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**CAN WE STAY OUT
OF THE
NEXT WAR?**



FOR YOUNG

**CAN WE STAY OUT
OF THE
NEXT WAR?**

new Masses

NOVEMBER 5, 1935

Made in Nazi Germany

THE American Olympic Committee has attempted to fight the growing sentiment against participating in the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin by discrediting the leaders of the boycott movement. For the "record" the Committee held a poll. The letter that accompanied the ballot states that agitation for non-participation is "based almost entirely on misinformation and the most insidious forms of propaganda. . . . The officers of the American Olympic Committee . . . feel that it is high time an official statement be issued giving the reasons why the American athletes shall not be sacrificed as part of a political issue and economic boycott. . . . On the enclosed postcard will you kindly indicate your approval or disapproval of this proposal?" The Committee does an excellent job of simplifying the issues until they no longer exist. The article appearing in this week's NEW MASSES shows that the leading figures in the American Olympic Committee have accepted Hitlerism to the point of becoming effective agents of the Nazi government in America. Furthermore, the Committee has accepted as the "official publication of the publicity commission for the XI Olympic Games," a magazine printed in Berlin. Articles are crammed full of Nazi sentiments:

The plans and negotiations for the construction of facilities for the Games developed very slowly at first, until the new government and the "Fuehrer" took an active interest in the project.

The "Fuehrer" appointed a Reich Sports Leader who combined all the various athletic organizations and societies . . . with a common goal in view—Olympic victory.

The Reich Chancellor himself has contributed largely to this achievement "ensuring a peerless Festival" through his constant interest and generous support. It is also due to him that German sport in general has undergone such a complete rebirth in recent years.

The Adolf Hitler Platz will be especially elaborately decorated.

For months the American Olympic Committee has denied that an official link existed between the German gov-

ernment and the Olympic Games. It is now no longer possible for them to deny that the Nazis are using the Olympics to reinforce their fascist dictatorship, the bloodiest the world has ever known.

California's Gain, Our Loss

AFTER a series of disasters ranging from earthquakes to lynchings, California has finally had a stroke of good fortune. William Randolph Hearst has just announced that he is leaving the state. Taxes drove him out, he explained:

The California income tax goes up to 15 percent. Add this to the federal income taxes, and I find that over 80 percent of my income will go in taxes—in fact it may be nearer to 90 percent. Under

these circumstances . . . I am compelled to close my places and live almost entirely in New York.

The publisher's fabulously elaborate "places" in California are valued at many million dollars; he owns New York real estate worth well over forty million dollars. His total holdings are valued at \$220,000,000, the bulk of which are held by the Hearst Corporation, with assets of \$188,446,000 on which federal income taxes of \$1,600,000 were paid in 1934. That left only a net profit of \$8,396,000. The California income-tax law does not fix high rates; it is a compromise measure pushed through at the last session of the legislature to head off threats of a popular uprising against the state's high sales tax. Mr. Hearst's petulant announcement is merely a part of the



THE PEACE LOVER

Mackey

nation-wide campaign that he is waging against taxation on the rich. He probably hopes that it will strengthen his drive for what he calls the painless sales tax. Proponents of higher income taxes now have another incentive for increased activity. If taxes can be raised high enough, Mr. Hearst may desert the country altogether and move to his castle in Wales or to his 900,000-acre ranch in Mexico.

More Hogs for Election

THE A.A.A. corn-hog program will be continued for another year. A.A.A. officials made that announcement after stating that an overwhelming majority of farmers who voted in last week's referendum had expressed a preference for its continuance. It is difficult to determine the accuracy of A.A.A. polls; last spring, for example, planters virtually forced ordinarily disfranchised Negro sharecroppers to vote in favor of continuing the cotton program. Such open coercion is not possible in the Middle West, but the administration used other means. Farmers were given pep talks and told that prices would drop unless they voted to continue the program. The 1936 program will differ from that of 1935 in placing more emphasis on soil-conservation plans. It also calls for a twenty-five to thirty percent increase in hog production, a move stimulated by the wave of protest and consumers' strikes against the high price of pork. A.A.A. officials profess to believe that the increased production of hogs will prevent further increase in pork prices which, however, they say may go higher because of the scarcity induced by last year's drouth. They also hope that it will offer farmers an opportunity to expand profits, an important item to the administration in an election year. Whether the increase will serve to steady meat prices is problematical. The packing industry is dominated by the five big packers who are able to control prices very effectively. Their monopolistic control is far more responsible for the rises of the past two years than any scarcity of hogs.

Fighting in the West Indies

THE outbreak in St. Vincent Island, one of the British West Indies, climaxes a series of disturbances that has swept the islands during the past year. Details of the St. Vincent affair are obscured by censorship, but it is known that at least three workers were

killed, that the homes of colonial officials were besieged and that marines were landed from British battleships to quell the outbreak. The trouble had its origin in the struggle of plantation workers for higher wages and in demonstrations of unemployed who were seeking adequate relief. The Italo-Ethiopian war also added fuel to the fire; West Indies are far from satisfied with the course taken by the British government and have repeatedly demanded that it take more energetic action to curb Mussolini. A series of strikes in Trinidad last summer which involved more than 2,000 workers was the first intimation that all was not well in the British West Indies. Unemployed demonstrations followed to call attention to the fact that in many islands no provisions for relief have been made at all. As is the case with other colonial countries, the standard of living in the West Indies has always been low; the crisis in the mother country has led to attempts to force it still lower. Evidently, the West Indies, always militant, are determined to resist these efforts.

Relief Workers' Revolt

UNDER the slogan "We need our jobs; our clients need us!" the organized workers in New York's public-relief agencies are planning to pack Madison Square Garden next week with their members, their co-workers, their allies and sympathizers. The purpose of the meeting will be to forge a broad united front of workers employed and unemployed, in support of their militant struggle for job security for themselves, for a decent relief standard for the unemployed. The 7,000 members of the Association of Workers in Public Relief Agencies are fighting not for themselves alone; they are fighting for the unemployed. The time is at hand when they must have support unless they are to abandon the fight. The social workers' organization has exhausted every working-class weapon save the strike.

THE workers in New York's relief agencies have witnessed the collapse of one program of "work relief" after another. They envision the failure of W.P.A. to meet the problem from its present failure to fulfill its schedule by even so much as half, in putting the unemployed to work. They see the failure to give work, plus the determination of the Emergency Relief

Board to cut relief services and reduce its personnel, as another budget-trimming offensive against the unemployed. And the A. W. P. R. A. is determined to meet this drive with a counter offensive of their own. They are fighting for the following demands:

1. Forty percent increase in relief.
2. An average caseload of 45 as a basis for judging the size of staff necessary for adequate relief service to the unemployed.
3. Guarantee of transfer of discharged E.R.B. workers to W.P.A. No wage cuts. No pauper's oath. No removal of sick-leave privilege and vacations.
4. A preferential list for future reemployment of E.R.B. workers discharged at this time.
5. All discharged workers to be given a full hearing upon request.
6. Creation of an adequate floating staff.
7. A five-day week. No speed-up. No overtime.

Drawn almost entirely from among white-collar groups, a majority of them with college degrees and many of them highly-trained specialists left without employment in their chosen fields by the economic crisis, the workers in New York's relief setup have in the past two years received an intensive course of training in the class struggle.

LAY-OFF notices were sent out October 24. One of the first went to a Negro worker in Precinct 32, a Harlem district, a worker who had been with the Bureau for more than three years. And the alleged 40-percent reduction in caseload still left more than 170,000 families on relief, more than the Bureau was able to serve adequately with its present personnel. The workers appealed for an open hearing in accordance with the terms of their agreement. The appeal was ignored. Then the A.W.P.R.A. called a stoppage of work for three hours on October 17 in protest. Attempts were made to break the stoppage by a whispering campaign and by threats. But the workers stood solid, repeating their demands for a hearing. Again the administration had to give in. There would be a hearing the following Monday, October 21. At the mass meeting of the union on October 16, there were loud cries of "strike—strike!" from the workers. But the stoppage was held off pending the E.R.B. hearing. The workers presented their case. Their arguments etched a grim picture of the truth of relief conditions in New York. The Board promised to recon-

The Guild Girds for Battle

A NEW national drive has started against the American Newspaper Guild.

The Associated Press has re-established the six-day week for its news and editorial staff in New York. It has fired Morris Watson, vice-president of the wire service section of the American Newspaper Guild and a responsible employe of the A.P. for seven years.

Shortly after the American Newspaper Guild was organized, Jackson S. Elliott, then assistant general manager of the Associated Press and now secretary, said to Watson: "You are the best reporter we have."

On Oct. 18 last, Marion Kendrick, executive news editor of the A.P. in charge of the day service, called Watson in and said: "I have decided to discontinue your services, effective today, and give you a month's pay. . . . For the reason that I am dissatisfied with your work, that you are dissatisfied with the A.P. and that I am convinced you will be happier elsewhere."

Watson's discharge took place on the morning after the day on which the A.P. had received a letter from Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild, asking for a conference on the question of the five-day week. (The A.P. unit of the Guild had voted sixty-eight to four to have the national organization begin negotiations for a collective agreement.)

The record shows that the A.P. has been systematically persecuting Watson ever since the purposes of the Guild to better the conditions of its members through united action became clear. The record of the persecution of this active officer of the Guild parallels the development of the consciousness of the publishers and press-service executives regarding the trade-union character and militancy of the organization.

All the tricks familiar to wage earners in other industries have been used by the A.P. executives to disrupt the Guild unit, intimidate its members and restore the individual bargaining basis that existed before it was organized.

After Watson, as an officer of the A.N.G., had headed a delegation for purposes of negotiations with the Brooklyn Eagle some three or four months ago, he was transferred to the midnight shift, although his bosses

knew that his health could not stand it. When he protested, he was told: "You don't have to take that assignment. . . . You know what you can do."

Further protest elicited from Kendrick a denial that Watson was being punished for Guild activity. He stated that he "simply needed a good writer in that spot." But after some more conversation, Kendrick felt moved to admit: "Of course, it is true that your Guild activities have lessened your value to the A.P. Somebody has to tell you these things once in a while."

The first move of the A.P. unit of the Guild for collective bargaining was made about fourteen months ago. It was met by a demand from the A.P. for the names of all members of the Guild. This was refused by Jonathan Eddy, national secretary of the A.N.G. The A.P. executives called in and cross-examined the employes in their departments as to their Guild membership and their attitude toward the proposal for collective bargaining.

The whole campaign stank of company unionism and this policy was plainly intimated by General Manager Cooper in a meeting with a committee of the Guild unit, headed by Watson. The usual bunk about "outsiders" and "outside organizations" was handed out. But Cooper declared that there were to be no reprisals by the A.P. for Guild membership and activity. He stated categorically that he would not discharge Morris Watson. But he would withdraw his by-line because of protests of publishers.

The persecution of Watson began shortly after and continued up to the time of his discharge. Clearly a despicable effort was made to wreck his reputation as a first-class newspaperman previous to his discharge.

The largest membership meeting ever held by the New York Guild has voted unanimously to support Watson, fight for his reinstatement and for the restoration of the five-day week with all its resources. Other Guilds have taken or will take similar action. The A.N.G. is facing a fight with the most powerful enemy with which it has yet been in conflict. That this is the opening gun in a national drive of press services and publishers against the growing might of the Guild, that it is

part of the new general offensive of the big employers against labor and the labor movement seems indisputable.

The progressive national leadership of the A.N.G. clearly realizes this, as is evidenced by the statement signed jointly by Heywood Broun and Jonathan Eddy in the current number of *The Guild Reporter*, which puts the issues squarely before the membership and calls for complete unity. The statement says in part:

We hold that there can be no disagreement as to the necessity for an active Guild, properly equipped with the necessary revenue, and beyond that, we would like to give out this statement as an indication of solidarity between the national president and the national executive secretary, who both believe without reservation that the Guild must be equipped at all times to function as a progressive and militant labor union.

We may point out specifically such issues as the withdrawal of the five-day week from a number of chain papers and wire service offices. The situation in the wire services has been dramatized by the sudden dismissal of Morris Watson by the Associated Press. We are informed that the five-day week and other Guild benefits are in danger on all Hearst papers except where our organization is strong. There are sharp conflicts and potential disputes in Newark, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Minneapolis and San Francisco. We are already engaged in battle on *The Amsterdam News*, and we feel that we are winning there. We have in the Guild the strength to win all along the line. The books show our actual strength bigger today than ever. Let us subordinate any differences within to our common objective of battling the enemy outside. The publishers have their united front. The time has come for us to perfect ours. Close ranks!

HEYWOOD BROUN, President.
JONATHAN EDDY, Exec. Secy.

The Guild has behind it battles in Staten Island, Newark, Long Island City and Lorain. The hottest local fight now going on is in Harlem, in *The Amsterdam News* lockout, where the Guild's campaign has already cut the anti-labor paper's circulation and advertising heavily. And now the big fight, on a national scale, to maintain for newspapermen and women the right to organize and bargain collectively, seems about to begin.



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ROCKFELLER

PRETTY
BOY
FORD

STINKY
HEARST

GYP-THE-BLOOD-
MORGAN

Gropper

THE BIG SHOTS

William Gropper



THE BIG SHOTS

William Gropper

Mr. Baldwin's Lull

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON, OCT. 28.

SOMEONE asked Mr. Baldwin the other night in Parliament why he had chosen this moment for an election. He replied that one of his principal reasons was the present "lull" in foreign affairs. Everybody was too stunned by this remark to say anything except Mr. Lloyd George, who mildly inquired what Mr. Baldwin thought foreign affairs would be like in times of crisis. However, I think I know what Mr. Baldwin was referring to. He was referring to the fact that the British Cabinet had decided to lay off their pressure on Mussolini, to let down the League with a bump and thus to give the Italian fascists, as Sir Samuel Hoare put it, "a breathing space" to go on bombing, gassing and machine-gunning Ethiopia.

The object of this betrayal of everything which the British government had been saying it stood for during the last two months was, of course, to give Mussolini an opportunity to do a deal with Britain for the partition of Ethiopia; but, as I should have thought most people could have told them, the British government's move is having a quite different effect. It is everywhere interpreted as a sudden and inexplicable capitulation to Mussolini. Mussolini is naturally much encouraged and has put his terms up, not down. He thinks he has got fair notice from the British that he has a free hand in Africa after all.

For the moment he is undoubtedly right: Britain has capitulated. But unless I am very much mistaken, the British government may at any moment uncapitulate again.

Indeed, there are signs of its already doing so. The truth is that the complete conquest of Ethiopia by Mussolini would menace interests which every British capitalist government simply must protect. I do not think that Britain is any less determined than before to bring Mussolini to terms. That unfortunate man is likely to find that he is becoming enmeshed in the extraordinary waverings and apparent indecisions of British policy. As a dozen examples from history will show, the net effect of the British government's proceeding

on these lines is always to lead other powers on in the belief that they have secured British support, or at any rate, neutrality, until they have committed themselves irrevocably. Then they are suddenly faced with the fact that the British government is as determined as ever not to surrender one tittle of its own interests.

No more perfect recipe for producing war can be imagined than this. This was exactly the part which the British government played at the outbreak of the Great War. As the Communist International said in one of its most striking phrases, "Britain kept her vizor up until the last moment." Neither France, Germany nor Russia knew until literally a few hours before the British declaration of war what the British Empire was going to do. Hence, all were encouraged to refuse concessions in the hope and expectation that they had Britain on their side. The European balance of power was preserved to the last instant and then the whole weight of the British Empire was thrown upon one side of the evenly-matched combination.

I still take the view that a general European war is unlikely this autumn; but the British government's present policy of playing first hot and then cold will produce one, if anything can. Its effect on other nations can easily be imagined. They are reduced to frenzy. I have often wondered what would happen if the British government played this hand once too often. British policy is based now as ever on the primary necessity of keeping Germany and France divided. What would happen if endless British finessing drove them together? Say, for example, that the British government produced a fascist France, then we might get a bloc of fascist states right across Western Europe made up of Italy, France and Germany. The British Foreign Office, which certainly often thought of such a possibility, no doubt supposes that such a fascist bloc would turn eastward for a joint attack on the Soviet Union. This would, of course, suit the British government quite well.

The possibility just begins to arise, however, that such a bloc might turn

west instead of east, might turn upon the British Empire instead of the Soviet Union, as on the whole the softer nut to crack. I am told that the highest government circles have actually considered such a possibility. Their answer is a most extraordinary one. They consider that in such a case the United States would be forced to come to the support of the British Empire. I should have thought that this was a most doubtful conclusion, to say the least of it.

