." It is bulky enough and concerned with such weighty topics that it will be considered "serious reading." Yet it is not forbidding, for it contains almost everything from *Realpolitik* to gossip (such as calling the Prince Regent "an elderly beau, much ashamed of his corpulence, but too greedy to take any steps to cure it" or describing Marx as full of "envy and malice"). It attempts of course the now fashionable task of liberals, the "demolition" of Marx's philosophical, economic and political theories and practices. And all in the "lucid and effortless prose" and "quiet irony and wit" that evoked gurgles of approbation from Mr. Hazlitt in The Times, Section V.

Nevertheless, if one should wish to understand as well as to "enjoy" the book, there are difficulties. Russell purports to have written history, but to him "history . . . is not yet a science, and can only be made to seem scientific by falsifications and omissions." He takes his motto from Milton: "Chaos umpire sits" and "Chance governs all." In other words, Russell is never that bugaboo of liberal thinkers: "doctrinaire," or "dogmatic," or consistent or even fully intelligible. But he does have a general thesis and plan (from which he deviates as often as he adheres to it): "The purpose of this book is to trace the opposition and interaction of two main causes of change in the nineteenth century: the belief in *freedom* which was common to Liberals and Radicals, and the necessity of *organization* which arose through industrial and scientific technique." One wonders why there should have been any opposition between these two main causes, but that would involve us in history, which is not a science . . . although there are "main causes" somehow, but not scientifically, perceived. Russell develops his thesis by showing the varied interactions between the "principle of legitimacy," the "principle of nationality" and the "principle of nationalism" (the third differing from the second in that it leads to "imperialism" somehow or other). To clarify his account, Russell also uses such concepts as the spirit of the eighteenth century (which is tied up with "legitimacy") or the nineteenth century (connected with "nationality" and "liberalism," etc.). Although, on occasion, he expressly denies it, he nevertheless time and again, especially both in his opening and closing sections, operates on the premise that the course of events is determined finally by great men: Francis of Austria, Frederick William of Prussia, the Prince Regent and Louis XVIII, and Metternich, Castlereagh, and Talleyrand in 1814; and William II, Nicholas II, Sir Edward Grey, Holstein, Delcassé and Poincaré in 1914. This is why so much of the book is gossip, well informed and polite, but nevertheless gossip—not history.

It is quite significant that Russell has written a chapter on Imperialism, but, although he includes Hobson's, he does not mention Lenin's work in his bibliography.

The fifty pages that Russell devotes to Marx cannot adequately be criticized here. Perhaps it would be useless to do so, for Russell does not learn either with the years or through criticism. He presents the same "points" he made in 1919 in *Proposed Roads to Freedom* and with the same recklessness of either accuracy or cogency. Many of his errors have already been noted by Salter and Librome in THE NEW MASSES for July 17. But Russell is so inconsistent in his attack on Marxism that the chagrined Mr. Henry Hazlitt was impelled to indicate that Russell, after "devastating" Marx, "seems to forget some of the logical points he has previously scored" and turns around to accept a good deal. Nevertheless, what Russell does not misunderstand he misinterprets. For example, on page 192 he shows that dialectical materialists reject a certain "conception of sensation"; but on page 193 he "refutes" Lenin by turning the rejection of one conception of sensation into a denial of the existence of sensation, which no Marxist, to my knowledge, has yet done.

Perhaps one can gauge Russell's insight in another way. The New Deal is to him a way out. He ends his chapter on "The Approach to Monopoly in America" thus: "The solution lay, neither in a more absolute plutocracy, nor in a return to economic anarchy, but in public ownership and control of the machine that the masters of finance had created. To achieve this requires a new popular philosophy, a new civil service, and a new kind of democratic intelligence. An attempt is being made to create these in America at this moment." International problems are settled with equal glibness. Russell's last sentence is: "It is not by pacifist sentiment, but by world-wide economic organization (previously defined as "international control of investment and of raw material"—J.K.), that civilized mankind is to be saved from collective suicide." Russell strenuously refrains from telling us how this international organization is to be achieved. But we may be sure that he does not look to Communism, which is dangerous and based on something Russell eloquently abhors, hatred. Russell doesn't stop to analyze whom or why we hate, perhaps because he knows we hate the shoddy thinking and reactionary practise for which he himself is ever more clearly standing.

M. VETCH.

Nazi Confessional

VAMPIRE, by Hanns Heinz Ewers (Trans. from the German by Fritz Sallagar). John Day. $2.50.

IT has been my habit to condemn the horror story itself, both in the writing and the reading, as a manifestation of corrupted sexual lust, along with capital punishment, practical jokes, race- and class-persecution, sadism, and other forms of psychopathic indulgence. *Vampire,* by Hanns Heinz Ewers, therefore, is the first horror story that I have ever read through, and I read it as one takes nasty medicine—for a purpose.

For Herr Ewers is a writer in political favor in Berlin today, biographer-apologist for at least one known sexual psychopath of the pre-purge days of the Hitler regime, and author of *Rider of the Night* (1932), a tale of vigilante terrorism in early Storm Trooper days. And although *Vampire* has just appeared in this country, it was published in Germany in 1921 shortly after the author's return to that country from the United States, the third in a series of three excellently constructed thrillers. It is of especial interest as a Freudian document throwing light on the Nazi psychosis.

The hero, Frank Braun, is an actual vampire whom the author makes fairly plausible by means of a little medical palaver. He satisfies his thirst for human blood from time to time without being conscious of his acts, and his perversion remains hidden from himself for the greater part of the story. Instead, he imagines that it is his Jewish-German mistress who is the vampire, and he suspects that she is sapping his strength. She, however, has been fully conscious of his "disease," and has guarded him from the knowledge of it while she made plans to satisfy his lust for blood with that of her own body. Although it may kill her, she allows him to drink his fill, and thus, according to the nice tale, "cures" him.

