

What Is Communism? — By EARL BROWDER

new

MAY 14, 1935

10c

Masses

Smash the Dunckel Bill!

*One to fourteen years for reading a newspaper! — Michigan's
Gag measure can still be defeated! — Read the Text of
this infamous proposal, on page 6 — and ACT!*

Washington— Jim Crow Capital

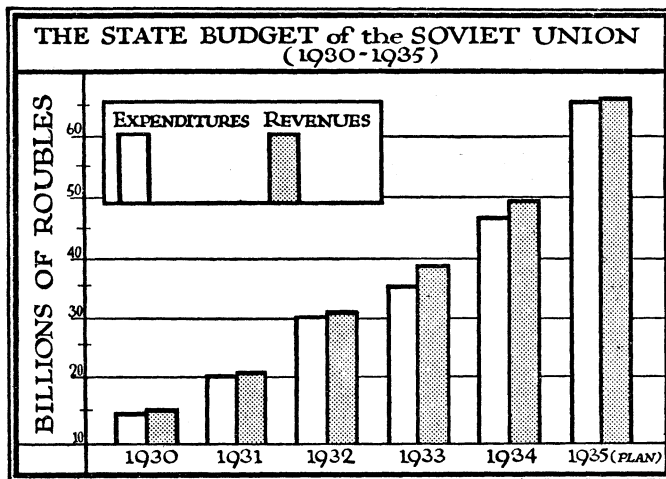
By MARGUERITE YOUNG

From Dada to Red Front *by Louis Aragon*

The SOVIET UNION

has tripled its budget
—yet kept it balanced

The vast program of planned economy being carried out by the Soviet Union has called for constantly mounting expenditures. Annual investments in industrialization and costs of social and cultural measures have grown from 14.6 billion roubles in 1930 to 46.9 billion roubles in 1934, an increase of over 320%. Yet year



after year the Soviet Union has paid its way with a surplus! *Its budget is balanced!*

The record at the left is unique among nations. The Soviet Union is the only country in the world which has so greatly increased its budget during these years without incurring a deficit. Moreover, circulation of currency in the past two years has decreased by one billion roubles in the face of a 46% increase in retail trade and a declining price level.

The same careful planning which has made possible this extraordinary financial record and which is characteristic of the Soviet Union has been applied to

SOVIET UNION 7% GOLD BONDS PROTECTED BY PLANNED SAFETY

Some of the more important provisions of the bonds are: Principal and interest payments are based upon a fixed quantity of gold and are payable in American currency at the prevailing rate of exchange. . . . Obviously, any further increase in the price of gold in terms of the dollar would cause these bonds to appreciate in value. . . . These bonds are offered at 102% of par and accrued interest and issued in denominations of 100,

500 and 1000 gold roubles. (Present parity of gold rouble \$0.8713.) Interest is paid quarterly at the Chase National Bank of New York.

The State Bank of the U.S.S.R. with a gold reserve equivalent to more than \$744 millions, agrees to repurchase these bonds on demand of the holder at par and accrued interest at any time, thus establishing marketability equivalent to that of a demand note.

Send for circular N-6 for full information about these bonds

Soviet American Securities Corp.
30 Broad Street Tel. HAnover 2-5330 New York

new Masses

MAY 14, 1935

Minor Still in Danger

FEDERAL authorities announced on Tuesday that no action would be taken in the cases of Robert Minor and David Levinson, whose brutal kidnaping last week in Gallup, N. M. is described on page sixteen of this issue. Though many are ready to testify that Minor and Levinson were beaten up and illegally carried to another state, an act which automatically places it under federal jurisdiction, the Department of Justice announces that the two men "went to Arizona voluntarily" and that it "contemplates no further action in the matter." Meanwhile, the International Labor Defense has carried on its own private investigation of the case and with the help of the Indian who discovered Minor and Levinson not only has established that they were dumped out of the car on the Arizona side of the line but has traced the tire tracks and identified the cars. Protests to the authorities against the action of the Department of Justice have already been pouring into Washington, while demands are being sent to Governor Tingley that the guard given to Minor and Levinson, who left for Sante Fe early this week, be not withdrawn. There is serious danger that if the guard is withdrawn, the cowardly attack made in Gallup may be repeated in every town they visit in New Mexico.

Unity in Jersey

AL CRAWFORD, militant Negro leader of last year's famous Seabrook Farm strike, pointed his finger at the farmers attending the South Jersey Conference on Farm Wages ten days ago and said:

I am black, with class-conscious desire. . . . If you are white, with the boss's desire . . . you won't get anywhere with that. I know farmers around here who'd rather have slaves working their fields than men of freedom. But they don't be only black slaves this time. They'll be white and black, fifty-fifty. Get rid of Jim-Crowism, of Italian hatred and Jewish hatred. Lock arms to fight. He who locks arms with the black man locks arms with a brave soldier. . . .

Blond Mrs. Ida Evans, organizer of the Radio and Metal Workers' Indus-



THE BODYGUARD

Russell T. Limbach

trial Union of Camden, who had come forty miles to show that her union backed the agricultural workers, stepped across the platform and gripped Crawford's hand. "I want you to know I'm proud to lock arms with my black brother," she said. Solidarity between black and white, between industrial and agricultural workers developed during the terror which followed the second Seabrook strike last July. Conspicuous onlookers at the South Jersey conference were a representative of the Oystermen's Union, foreman of an F. E. R. A. road gang and three of his men, and workers in a nearby basket factory.

MINIMUM wages for agricultural labor in four truck farm counties were set by the conference at 30c per hour for men and women, as against

15c and 12½c respectively fixed by rich-farmer Farm Boards. The decision followed eight previous public mass wage-hearings, the first time in the eastern United States that agricultural workers have publicly fixed wages. Seventy-five cents a day for women and only slightly more for men is the customary payment for agricultural labor, one delegate reported. Thirty cents for a 10½-hour day is the low. The latest ruse of big farmers is to bring pressure on relief boards to cut off relief for those who refuse to accept jobs for sub-standard pay. In Salem all single men have already been taken off relief to force them to work for any wage. The agricultural workers are seeking the support of the small farmers, as fellow-victims of the rich farmers. With the typical small farmer operating at a loss of \$400-\$500 a year and one out



Butch
Limbach
THE BODYGUARD



Buck
Woodcock

THE BODYGUARD

Russell T. Limbach

of each seven living on relief, he has every reason to join hands with the hired laborer. Vivian Dahl, organizer of the Agricultural and Cannery Workers' Industrial Union, instrumental in calling the Conference, sent the farm workers home with the motto: "Get jobs, build strong unions, then fight for the minimum wage."

The Scab Mercury

A FEW years ago The American Mercury liked to have itself considered a magazine of social criticism. It wore a false face, and for a while many were deceived. But times have changed; the class line has been drawn clearly for millions who, in The Mercury's palmy days, thought they were above or beyond it; and a magazine today which seeks to cut any figure as a critic of capitalism, must mean it. It must mean it in its contents and in its counting room. Last year The Mercury, under the able editorship of Charles Angoff, presented the impossible spectacle of a capitalist-controlled magazine with a policy of cashing in on the leftward trend by exposing capitalism. The experiment ended when the banks and advertisers cracked down, and the magazine fell into the hands of a rich woman's husband, Paul Palmer, and his "publisher," Lawrence Spivak. An outright anti-labor policy is now in force, not only in the contents but in the treatment of employes. Recent articles by Emma Goldman and Oliver Carlson have been bitter attacks on the Soviet Union and vicious misrepresentations of Communism and the whole labor movement in this country. The management of The Mercury has just completed its self-exposure by summarily discharging union employes, forcing a strike, refusing to negotiate with union representatives, yelling for the police, having pickets, including well-known writers, arrested—all the ordinary procedure that any sweatshop owner follows in fighting labor.

THE Mercury goes a step further, however, than the equally greedy but not so cultured sweatshop owner; it issues sneering statements to the press, which gobbles them up, particularly the Hearst papers. Here is one sample:

The world revolution struck the offices of The American Mercury at high noon today. After a brief and polite skirmish, however, the embattled editors managed to hold the fort. . . . Oddly enough, The American Mercury still holds to the old-

fashioned idea that a law-abiding citizen may manage his own business. This doctrine, anathema to Moscow and Fourteenth Street, is at present in effect at the publication's offices. All manuscripts, however, are being carefully searched for bombs.

And what is the occasion for this outburst of killing humor? Why, the office staff demanded a minimum wage of \$21 a week, restoration of pay cuts, vacations with pay, and recognition of a Shop Committee. The entire staff struck, and The Mercury promptly hired scabs, declared a lockout, and refused to negotiate. H. L. Mencken put in his two cents by haranguing the pickets in front of the office, rebuking Edith Lustgarten for using the word "damn" and doing a little stoolpigeon work for Hearst by intimating she was a Bolshevik. Twenty-one pickets were arrested by police summoned by The Mercury, among them Grace Lumpkin, Eugene Gordon, Meridel LeSueur, Jack Balch, and Emmet Gowen. THE NEW MASSES tried to elicit a statement from The Mercury, but the two comedians had done their turn for the day, and were standing pat behind their line of policemen.

Other Office Strikes

WHILE The Mercury strike goes on, the Office Workers' Union conducts two other struggles. Four weeks ago the office staff of The Jewish Morning Journal (average employment on the paper ten years) presented demands to the owner, Israel Friedkin. The demands were countered with an offer of recognition of the Shop Committee, a week's pay as bonus to the thirty-two who threatened to walk out, and negotiations on wage increases to be taken up by May 15. The strike was called April 29 when Mr. Friedkin violated his agreement by not dealing with the Shop Committee, and offering the bonus to some and not to others. Mass picketing continues daily and for the first time in thirty years the offices of the orthodox religious Journal were closed last Saturday. One of the strikers' demands is a five-day week. There have been twenty-seven arrests. The police attempted to stop all picketing by arresting two pickets at a time when there was no mass picketing. Mr. Friedkin kicked out his own brother, who refused to hire scabs. In support of the strike, the office workers of The Jewish Day (who have just won an almost complete victory including substantial

wage increases and recognition of their Shop Committee, under the leadership of the Office Workers' Union) have voted to donate 10 percent of their wages to the Journal's strike fund.

MEANWHILE 18 pages, fired by the Curb Exchange for union activity, fight for reinstatement. Brokers busy supporting the Crusaders and Liberty League, the Friends of New Germany and other fascist organizations, have appealed to the police. In the past month, seventy-two have been arrested and scores have been injured. These three strikes—against a magazine, a newspaper and a financial institution—amount to test cases for the Office Workers' Union which has just emerged with a successful conclusion to the Ohrbach Department Store Strike. Their outcome is being watched by white-collar workers throughout the country—and by their allies, the industrial workers who face the same opposition to an even greater degree.

A Demand for Fascism

LAST week the United States Chamber of Commerce, at its annual convention in Washington, in the guise of attacking the Roosevelt legislative program, came out openly for a fascist corporative state in this country. In a series of resolutions it demanded "freedom from the special forms of governmental control of trade associations," a demand which would mean the partitioning of the country into a limited number of industrial-feudalistic domains where finance capital would be given the power of life and death over labor and the smaller business units for which Big Business may no longer find any use. It also demanded more repressive anti-Red and anti-labor legislation. "So serious has the situation become . . ." the resolution declares, with "the spread of propaganda and activity by numerous subversive groups," that all the terroristic methods developed to so high a point by Hitler and Mussolini must be employed immediately if finance capital is to continue in its right to exploit labor. "We accordingly," the timid Chamber of Commerce begins its call for suppressive measures, "urge that Congress enact laws making it a criminal offense to advocate violent overthrow of the government, or any form of law, or to advocate injury to federal officers on account of their official character. All writings which advocate overthrow of

lutionary understanding, sought the aid of Japan—thus attempting to substitute the evils of one imperialism for those of another. The rebels seized the town of San Ildefonso and held it for five hours. Constabulary, with American reserves in readiness to lend a help-

ing hand, launched a reign of terror that has already cost the lives of over one hundred peasants. The capitalist press makes much of the fact that the Sakdalistas leadership is a political faction; in reality the basis of the revolt is widespread economic discontent. The

Communist Party of the Philippine Islands is working for a united worker and peasant drive against the false "independence" of the constitutional government, and against those elements in the Sakdalistas leadership who seem to lack a clear revolutionary goal.

Smash the Dunckel Bill!

ONE to fourteen years in prison—that is what you will get in Michigan, should the Dunckel Bill become law—

If you are caught with a copy of *The Daily Worker* or *THE NEW MASSES*, or even *The New Republic*, or *The Nation*;

If you speak at a labor meeting;

If you attend a labor meeting;

If you own a house, or a room, or a vacant lot, where a labor meeting is held.

The Dunckel Bill, which may be on the governor's desk for signature by the time this issue of *THE NEW MASSES* goes on sale, is the most sweeping challenge to labor in the whole campaign to outlaw all forms of protest against conditions in America. Passed by the Senate, declared constitutional by the Attorney-General, it awaits swift action in the lower house before it goes to Governor Fitzgerald, a reactionary, who will undoubtedly sign it if strong enough pressure is not exerted on him.

No amount of discussion of the bill can be so convincing as its actual text.

A BILL

To promote respect for the Constitution, laws and institutions of this State and the United States, to insure the teaching thereof in the institutions of this State, to provide penalties for institutions employing teachers or admitting students contrary to the provisions of this Act; to prohibit and provide penalties for advocating the overthrow of our government by force and other Communistic activities.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN ENACT:

1. Section 1. Any person who:

a) Advocates the overthrow of government; or

b) With intent, in any way or manner whatsoever, to encourage, foster, further, aid or abet any attempt to overthrow the government, publishes, issues, gives away, sells, distributes, or possesses for distribution

any book, paper, document or other printed or written material which advocates the overthrow of government; or

c) Knowingly organizes or aids in the organization of, or knowingly becomes or remains a member of any society, association, or organization which has as its object the overthrow of government or the advocacy of the overthrow of government; or

d) With knowledge of the purpose of the meeting or assembly, attends any meeting or assembly at which the overthrow of government is advocated; or

e) Owns, occupies, possesses, or controls the use of a room, building or other structure or place and knowingly permits the same to be used as a meeting place of persons who advocate the overthrow of government, or as the headquarters of any society, association or organization which has as its object or one of its objects, the overthrow of government; or

f) Teaches or advocates in any public or private school or educational institution in this state any scheme, plan or system which contemplates the overthrow of government; or

g) Has in his possession or transports from any point within this state, with the intent, in any way or manner whatsoever, to encourage, foster, further, aid or abet any attempt to overthrow the government, any books, pamphlets, documents, or papers of any kind, wherein or whereon appear any words, signs, or symbols, advocating or suggesting the overthrow, by force, violence or other unlawful means of the government;

Is guilty of a felony and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the state prison for not less than one year nor more than fourteen years, or by a fine of not more than five thousand dollars, or both, such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

Section 9. As used in this act, the term "government" shall, except where the context indicates reference to a particular government, be construed to refer to and include the government of the United States, any state or territory of the United States, and any political subdivision thereof.

As used in this act, the term "overthrow" shall be construed to mean and denote any attempt to destroy the existing form of gov-

ernment by force, violence or any unlawful means.

Section 10. Nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit or in any manner interfere or limit the right of peaceful picketing or striking in industrial controversies.

Section 11. All acts or parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

An enormous protest has already been aroused in Michigan. At a hearing finally granted by the House Judiciary Committee—the Senate railroaded the bill through without a hearing—more than 450,000 organized workers, church members, farmers, Socialists and Communists were represented by four hundred delegates. The Committee listened to the protests, listened to the advocates of the bill—among them the anti-Semitic Harry Jung, of Chicago, exposed by John L. Spivak—and gave no indication that it meant to halt the progress of the bill.

Ostensibly, strikes are exempted from the provisions of the Dunckel Bill. This provision was stuck on at the last moment, as a sop to organized labor, but it failed to deceive anybody. It simply means that militant strikers can be branded as felons and sent to prison for fourteen years, not as strikers, but as advocates of the overthrow of the government.

Michigan labor and its allies in the fight to preserve civil rights are fighting the Dunckel Bill as hard as they can. They need help. The time is short. It may already be too late to stop the bill in the House. In that case pressure must be exerted directly on the Governor to veto it. Few requests that *THE NEW MASSES* has ever addressed to its readers exceed this one in urgency. We cannot afford to spare any effort to fight fascism in its newest outpost, Michigan. Protests, by letter, postcard and wire, should be sent in immense numbers, immediately, to the House of Representatives, Lansing, Michigan, and to Governor Fitzgerald.

"Tel and Tel" Celebrates

TO THE stock market boys, "Tel & Tel" means American Telephone & Telegraph Co., which, with twenty-four telephone companies, comprises the Bell Telephone System, covering practically the entire country. Just a few weeks ago "Tel & Tel" celebrated the occasion of the fiftieth annual meeting of its Board of Directors. Concurrently a new series of advertisements began to appear in the papers and magazines, including the discriminating labor "sympathizers," *The Nation* and *The New Republic*.

One of the new Bell ads heralded the fact that more than a million people "own or operate the Bell System." "Six hundred and seventy-five thousand own stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. . . . Nobody owns as much as 1 percent of the stock." Then the finest touch of all: "It is owned by the people, and it is run by wage-earning men and women. Their incentive is pride in performance; in doing a good job come recognition and promotion." Let us take up these matters singly.

If by doing a "good job" were meant rolling up profits for the parasitic investing class and paying out fat salaries to officers, then the Bell System qualifies. For in the six crisis years 1929-34, its total net earnings after deductions for all charges except interest amounted to the huge sum of over \$1,349,000,000. In 1932 and 1933, dividends to stockholders reached a new high, totaling over \$368 millions. Walter Gifford, president of A. T. & T., got a \$206,250 salary in each of the years 1933 and 1934. In fact, in 1933, eighteen other Bell officials had to struggle along on an average of \$48,000 each; while another fifty-seven officers and high salaried employes netted only \$20,000 or more apiece. It is no secret that these tidy salaries come (1) from the pockets of telephone users and (2) from the labor-sweating policy of the company.

Consumers are milked by virtue of the fact that Bell is one of the few nearly complete monopolies in the United States. (With assets of four billions it is the largest private business in the world). The extent of its monopoly can be seen from Interstate Commerce Commission figures on the

286 telephone companies operating at the end of 1933. Bell had 94 percent of all the telephone wire; 87 percent of all the telephones; nearly 90 percent of all telephone employes; and over 97 percent of all "net incomes" from use of telephones.

It is notorious that Bell has used its impregnable monopoly position to drive up rates as the number of telephone subscribers increased. As one of the members of Roosevelt's Interdepartmental Communications Committee recently declared: "The absence of competition . . . is probably the major cause of such high rates." Since telephone rate bases are determined on the amount of capital invested, cost of maintenance, expenses and the like, it is naturally to Bell's advantage to keep these figures at their highest possible level.

One method whereby this end has been accomplished is through Western Electric Co., Bell's manufacturing and equipment unit. All Bell companies are obliged to purchase their equipment from Western Electric, which naturally charges them high rates. Bell thus profits substantially through Western Electric directly. But also, high rates for equipment, installation and other charges made by Western Electric on the subsidiary Bell companies are figured into the rate base for phone users.

A. T. & T. ads boast that 675,000 people—100,000 of them employes—own its stock. Furthermore, "Nobody owns as much as one percent of the stock." We are naive, indeed, if we are to believe that this means control of the company by the "public" and by employes. As a matter of fact, A. T. & T. was organized and is now controlled by J. P. Morgan & Co. Although no Morgan partner sits on the Board of Directors, John W. Davis, the Morgan lawyer, does. This company is also closely interlocked with Guaranty Trust Co. and First National Bank, both in New York City, and other Morgan strongholds. On three A. T. & T. bond flotations of \$375 millions, the Morgan discount — or profit—was \$21,250,000.