It is no doubt true that the American governing class would in one way dread the breakup of the British Empire because of the immense revolutionary forces which such an event would unleash from one corner of the world to another and this, of course, is what the British government has in mind. But on the other hand, the rivalry and hatred felt for the British Empire by the American governing class can scarcely be exaggerated. I should have thought that this impulse was at least as strong as the other and would probably result in an American policy of hesitation and neutrality which would at least prevent any effective support being given to Great Britain. These, however, are no doubt more or less remote speculations. But the mere fact that they have occurred in official minds in Great Britain illustrates the extreme tension of the present world situation.

One by one, beginning with Italy, the fascist and semi-fascist states are coming to the end of their tether. They are following to the letter the pre-determined course which every Marxist has always known they must pursue. However hopeless, however mad an imperialist adventure may be, however certain it is to produce a workers' revolution in one or other parts of the world they must attempt it, for the alternative is ignominious collapse at home. Hence, the whole rickety structure of the armed peace which has existed since 1918 begins to heave and crack. The antagonisms and alliances of the capitalist powers crisscross, shift and reshift in unspeakable complexity. Nothing in all the picture is certain except that world imperialism is driving toward its doom.

Can Mussolini Win the War?

DAVID RAMSEY

THE first few weeks of the Italo-Ethiopian war have disclosed that Mussolini has apparently bitten off much more than he can digest in the way of conquest. The little reliable news that has trickled through the natural difficulties of communication from a primitive country and filtered past the rigorous Italian censorship indicates that he faces the most difficult colonial war in the history of modern imperialism. It is no petty war that the fascists are engaged in, but a major trial of strength. Mussolini, when he invaded Ethiopia, entered a trap. The trap may be sprung by any one of the four main forces blocking the Italian road to conquest: geography; economics; world opinion expressing itself through the collective procedure of the League of Nations and implemented by the independent mass action of the working classes; and the bravery and military cunning of the Ethiopian people. These are the obstacles which have already so strained the resources of Italian fascism that they may well lead to the defeat of its armies in Africa, to an economic catastrophe at home and perhaps to the overthrow of the fascist regime.

So far the "sweeping victories" reported by Rome have consisted of the taking of Adowa and a number of other villages which have no military importance and were not defended by the Ethiopians. For the rest the Italian armies in the main have confined their "civilizing mission" to bombing and machine-gunning defenseless women and children in the villages that lie along the lines of their advance. Their modern war machine has found it heavy going in the mountains and deserts of Ethiopia and the Italian command has yet to show that it can overcome the difficulties of climate and terrain which are worth several army corps to the defending forces. The Ethiopians, on the other hand, have been successful in carrying out the first phase of their general strategy. They are letting their geographic defenses, among the strongest in the world, soften up their foe, while they utilize the delay forced on the Italians by geography and the threat of sanctions to distribute modern rifles and machine-guns to their own warriors.

Despite sensational newspaper dispatches, the Ethiopians are avoiding massed attacks against the superior armaments of their enemy. Their refusal to be used as sacrificial offerings to the might of modern guns has seriously upset the plans and need of the Italians for a quick campaign. From every angle this delay is dangerous to the invaders; it enables the Ethiopians to strengthen their military power and strains the limited economic resources of Italian fascism to the

breaking point. The plan of defense is to let the Italians entangle themselves in the tortuous network of ravines and narrow mountain passes of the interior which consists of a vast plateau, from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high. In the meantime the Ethiopians will harass the enemy with night raids and flank attacks against a line of communications that will become more tenuous with every mile of the Italian advance. Incessant guerilla warfare and the hostile terrain will sap the morale and fighting strength of the invaders and there will then be the possibility for decisive strokes by the Ethiopian armies.

This defense strategy is obviously worrying both Mussolini and his generals. They cannot strive for a slow, normal colonial conquest lasting over a period of years, consolidating each short advance before moving onward. Mussolini must push through a speedy conquest. A long war would bankrupt Italy and probably mean the end of the black-shirted dictatorship. It was the disastrous economic situation in Italy which was primarily responsible for driving him into a war of conquest and not as *The New York Times* puts it a "thirst for grandeur." Hence he cannot risk a long war; but a rapid advance is extremely dangerous and could easily lead to military disaster. Mussolini is thus confronted by a dangerous dilemma which threatens to impale him on either horn. It is extremely doubtful whether he can conquer Ethiopia before the summer rains set in and close the fighting season. The British took three years and 450,000 men to defeat a handful of Boer farmers. Fire power has increased enormously in the three decades since the Boer war, but not enough to tip the scales so that it is easy to conquer and hold a wild country against courageous defenders employing guerrilla tactics. To play safe and protract the campaign would certainly lead to collapse at home due to the insufficient resources available to Mussolini.

Military considerations must therefore be subordinated by the Italian command to the political necessities at home. This has caused friction between the commander of the army on the northern front, General de Bono and the regime at home. The head of the Italian general staff, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, was sent by Mussolini to speed up and coordinate the invasion. While en route to Eritrea Badoglio told an interviewer that the conquest would take several years. This statement contradicts the official propaganda that the war will be a short one. It indicates that the military opinion of Mussolini's generals is not in accord with his need to finish the campaign in one season. Their strategy will be hampered by the necessity to hasten matters along. Already they have lost the free-

dom of maneuvering because they had definitely to outline their proposed lines of advance.

In the final analysis, geography and economics are primary in determining the strategy to be used in any war. Mussolini is bucking both of these factors and consequently has provided the possibility of an Italian defeat. Off-hand it would seem as though Italy with a population four times as large as that of its victim and with a war industry capable of supplying its armies with the most deadly weapons of destruction, could easily overrun a primitive country defended by armies without airplanes, tanks, heavy artillery or poison gas. Actually there is a very good possibility that Mussolini and his regime may break their necks as the result of their invasion and the inevitable consequences that will follow.

NATURE is a powerful ally of the Ethiopian people. To carry out their invasion the Italian fascists have to ship all the munitions, war implements, food supplies and even a great deal of the water required by their armies in East Africa. It is some 2,500 miles from the principal Italian ports to Eritrea and over 3,500 miles to Italian Somaliland. That is far enough, but Italy must go even greater distances to obtain the necessary food and materials since they cannot be obtained at home. Trucks and mules must be imported from the United States, nitrates from Chile, beef from the Argentine, wool from Australia and so on. This is a disadvantage that would be difficult to overcome even if there were no outside opposition to Mussolini's schemes. It requires large sums for transportation services in foreign bottoms and toll charges at the Suez Canal and is a very awkward way of feeding and supplying the 350,000 men in the Italian armies in Africa. These difficulties are increased by the refusal of longshoremen to load Italian cargoes and by restrictions imposed on Italian boats by the British who will not permit them to stay more than twenty-four hours in key harbors.

The transportation of the huge quantity of materials needed by a modern army requires good harbors and facilities for unloading and storing supplies. The Italians, although they spent months preparing for the invasion, are still unable to handle the stream of supplies, which if interrupted stalls their war machine. Their East African harbors are very small and boats loaded with cargo wait for weeks out at sea for a chance to unload. A *New York Times* correspondent reported that at Massaua, "the sea is crowded with ships, some of which have waited five months to unload, since preference has been

given to those carrying the most important war materials." The less "important" materials seem to be food supplies as the same correspondent said that "there is a considerable shortage of food."

It is, of course, axiomatic that an army marches on its stomach. Because of the difficulties of supplying their soldiers with food, the Italian armies so far have been able to achieve nothing faster than a slow wriggle. Armies are never fed particularly well; the Italian soldiers seem to be getting inadequate food from the very start of the campaign. At Massaua they were fed mainly on bread, cheese and water. In the war zone the rations must be worse. By some freak the Italian censorship, which allows nothing to pass but laudatory accounts of the "Napoleonic strategy" of the high command, let the news slip through that the soldiers at the front were "gaunt from iron rations." The food problem has been accentuated by Mussolini's desire for a quick triumph. It made him send a very large force to Ethiopia and now the Italians are spending most of their energies trying to feed their men. There is a proper economic size to armies. If you overstep the number that is dictated by geographic and economic conditions, then you wear yourself out in merely trying to feed your men. Your ability to maneuver and strike is crippled and you lose the initiative to the enemy.

Another problem that has plagued the Italian fascists with increasing severity is lack of water. The one real solution for their waterless territory is to erect huge condensers to distill water from the Red Sea as the British have done at Aden. This the Italians did not do, or were unable to do. Consequently they are menaced by a chronic shortage of water, much of which must be hauled in boats from the outside world and then shipped by trucks and mules to the men at the front. They have dug some wells, but they have found most of the water to be unfit for drinking. Lack of water is doubly dangerous in the tropics where cleanliness is essential for the prevention of dangerous diseases. As the Ethiopians retreat into the highlands they have been salting and poisoning the wells, so that the natural shortage is accentuated. It makes possible the demoralization of the Italian forces as raids cut off and destroy their meager water supplies.

The invaders have found that Ethiopia is a natural fortress which is difficult to penetrate from any direction. It is a vast tableland whose mountain fastnesses rise sheer from the edges of some of the hottest deserts in the world. In the Danakil wastes, on the left flank of the Italian advance in the north, the temperature runs well over 130 degrees.

Most of the Ethiopian plateau is so steep and broken that there are few places where even mules can manage. After months of preparations, when the Italians launched their "push" against the Ethiopian border, it took their advance guard five days to go twenty miles to Adowa with the terrain as their only opponent. And after they had oc-

cupied Adowa for a week, correspondents found that no wheeled vehicles had yet been able to enter the town. Only mules and light tanks were able with difficulty to go over the rough mountain trails. It took The New York Times correspondent seven hours to make eight miles. So tough was the going that big American mules broke down under the strain.

The country which the Italians will encounter as they advance from Adowa is even more rugged than that which they have occupied. Long reaches of mountains and deserts stretch before them and there are no roads over which modern military equipment can be moved. They will require more roadbuilders than soldiers if they are to penetrate deep into the mountains. And as their lines grow longer they will be more vulnerable to quick raids by the Ethiopians, who will have far greater mobility because of their intimate knowledge of their own land and because they are unencumbered by heavy equipment.

ON THE southern front the Italians advancing into Ogaden Province have to cross 250 miles of burning, fever-ridden desert and tangled bush country before they reach the bastions and tableland which constitute the Ethiopian line of defense. They have found it difficult going with the Ethiopians harassing them on the flanks and setting ambushes at the scattered water holes.

Here is a country that cannot be taken in one grand rush. The Italians may very easily tire themselves out battling the hostile climate and terrain, long before they strike the main bodies of the Ethiopians. In the north the invaders suffer from a broiling sun during the day that brings fatigue from just normal exertion. Their greatest casualties to date have been among laborers who collapsed while working. And at night it is so cold, according to the correspondents, that coverings are of little value until you become acclimatized. In the south, heat and virulent bush fevers to which white troops are easily susceptible are taking a toll that will become heavier each week. Under such conditions epidemics will hang like a mist of death over the invaders and in the long run will undoubtedly kill and disable more men than the bullets of the Ethiopians. Hospitals have had to be established on the Dodecanese Islands in the Aegean Sea by the fascist regime to take care of the large number of soldiers who have fallen victim to dysentery, yellow fever, malignant tropical diseases, enteric fever and other such by-products of Mussolini's "quest for grandeur."

The Italian war machine was held up on many occasions by the rough terrain, lack of water and surprise raids by the Ethiopians. From the military viewpoint they achieved nothing during the first four weeks of their campaign and their troubles are only beginning. Military experts have been surprised that "their advance was not faster." In the north the Italian objective is Makale, a point sixty miles southeast of Adowa. At the present rate it will take some time before they

reach and consolidate this position, although the Ethiopian forces are far to the south and will offer nothing more than scattered resistance.

The problem of roads will become even more difficult for there is a steady rise in the plateau going south. As the line of advance thins out there will be excellent opportunities for the Ethiopians to raid the line of communications and make swift flanking forays. What will confront the Italians can be gauged from the history of the colonial wars of the past. It took as much as a half and on one occasion, nine-tenths of the invading forces to protect the line of supplies. In fact the problem can only be solved by a series of block-houses protecting the supply line at every point of danger. One British military expert—naturally hostile, of course—estimated that the Italians would need a thousand men to protect every mile along the line of communications. Even if only half this number were required, it would take most of the invading army. For when the invaders reach Makale they will still be 185 miles from Magdale, where the Ethiopians intend to make a stand in the narrow defiles of the dangerous mountain country and where the tanks and airplanes of the Italians will be useless.

In the south the Italians have yet to reach Gorahai, although in the desert country their planes and tanks were more useful than in the mountains, where their effectiveness was reduced to the vanishing point. From Gorahai the invaders will have to cross 225 miles of bush and desert before they reach Jijiga, their main objective. It is difficult to believe that they will not be seriously weakened by the heat, illness and the harassing tactics of the Ethiopians. They must capture Jijiga since it is the terminal for the flow of ammunition and arms to the Ethiopians from Berbera in British Somaliland.

The Italians thus face what may turn out to be insurmountable obstacles before they strike the main bodies of the Ethiopians. Their lines will be long and thin and fairly easy to disorganize by constant raiding. And when they finally come to grips with the defenders they will be at a tactical disadvantage. Their most potent weapons will in most cases be useless. Light tanks cannot cross deep ravines and natural tank traps are easy to construct in the rough mountain country. It is impossible to transport heavy guns through the roadless defiles of the mountains. Flying is difficult in high mountain country under normal circumstances; with heavy loads of bombs it becomes a risky proposition for the best aviators, let alone the bombastic relatives of Mussolini, who are apparently better actors than flyers. On the northern front, operating from well-built fields, the Italians have cracked up planes in landing because in the rarefied atmosphere the planes come down at speeds that the aviators find difficult to manage.

Aerial bombing is an expensive business and it requires large ground forces. The planes wear out quickly and have to be con-

stantly replaced. So far the Italian air raids have done little more than provide good copy for the war correspondents. They have been ineffective since the Ethiopians have no ammunition dumps, arms factories or aviation fields which can be blown up. Whenever they hear a plane the Ethiopians hide in the bush or undergrowth. Most of the victims of bombing raids have been defenseless women and children in the villages. But this terrorization of civilians has a double-edged effect. It stiffens the resistance of the Ethiopians and makes them the more determined to defeat an enemy who employs such civilized methods of warfare.

The Ethiopian forces have been using a strategy that is well suited to the nature of their country and makes the best use of their limited equipment. They are carrying out Haile Selassie's advice to "be cunning" and to "fight a nomad war." Their tactics are best summed up in Selassie's orders to the defending army:

We urge you not to fight in the traditional old way of massing against the enemy. On the contrary, follow your leaders' instructions and guard against hot-headedness, because if the enemy discovers you in angry groups he will burn you as wood in a blaze. . . . If you see an airplane, leave the open spaces and hide in the jungle. All soldiers with good guns should then shoot at the plane. When fighting begins, you will be within range of the Italian guns. Divest yourselves of shields and spears, because they will form a brilliant target. . . . Do not wash your shammias [the shamma is the traditional white cotton dress worn by the Ethiopians]. Allow them to become dirty, and therefore less visible. When we have defeated the invader, you may again take up your shields and don clean clothes.

If the Ethiopians follow these sound instructions and keep their shammias dirty they can hold up the Italian advance almost indefinitely. In the wild country where the main fighting will take place guerrilla bands have the advantage over trained troops. The concealed sharp-shooter's bullet has always been found to be superior to the best training. Defensive weapons like rifles, machine-guns and a few light field pieces, when used from ambush and in a country where the attacking force cannot very well employ its superior fire power, should be sufficient to make the advance too costly to continue. For as Balzac said of his Captain Cocheur, "in great battles, he endeavored always to give blows without receiving them, which is and always will be, the only problem to solve in war." The Ethiopians can use the terrain and guerrilla tactics to nullify the superior fire power of the Italians. They can deal punishing blows without receiving crushing ones in return.

IN SUCH a war the deciding stroke will be delivered by hunger. The economic collapse of one of the antagonists is the most likely conclusion. Because their economic "nervous system" is more susceptible to the shocks caused by a war of attrition, the Italians are here more vulnerable than the Ethiopians, whose primitive economy is rela-

tively unaffected in the unoccupied areas. The situation at home was a desperate one for Mussolini before he plunged into the war. With the added pressure of a costly and arduous war, there is a very good possibility that the home front may collapse and thus terminate the adventure. And it is just at this vulnerable point that the applications of sanctions by the League and working-class pressure will tighten the noose around his neck.