Now Herr Ewers is also known as a writer of beautiful fables. We suggest that he read his *Vampire* again, and discover his own allegory of the Nazi illness. It is a quality of fables that very often they are wiser than their authors. Written in 1921 before the Hitler boys took up the persecution of the Jews as an effective demagogical weapon, this book offers as satisfactory an explanation of the cruelty-psychosis of Nazism as I have found. Nazism is a psychopathic phenomenon that imagines that the Jews are sapping German vitality, whereas in reality theirs is a vampirism that feeds on lust and cruelty, and the Jews are the blood-victims available. The fable is a bit sensational for our tastes, but Herr Ewers will like the conceit, I feel sure.

There is nothing in this book to indicate that the author knew that Communism existed in those days. All that he was able to contribute to the Nazi political economy in 1921 was a symbol of the decadent psychopathology of its methods to power.

There are evidences in the novel of Hanns Ewers' connections with the present Nazi representatives in the United States. The author, as well as his hero, was in South America at the outbreak of the war, and when he found that he could not make his way back to Germany, he came to the United States. The author's vampire worked with a German propaganda organization here until he was interned when America joined the war. Now I cannot find any evidence of or witness to the fact that Hanns Ewers and George Sylvester Viereck, Hitler's present agent in this country, were bosom pals. But Viereck was one of the active leaders of the German propaganda service operating out of New York City at the time of which Ewers writes, and he was one of the editors of The Fatherland Press which published in pamphlet form a group of Ewers' German verses in 1915. There is, moreover, in their interest in astrology, and the esoteric, a strange community of minds. Whether or not the two are friends, we recommend *Vampire* to them both.

SALLY HARRISON.

An Unconquered Petty Bourgeois

TO MY SONS, by Harold Bell Wright. Harper. $2.

THERE is a surprise in this book for those who have thought of Harold Bell Wright as a cultural dope-peddler of the type of Bruce Barton or Edgar A. Guest. Misled Wright has been in making his fictional conflicts matters of personal virtue against personal vice. But here in this biography of his first thirty years written for his sons he reveals himself a sincere, impassioned hater of exploitation, war, and hypocrisy.

> It [The Royalty of Privilege] talks in swelling words about ITS RIGHTS! It has no rights. It is as savage and cruel as any of its prehistoric ancestors, while it lacks even the virtue of their strength. It would plunge nations into war to fill its already overflowing coffers. It would turn the stream of life back and make of the world a muddy swamp of serfdom and slavery.
>
> My generation has witnessed advances in science greater than the total gains of all the preceding ages, but our Royalty of Privilege decrees that millions upon millions of the people must turn in shame and humiliation to charity for their daily bread.
>
> In a day that has given the study of child life an importance never before known, our Kings of Greed and Graft weave the strength of Boys and Girls into fabrics that are offered for sale at every dry-goods counter in the land. . . . Day by day, as our boys and girls have grown toward citizenship they have seen our courts and legislators obey the will of Privilege.

It is a bleeding shame, no less, that for lack of a sense of the significance of the world in terms of social struggle, Wright "resolves" the problem by appealing to a new, a social "royalty of service." He means service in the sense of useful work, however, not the kind advertised by the Rotarians.

Wright's account of his earlier life is a story of a luckless boy farmed out to one strange master after another. He grew up in the near midwest during the post-Civil War period when the financial pirates of the North were completing the conquest of the workers and farmers who had whipped the South for them. He became a painter by trade and later was diverted by an evangelist into studying for the ministry. He never completed his studies, but the job of preaching sought him out in an Ozark town where he had gone for his health. His first novel was written simply to present the obstacles to applying Christ's teachings by way of the regular church organization. When a religious publication insisted on editing his story into conformity, he took it to a Chicago publisher. Within a short time he was making writing his profession. His petty-bourgeois individualism has prevented his books being more than tonic for a conquered class. Yet, when he views the current social scene, he is bitterly realistic. One's tentative impression is that he might, with sympathetic treatment, become an effective fighter against war and Fascism.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Brief Review

BEASTS AND SAINTS. Translation by Helen Waddell. With Woodcuts by Robert Gibbings. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

These translations, like all that the gifted author has attempted, are delightful in their grace and in their evocation of what the reader feels must be the spirit of the original. They retail anecdotes of saints and animals, some of them amusing, but many of them appealing only to those having a special interest in the subject. Saints could be unpleasantly human, like the one who revenged himself on the mice who gnawed his shoes by exterminating them, and on birds who were "garrulous" and interrupted his prayers, by paralyzing them for a period. Also it is curious how, even in sainthood, class lines apply. Wherever a saint's descent is given, it is royalty or at least the nobility.

CITY OF FRIENDS, by Elias Tobenkin. Minton, Balch and Co. $2.

Mr. Tobenkin, who has already written a book about Russia, again capitalizes his visit by writing a novel. His heroine is a former Wall Street executive who goes to Russia and falls in love with a Party member. Though she lacks "crusading zeal," her impressions of the country are moderately sympathetic. Her main interest, in true middle-class style, is in the Communist, whom she eventually marries. The book is a combination of poor fiction and mediocre reporting.

THE HEROIC YEARS, by Fletcher Pratt. Illustrated. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.

This is a peculiarly stupid book. The author has been writing for army and navy journals on subjects dear to the hearts of military antiquarians—campaigns, battle diagrams, and so on. There is probably no sillier—or more harmful—romanticism extant in the world today. The title given the book is an indication of its incurable romanticism. The period dealt with is 1801-1815. Of the class lines in the party fights of that period, Mr. Pratt is unconscious; of the economic motives behind the foreign policy of the American government during that time he is unconscious or, at best, sub-conscious. And all this farrago is dressed up in an irritatingly affected style that should drive Guedalla, from whom it derives, to a long penance.