Dr. Walter M. Splawn of the Interstate Commerce Commission said of A. T. & T. employes' stock ownership: "It does not appear that they exert any in-

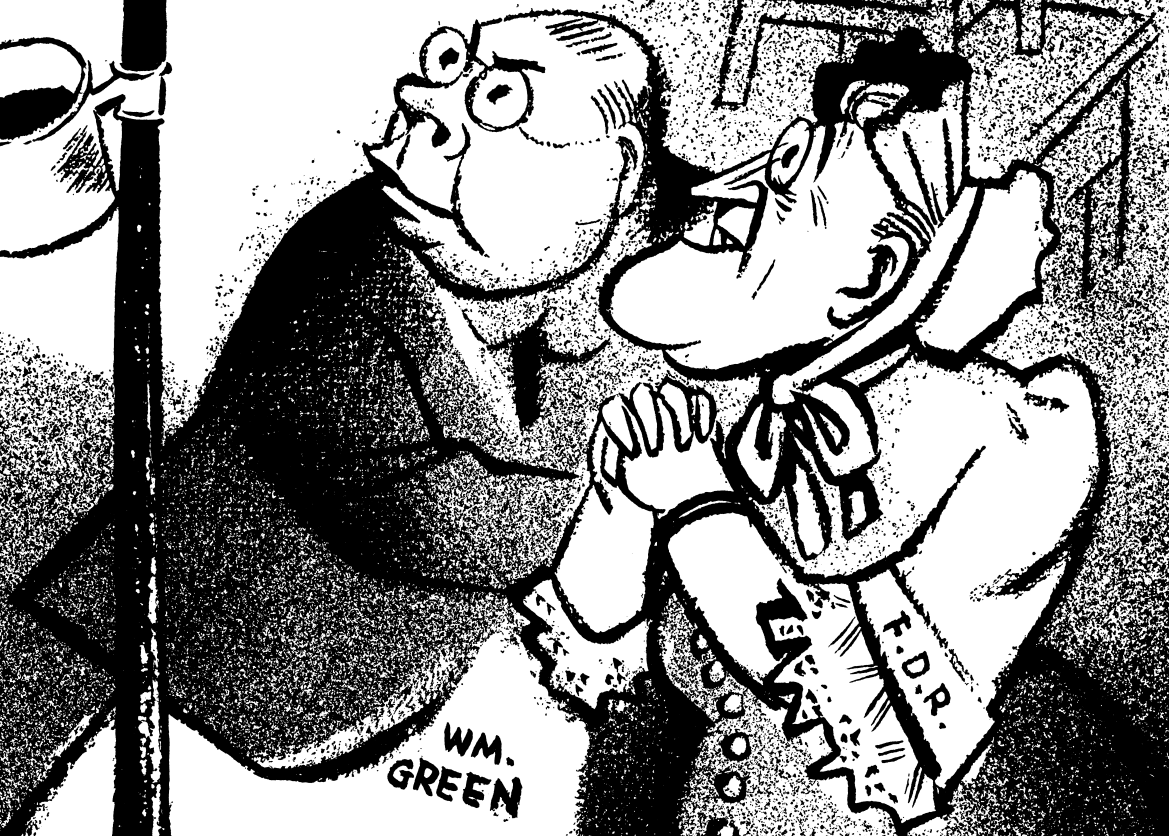
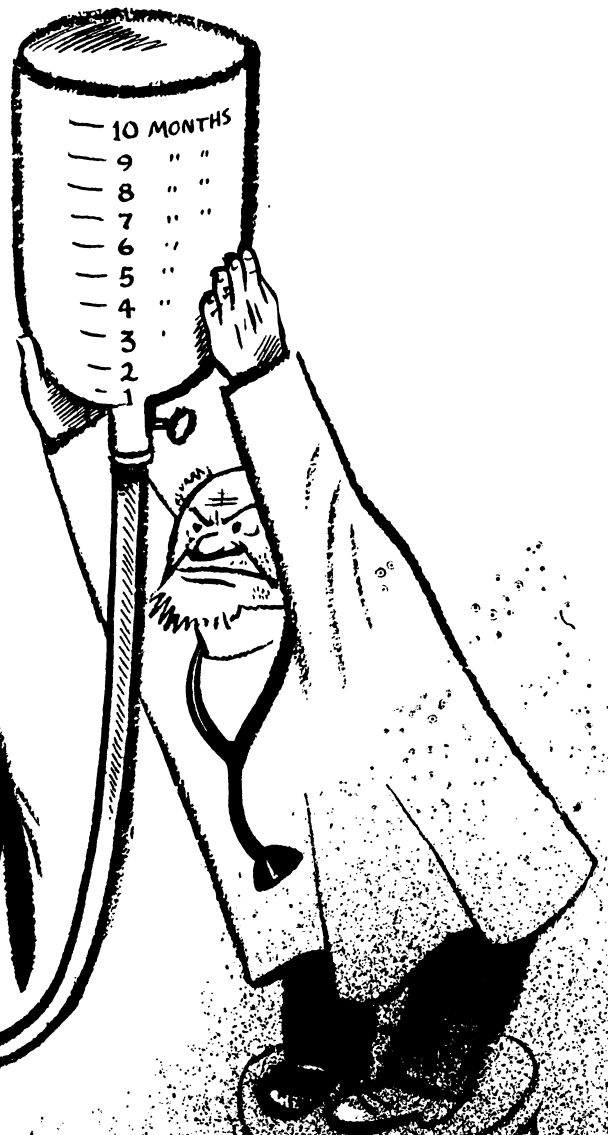
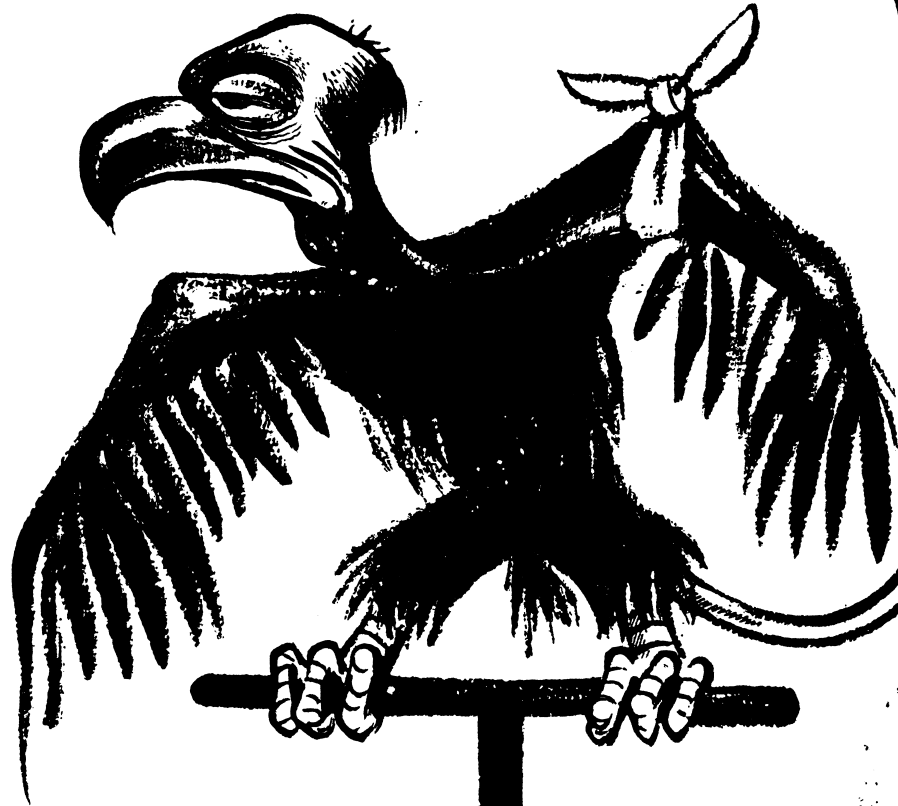
fluence in the management of the corporation." The largest twenty-nine stockholders, he added, "hold 5.24 percent which leads to control of the huge firm by a *small group of insiders* through exercise of the proxy system." (Our emphasis.) The myth of "public" and employe control of A. T. & T. is further exploded by Gifford's own admission several years ago that "whatever action the stockholders took, the directors . . . managed the company."

What of A. T. & T. labor policy? For one thing, over 115,000 Bell workers have been dropped since 1929, largely as a result of dial system rationalization which displaced the "hello girls." Just after Roosevelt's inauguration the New York company adopted a policy of "voluntary resignations" the inducement being a "vacation payment" equivalent to a week's salary for every year of service. This same company alone dropped 19,000 workers during the crisis.

Only a few weeks ago it asked its company union to rubber stamp a proposal to extend an 8 1/3 percent wage-cut initiated throughout the Bell System in 1932. The slash was accompanied by cutting out one-half day's work during the week, naturally without pay. Since that time, however, the workers have been forced to do the same amount of work in five days as they formerly did in five and a half.

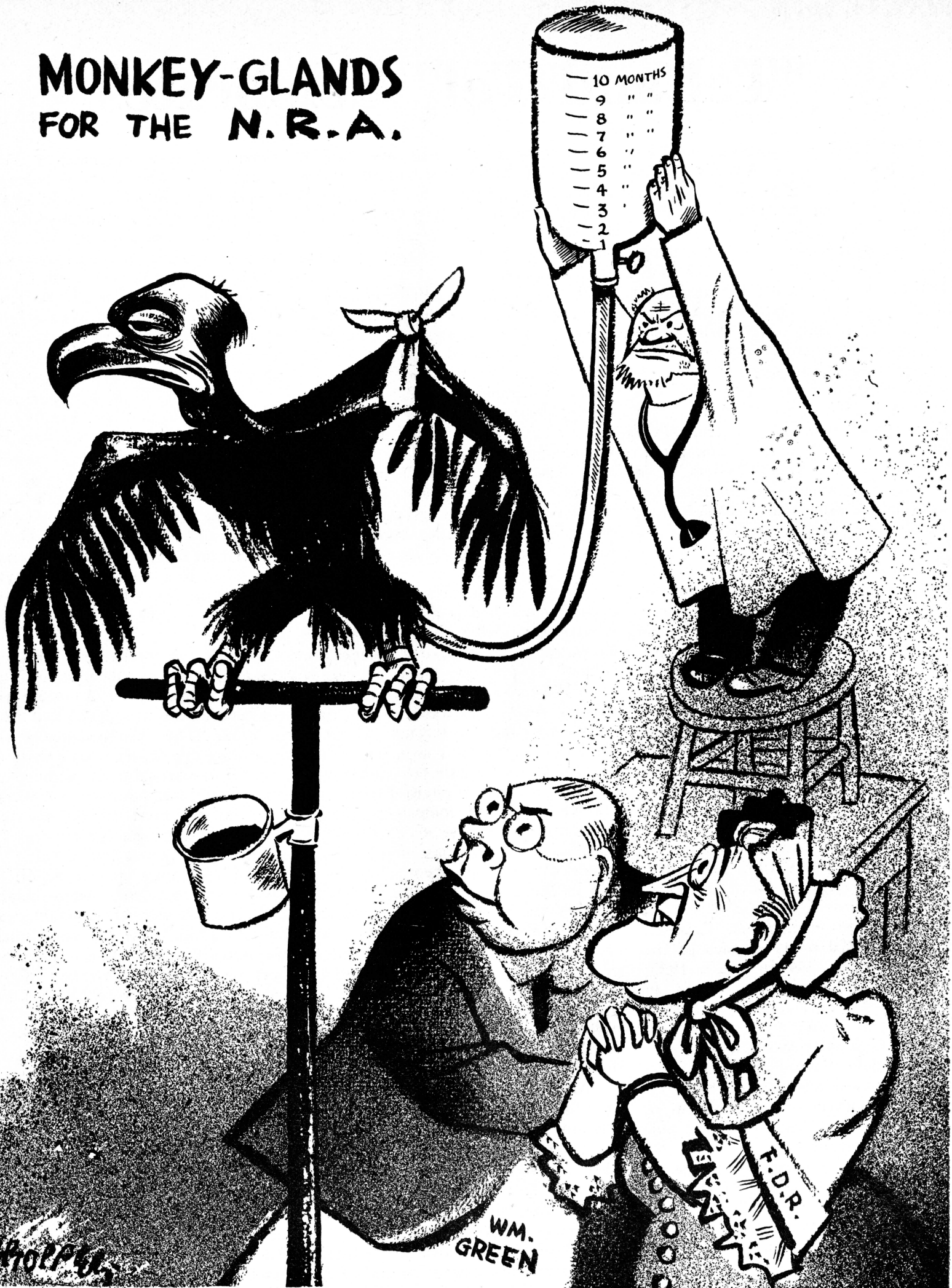
The company's annual report for 1934 states that "total net earnings of \$182,000,000 were \$14,000,000 greater than in 1933." At the same time it was noted with pride that Bell has been operating under the President's Re-employment Agreement (P. R. A.) since August, 1933. "We do our part." But on December 31, 1934, the number of workers was 248,057, an increase of exactly 460 in 12 months! Not only have Bell companies employed company-union and other such devices to slash the workers' standards, but they have employed spies to ferret out militants and squelch any sign of union activity. Western Electric Co., for example, paid out thousands of dollars for this purpose to Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. The Labor Research Association, New York City, has a detailed record of such payments during the years 1923 to 1928.

MONKEY-GLANDS FOR THE N.R.A.



Gropper

MONKEY-GLANDS FOR THE N.R.A.



Gropper

Washington—Jim-Crow Capital

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TEMPLE COURT: An alley off the corner of Canal and "D" Streets, Southwest. About ten houses huddling in a Negro ghetto in the shadow of the Capitol. There are at least two hundred of these hidden slums. They shelter ten to eleven thousand people, chiefly Negroes. Other thousands of the race live as wretchedly.

A junked touring car, rusting beside an overladen trash wagon, and half a dozen Negro youngsters, wearing grotesque pieces of cast-off clothes and soiled leg bandages around insect sores, define life in this swankily named lost street. Though it is hemmed in from the outside, and ends blind, its entrance looks over the low roofs of barrack-like houses across the street to the dome of the Capitol. There, like a huge bell, it shines white against the sky. Capitol Hill, with its cool magnificence of terrace and tenderly nurtured pink and yellow blossoms, is just a few blocks away; and atop the great dome, symbol of the wealth and power of America, stands a bronze "Goddess of Freedom," serene as a peacock despite her view of Temple Court.

Washington is a two-world city as surely as any black belt metropolis. The black and the white spheres often meet, as at Temple Court; but such proximity merely etches deeper the Bourbon pattern of Washington, the Jim-Crow capital of America. It is a favorite boast of certain upper-class Negroes that here is the center of American Negro culture. Though this is not the case, it reflects the tendency of Negroes all over America to look to this city, this "federal ground," as a haven. Ever since the Proclamation went out to the slaves who believed it truly meant emancipation, the Negro has been taught to look this way for equality. Many a Negro intellectual, when he thinks of Washington, still pictures the classical perfection of the Lincoln memorial where the Emancipator's statue is encolumned in marble. To thousands in Dixie, this is the gateway to the North. But in fact it is the gate to the South.

Always a border town, a reflecting-pool, mirroring all the special abuses and prejudices generated by white ruling-class forces against the Negro nation they oppress, it presents today, more than ever, a composite of the myriad Jim-Crow brutalities. For with the advance of fascist forces, increasing lynchings (to name but one indication) point to the role for which they have cast the Negro—the same dread role they gave the Jew, the scapegoat, in Germany. It is a prophetic fact that since the installation of the fascist-tinted New Deal, this federal ground, whose local administration expresses

the conscious political program of the national government, strikingly reflects the Bourbons' swashbuckling return to power. These political descendants of the plantation lords who rushed toward a foothold in national politics with the collapse of their slavocracy in the Civil War are more prominent on the scene than in years. They stick out everywhere—in the highest ranks of the Army and the Navy, at the pinnacle of the diplomatic service, on the most powerful committees in Congress, including the one which runs the District of Columbia. Their lynch language, their hate-the-Negro creed, their employment practice of exploiting the Negro doubly, their ingrained Jim-Crow social cruelty envelop this ground like a dust storm.

The 135,000 Negroes in Washington make up more than one-fourth of the whole population. Theirs is a restricted, branded political and social life. They have been pushed down to a markedly low rung on the economic ladder. Four out of ten are unemployed. With their total of 27 percent of the whole population, they suffer exactly 76 percent of the forced joblessness registered by the official relief rolls. Regardless of skill and education, the vast majority must work at menial tasks. This is so axiomatic that many a skilled artisan, when applying for public or private employment, forgets about his trade and asks for common labor because he knows that otherwise he will get no work at all. Just look at the last Census figures: among the 41,811 employed male Negroes there were 11,283 in domestic and personal service; 10,990 in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits which break down into baking, hod-carrying and such jobs which are, on the whole, common labor in character; only 3,997 listed in trade and this included 1,596 laborers; and only 1,793 in the professions. Of 31,311 employed women, exactly 26,500 were in domestic and personal service, only 1,610 in the professions and most of these were teachers in Jim-Crow schools; and the 1,695 classified in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits were chiefly seamstresses.

All Negroes, regardless of their work, are universally denied the right to eat in public places throughout the great central white business and residential section of Washington. The federal government itself Jim-Crows Negroes in department dining rooms. (In the Interior Department, a few pee-wee officials may eat with the whites, but the Negroes in the ranks dare not even try it.) James Boens, a Negro delegate from an A. F. of L. auto local at Flint, Michigan, was impolitic enough to bring this to the attention of government and labor bureaucrats quite dramatically last spring. It was during the

National Labor Board's hearing on the then scheduled auto strike. Boens stopped the proceedings by suddenly interrupting to inquire how he was supposed to get food in the short recesses which provided no time to journey to a Negro neighborhood. "I'm hungry," Boens pronounced sharply. "For the first time in my life I cannot buy anything to eat." The official gentry, including Presidents William Green of the A. F. of L. and John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America, remained discreetly silent—mindful, perhaps, of the Federation officialdom's policy of Jim-Crow unions, and of its thwarting the rank-and-file surge toward unity by promising to appoint a committee (never yet named) to look into the status of Negro workers in the A. F. of L.

It is a fact that not even the hot-dog stands and orange juice palaces around the whited sepulchres which house the government will serve a Negro; nor will the drug-stores; nor, of course, the restaurants.

Shopping is on a strict Jim-Crow basis in Washington. The stores along the famous wide boulevards, Connecticut Avenue and "F" Street, rigidly exclude Negroes. The ritziest department store, owned by a Mr. Julius Garfinckel who (like most wealthy Jews) places class ahead of race interests, prides itself on employing only "Aryan" saleswomen, and refuses Negroes admittance without a note identifying the bearer as a servant shopping for a white customer.

Many other department stores discriminate against Negroes while seeking their trade. I saw this work. I happened to be on one of the upper floors of Hecht's, the Macy's of Washington, when a saleswoman reported to her chief that a Negro woman "refused to leave" after trying on three garments! Yes, I was told, it was "policy" to try only three things upstairs. "Of course" the store encouraged Negroes to buy "in the basement!"

Washington has a large number of "white taxicabs" and "colored taxicabs." I have seen a feeble old Negro woman standing with her small granddaughter at the exit of the Union Station long after midnight—have seen them stand and wait and wait, passed up by one after the other, until the starter said, "You can get a colored cab out there." Which meant outside, beyond the parking space reserved for the white companies. In Negro neighborhoods I have been passed up by cruising "white taxis"—on the apparent assumption that anyone who would walk there must be a Negro. I have taken "colored cabs," too, and noticed a look of surprise and hesitation on the face of the driver unused to white fares.

Jim-Crowism glares out of the columns of

the white press of Washington. Pick up any newspaper list of neighborhood movie bills. The names of a few in the long list are starred. At the top of the column appears the explanation "*Colored." Virtually every public recreational, cultural and educational facility here operates meticulously on a Jim-Crow basis.

"Perhaps the outstanding social insult to the Negro in Washington is the rule of segregation to the point of exclusion from artistic and cultural affairs," Mrs. Mary Mason Jones, head of the Jim-Crow Negro teachers' union, told me. "You know, artistic talent is a notable heritage of our race, but we are denied not only white artists but also those of our own race. Once, if you could suppress your pride sufficiently, you could give a little treat to your aesthetic need at the price of running a gauntlet of frigid gazes and passing down the left side of a balcony in The National Theatre. But no longer, even that."

"White" hotels in Washington register no Negroes. The American Sociological Association held its 1925 convention in The Washington just across the street from the United States Treasury and now the home of Vice-President Jack Garner, Texas landholder and banker. A distinguished educator among the delegates, Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, now on the faculty of Howard University, stepped into a passenger elevator on the tenth floor of the hotel. He had gone up with one of the white professors. The elevator dropped a few floors and slowed. The operator, who had just noticed Dr. Frazier, asked sharply, "Who brought you in here? Who got on with you?" Dr. Frazier replied, "I didn't notice." A hostile buzz rose from the well-to-do white men in the car. The boy brought the car to a sickeningly short halt and shot it back up to the top floor. As he flung the door back, someone booted Dr. Frazier into the corridor, shouting, "Why don't you go back to Africa?" There was just time, before the door slammed, for Dr. Frazier to retort quickly, "Thank you, I think I'll stay in America with white savages." In a moment the police were there. They forced Dr. Frazier to the freight elevator. Then he discovered the existence of an arrangement whereby the Negroes attending the conference would either travel "freight" or be escorted by whites like poodles. A number of upper-class-conscious Negro "leaders" had accepted this! Dr. Frazier made an issue of it. Finally the Association secretary saw the manager, who cried, "No damn nigger's gonna ride in my elevators, I don't care who he is!" Result: the convention moved down to the second floor so that participating Negroes could walk up.

Such Jim-Crow attitudes so pervade the capital that it is somewhat surprising to find no legal segregation. The absence of this and a few *mores* constitute the chief difference between Washington and, say, Birmingham. The latter are mainly a matter of the de-

gree of anti-Negro social etiquette, too. Down South there are parks through which a Negro may not drive; he may enter any park here, but he is Jim-Crowed on the park's public tennis courts and golf links. The noose and the faggot do not threaten him here if he fails to "Sir" a white man; but neither is he "Mister" to nine-tenths of the whites. When he comes into the District of Columbia in a street car or train that runs over the bridges spanning the Potomac river, he may move out of his Jim-Crow seat. But what can this mean in an atmosphere in which the Jim-Crow mentality teaches children never to sit alone on a two-seated car bench—to find one already occupied by a white person and fill it, thus eliminating the risk of having a Negro sit next?

The courts do uphold residential segregation in one way. They sustain legal contracts binding white property owners within certain blocks and squares in "voluntary" agreement not to rent or sell to Negroes. Which gives the lie to the often repeated boast that Negroes may live anywhere in Washington. But the whole physical structure of the Capital shows this. In addition to the alleys, there are a number of vast sectors inhabited almost wholly by Negroes, as there are great lily-white domains. The fact that they are often contiguous emphasizes the division. It has resulted in a separate Negro city-within-the-city. There is a central Negro boulevard, "U" Street, with its Negro bank, its Negro shops, theatres and law offices. There is Seventh Street, which is to "U" what "F" Street is to Connecticut Avenue. Seventh Street's cheap eating joints and radio-blaring stores constitute an important Negro business section despite its reputation as the habitat of a distinctly "lower-class" group.

The "upper-class" Negroes also dwell in segregation, however. The *creme de la creme* aspire to a "Strivers' Row" of their own along "S" Street as near as possible to Connecticut. Their social life is a tight round of bridge, summering at Highland or Colton beaches (Jim-Crow) driving, week-ending in Harlem or Philadelphia, and entertaining friends at the dances given by the "What Good Are We's" club and other elite imitations of the dreadfully monotonous white "society" groups. Theirs is the creed of "It's better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." All this in an effort to forget they are part of the oppressed Negro nation, though ironically they also sometimes draw color lines within the color line, and not only shun but actively oppose the fight for Negro rights which is being led by the Communist Party. They contribute to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and send their children to Howard University. This Negro college (tuition fees higher than those of the average state university) is supported partly by federal funds. The fact that its student body is increasingly alert to the working-class move-

ment is due to no fault of its administration.

Howard University is ruled by the tyrannical Dr. Mordecai Johnson, a former Baptist preacher who was once undeservedly accused of radicalism but has since wiped his escutcheon clean by pandering to whichever major political party is in the saddle. Its faculty leaders are such men as Dr. Charles Houston, N.A.A.C.P. lawyer whose answer to being exposed is to try the more frantically to prove his client, George Crawford, guilty of murder; and Dr. Abram L. Harris, the prima donna of the Harris School of "Marxists" who know enough about the class struggle and their own upper-class interests to remain carefully out of the revolutionary ranks where the fight for Negro rights is being waged.