Effective sanctions supported by the independent action of the working classes can in themselves bring Mussolini to the edge of defeat. Oil, coal, iron, cotton and other vital raw materials are the sinews of modern war. An army today is dependent upon the uninterrupted operation of the entire economy of its country, if it is to function as an efficient fighting machine. The breakdown of a nation's industry would cause the collapse of its army. In this respect Italy is the weakest of the imperialist nations and cannot really be called a first-class fighting power. It is almost completely dependent upon the outside world for all necessary raw materials, not only for the purposes of war, but for her very economic existence. A blockade or effective sanctions over a period of six months would cause the collapse of Italian economy and leave its armies stranded in Africa.

Italy has to import practically the whole of her requirements of cotton, iron, copper and oil, 95 percent of her coal, 80 percent of her consumption of wool, besides being entirely dependent upon the outside world for tin, rubber, nickel and other key raw materials (see the Survey by the Royal Institute of International Affairs). The Italian factories would have to shut down if sanctions cut off only 20 percent of their supplies. Despite Mussolini's boast that he can hold out indefinitely, it is very easy to demonstrate that Italian economy would be faced with a catastrophic falling off in activity in a few months, since stocks on hand would be exhausted in a relatively short time.

Another angle to the vital problem of Italian imports is the question of foodstuffs. Italy imports a fifth of her food requirements. The need to divert large quantities of foodstuffs to the armies will force Italian fascism to import even larger quantities than usual. Any pressure on the food supply, allowing for the inevitable lowering of the living standards of the home population, would eventually cause trouble in the armies and revolt in Italy.

Sanctions, even if only moderately effective in restricting the flow of raw materials and foodstuffs, would play a major role in bringing about the collapse of Italian economy and would cripple the campaign in Ethiopia. The latter could not continue for more than a few months if the present sources of water, foodstuffs, gasoline, mules, etc., were cut off. Mussolini will be ruined unless he reaches some agreement with the British which will allow him to tunnel under the economic wall of sanctions.

The situation of Italian fascism is desper-

ate right now. It needs foreign exchange to pay for raw materials and army supplies. The Italian supply of gold is dwindling very rapidly. A year ago it stood at over 7,000,000,000 lire. On September 30 of this year it had shrunk to 4,271,000,000 and by October 10, it had been further reduced to 4,025,000,000 lire (about \$345,000,000).

The Bank of Italy has announced that during October war costs were draining the gold reserves at the rate of \$2,000,000 a day. If this rate is maintained, the gold reserve will have been reduced to 3,573,000,000 lire or \$300,000,000 by November 1. Obviously this source of foreign exchange will soon be exhausted. The fascist regime has no alternative source of foreign exchange such as large holdings of foreign securities. Therefore it must rely upon an expansion of exports to obtain the necessary foreign valuta. Mussolini has already resorted to dumping silk at 10 percent below world prices in a frantic effort to obtain exchange. But no dumping program can succeed under the present depression conditions of the world markets. And besides the League has struck at this joint in Mussolini's armor, by ordering an embargo on Italian imports. Such a measure again would not have to be 100-percent airtight to be effective. A reduction of 20 percent would wreck Italian economy. Even before this pressure has been applied, the fascist regime has found it necessary to curtail normal purchases to protect its limited gold supply. The newspapers on October 23 were ordered drastically to reduce their size so that foreign exchange would not have to be used to buy newsprint.

The war is thus driving Italy into the abyss of inflation. For Mussolini requires gold to back the depreciating lira. Every gold dollar taken out of his slender resources brings the danger of a runaway inflation a step nearer. The crushing burden of the Italian public debt which has been increased by the war will irresistibly force the fascist regime to resort to inflation, although only a few years ago Mussolini in his usual bombastic style declared that so long as he lived there would be no further devaluation of the lira. In July, 1929, the public debt stood at 87,200,000,000 lire. By July, 1934, it had risen to 102,600,000,000 lire and on September 30 of this year it amounted to 107,780,000,000 lire (\$8,762,000,000). With the actual outbreak of hostilities, its growth will be heavily accelerated.

WE HAVE seen that Italian fascism faces a long and serious struggle in Ethiopia. The application of sanctions and independent working-class actions would increase the pressure on the economy at home until a breakdown is very likely within six months. Without outside aid in the form of large credits and the sabotaging of sanctions by foreign capitalists, the fascist regime is not in a position to carry on the war for any considerable length of time. Mussolini must receive help from the British or French imperialists, if he is to go on with his plans

of conquest. There are rumors that the Laval government is preparing to give financial assistance to Mussolini. The Bank of France has been helping him by acting as his broker in converting Italian gold and foreign security holdings into foreign exchange with which to purchase war materials.

The British imperialists hold the trump card. Should they close the Suez Canal, Mussolini would have to call it a bad day and end the war. But they are likely to refuse to apply this most direct way of throttling the invasion, if Mussolini agrees to their terms. Economic sanctions, working-class boycotts and the Ethiopian terrain and armies, should make him give in.

Indirect support of Mussolini by the British and French imperialists as the result of a

secret bargain and because they fear the consequences of Italian defeat, does not mean that Ethiopia will still be sacrificed to imperialist greed. The difficulties confronting the invaders, economic, geographic and military, are so enormous that the odds are heavily stacked against them. The war will bring inflation and reduce still further the incredibly low standards of living of the great majority of the Italian masses. The unpopularity of the war will grow ever stronger as disease and famine strike at the soldiers and the civil population at home. Mussolini has gone too far to turn back. He cannot call off the invasion without wrecking Italian economy which has been geared to war. There are no jobs for the soldiers who are now in Africa. The only orders for the fac-

ories are war jobs. He must go on although disaster looms ahead, because to stop now would mean political suicide.

Geography and economics are working overtime against the Italian invasion. If every sincere friend of peace and foe of fascism does his part in forcing capitalist governments to apply effective sanctions; if the working classes push through mass actions that cripple the shipment of raw materials and goods to Italy; if the international bankers are prevented by world opinion from granting credits to Italian fascism, then there is every reason to believe that Mussolini will come a cropper and his defeat in the mountains of Ethiopia would be the first step toward helping the Italian people to free themselves from the iron-heel of fascism.

Marx in the Mountains

EDDY GILMORE

I WAS down in the Blue Ridge Mountains covering a story.

The state conservation commission was booting out of his home a stubborn little mountaineer, Melanchthon Cliser, age sixty-two. The government is building the Shenandoah National Park in this part of the country and it doesn't want the great, green acres to be spotted with cabins and dirty mountain folks. But Melanchthon didn't give a damn what they wanted.

Three generations of Clisers had lived in the little white house under the majestically towering crags of Mary's Rock. Melanchthon was born in the house. Married in it. More than once had hustled a midwife through its portals. He'd improved the place. He'd chinked the cracks, slapped a fresh coat of paint on its boards every spring. When he got tired of a well in the yard and a can that sat in the weeds over a backyard rise, he ran a pipe to a spring high in the hills and tapped himself a-plenty of cold mountain water.

When he heard from his neighbors that the lands of their homes had been condemned, he couldn't believe it. It didn't make sense. The greenest lands in the whole state. The highest mountains. The purest water. Why, President Hoover had picked a spot just over the ridge for his secondary White House. Condemn, what did they mean? You don't condemn the perfect.

But he began in time to learn what they meant. Some of the home folks showed him the money they'd been getting for their condemned places. He said they'd never get his place. Not if they offered him a million dollars. He'd stand at the front door and blast the guts out of everyone that tried to get it. But, before that, he'd take it to the President. 'Deed he would!

Time passed and so did the government

money. Right into the hands of everybody in the nearby hills except Melanchthon. And then came the day that the sheriff served notice he was tired of Melanchthon's hard-headedness. He was acting against the government. More time passed and the only thing that happened was that Melanchthon and the sheriff each got stubborn. Finally the sheriff set a date and a deadline for Melanchthon's moving. That's how I happened to get sent down to the mountains. The Washington newspapers, half-believing the old gent might actually barricade himself in his home and fire away at the forces of the sheriff's law, sent us down.

There wasn't any shooting. Melanchthon was too trusting. The sheriff just rode up to the cabin (accompanied by three deputies), held out his hand to shake hands with Melanchthon and when the little fellow held out his right hand, the sheriff handed him a handcuff instead of a shake. But Melanchthon was stubborn, of course, and he did a lot of screwy things like sing "Rock of Ages" and "The Star Spangled Banner," while the sheriff was reading the eviction order. Melanchthon had read a little law someplace and he had the idea that you had to hear the eviction to be evicted. So he sang to keep from hearing it.

Some of the boys laughed while this was going on, but it made a couple of us sore as hell. Anyhow, they got Melanchthon out. And his wife and dog and cow and chickens out. And every speck of furniture.

While all this was going on, a tall, old man, in dirty overalls that had once been blue, edged over beside me. He wore a scarecrow hat and fringes of grey hair stuck out beneath it. He was chewing tobacco. He squinted at me from between two eyelid slits in a weatherbeaten face that looked like a relief map.

"What do you think of this sort of stuff?" he asked.

The newspaperman who was standing beside me said it reminded him of Russia. But he said this very softly, because the sheriff wasn't far away.

"Russia," asked the old man, startled. "Why do you say Russia?"

"I mean Russia when the Czar was holding court," he said.

"Oh," said the old man. "I thought you meant Russia nowadays. You couldn't have meant that."

"Well, and why not?" I butted in, trying to have a little fun with the old guy.

"Because," he said, "Russia just ain't that way. That's the one place in the world where this couldn't happen to a working man."

"Where'd you hear about things like that, Pop?" asked the other newspaperman.

"I read," answered the old man. "I was born right here in this brush and rock. But I taught myself to read. Why, I've read *Das Kapital*."

Some of the other folks had gathered around us, Melanchthon having stopped his singing. They were tall, rangy, unshaven, overalled, mountain men.

"He reads to us," said one of them.

The old man went on.

"We took up a collection here last year. I put \$18 in it. You know what we did with it? We took it and sent a boy from these very hills over to Russia. He's there now, working on a collective farm. He writes us letters about things over there. We hear from him about once a month, regular. We sit around my cabin and listen to the letters."

He turned to the other men.

"We sho' do," they said. "We sho' do."

Our Olympics: Made in Germany

BRUCE MINTON

IT'S QUITE the fashion for officials of the American Olympic Committee to insist that their best friends are Jews. Brigadier-General Sherrill put it with considerable delicacy: "I am sorry that what I have done has not pleased all my Jewish friends, many of them the most prominent Jews in New York. But I shall go right on being pro-Jewish. . . ."

The General is an exceedingly well-meaning man who has lived a well-meaning life. Recently he has been subject to bursts of loving kindness, particularly for the misunderstood. His latest protege is Hitler. The two of them evidently hit it off pretty well. General Sherrill returned to this country with warnings for his Jewish "friends"—they had better approve of holding the Olympics in Berlin next year and prevent anyone else from hindering this plan, or else—

The "or else," General Sherrill envisages, is an outbreak of pogroms in America. "We are almost certain to have a wave of anti-semitism among those who never before gave it a thought and who may consider that about 5,000,000 Jews in this country are using the athletes representing 120,000,000 Americans to work out something to help the German Jews. . . ." The prophecy results from General Sherrill's three or four day visit to Germany. As a member of the American Olympic Committee and one of the three Americans on the International Committee, he was busy "investigating" conditions. Some bigots may disapprove of holding an international sporting event dedicated to fair play, equality, the promotion of good will, in a fascist country. They may even resent the terrorism, persecution, suppression of the Hitler government. General Sherrill rises above such petty considerations and is too broadminded to be effected by such sentiments as those that Herr Maltiz, sports leader of the Storm Troops of Berlin, released to the press. Herr Maltiz "can see no positive value for our people in permitting dirty Jews and Negroes to travel through our country and compete in athletics with our best." But the General smiles tolerantly and points out that politics do not concern the Olympic Committee. The problem is one of Jewish discrimination, the General reiterates: most of the Committee echo his point of view. And through their barrage of propaganda, they have succeeded in confusing the issue of American participation in the 1936 Olympiad.

I wanted to interview the General. He couldn't see me, he explained over the telephone, because he couldn't see any reporter. Reporters don't understand him or his ideals.

What the press can't fathom, the other members of the A. O. C. grasp quite readily.

From Chicago, Avery Brundage, president of the A. O. C., coal merchant and banker, added a new thought: "Communists" are behind protests against participation in the Olympics. Such protests are "barefaced effrontery" because amateur sports organizations "will never allow our athletes to be made 'martyrs to a cause not their own' or amateur sport to be sacrificed to a political issue."

There is also Mr. Wortman, president of the German-American Club of New York and member of the American Olympic Committee. The last time Mr. Wortman broke into print in any big way was when he threatened to sue The New York Post for libel: that publication had misrepresented Mr. Wortman's German-American Club, calling it liberal, not anti-semitic and unsympathetic to fascism. Mr. Wortman's righteous indignation bubbled over. His reply appeared in the Nazi newspaper, *Deutsche Beobachter*:

The article of The New York Post of January 3 is consciously of a character damaging to us and our pro-German attitude which in large part has influenced Americans to accept the invitation to the Olympics. Men such as Brundage (President of the American Olympic Committee), Major Walsh (President of the Metropolitan Assn., A.A.U.) . . . are friends or members of our club. . . . We count Jews for many years among our members and during all this time they have shown themselves as good Germans among German-Americans. . . . We see no ground for locking out these long-standing members so long as they support our policies.

MR. DIETRICH WORTMAN is an architect with offices at 109 East 29th Street, New York City. He sits in his back room in his shirt sleeves, a perfectly round little man with a high complexion and a head that looks like an inflated balloon with buttons sewed on for eyes. He speaks with a very thick accent, pausing only to catch his breath.

Mr. Wortman took great pains to point out that opposition to the Olympics being held in Berlin was a Communist "plot." Brundage had already announced this discovery to the world and the assistant to the secretary down at the Olympic Committee offices in the Woolworth Building had hinted at the same conclusion. Neither gentleman would name the master mind behind the "plot." It remained for Mr. Wortman to supply the name: I pass it on because it just goes to show that one never knows who is a Communist and who isn't. According to Mr. Wortman, the agent from Moscow is none other than Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. This information is arrived at through a series of subtle deductions: it seems that Dr. Wise denounces the Nazis and Hitler; his son was present at a mass meeting at which the audience sang "The Interna-

tionale"; at that same meeting, a speaker remarked, "Naziism is based on capitalism and terror." Ergo, Dr. Wise is a Communist.

Mr. Wortman expanded. Jews aren't persecuted in Germany. He produced a newspaper published in Berlin to prove it. Jewish athletes are not discriminated against in the Third Reich. Another corroborative newspaper. True, Mr. Wortman admitted, hot-heads like Streicher raise a fuss now and again, and there are cases of individuals going too far, but—Mr. Wortman chuckled with understanding tolerance—"you know what young fellows are like!" Furthermore, Mr. Wortman's best friends are Jews. He has a Jewish partner. He has just found a Jewish partner for his son. Mr. Wortman has the greatest admiration for Jews—in their place. He does draw the line at Communists. He could definitely state that Mayor LaGuardia has Communist ideas. Many, many people are Communists. That's why there has to be a Hitler in Germany. And unless the Jews are careful, they will bring a Hitler to this country. Mr. Wortman wouldn't like to see that, but if it must be—and so on.

Wortman is a Nazi. His club is notoriously pro-Hitler. Moreover, Wortman has influence with other members of the A. O. C. Sherrill returned to this country spouting Nazi ideas. Brundage is close to Wortman's club—so close that he sent special good wishes to the club when it published a "Jubilee Book" containing Hitler's picture as a frontispiece. Major Walsh is very friendly with Wortman—the day I visited Wortman, Walsh rang up and the two gossiped over the phone and made a dinner date. The Nazis have a finger in the American Olympic Committee.