Book Notes

The run-around given by the N.R.A. to the Macaulay strikers' Washington delegation commented upon editorially in last week's NEW MASSES, is being met by a determined campaign by the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers' Union. By the time this is in print it will have held the first of a series of mass meetings and Lewis Corey, author of *The Decline of American Capitalism,* and Nathan Asch, novelist, who accompanied the delegation, will have added their evidence to that of the disillusioned Macaulay workers. The exposure of the N.R.A. still dear to illuded sections of the White-Collar class will be pressed, along with an expansion of the activities against the reactionary Book Trade Code, put through without one worker at the hearings. All workers in book publishing houses and allied trades, all writers, all readers interested in having the sources of their reading kept in a wholesome condition should give their help. Get in touch with the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers' Union, 504 Sixth Avenue.

The Macaulay delegation and the Literary Trades Section were allowed on consolation in Washington. Checked by the storm of protest over the infamous Book Publishing Code, the code-makers, pottering next over the Music Trades Publishing Code, wrote in the provision fought for by the Literary Trades the thirty-five hour week, wage minimums, vacation provisions, etc. Other white-collar workers are already profiting by the pioneer organizational work of the Office Workers' Union and acting to consolidate and extend these gains by joining the Union at once.

What is happening to that short-lived publishing institution, the literary tea? The recent ones have been proletarianized. Three, well attended by literary lights, have been held to greet the Macaulay strikers. A fourth is being held this Friday evening to celebrate the entrance into the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers' Union of the staffs of the Modern Library and Story Magazine. Unlike the old style tea where advertising was cloaked under suave sociability, all the motives are above board. The occasion is being used to call attention to and enlist support for the excellent union paper The Word, issued by the Literary Trades Section. As a veteran of this type of festivity, the composer of these notes can heartily recommend it for its entertainment potential, as well as for its objectives. It will be held in the home of Adelaide Schulkind, 257 W. 4th Street, at 8 p. m., Nov. 23.

In this Corner, Mr. Hemingway

ROBERT FORSYTHE

QUITE the most delicate thing in the world is an author and quite the most delicate of all authors is Mr. Hemingway. There are critics who reproach Mr. Hemingway for his virility, but in all fairness they must accord him the merit of sensitivity. There are authors who have difficulty in balancing the offense and defense, being excellent in handing it out but not so brave in taking it, but this may be set down as a matter of temperament. On the offensive, Mr. Hemingway can be very offensive indeed, but it must also be admitted that he is honest. He is for example the most honest man alive in telling the truth about a friend. He will not shirk his duty, he will hide no grisly detail even if it ruin the friend, but art will be served and literature will be enriched.

I am prompted to this testimonial by an article from Mr. Hemingway which will appear in the December issue of Esquire. I get it second hand through Lewis Gannett's column in the New York Herald Tribune. Mr. Hemingway is annoyed at the pretensions of various left-wing critics and by the castigations of Heywood Broun. The original quarrel of Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Broun is no longer clear in my mind, but it culminated in a column by Mr. Broun in which he had things to say about the juvenility of Mr. Hemingway's attitude toward bull fighting, blood and death. Mr. Hemingway replied in his usual manner that Mr. Broun is a man whose pants bag at the knee.

Before entering upon the matter of the left-wing critics, I should like to proceed further along the line of Mr. Hemingway's sensitivity. In his *Death in the Afternoon* he ridiculed Waldo Frank in a manner which could, in another day, have only been settled by the sword. Not only was Mr. Frank wrong about Spain, but he was a fool and a sap. In contrast with this, it may be said that Mr. Hemingway so cherishes a lukewarm review that he will be in a mood to resent it physically ten years after. Like an elephant and a Bourbon, he forgets nothing. As for learning anything, Mr. Hemingway quite scorns the notion. I have been told by Mr. Hemingway's friends, and his works bear out the rumor, that he will not read a book for fear of the effect on his art. What he does is go about masquerading as a photographic plate, acquiring impressions and giving them off like a tin-type man at a fair. As a general thing he uses the personal tragedies of his friends for his fictional masterpieces and his hatred for his enemies for his non-fiction works.

Obviously Mr. Hemingway is worried about himself. From the beginning he has had anything but a kindly opinion of his critics. The critics Mr. Hemingway likes are the critics whom publishing houses advertising men like: those who write in ecstasy about the author. The suspicion that Mr. Hemingway may have slipped slightly south of genius is calculated to throw the great man into furious exercises on the punching bag. He once wrote a devastating burlesque of Sherwood Anderson and he has since enjoyed himself on various occasions in slitting the throats of his hated ones, but he will tremble in rage if a reviewer on the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Times so much as mentions him without reverence. As a prize fighter, he must have been a spectacle.

When he speaks, therefore, of left wing critics, one must be prepared to find that he is referring to a something written about him in a farm paper published in South Dakota. He seems to discover every scrap of writing bearing upon himself and nothing beyond that. On the basis of the belief, however, that someone has taken him to task for not writing about the class struggle, we can examine his views on the matter.

With considerable exasperation he points out that it will be impossible to write as a proletarian unless you come from the proletariat. This seems so axiomatic that we blink and continue. "Write about what you know and write truly."

Again we can only say that we are entirely at one with Dr. Hemingway.