More fundamental than all the social and political expressions of Jim-Crowism, however, is the economic discrimination against the Negro in Washington. In fact the anxiety to inspire prejudice and hate toward the black worker, the chauvinist fiction of "white superiority," is but a rationalization, an effort to provide an excuse for the bed-rock ruling-class policy of divide and rule.

And, quite naturally, the federal government leads in applying the program of economic discrimination on this federal ground. It is *the* big industry of Washington. It deliberately condemns Negroes, by and large, to the jobs of elevator operator, charwoman, messenger, and, rarely, clerking. Lucky is the one who rises higher even in the sacred realm of the civil service merit system. Every application must have attached a photograph of the aspirant. A Negro who qualifies in the written examination and is certified among the three highest-ranking participants still must face the head of the government bureau having a vacancy. This white official, exercising *arbitrary* authority to choose, rarely selects a Negro.

Among the 8,500 workers in the Naval Gun Factory, there are 4,200 machinists and 2,500 laborers and helpers. *Half* of the latter are Negroes, but only about *half a dozen* of the race are in the skilled group. A "classified" laborer may work into the slightly better-paid bracket of helper, but by more than coincidence the Negroes advance less rapidly than the white workers. All Navy Yard bosses are white. By the constitution of the A. F. of L. union, Negroes are excluded from the machinists' organization.

The extreme discrimination against the Negro toiler who is lucky enough to escape the rule for his race—last to be hired, first to be fired—is reflected even on the garbage trucks in the streets. Drivers are usually white; dumpers, Negro.

Among the four out of ten of the jobless Negroes, the color line is drawn with the most refined cruelty. Instead of seeing in the great preponderance of Negroes on the relief rolls the obvious proof that they suffer more than whites from unemployment, the politicians of the white ruling class constantly



Phil Bard

point to this as evidence that Negroes "get more" from the relief setup. Such a characteristically chauvinist attack was launched with veiled brutality against the race in a recent relief survey by the white liberal Scripps-Howard Washington News. It published a study which recognized of necessity that reliefers "may not have enough to eat, and they may not be warm enough, and their homes may be pretty bad," but nevertheless, with typical sadistic smugness, it concluded that the relief set-up "is now so efficient and so humanitarian that there are very, very few who need be hungry or cold or homeless."

There is more than a coincidence, again, in the circumstance that the family average doled out among the predominantly Negro unemployed in this capital city was reported officially as \$26.64 for the month of December, 1934, while the average in thirty-two other cities of similar size was \$30.21. (Relief administration figures.) This, in addition to the fact that the cost of living here is higher than in many other cities.

Against all this the challenge of mass action is being flung. Small Unemployment Councils are organizing the workers who, beset by every official hindrance to unity, see the with determination to overcome them.

"It's a tough proposition we're up against," said William Strong, the Negro youth who led them during the winter, "but we have

been able to win some victories nevertheless.

"The relief officials boast about how many Negroes are on the rolls. Well, they've got the names on the list, hundreds and hundreds of them, and that's all. There's a great difference between what we're supposed to get and what we do get. The checks don't come. Take the case of Melina Thompson and her two children. The relief officials promised, day after day, to supply her rent. They knew she had an eviction notice. But they just kept promising until they promised her furniture right out on the sidewalk. She was dispossessed while we were holding a meeting in the neighborhood. We went around in a body, about thirty-five of us. The police came. We told 'em we didn't have much time to talk because these people had to get back in their house and get some sleep, and we had a heap of furniture to move back, and it was already after midnight. We did put it back, every piece of furniture, and the cops didn't dare interfere. Finally, they went away. We stayed through the night, all of us, just in case of trouble. Nothing happened. In the morning we all went to the relief station and demanded \$25 to get Mrs. Thompson another house. The superintendent handed it over. And she was trembling! Then we saw the marshal and told him never mind bothering to move our comrade. They didn't

move her either; she stayed until she got another house with the \$25."

Strong himself gets \$20.80 a month for all living expenses for himself and his wife. There was a time when it was \$4.90 a week. He went to the relief superintendent for a food slip.

"You got your money this week," the relief official accused.

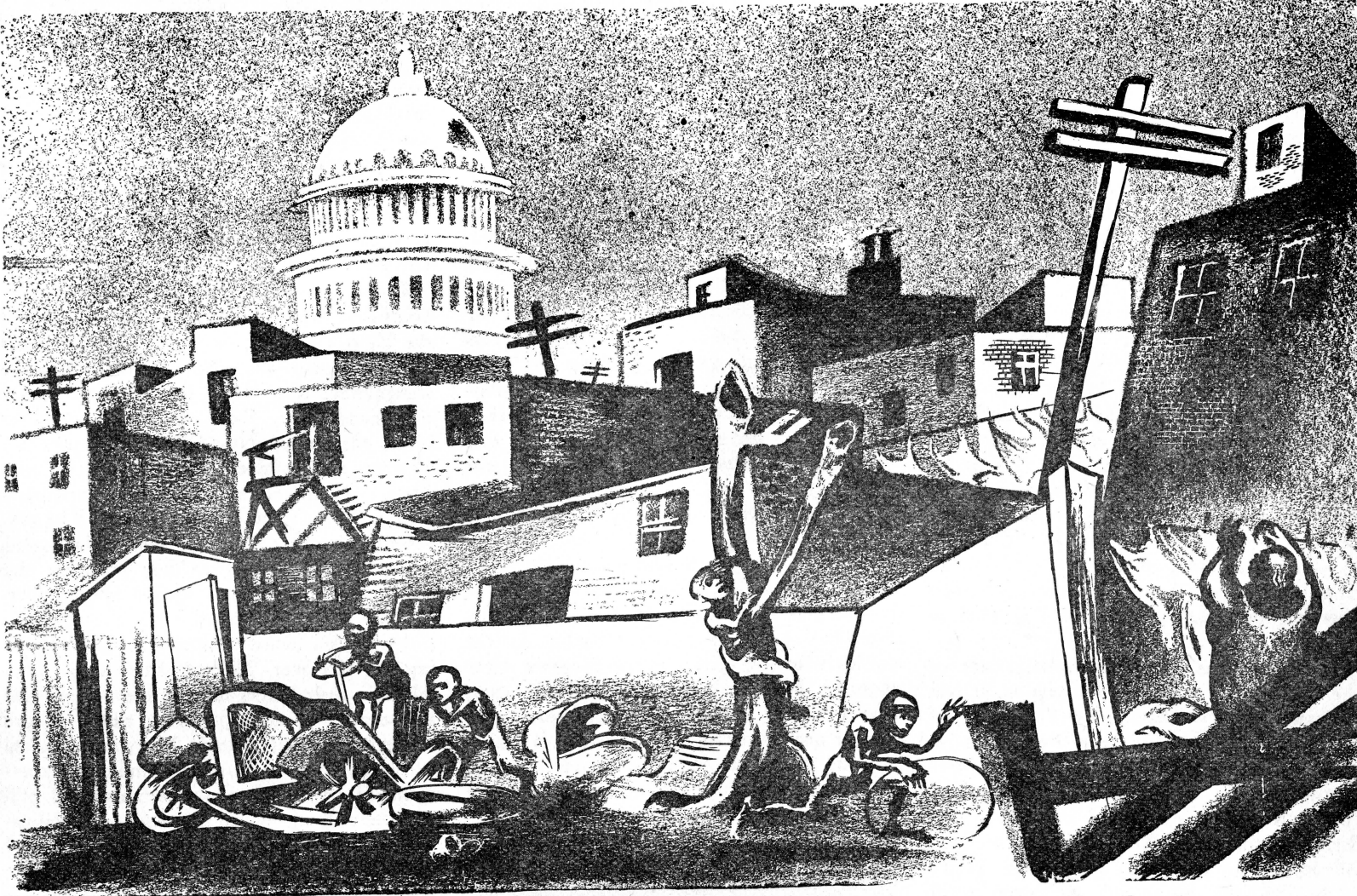
"But I get only \$4.90 a week, and my rent's \$4," he replied.

"Well," she asked triumphantly as though this settled everything, "didn't that leave you 90 cents?"

Add to this attitude, which is widespread in relief officialdom, the fact that the system provides budgeting according to the official's concept of the need—a concept colored both by prejudice and the pitifully low level of the employed masses—and you can figure why the weekly allowance runs as low as \$3.50.

"There's an established practice of paying half your rent and telling you to get the other half," Strong went on, "yet if they discover you have any part-time work, off relief you go. Take the case of Susie Stamps, a widow with three children; they discovered she got a job sweeping a church every Saturday afternoon, for which the pastor gave her a dollar; they closed the case three months ago, and we're still fighting to get her back on relief."





It is always violence, direct or indirect, that sustains the status quo wherever the masses are exploited; here visible terrorism is employed against the Negroes. The police of Washington are a lynch-spirited brigade. In the performance of their function of "keeping the Negro in his place," they do not blink at murder. False arrests, illegal detentions, general rough-handling—these are just everyday bulldozing. What backs it up is that police as well as white property owners kill Negroes, confess, and go free without so much as a trial.

Policeman Southard shot Robert Lewis, a Negro youth, near the United States Government printing office. While the boy lay dying in a hospital, Officer Southard, exonerated by a lily-white coroner's jury and detailed to his same beat, was swaggering about "G" Place intimidating his victim's neighbors against organized protest, punctuating his yells with his nightstick: "Beat it!" "Cut out that congregating!" "Get in that house off this sidewalk!" The explanation was self defense, *but the lad was shot in the back.*

In one of the perennial investigations of the Washington police administration, it was indicated recently that the real director of the force for years has been Representative Tom Blanton of Texas, the Simon Legree of the District of Columbia Committee of the House. Blanton is always insinuating that there are too many Negroes in Washington anyway. Why don't they go back to "their" farms, he asks, as though he never heard that most Negroes are held in peonage under the tenant and share-cropper system.

Blanton should and probably does know that more than 40,000 of the ancestors of today's Negro population were propelled to Washington during the reconstruction years by the fair hope that though their "forty acres and a mule" dream was dead, they might yet find equal opportunity as wage earners in this gateway to the North where the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were made. Some Negroes were stranded here at the end of the Civil War in which they fought with the Northern troops against the feudal slaveowners; still others were dumped here by Northern officers who had confiscated them and bundled them along with other contraband.

What a life awaited them! They found themselves in alley slums as socially degrading as the old slave quarters down home, and more menacing to health. With Bourbon ingenuity, Washington pushed the dark newcomers into the back yards between the wide streets which had been planned in keeping with the spaciousness of the rising bourgeoisie's ambitions. Soon three hundred populated alleys teemed with the filth of over-crowding and unenlightenment. Then, of course, disease. Pneumonia. Diarrhea. Syphilis. Tuberculosis. By 1875 the death rate among Negroes was 100 percent greater than that among the whites. At last the ruling class, realizing that its health also

was in jeopardy, began to reform the alley evil. With each campaign, the date of the promised "eradication" moved forward. The New Deal of course set up its own Alley Dwelling Authority under a new law envisioning the razing of the alleys—by 1944! The limited appropriation, \$500,000, is not intended to be used for low-cost housing projects, John Ihlder, executive officer of the Alley Dwelling Authority, reminded me. He admitted he feels "we are *morally* obligated to work with *other* agencies to see that houses are available," but stressed that his main job is to "reclaim" the alleys by converting them into garages, parking lots, other commercial structures and, lastly, playgrounds. He added, "Of course the work is entirely *new* and we must submit every step to legal authorities. . . . We are clearing the legal way. We are working on fifteen alleys. . . . No, we haven't completely torn down any yet."

Actually, the conditions under which the street-dwellers live are often as bad as those in the notorious alleys. There is Marshall Heights, the Negro Rooseveltville on the outskirts of the city, where Negroes piece together huts of cast-off lumber, tin cans, beaver board, scraps of rusted corrugated iron or packing boxes on land which is "sold" at rates as low as \$2.50 per month. I was there the other day. Rags and pasteboard



Phil Bard

served instead of windows for many, but one clean little house had glass panes and brave white curtains. It was only two rooms. The worker, his wife, and their five bright-faced, carefully polite little girls possessed only two slender single beds and one decrepit cradle. Very little other furniture was theirs, besides home-made packing-box chairs. No lights, no gas, no toilet. They must carry their drinking water from a spout two miles away.

I drove through a small territory in the Southwest section, almost within hearing of the Navy machinery which is working faster than ever for the war in which will be slaughtered those who survive their peacetime conditions. Row on row, block after block, these squat Negro tenements stretched. Women and children hung out of the windows. Many in these jail-like structures hadn't one window per inhabitant. The predominating detached home was a flat-roofed frame shack like a matchbox standing end up. Often they sagged against one another, desolate as breadliners.

In this section, during the hysteria following the last war, Negroes barricaded themselves in their homes to meet the fire of "law and order" in the 1919 race riots. Negro soldiers at Camp Mead, Maryland, started to march to their assistance under the command of their Negro non-commissioned officers—something which hastened demobilization. In one of these houses a Negro girl shot and killed a white policeman. She fired from her retreat under her bed—which tells the story.

The Negroes in Washington know all these forms of special oppression and most of them intuitively recognize them as such. They long to free themselves. Discontent and disillusionment are everywhere. But many workers as yet cannot and most of the intellectuals will not recognize the connection between these things and the imperialist rule by which the big bankers, industrialists and landlords who own everything and run everything, including the government, hold the producers, the workers, in subjection.

Negro intellectuals, especially, know these things. They draw class lines between themselves and the others, telling themselves, "But *I* am not so oppressed as the worker." However, as government clerkships have become scarcer, and clients or patients or pupils drop off because there are fewer jobs for Negroes in the construction gangs, the professional group also has been pushed down. Many give expression to their discontent through narrow nationalistic groups such as the New Negro Alliance, which recognizes mass action as the only hope, but turns its back on the white masses. The more honest stand ready to engage in the working-class program advanced by the Communist Party to emancipate Negro and white workers of the farm, the office and the factory.

The second half of Marguerite Young's article will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.



Phil Bard



Phil Bard

What Is Communism?

2. Questions About the Movement

EARL BROWDER

WE NOW take up the series of questions received from readers relating to the Communist Party, its program, its relations to other groups and organizations, and to the various classes. Typical of the whole group of questions is the following, which furnishes us with a good starting point. A "puzzled reader" of *THE NEW MASSES* writes:

After reading your magazine for six months, on one question I am more mixed up than ever. I used to think there was a Socialist Party that stood for Socialism, and a Communist Party that stood for Communism. But from *THE NEW MASSES* I have learned that the Communist Party stands for Socialism, apparently the same thing that the Socialist Party stands for, but for a different method of getting it, and that there is a life-and-death struggle going on between these two Parties that stand for the same thing. What is the sense of all this?

Let us try to untangle the puzzle for our questioner:

First of all, we should establish the general proposition so ably put by Shakespeare in that phrase: "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Names are important, but we must always go behind them and judge by facts, by deeds. Who, for example, in search of democracy, would go to Tammany Hall, in spite of its bearing the official title of "Democratic Party"? Who would go to Hitler's "National Socialist Labor Party" to learn anything about socialism or labor? The socialism of the Socialist Party is rapidly becoming almost as remote as the democratic principles of Tammany Hall. At the same time, this name has an historical origin, directly connected with the rise of the modern socialist movement.

Let us briefly sketch the history of modern socialism, that is, scientific socialism, as distinguished from the Utopian type. Its origin dates from 1847, when Karl Marx and Frederick Engels wrote the famous document, *The Communist Manifesto*. This *Manifesto* laid down the basic principles of scientific socialism in such a clear and developed form that it holds good down to today, and in all fundamental respects reads like a contemporary document. *The Manifesto*, together with the subsequent writings of Marx and Engels, soon dominated the thought and action of the rising working-class movement in Europe, and to a degree, in America. Its principles later became the basis for the First International and still later, for a period, of the Second International, both of which were international associations of various Socialist Parties and to some degree of the trade-union movement.

From 1847 on, we thus see the name Communist and Socialist used more or less interchangeably, as the name for the dominant trend in one organized movement, a trend which was embodied and given its best expression in the writings of Marx and Engels. Originally, Marx and Engels and their associates definitely chose the name "Communist," in order more sharply to distinguish themselves from the various schools of Utopian or petty-bourgeois socialism. Later on, and especially under the influence of the growth of the mass Socialist Party in Germany, the name Socialist, or Social-Democratic, came to the fore, and the label of Communism was generally relegated to the theoretical works and text-books.

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 disclosed to the working class of the whole world that the leadership of the Socialist Parties in most countries had completed a process, begun years before, of the abandonment of the basic aims of the modern socialist movement. They had adjusted themselves to capitalism and to the desires of the capitalist class. They had been absorbed into the capitalist ruling machine. When the supreme test of the World War came, this fact was dramatically exposed through the action of these leaders in repudiating, overnight, all their pledges for uncompromising struggle against war, by their voting war credits to their respective governments, by their declaration of class peace within each country, which meant the cessation of struggle for the interests of the workers, and by their accepting of government posts in the war administrations, and becoming actual recruiting officers for the imperialist armies, each in support of his own national ruling class.

The collapse of the Second International at the outbreak of the World War came as a surprise, as a revelation to the masses of the workers in most countries. It had, however, long been foreseen and predicted by those Socialists who had remained true to the teachings of Marx and Engels. These, the revolutionary Socialists, had for years been combatting the growing opportunism and degeneration in the leadership of the various national Socialist Parties. In only one party, however, had Marxism remained predominant. That party was the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party (Bolsheviks) under the leadership of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. That party, since 1903, had politically and organizationally separated itself from the opportunism and revisionism of the dominant leadership of the Second International. On the outbreak of the war, it was the only party which not only set itself to uncompromising

opposition to the imperialist war, but also broadcast a clear program of struggle to transform the imperialist war into a civil war against the exploiting classes and for the establishment of the new socialist system.

It was the existence of such a revolutionary, Marxian Socialist Party, which in the first place made it possible for the first break in the capitalist system to occur in Russia—the establishment of the first working-class government, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, which was later incorporated into the broader Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

One year after the establishment of the Soviet Power in Russia, the collapse of German and Austrian imperialism placed power in the hands of the opportunist leaders of Social-Democracy. In contrast to the Russian Bolsheviks (the Marxian Socialists), the leaders of German and Austrian Social-Democracy used their power, not to establish a workers' government and to inaugurate socialism, but on the contrary to crush, with the help of the counter-revolutionary officers, the revolutionary working class and to restore the state power to the hands of the capitalists. The rupture between the two tendencies in socialism had been completed. In every country the Socialist movement divided between those who supported and wished to follow the example of the Bolsheviks and those who supported and followed the leaders of German Social-Democracy.

In 1919 this already accomplished split was given organizational form on a world scale, with the founding of the Communist International as the World Party of revolutionary socialism, under the leadership of the Bolsheviks, and, on the other hand, the re-establishment of the old Second International as a world coalition of opportunism and collaboration to restore the capitalist system, under the leadership of the German Social-Democrats.

It was Lenin and the Bolsheviks who proposed sharply to distinguish revolutionary socialism from the opportunist Second International by restoring the old and honorable name Communist, the original banner raised by Marx and Engels in 1847.

Here is how Lenin placed the question in his immortal pamphlet, *Tasks of the Proletariat in Our Revolution*, published April 10, 1917, immediately after his return to Russia:

I am coming to the last point, the name of our Party. We must call ourselves the Communist Party—just as Marx and Engels called themselves Communists.

We must insist that we are Marxists and that we have as a basis the *Communist Manifesto*, which has been perverted and betrayed by the

Social-Democracy on two important points: (1) The workers have no country; "national defence" in an imperialist war is a betrayal of socialism; (2) Marx's teaching about the State has been perverted by the Second International.

The term "Social-Democracy" is unscientific, as Marx showed repeatedly, particularly in the *Critique of the Gotha Programme*, in 1875, and as Engels restated in a more popular form, in 1894. Mankind can pass directly from capitalism only into socialism, i. e., into social ownership of the means of production and the distribution of products according to the work of the individual. Our Party looks farther ahead than that: Socialism is bound sooner or later to ripen into Communism, whose banner bears the motto: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

Thus the two names which had in the past served to identify the same modern scientific Socialist movement, became the distinguishing labels of two divergent tendencies, and finally two definitely organized movements within the working class. The Communist movement continued and developed the original teachings of Marx and Engels; that is, the conquest of power by the workers, and the transformation of society to the basis of socialism. The self-styled Socialist movement boldly took the road of struggle *against* the socialist revolution and for the restoration of the broken-down capitalist system.

The logical fruits of these two policies, these two divergent paths, are before us today, sixteen years after the organization of this split on a world scale, in the results in the countries where the two antagonistic policies came to power. In Germany the fruit of opportunism is seen in Hitler and the fascist barbarism which is rushing that country deeper into chaos and catastrophe; in Austria the same results came in the fascism of Dolfuss, succeeded by Schussnig. In Russia the fruit of Marxism is seen in the triumphant completion of the foundation of a socialist society, its ever-growing prosperity, and its expanding power and influence in the whole world.

Is it not clear, "puzzled reader," that the Socialist Party, in spite of its name, no longer stands for socialism? Millions of its worker-followers sincerely want and strive for socialism, but their leaders take them in the opposite direction by the use of fraud and force. In every country where the Socialist Party has become a political power it has entered the service of capitalism. The German events only typify the course taken by all Socialist Parties, each in its own country. The differences are only those of detail and not of principle as between the various countries. The Communist Parties in the various countries represent all the organized forces consciously and earnestly striving for socialism. The only socialist system that has ever been established is under the direct leadership of the Communist Party. The Communist Parties of all the world are united into a World Party, the Communist International, in which is hammered out a uniform world policy, adjusted in each country to the peculiarities of the national situation, the historical differences, and the special problems

of the oppressed masses of each country. When our "puzzled reader" get this historical approach to the development of the struggle for socialism, all the seeming contradictions will be dissolved and the relation between the different parties and different programs will settle into their natural relationship; the puzzle will be solved.

Another questioner approaches the same problem by asking:

Is there any difference between Communism and Socialism (not speaking of the two Parties that go by the name Socialist and Communist)? And what is the basic program that has remained constant since the *Communist Manifesto* of 1847?

The basic program of the revolutionary Socialist or Communist movement since 1847 has been the seizure of state power by the working class in alliance with other exploited sections of the population, in order to dispossess the capitalists from their monopoly of the means of production; to make these means of production the common property of the masses, organized in a workers' state; the operation and use of these means of production to the fullest possible extent for the benefit of all the population, distributing the products among individuals according to the work performed.