This statement is not made solely because Wortman, the avowed Nazi, is a close friend of Brundage and Walsh, or "because they are all friends and members of our club," to quote Wortman. Sherrill's remarks have made it clear enough where he stands. And then there is Brundage's case. On June 7, 1933, the International Olympic Committee received pledges from the head of the German Olympic Committee, Lewald, but officially signed by the German government. The pledge promised "No discrimination against German Jews, in principle." Subsequently, the Hitler government promulgated seventy-five edicts which were clear-cut violations of this pledge. When the Amateur Athletic Unions met in Pittsburgh, December, 1933, they voted to boycott the Olympic Games. Brundage was present and agreed to the boycott; Wortman opposed it. The Committee passed a resolution that unless Nazi conduct changed and unless conditions

in Germany improved drastically, the American team would *not* participate in the 1936 Olympiad so long as it was held under Nazi auspices. By spring, 1934, the executive committee of the A. O. C. decided that Brundage should make a first-hand investigation of German conditions. Brundage went to Germany in August. He was tendered a dinner and new pledges, this time by von Tschammer-Osten. The pledges were confidential—that is, they were not to be made public in Germany. Brundage described this condition to the Associated Press as a “curious circumstance.” By the next day, however, when Brundage left Germany, he had promised American participation. The night before he had been entertained by Hitler.

Brundage reported to the executive committee in New York, September 26, 1934. He had suddenly decided that the question of participation was of too great importance for him to make a single-handed decision. So far as he could determine (in four days as guest of the German government) he could see no discrimination against minority athletes in Germany. Other than that, he refused to discuss the subject. The matter, he urged, should be dropped. The question arises: Just why did Brundage make the trip to Germany if on his return he refused to discuss the object of his visit? And in addition, just what happened that made Brundage perform an about-face the day after Hitler talked to him?

Brundage did contribute a slogan: Sport for sport's sake. No one quite knows what this means. Perhaps his action at the dinner tendered to German Ambassador Luther by the New York Athletic Club explains it. A reporter asked Luther what treatment Jewish athletes from other countries could expect when they arrived in Germany. Brundage ruled the question out of order—as irrelevant.

A GAINST Sherrill, Brundage, Wortman, Walsh and others stand a few members of the A. O. C., notably Judge Mahoney who is conducting a courageous, determined fight against the high-handed methods of the majority of A. O. C. executives. He has rallied such men as John Haynes Holmes, Governor Curley of Massachusetts, Mayor LaGuardia, Dr. Fosdick, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, William Green, the presidents of Union and Chicago Theological Seminaries, the presidents of Villanova, Oberlin, Louisville, Rollins, Dana, Boston, Southern Methodist, Holyoke and Arkansas colleges and universities, and hundreds of others in all walks of life. They are probably “Communists” in Mr. Brundage's eyes. In less than a week, the Anti-Nazi Federation collected 20,000 signatures against participation. The Committee for Fair Play in Sports, the Olympic Boycott Committee, the National Student League, organization after organization have launched national campaigns to resist the attempt to force American athletes to participate in games held in a country that violates every principle on

which the Olympic idea rests. These are the groups which Mr. Brundage considers subversive and The Daily News labels “squashed windbag politicians, churners of racial hatred and stump-jumping liberals.”

One thing is becoming increasingly evident—the American Olympic Committee's acceptance of Nazi reasoning motivates its attempt to narrow the issue down to one of Jewish discrimination and its desire to dismiss the political, economic and social implications involved. The chief interest of the average American is organized sport. The space sport receives compared to the space given any other subject in American newspapers is sufficient indication of this fact. The A.O.C. is rapidly turning this common interest into a medium for Nazi propaganda. Opposition to participation is labelled “un-American.” A few business men who have wormed their way into the Olympic Committee have appointed themselves dictators of American sport.

For despite the protestations of the A.O.C., a great deal more is involved in the question of boycotting the Olympics than discrimination against Jews—in itself a violation of all the Olympics stand for. There is the treatment of athletics in general by the Third Reich. Before Hitler came to power, Germany boasted 80,000 sport clubs, supported for the most part by labor unions. The significant characteristic of German labor clubs was their emphasis on athletics. Hitler suppressed these organizations, whether they were backed by labor or by religious groups—Jewish, Catholic, Protestant. He confiscated their property, turned it over to the military and the Storm Troopers, forced German workers into the Nazi “Strength Through Joy” regimented sport organizations. Jews were systematically excluded from municipal playgrounds, gymnasiums and athletic contests. So were Masons, Social Democrats, Communists and pacifists. Catholic youth groups were “forbidden to wear uniforms or participate in athletics.” A recent article (NEW MASSES, Oct. 8) described the treatment of Negro athletics. In addition, the German Labor Front was forced to subscribe to Streicher's *Der Stuermer*—80,000 units formerly identified with sport were compelled to underwrite the obscene, Jew-baiting publication of Germany's chief inciter to pogroms.

And if the Olympics are not political, as the A. O. C. insists, why is it that the U. S. S. R. has never been invited to participate? Why is it that the Nazis themselves admit the political importance of the Games? Herr von Tschammer-Osten, when asked by the Nazis why he had promised no discrimination “in principle” against Jews in Olympic try-outs, answered, “You are probably astonished by our decision . . . but we had to consider the political situation. Athletes represent our only asset and it is my duty to foster them.” The New York Times quotes the Reich sport leader as contending that the 1936 Olympics would afford

Hitler an unparalleled opportunity to demonstrate to the world Germany's will for peace and its cultural achievement.

Vast sums are being spent by the Third Reich in preparation for the Games. The Nazis expect at least half a million tourists who will patronize German hotels, travel on German boats and trains, and remain in Germany at least two weeks. Millions of dollars for Germany, millions of dollars to help support the Nazi regime. What becomes of the boycott against German goods voted by the A. F. of L.? Participation in the Olympics will break the boycott. Participation is a direct slap at the American labor movement.

There are many points, too many to be raised here. Nor does the inclusion in the German team of two or three Jewish athletes indicate lack of discrimination—if even the narrow basis for American participation set up by the A. O. C. were the decisive factor. Twelve Jews have recently been barred by the Nazis: Harry Stein, champion flyweight; Eric Seelig, champion middleweight; Levy, Hamburg sprinter; Prenn, Davis Cup player; Martha Jacob, champion in the javelin throw; seven others, equally distinguished in their own events. General Sherrill's remark “There never was a prominent Jewish athlete in history,” is so patently absurd that it does not need further discussion. He might be interested to know that in the last Olympics, held at Los Angeles, 1932, eight percent of the German total score was won by Jewish athletes; statistics don't show how many other German participants were Jews in the light of the Nazi definition that one Jewish grandparent brands a person an “enemy of the Nazi state.” There were forty-seven Jews in the last Olympic games and twenty-four of them made point scores. Not to mention Negroes, Catholics, Africans, Masons, non-“Aryans.” What kind of reception and treatment will these athletes receive in Berlin in 1936?

Finally, the A.O.C. resolved that if conditions in Germany continued as they were in 1933 or if they did not improve, the executive committee would favor non-participation. Conditions have grown worse! The Hitler government has violated one pledge after another. Is it likely that it will keep pledges given to General Sherrill and Mr. Brundage when it has systematically broken promises and contracts entered into with the German people and foreign governments?

It is obvious that if the A.O.C. members wish to act in good faith, they must set up a judiciary committee to investigate conditions in Germany, a committee of men trained to understand the social and political and economic conditions, a committee composed of men who are not Nazis or Nazi sympathizers. Unless this is done and done immediately, the A.O.C. violates its obligation to American athletes and to the American people.

Herndon is Back in Atlanta

JOSEPH NORTH

ATLANTA.

THE TRAIN carrying Angelo Herndon back to a Georgia chain-gang had four golden bars running all around the stream-lined locomotive and the first pullman car was named Rotary Club. It was one of the fastest trains in the world and it tore down the Atlantic Coast as though demons were pursuing it; the siren kept sounding every few minutes in a low, mournful wail through Delaware, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia.

"That damn whistle," Herndon said to me at three-thirty in the morning somewhere in North Carolina: "Sounds like somebody crying for his lost soul."

The Supreme Court of these United States decreed two weeks ago that Angelo Herndon had to go back to Georgia and serve eighteen to twenty years on the chain-gang. The jury had recommended mercy. The Supreme Court didn't say so in its review of the case, but the crime Herndon had committed was to have a dark skin and to ask bread for Georgia's starving people. And I have seen these people. They are wild-eyed with hunger.

Atlanta, Georgia, is the only city where I ever saw cats and human beings roam the main streets searching for food. On Marietta and Forsyth Streets in the heart of town I saw lean cats slink down the gutter and I saw white farmers (oh, we have no peasants in America) carrying their children, naked save for diapers, begging for a nickel for something to eat. They beg on streets handsome with skyscrapers and Atlanta has a proud skyline you see in long pictures in cigar stores and it is called the "Convention City of the South."

Indeed while I write the American Prison Association is holding its Sixty-fifth Annual Convention here at the Biltmore and warden Lawes of Sing Sing has just delivered a stirring address called "Humanizing Our Prisons" at the very time Herndon was delivering himself up to the chain-gang.

I saw a chain-gang and the clink of the chains sound musical from a distance like ice bumping against the thin glass holding a Georgia planter's mint julep. I saw prisoners in stripes chained to each other working from "can to can't" *i. e.*, from daybreak when you can see to nightfall when you can't.

Herndon came a thousand miles to hand himself over to the authorities. He is charged with inciting to insurrection. I wrote the account for *THE NEW MASSES* when Herndon was freed on \$15,000 cash bail about a year and a half ago. I repeat: This lad stands up with John Brown and Nat Turner, a twentieth-century Abolitionist—the dream of John Brown and Nat Turner with the wisdom of George Dimitrov.

Listen: He caught the train in New York,

of his own, free, twenty-one-year-old will to ride a thousand miles to the chain gangs of Georgia. Life, I need not tell you, is sweet at twenty-one and many persons said he would jump bail. George Schuyler, columnist of *The Pittsburgh Courier*, said he was a damn fool if he didn't. But eighteen more are charged with insurrection in Georgia. And Herndon, son of the Negro people and of the proletariat, went back to see to it the people of Georgia could stand up and fight for the right to live like men. He came back to fight this nineteenth-century charge.

WE SAT up 1,000 miles and talked. (Black passengers can't get sleepers anyway South of the Mason-Dixon Line.) Herndon is a citizen of the future and those who live in the future can hang their hats anywhere in the present and be at home. We sat in the Jim-Crow car and talked at our ease about everything in life. Herndon's nose was glued to the pane and we sat there watching America fly by.

There was Jersey and the Crempa-Jersey Power case and the spot where Dutch Schultz was rubbed out; there was Delaware where duPont makes dynamite and owns every inch of the state; Virginia was dark but the lights of Richmond flickered and here Lee surrendered and the Civil War ended freeing the slaves. And now the train was roaring through Dixie seventy miles an hour carrying twenty-one-year-old Angelo to twenty years on a chain gang. It was coming dawn in North Carolina and at four-forty the train stopped at Gastonia, right in front of *The Gastonia Gazette* which called for the lynching of the textile organizers in the famous 1929 strike. The sun came up hot and red when we hit South Carolina and Angelo pointed out two bloodhounds about a quarter of a mile off loping through the meadows, their long ears flopping. It was scarcely dawn when we saw the Southern textile mills aglow and I looked through the window of a shack in a mill village and saw a young woman "operative," as *The New York Times* calls her, combing her long hair before ten—twelve speed-up hours at the loom. The soil began to turn red-rusty and we both got a little excited when we saw the first cotton fields and the cotton pickers out in the fields gleaning the final few bolls, packing them in burlap sacks slung at their sides. We saw the rickety shacks with the bales of cotton piled high. "Waiting for a good price," Herndon said. "I've laid in those cabins in the Black Belt," he said, "and looked up in the middle of the night and seen the moon and stars through the cracks in the roof."

We talked about life and we talked about his dreams. He remembered Lenin's statement that revolutionaries need not be afraid to dream.

"Would you like to go to the U.S.S.R. for a spell if you were freed now?"

"Oh, I would, of course, but Jesus, Joe, there ain't time. There's too much to do in the U.S.A."

"What work would you prefer when you get out of prison here?"

He grinned. "I like to count chickens when they're hatched. But I do know what. I'd want to work among my own people. They have special problems with which I'm best acquainted." We got to talking of the things he had done since he came out of jail some sixteen months ago. First of all, he had spoken all over America to more than a million people.

"And how does America look to you?"

"Once you go round and see it, Joe, you love it. It is a magnificent country. I love its factories and mills and I love the lay of the land. I loved Oregon most of all because the mountains are higher there and make you feel grand—make you feel like a man ought to. It's a wonderful country but it belongs to the wrong people. Everywhere I went I saw it was the America of the capitalists. I want to see it the America of the people who built it."

It was after we saw the bloodhounds with long ears flopping, somewhere past Gastonia, that he got to talking about how he had discovered Communism. I reported that in my first article on Herndon over a year ago. But today he said, "It was like all of a sudden turning a corner on a dirty old street and finding yourself on a broad, shining highway."

Georgia, red-brown soil, the people bony, underfed, driving consumptive mules with long jittery ears along rusty-dusty highways. The shacks rickety and humanity barefooted. This is the state with the motto, "Wisdom, Justice, Moderation." This is the state which passed the following law after the Nat Turner Slave Rebellion in 1933 and now holds Herndon with it in 1935:

Any person convicted of the defense of insurrection of slaves or of an attempt to incite insurrection of slaves shall be punished with death, or if the jury recommend to mercy confined in the penitentiary for term of not less than five years or more than twenty years.

ATLANTA: We went to the Negro neighborhood. Talk about the hovels and the mudstreets of Adowa and Adigrat. We needn't be uppitty about Yankee progress. Where we stood, here in the second biggest city of the South, the homes leaned on rickety brick piles, the night stars shone through the cracks in the frame-structures. And the people hungered.

But what people: "Angelo Herndon: Well, I'll be blessed! Angelo, Angelo Herndon!" They kissed him and they took him in. I

dare not mention the name of the family which took us in, for the Reverend Hudson, Atlanta's official Torquemada and Assistant Prosecutor, would hunt them down. Anyway, they lived in one of these shacks in "Darktown" and they offered us their hospitality and though they were half-starved they went out and rustled up food and they fell all over themselves making things good for Angelo.

They knew the next morning he was to give himself up to 18 or 20 years on the chain gang and he was theirs and he spelled liberation. They wanted to do everything they could do to make him happy these few hours before he went back to Fulton Tower—"the big rock."

They went out and brought back fish which they fried but there was no money for wine. We ate garfish at midnight and then after we were through talking and nobody wanted to sleep they played the little victrola. It was dark inside, no gas, nothing but lamplight and that only in the kitchen, and our shadows danced all over the walls. They looked for something cheerful to play among the twenty-year old records but all the records were blues. There was The Back Water Blues and The Deadcat Blues, The Birmingham Gambling Man Blues and The Mean Woman Blues which sang:

Blues got me drinkin'
 Trouble got me thinkin'
 And it's gonna carry me to my grave....
 It's mean for a woman to be drinkin'
 When she ain't got a dollar
 To meet the rent man.

It was a week-end night and the police squad was patrolling these Adowa-like streets of Atlanta and we had to laugh in whispers. Workingmen can extract the gold of laughter out of the meanest ore; and Herndon laughed with all the rest.

They finally got Herndon to sing and he sang a song he had learned in Fulton Tower.

Look a-yonder—yonder
 Hard-boiled sun is turnin' over
 It's comin' down, O Lawd
 It's comin' down.

Give me, give me a cool drink a' water
 Before I die, O Lawd
 Before I die.
 I don't want no
 Corn bread, peas and molasses
 At supper time
 No—at supper time.

Every mail day—mail day
 I get a letter
 Son, come home, O son, son, come home.

How can I go
 Shot guns and pistols
 All around me
 To blow me down
 O Lawd, to blow me down.

The next morning before our hostess left for work (on relief) about 6:30 a. m. she fried us chicken and fish, and God only knows where she got the half pint of wine and we ate chicken and fish and grits and

hot corn muffins as the sun was coming up. She and her husband Tom wanted to do more for Angelo but what was there to do? What can you do for somebody when you're broke, flat broke? Wasn't there something Angelo wanted, anything they could do? Standing there desperately, at dawn, eager to do something for a man on the chain gang for twenty years—for them.

He saw a family picture on the mantel. "I'd like to have that picture," he said, "autographed."

"Auto-what?" they asked.

"Autographed. That means, sign it," he said. They took the photograph down (the mother and child on their chair and the father in high celluloid collar standing stiffly behind them) and they painfully wrote their names down.

Angelo took their picture and looked at it intently. His people, his fellow-workingmen. "I'll carry that along to Fulton Tower," Angelo said, smiling. We all shook hands and they kissed Angelo Herndon and they went away to work on relief.

Angelo and I played a few more records and then Angelo said we ought to wash the breakfast dishes before we left and we did it and about noon Angelo went down to the Atlanta courthouse where he had brought the crowd of 1,000 in 1933 asking for bread and he turned himself over to the authorities who had sentenced him to twenty years.