"If you write them truly you will have all the economic implications a book can hold." This is so palpably true that we can merely ask when the fight is going to start and when Mr. Hemingway is going to get to our differences. We agree with him not only heartily, but entirely. "If you write them truly . . . " Exactly. But the truth, Mr. Hemingway . . . What is the truth? You can walk down a street and I can walk down a street and we will not see the same street. That is where the class angle business and interpretation come in; that is where this sinister thing known as propaganda arises. Take such a simple thing as a street quarrel with a cop. Some months ago I had the experience of being harried by one of the city's defenders. It was nothing more serious than being shouted at and prodded by an officer when I was coming out of a meeting in the uptown section. If you want to stroll along West Forty-fifth Street at night after the show, I can assure you nobody will annoy you; but if it is a radical meeting, you are likely to be shoved about by the blue-coated brave ones. I can tell Mr. Hemingway that if he is the red-blooded man I think he is, his only desire at a time like that would be to turn and beat the cop into a pulp. Occasionally a radical is baited beyond the limit and he does turn on a policeman. How do the newspapers cover a story of that type? Do they regard it as a provocation by the police or an assault on a noble officer by a hoodlum? It is a simple example and Mr. Hemingway could answer it by saying that an artist would give the complete story, first from the man's viewpoint and then from the officer's. He can act as Jove and find the essential truth in all situations. He can do nothing of the sort and if Mr. Hemingway doesn't realize it, he is obviously suffering from the hallucination that he is God and thus able to pass final verdict on truth, justice and mankind. There is even some indication that Mr. Hemingway does think he is God, but that may be dismissed as a whim not needing to be accepted literally.

Mr. Hemingway also possesses the queer notion that what a radical prefers is bad writing. We confess that we prefer a second-rate radical novel, with its *truth* and vitality and flame, to the ordinary artistic production with its accumulation of preconceived and false ideas which are accepted as truth because it is safer to regard them in that way. What we also want is truth and great writing. We don't always get it and neither do the bourgeois critics always get it, even from Mr. Hemingway. What we do get from Mr. Hemingway is the impression of a man who has been writing in a vacuum and is now ending in a vacuum. We also get the notion that the fact is not pleasant for him.

The Theatre

Rice and the Revolution

WE are dismayed to hear that *Between Two Worlds* must close, but the news is hardly surprising. Could its author, Elmer Rice, reasonably expect bourgeois critics to send readers to hear vile, irrefutable facts about the business civilization? to watch a Soviet system emerge the better by comparison? to tolerate the central character, a Communist, drawn as a generally superior and sensible fellow? Rice may be tired of hearing revolutionists stress the class bias in all art and criticism; but *Between Two Worlds* is an obvious example, whether deliberate or not hardly matters. What indeed may matter is Rice's conclusion about the whole situation, for it may affect not only his own future plays, but those of many left-wing playwrights.

Between Two Worlds translates its title into simplest terms: on board ship to Europe a Park Avenue debutante meets a successful advertising executive and a Communist film director, both of whom blast to bits the system which feeds her the luxuries she takes for granted. She avoids Kovalev at first because of her companion's Communist-phobia (in a tense scene this ex-princess spews hate and insults until he counters by striking her); but the Communist fascinates her more than the brassy, good-looking advertising success who avows himself a harlot of commerce—and a sympathizer of the revolution. She gives herself to Kovalev; the next day they part. But the characters have all developed as a result of the meetings. One feels certain that several personalities have come into collisions from which basic changes in values and conduct will result. In other words, *Between Two Worlds* is genuine, persuasive drama.

It is not a persuasive characterization of a Bolshevik despite the fact that Kovalev is "a composite of at least fifteen Communists" known to the author. If the play were offered exclusively to a left-wing audience there would be no complaint. Familiar with the backgrounds and directives of revolutionists as a whole, they would accept Kovalev as a particular Communist with many possible individual peculiarities. But to a bourgeois audience lacking this knowledge Kovalev stands as *the Communist type*—opposed to tenderness, understanding, sympathy—and as such a caricature. Rice has, to be sure, created this character according to his view of a Communist—a view which contents itself with externals alone, which fails to penetrate to the inner facts in the life of a revolutionist by which the man can be seen in his totality. By thus mistaking a partial impression for the whole man, Rice concludes that the Communist is a monovisual fellow; and censures him for being a revolutionist in every sphere of conduct. There need be no mystery in Rice's objection to a revolutionist being a revolutionist all of the time. To him Marxism "or any other ism" simply cannot be a world philosophy whose ramifications reach into every nook and cranny of existence. And as long as he fails to realize that "everything is latently involved in everything else" (as Lucretius phrased it), Rice will be bound to distort his revolutionists, decorating them with the nonexistent flaws which his imagination affixes to "the Communist type."

Nevertheless, Rice assures us that he is wholeheartedly an enemy of capitalism, and some of his past and recent plays, despite their ideological confusions, provide excellent reason to take him at his word. Right now when he contemplates giving up the drama, THE NEW MASSES strongly urges him to reconsider. Let him turn his back on Broadway, if he wants to, but why on earth shelve his playwright's talent when an audience is hungering for revolutionary drama—hundreds of thousands literally clamoring for more. THE NEW MASSES can assure him that whatever plays he writes for the revolution will be met with solid left-wing support. But we warn that this audience will not be satisfied with plays that fail to go to the core of a problem —such as *The Left Bank,* which, as Rice conceived it, is untouched by any revolutionary understanding; or *Judgment Day,* which, for all its anti-Fascism, is a needless confusion of issues.

Does Rice want this audience? Can he—will he—write a revolutionary play?

The First United Front

FOR the first time on any platform in America Communists and Socialists worked hand in hand on a common project: for the Art Young benefit (November 18, Civic Repertory Theatre). Over $4,000 was raised, but far more inspiring was the attitude of the audience in accepting the entire program for what it was: one wholehearted effort by working-class groups to make a revolutionary weapon of the theatre.