The terms Socialism and Communism are distinguished from one another as designating two stages of the development of the new society that will supersede the present capitalist system. Socialism is that society just emerging out of capitalism, when the workers gain power and take over the means of production from the capitalists. The new society is operating under the heavy burden of its inheritance from the old capitalist society. It is still suffering from the destructive effects of the struggle for power. It is still operating in a situation where economy does not yet produce sufficient to satisfy all the needs and desires of mankind. A more or less protracted and painful transition period is necessary to set free and expand the productive forces, to heal the wounds inflicted by capitalism, to overcome the inheritance of poverty, ignorance and degradation of the masses, and step by step to eliminate the ages-old division of society into warring classes. Above all, and especially when socialism is being established still in only one or a few countries, surrounded by a hostile capitalist world, it is necessary to continue a relentless struggle against the remnants of the class enemy within the socialist country, and to resist the encroachments of the capitalist countries.

All of these conditions make it necessary that the new socialist society builds itself up and protects itself through a whole series of measures which are to a greater or lesser degree taken over from the old, capitalist society. Thus, the socialist system does not immediately abolish those bourgeois economic forms and categories of money, wages, etc. While these forms are used on the basis of

quite a different foundation, and are therefore filled with quite a different content, still they are definitely transitional in their character. They carry over some features of the old society while laying the foundations for the new. Most important of all, the period of socialism is characterized by the fact that State power is not abolished, but on the contrary is raised to a higher role and effectiveness. While the old State machinery of capitalism is shattered, broken and dispersed, it is substituted by an entirely new and more powerful State, the Soviet Power, rising directly out of the toiling masses. This workers' State not only serves the new ruling class, the workers, as the instrument of defense against all enemies, inner and outer, but at the same time takes over the organization and direction of the whole economic life of the country and monopolizes the economic relations with the rest of the world.

This transitional period to which we give the general name of socialism, leads directly towards the solution of all those problems and antagonisms which make necessary these transitional forms. In the economic field it solves the problems of poverty and scarcity by the full unfoldment of all productive forces of the nation. In the field of class relations within the country, it step by step abolishes the basis of the class struggle, abolishes the foundation of all classes, by transforming all citizens into producers, and by abolishing the differences between city and country through the socialization and mechanization of agriculture. By the example of the superiority of the rising socialist system over decayed, rotting, collapsing capitalism in the other countries, it furnishes the greatest inspiration and encouragement to the workers in other lands to follow a similar path. With the coming to power of the working class in the most important countries of the world, thereby eliminating the threat of imperialist war against the new socialist economy, all the major enemies of the new society will be finally defeated. Then, socialism begins definitely to pass over to that stage of development which we designate as Communism.

The Communist stage of social development comes when the productive forces of all of the decisive areas of the world have been sufficiently developed to furnish plenty and prosperity for the masses of the population and there is no longer the problem of scarcity. It comes when there is no longer the problem of acute class struggles, because the foundations of class division have been abolished long enough to eliminate all exploiters and largely abolish the inherited differences between classes. Communism comes finally when State power throughout the world has so decisively passed into the hands of the workers that there is no longer possible any serious threat of war directed against the new socialist system.

Under such conditions the last vestiges of the old forms inherited from capitalism begin to disappear. In economic life the mechanism

of money disappears and is substituted by direct social exchange of commodities between the various categories and groups of producers. Wages disappear and are substituted by the direct provision of all the necessities of life to the whole population. There are no longer necessary any special material incentives to labor, because the abundance of products guarantees to everyone the fulfillment of all his needs and the full utilization and development of all productive forces has transformed labor from an onerous burden into a joyous privilege. The motto, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," is now the supreme law. All special instruments of coercion have become unnecessary and the State with-

ers away and disappears. The whole society has complete control of all means of existence and of further development. Humanity has, in the immortal phrase of Engels, "merged from the kingdom of necessity into the kingdom of freedom."

This is Communism. This is the goal towards which we are working. The socialist society is for us the necessary transitional stage towards this goal.

(Earl Browder's third article will appear next week. Supplementary questions arising each week will also be answered and readers are invited to send them in. The first group of such questions and answers appear on this page.)

Questions from Readers

ANSWERED BY EARL BROWDER

Question: You speak of the "fundamental struggle of contradictions inherent in capitalism which gave birth to the crisis." What does this mean? What actually caused the crisis here?

Answer: Capitalist economy is organized on the basis of private ownership of the means of production with, however, social operation. Upon the basis of private ownership by a constantly narrowing group of capitalists, the means of production are operated in order to make profit. The profit motive is supreme. The useful character of commodities is secondary. No matter how useful production might be, if it does not produce a profit for the owners, production stops. The profit which is reaped by the capitalist owners is accumulated and reinvested to a great extent in further and more highly developed means of production.

The operation of this system, therefore, inevitably produces two contradictory results; that is, it increases productive capacity while simultaneously limiting the market for the products. This is the fundamental contradiction which gives birth periodically to capitalist crises, to overproduction; that is production beyond the effective market. This periodical, or cyclical, crisis now takes place in the period of the *general crisis* of the whole capitalist system brought about by the operation of the law of "falling profit," elucidated by Marx. The greater accumulation of machinery of production, and consequent displacement of labor per unit product, brings capitalist society to the point where further expansion itself becomes unprofitable, thereby putting an end to normal capitalist accumulation.

This is what Marx and Engels described as the forces of production coming into violent collision with the social-economic relations (private property, production for profit) and which today causes not only a periodical or cyclical crisis but a general paralysis of the whole capitalist system.

Question: You say that "economic planning" and "capitalism" are two utterly opposed and mutually exclusive categories. Why can't there be planning under capitalism, to at least relieve some of the most severe suffering we see around us?

Answer: The answer to this question can be given with a quotation from my speech in debate with George Soule, January 13, 1933:

"It is, of course, entirely correct to say in one sense that the traditional rugged individualism of capitalism has been transformed into its very opposite, the denial of individualism by monopoly. . . . The original individualism (simple competitive capitalism) remains only as a tradition from the days of the rise of capitalism. The transformation of capitalism, however, has not been in the direction

of carefully transforming it into its opposite in the sense of a planned society, but in organizing all of its contradictions on a higher plane. Thereby it intensifies all of its contradictions within capitalist society and brings closer by these very steps (growth of gigantic trusts, monopolies and all other forms of organization within the capitalist system) not a planned economy but a catastrophic collapse of the present society.

"Of course, capitalism does lots of planning. I happened to see in The Philadelphia Ledger today one of the latest plans. It is a new plan for feeding the masses of unemployed in the state of Pennsylvania. The purpose of this plan is to abolish cash relief and substitute planned distribution of food by the state directly to the unemployed. The motive behind this plan of direct feeding and substitution of food for cash relief is to cut the cost of relief. Of this kind of plan, of course, we have a tremendous and growing crop. That is one kind of capitalist planning.

"There are very important phases of capitalist planning that have to do with production. These are generally summed up under the heading of 'scientific management.' All plans that come under this head are merely phases of the growth of the productive forces and by no means make any contribution whatever to overcoming those fundamental clashes and contradictions that exist under capitalism, that bring about crises and catastrophes such as the present. On the contrary, it was precisely the achievements of this kind of capitalist planning that brought the present crisis to its tremendous depth and duration.

"There is another kind of capitalist planning! Capitalists make plans for crisis itself. We have the allotment plan of Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party (which later became the Triple A). . . . This is planning! Yes, but it is the planning of economic suicide! It is the planning of a society in decay and in collapse, and, further, it is the kind of plan which will not postpone this collapse but will hasten it and make the catastrophe even deeper. This kind of planning is possible for capitalism. However, it is not taking us step by step toward a future economy except in the sense that

it is taking us toward a catastrophic collapse out of the ruins of which will arise a planned economy.

"No one concerned with capitalist planning even pretends to hope to overcome the basic contradictions of capitalist society which render a planned economy impossible. The basic factor of capitalist society is private ownership of the means of production on the basis of which is established a class differentiation of capitalists and workers. This division of society into two basic classes, in which a small parasitic class controls the basic instruments of society, renders futile all attempts to establish a planned economy; renders impossible mass participation in a planned economy; creates the kind of society that destroys its own markets; which generates forces of civil disturbances in its very midst."

To further concretely demonstrate, in terms of current questions, what we mean by contradictions within the capitalist society, let me quote a paragraph from my report to the Eighth Convention of the Communist Party, April 2, 1934:

"All capitalist contradictions are embodied in Roosevelt's 'New Deal' policies. Roosevelt promises to feed the hungry—by reducing the production of food. He promises to redistribute wealth—by billions of subsidies to the banks and corporations. He gives help to the 'forgotten' man—by speeding up the process of monopoly and trustification. He would increase the purchasing power of the masses—through inflation which gives them a dollar worth only 60 cents. He drives the Wall Street money changers out of the temple of government—by giving them complete power in the administration of the government machinery of the industrial codes. He gives the workers the right of organization—by legalizing the company unions. He inaugurates a regime of economy—by shifting the tax burden to the consuming masses, by cutting appropriations for wages, veterans and social services—while increasing the war budget a billion dollars, and giving ten billions to those who already own everything. He restores the faith of the masses in democracy—by beginning the introduction of fascism. He works for international peace—by launching the sharpest trade and currency war in history."

Question: You say the Communist International predicted the crisis in America? Hadn't the C. I. been predicting the crisis for many years back, in the same way it has been predicting a new world war for years?

Answer: It is not true that the Communists have been simply predicting a crisis for many years, waiting for the crisis finally to come to prove that we were right all the time.

The Communists were the first to point out, in 1921, that the first post-war crisis of capitalism had been overcome and that the capitalist society had reached a certain relative, though precarious, stabilization. It is true that the Communists have always emphasized the *relative* and *precarious* nature of this stabilization. It is true that we always pointed out that this stabilization must end in a new crisis. It was only in 1928, however, at the Sixth World Congress, that the Communists proclaimed the closely approaching end of this relative stabilization; it was only at the Thirteenth Plenum, December, 1933, that the Communists finally declared that the world had entered into the new period of revolutions and wars, marking the *complete disappearance of relative stabilization*. Specifically, in relation to the American crisis, the Communist International and the Communist Party of the United States did not predict a quick outbreak of the crisis until the end of 1928 and during the ten months of 1929 leading up to the great Wall Street crash.

Next Week Earl Browder Writes on

"WHO WILL LEAD THE REVOLUTION?"

Third Article in His Series, "What Is Communism?"

The Kidnaping in Gallup

PHILIP STEVENSON

GALLUP, N. M.

I. L. D. Defense Attorneys, David Levinson and Clarence Lynch, Bob Minor, Chairman of the National Gallup Defense Committee, and Carl Howe and one of the Santa Fe-Gallup Defense Committee, arrived in Gallup by car about three o'clock Thursday afternoon. An hour or two later came two more Defense Committee members, Katharine Gay and Ida Rauh. The purpose of the trip was to discover and examine defense witnesses and continue investigations in the frame-up case in which ten workers charged with first degree murder face electrocution; but it was immediately plain we would be given plenty of trouble by the gang ruling town and county in the guise of "peace" officers.

Anyone with half an eye could see that not only had there been no relaxation of terror since the wave following the April 4 disturbances, but on the contrary a sinister extension of it into every particular of the lives of 6,000 inhabitants. The streets were half deserted, and the few passers-by instinctively eyed each other with suspicion. Workers were nowhere to be seen in this coal miners' and railroad men's town. Newcomers entering shops, saloons or restaurants caused an immediate hush in conversations going on. Hard, square-jawed guys with deep-lined faces and the cruel mouths of people who for a lifetime have imposed their bosses' will by force on defenseless workers, were everywhere.

Even in the lobby of El Navajo, swank Harvey Tourist Hotel, for three days and two nights men have been almost continuously in evidence who last month were beating workers, brutalizing their wives and children, for hire. You immediately said to yourself: "This is a town of concealed weapons."

To avoid all danger of dictaphone espionage, Levinson and Minor decided not to examine witnesses in the hotel, but outdoors. One of the first to be heard was Julia Bartol, wife of Joe Bartol, the president of the southwestern mine local of the U. M. W. A., one of the defendants charged with murder. The three entered her car and about 9:15 P. M. parked it in the plaza near the railroad tracks only a hundred yards or so from the front entrance of the hotel.

Once, two cars threw their lights on the three and aroused suspicion by stopping beside them, but since nothing happened, work was resumed, and presently the cars left. The abduction, carefully planned, occurred about 10:30 P. M. Three cars swooped into the plaza and stopped, one at each side of the Bartol machine, one in back. Well-dressed men wearing dark imitations of Ku Klux hoods and armed with six-shooters got

out, opened the doors of the Bartol car, grabbed the three defenseless people, dragged them out, and with pistols at their breasts told them to shut up. All three victims, however, shouted loudly for help.

The Gallup plaza is the very center of town. People were on the street nearby, walking and in cars, yet not a soul offered resistance. Meanwhile, Levinson, who is only 5 feet 3, middle-aged, and wears glasses, and Minor were being beaten to insensibility by several masked thugs, each with a blackjack. The two labor defenders were dumped into separate cars which then roared out of the plaza at full speed, crossed the tracks, and headed north—in the direction of the Gallup American Coal Company's mines.

Julia, an exceptionally courageous woman, started to follow, but, warned not to by an unmasked boy with a blackjack (he has not been located since), rushed into the lobby of the hotel crying, "They've got them! They're taking them for a ride!"

The inertia of certain hotel habitués was impressive. But Katharine Gay and Ida Rauh at once took to long distance phones and called District Judge Otero and Attorney General Patton, while the hotel clerk summoned the police. Known deputies of the sheriff's office, in the lobby during the excitement, were elaborately uninterested. Sheriff Roberts was "out of town"—supposedly investigating a stolen car report in Thoreau thirty miles away. I called The Albuquerque Journal, owner of a broadcasting station, and asked them to broadcast a news flash describing the cars.

I don't know if this was ever done. Certainly little else was done by state and local officials. From the beginning doubt was expressed by the attorney general, prosecutor in the Gallup case, by Sheriff Roberts, chief prosecution witness and possible accidental killer of the late Sheriff Carmichael, and by Governor Tingley, counselled by them, that there had been any kidnaping. The attorney general refused, until he had received a report from Gallup "authorities," to do more than assign two state policemen then in Gallup, to the case. As for the Governor, not till about three in the morning did he agree to send additional state troopers to search for the victims and protect us—two of whom had been threatened—and then only after a telephone barrage that must have interfered sadly with his slumbers. But no cops were on the 230-mile ride till about seven. One Gallup policeman, said later to be a uniformed private watchman, started after the kidnapers within perhaps fifteen minutes, but that was all so far as we could discover. Sheriff Roberts arrived about eleven, and, though plainly told by the eye-witness, Mrs.

Bartol, that the cars had gone north, carefully patrolled all night (he says) the main highway west to the Arizona state line.

Levinson and Minor were actually taken north. Whenever they regained consciousness they were beaten. Finally they were dumped out, kicked in the groin, and hoods were fastened over their blood-streaming heads. Both thought they would be murdered when the gangsters asked them if they had "anything to say." But they were left, weak and semi-conscious, in desert Navajo reservation country after being told to "get out and stay out" of Gallup.

Minor was the worse injured. As soon as able, they began to walk, helping each other. An icy rain set in, transforming the adobe soil into sticky, soapy gumbo and chilling them through. To rest meant pneumonia. They stumbled along, falling often, till dawn, when they began leaving markers and messages along their trail. Twice they took refuge in abandoned Navajo hogans or huts, for brief rests. About eleven in the morning they saw the first sign of life—a bunch of cattle. They headed toward it, and presently were taken into the hut of Benny Tohe, a Navajo Indian, who cared for them till he could drive them in his truck to the Indian Bureau Hospital at Tohatchi, some twenty-five miles from Gallup.

Then the stink barrage by state, county, and city officials began in earnest. Doctors who are petty political hirelings called the victims' very serious injuries "superficial." To Sheriff Roberts the crime was nothing to be excited about—his only comment upon it was that it was "mighty funny." McIntosh, Assistant District Attorney, supposedly in charge of any investigation, thought it more profitable to quarrel with the victims while they were still sick in bed, to call Minor a "God-damn liar," and to withdraw from the investigation. Attorney General Patton withdrew state police protection on Sunday afternoon—at this writing—and Sheriff Roberts and Deputy Boggess, the two chief witnesses against the framed workers, were seen having pistol target practice this morning. Why?

Because, this morning, Minor and Levinson, faced with all the officials' refusals to act, themselves back-tracked foot by foot over their wanderings on the night of the kidnaping and established indisputable proof, not only of the veracity of their story but of the convenient blindness of officials who, like us, had access to the skill of Navajo Indian Benny Tohe who traced the kidnapers' route both outward and return, leading to the discovery of most of the evidence.

This is scarcely half the story, but the rest must keep if this is to reach THE NEW MASSES in time.

Billionaire on Trial

CARL REEVE

ANDREW MELLON, a study in gray, sat in the witness chair in the Federal Building, Pittsburgh. His bony hand trembled as he leaned against the railing. He was hesitant, low-voiced, at times scarcely audible. His jaw worked up and down with the age of age.

This eighty-year-old billionaire, one of the three richest men in the world, was a witness in his own defense in the government's suit to collect more than three million dollars in taxes. Mellon, the government charges, had unlawfully claimed exemption. But as the lean and angular financier testified hour after hour and day after day, during the whole first week of April, the sum of three million dollars paled into insignificance. A story behind the amassing of hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars of profits was unreeled, disclosing the Mellon methods of accumulating this huge fortune.

By what ruthless mortgage foreclosures and sheriffs' sales; smashing strikes and a low wage policy, freezing out the little fellow; through what stock manipulations, monopolization and the open shop, Mellon has amassed his great wealth! Every war since the Mexican War has added to the flow of gold into his coffers.

The hearing took place in the new Post Office building. On a bronze tablet decorating the cornerstone of this structure are the words—ANDREW W. MELLON, Secretary of the Treasury. A few steps away, along Grant Street, rise Pittsburgh's two most magnificent skyscrapers, the Koppers Building, monument to non-union coal and coke and public utilities; and the Gulf Building, reared out of oil dividends. Both are owned by Andrew Mellon, as are a great many choice pieces of real estate in downtown Pittsburgh.

To read the Pittsburgh papers, one would never imagine that Mellon is on trial accused of a tax swindle. They used eight-column headlines and pages of copy to invest this aloof aristocrat with glamor. They did their best to show that his bony frame concealed a romantic heart; that he is human despite his contempt for the common herd.

The Pittsburgh Post Gazette of April 8 carried a three-column editorial signed by Paul Block, headed "Devotion to City and Family Name Marks Mellon Testimony." Especially the Hearst Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph outdid itself to heap praises upon Mellon's head.

Andrew Mellon was Secretary of the Treasury from 1921 to 1932. He concentrated on saving the rich many millions of dollars of taxes in the higher brackets. Huge "refunds" were allowed the rich in strangely discovered tax "errors." Mellon and his com-

panies got back about seven million dollars through this method. Harvey O'Connor says of Mellon's chief public activity while in the Treasury:

February 26 (1926) was one of the happiest days in Andrew Mellon's life. He stood before Calvin Coolidge as the Chief Executive signed a tax measure, with a surtax minimum even lower than that of the Mellon plan. . . . He could boast that the tax load of the rich had been cut \$700,000,000 in the past two years. . . . For a family whose taxable income hovered around five million dollars a year, as did Mellon's, the saving for 1926 over the 1921 rate was \$2,315,000. [*Mellon's Millions*, by Harvey O'Connor.]

Not only did the Mellon interests gain millions in tax refunds and tax reductions during this period, but with some help from the State Department Mellon's interests spread over the world. The Chaco oil deal in Columbia, some said, made the Tea Pot Dome scandal look picayune.

The New Republic remarked of this deal at the time:

An American Secretary of State had used his high office to persuade the National City Bank of New York to grant an unsound credit to the government of Columbia as a means of obtaining one of the world's largest oil concessions for a company controlled by the interests of Mr. Mellon, our Secretary of the Treasury.

A great deal was said on the witness stand about Mellon's nineteen-million-dollar art collection. Mellon claims exemption from taxation on more than twenty million dollars, which he says he "presented" to the "A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust." But the cross-examination revealed some peculiar facts about this "gift."

It included a nineteen-million-dollar art collection, which contains some of the world's most famous paintings, such as Raphael's "Coper Madonna." It was disclosed that although Mellon "gave" the art collection to the Trust, the latter is owned by the Mellon family, the three trustees consisting of himself, his son Paul and Donald Shepard, his tax attorney.

The nineteen-million-dollar collection of paintings was never exhibited to the public, testimony revealed. Some of the paintings hang in Mellon's Washington apartment, the billionaire admitted, and the rest are locked in a vault, *wrapped in burlap*, in the Corcoran galleries in Washington. Only Mellon and the Corcoran galleries have keys, and no one can enter the vault unless accompanied by Mellon or his designated representative.

Mellon had claimed tax exemption on the grounds that he was holding the paintings for some art gallery which is yet to be built in

Washington. But on the stand, he admitted that the proposed gallery, as far as he was concerned, is a myth.

"I was annoyed by a reporter who asked me if I had a commitment on such a plan," he testified. "I told him I had not. It was also true that I had not at that time caused any plans to be drawn for a gallery."

This Trust, controlled 100 percent by A. W. Mellon, has given away less than a quarter of a million dollars in the past few years. The nature of the gifts is illuminating. Mellon has often publicly praised Mussolini and the Italian fascist government. The fascist tinge of the organizations getting money is significant: There is the United States Flag Association, which got \$1,000. The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, dedicated to history (Mellon style), received \$1,000. A Russian White Guard outfit, in which Julia Cantacuzene-Speransky is interested, called the "Russian Mutilated War Veterans" was given \$500 by Mellon's "Educational and Charitable Trust."

One of the best-known of Western Pennsylvania's fascists, Father Cox, has also benefited from the fund. Father Cox organized the fascist Blue Shirts. He helped break the Pittsburgh taxi strike. He organized a "march" to Washington, in order to misdirect the energies of the unemployed. He went to Washington with several thousand jobless, made speeches praising the government, prayed, told the unemployed to be patient, and went home. He was helping the government to fight against the demand of the unemployed for unemployment insurance and for adequate relief. Father Cox has always been a bitter enemy of the Unemployment Councils. Andrew Mellon's "A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust" gave Father Cox \$1,246 to help pay for his "march."