"You know," he said to me a block or so away from the courthouse, "the nearer I get to the court, the nearer I feel freedom. I'm dead sure the united front'll get me out soon. Funny, isn't it? The nearer I get to Fulton Tower, this time, the nearer I feel to freedom." He was silent a moment and then grinned. "That's dialectics, I guess, isn't it?"

THEY had been waiting for him, for the mandate had come down from the Supreme Court in Washington that morning. The Georgia authorities bound him over to Fulton Tower to await hearing on November 12. Before he gave himself up he handed me a slip of paper:

If what I've done and what I do, if all I have suffered, and will still suffer, helps build the united front, then I have been successful. My fight has not been in vain. I will have been as successful as any human being, any worker, could be, in such a short span of life, I am now twenty-one years old. If life is spared me and I am sure the people of America will see to that, if I am snatched from this slow death of a Georgia chain-gang, then I will devote the rest of life to the same work that caused my arrest. I searched for a unity of all the working men in America, white and black, in mine and office, to end the slavery I find my beautiful country in. I want to see shining workers' homes of marble where today these grimy shacks stand.

This is the second chapter of Angelo Herndon's story. I hope to be granted the privilege soon to write the third.

Attorneys for Herndon have secured an order setting November 12 as the date for a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus sought on the ground that the constitutionality of the statute under which he was convicted has never been determined. There is a United States Supreme Court decision holding that where a prisoner has been denied a review of his case on technical grounds he may test the constitutionality of the law through habeas corpus. This is the same procedure that is being used in the Mooney case. The effect of the order will be to keep Herndon in Fulton County until November 12 and prevent authorities from sending him to one of the worst chain gangs in Georgia.—THE EDITORS.

Poem

Here where head lights pour torrents
 Of white fire into the dark: here where
 These careful citizens curse and mock him,
 Being black, lift him screaming
 into the horror of a Negro's death—there is
 No loveliness of Southern night—see well:
 With naked cold eye weigh well each nerve.
 Like liquid-fire; each toss of battered head:
 This sheltered warm blood dripping
 Down the tarred rope; this human agony,
 There is the reality.

Above, the stars rock on through Space.
 Below, these figures move through Time,
 Unlike the frozen place of stars,
 Toward a sterner scene.
 Where hate is a smile to cover Southern hells
 With deadly flags and history
 Of song from black throats, joined
 Carefully with mountain-voice
 Within the beautiful comrade ranks.
 Advancing as the singing blood
 To roll great stones away from doors
 That lead on light, that lead on light.

KENNETH PATCHEN.

Seeing Is Believing

META BERGER

IT WAS a tough-minded delegation of twelve Americans that the Friends of the Soviet Union drew from the American trade union movement for the annual visit to Russia this spring—a fair sampling of trade-union economics and self-conscious socialist determination not to be corrupted by entertainment.

As we came to know each other crossing the Atlantic, I had room for a little sympathy with the Russian trade unions which were to be hosts to us.

We were determined not to be fooled. We would take our hospitality with salt. We had all been warned that we'd see only what we were supposed to see. Well, we'd show them. The idea rode like a bit in our minds as we approached Russia.

There were ten men and two women in the American delegation. The women were Socialists and mindful of the treatment of their Socialist comrades in the early years of the revolution. The men were trade unionists, excepting for one doctor (a Socialist also) and two farmers. Their idea of the class struggle, for the most part, was limited to a feeling that strikes were all right. They were all honest, forthright people who had worked hard for the chance to go to Russia. Organized labor in America is not passionately curious about Russia. The handful of delegates went without benefit of support at home. One of them had lost his job for coming. Another was sure he would lose his when he returned.

We had all prepared questions from our several points of view—the miner's, the textile worker's, the farmer's, the doctor's, the librarian's, the teacher's, the Negro's and the Socialists'—with some of them reminiscent of old I. W. W. experiences and some of them incredibly naive and many of them betraying bourgeois American prejudices. We pooled them, a dozen pages in all. "How much do miners pay for fuel? . . . Can a miner who is a foreman in the anthracite region in America become a foreman in Russia? . . . What is the relation of the Communist Party to the miners? . . . Are the daughters of miners forced into white slavery as in the U. S. A.? . . . How much time do children spend with parents? . . . Is there as much affection between children in the Soviet Union as in other countries? . . . How are prescriptions filled? . . . Does the Soviet Union write or sell any form of life insurance? . . ."

(Later, when Kalinin, president of the Soviet Union, read them he scolded us roundly for the stupidity and naivete of many of them. We replied that we had come to learn and reminded him of Lenin's injunc-

tion to be patient. It all ended good-naturedly.)

The enthusiastic welcome including a jazz band (jazz, mind you, to make us feel at home) with which we were greeted in Leningrad, might have thawed the purposes of a less determined group, but not ours. We looked at the throngs of hurrying people in the streets and asked sharply why they were so poorly clad and had only rags for shoes. Our interpreters quickly reassured us.

"These are just the clothes for work," they told us. "Wait until tonight—or go this afternoon to a park or house of culture. You will see. We all now have at least one good outfit."

And we found that what they said was true. The people in the moving picture theaters, in the opera, in the cafes at night were as well dressed as the audience in a neighborhood theater in America.

So it was with everything. We yielded enthusiasm cautiously. They gave us books of beautifully printed statistics, showing graphically their achievements. We struggled against the impression the statistics made on us.

"These are *your* figures," we said, remembering how we would probably be misled. "Prove them."

When they cheerfully promised to show us, we said we wanted to see for ourselves and they agreed to let us alone for some independent investigation (one of our number spoke Russian). One night we dispersed without guides and went into any homes in which we wished to question the workers, and see for ourselves.

Even allowing for the fears and suspicions with which people living under a dictatorship must view inquiring travelers, we all concluded that the Bolsheviks had not only put their system over, but they had made it stick.

EXCEPTING for this one night, the Russians showed us. They showed us all of the superlative things for which the new Russia has already become famous; the biggest dam, the biggest library, the biggest farms in the world, the most beautiful and entertaining parks, museums, workers' summer resorts in the Crimea, workers' apartments where once the mud dog-huts had been the homes of miners. They showed us the old slums and the new housing areas, they took us into mines using the most modern equipment where lately there was only the pick-axe. We cleaned our shoes before we went into a pig-house on a new state farm and we saw the beautiful new subway which taxed chemical as well as engineering

genius in its construction. They showed us nursery schools as modern as any in America, self-managing reformatories, scientific laboratories, the Russian Hollywood. Everywhere they pointed the comparison of the new life and the old. Then they showed us countless plans and programs for more parks, more factories, more of the good life for the workers. They showed us until our eyes and backs and legs ached and some of us grumbled that there ought to be an eight-hour day for visitors. Then, when our senses were saturated, they urged us to the opera or the theater which is giving the workers their first taste of culture. It is only in retrospect that the realization of the daring and labor of these achievements is possible. At the time, there was so much to understand. I remember particularly one beautiful new railroad station (in Kiev). In the magnificent and spacious waiting room the peasants lay in clumps on the floor, their bundles on the benches. Again and again the swiftness and vastness of the new life of the Russian people came to us in a fresh, visual, impact.

They showed us as much as they could crowd into our days and nights and they told us what we could not see—of the rise of wages (37 percent during the first five-year plan) and the fall in prices (35 percent) during the same period. So that life is constantly becoming easier for the workers. They told us that the wage level will rise 55 percent by 1937 and the price level drop accordingly. They told us that they had almost wiped out illiteracy and showed us that in 1917 only 33 percent of Russians could read and write, while now 90 percent can (and 95 percent in the cities). They gave us figures showing the reduction in infant mortality and occupational diseases. They insisted that Russia is the only country in the world in which the purpose of all industrial activity is to increase invention and mechanization so that the worker may work fewer hours and have more goods. They told us that the most elaborate safety devices were installed in all factories for workers' protection and that as a result the industrial accident rate was very low.

When they had finished (somehow that word is inappropriate for they never finished) they told us that we must neither judge them too harshly (because it was all far from complete) nor yet be too enthusiastic, because we would only hurt their cause.

WE CRITICIZED some of the things we saw. We found that in their museums of revolutionary history, the work and contributions of Trotzky were omitted. We asked how they could honestly erase

his name from that fierce history and they told us that he was a counter-revolutionary now, whose past usefulness must not be made into a present menace. We saw Lenin deified and we demurred that they were substituting one religion for another. One is the religion of science and activity, they said, the other is that of ignorance and death. We saw the picture of Stalin around every corner until, to our un-indoctrinated eyes, it was almost comical. He has helped us to live, they said. We saw people crowded still in inadequate rooms. There are only twenty-four hours a day for us to work, they said, and we knew that they used all the hours of day and night. We saw women doing heavy work and asked them why they did it, only to be told that they were quite free to enter any field and did this because they chose to.

The amazing thing to me is that coming from industrialized America where running water is (at least in the cities) a commonplace and where good roads and green vegetables have softened our pioneering spirit, we could have been so impressed by this new society which is still so raw and straining and incomplete. It was as though our understanding and sympathy were gradually enlarged. We felt new appreciations and reorganized our values. We lost some of our "dollar psychology." It happened slowly. I remember an incident in the theater where one of the group was indignant to be obliged to yield his place to a shock-brigader, honored by special privileges because of her good work for the state. Our man said indignantly that he had "money enough to buy out the whole row." Yes, in America, they said simply, but not in Russia. I remember my own horror and revulsion at sanitary conditions in the country—a disgust which made me forget for the moment that every thatched roof hut we passed in the long country stretches had two or three new windows—light and aid from the Bolsheviks to the peasants. Later, after I heard an eloquent speech by a Russian on the subject, I wrote a letter to the speaker acknowledging my error in over-valuing the importance of privies when bread and shelter and peace were such desperate considerations. Sanitation comes next. If the Russians attack the problem of plumbing as they have every other technical problem, we may be inviting their sanitary engineers to modernize our south.

Until we saw Russia some of us believed that no good could come of dictatorship—that nothing was worth the price that Russia had paid, no society could justify such terror and despotism. Now that we have seen Russia, we know that there are dictatorships and dictatorships. We have seen a country where the physical achievements alone merit great applause. But much more than these, where the spiritual and cultural achievements for the people as a whole evoked in us something much more stirring than respect. And

above all of these things, we have seen a dictatorship educating a new generation to participate in a democracy which is the denial of that dictatorship. Russian education today is calculated to equip the citizens of Russia not only with technical skill but with a consciousness of dignity and power, with a conviction that the dictatorship is transient and waiting upon them. Mr. Louis Fischer in a recent article has pointed the anomaly—a dictatorship which prepares for its own abdication.

Certainly, we concluded, this is not the same kind of dictatorship as that which burned the books, destroyed the labor unions, reduced the standard of living, prohibited scientific research, in Italy. Certainly it cannot be compared with the degenerate government of Germany which has silenced music, closed schools and run amok to terrify or mummify a nation. We Socialists saw in Russia a new culture, a unique security, and the socialization of wealth. We saw planned and daring collective activity for the collective good. That these results have been achieved at a great and tragic cost, we know. It was written in the faces of the older survivors as well as in their harsh history. But that the results are good, enviably good, we know too. All twelve of us know that for a working man, for a child of almost any class, for a woman of energy and ability, for a

scientist, Russia promises more opportunity, more appreciation, more security and hope than any other country in the world.

Nothing was asked us by our hosts. Sometimes we were suddenly aware of the incredulity of our guides who found us very naive, and sometimes we felt their friendly contempt. The new generation in Russia is as proud and as arrogant and sure of itself as only the ruling class is, elsewhere in the world. Our Russian friends were hospitable and helpful, but we were expected to show spirit and intelligence, and before the visit was over we were all trying to live up to those expectations.

After 4,500 miles of travel we reported that we were "amazed at the constructive energy"; we wrote of the "wonderful care and education you give your children" "the superior type of woman we have seen" "the encouragement of culture of national minorities" "the comprehensive social insurance" and we "rejoiced that the Soviet leaders have not been afraid to undertake tremendous tasks." We expressed our "deep admiration for the dauntless courage of those who fought the revolution, for the foresight of the leaders who could plan in the midst of chaos, for the heroic sacrifices of the workers."

In short, we came back from Russia as enthusiastic as our cynical friends had prophesied, in spite of ourselves.

Harvard Swears

MERLE COLBY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE old joke, "You can tell a Harvard man," should be amended to "You can't tell a Harvard professor." For it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish between a member of the Harvard faculty and a member of this year's freshman class. Extreme immaturity of manner and the dewy beardlessness commonly associated with novices, choirboys, and melons at dawn, are about all that inform you that you are talking with a member of the professorial staff of Harvard.

The immaturity of Harvard professors was made strikingly evident the other night in New Lecture Hall, at a mass meeting called to protest the Teachers' Oath Act (Massachusetts Laws of 1935, Chapter 370). Under the new law, Massachusetts citizens who are teachers in public or private schools and colleges must take the oath of allegiance to the constitution required of army and navy officers and federal employes. The three main speakers: Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology, James A. McLaughlin of the Law School faculty, and John R. Walsh, instructor in economics, were pretty obviously at a loss just what to do about the Act. Dr. Mather,

whose refusal to take the oath the week before brought roars from the reactionaries and cheers from the liberals, had later announced he would take the oath, but now wasn't quite sure, after all. Disarmingly he admitted that after having "made a face" he would probably have to take his medicine. Professor McLaughlin trounced the act as a "soap-bubble," and an "additional petty harassment of citizens," showing clearly that the loosely-worded statute failed to provide a penalty, then admitted after all that little could be done about it, and that it was better not to embarrass the University administration anyway. Mr. Walsh, after straightforwardly denouncing the Act, suggested coyly that faculty members should hire "somebody who knows his way around the legislature—well, a lobbyist, if you will," and get the measure repealed.

The question period arrived, and four hundred-odd Harvard students calmly and with a maturity conspicuously lacking in their elders took the meeting over. Not a general question was asked. There was work to be done: the election of a broad anti-oath committee, composed of students, faculty members, and—symptomatic of the situation!—even interested persons from "outside." Time and place were

set, a tentative agenda drawn up, and the organizational result of the meeting was consolidated—by the students.

Those who had come to "see the show" drifted back to their dormitories, and the smaller and more interesting meeting that always takes place around the speaker's desk was on. Questions that were half demands were fired at Mather by students.

"We're behind you. Nobody wants to see your neck in a sling, but the Act has no teeth. How about refusing to take the oath?"

"Let's throw a mass meeting on Cambridge Common. Show those politicians what they're up against."

"Listen, Mr. Mather. Here's the thing to do. Let on you're going to take the oath, then at the last minute refuse. Sensation!"

"Go out after the hides of the legislators who sponsored the Act. Votes. That's the language they understand."

"You've got 'em on the run, Mr. Mather. Now's the time."

"Where's the mighty Frankfurter? How about Professor Hocking? Where are they in all this?"

"We'll have to keep it hot. If the minority gets away with this, they'll try something worse next."

Dr. Mather smiled and agreed with everybody. "MATHER IN DOUBT," said the papers next morning. But Mather looked and acted like a boy whose mind is made up—to swallow the castor oil.

Walking through the yard, I was struck once again by the isolation of Harvard. Massachusetts Avenue, cutting through the college with a shriek of eight point five decibels, intensifies that atmosphere of withdrawal. The late Lawrence Lowell's edifice complex, by huddling five pseudo-georgian dormitories into the space formerly occupied by one McKinlian lodging-house, gives physical form to the dream of Harvard as a world within a world. Only the presence of a yard-cop at the entrance of Lowell house, picking his teeth and staring at me with that mixture of blandness and belligerence which proclaims the flatfoot the world over, reminded me that at Harvard, as on the picket-line, Law and Order rule.

For some faculty members, no doubt, Harvard holds the hope of lifelong monastic se-

clusion. But the stand of members of the faculty on the Oath Act shows that a few honest hearts still beat beneath those hair shirts. Even the most beardless youth with a full professorship and a volume on Zurni word-symbols behind him is beginning to mature. The vacillations, the statements and retractions, the shillying and shallying during all those two weeks, can be traced to the fact that Mather and his colleagues fail to understand the weight of mass pressure and the enthusiastic support behind them. "We are students; together with our professors we make up the University; a repression of teachers' liberties also affects us," says a joint statement issued by the Liberal Club and the Harvard Chapters of the National Student League and the Student League for Industrial Democracy. The teachers have yet to learn what the students already know: the strength of united action.