We wish we could accord equal praise to every number on the program of this united-front project; but we believe that every auditor regardless of party affiliation realized that the Communist groups were leagues ahead of the Socialists both in technical skill and imagination. The oversimplification of the Rebel Arts' *Swastika,* for example, would have made a less generous audience squirm or smile; likewise the crudeness and lack of imagination in *Round of Labor.* There was altogether too much of the "nobility of labor" attitude in the Rebel Arts numbers as a whole. Typical were their choral numbers, which reminded one of Methodist hymns. When the Workers Laboratory Theatre sang *Write Me Out My Union Card* the audience showed that it recognized the combined song-words-and-singing as the stuff of revolutionary music.

Most of the program was familiar. Kreymborg's *America, America,* acted with new variations by the Jack London Club of Newark, drew the usual thunder of applause. Similarly Bunin's Puppets in two stinging skits. The New Dance Group demonstrated its vast superiority over the Rebel Arts group by the poem-dance to Alfred Hayes' *Van der Lubbe's Head.*

But *Newsboy,* performed by the Workers

Laboratory Theatre, was by all odds the high point of the evening. Compactly blended of music, speech, pantomime, and lights, it produces a steady flow of intense brilliance, with constant colorful surprise. If you haven't seen *Newsboy* you cannot appreciate the stature which the left-wing theatre has already attained.

And unless you were present at the Art Young evening, unless you observed with your own eyes the responsiveness of the audience without regard for political affiliations, you do not realize the importance of this event in the history of the Communist-Socialist united front. In the name of the dramatic groups affiliated with the Communist Party, THE NEW MASSES invites the Socialist groups to arrange a series of such united front programs. STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Other Current Shows

Tobacco Road. Forrest Theatre. One of the best plays on Broadway. Based on Erskine Caldwell's novel, it is full of amazing insights into the lives of the poor white farmers of Georgia.

New Theatre Night. Civic Repertory Theatre. November 25. For the first time in America, an entire evening of solo dances by revolutionary artists: Miriam Blecher, Nadia Chilkodsky, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, Lillian Mehlman, Edith Siegel, Anna Sokolov. Tickets: 25c to 99c (at the box office).

Five Revolutionary Plays, produced by the Workers Laboratory Theatre, Fifth Avenue Theatre, November 28. Full evening of new repertory and one surprise number. Puppet skit, new songs, Red Vodvil numbers, four one-act plays, dramatized poem, and Peter Martin's dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's short story *Daughter*. Your attendance required. Tickets 25c to 99c.

Recruits. Artef Theatre. 247 West 48th Street. Penetrating analysis of social forces in the Ghetto during the first half of the last century. Exquisitely beautiful in conception, execution, and ideological clarity. In Yiddish.

The Plough and the Stars, by Sean O'Casey. Abbey Players. Golden Theatre. A good play superior to *Within the Gates* though equally irritating in its anarchism. Unfortunately Mr. O'Casey has a blind spot for all motives other than the trivia of human selfishness. The Irish National Revolution is the background for a series of scenes revealing the terror and misery of English imperialism.

Dark Victory. Plymouth Theatre. Tallulah Bankhead is really a very good actress. Unfortunately she has to struggle against a play which tells a Camille-like love story of an upperclass mädchen with six months to live. Earle Larimore is a good actor too. Both of them work hard together to make talkiness exciting and a hackneyed trick entertaining.

Revolutionary Front—1934

STEPHEN ALEXANDER

THE PERIOD 1918 to 1932 in American art may be roughly characterized as "The Battle Between The Academy and The Moderns." Beginning with the Armory Show (the first large concerted attack), the Moderns began to rain blows on the smug and reactionary head of the Academy. Inspired by the victory of their confreres in Europe they attacked with relentless vigor and by 1926-27 had the Academy reeling and groggy. By releasing, temporarily at least, the death-like stranglehold of the Academy on art in this country a new vitality began to manifest itself in all the arts, but especially in the fields of painting, sculpture, and graphic art. The period 1928-32 saw the Moderns fairly well established in power and popularity. The Academy continued to fight doggedly, moving "left" a few millimetres in an effort to "keep up with the times," but it was pretty evident that it had taken a bad beating. No less an authority than the great Roger Babson had pronounced "Modern Art" a *sound investment* . . . "a good buy." . . . The rich bourgeoisie had become fat and prosperous, acquired a quick veneer of "culture," and now wanted all the trappings of a rich class . . . much like the nouveau-riche who runs to a professional genealogist to buy the kind of ancestry that will establish him socially. Soon there was a great to-do about Eakins, Homer, and Ryder . . . "the American Masters" . . . (who were quickly sanctified). "Early American Primitives," carved wooden Indians, Currier & Ives prints, and "early Americana" generally, began to come in for very intensive development (and a rising market), thanks to the ground work which was quickly laid down by the "scholarly" boys, chief among them the learned Mr. Cahill. Out of the West came the Menckenish Mr. Craven singing the praises of a "pure" American art, as he lashed out viciously against both the Academy and the Moderns. Today this national chauvinism, 100-percentism, is strongly entrenched and gaining rapidly.

Concurrent with this intensive drive for a "100 percent" American art, another force began to make itself felt on the art scene . . . a force which began to take its shape and character from the struggle of the American working-class for liberation from the oppressive yoke of American capitalism. The artists of this new movement in American arts have come and continue to come to it from both the Modern camp and from the Academy. Naturally enough they differ in technical equipment . . . but they all have one thing in common . . . they are united in their desire to use their art to serve the needs of this new revolutionary class coming to power. They have come to understand their position in present-day capitalist society and are aligning themselves in increasing numbers with the only force capable of carrying on the great traditions of art history . . . the revolutionary working-class. They have come to understand the true purpose of their art . . . to voice the hopes and aspirations, the agonies and misery, the victories and exultations of their class . . . their people . . . the working-class. They realize that only such use of their art can give it historical meaning and raise it above the triviality and decay of present-day bourgeois art.