The University of Pittsburgh is sometimes called "Mellon University." The Board of Trustees of Pitt is completely Mellon-controlled. Harvey O'Connor points out that "of its twenty-nine directors, twelve served as directors in Mellon banks and corporations." The rest included Andrew W. Mellon, and W. W. Smith, one of the Mellon attorneys. A few of these have died, but Mellon's control remains.

There is now going on, in Pittsburgh, a state legislative investigation into the suppression of civil rights and the firing of many Pitt professors because they ran counter to Mellon policies. In this polite probe, brought on by the firing of Professor Ralph Turner last summer, one professor after another has testified that he was let out because he came into the bad graces of the financial and business interests (in Pittsburgh this means An-

drew W. Mellon). Dr. Turner testified recently, "Every man who signed the petition protesting the dissolution of the Liberal Class in 1929 was a marked man. Of the twenty faculty members who signed it, every one has left Pitt for one reason or another."

Among those who testified they were fired because of liberal views were W. Ellison Chalmers, former Pitt economics instructor, now at University of Wisconsin; Professor Turner; Dr. Phineas D. Whiting, now at the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Frederick Beutel, now at Tulane University; Dr. Colston E. Warne, now at Amherst; Frederick E. Woltman, now a New York newspaper man; Martin Luther Faust, now at Missouri University; and a number of others.

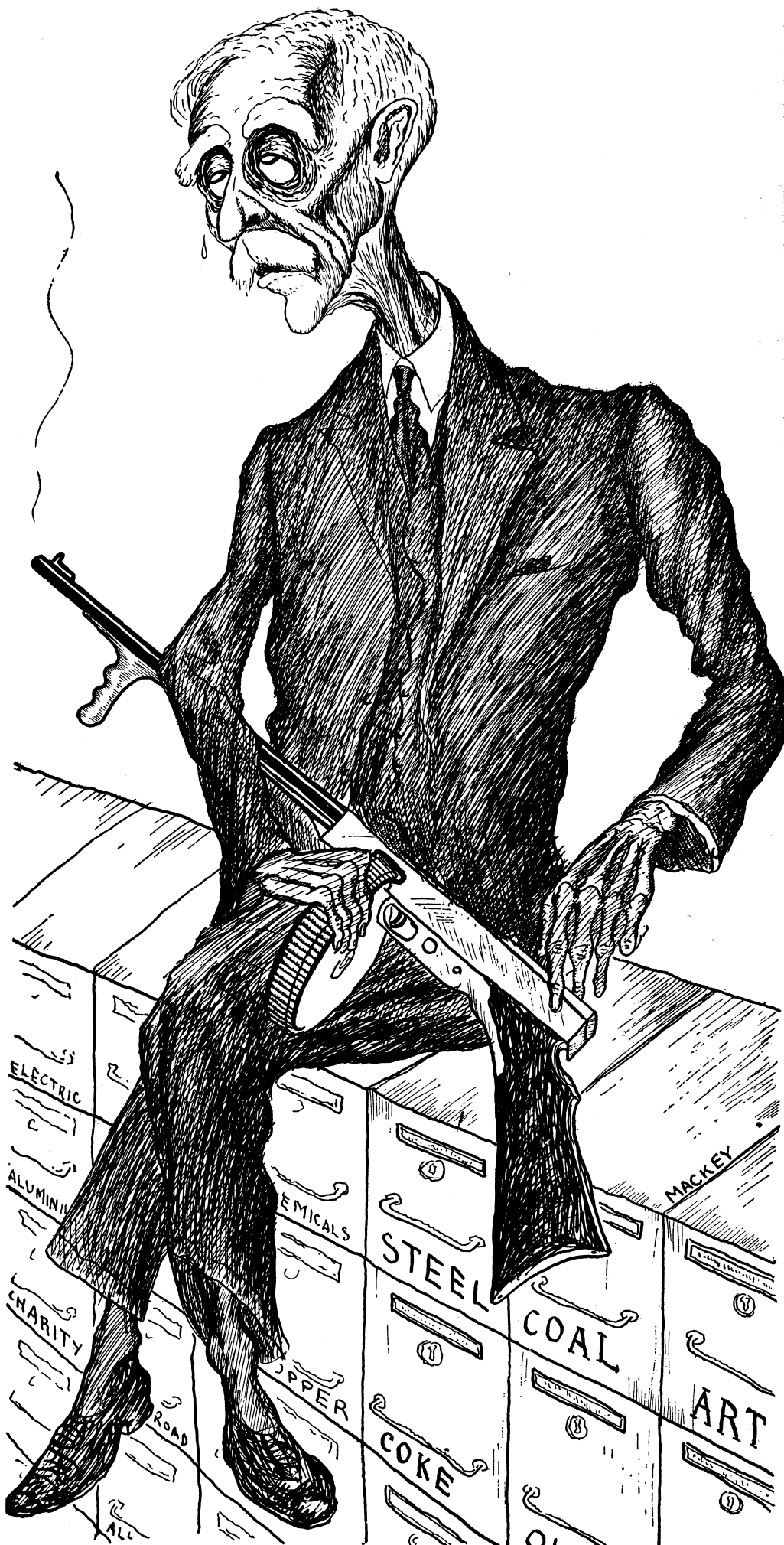
Dr. Turner testified that after he was forced to revamp his course in evolution, and leave out "accredited evidence" and "teach evolution only as a theory," he was told later, by the then Dean Lee Paul Seig, "The Union Trust Company has kept a constant check on your activities."

Conditions at the university were summed up by Dr. Beutel, who declared: "At the University of Pittsburgh it is thought radical to discuss free trade, confiscation of wealth, even enforcement of the anti-trust laws."

The Cathedral of Learning, the forty-story Pitt Building for which Mellon donated the ground, worth \$600,000, was often mentioned in the probe. Dr. Warne testified that when L. K. Manley, of the School of Business Administration, told him of his dismissal, "I am sure that there was reference to an unfinished cathedral, and that if we went in opposition to the Mellon interests, it would imperil the university." Several others gave similar testimony.

Even in the investigation itself, the hand of Mellon was felt. The chairman of the legislative investigating committee, Ernest Caputo, issued a statement on April 12, saying: "It seems to be the opinion on the Pitt campus that professors who could testify to conditions there fear to do so because of threat of losing their jobs." The Pittsburgh papers attacked the probe and praised Chancellor John Bowman. The Sun-Telegraph (Hearst) on April 2, in its leading editorial, declared that the fact that Helen Clay Frick, daughter of the deceased partner of Mellon, had contributed \$3,000 to an azalea bed in Schenley Park, disproved the charges of the American Association of Professors against the Pitt administration.

The hearing brought out the suppression of student activity as well as liberalism among the faculty. Judge M. A. Musmanno protested against "Hitler methods" in the arrest of three students for demonstrating against war. It was revealed that only recently the administration has broken up an attempt to form a "Social Justice" club. "We felt handcuffed as well as gagged," said student Charles MacDowell in relating his experiences with the administration.



Mike Tighe Expels the Majority

A Report on the Steel Workers Convention

AMY SCHECHTER

PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE 60TH CONVENTION of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America was scheduled to open at 9:30 on Tuesday morning in the national amalgamated headquarters in the West End section of Pittsburgh. This is the building where 76-year-old Mike Tighe drowns through the days in his long frock coat and high stiff collar, feebly clutching at the power he holds under the Steel Trust dispensation, a little like the old men Hindenburg or Ludendorff under Hitler.

Policemen were stationed about the union headquarters. There were three mounted police across the street, about a dozen more on foot at the two entrances, two squad cars, a couple of motorcycle police, and a number of plainclothesmen—just how many plainclothesmen you could not tell, because they were indistinguishable from the officials of the Tighe machine.

A block up the steep street flanking the union headquarters, the rank and file delegates were gathered in Oddfellows Hall. They were steel workers, duly elected. They represented the lodges which Mike Tighe had expelled for sending delegates to the historic February 3 conference in Pittsburgh. This February 3 conference was the starting point of the present drive for organization and action against the steel trust offensive—a drive being carried out by the rank and file in the steel mills over the opposition of Tighe and his International executive.

The time came for the convention to open. The last of the delegates approved by Tighe were walking to the two entrances of the headquarters, at which Vice-President Miller and Gaither were stationed to examine credentials. (Gaither first came into the union less than two years ago.) Some of the delegates looked uneasily at the police. I overheard a remark: "Looks more like a strike-breaking outfit than a convention."

The police guard began closing in on the union hall. The cops in the squad cars got out. The mounted police crossed over and two of them took up their positions near Gaither. Down from the Oddfellows Hall on the hill the rank and filers were coming in a body, sixty or seventy strong. When they reached headquarters a number of the "regular" delegates shook hands warmly with one or the other of the "outlaws," and joshed them and wished them luck, while the police looked surprised and the officials looked worried.

The three District presidents who are leaders of the rank and file were in the lead: Clarence Irwin of Youngstown, president of District No. 6 of the Amalgamated Association, above average height but overtopped by tall, lean, broad-shouldered Mel Moore of Weirton, president of District No. 2, and husky Bill Spang of Duquesne, president of District No. 1.

"These are no good here," Gaither told the first rank and file delegate presenting his credentials. "These are not worth the paper they are written on," he told Bill Spang of Duquesne, who was responsible for organizing one of the largest Lodges in the Amalgamated, in one of the toughest United States Steel Corporation towns. Mayor Crawford declared during the great 1919 steel strike: "Jesus Christ himself could not speak for the A. F. of L. in Duquesne."

Irwin faced the hulking, sleepy-eyed police-flanked Gaither, who looks more like a Coal and Iron policeman himself than anything else, and addressed the delegates filing into the hall. "You're our only representatives in there," he told them. "You've got to fight for us to get in. You've got to fight for a united convention. Without us and without unity you can't do anything."

YOUNG Rasmussen, Chicago Socialist, heater's helper on a merchant mill at the Republic Steel Corporation in South Chicago, began the fight for the seating of the barred convention delegates. Rasmussen is vice-president of the Blue Eagle Lodge No. 47 of the Amalgamated in his plant. His Lodge had not been represented at the February 3 conference, and he was seated without question.

Speaking on the roll call, the first order of business at the opening session, Rasmussen moved that all duly elected delegates, which covers all the rank and file delegates, be included in the roll call and seated in the convention. Tighe's answer was to have Rasmussen thrown out of the building by the police.

The tall young steel worker, with north-country fair hair and blue eyes, gave me the details of what happened. They are worth giving, because they make up a complete picture of the Amalgamated bureaucracy in action.

Rasmussen has been a union man for fourteen years, and is only twenty-eight. "I joined the union almost before I started to work," he said. He was first in the International Sheetmetal Workers' Union, and

about fifteen months ago took part in organizing the Republic Steel plant where he was working. This is what happened to Rasmussen:

I was seated the same as the rest of the delegates. I had my credentials. After the roll-call I made a motion that the roll-call be amended to read that all expelled Lodges be seated. Before I had quite finished the motion Tighe ruled me out of order. I appealed the decision, and my appeal was seconded, and after some fuss and trouble Tighe finally put my appeal to the vote, and it was carried. At once Tighe claimed the delegates did not know what they were voting on, the whole convention got in an uproar, and Tighe ruled there was nothing before the house but the decision of the Credentials Committee (to unseat the rank and file delegates.) I heard Louis Leonard (vice-president), tell Tighe they'd get me next.

The Credentials Committee then reported that my Lodge was not to be seated because of non-payment of dues. I spoke on that, and told how Republic Steel had been laying off numbers of union men at a time, to break the morale of the union men, and that was the reason they fell behind in dues. [Rasmussen's Lodge owes \$24 in all to the International Office; Lodges owing over \$4,000 are at present seated in the convention.]

After I talked, six or seven men talked for me. If the question had been put then the decision would absolutely have been in my favor. Finally Leonard, Gaither, Miller and other officials attacked my personal life, my integrity and my sincerity as a union man, and called me Red and all sorts of names. Then they rushed through the motion of the Credentials Committee not to seat me.

Then Gaither grabbed hold of me [Rasmussen ran against Gaither for International Vice-President in the referendum Amalgamated election held last August]. He didn't give me a chance to put my coat on, or to get together my papers or my bag, he pushed me out of the hall and into the arms of the cop outside this third-floor hall, and told him, "Throw him out." He went along and helped him push me down the stairs. There were a couple more cops on the second-floor landing, and they pushed me outside the door into the street. Three other cops were at the door and they grabbed hold of me, and Gaither told them not to let me in any more. I told Gaither I belonged to the A. F. of L. for many years before he ever heard of it, but the cops had hold of me. . . .

Rasmussen took his seat with the rank and file delegates up the hill in the Oddfellows Hall.

AS SOON as the police and officials had slammed the doors in their faces, the rank and file delegates walked back up the hillside and constituted themselves a conference of the unseated Lodges of the A. A. This conference remained in session for a week. It elected a "National Emergency

Committee of Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers' Lodges," headed by Clarence Irwin, Mel Moore and Lew Morris of Canton, Ohio, to deal with the numerous questions involved in carrying through the basic rank and file objectives of achieving unity in the Amalgamated and developing a national organizational drive in steel centers throughout the United States. The conference, which represented the great majority of the Amalgamated membership, about 50,000 in all, continued the drive for a united convention as long as that seemed practicable, carrying on daily distribution of written appeals for unity, and discussing the situation with the seated delegates in between sessions.

Clarence Irwin presided at the rank and file conference. A highly skilled Youngstown steel worker, twenty years a union man, who has consistently opposed the do-nothing policies of Tighe, Irwin has come to the fore as the outstanding leader in steel during the past months of organizational crystallization of the rank and file revolt. Irwin is a man in the forties who looks younger, despite deep lines round his mouth. His deep, quiet, remarkably resonant voice penetrates to the last row of benches in a union hall and carries conviction. He is an impressive speaker. He does not go in for oratorical trimmings, but he knows exactly what he wants to say, and says it forcefully and with authority.

Mel Moore, elected vice-chairman of the conference, leader of the Weirton steel workers, was fired from the roller's job he had held for eleven years for his activities in the rank and file. An uncompromising fighter at fifty-two, Moore commands confidence among the steel workers for the stiff-necked militancy with which he has fought the Weirton Steel Corporation company-union regime.

According to all available reports, not a single Negro delegate participated in Tighe's convention, despite the importance of the Negro workers North as well as South, in the steel industry. A. W. McPherson, the Negro vice-president of Revival Lodge No. 169, at the Clairton plant of Carnegie Steel Corporation (U. S. Steel), was elected secretary of the rank and file conference by unanimous vote, and the delegates rose and cheered as he walked to the head of the hall. McPherson, born in Boston, had "always been around machines," he told me, and working his way as bellhop, waiter and anything else that came along, he made the grade through two years of the Massachusetts School of Technology. But he is a Negro, and the best he could get in steel was a laborer's job.

THE comparative composition of the rank and file conference and the Tighe convention shows conclusively that in expelling the thirty-odd Lodges represented, Tighe has tried to tear out the heart of the steel union.

The unseated delegates represent the largest Lodges in the A. A., and they represent the Lodges in the great plants of the leading steel corporations—U. S. Steel, Bethle-

hem Steel, Republic Steel, National Steel, Jones and Laughlin, Youngstown Sheet and Tube—in each of which thousands of workers are concentrated.

The Allquippa Lodge alone, the largest in the A. A., located at the main plant of Jones and Laughlin, has 5,900 members. Fort Dukane Lodge, at the Duquesne plant of Carnegie Steel (U. S. Steel), has 3,800, etc.

In addition to Hallas, who led the Clairton strike, the unseated delegates include the men who organized and led the Weirton strike of 13,000 against company unionism, the largest and most important strike in steel since 1919. Finally, the expelled Lodges are the only ones that have tried to organize the unskilled workers, who today constitute the vast majority of the 400,000 men in steel. During the great spontaneous surge towards organization in 1933, tens of thousands of these unskilled steel workers flowed into the union. By the end of the year more than 100,000 members were signed up but little effort was made to hold them and none to fight for their demands, once their initiation fees had been collected.

The old-line officialdom shrank from the stormy militancy of these unskilled masses who were starving under the Steel Trust regime of speedup, wage cuts and part-time work, and ready to fight for bread. They shut themselves up in the maidenly seclusion of their tiny union of high-paid, highly-skilled craftsmen, in the small independent plants. The eighty-eight delegates making up the Amalgamated convention now in session are primarily representative of small craft locals of this type.

The majority of the rank and file delegates are also American skilled and semi-skilled workers, with the former predominating. But they are men who have the brains to recognize that under present-day conditions of rapid mechanization and mass production in steel, skill and the craft unionism based on the privileged position of skill is losing its meaning. And they have the courage and energy to throw themselves into building the A. A. into a mass industrial union of all workers in steel as the only possible method of bucking the Steel Trust.

THE rank and file have arrived at their present understanding of the road to be followed by the steel workers only through a year and a half of bitter disillusionment at the hands of the International officialdom of the Amalgamated, and the Labor Boards. The long list of Blue Eagle Lodges, N.I.R.A. Lodges, New Deal Lodges, Recovery Lodges, etc.—which sprang up during the 1933 organization drive—indicates the faith the steel workers placed in the N.R.A. in the early days of its existence. Even then, however, they tempered faith in Roosevelt with faith in strike action. Back in the fall of 1933 the strike wave that spread through the steel towns of Clairton, Weirton, Steubenville, and Ambridge, confronted the steel corporations with the threat of national strike

in steel. But the major efforts of the Steel Trust, the succession of Labor Boards handling steel, and Mike Tighe have since that time been directed towards staving it off.

E. T. Weir of Weirton gained his name of "Shoot-a-few Weir" among the workers from the formula he recommended to the sheriff for the effective handling of strikes. But the strike was broken not by the violence used against the Weirton strikers, but by the action of William Green and Tighe in persuading them to return to work on the promise of Labor Board supervised elections.

This betrayal of the Weirton strike against company unionism aroused a widespread spirit of revolt against the Tighe leadership in the steel workers' ranks. To a large degree this action broke down the workers' belief in existing Labor Boards, and crystallized the sentiment for a national strike to force through recognition of their union. This sentiment took concrete form in the 59th convention of the Amalgamated Association held a year ago in the same hall as the present convention.

The convention voted for "concerted action" of all Lodges to gain union recognition to begin on June 16 if the employers failed to recognize the union by midnight of the 15th. The convention showed its distrust of the Tighe machine by setting up a Committee of Ten representing every district of the union, to meet with the employers and, if they refused to agree to the steel workers' demands, assume charge of preparations for action on a national scale. No international officials were included on the committee, which was given full power to act without the latter.

The Committee of Ten had the union in their hands, but they were afraid of their power. Instead of putting their faith in the steel workers and carrying out the mandate of the convention for an organizational drive to consolidate the union and prepare for strike, they put their faith in Washington, and in the advice of liberals as confused as themselves.

The high point of strike sentiment reached at the 59th convention began to wane. The International Executive called a Reconvened Convention in June, where the stage was all set for Bill Green to sell the delegates the idea of a "Truce in Steel," under the National Steel Labor Board, which had been set up in Washington three days after the close of the convention.

The February 3 conference on which Tighe officially bases his revocation of charters and expulsion of the majority of the union, marked the complete disillusionment of large sections of the steel workers with the National Steel Relations Board. They had given eight months' trial to this method of attempting to gain their demands. It also marked the official emergence of the present militant rank and file leadership in the union, with the policy of mass organization and struggle which had been hammered into the heads of the steel workers through the ex-

perience they had lived through in the last months.

After the strangling of the incipient national strike movement in steel last June, the Amalgamated dwindled almost to the vanishing point. Tens of thousands dropped out of the union—tore up their union cards. Tighe withdrew his organizers from the field. The steel companies pushed their company union drive, and sharpened their attack on wages and working conditions.

Gradually revolt began developing in the majority of the districts of the Amalgamated, and the rank and file in the districts began calling joint meetings of delegates elected from A. A. Lodges.

Tighe declared the February 3 conference illegal although it had been officially called by a resolution passed at a smaller conference held in Pittsburgh on December 30, at which six International officials were present and failed to oppose the motion. Tighe's action is typical of the arrogant stupidity displayed by the International A. A. officials in every move of their fight to maintain the union as a private racket. This stupidity has reached a climax in the present use of police to keep the men elected to represent the majority of the membership out of their own union convention; and has dramatized the police-Steel-Trust-Tighe alliance before the eyes of labor sympathizers throughout the country. This can only result in arousing the widest support for the fight of the steel rank and file.

THE National Emergency Committee of Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers' Lodges, set up by the delegates from the unseated Lodges meeting in the Rank and File conference, "to carry

through the tasks before us during this state of emergency until such time as we shall be able to unite the ranks of the steel workers," went into action the day the conference closed. The first move of the newly elected committee was to visit Washington to demand support for their program of unity in the A. A., and a mass organization campaign in steel from the National Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. In the past, William Green and John L. Lewis have been forced to receive delegations of the steel rank and file and give them at least a vague assurance of support, not because of any love for the rank and file leaders and their fighting program, but because of the tens of thousands of A. A. members backing these leaders, and the extent and vigor of the rank and file movement in steel.

The first statement issued by the National Emergency Committee demonstrates that it does not contemplate launching a secession movement as its enemies will attempt to prove, and that it does not have the character of a minority opposition in the A. A. Embracing the majority of the A. A. members in the decisive steel plants, the rank and file Lodges which the National Emergency Committee represents, disregarding the totally illegal revoking of their charters, assume the basic responsibility for the unification and future development of the A. A. The N. E. C. statement declares that in addition to having "the power to undertake all measures towards the unification of the A. A., to work for a special national convention of the A. A. at which the steel workers shall be able to adopt measures and policies expressive of their will," etc., the N. E. C. shall be responsible for the effective functioning of the

Lodges and Districts of the A. A., and attempt to affiliate the old-line Lodges, "recognized" by Tighe, to these District organizations.

I HEARD Clarence Irwin, chairman, sum up the situation in steel before a mass meeting of steel workers in Clairton. He appealed for their support of the National Emergency Committee the day following its election. He said:

Steel is a basic industry. In such an industry only a strong and militant union can be effective, not one that is dying of dry-rot . . . the only way we are going to secure our demands is through the same way every demand was secured throughout working-class history, through the old law of struggle . . . to surrender our union over to Tighe and his cutthroat officials would be betrayal of the steel workers—it is our union, we built it, not old fogies born before the Civil War.