Still the world moves, even at Harvard. Ethiopian lion-pits are trapping tanks these days and at Harvard a local of the American Federation of Teachers (A.F. of L.) is being formed.

Clemency—Sixty Years!

SUE ADAMS

DENVER.

THREE men stood straight, courageous, unflinching before the high desk of Judge James B. McGhee in the antiquated courthouse of Aztec, San Juan County, New Mexico. The portly judge, his bulging eyes a-gleam with savage hatred, was pronouncing sentence on the three miners of Gallup whom a confused jury had found guilty of second-degree murder and then, doubting the justice of their verdict, had recommended clemency.

"Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avitia, Leandro Velarde . . . you are hereby sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in the New Mexico State Penitentiary for a period of not less than forty-five nor more than sixty years. . . . I understand that all or some of you are Communists. If the jury had not recommended clemency I would have given you the maximum sentence. . . . You have had a brilliant defense in court and this is what saved you from the electric chair. I sincerely hope that future governors of New Mexico will have the courage not to release you. . . . I have been put under a severe strain by a multitude of telegrams, resolutions and letters abusing the court and demanding your freedom. I hope the Supreme Court which will hear your appeal will be spared the abuse and attempted intimidation to which I have been subjected. . . ."

Clemency—forty-five to sixty years at hard labor! So ended the trial of the ten Gallup

miners charged with first-degree murder for the death of Sheriff Carmichael in Gallup on April 4 last, when deputies fired on a workers' demonstration killing their own sheriff and two innocent workers. Seven men acquitted by the jury's verdict. Two of these, Willie Gonzales and Joe Bartol, condemned by Judge McGhee to exile from Gallup as a condition of being released on charges of "aiding a prisoner to escape." Five, Serapio Sosa, Victorio Correa, Gregorio Correa, Rafael Gomez and Augustin Calvillo, turned over to immigration officials for deportation to Mexico.

The bitter snarl of the prosecutor-judge, agent of New Mexico industrialists, in dealing out a "clemency" sentence tantamount to life-imprisonment for men in their thirties, is characteristic of the whole frame-up case—the case of the Gallup American Coal Company against the Gallup workers who committed the unpardonable sin of organizing trade-union and unemployed struggle for better working, living and relief conditions.

It is a story many times told since April 4. The coal-miners' strike of 1933, which taught the Gallup workers, employed and unemployed, class solidarity and the need of organized struggle against exploitation, oppression and the terroristic denial of civil rights. The unceasing efforts of the coal corporations to smash labor organization. The shady deal by which Gamercio turned over to politically-corrupt State Senator Vogel a tract of land on

which some four hundred workers lived and had built their homes. The eviction of these workers by Vogel. The arrest of a beloved labor leader, Exiquio Navarro, for replacing furniture in the home of the first family evicted. Navarro denied bond, his friends not permitted to see him in jail. The hearing before "Bailless Bickel," Justice of the Peace and Vogel tool. Some 150 workers gathered to attend the hearing, excluded by armed deputies. Suddenly, the hearing over, Navarro hustled out the back way to the alley leading to the jail. The workers, anxious, suspicious, running around to the alley, to be met by clouds of tear gas. The officers fired. A dozen shots. Sheriff Carmichael killed. One worker, Ignacio Velarde, instantly murdered. Another, Salamon Esquibel, shot in the back to die a week later. Three other workers wounded. Deputy Bobcat Wilson injured by a bullet.

Then came the reign of gun-thug terror in Gallup. The illegal raiding and robbing of homes and union headquarters. Over 600 workers, men, women and children, arrested in the round-up, beaten, terrorized. Two hundred charged with murder, later the number reduced to 48. And after the preliminary hearing, ten held for murder, four, including three women, held for "aiding a prisoner to escape."

On the initiative of the International Labor Defense, Gallup Defense Committees were organized on a national, regional and state scale

to undertake the task of mobilizing the labor movement and liberal elements for the defense of the innocent trade-unionists. The prosecution disqualified the judge of the preliminary hearing because of his reputation for liberalism. A change of venue moved the trial from Gallup, McKinley County, to San Juan County and Judge McGhee was appointed.

And it was Judge McGhee, best prosecutor the state had, who, more than any other single individual, must take the responsibility for the atmosphere of organized hysteria in the courtroom and the attempt to incite lynch spirit against the defendants and their friends. He was responsible for the constant presence in the courtroom of a veritable army of state and local police, bristling with pistols and gas bombs, the barbed-wire bull-pen around the jail, the searching of the persons and pocket-books of the defendants' friends for concealed weapons, the daily warnings to the spectators against "demonstrations," the constant inveighing against "mob rule" which was the line of the state in its prosecution of the defendants.

From his appointment as trial judge on August 14 to his last act in holding two workers under the outrageous bonds of \$5,000 \$3,000 each on contempt of court charges for having signed protest resolutions, Judge McGhee revealed a violent hatred for the ten defendants, a bitter hostility toward labor and a strong sympathy for the "Gallup ring," the prosecution and Gamerco. His instructions to the jury plainly show this. Permitted by the New Mexico laws to express a "personal opinion," he clearly overstepped his privilege by stating, "I was strongly impressed by the fair, frank and truthful testimony of Dee Roberts, Hoy Boggess and Sherman Porter." Inasmuch as it was the obviously framed-up testimony of these three, a sheriff, a deputy and a Gamerco guard, on which the state relied to send some ten men to the electric chair, McGhee's "opinion" was tantamount to instructions to convict.

Only the knowledge, brought forcefully to his attention by "a multitude of telegrams and resolutions," that thousands of eyes representing organized labor and liberal people throughout the nation were watching his every act,

prevented his giving full vent to his hatred of the defendants and openly condemning them to death by his instructions.

Even before the trial Judge McGhee had revealed his bias. He had ordered the trial held in the tiny remote village of Aztec, despite evidence presented by the defense that this community had been saturated with violent anti-Mexican, anti-labor propaganda by the United American Patriots, vicious vigilante organization sponsored by the prosecution principals. Moreover, he attacked the Santa Fe Gallup Defense Committee and the International Labor Defense for having publicized the facts of the case and threatened to jail anyone caught distributing defense publicity. By his refusal to grant their attorney, Col. William H. Donovan, retained by the National Gallup Defense Committee, a postponement of their trial necessary in order for Col. Donovan to be present, McGhee virtually denied the defendants the right to choose their own counsel. He appointed as their counsel former U. S. Attorney Woodward and former Supreme Court Justice Simms.

Judge McGhee ordered to the witness stand Frank Spector, representative of the National Gallup Defense Committee, who had been sitting among the spectators. Attorney General Patton, his face purple, his body rigid with pent-up fury, advanced to question the witness concerning two handbills which he brandished, one, a pamphlet, "Save the Gallup Miners," issued by the Santa Fe Gallup Defense Committee, the other, a leaflet addressed to the citizens of San Juan County by the I.L.D.

Spector proved a boomerang. To him was presented the supreme opportunity, never again permitted to the defense, of bringing out into the open courtroom, the real class issues of the Gallup case. He took full advantage of it. Readily he acknowledged having seen the handbills "in all parts of San Juan County," and expressed full agreement with their contents, which exposed the Gallup frame-up. He told of having spoken at numerous meetings on behalf of the defendants throughout New Mexico. "I called upon all workers and liberal-minded people to rally to the defense of these innocent miners framed up by Gamerco," he said.

The efforts of the United American Patriots to incite violence reached greatest heights after the state had concluded a case so weak that its frame-up lay clearly exposed. Of the twenty-five prosecution witnesses, four were technicians who gave routine testimony, one was Harris K. Lyle, attorney for Vogel and Gamerco, one was a constable's wife and ten were sheriffs, deputies, police, federal officers and Gamerco guards, all members of the corrupt "Gallup ring." Despite careful coaching, none of the "peace" officers could testify that they had seen Carmichael killed by any worker or that any guns had been found in the possession of those workers killed or arrested. Significantly, the deputy, Bobcat Wilson, was not called to the stand. Rumor said that he was engaged in a bitter feud with Dee Roberts as a rival for the honor of having murdered the two workers, Esquibel and Velarde.

It is worth noting that despite terroristic and coercive efforts on the part of the prosecution to induce people of Gallup to give perjured testimony against the defendants, the class solidarity of the workers and their natural allies remained unshaken. For example: "Oscar" Griego, Gallup drug-clerk, a nervous and unwilling state witness, forced to identify some of the defendants as present in the crowd before Bickel's office on April 4, exhibited happy relief when under cross-examination he could say that the crowd was peaceful.

The verdict reached by the poor-farmer jury cannot be considered as other than a compromise, the inevitable result of a defense, no matter how brilliant legally, which kept the real issues hidden. One of the jurors told a sympathizer afterwards, "Well, ma'am, most of us just didn't understand that case." Confused by the judge's personal "comment," yet dimly aware that something was rotten in the Gallup officialdom, despite the tactics of the court-appointed defense counsel in keeping the class issues quiet, they sought a compromise, and then tried to mitigate any harm they might have done by a clemency recommendation.

The defense counsel laid a fairly good basis for appeal. But the Supreme Court of New Mexico is known to be bitterly prejudiced and corporation-controlled. Already mass pressure has won a partial victory in saving the lives of ten innocent men and winning acquittal for seven.

Now if Ochoa, Avitia and Velarde are to be saved from life imprisonment, if vigilante terror is to be broken in Gallup and New Mexico, only greater mass pressure, the organized pressure of the trade unions, of the worker and liberal organizations, can do it. The New Mexico Supreme Court must hear the voice of all who believe in justice and civil rights, demanding a new trial. Governor Tingley of New Mexico must feel the mighty pressure of the trade unions demanding the freedom of these three unjustly-convicted workers. Every union and every organization must vote funds for the appeal. The campaign against the Gallup frame-up has only begun. We have yet to answer Judge McGhee and his "clemency—sixty years!"

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON

*To the Gallup Defense Fund,
Care of The New Masses,
31 East 27 Street, New York.*

*Enclosed is my contribution \$..... to help appeal the
sentences of from 45 to 60 years imposed on the Gallup miners Juan Ochoa,
Manuel Avitia and Leandro Velarde.*

(Names of contributors will be published only if authorized)

Ode to Walt Whitman

MICHAEL GOLD

Walt Whitman loafed under the trees
 Leaned on his cane and observed
 In a slow and sunburned Manhattan—
 But now they've killed his God
 His love and horsecars and old trees—
 Hear the shriek of the killer babbitts
 God is the smash of two taxis in a hurry
 God is a skyscraper house of money
 Where crazy little benitos murder love
 And ring cash registers all day—
 God is hate dollars chromium speed—
 And no lilacs bloom, Walt Whitman—
 No hope no grass no quiet
 Nothing to love but Coney Island
 Your ocean now a garbage dump
 Where millions of young greenbaums sport
 And must swallow colon germs B
 Americanoes at twelve a week—

2.

And me a son of Walt Whitman
 A son of Manhattan the bitch
 Born on Rat and Louse street
 Near Tuberculosis avenue—
 In my unfortunate cradle
 A tenement fell on my head
 A double-crossing rotten Tammany tenement
 A shylock tenement that devoured dreams—
 People tramped the hospital streets
 Sick with the dysentery of life
 Cowards without a flag—
 And me a son of Walt Whitman
 Kicked into a basement to die—
 Eddie Greenbaum, skinny shipping clerk—
 Americano at twelve a week—
 Nietzsche packing pink lady's underwear—
 Pale, goofy young poet of hardware—
 Department store intellectual dope—
 Soaring with Keats above the gum-chewers—
 Doped by a priest named Walt Whitman—
 Why did I mistake you for the sun?

3.

Love love love on the Bronx Express
 Ten seconds to gain and a world to lose
 O sweet unfortunate Baby
 Phoney in five and dime jade and rayon
 Constipated under the woolworth roses and lilies
 You smelled bad, poor girl
 Of swollen feet, rouge and cash registers—
 My chest touched your little breasts—
 The subway crush married us—
 I dreamed among the gum-chewers—
 "I sang the body electric"—
 You were the kind and lovely woman I had sought
 In my long, long Walt Whitman dreams—
 But you divorced me with loathing
 At the Simpson Street subway station—
 Why didn't I shoot myself
 Goofy young Greenbaum rooting for love

In the garbage of my New York—
 And yours, Walt Whitman—

4.

O Pioneers, our foreman was a nervous little rat—
 And all day like a third degree
 Down in the basement hell with democracy
 Commercial madhouse from 8 to 6
 I knew the clatter speedup and gangrened air
 Electric bulb sweat and coffin fears—
 Above us the macy gimbel millionaires
 Plotted bargains in young greenbaums and kelleys—
 Hell hell hell and low wages
 And little salesgirls puked among the rayon—
 Such was our life, O Pioneers—
 Until I gagged at Walt Whitman
 His song of the open road and splendid silent sun—
 Lies, lies, a lazy poet's lies on a printed page
 Meant for rich college boys—
 No winds blow, no sun shines, America is my prison,
 Don't mock me with your tales of the free,
 Give me time, I want real love and fresh air,
 Poetry is the cruelest bunk,
 A trade union is better than all your dreams—

5.

So on April 14th we struck
 A miracle like your lilacs, Walt Whitman—
 Spring, spring, Rocky Mountain spring and democracy
 Out of the basement greenbaums and kelleys—
 And me, the dope, the factory fodder and jailbird,
 Actually singing on a picket line—
 Cops sneered and slugged and the millionaires went nuts—
 But my heart glowed with proud happiness—
 And Lenin said, scorn not the dream—
 See, see new skyscrapers for Manhattan
 Communist factories for human love—
 A pure ocean, and sunlit homes not tenements—
 Streets for sun and friendship
 And no more Tuberculosis avenues—
 And no more hell in a basement—
 Son of Walt Whitman, to strike is to dream!

6.

O Pioneers, we build your dream America—
 O Walt Whitman, they buried you in the filth
 The clatter speedup of a department store basement
 But you rose from the grave to march with us
 On the picket line of democracy—
 Sing sing O new pioneers with Father Walt
 Of a strong and beautiful America
 Of the thrushes and oceans we shall win
 Of sun, of moon, of Communism and joy in the wind
 Of the free mountain boys and girls—
 It will come! It will come! The strikes foretell it!
 The Lenin dreams of the kelleys and greenbaums
 Deep in the gangrened basements
 Where Walt Whitman's America
 Aches, to be born—

Correspondence

Seeing New York

TO THE NEW MASSES:

This is an extract from a letter from a young woman who lives in the Middle West to a friend who lives in Victoria, British Columbia.

Yes, you're perfectly right about the general hopelessness of things—perhaps. But I've just come back from New York. Chris, this is New York: you go to a hotel restaurant and sit and eat lobster salad and drink champagne. You tip the waiter, and he helps you on with your new coat, and you slide a block over to the theater. You sit and watch a play, then you go to some other hotel and have a cocktail. Then, because your budget doesn't run to a cross-town taxi at \$2 or \$3, and because the subway is the quickest and easiest way home, you go down to take the subway.

And there, down under the city of lights and liquor and champagne and theaters and waiters in swallow-tails, down in the subway entrances, dimly lighted and full of stale air, you will walk carefully to avoid stepping on men—men lying on newspapers, men practically in rags, hungry, homeless, workless, penniless men who are sleeping in the subways because they have nowhere else to go. That's New York.

New York is also a little group of people who live on from \$25 to \$40 a week, whose lives are bleak and empty and meaningless, even though they have beds to sleep in and three meals a day—people who sit around on the floor because there aren't enough chairs, and talk very quietly, very matter-of-factly, not at all Redly or violently or melodramatically, not at all in capital letters, about the revolution. New York is kids in the Bronx, like the boy and girl in Clifford Odets' play, *Awake and Sing*—after seeing which I was so shaken that I didn't go to see any more plays about anything—who have never wanted anything but a few small pleasures, yet must lie and steal and get into no end of trouble just for those tiny things, because there simply is no money beyond the money needed for food and clothes and subway fares and medicine when somebody gets sick.

There you are. What is one's stupid little emotional world compared to that world, where Park Avenue bumps into the Bronx as calmly as the lords of France used to run down their peasants,

where men sleep in subways as a matter of course, just as Gogol's Russian factory workers used to sleep in dives and cough themselves to death in the arms of prostitutes—all as a matter of course? Those things stop being a matter of course after a while.

Out here it's different. Out where you are it's probably even quieter than it is in the Middle West. But in New York, you can fairly smell the smoke of the fire that's going to blaze some day soon—perhaps.