Whereas the fight between the Academy and the Moderns was confined to the technical aspects of art, today the issues are along a much broader front. The ideological content, the subject, the social implications, the emotional impact . . . all these are for us important factors, *along with "formal" or technical considerations,* in the sum total evaluation of a painting, drawing, or sculpture.

This brief historical prelude is by way of introduction to the John Reed Club's current exhibition "Revolutionary Front—1934" at the Club's quarters, 430 Sixth Ave. This is by far the most successful of the Club's exhibitions and marks an important advance over its previous exhibits in both ideological development and technical quality. It is the most exciting, inspiring showing in New York.

One of the most striking differences between this and most bourgeois art exhibitions is the complete absence here of any work which concerns itself *exclusively* with technical problems. You find here no still-lifes, no landscapes (as such), no "nudes," no abstractions . . . in short, no "art for art's sake."

Every artist represented here has used his technical equipment to "say something," to mean something more than just decoration or technical display. The revolutionary artist is trying to make a living commentary on the world in which we are living and fighting; to express the basic realities of our time, to depict some phase or aspect of that intense drama . . . the class struggle. One of the many encouraging features of this exhibition is the *broadening of scope.* Artists are beginning to treat not only the more violent aspects of the struggle but also the more intimate, the subtler phases. Both are important, of course, but for the most part our artists have neglected the latter in favor of the former (as is natural enough in the early stages of revolutionary development).

Among the paintings, this reviewer liked especially Jacob Burck's *New Deal,* stark and powerful in design; Walter Quirt's *The Past and The Passing* which uses the surrealiste approach very effectively, as does Jim Guy's jewel-like small painting *A Kiss for Every Hero;* Jackson Sande's bitter satire *Gallery of Living Art;* Selma Freeman's *Strike Talk,* an effective portrayal of a tense situation in a shop just before a walkout is to occur; Max Spivak's *Right to Organize* rich in deep color; Eitaro Ishigaki's very able, tragic *Picket Line;* Yamasaki's intimate *Japanese Workers' Meeting;* C. Pollock's *A Chicken in Every Pot;* Philip Reisman's *Hooverville;* Irving Marantz's *Empty Cities;* and Norman Christiansen's *Home.* A. Harriton's *Death of a Proletarian Hero* is a superb

piece of color and organization but not as successful in making its content felt as are some of his other works.

Although the sculptors lag behind the other groups in number of exhibits the standard of work is high. Aaron Goodelman's strongly-conceived, skillfully-simplified *Driller* and his excellent portrait in stone of *Moishe Nadir, Revolutionary Poet;* S. A. Lipton's *United Front;* Sahny Olenikov's *Head;* Ann Wolfe's *Eula Gray—Sharecropper's Union;* and Sam Becker's *Pickets* . . . all contribute to make a good showing.

Of all the media the field of graphic art is perhaps the most useful to the revolutionary movement. It has had a longer period of revolutionary development than the others, and this is reflected in the high level of the black-and-white work in this show. But the artists are still slow to recognize its tremendous possibilities for revolutionary work.

Outstanding are lithographs by Mitchel Siporin, *Longshoremen* and *Stop Munitions Shipments;* Harry Sternberg's powerfully moving *Industrial Landscape—1934;* Gropper's *Sweatshop;* Lillian Adelman's *Evening Meal;* Russell T. Limbach's lethal satire *Reviewing Stand;* Paul Meltsner's *Death of a Striker;* Carl Fox's *Barricades in Spain;* William Siegel's *Frisco Strike;* Bernard Child's timely *Thugs Escorting Scabs;* Ned Hilton's *The Demagogue;* Louis Lozowick's *Strike Scene;* and Julien Albert's *Profits for Gold.*

This exhibition marks an important step in the development of American revolutionary art and should serve as valuable experience and incentive for a wider and higher development of our art in the near future.

The Screen in the Third Reich

DMITRI BUKHARZEV

DURING the year and one-half of the Nazi regime in Germany, the motion pictures have not advanced one step forward compared to their level during the "contemptible Marxist-liberal" period. *The Dual Bridegroom, Her Highness' Daughters, Gladly I Kissed Women,* an ancient operetta Sylva fairly well adapted to the screen, Nazified war pictures, detective-spy productions—this is what the movie houses feed their audiences. And since the main courses are usually below par, they are richly garnished with spices.

The German lover of the screen is first of all forced to study a series of advertisements of ladies' undergarments, restaurants with and without music, and propaganda posters urging him to contribute to some current campaign. Then follows a "kulturfilm," which rightfully must be acknowledged as a German product. The German "kulturfilm" is usually devoted to airplane studies of the flora and the life of the Balkan states or the former German colonies.

The newsreel comes next. The German events usually shown are dedications of monuments, speechmaking, demonstrations of storm troops, etc. During the honeymoon of the Third Reich such spectacles used to be greeted with furious howls of approval, shouts of "Heil!" and so forth. Now the temperament of the public is obviously cooler.

Under the title of "foreign events" there is served up all sorts of rubbish, but quite frequently there are realistic scenes of Communist demonstrations and shooting of strikers are shown. The public is shown how "quiet" it is in Germany and what a chaos exists where the Nazis are not. Recently the German newsreels have demonstrated the training of American police in gas attacks on the strikers. It was a repulsive spectacle, but it was used to "educate" the public.

After all these "appetizers" the audience finally reaches the main course, where for almost one and one-half hours the actors fall in love, indulge in love, seduce, betray, divorce, and join again.