While the National Emergency Committee stands for unity in the ranks of the A. A., while it stands for peace, we cannot pay too great a price . . . we had unity before the fight started, that is not the unity we want . . . we want peace, but not the peace of the graveyard . . . we want peace within the organization so that we may immediately begin the fight against our oppressor, the Steel Trust. . . .

And on the new union question which many of the steel workers, outraged by Tighe's expulsion policy and his wrecking of their union, have been bringing forward in the past weeks, Irwin declared:

If we divorced ourselves from the A. A. it would mean isolation from the main currents of the American labor movement of today, voluntary separation from the American labor movement . . . we say, no, we're right, we're a part of the American labor movement, an important part, and we're going to be a more important part . . . we surrender none of the rights we have in the labor movement. . . .

Correspondence

The New Masses and Dreiser

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The Dreiser item in the April 30 issue of *The New Masses* was terribly disappointing. Why all this tenderness and solicitation for an individual who is obviously a white guard? Dreiser's case is not the case of a simple worker who is too ignorant to know any better. Is your indulgence due to the fact that Dreiser was once close to the revolutionary movement? Does it mean that hereafter our attitude toward renegades and traitors to revolutionary ideals is to be expressed in terms of a patient effort to win them back by means of kindness and sympathy?

Dreiser's senilities in *The Nation* show that his place is with the Coughlins and Macfaddens. I expected a sharp counter-attack and a call for a complete ostracism of Dreiser so far as the revolutionary movement was concerned. Instead, *The New Masses* went in for an attempt at whitewash.

New York City.

LOUIS SACKS.

TO THE NEW MASSES:

As a regular reader who differs with you fundamentally but is willing to hear, or read, the other side, may I presume to write you my impressions of your Dreiser attitude. . . .

I was stunned to read Dreiser's letters, particularly the first one, which Hitler could have signed most readily and eagerly. I read your lame editorial defense. But your advertisement that you would publish an interview with Dreiser on the subject interested me. You did not publish an "interview." Dreiser's part of that discussion evidently would have shown Dreiser for what he really is—an anti-Semite who would have stood with Hitler, as does Gerhard Hauptmann, if he had remained in Germany. His letter probably is lame. It has not as much fervor as has Dreiser's anti-Semitic letter to Hapgood.

Honestly now, suppose Sinclair Lewis or one of your other pet aversions had written the infamous Dreiser letters, would you have been as eager in his defense as you are in the defense of Dreiser? Why not say you made a mistake when you invited Dreiser to sign the call for a Writers' Congress and have the courage to drop him? . . .

St. Louis, Mo.

OSCAR LEONARD.

THE NEW MASSES has squarely repudiated Dreiser's anti-Semitic utterances and far from defending them has not hesitated to say that they are the basic stuff of Naziism. Dreiser must give a

clear and unequivocal answer to this challenge if he hopes to regain the trust of the working class. Our reply to the charge that we would not have dealt so patiently with a confessed enemy of the revolutionary movement is, "Certainly not." Dreiser's long tradition of militant espousal of and friendship for the workers' cause entitles him, in our opinion, to an opportunity to clarify his position.—*THE EDITORS.*

Michael Gold's Article

TO THE NEW MASSES:

While the eloquence of Mike Gold's article on Dreiser is still ringing in my ears, I wish to express my appreciation for it. The article is to be commended highly as much for its literary excellence as for its content.

No efforts will be spared by me in attempting to get it into the hands of as many of my friends and acquaintances, both Jew and Gentile, as possible.

I also wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation and admiration for the keenly analytical articles contributed from time to time in the past by Stanley Burnshaw and Granville Hicks. . . . they are "eye-openers" which should be brought to the attention of all readers of the bourgeois pen

prostitutes, and the so-called intelligensia who scoff at a Marxist viewpoint of literature.

JOHN STANLEY.

From Jay Gerlando

TO THE NEW MASSES:

If you were to compare Edwin Seaver's review of *Lean Men* by Ralph Bates, which appeared in your issue of March 12, with my review of the same novel, which was printed in *The Daily Worker* of February 21, you would be certain to conclude that one of us is dead wrong. When Seaver uses more than a column of your space to develop the idea that *Lean Men* is "a notable proletarian novel," and I spend several hundred words panning hell out of it, I think that our differences of opinion deserve the attention of NEW MASSES readers—if only for the purpose of letting them examine the criteria by which we reviewed the book.

Judging from both of our reviews, it seems to me that Seaver and I cannot agree as to what constitutes a revolutionary hero. Therein, I believe, may lie the reason for our extremely varied positions on the novel. Francis Charing is, definitely, the hero of *Lean Men*. He is present throughout the story; he is given more sympathetic and extensive treatment than any other character; and the author obviously expresses many of his personal attitudes through him. Moreover, his experiences make up the major portion of the novel. We cannot judge the novel without judging, to a great extent, the behavior and the treatment of Charing. Now although it is true that Francis Charing is a Communist organizer in the story, he is a damn poor specimen. He goes through the motions of being one, and Bates continually assures us that he is a good one, but always he remains the extremely romantic, soul-seeking, musical young man who found life in England too difficult with two women pulling him this way and that, and is much more concerned with them and his music than he is with the Spanish revolutionary movement. He impressed me as the sort of a Communist who, having put in his eight hours of work, feels he can go home and forget about the class struggle.

It took a bourgeois reviewer in *The New York Herald-Tribune* Books Section to point out that if Francis Charing was an example of a revolutionary leader, it is no wonder that most of the strikes in Spain have been flops. In his review, Seaver gives little consideration to the character of Francis Charing but, instead, tells us, as the publishers do on the jacket of the book, that the author is an English worker who knows the docks of Barcelona. If he is a worker, it's a wonder to me that his novel did not have more guts and less sheer writing. A book like *The Shadow Before*, which is not written by a "worker," has more stuff in one chapter than this has in its rambling five hundred-odd pages. Nowhere in *Lean Men* do we get a genuinely real impression of workers and their struggle or a dynamic sense of moving events. The proletariat always seems to stand in the background, and Francis Charing hovers about them, somewhat awed and uncomfortable. Although the political events in the story are straight and the novel ends "on a high note of courage and resolve," Seaver knows, as well as any revolutionary critic does, that this is not enough to make a good novel.

The bourgeois critics, almost unanimously, praised *Lean Men* as an outstanding proletarian novel. One can readily understand their enthusiasm: it is a "nice" kind of a proletarian novel; its style is smooth and polished; it contains some finely written subjective passages; there is not too much bloodshed; and Francis Charing, whatever his political affiliations may be, is always the perfect gentleman. Seaver's enthusiasm is not as easy to understand.

New York City.

JAY GERLANDO.

From Edwin Seaver

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Several weeks ago a friend sent me a clipping of Mr. Gerlando's review of *Lean Men* in the *Daily Worker*, with the rather cryptic marginal annota-

tion: "Here's some more ammunition for your campaign." Reading this review I felt then as I still feel, that Mr. Gerlando's criticism of Bates's novel was not only inadequate but quite misleading and unfair both to the author and to the readers of *The Daily*. Inasmuch as I had already stated my own opinion of the novel in *THE NEW MASSES*, however, I felt it would be a little presumptuous of me to attack Mr. Gerlando for stating his. But since he insists on reviewing my review, I suppose there is nothing left for me to do but review his review of my review.

Before doing this it might be profitable to return for a moment to Mr. Gerlando's criticism in *The Daily*. This criticism was devoted almost entirely to the noble task of attempting to be funny at the expense of Bates and the hero of his novel, with the result that no one reading the review could possibly know what the book was about, let alone come away with the slightest desire to read it. If this is what Mr. Gerlando intended, I must say he was certainly successful. I know that if I had not read the book before, I should never have done so after reading his review. As it happened, I had already read Bates's novel, and to this day I cannot see how it is possible to criticize adequately a novel about the Spanish revolt that overthrew Alfonso, and the ensuing struggle for revolutionary control of the syndicates, by ridiculing the book's English hero for being a "gentleman," fond of music and in love with two women.

Now, except for the fact that he has substituted protest for jeers, Mr. Gerlando repeats himself in his communication. He believes that "the reason for our extremely varied positions on the novel" is "we cannot agree as to what constitutes a revolutionary hero." Possibly. But the real reason is that he could not see the novel for the hero, whereas I didn't give a damn about the hero; Charing could be in love with five women for all I cared; why not, his personal morals do not concern me. For the significance of *Lean Men* does not reside in its hero, but in its story and analysis of the Spanish revolution, an analysis which is, I believe, essentially in accord with the position of the Communist Party on this historic event.

Of course the fact that Bates uses the Communist analysis of the Spanish revolution would not in itself make his novel notable. But when it is remembered that his hero is the representative of the Comintern in Barcelona and that his revolutionary task is to establish a center to show the dock workers the weakness of anarchism and to gain control of the syndicate for the Party, it becomes at once obvious that Bates's political analysis is not something superimposed on his story, but is part and parcel of that story. Seen in this light, Charing's shortcomings, whatever they may be, become relatively unimportant. But Mr. Gerlando became so obsessed with these shortcomings that he turned his review of *Lean Men* into a review of Francis Charing.

It is absolutely misleading for Mr. Gerlando to quote the review of *The Herald Tribune* Books Section to the effect that "if Francis Charing was an example of a revolutionary leader, it is no wonder that most of the strikes in Spain have been flops." For the whole purpose of the book is to show that although the anarchist syndicates could pull a revolutionary strike, they didn't know what to do with it after they had pulled it—just as they went back to work at the request of a government they had previously refused to support. Charing was working directly against this sort of "leadership"; he was by no means in control, and his Communist training enabled him to see defeat in the offing even though a revolutionary situation existed. The *Tribune* reviewer might not be able to understand this, but Mr. Gerlando has different pretensions.

Finally, I don't know what Mr. Gerlando is talking about when he resorts to such terms as "guts" and "sheer writing." The reviewer is concerned with the novel and with his criticism, not with intestinal tracts. And what in hell is "sheer writing" anyway?

EDWIN SEAVER.

Not Parochial

TO THE NEW MASSES:

What in the name of reason does your correspondent T. Herman expect a weekly periodical to contain? He complains that *THE NEW MASSES* is *parochial!* The dictionary meaning of the term *parochial* is "pertaining to the parish; local; narrow; insular." Now recent issues of *THE NEW MASSES* have contained articles on Nazi prisoners, the Saar plebiscite, the Cuban revolution, the origin of music, British foreign policy, the Paris Commune—to say nothing of the detailed panorama of American strikes, labor trials, and class struggle on all fronts. Yet T. Herman complains that all this is "special—and wants the 'general'!" Frankly, I cannot conceive and certainly have never yet encountered a weekly that ranges over as wide a field as does *THE NEW MASSES*.

Vancouver, B. C.

V. M. PORTSMOUTH.



RECREATION

Amid

RE-CREATION

Make the U. S. S. R. your vacation goal this year . . . there's more recreation, more stimulation and real "change" in a land that's alert and alive! And you'll get greater value, too . . . basic all-inclusive rates are \$15 per day First Class, \$8 per day Tourist Class, \$5 per day Third Class.

Special 1935 attractions are the summer sessions at Moscow University, registration now open at moderate rates . . . and the great Moscow Theatre Festival, Sept. 1-10. For a unique travel thrill, include in your tour the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Send for interesting Booklet
NM-5 and map

INTOURIST, INC.

U. S. Representative of The Travel
Company of the U. S. S. R.
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT KNOWS





RECREATION

Amid

RE-CREATION

Make the U. S. S. R. your vacation goal this year . . . there's more recreation, more stimulation and real "change" in a land that's alert and alive! And you'll get greater value, too . . . basic all-inclusive rates are \$15 per day First Class, \$8 per day Tourist Class, \$5 per day Third Class.

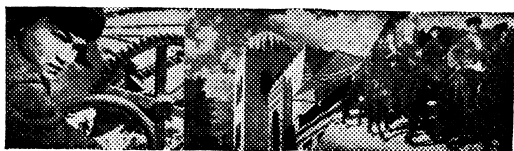
Special 1935 attractions are the summer sessions at Moscow University, registration now open at moderate rates . . . and the great Moscow Theatre Festival, Sept. 1-10. For a unique travel thrill, include in your tour the Trans-Siberian Railway.

*Send for interesting Booklet
NM-5 and map*

INTOURIST, INC.

U. S. Representative of The Travel
Company of the U. S. S. R.
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT KNOWS



REVIEW AND COMMENT

The following is a speech, or more strictly speaking, a message which arrived too late to be read at the Writers' Congress recently held in New York City. It is by Louis Aragon, one of the best known of the younger French revolutionary writers—his poem Red Front has been translated into almost every language in the world—who is one of the European writers organizing the International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture which opens in Paris on June 3. Well-known writers from all parts of Europe except those of a definitely fascist color have been invited, among them being Shaw, Maxim Gorky, Selma Lagerlof, Thomas Mann. A number of French writers, including Gide, Rolland, Barbusse, Malraux, have drawn up an exhaustive outline for the general discussion and invite consideration of it from American writers. The contributions should be sent to the Secretary of the Congress at 1, Cité Paradis, Paris, France.

I. The Cultural Heritage

Tradition and invention; The recovery and protection of cultural values; The future of culture.

II. Humanism

Humanism and nationality; Humanism and the individual; Proletarian humanism; Man and the machine; Man and leisure; The writer and the workers.

III. Nation and Culture

The relations among national cultures; National cultures and humanism; National cultures and social classes; Class and culture; The literary expression of national minorities;

Nationalism as opposed to national realities; War and culture; The literature of colonial peoples; The broad public and the "initiated"; Isolated figures and precursors; Translations.

IV. The Individual

The relation between the writer and society—opposition or agreement?; The individual as an expression of his class.

V. The Dignity of Thought

The nature of the liberty of the artist; Liberty of expression; Direct and indirect forms of censorship; Writers in exile; Illegal literature.

VI. The Writer's Role in Society

His relations with the public; The lessons of Soviet literature; Literature and the proletariat; Writers and youth; The critical value of literature; The positive value of literature; Literature as a mirror and criticism of society.

VII. Literary Creation

The influence of social changes on artistic forms; Values of continuity and values of discontinuity; The different forms of literary activity; The social role of literature; Imitation or creation of types; The creation of heroes; The new technical means of expression.

VIII. Writers and the Defense of Culture

How their efforts can be coordinated.

Aragon's message to the American Writers' Congress follows:

From Dada to Red Front

I WAS a writer who boasted of having gone through the Great War without having written a word about it. I placed my pride in this at the service of the poets, from Paul Fort to Guillaume Appolinaire, who wrapped the French flag around their literary metaphors. My revolt against the world which surrounded me quite naturally found its source in Dadaism. The quarrel in which I engaged was a quarrel of many past generations, but still without solution. It set the writer against the public. Whatever was general was an enemy.

So it was that the Dadaists, my friends and I, with a few American friends, too, Malcolm Cowley and Matthew Josephson, continued not only the tradition of Rimbaud, but that of Vigny. The public outraged us, we insisted. But in the midst of demonstrations and insults, a few men who had accepted as a threat the scandalous banner of poetry, were not completely blind to what was alien to their

struggle. We were, whether we wished it or not, post-war men, under the savage rule of the treaty of Versailles, facing a Germany where the revolution had been crushed. I remember with what emotion I followed the Congress of Tours when, facing the police, Clara Zetkin arose, and the French Communist Party was born.

Meanwhile, amid the fog of ideologies and contradictions which we quarreled over, from Dada to Surrealism, many years were necessary for me and for the majority of my friends to become conscious. It was not a simple matter of enthusiasm, but a part of our own task as writers, to overthrow this world that outraged us. For a long time this revulsion expressed itself in the form of anarchism, and for long the old Dadaist only applauded with gestures, with words, without realizing where his real allies were, those whom he should join.

Waldo Frank doubtless remembers one

crazy evening when I took him to an anarchist meeting, I who thought then that the gesture of Germaine Berton in killing Marius Plateau had reached the apogee of the true and beautiful. At that time I ignored the proletariat and its every-day task.

The break, however, the great shock, was for me and for many others the war in Morocco. When our bourgeoisie, talking peace, undertook the systematic massacre of the Moroccans, who were struggling for their independence just like "poor, unhappy Belgium," whose plight was dinned into our ears during the War, when we again saw a war started by our own country with the support of the Academicians, it was for us a blow and for me a crossroad in my life. How I envied John Dos Passos, whom I met just as he was planning to take a trip to Morocco to see Abdel Krim. If we had only understood, we would have realized that our work was there, even in Paris, where we scarcely looked at anything but beautiful modern posters, or attended the strange little theatres which expressed the lowest form of prostitution, or pursued an art which each day forgot a little more about its roots and drifted with the winds.

Five years, I passed; five years preoccupied by various petty disgusts, the warped cult of a poetic world which my friends and I had fabricated and the whirlpool into which I had tried to fling myself. Five years of hesitation, of detours. It was the bright noon-day of surrealism. It was then, it was at the beginning of an interregnum of fears and doubts, that I met someone who changed my entire life.

The meeting was in one of those Montparnasse cafes where I dawdled like so many others. It was an autumn evening and there were lights and women, and a little black and white dog on a stool, like a toy. Suddenly someone called my name—"The poet Vladimir Maiakovsky wants you to come over to his table." He was there, he made a gesture with his hand, he did not speak French.

But it was this moment that was to change my whole life. The poet who had made poetry a weapon, the poet who had no existence apart from the Revolution, was to be the bond between a world and me. The first link of a chain that I accepted and which I display to all on my wrist today, the chain that once again connects me with the exterior world which hired philosophers had taught me to deny, to that exterior world which we materialists can transform and wherein I henceforth see not only the hideous face of the enemy, but also the deep eyes of millions of men and women to whom Maiakovsky, the poet, had taught me in the simplest way possible that one must address himself—those who will transform this world and who raise

above it their mutilated fists, from which hangs a broken chain.

One knows, because the courts of my country are forced to popularize this story, that in 1930 I was in the Soviet Union and that upon my return I was no longer the same person, no longer the author of *Paysan de Paris*, but of *Front Rouge*. It had appeared to me that the most pressing, that the only thing worthy of a man and of a poet was to announce the beauty of the new world; and already I understood that it is not enough for a writer simply to make an announcement, to write manifestos; he must know how to use his craft, the inner spirit of his craft, in the service of the new world.

I returned from the Soviet Union and I was no longer the same man. However, there remained a thousand bonds, fine as a spider's web, for me to break. That I have had the strength to break them is, I know, due to practical work, to the social work which was carried on by the proletariat of my country. It is because I thereafter entered this everyday struggle of the new Titans of the social horizon. And it has meant, with two or three exceptions, that I have had to break with all my friends who confronted the clouds and who did not understand that I wished to walk with my feet upon the earth. They have poured forth so much ink, so many insults, that I do not need to consider them further. I have at any rate broken with these writers, these artists who considered me one of them, and who represent the extreme point of human thought in the era of imperialism, with all its grandeur and its weakness—I mean the Surrealists. I have broken with those men who talked about nothing but revolution, but to whom something in the world was dearer than revolution itself.

Here I am before you—or at least my message is. Your Congress is the third of its kind which I have attended. In 1930 I was a guest who only answered questions at the International Congress of Writers at Kharkov. In Moscow in 1934, at the Congress of Soviet Writers, I was interpreter for a mass of men who considered it important that I speak on the platform of the Hall of Columns, before Gorky, Sholokhov, Pasternak. I talked about my country, about our traditions in the realms of culture and of the great tasks which faced us. I feel today like an entirely new man, fired with a new energy, and it seems to me as I look at the man I once was that I am staring at those past centuries when our ancestors constantly feared that the skies would fall down on them. The man that I have been appears to me like a shadowy being. I see the long course of his re-education. This education was not achieved without pain, there have been vacillations, backslidings, but here he is today, healed, cured of his social malady. Look at him, comrades, and tell me have I not a right to be proud?

The old materialism, Marx has said, had for its basis a bourgeois society. The new materialism has for its basis the new society, "the human society or socialized humanity."

Also I wish to say to you here, all legitimate intellectual activity, all the living part of human thought which is connected with the future of humanity, has for its foundation today the same foundation as the new materialism, the new victorious society in the Soviet Union which creates itself in struggle in your country, in our country, and throughout the world. The literature of tomorrow has for its foundation the new humanity which rises from the proletarian revolution and which is forged in its fires. The literature of tomorrow can have no other basis. But this transformation of myself and of my work by the Soviet and by actual work in the revolutionary organizations is not a simple fact of my biography. Compare the whole world to the Soviet Union, to the men of the Soviet Union who have utilized the best among their writers and have put them outside of themselves and often at the expense of the premises of their literature. I appeal to you, Dreiser, Dos Passos, Waldo Frank. Consider our André Gide, Jean-Richard Bloch, Jean Giono, André Malraux, Victor Margueritte, who have joined hands with Henri Barbusse and Romain Rolland. What future does Bernard Shaw dream of today? Towards what goal has Hitler forced Thomas Mann? In Japan, in China, a great literature is springing up conceived in the blood of the workers. Renn is in prison. Kisch is driven from country to country. Only yesterday Barbusse was barred from Switzerland. Above this living literature floats the red flag of the new materialism, of the Soviet literature of the whole world. Just as the sixth part of the globe has started to build socialism, a literature truly socialist in its nature has begun to flower. It did not fall from the financial sky, it rose from the masses, from social reality. The experience of the Soviet writers is for all true writers a fundamental experience for the literature of tomorrow. From this experience and from the most solid of the traditions which we have received from the writers of the past, rises the literature of the future. Our comrades in the Soviet Union have defined its method—socialist realism. Why should we hesitate to work with this new weapon? I would like to see each member of your Congress examine his conscience, and try to discover what still bars him from socialist realism, and why some of you have already gone along this way. For me, who makes this report to you, as a factory worker who is reporting to his comrades, I place before you my last two books, the poems of *d'Hourra l'Oural* and my novel, *Les Cloches de Bale*, and I ask you, comrades, are they good?