Though I don't see why any of that should bother you—really, I don't. There is, you say, nothing you can do. A lot of the time I just drift, along with everybody else. But at least I've come to Vincent Sheean's conclusion—I must see the thing straight, even though I may not now, or ever, be able to do anything about it. And I think I see it a little straighter than I did when my own griefs and ecstasies were the only things I could comprehend. G. W.

Review of a Review

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Dear old Chris Morley, who goes up to his ears in quaintness every week in *The Saturday Review*, was very quaint last week. With hell breaking loose in Africa and the world hurtling towards catastrophe, the archaic mandarin dropped this pearl of wisdom: "I really don't care who wins football games or what *The Herald Tribune* says in its editorials or whether Mr. Hemingway believes that a Florida hurricane is a plot on the part of the government. If you can be indifferent passionately enough it almost has the virtue of a positive creed."

William Allen White, the sage of Emporia, makes his contribution to the slightly decadent social philosophy which permeates the pages of the inestimable *Review* by an equally inane postulate. "We are getting used to hard times," he says encouragingly. "Perhaps we shall come to really enjoy them."

Ernest Boyd, in commenting on an essay by Ortega, reveals an appalling ignorance of his own. Faced with the flowering of a cultural life for the masses of the Soviet Union and with the Soviet Theater hailed as the only dynamic force in the world of the theater today, in contrast to the barbarism of Nazi Germany and fascist Italy, Mr. Boyd indulges

in wish fulfillment: "It would be difficult to find more succinctly expressed the difference between our dialectical materialists and those who differ from them. The former have never admitted, they apparently cannot even begin to understand, the intellectual position of those who see all culture, the cultural heritage of the civilized world, threatened equally by Marxism, Fascism and Nazism."

The *Saturday Review*, in its new format, like an old lady with her cheeks rouged, remains infecund. Except perhaps for Bernard DeVoto's reluctant and left-handed admission of some merit in the newly published *Proletarian Literature in the United States*, (an article which gave the dignified editors of *The Saturday Review* an opportunity for a wise-crack heading, "Classy Literature") the magazine has nothing much except glossy paper.

LEWIS ALLAN.

Letters in Brief

W. Edward Rowe, secretary of the Cinema Workshop, 35 West Twentieth Street, West New York, N. J., writes that the Workshop has just completed its first picture, *The Spirit of '36*. He asks volunteer assistance from sign painters, scenario writers, still and movie cameramen and designers.

Employees of May's Department Store, 510 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, went out on strike last week after the manager fired three employees for refusal to divulge the names of members of the Department Store Employees' Union, Local 1250, A.F. of L., to which they belong. A majority of the clerks responded to the call, the union informs us.

Office workers have written in to expose the Educational Office Exchange, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York, which is offering to supply employers with typists and stenographers at the rate of ten dollars per month for a half-day's work. The Exchange explains that it is a secretarial school and that employers' payments go for tuition. The workers point out that the scheme is a device to lower wages.

The American League Against War and Fascism and the Y. W. C. A. are aiding students of Tulane University in a boycott of *Red Salute* which is showing in New Orleans.

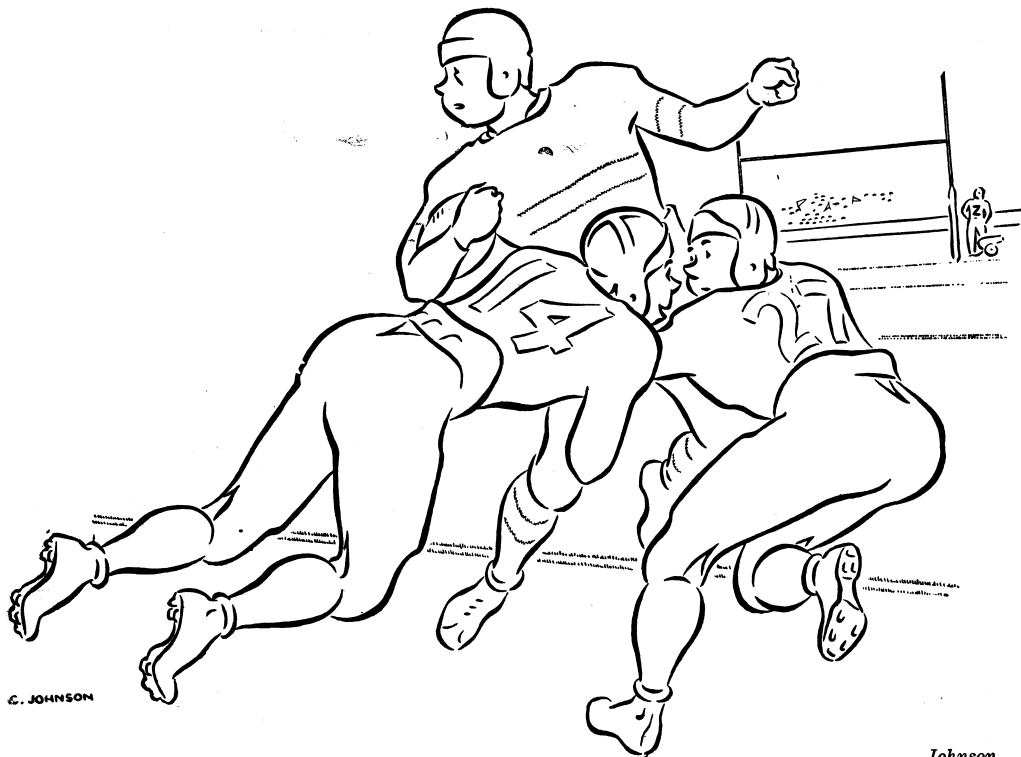
Wallace Goldsmith informs us that students of State College, Pa., forced the withdrawal of the film *Red Salute*, after it had been scheduled at a local theater.

Mollie Prager of Los Angeles appeals for letters to be sent to Carolyn Decker, Nora Conklin and Loraine Norman, Sacramento criminal-syndicalism prisoners, who are serving terms at the California Women's Prison at Tehachapi, Cal.

Irving Sherman of Pictorial Art Co., 404 Fourth Avenue, New York, writes that he has stamps advocating boycott of the Berlin Olympics and that he is willing to give them free "in reasonable amounts to anyone." In larger amounts the stamps may be obtained for \$2.25 per thousand.

David R. Cochrane, Clinton, New York; Helen Tuve, Los Angeles; Joseph Kramer, Lincoln, Neb.; John A. Brander and A. Garcia Diaz of New York have written to endorse the suggestion that Robert Forsythe's "The World Gone Mad" be reprinted in a pamphlet.

E. Landin of New York suggests that pictures in the art issue would be very suitable for framing if they were reproduced on good paper. He asks that the Workers' Bookshop act on the idea. A. H. Jaffe of Ann Arbor, Mich. and Porter Stanley of Oakland, Calif., also praise the art issue. It brought renewals from both.



"Next year we'll be out there throwing the big bad world for a loss, eh, Kocsianiewicz?"

Johnson

REVIEW AND COMMENT

I. M. P.—A Literary Casualty

EVEN on the industrial front the casualties are not all on the side of the unarmed working class. In the big Minneapolis strike a business man named Lyman, injudiciously doing his own fighting, got his skull cracked by a baseball bat. In Gallup the sheriff was dumb enough to get in the line of fire from his own deputies.

The comparatively peaceful literary front has its upsets, too. Probably the first outright casualty we must list will be Isabel Paterson, novelist, reviewer and columnist for The New York Herald Tribune.

We must give Mrs. Paterson credit for being one of the first in the literary world to realize that the class lines were being drawn and that both critic and artist must inevitably choose sides. She knew that and she chose her side. But being left in a rather exposed position by her more cautious capitalist colleagues, she has had to do most of the fighting and carry most of the strain. The sad result is that we are slowly but certainly driving the poor girl nuts.

As little as three years ago it could have been said about I. M. P. of The Herald Tribune that she made and unmade literary reputations. She had sound judgment within her narrow limits, she had a sharp catty venom about her that stirred up interesting ruckuses; she had a neat ability with words that made what she had to say pointed and readable.

Those critics who had inherited the mantle of Mencken were pretty cocky a few years ago. They could say: "Remember the humanists? I laid them out in a little article . . ." or: "Faulkner? I put him over. I'm thinking of dropping him." That is dangerous, heady stuff. They had seen innumerable fads come and go, this and that "genius" announced, exploited and discarded. When a strange new thing called "proletarian literature" appeared they and especially I. M. P., thought it could be sneered to death in a month.

But it couldn't. It lived and grew. Dos Passos and Gold had established themselves pretty solidly ahead of time. James Farrell came out of Chicago, a wild unshuggable young Irishman. Cantwell turned his vivid prose and Caldwell his savage artistry to the left. Meanwhile Isabel Paterson had crawled 'way out on her limb.

She refused to have anything to do with this fad, so distasteful to our better people, so threatening to the owners of The Herald Tribune. While The Times reviewers were weeping over the sufferings of those so dear white Russians, Isabel was leading a frontal charge on the native proletarians. Unexpectedly they withstood the charge.

She refused then even to mention or consider their work. In every issue for a long and dreary year, in column after column, she refused to mention the nasty stuff. It got her into some awkward corners, while it bored her conservative readers and annoyed the leftists.

Albert Halper, who had just been patted on the head for writing an attack on the "Reds" in his *Union Square*, now had to be sat upon for writing *The Foundry*. Louis Adamic, when he published *Grandsons*, earned one of her outstanding attacks. It was angry, utterly unreasonable, full of pointless personalities; it was the defensive reaction of a critic who is in the wrong and too stubborn to admit it.

While these antics point to the conclusion that Mrs. Paterson is slipping, it can't be said that she is entirely harmless. With all its faults, the book section of The Herald Tribune stands miles above The Times and The Saturday Review. (Entered for the Pulitzer faint-praise award.) Herald Tribune Books circulates in libraries throughout the country and "Turns with a Bookworm" gets in plenty of propaganda where it is hardest to counteract. For instance, in a late issue she says:

"We [meaning herself] do not get invited to most Communist gatherings for various reasons—one is that we have no rich parents or patrons, as a proper Communist must have. . . ."

There is no use in wasting good linotype metal picking that statement to pieces word by word. There is no use inviting Mrs. Paterson to, say, the next meeting of the League of American Writers and proving to her that quite a few proletarian writers, journalists and critics have the calluses of hard physical work on their hands. She knows that anyway and when she writes such a sentence she knows exactly what she's doing. She is spreading the deliberate lie that Communism is a parlor fad, its writers all fakes and the thousands of party members and the tens of thousands of the working class who follow their lines of militant struggle—well, they don't exist.

This propaganda goes out and certainly it has its effect in keeping down the circulation of left-wing literature. But it is so badly overdone that it tends to defeat its own purpose.

The latest writer to arouse Mrs. Paterson's ire is Robert Briffault. She says of *Europa*: ". . . it is neither better nor worse than the yellow newspaper Sunday supplement stuff those intellectuals profess to despise." The fact that it somehow got on the best-seller list is used against it, just as the fact that Cantwell and Farrell fail to make the list is used against them. If I remember correctly, Robert Forsythe also annoyed her. She said he wasn't funny.

The reasoning goes this way: Communists have no sense of humor. Forsythe is a Communist. Therefore his book isn't funny.

Or on occasion it can be twisted around like this: Proletarian literature is always

THREE OUTSTANDING EVENTS

1.—Fri. NOV. 1
David RAMSEY

on

SCIENCE & MILITARY
TACTICS IN THE COM-
ING WORLD WAR

Chairman:
LOREN MILLER

2.—Sat. NOV. 2

Party for

Grace LUMPKIN

To celebrate appearance
of her new novel, *A Sign
for Cain*. Many prominent
writers and editors will
be present. DANCING &
ENTERTAINMENT.

3.—Sun. NOV. 3
WM. F. DUNNE

on

Upheaval in the A. F. of
L. Next Steps for Labor.

Who are the progressives?
Who are the reactionaries?
What progress have trade
union militants made in
the A.F. of L.?
Wm. P. Mangold, *Chairman*

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badly written. Caldwell writes very well. Therefore his stuff isn't proletarian.

Now all this imposes something of a mental strain on her readers. It is all very well to string along with Isabel, knowing that after all what she's doing is for the ultimate good of *The Herald Tribune* and the God-given rights of private property. But there comes a time when even her conservative readers get weary. When you uphold a theory in the face of the obvious facts, the trend of history and the judgment of your fellow critics, you get away with it for a time, but you won't forever. The lady doth protest too much.

These attacks on Adamic, Forsythe and Briffault descend to the intellectual level of "pfff-t-t!" and "So's your old man." They no longer make sense. They leave I. M. P.

A Yankee Tragedy

POOR JOHN FITCH, by Thomas Boyd.
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

JOHN FITCH was born in Connecticut in 1743, a poor boy, eager for learning. He was apprenticed to a clockmaker, who made him do farm work and taught him nothing. When his apprenticeship was over, he set up a small brass shop and married. Neither the business nor the martial venture turned out well and he began his wandering. He was a Connecticut Yankee, able to do anything with tools and he built a prosperous business as silversmith in New Jersey. After the Revolution, he went on a surveying expedition, thinking to make his fortune in western land. He was captured by Indians and turned over to the British, who put him in a Canadian prison—where his Yankee ingenuity created the tools for making silver buttons and wooden clocks. After a perilous trip, he got back to the United States and immediately made another surveying expedition, which resulted in a map of the Northwest.

It was on his return, in 1785, that the ordeal of the steamboat began. The invention itself, though there were problems every step of the way, was far less troublesome than its promotion. John Fitch had to have money and he could not get it. He sought support in every one of the Middle Atlantic states, fought with rival inventors, worked miracles with the little money he raised and finally, in 1790, launched a boat on the Delaware that carried passengers and freight against the current at a speed of eight miles an hour. Still no one would back him and he went to Europe, to be disappointed once more. He returned home and started to drink himself to death in a Kentucky tavern. Finding that alcohol took too long, he finished the job with an overdose of morphine.

John Fitch left an autobiography which Thomas Boyd made the basis of his book. It is the bitterly honest story of a disappointed and bewildered man, shrewd in its

in the painful position of having shot the works and landed a dud. Now even when poor proletarian writing comes along (and there is such—make the most of that admission!) she will have nothing left to say against it that hasn't already been used against the best. The result is inevitably a weakening of authority.

The redoubled frantic attacks that accompany her realization that she is slipping only accelerate her decline. The day is near, if it isn't already here, when her best friends will be afraid to tell her. They will go about tapping their foreheads and making circular gestures about their ears and they will speak gently to Isabel, as when you reassure grandma that yes, you looked under the bed and no, there's no bad sailor-man under it.

DALE CURRAN.

estimates of human nature, touching in its self-revelation, sometimes profound in its philosophy. Boyd handled the autobiography with a wise respect, for it is an extraordinary document; but he added what Fitch could not have—understanding. He explained the mysteries that baffled John Fitch. Fitch's great dream was the use of the steamboat on the Mississippi and its tributaries, but this was something that did not interest Washington and the other statesmen, who wanted to bind the Mississippi Valley closer to the East, not facilitate its contact with New Orleans. It is no wonder that Fitch was, as Boyd observed, "treated coldly by Washington, craftily by Franklin, with abrupt unfairness by Thomas Jefferson, with scorn by Gallatin." To add to his misfortune, the fact that his experiments were conducted on the Delaware, where there was no profitable river trade, kept him from gaining the support of local investors. When, eighteen years after Fitch had patented his steamboat,

Robert Fulton patented his, he had the support of Livingston, Clinton and Roosevelt, all of whom were eager to exploit the lively possibilities of Hudson River navigation. And by that time the Louisiana purchase had brought New Orleans into the Union, so that in 1811 one of Fulton's boats was launched on the Ohio.

No story could better illustrate the inexorability of the play of economic forces and this Thomas Boyd was wise enough to see. The book is, indeed, a picture of the first stages of industrial capitalism in America. From its account of the apprenticeship system in the colonies to its analysis of the interests of the young republic, it constantly illuminates the foundations of our national life. And yet, for all the importance attributed to impersonal forces, John Fitch is always present as a very real, very individual human being.

This is Boyd's great achievement, the perfect fusion of historical understanding and insight into a person. That is always the task of Marxist biography: to recognize the way in which private impulses express social forces. Boyd's success with John Fitch is so complete that one regrets more than ever that we can never have the biography of Alexander Hamilton he proposed to write. Having dealt so finely with one of the failures of the period, what could he not have done with a man who was elevated to wealth and power by the forces that ruined poor John Fitch?