Occasionally attempts are made to create a film based on a social theme. And here, in bold relief, the Nazis show their ideological bankruptcy and theoretical helplessness. Ordinarily the plot is quite simple—the worker even under capitalism can easily become a director or an engineer. He must only mind the boss and work patiently. But there are some current productions which are worth noting because they present a glowing contrast of a highly developed technique and excellent acting of talented artists with amazing ideological helplessness. One of these films, *Ruler of the World,* was directed, strange as it may seem, by the "magician" Harry Piel. The subject of the film is a mechanical man—a Robot.

The director of a large coal mine dreams of utilizing robots in his concern to relieve the workers of hard toil and at the same time to benefit *all.* But in the mysterious laboratories of the firm, the professor in charge of the project is imbued with different ideas. He creates not only a worker-robot, but also a giant-robot, a mighty electric tank which will keep in hand those thousands who will henceforth be displaced by the robot-workers. The director, on acquainting himself with the evil designs of the professor, demands that the "Ruler of the World" be immediately destroyed. The professor kills the liberal director with the deadly rays of the tank-robot. At the meeting of the board of directors it is decided to employ the robots and lay off the miners. The proprietors anticipate fat profits from the "rationalization" of the mine. The scene—a crowd of unemployed miners at the gate. Now the hero appears—an engineer who carries on the liberal ideas of the murdered director; he protests against the mass lay-off. The professor attempts to kill the engineer too, but the deceased director's widow, conveniently in love with the engineer, saves the latter. "The Ruler of the World" kills the professor, its creator, and without any guidance goes forth destroying everything in its path and finally blows up along with all the buildings of the concern. All this is crowned with a happy ending—the mine is run with robots and the workers are contented. Just how do the authors of the film solve the complex problem of displacing the workers with robots and giving them happiness? The authors could think of nothing except the actual methods now used in Germany for "liquidating" unemployment. The film ends with an idyllic scene of ex-miners ploughing and breeding chickens and hogs. It seems that the robot did throw the miners out of production although the champion of the workers—the engineer, assured them they would remain at work in the mines. "The Ruler of the World"—in a slightly modified way—won in the end.

Current Films

The First World War (Fox): Lawrence Stallings presents a newsreel compilation that is palmed off as an "objective" history of the last imperialist slaughter. In reality it preaches that "Men love war!"; that war is glamorous; that it is a great adventure. He speaks of "Prussian imperialism" and the "Allied Cause." And by the time he gets to the actual fighting scenes (only a small fraction of the film) the audience cheers for Woodrow Wilson and the American doughboys and hisses the Bolsheviks and Lenin. He tacks on the newsreel ending of *The World Moves On* telling us that Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler are preparing for a second World War. A former second rate pacifist who has become an imperialist mouthpiece for the Rockefeller and the Chase National Bank through the medium of the Fox Newsreel.

It's A Gift (Paramount): A concentrated solution of W. C. Fields that is certainly calculated to give the most ardent W. C. Fields fan the jitters.

White Parade (Fox): A female version of *Men In White* with an ecclesiastical touch such as only Jesse Lasky and the Fox studios are capable of. Sad-eyed Loretta Young as the heroic heroine tries so hard to tell us that the life of a nurse (the most exploited of the medical profession) may be hard, but the reward is pie in the sky.

Kid Millions (United Artists): Eddie Cantor takes over the work of the Child Study Association by making America's children happy with free ice cream for them. His eyes roll from Brooklyn to Egypt and back again with Sam Goldwyn's girls in a glorious technicolor finish.

P. E.

Three Songs About Lenin (Amkino) a great documentary film that is Leninism in emotional, visual, and oral terms. A film that defies evaluation by ordinary standards, it is lyrical as it is dynamic; simple as it is rofound; and universal in its appeal. It must be seen.

Man of Aran (Gaumont-British) Robert Flaherty's epic of the Aran Islanders without much man and little of the Aran Islands. Nothing more than an over-rated abstract film about that ol' debbil, the sea. Sad but true.

Between Ourselves

JOHN L. SPIVAK is going to take time off (while preparing his next series of articles) to speak at four meetings in the mid-west. The demand for Spivak has been insistent. The four meetings will be as follows:

Milwaukee, afternon of Dec. 9.
Chicago, evening of Dec. 9
Detroit, evening of Dec. 10.
Cleveland, evening of Dec. 11.

Allan Taub, director of the mid-western bureau of THE NEW MASSES, is making arrangements for these meetings in Milwaukee and Chicago, and Edward Maltz is being sent from New York to make the arrangements for the meetings in Detroit and Cleveland.

Michael Gold, now on a tour for THE NEW MASSES, will lecture on "The Crisis in Modern Literature" in the following cities:

Syracuse—Wednesday evening, Nov. 28, at Onondaga Hotel, Hiawatha Room; auspices National Student League.

Rochester—Friday evening, Nov 30, at the Lithuanian Hall, 575 Joseph Avenue; auspices Pen and Hammer.

Cleveland—Saturday evening, Dec. 1, at the News Auditorium, East 18th and Superior Avenue; auspices John Reed Club.

Detroit—Monday evening, Dec. 3, at the Maccabee Auditorium, Woodward at Putnam; auspices John Reed Club.

Chicago—Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, at the Medical and Dental Arts Bldg. Auditorium, 185 No. Wacash Avenue; auspices Pen and Hammer and Friends of THE NEW MASSES.

Milwaukee—Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, at the O.K.U.V. Temple, N. 12th St. and W. North Avenue; auspices John Reed Club

Davenport—Friday evening, Dec. 7, at the Old Masonic Temple, 3rd and Main Sts.; auspices John Reed Club, League Against War and Fascism, and New Theatre Group.

The balance of Michael Gold's itinerary includes these lectures: Indianapolis, Dec. 15; Cincinnati, Dec. 17; Pittsburgh, Dec. 19; Philadelphia, Dec. 20; Newark, Dec. 21.