We are the creators of the culture of tomorrow. For us this culture is not an idea which soars in the clouds, it cannot be separated from the real men who are the soil and the sowers of this new culture, of its destiny and of their own. This culture to them is in the mire and the blood of every-day life. In the year 1935 do you believe it was a single problem of the culture which was enshrouded with a background of shrapnel and of poison

gas? The first task of the creators of the culture of tomorrow is to strive to prevent human beings from returning to the barbarism of twenty years ago when there was only room for bugles and brass bands, cannon and corpses—worthy examples of the great art of our bourgeoisie. Do you think that for men like you, who value this idea and its future, there is any possibility of following it under the constant threat of war and fascism, that leprosy which is spreading from country to country, and which the patriots of the French bourgeoisie denounce in Hitler, while acclaiming it in La Rocque? It is possible only for these bourgeois patriots to destroy the works of museums and of libraries, while in the martyred bodies of the best men there follow the poetry of Muhsam, the Marxism of Scheer.

Because we defend the future of culture we are necessarily among its heirs. Its cause is ours, we stand with the class of workers who are shot down daily in the streets under capitalism or are killed in the factories. We stand with the workers who are slugged without warning at the nearest street corner, when they let the voice of famine be heard. We stand with the workers. We writers of the country of Babeuf and of Varlin, we writers of the country of Rimbaud, Zola and Valles, we are with the workers. We stand with the heroes of Vienna and the Asturias, with the metal workers of Toronto and of Boulogne, we support the fighters of the February days in Paris and of the October Revolution in Russia. We stand with the heroic masses in Germany who are ready again to hear the voice of Liebknecht. We join the militant workers of France in the shipyards and in the barracks, who are fighting against those who have restored to their German accomplices the weapons which killed Karl and Rosa, after having assassinated Jaurès.

And it is the grandeur of the tasks which appear at your Congress that they do not any longer concern themselves with the academic discussions of the three unities of Art for Art's sake, or of Free Verse, but that these tasks impose upon the greatest writers, upon those who are the masters of quality, to make of this very quality a red banner above the bonfire of humanity, above the fortress of hope which dominates the proletariat of the world.

LOUIS ARAGON.

SYMPOSIUM—MASS MEETING The Truth About Father Coughlin!

SPEAKERS

DR. JOSEPH M. GILMAN

Noted Economist of C. C. N. Y. — Member of
EXECUTIVE COMM. OF INTERPROFESSIONAL
ASSN. FOR SOCIAL INSURANCE

DR. ELIZABETH GEORGE

Author, Traveler, Lecturer

MR. JOHN GEBARDE

Associate of LORD MARLEY OF THE WORLD COMM.
TO AID THE VICTIMS OF GERMAN FASCISM

Place: Community Church

550 West 110th St., N.Y.C.

Time: Monday, May 13th, 8:00 P. M.

Auspices: West Side Council to the Hudson
Branch of American League Against War
and Fascism

ADMISSION: 15c.

Melodrama

PYLON by William Faulkner. Haas and Smith. \$2.50.

FOR the past fifteen years, ever since the success of Proust and Joyce, it has been apparent that the only realities for the bourgeois writer of the present period are his own impressions and emotions. Shorn of belief in philosophical, religious, and moral dogmas, disillusioned with political schemes and national slogans, robbed of any confidence in either the integrity or the destiny of their own class, bourgeois writers have had to make the most they could of the data of immediate experience.

Such an attitude places a premium on sensibility. Complexity of sense impressions and violence of emotional reactions become the highest literary attributes. In Joyce and Proust one senses a minute and painful accuracy, at least in essentials; but their disciples have sometimes cheated. It is easy to achieve a false complexity in the recording of sense impressions by intellectual manipulation, and violence of emotional response can be simulated by judicious reference to a book of synonyms. If intensity is what is desired, the clever writer can fabricate a persuasive imitation.

Among American non-revolutionary writers, three of the most conspicuous are followers of Joyce: Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Thomas Wolfe, and William Faulkner. All three depend primarily on sensibility. All three try, probably unconsciously, to suggest greater sensibility than they actually have. Miss Roberts eschews violence (except in *My Heart and My Flesh*), but the wistful delicacy of her women is as much an exaggeration as Wolfe's creation of gigantic grotesques or Faulkner's piling of horror upon horror.

Faulkner's case is the clearest. Nothing seems significant to him but the immediate response to some stimulus; that is all in this world that he can count on. But ordinary stimuli and ordinary responses bore him. He must have uncommon experiences and uncommon characters to react to them. Intensity comes to depend on violence.

Let us see how he proceeds in *Pylon*. He selects as his principal characters a group of stunt flyers, and he underscores their peculiarity: "They ain't human like us; they couldn't turn those pylons like they do if they had human blood and sense and they wouldn't want to or dare to if they just had human brains. Burn them like this one tonight, and they don't even holler in the fire; crash one and it ain't even blood when you haul him out: it's cylinder oil the same as in the crankcase." But not even this is enough. The woman, Laverne, is shared by the two men, Roger and Jack, who threw dice when her child, of which either may be father, was born, to decide which should marry her. Then there are some added details, none of them of particular relevance, such as the

account of fornication in the airplane.

These flyers are participating in an airmeet in New Valois. A reporter meets them, is bewildered by their life, falls in love with Laverne, and for a few days sees a great deal of them. He, too, is no ordinary person. He is "a creature which, erect, would be better than six feet tall and which would weigh about ninety-five pounds, in a suit of no age or color, as though made of air and doped like an airplane wing with the incrustated excretion of all articulate life's contact with the passing earth, which ballooned, light and impedimentless about a skeleton frame as though suit and wearer both hung from a flapping clothesline; a creature with the leashed eager loose-jointed air of a half-grown high-bred setter puppy." He looks "like they locked the graveyard up before he got in last night" and "like a cadaver out of a medical school vat . . . dressed for the moment in garments out of a flood refuge warehouse."

It is this reporter, described again and again in phrases such as those I have quoted, who is to be regarded as the central character of the book. The sensibility of the flyers is so completely non-human that it cannot exist for Faulkner or for us. The reporter, however, is conceived—partly, no doubt, in a mood of self-mockery—as the embodiment of sensibility, and the flyers are the stimuli to which he responds. He futilely seeks to help Laverne, especially after the

death of Roger, for which he is, indirectly and in his blundering way, partly responsible. (Faulkner, for all his affectation of primitivism, pays tribute to a fellow student, and one of the most sophisticated, in the school of sensibility, by calling a chapter "The Love Song of J. A. Prufrock.") In the end the reporter returns, with a characteristic gesture, to drunkenness.

I once said that Faulkner was in danger of becoming "the Sax Rohmer of the sophisticates." I offer *Pylon* as evidence. There are a few bright bits of satire about the airport, and there is a little good description of the meet, but otherwise the novel is pure melodrama. I have never denied that Faulkner had talent; I have never denied that parts of certain books, especially *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sound and the Fury*, were good. I have merely noted a danger, a danger that, in *Pylon*, is perfectly apparent.

"Can it be," a critic has recently asked, "the point of the modern novelist that the faculty of moral selection, upon which drama hinges, is limited solely to young men choosing between capitalism and Communism in the proletarian novels?" I do not know about moral selection, but I do know that the significant choice in the world today is that between capitalism and Communism, between bourgeoisie and proletariat. I know, too, that, in their relation to that choice, innumerable other choices become significant. That is why proletarian literature grows in richness and maturity while bourgeois literature slips from casualty to casualty.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Old Man's Dim Eyes

THE ISLANDMAN, by Tomás ó Crohan.
Translated by Dr. Robin Flower. Scribner's. \$2.50.

TELLING of the lives of the peasant-fishermen on Blasket Island, that bleak last outpost of Ireland thrust out into the cold Atlantic, this simple autobiography inevitably invites comparison with Maurice O'Sullivan's *Twenty Years A-Growing*. Published two years ago, though apparently written after the publication of "The Islandman" in the original Irish, the younger man's work was more romanticized, more interesting—and probably much less authentic.

In his autobiography (said to have been inspired by a reading of Gorky, though nowhere does he approach that understanding and artistry) Tomás ó Crohan manages to convey perfectly the flavor of an old man's reminiscence, with not a little of the tiresomeness and flat perspective of an old man's talk. While he was undoubtedly a grand lad when in his vigor, and remains a grand old man, the truth is that he has nothing much to tell. The most interesting passages of the book deal with the ancient feud between islandmen and tax collector, but they are marred by an apparent failure to realize what it was all about. The King's men came, the peasants fought them,

tricked them, and in extremity gave in to them. There is a stirring account of the day when the women hurled rocks from the cliffs and drove off a boatload of armed "peelers," but it tapers off into inconclusiveness. Later their fishing boats were seized and impounded and left to rot in Dingle harbor; the whole island was plunged into poverty; nevertheless when a slight reduction in the outrageous rent was granted them their leading men induced them to accept the new terms gratefully.

They had prosperous times on the Blasket through the war, with wreckage plentiful and the price of fish high, but the dole and government relief made their appearance soon after. Throughout, Tomás records almost unconsciously the steady decline of the old independence and self-sufficient economy of the fisher folk.

"We are getting poorer every day," he concludes sadly, uncomprehendingly. "One day there will be none left of all I have mentioned in this book" is a theme that recurs throughout his narrative. They are true records. The old way of life on the Blasket is done for, and in his own lifetime, British imperialism did a thorough job in Ireland, and not even this remote corner escaped. The Free State came and made scarcely a ripple in their lives. They are tied in with

the industrial system of the Empire now, and they are as dependent on capitalism as are the coal miners of the Midlands. There is no way out for them while British capitalism endures. Though there is a growing and intelligent movement of revolt among the Irish peasantry and workers, no hint of it appears in this book; it is only an old man looking back upon his life of hardship and poverty, mumbling resignedly over his memories.

DALE CURRAN.

Health For Workers

HEALTH AND HYGIENE. The magazine of the Daily Worker Medical Advisory Board. Published at 50 East 13th Street, New York, N. Y. 15 cents.

TO THE working classes of America who have the greatest number and variety of health problems and the least chance of solving them, who in their unsanitary homes and speeded workshops live under constant risk of disease and accident, who, moreover, are the chief victims of the patent medicine and other health rackets, this important magazine is addressed.

It is an outgrowth of the Workers' Health Column in the Communist newspaper, *The Daily Worker*, a column served by the Medical Advisory Board, an organization of more than fifty physicians and dentists, many of whom are noted specialists. The Workers' Health Column became one of the busiest departments on the newspaper, handling a volume of correspondence that, in itself, indicated the desperate needs of workers not only for specific and immediate medical advice, but for general health counsel.

But the mere giving of advice is, as the Medical Advisory Board well understands, not sufficient. Health is a social problem. One of the main functions of Health and Hygiene is, therefore, to initiate, organize and carry on campaigns for public health measures and against conditions dangerous to workers.

The first issue is before us. Lively, readable, informative, militant—it is something of which the medical profession should be proud, something to justify the boast occasionally made by physicians that theirs is one of the most socially useful of the professions.

There is a powerful article called "Slow Death in the Dusty Trades," important to the workers in coal, copper, silver, zinc, lead and gold mines, to tunnel workers, sandblasters, rock drillers, excavators, metal grinders, and all other workers who breathe in lung-destroying dust. It has the balance indicated above. It describes the disease and how it occurs; it describes the proper medical treatment; it indicates how it can be prevented by proper safeguards at work, and lays before the workers the basic and minimum conditions under which they can work safely and which they must fight for. Two articles expose the rackets preying on the normal human desire for strength and beauty; one takes a needed crack at the big-muscle boys; the other probes the beauty racket, which

promises to devitalize working women beauty through cosmetics, beauty that can come only through good diet, rest, healthy work and the peace of mind that goes with economic security. Another article deals with the so-called "safe period" in the menstrual cycle, during which conception is supposed to be impossible, an illusion which the Catholic Church has recently been exploiting to forestall scientific birth control. There are pages dealing with the child's need for security, public health in Soviet Russia, dental

preparations, sex and the sense of guilt, diet, the health policies of the Roosevelt administration, the Workers' Health Insurance Bill H. R. 5549 and the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill H. R. 2827.

So active, lively and socially orientated a magazine deserves a warm welcome. It is to be hoped that it will receive enough additional circulation and support to make it possible to sell for five cents a copy and thus bring it within reach of the widest possible worker-audience. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Art

Primitive Negro Sculpture

PRIOR to about 1907 there was little or no recognition of primitive Negro sculpture as art; writers of the late 1890's and 1900's considered it mainly from the ethnological point of view. Because its grotesque, non-realistic character did not fit into the art concepts of the time (predominantly those of established occidental or oriental tradition), primitive Negro sculpture went unnoticed until the rapidly developing revolt against Academicism, particularly in Paris, sent artists searching for a new aesthetic. Many of them turned with increasing interest to these strange and fascinating forms which offered such rich material for plastic experiment. Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Lipschitz, Epstein, Modigliani and many others were influenced by this newly-discovered art; in the case of Modigliani's work it was probably the strongest single influence.

By the middle of the 'twenties Negro sculpture had become so strong a force in the development of modern art that it quickly achieved museum status. Collectors had begun to acquire it, much as Wall Street speculators "buy in" on some stock which they believe will rise in value. They soon "cornered" the available supply, which was small to begin with. Negro sculpture achieved a "rarity value," sending prices still higher, and the usual concomitants of such a condition in the capitalist market appeared. Not only were poor and insignificant specimens inflated to importance, but counterfeits began to be manufactured in increasing quantity. Ecstatic and, usually, incoherent articles and books were dashed off to add momentum (and money) to the business. The current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art had hardly opened when two private galleries also put on exhibition *their* collections of Negro art—a chance to "unload" on a high market.

Any attempt to evaluate Negro sculpture today must not only take into account this perversion of art values by money values—a frequent characteristic of capitalist culture—but also the fantastic over-emphasis it has received at the hands of the modern aesthetes, who have pumped all sorts of non-existent and far-fetched aesthetic values into it. However,

there can be no question that this sculpture belongs to the great tradition of art history. In its powerful, vital forms, skillful treatment of surface, and bold design, it has much to offer to the contemporary sculptor.

But perhaps most significant of all is the fact that this art of the primitive Negro grew organically out of the life of his society. Munro and Guillaume¹ put special and repeated emphasis on this point:

No less than the common utensils they [masks, fetishes] are utilitarian in purpose, directed toward some practical end in warfare, magic, or ceremony. "Art for art's sake" is unknown. [italics mine]

The character of the religious rite, the materials and tools used and the tribal traditions were the dominant forces which moulded the Negro artist's forms.

Negro sculpture was an integral part of a certain mode of existence. . . . It was not a pursuit detachable from the fetishist religion, from the tribal organization with its village gods, their priests and ancient rituals.

Many artists coming upon this sculpture for the first time are so impressed by its truly remarkable qualities that they are tempted to take over all of its characteristics, lock, stock and barrel. We have seen the aftermath of such sudden conversions in the hundreds of stupid imitations of the originals, mostly poor ones at that; and the thinly disguised "adaptations" which usually consisted of draping Negroid mannerisms over a Greek or Renaissance structure. The sculptor who tries to "lift" specific traits or characteristics from Negro art fails to understand that they are inseparable from their original meanings, and as such cannot be used to express living values of today. He can learn from the Negro sculptor many things. Bold simplification, relation of detail to mass, creation of powerful rhythms, surface textures and "three-dimensionality" . . . but he must draw upon the dynamic forces of his own society if he is to create a truly great contemporary sculpture.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

¹ *Primitive Negro Sculpture*, by Munro and Guillaume. Harcourt, Brace.

Dramatist in the Coalfields

ALBERT MALTZ

Author's Preface to "Black Pit"

THIS is a coal camp:—

It sits on a mountainside, it is shut off in a lonely ravine, it straggles the bank of a river, rusty with the wash of sulphur. It looks like a scab on living flesh and the miners call it a "patch."

These are the houses—one after the other, row after row—the same size, the same shape, the same color—each one painted day in and day out by the rust from the smoking slate dump.

Sometimes the houses are of three stories, sometimes of one. Sometimes they are snug with stone foundations and cool cellars where the family sleeps in summer. More often they are old boards slapped together and mounted on wooden stilts;—the boards scarcely touch, the shingles are rotten, the porch sinks under the foot, the rain and the wind beat in.

And row upon row the outhouses—unclean, miserable. Like the oil lamps and the slate dump, like the children carrying water or searching for coal, like the barrels set out to catch the rain and the stony, harsh soil without grass or trees, these are the signposts of a coal camp. In summer the flies swarm and the breath is choked.

At five A.M. and at six, at three P.M. and at nine, the siren screams from the mine—a mad, unending, insane scream regulating lives, summoning to work, like a huge clamp opening and closing the day of the patch.

And behind the houses or in front—but always there, always smouldering—the great, black refuse pile of coal and slate—a great, black, rusty smoking mountain. Always with the odor of the mine, the wet, heavy odor of coal gas—and when it rains, the surface bursts into flame and the blue patches flicker in a kind of witch glow through the night.

This is a coal camp. The miners call it a "patch."

"Good Morning"

THE siren screams at five A.M. Everyone gets up—even the men on the night shift who have gone to bed at midnight—breakfast is served only once, at five-thirty. Later the night men will go back to the bunkhouse for a few more hours of sleep.

The line straggles to the wash room. The cellar of an old farmhouse has been converted to this purpose. It is dark and crowded and heavy with the odor of coal gas from the pit clothes hanging on the walls.

Two heavy, wooden tubs, greasy with age, stand under water taps. Men wait their turn—eyes heavy with sleep, cramped muscles stretching, they spit, cough, clear their throats, wait.

Each man flings the water he has used against the wall where the drain is. Sometimes the heavy tub slips through the hands and the cold water splashes over the line of feet. It is too early for good humor—the line grumbles, swears.

At five-thirty another siren. The men crowd into the mess hall. There is no talking.

The food is on the table and scarcely have the men sat down when the bowls are being passed from hand to hand. There is bread, cornflakes, baloney, potatoes and black coffee. The men with sensitive palates put their coffee in their cornflakes. The hardy ones smile and take the condensed milk.

There is no talking—this is grub—to be piled in quickly, to be chewed in a hurry—to be gotten over with. The clatter of the tin forks on the heavy plates, the mouth noises of eating men, a call for more bread, a cough, a scrape of a foot—but no talking.

And then out. In fifteen minutes the last man is out.

The night shift men sit down on the benches outside the bunkhouse. The day shift men hurry into their pit clothes, get their pails, go to the pump for water. Some men are already at the tippie waiting for the cage.

Steve Kristoff shakes his head and rolls a cigarette. He is a dark, squat man of forty. He borrows a match and then leans over to me: "Smoke leely bit, rest leely bit—after while catch'm couple hour more sleep. Den wurk again. Hey, boy, maybe you bett'r no wurk in mine."

Two nights later Steve was given an "eighteen inch face." This is a work room

where the miner sits or lies on his belly with the roof eighteen inches over his head. And three tons of slate came down. He heard the cracking and tried to crawl away—but he was not quite fast enough!

Something to Laugh About

IT IS ten o'clock and most of the miners are asleep. A few old buddies are still talking. Now it is safe. They know one another. There is no danger of a "company suck" overhearing them.

The story comes out. Fred tells it. He is a son of West Virginia hill people and his laughter is booming and rich.

I went up to the checkweighman. I said, "Mr. Pickens, will you weigh me?"

"Weigh yuh?" he said.

"Yeah, weigh me," I told him.

Well he scratched his head and then he said "Okay, jump on the scales."

So I started at one end of those scales and I run like a jack rabbit over to the other side. Then I says, "Mr. Pickens, how much do I weigh?"

"How can I tell?" he says to me. "You run over the scales so fast I didn't get a chance to weigh yuh."

"That's just what I figured," I tells him. "You're runnin' our coal cars over them scales so fast you can't weigh them neither."

The laughter is tremendous. The men rock with it. This is a story that touches the core of their lives. This is something put over on the checkweighman, the man who rules their pay by weighing their tonnage. As many strikes have been fought over the issue of an honest checkweighman as over any other demand.

The laughter continues. Fred tells the story again.

Zets, the Russian, can't talk much Eng-

The Group Theatre Presents

"AWAKE AND SING!"

By CLIFFORD ODETS

Eves. \$2.75-\$1.10. Mats. \$2.20-55c

BELASCO THEA., 44th St., E. of Broadway.
Eves. 8:45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"WAITING FOR LEFTY" and "TILL THE DAY I DIE"

2 plays by CLIFFORD ODETS

Eves. \$1.65-40c. Mats. \$1.10-40c

LONGACRE Thea., 48th St., W. of Broadway.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

For Theatre Party Benefits—call HELEN THOMPSON, Penn. 6-7234
or write THE GROUP THEATRE, 246 West 44th Street, New York City

Theatre Union Anniversary Dinner—Hotel Delano 108 W. 43 St. Wed. Eve May 22d ^{At 7} o'clock

The American Theatre—RIGHT or LEFT?

Speakers: Sherwood Anderson, Michael Blankfort, Sidney Howard, Albert Maltz, Paul Peters, Geo. Sklar, Maurice Wertheim, Stark Young

ROGER BALDWIN, Chairman

Dinner \$1.50 per plate. Tables for 6, 8 and 10 (informal)—Make reservations now at Theatre Union, 103 West 14th Street—Call Wat. 9-2450.

LAST WEEKS!!

LAST WEEKS!!

BLACK PIT

THEATRE UNION'S Thrilling
Drama Acclaimed by Thousands.
Civic Repertory Thea., 14th St. & 6th Ave.
Eves. 30c to \$1.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

lish, but he rocks from side to side saying, "By Golly, by Golly."

A Buck Flat

A LARGE mine usually has a boarding house for the single men—young men who have not yet married, older men with wives and children in another coal camp who have traveled in search of work and wait patiently—sometimes for years—to bring their families to the new home, and the confirmed bachelors, men of thirty-five, forty, fifty, many of whom are known as the "work to drink" men. These are the men who live from pay day to pay day, to work, to drink, to work again. Twenty years of the hard, dangerous work, twenty lonely years in one coal camp or another, miles from the nearest town, have schooled them in this philosophy.

Frank Lyster, a miner at the V—4 mine in Pennsylvania, has his own secret life. He never played cards, he never drank beer, he never spent money for tobacco. Every evening after work he wandered off by himself. Frank wanted a car. His whole life was centered on having a car. There was an old Ford in town he could buy for a hundred and ten dollars and he was working for the day when it would be his—to tinker with, to wash, to ride over the back roads through clean, farm country away from the slate dump, the noises of the tinkle, the five o'clock scream of the siren.

He never spoke to me about the car. It was Joe, the old clean-up man who told me.

One hot Saturday afternoon in June, Frank came into the bunkhouse. He was in his pit clothes, his face and hands smudged

black with coal dust. He was a big man and the heavy clump of his shoes woke me up.

He sat down on his cot and I was surprised because the first thing a miner does when he comes back from work is wash himself. The last thing he does is sit down on his bed in his pit clothes. If any of the other men had been there, they would have told him to get up, or asked him what the matter was. But I was a stranger so I just lay back and watched him.

He had his pay envelope in his hand. He sat and looked at it, his face set. He sat that way for about five minutes. Then he opened it and took out a dollar bill. "Look," he said, "a buck flat. For two weeks work. I loaded a lot of cars this stretch. But it don't make no difference, does it? They charge yuh for rent, they charge yuh for grub, they charge yuh for carbide an' doctor an' powder an' burial—it don't make a spot of difference, does it?"

"No," I said.

"Awright," he said, "awright. Do yuh want it?" He held the dollar bill out to me.

"No," I said.

| TWO BRILLIANT COMEDIES | |
|--|--|
| THURSDAY, MAY 9th and SUNDAY MAT., MAY 12th | ARTEF THEATRE 247 W. 48 St. CH. 4-7999 P R I C E S : 50c 75c \$1. |
| 'ARISTOCRATS' By SHOLEM ALEICHEM | |
| FRIDAY, MAY 10th SATURDAY, MAY 11th SUNDAY, MAY 12th | EVENING |
| RECRUITS By L. RESNICK | |

"Go ahead," he told me. "I don't want it. I can't use it."

"I don't want it," I repeated.

"Awright," he said, "awright. I'm gonna give it to the first kid I see. He can buy him some candy."

Then he walked out of the bunkhouse.

He never spoke to me about the car.

But about two weeks ago I read in the "Coal Digger" that three thousand miners of the V—mines had gone out on strike and I knew Frank would be on the picket line, his face set, his heavy shoes clumping the ground, with an old Ford riding around in his head that had a dollar bill for its license plate.

Movies

THE SCOUNDREL (formerly known as *The Miracle in Forty-Ninth Street*) was written, produced, and directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur and is their third independent film. In a sense it is a pivotal film in the development of the American cinema, for it establishes a new level of cultural degeneracy. It introduces Noel Coward as a New York publisher, Anthony Mallare, who goes about ruining the lives and reputations of exotic women; who is the personification of Evil; who publishes anything that will make money except the works of radical writers; and who (in the second half of the film) becomes a contemporary fusion between the *Wandering Jew* and *The Miracle Man*.

The story if you must have it, is this: Mallare, who publishes in between parties, scotch and sherry, goes from one love affair to another. He succeeds in attracting a little poet who is really in love with an ex-aviator, an upright man. Mallare plays with her for a spell and finally leaves her for a Lesbian. (In the meantime the ex-aviator has taken to drink to drown his grief.) Before Mallare departs on an airplane trip to Bermuda, the young poet curses him: she hopes the plane will crash and that he will die knowing not a single soul will regret his death. It is so ordered, the plane crashes and he dies. But God (this is the turning point) gives Mallare's body life for one additional month so that he may find some soul to shed a tear for him. After a month of search he finds the young poet, now reunited with her first love. But the ex-aviator shoots Mallare and takes his own life. Mallare, who is of course unaffected by the mortal bullet, prays to God that his assassin be brought back to life, as a personal favor. No sooner said than done. The ex-aviator rises from the couch sound as a nut.

The worst thing about the film is its pretentiousness. Its dialogue is calculated to impress audiences in rural America and to promote Park Avenue dinner discussions. If this is Art then give me the most brilliant example of illiterate Hollywood—*It Happened One Night*.
PETER ELLIS.

DEFEND THE STRUGGLE OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE

Attend HARLEM THEATRE NIGHT

Sunday, MAY 12th

8:30 P. M.

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE
14th St. and 6th Ave.

Tickets: 35c to \$1.65 — On sale at Harlem I. L. D.

326 Lenox Ave., N. Y. C., District I. L. D., 22 E. 17th and Box Office

Benefit: HARLEM SECTION INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENCE

REX INGRAM and his Group
"DRUMS OF THE BAYOU"

Harlem Songbirds - Latvian Chorus

I. L. D. Players Present

"M A S S P R E S S U R E"

SPRING VARIETIES

PROGRAM

- Members of the GROUP THEATRE present A New Play, TIDE RISES, by Art Smith:
- Mass Singing by Theatre of Action, with Marine Workers.
- CLIFFORD ODETS, E. J. Bromberg and Walter Coy: Improvisation.
- MORDECAI BAUMAN, singing Eisler songs.
- NEW DANCE LEAGUE in a new program.
- MORRIS CARNOVSKY in a monologue by CLIFFORD ODETS.

ALBERT MALTZ, AUTHOR OF "BLACK PIT," WILL PRESIDE

MECCA TEMPLE SUN., MAY 19 8:30 P. M. sharp

TICKETS

\$1.65 \$1.10 83c 49c 35c
Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St.
Columbia University Bookshop
New York University Bookshop
(Washington Square)
New Masses, 31 East 27th Street
Chelsea Bookshop, 58 West 8th St.
Rand School, 7 East 15th Street
Malsels' Bookstore, 424 Grand Street
Mayfair Bookshop, 1 East 47th St.
American Union Against Reaction,
210 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

JOINT AUSPICES

Marine Workers Committee
American Union Against Reaction

Willie the Weeper

ROBERT FORSYTHE

AS A VETERAN observer of nonsense, fraud and deceit, I have been deeply grieved by the recent performances of William Randolph Hearst. It is an established principle of diabolics that all is perpetually well on the diabolic side, and there is accordingly no comfort to be had from the spectacle of Mr. Hearst spending his money for advertisements in rival publications, asking for love and sympathy. It harms the morale of the business office and engenders a suspicion in the minds of his employes that Mr. Hearst is not really God. Not only is it an evil thing for the country to have a hero waver in times of stress but it is likely to go to the heads of his enemies. If it becomes generally known that the statute has been repealed making it unlawful to cease reading capitalistic newspapers, a blow will have been struck at the freedom of the press which will shake the very foundations of Colonel Robert McCormick and Mr. Roy Howard. Since it is obviously impossible for Mr. Hearst to invite every individual who asks that his name be stricken from the list of Hearst subscribers to a weekend at San Simeon, a situation has arisen which will require not only the attention of the American Publishers Association but the personal services of Mr. Donald Richberg, who on a previous occasion threw the weight of the United States of America on the side of Mr. Hearst when he was being threatened by a reporter known as Dean Jennings. Mr. Jennings, for some unknown reason, felt that it was the duty of the N.R.A. to abide by the provisions of section 7A, but Mr. Richberg, in an admirable and ringing statement, disabused Mr. Jennings' mind of such foreign notions and placed himself on the side of justice, Hearst and the Ten Commandments. If Mr. Hearst is deprived of the love and sympathy of his readers, it is a public emergency of such magnitude that the government must of necessity take action. There is little enough affection in these troubled times without other hearts being broken. If Mr. Hearst loves America, it is the duty of America to love Mr. Hearst and little consideration will be shown those who plead such excuses as bad eyesight or lack of funds for their failure to keep up with the Hearst press.

What is even more distressing is the fact that Mr. Hearst's campaign against the Soviet Union is convincing an increasing number of readers that conditions must be rather good in Russia. This is known as the Law of Diminishing Returns. When Mr. Hearst uses one page a day to catalog the evils of Communism, one may begin to suspect that all is not well in Moscow. It is only when he unleashes his own editorial pen, hires an ex-Socialist and gives everything but the

sports page, that one experiences a glow of pride in the achievements of the second Five Year Plan. It was ever thus. What is so exasperating about a country which persists in keeping alive when Mr. Hearst wishes it dead is that the very day you publish an article by a man saying that the Russians will never be able to master large scale production, the most beautiful subway in the world is opened in Moscow. An article showing that the capacity of the poor starved Russians for technical efficiency is so low that nothing but the bony nag and crooked wooden plow are possible for them, unfortunately coincides with a news dispatch about the military display for May Day which astounds the experts of Europe. The only thing possible in a case of that sort is to search frantically around for an active Socialist who will tell how he walked from Kiev to Odessa on the dead bodies of recently slaughtered women and children.

Back in 1930-31, the thing was done with more artistry. It was not Kiev or Odessa in those days, but Moscow and Leningrad. When Mr. Frank Easton Woodhead, a

British Engineer "who has just returned from Russia after a visit of seven months" reported to The London Telegraph that he saw a battle in the barracks square in the center of Moscow between OGPU troops and Red Army soldiers, The New York Times reprinted it along with a despatch from Walter Duranty saying that he had been down to the Square and if there was any battle there, the participants must have been wraiths firing invisible bullets. The Times printed Duranty, their own trusted correspondent, but just to make sure they wouldn't miss anything, they printed everybody else as well. Mr. Hearst confines himself to printing everybody else. Washington was very much impressed by the testimony of Mr. Woodhead, who possessed a name almost too symbolic for comfort. William Philip Simms, of the Scripps-Howard press, was reporting shortly after, "Stalin to Fall, Capital Thinks." If Stalin were a gentleman rather than a Communist, he would fall. It is rather unmannerly of him to persist in the face of the good American folk who would be pleased by his absence.

By every token, the present actions of Mr. Hearst can only be regarded with sorrow. For all who have depended upon him for their daily venom, it must be a shock to find him pleading in the columns of his rivals for affection. It has always been con-



"Well! So you're going to let a lousy few thousand workers organize a union and order YOU around, eh?"

A. Redfield

ceded that success was certain for any publisher who kept the flag aloft and shouted in ecstasy at every beat of the drum. If it should now be discovered that mendacity, perjury, chicanery, dishonesty and viciousness were not profitable, American journalism would suffer a blow from which it scarcely could recover. If there is any patriotism left in America, the disloyal readers who have deserted the Sage of San Simeon will be forced to return to the fold. It may be that Mr. Richberg cannot accomplish this alone but at his call is General MacArthur and the noble fellows who so gallantly defended the Capital from the women and children who dwelt on Anacostia Flats with the Bonus Army. It is action of this sort which convinces the doubtful observer of the soundness of the nation. If it is love Mr. Hearst wants, love he shall have.

However, we must respectfully ask him to cease his whining. He is the Supreme American and the fact has been admitted repeatedly. It is true that his readers are ceasing to believe in him but this is a cross which every capitalistic publisher must bear, and Mr. Hearst must have courage enough to face the truth without complaint. His agitation defeats his own purposes, and is not in the grand tradition. His tactics are calculated to encourage the very workers he dislikes. If they see that he is worried, they will become even more aggressive and non-Hearstian. It is certain that even the slight signs of distress he has shown will encourage them to struggle along without Arthur Brisbane and the ape. A trend of this sort might well undermine the government itself. It is the duty of all patriots to answer the call to arms before the populace finds it can get along without Mr. Hearst entirely. Get along without Mr. Hearst, indeed; one might as well say get along without the government of the United States itself. In fact it might be well not to say anything at all. Almost everything puts ideas into people's heads these days.

TYPEWRITERS
Yiddish and Russian
TYPEWRITERS
TYTELL TYPEWRITER CO.
206 Broadway NEW YORK CITY
Tel. CO 7-9665

PAUL CROSBIE
INSURANCE
25 Years Experience Frequent Savings
185 WILLIAM STREET BEekman 3-5262

SKIN, URINARY AND BLOOD
Men and Women
Dr. S. A. Chernoff
Hours: 10-8 P. M. Sun.: 11-2 P. M.
X-RAY and FLUOROSCOPE
223 Second Avenue New York City
TOMpkins Square 6-7697

Between Ourselves

THE article in this issue by Louis Aragon, *From Dada to Red Front*, was contributed by the French poet to the discussions of the American Writers' Congress, but arrived too late to be translated and is to be printed by International Publishers in a forthcoming volume of the collected papers read at the Congress.

The Labor Research Association has prepared a pamphlet, *Tel and Tel—The Telephone and Telegraph Workers*, which amplifies the material contained in the editorial in this issue. It is a thirty-two page pamphlet, selling at five cents.

One of the outstanding contemporary poets of our day, Kenneth Fearing, has remained unpublished in book form. In spite of the praises of discriminating critics and the enthusiasm of fellow poets, no commercial publisher has been found to bring out his book.

This is being done now in a unique way. Edward Dahlberg has drawn together a group of writers to collect funds to print the book. A party to launch the book will be given on May 17, at 146 West 12th Street. Admission will be one dollar and will include a copy of the book. The sponsoring writers include Kenneth Burke, Stanley Burnshaw, Lester Cohen, Malcolm Cowley, James T. Farrell, Waldo Frank, Stephen Foster, Horace Gregory, Alfred Hayes, V. J. Jerome, Johsua Kunitz, Edwin Rolfe, Isidor Schneider, Genevieve Taggard.

Carl Reeve wishes to make acknowledgement of his debt to Harvey O'Connor's *Mellon's Millions* for some of the material in his article in this issue.

New Masses Lectures

Sunday, May 12: A. B. Magil, "I Interview Father Coughlin," 29 St. Marks Place, New York. Auspices: Stuyvesant Branch American League.

Sunday, May 12: Sender Garlin, "Inside Story of Huey P. Long," 8:30 P. M., 2874 West 27th St., Brooklyn. Auspices: Coney Island Workers Club.

Thursday, May 16: Debate: Ben Goldstein vs. Rabbi Louis I. Newman on "Can Liberalism Prevent War?" at Grand Plaza, 160th St. and Prospect Ave., Bronx, N. Y. Auspices: Hunts Point Branch, American League Against War and Fascism.

Friday, May 17: Michael Gold, "Culture Under Fascism," at 3034 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. Auspices: West Brighton Center.

Friday, May 17: Ben Goldstein, "Why a Rabbi Became a Radical," 8:30 P. M., at 608 Cleveland St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Auspices: East New York Workers Club.

Organizations and clubs interested in booking speakers, should write or call The New Masses Lecture Bureau.

MUSIC VANGUARD
Presents
the Composers' Collective of New York
In a
Concert of New Works
String Quartets, Piano Works, Solo Songs
Mass Songs and Choruses
COMPOSERS
Lan Adomian, Norman Cazden, J. Fairbanks,
Robert Gross, Herbert Howe, George Maynard,
Alex North, Earl Robinson, Carl Sands,
Elle Siegmester
ASSISTING ARTISTS
New Singers, Metropolitan String Quarter, Mor-
decai Bauman, Tony Kraber, Jack Seullitric
NEW SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
66 West 12th Street
SUNDAY, MAY 12th 8:30
P. M.
Tickets, 50c, 75c
At: Steinway Hall Box Office, 113 W. 57th St.
BOOK SHOP — 50 EAST 13th STREET
Music Vanguard, P. O. Box 99, Sta. D.

WHERE TO EAT

JADE MOUNTAIN
Chinese Restaurant
Lunch 35c — special — Dinner 55c
WELCOME TO OUR COMRADES
197 SECOND AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Viceroy Restaurant

107 West 42 Street New York City
Lunch 35c Dinner 50c
Large Rooms for Parties and Banquets
Special Chinese Dishes Comradely Atmosphere
Telephone: Medallion 3-9079

John's Italian Restaurant

302 E. 12th Street TOMpkins Sq. 6-9554
Comradely Atmosphere Italian Cuisine
TABLE D'HOTE DINNER
with a half bottle of wine \$1
Large Room for Parties and Banquets

Have you a friend

who ought to Read

What Is Communism?

By EARL BROWDER

Send us his name and
we will mail him
a sample copy

NEW MASSES
31 East 27th Street
NEW YORK CITY

DO YOU WANT

To advertise your camp?
To rent a room?
To fill a job?
To sell something?
To get pupils?

Classified Advertisements in NEW MASSES GET RESULTS!

The Rate is Only 30c a Line

Fashion Show & Dance

Saturday May 11 8:30 p. m.

210 Fifth Avenue—5th floor

Gowns by well-known designers
Professional models

Music - Dancing - Refreshments

Subscription: 50 Cents

Auspices: American Union Against Reaction

The Central Committee, C.P. U.S.A.
Asks That You Reserve

JUNE EIGHTH

For a Farewell Banquet in Honor of
**THE DELEGATION TO THE
SEVENTH WORLD CONGRESS
ODDFELLOWS HALL**

105 East 106th Street, New York City
Admission: One Dollar

Your organization—whether cultural, fraternal,
social, political or trade union—is invited to
send a representative to greet the Congress
through our delegation. Send reservations to

A. BENSON

P. O. Box 87, Station D. New York City, N. Y.
Prominent Actors and Musicians Are Preparing
an Outstanding Program for This Historic Event

CAMP NITGEDAIGET

ON THE HUDSON

Beacon, N. Y. :-: Beacon 731

An ideal place for rest and recreation
Open all seasons of the year

Hotel accommodations with all modern
improvements. Individual attention to diets.

Proletarian Cultural Activities

\$14.00 PER WEEK

Cars Leave 10:30 A. M. Daily from
2700 Bronx Park East, Bronx, N. Y.

For Week-Enders From

Friday to Sunday \$2 A Round Trip
New York Central Trains to Beacon

For Further Information—Call:

EStabrook 8-1400

CAMPS

A DELIGHTFUL hide-away in the mountains invit-
ing people of better taste. Wholesome food, delightful
companionship, outdoor sports. Open all year.

CHESTER'S ZUNBARG

Woodbourne, N. Y. Tel. Fallsburg 2F 22

STUDIO BUNGALOWS—CONN.

SUITABLE for groups or families. All modern con-
veniences. Tennis, handball, swimming, golf. Trained
counsellors for children. Rent or buy on moderate
terms. Wisconsin 7-4149.

LANGUAGE LESSONS

RUSSIAN TAUGHT. Simplified method. Special con-
versational course for tourists has been very success-
ful. Miss Isa Wilga, 457 W. 57th St. COLUMBUS 5-8450,
New York City.

INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP INSTRUCTION
REASONABLE RATE

M. Brown, 310 E. 19th St. Ap. 22, New York City

LAUNDRY

LOWEST PRICES IN CITY. Full list on request.
Strictly hand-work. Bachelor Service. Call and del-
iver in Manhattan. 10 percent trial discount to
New Masses readers. Greenwich Village Private Hand
Laundry, 14 Washington Place East. SPring 7-3769.

RECORDED MUSIC

100,000 of the finest records in the world on sale
at 50c and 75c per record (value \$1.50 & \$2).
The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, etc., of BACH,
BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, MOZART, WAGNER, etc.
MAIL ORDERS, CATALOGUE.

THE GRAMOPHONE SHOP, INC.

18 East 48th Street New York City, N. Y.

SUMMER HOME

MODERN 8-ROOM HOUSE on lake front. Open fire-
place; water sports; row-boat; Artesian well. Three
miles from Danbury. \$375 the season. Phone Ludlow
7-1339.

RENTAL

HALL FOR RENT, accommodate 300-1,000 Conven-
tions, Dances, etc. Youth House, 73 West 68th Street
or Phone mornings: Circle 7-3900, suite 705.

WANTED

Young men and women with pep and good
voice. Can make \$15-\$20 per week selling New
Masses. No previous experience necessary.

Apply 11 A. M.-3 P. M. Daily

CENTRAL DISTRIBUTION AGENCY

The Film & Photo League
presents the premiere per-
formance of

"TAXI"

the first workers feature film
produced in America

MAY DAY '35
(IN COLOR)

DAY DREAMS

with CHARLES LAUGHTON
and

"Marine Workers," "East Side,
West Side," "Labor's March of
Time," "United Front," "Harlem
Sketches" (uncensored).

**MAY 11th, 1935
NEW SCHOOL**

66 West 12th Street

Two Performances, 7:00
and 9:30 P. M. Promptly

Tickets, 35c in advance, 50c at the door • available at Mayfair
Bookshop, 1 E. 47th St. • Workers Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St.,
Bookstore, Col. Un. Film and Photo League, 31 E. 21st St.

Special Combination

THE BOOK UNION

Membership till Aug., 1936

*Revolutionary Books
at revolutionary prices*

and

THE NEW MASSES

for 20 weeks

*America's Only
Revolutionary Weekly*

\$2

Special— for both

Why you should join the Book Union

THE BOOK UNION is a book-of-the-month club for you. It is for you because it is Left Wing, it is for you because it is non-profit making. Each volume issued by the Book Union will reach you immediately on publication.

EACH MONTH the Editors of the Book Union will pick out the best revolutionary book published that month. It will be chosen from the lists of all publishers. It may be fiction or non-fiction. The Book Union will send you the name of the book selected. If you want it you can have it at 20 percent discount from the publisher's retail price (plus a small charge for postage). If you don't want it, you let that month go by. But when you join you agree to take at least *two* of the *twelve* books chosen during the whole year. That is all you have to do—decide which two are your choices.

What the Book Union gives you

EACH MONTH you will get free of charge the Book Union Bulletin. This will contain reviews by members of the Editorial Board of the book choice of the month. It will also contain shorter reviews of recommended books that

you can buy at 20 percent discount. We say here 20 percent to be on the safe side, but we believe that discounts on these recommended books will often be greater and will sometimes run up to 50 percent.

IF YOU ORDER any four out of the twelve Book Union selections in the course of a year, you will receive entirely FREE OF CHARGE, one extra book selected by the Editorial Board.

SEND THE COUPON right away so that you won't miss the first Book Union selection. Just take a piece of paper and a pencil and figure out the saving for yourself. The regular yearly membership fee in the Book Union is \$1. Twenty issues of NEW MASSES cost \$2 on the newsstands. All you have to do now is send the coupon with \$2.

Editorial Board of the Book Union

HARRY BLOCK
MALCOLM COWLEY
ROBERT W. DUNN
HENRY HART
GRANVILLE HICKS

CORLISS LAMONT
ISIDOR SCHNEIDER
BERNARD SMITH
ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG
MARY VAN KLEBECK

MARIAN KLOPPER, *Executive Secretary*

DON'T DELAY!

Mail this coupon

Today →

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

Please enroll me as a member of the Book Union to August, 1936, and send me NEW MASSES for 20 weeks, on your special Combination Offer. I enclose \$2 in full payment for both.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....