Two New Masses announcements

1

There are roughly, 6½ million farm families in the United States. They represent about one-fourth of the total population of the country, yet their total income is only one-tenth of the total national income. Next week, THE NEW MASSES will begin printing a series on the *real* farm situation by John Latham under the title, *Will the Farmer Go Red?* The articles are based on an exhaustive study of the Middle Western famine areas; of the middle and small farmers and their pauperization under the New Deal; the centralization of a farming monopoly in the hands of a few.

Will the Farmer Go Red?

A Series of Articles by

JOHN LATHAM

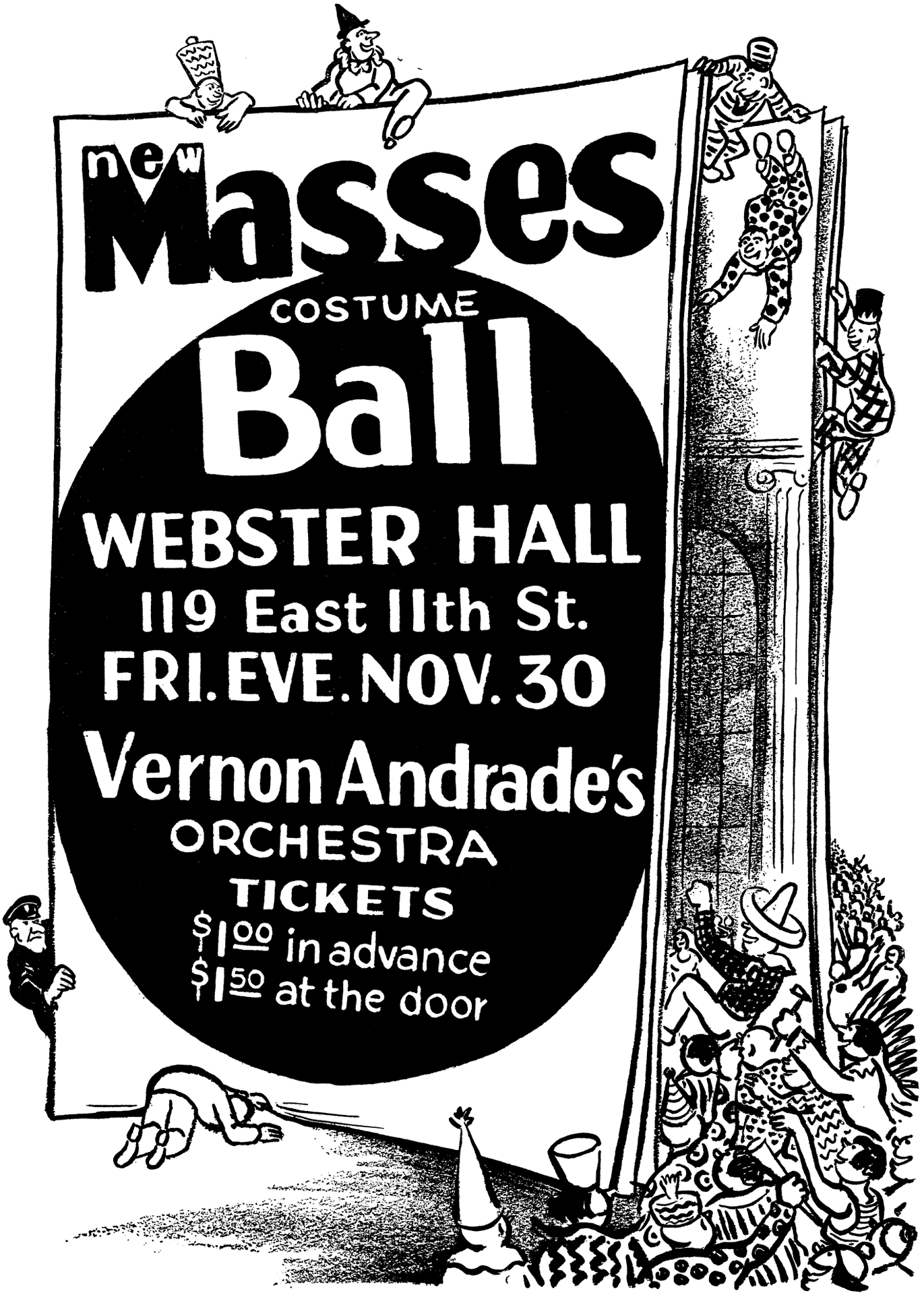
2

About December 1, THE NEW MASSES will publish a pamphlet containing the series by John L. Spivak on *Plotting America's Pogroms* which created a nation-wide stir on publication in the magazine. The pamphlet will be of 96 pages, with a two-color cover, and will retail for 25 cents. It should have the widest possible distribution. Those wishing to get this pamphlet in quantities should send in their orders to THE NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th Street, with cash at the following rates: In quantities up to five at 25 cents each, plus postage (2c per copy); quantities of 5-25, 22 cents postpaid; 26-100, 20 cents; 101-300, 18 cents; 301-500, 16 cents; 501-1,000, 14 cents, 1,001 or more, 12 cents. No credit orders will be filled.

Plotting America's Pogroms

96-page pamphlet of the New Masses Series of Articles by

JOHN L. SPIVAK



Drawn by LIMBACH

DANCING UNTIL 3 A. M.

TICKETS ON SALE AT: NEW MASSES, 31 E. 27th St. (orders accepted by mail or phone CAledonia 5-3076)—WORKERS' BOOKSHOP, 50 E. 13th St.; WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOKSHOP, 27 W. 8th St.; CHELSEA BOOKSHOP, 58 W. 8th St.; RAND BOOKSHOP, 7 E. 15th St.; WEBSTER HALL, 119 E. 11th St.