In Time of Peace made us realize how fine a novelist we had lost in the death of Tom Boyd and *Poor John Fitch* forces us to lament the loss of a tremendously able biographer. The biography, moreover, has none of the uncertainty of the novel, not because Boyd was better as a biographer than as a novelist but because he was growing. Once more we realize that revolutionary literature has suffered a major disaster.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Science—A Collective Enterprise

THE VOYAGE OF THE CHELYUSKIN, by Members of the Expedition.
Translated by Alec Brown. Macmillan Co. \$3.50.

The Arctic was included in the general grand Five-Year Plan.

ONE hundred and seventy million people, fighting relentlessly to "change the world" so that it may become a place fit for the courage and the genius of man, decide that the time has come to transform the terror and "romance" of the Northern regions into a reality which they may use for the purpose of a new society. So, with the aid of their experts in every department of human activity, they draw up first one Plan, then another—and within these Plans "The Arctic is included . . ."

Here, in a handsome, beautifully illustrated

volume, is a record of this extraordinary collective effort, as written by some thirty members of the crew—and seven of the aviators who aided in the final rescue. It is a story to make one a little ashamed of the noisy and overdone "adventures" of Jacob Ruppert's South Polar Expedition under the highly publicized, too-obvious leadership of Admiral Byrd.

The principal objective of the Chelyuskin voyage (which lasted from July, 1933, to the dramatic rescue from ice-floes in April, 1934), as stated by Otto Julievitch Schmidt, was "the establishment of a regular shipping service to the mouths of the rivers Obi and Yenisei, for the exports of Siberian timber and other goods." Such an idea had been developed far back in the nineteenth century by the great explorers Nansen and Norden-skjold, but Czarist Russia was not interested

in a project which promised so little in the way of added political prestige or immediate economic advantage.

Dr. Schmidt, in his fascinating introductory chapter, notes—quite as a matter of course—that “it was comparatively easy to collect the scientific section”: thanks largely to the brilliant work of the Arctic Institute in training the necessary cadres; and that the four women in the crew (one of them a meteorologist) “worked magnificently.” He remarks also—to the surprise only of those who still think that “proletarian” and “illiterate” are synonymous terms—that “a very special group in our expeditions are the representatives of art and literature. . . . Experience showed that these people, *by the very nature of their work*, are of live social consciousness, *able to make contact with workers in the most varied forms of activity*, of keen sensibility and able to react rapidly to varying situations. Such comrades are *an indispensable ferment for the making of a collective.*” (Emphases mine.—H. W.)

If I stress this collective aspect of the *Chelyuskin* expedition it is because no other single factor contributed so much to the scientific, economic and cultural gains of the venture. Reading, one after another, the chapters narrating the slow northward advance of the ship through the ice and past a succession of grave dangers: each chapter by a specialist in one of the many sciences represented, by an engineer, photographer, geodesist, helmsman, radio operator—reading these spirited accounts by new types of men and women engaged in discovering new worlds, it is clear why “Chelyuskin” has become the symbol of a great human epic. Take, for example, the following passage from Olga Nicolaievna Komova’s story of the departure from the town of Lenin (another symbol!), at the beginning of the trip:

The Red corner on the *Chelyuskin* is a trifle cramped, but very comfortably furnished—plenty of books and plenty of visitors.

“When will books be given out?”

“Any new writers?”

“Have you anything on physics?”

Most of the enquirers are seamen or stokers. We receive every new face with real satisfaction, and it becomes obvious that we shall not lack a reading public. In comes a tall lad in a striped sweater with sleeves rolled up.

“Oho! That’s fine, plenty of books. Something to live on in the next eighteen months. . . .”

Stoker Kiselyov goes slowly but surely over all the books on the table. He has read a great deal and our supply does not satisfy him.

“Bit on the lean side, eh?” he said. “Why, I’ve read pretty well all you’ve got!”

We console him, tell him we shall be taking more books when we get to Mourman. There is life on board. . . .

These men and women, setting out on a voyage which well might—and very nearly did—end in failure and death, crowd around a small table, begging for books, for knowledge—ever more books and more knowledge. Outward and onward bound—*there is life on board!* . . .

HAROLD WARD.

Another Southern Novelist Falls in Line

DEEP DARK RIVER, by Robert Rylee.
Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

THIS book is in the tradition of the early Caldwell, the later novels of Stripling and William March. Rylee hates that South which is barbarous, slave-driving and pestiferous. He loves the natural beauty of the South, its flora, its rivers and its landscapes. Like Stripling and March, he is courageous in exposing the old, unmentionable taboos. Like them, only more artistically, he bludgeons. Even if the impression remains that Rylee is liberalized, semi-emancipated, *Deep Dark River* stands as a finely-wrought testament of sincerity.

Unless one wished to draw some often suggestive conclusions about the love interest, this book is not really a novel. Rather it is a novelized odyssey of Mose Southwick, a simple, unlettered, introspective, mystical poetic Negro. This is a story of Mose’s wanderings. Mose kills a Negro troublemaker who had been planted in Mose’s house to pick a quarrel. Mose is tried for his life and receives life imprisonment. Significantly, his innocence and promises of a pardon bare the inwards of Southern ruling-class justice.

Although some passages are over-written, the book as a whole is artistically good. Rylee has not been very successful in technique, since the book suffers from a drawn-out weak ending, but he has described well everything he saw and knew. The simplicity and poetic fervor are impressive. Rylee does not intend Mose to be a symbol. His Mose is human; he is merely untutored. He is a poet and a wanderer, a lover true to his Beatrice, a “divine” who wanted to be ordained and a sage. He is like people we know. He can forgive and he can hate. With a burst of anger at the white “cracker” South, Mose shouts, “Pack of dirty hounds they is, rollin’ in their own vomit, cursin’ the land! . . . Some day I is goin’ to blow up that levee and let the river clean this land what has been dirtied so long.” And I think Rylee is correct when he says that Negroes in the South “take much of their happiness in sadness.” He knows they do not want this sadness. This seems to be infectious since the latter part of the book is pervaded by a strong mysticism.

Throughout the book the knowledge is given that Negroes are inhumanly exploited, robbed, victimized, subjected to the crassest hate and terror. Rylee knows the reasons for this, just as he sees, too, how the white farmer is exploited. One of his characters says, “They ain’t nothing in famine for white folks an it’s jest plain hell for niggers.” All this he knows, but there are points of views expressed here which almost vitiate an otherwise intensely moving novel. He gives the impression that religion is a saving grace for Negroes. It is true that the Negro, because of historical and psychological conditioning, has turned toward religion. Rylee does not

seem to see how this very religion engenders in Negroes submissiveness and defeat as well as that sadness against which he inveighs, how it encourages racialism and nationalism. These two passages are illustrative. Mose is preaching, “White folks done own the earth. Maybe the Lawd done give it to them. Maybe they stole it. Don’t make no difference which way it was. Cullud people can’t take the earth for theirs. They must make them a spirit house, must worship the Lawd without no temple, without no gold banners” and again “But if it was in and of life to die now, then let it be. Not—Thy

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will be done; but rather—Suffer what is to be.” Furthermore Rylee makes unwarranted generalizations. Such a statement as this is only fodder for the Gobineau-Chamberlin-Stoddard-Hitler Nordicism; “Mose had never before thought of himself except as a Negro, yet he had always known that he was really only part Negro. He did not find, in himself the ‘grossness’ and ‘dullness’ of the Negroes. . . . There were in him the mystic singing and intuitiveness of the black race and the intelligence of the white race and yet he was not of either, a biological eccentricity of such form and dimensions that Nature, in one of her rare and infrequent outthrustings, found him prepared to shelter for a brief time a great soul.” He has even Mary Winston, Mose’s lawyer and the strongest character in the book fall victim to this attitude when she says of Mose, “He’s not like anybody else. . . . He has unusual qualities for a Negro.” Sure, Rylee hates the South as a system. He can even have Higgins say that the only way in which Negroes will get justice will be through alliance with whites and reorganization of society; but the other statements can only serve the other side—grist for the fascist mill.

An Artist Prescribes

HUMANITIES, with words and pictures by John and Ruth Vassos. E. P. Dutton. \$5.

IF the path to hell is paved with good intentions this book should make good paving material. *Humanities* is a series of twenty-four drawings and preface by John Vassos, with assisting text by Ruth Vassos, expressing “the artist’s conception of the problems that confront Western civilization today.” These problems are listed under headings such as “Peace,” “Education,” “Homo Sapiens,” “The Machine,” “Justice,” “The Old,” etc.

Mr. Vassos’ extremely conventionalized technique of flat washes applied in rather stiff arbitrary design, like cardboard cutouts, may be suitable for the illustration of fantasy, but when he tackles material that calls for “realism of ideas and actualities of the present scene” (his phrase), his mannerism becomes painfully inadequate. And the content is little better for Vassos has unfortunately (and probably unconsciously) shaped his ideas to the character of his technique.

Mr. Vassos is pessimistic and admittedly so. He finds that chaos and catastrophe confront us today and “it would seem that the root of this confusion and disintegration lies in the many false gods we worship who lead us inevitably into dead ends and blind alleys from which there seems to be no escape.” After building up a series of pictures of the ills of society, some of which are critical of capitalism and others critical of the innate evil of man, with the authors always in favor of Humanity, we are led to the grand finale,

Mary Winston can be compared with Chester’s aunt of March’s *Come in at the Door*. Rylee has drawn a picture of a sensitive, sincere, justice-loving woman, a symbol of what the best type of Southern bourgeois woman can become. It isn’t true that Mary Winston is overdrawn, as some have charged. Mary Winston’s faults are Rylee’s simply because Rylee could not see the too-close connection of the law courts with ruling class domination of the state. Mary does want to penetrate and change the social order. She knows that Mose’s trial would be an “issue against the established order of which the particular problem might easily become lost in the outer play of attendant prejudices.” Withal, Mary’s vision is myopic because her fashioner’s is.

Despite these holes which a critic can find, this is a powerful book. Call it bourgeois realism, wishful liberal thinking, comparison or what you like—even its weaknesses are instructive. They serve to call attention to writers the need to still clear the road of the stereotyped, caricature Negro so prevalent in the American literary tradition.

E. CLAY.

Society should not be in any predicament today when there are so many who see clearly the solution of all our difficulties and who are ready—nay, eager—to show us the way to the land of milk and honey.

We have innumerable prophets ready to lead us through the sea of our trials and tribulations to the promised land. The wide-mouthed orators roar on the radio and hold forth on every hand offering us by the simplest of methods the remedy for all of our social ills.

Mr. Vassos proceeds to list, by their slogans, practically all the political groups in the country, ranging from extreme right to extreme left, lumping them together as *equally* demagogic, and with fine scorn and satire attacking them all as the machinations of “wide-mouthed orators.” He will have none of them.

What then does our all-wise and Olympian artist-philosopher suggest doing about all this fine mess he has taken a hundred or so pages to indict? Brace yourself for the shock and revelation. He recommends nothing. Not a damn thing. He simply says *Beware!* and runs out on the reader just at the point where the responsibility for offering an alternative course to all that he has decried and castigated becomes necessary. The fruition and coalescence of a great genius.

In his preface Mr. Vassos says, among other things,

. . . he [the artist] must go further and interpret, amplify and clarify his ideas so that what appears inarticulate and confused to the mass mind becomes a poignant and clear exposition.

Indeed, yes. Especially for those who set out to clear things up for the dumb mass mind.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

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Middle-Class American Tragedy

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, by Morley Callaghan. Random House, 377 pages. \$2.50.

ALL of us who are concerned with the development of American literature can derive a hopeful enjoyment from the example set by the publishers of Morley Callaghan's latest novel, *They Shall Inherit the Earth*. For, lest we forget, the directors of the concern have given encouragement to that remarkable French novelist, Marcel Proust, and they have aided, in spreading through America, the genius of that astounding Irishman, James Joyce. The finest of American children writers, Gertrude Stein, has been issued under their imprint. Similarly, they co-operated with Edward J. O'Brien, Archbishop in the Religion of the Short Story, and Whit Burnett, a Monsignor of the same church, in the publishing of the most significant American short-story writers since O. Henry—William Saroyan, who is, perhaps, still remembered by literary critics. And now (in consonance with American publishing methods) they introduce *They Shall Inherit the Earth* with:

For eight years Random House has been looking for a new novel that would fill the requirements of a small and highly restricted list that includes James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Eugene O'Neill and Robinson Jeffers. The publishers feel that Morley Callaghan has written precisely the novel they have been seeking.

Morley Callaghan followed on the heels of Ernest Hemingway, and both of them have, perhaps, a common derivation in the writings of Sherwood Anderson. There is a general similarity of method in their writings. They have tended to employ a cinematic and non-literary method of presentation which relies heavily upon dialogue and action, seeking to establish character and motivation by a consistent use of implication. In Hemingway, his strongest virtue and his most noticeable weakness are connected with the same capacity—his almost poetic sensibility. Callaghan has always relied more on irony than on acute sensibilities and we can again note the connection of a noticeable strength and weakness with the same capacity. Thus, when Callaghan's irony has misfired, the result has been simply dullness. In the novel preceding this one, *Such Is My Beloved*, Callaghan attempted to cover a wider emotional range than in much of his earlier work. The novel detailed the efforts of a priest to reform two prostitutes, and it required the expression of sentiments more delicate than those to be found in, say, his tales of bootleggers and the like. The result was a competent and readable but sentimental novel whose best parts were the ironical ones, such as a chapter describing the visit of this priest to his bishop.

In *They Shall Inherit the Earth*, we can observe an even greater ambitiousness in the

emotional range which Callaghan seeks to cover. The locale is a large American city on the shores of a lake, probably Buffalo, and the characters are nearly all middle class, members of the family or friends of Andrew Aikenhead, a prosperous and relatively intelligent advertising man. The novel is one of personal relationships with the added element of the impact which the depression has made on these relationships. The center of the story is the estrangement between Andrew Aikenhead and his son, Michael, an unemployed engineer, who lives in a shabby rooming house rather than remain at home with the stepmother whom he hates and her idling son, Dave, whom he dislikes. Dave is in love with Michael's sister, Sheila, and in order to prevent her marriage to the son of Aikenhead's business partner, Dr. Ross Hillquist, tells Sheila that her first mother was insane. Michael, while rowing with Dave at night and seeking to force him to retract this true statement, refuses to row Dave back to shore. Dave dives overboard, but Michael manipulates the boat so that Dave cannot reach shore, and he sets out for a long swim to the opposite side of the lake. When Dave calls for help, Michael, thinking it a ruse, permits him to drown. The father, who has openly disliked Dave, is accused. His wife leaves him. The notoriety he receives in the press, and the debilitating sense of guilt he develops, lead to his retirement from business and his gradual disintegration as a human being. Michael, struggling economically, has an affair with a working-class girl, Anna, falls in love with her and after she becomes pregnant, they marry. In the end, Michael, after confessing his connection with Dave's death to his father, establishes an inconclusive bond of sympathy with him.

The novel is a combination of dullness and flat writing, and delicate and even subtle, well-thought out and simply-expressed perceptions. It opens with a moving and economically-described scene of a meeting between the father and son, and then proceeds in a style that is ordinary if simple, its dullness constantly relieved by a sudden and even unexpected delicacy of insight into people. Largely because of the treatment of the father, the story possesses an accumulat-

ing interest and it can be said that the surest portrait in the book is that of Andrew Aikenhead. The other satisfactory characterization is that of the son, a characterization which is, I suspect, unwitting. As Michael Aikenhead's thoughts wind around his sense of guilt, as his affair with Anna develops, as he flounders about with little work, we see coming to life for us, a humorless prig. Perhaps one of the basic weaknesses of the book is that the author did not realize that he was creating, in his protagonist, a recognizable prig. The other characters are largely wooden.

There are two implications that we may derive from the story. One is the irony that resides in the title and that strikes us as we finish the last chapter with its inconclusive end to the estrangement of father and son. We see that these middle-class people mulling about with their expectations and troubling relationships will inherit—nothing. The second implication is the contrast between Anna, a working-class girl who is simple, spontaneous, earthy, with Michael's neurotic sister and, more generally, with all the middle-class characters. She can be taken as a genuine inheritance of the earth. However, as a character, she is a stereotype, so recognizable that her characterization destroys the force and effectiveness of this implication.

In conclusion, it might be stated that the novel is slow reading, and its value lies in two characterizations and in the insight spread throughout the book. JAMES T. FARRELL.

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Post-Mortem Million

LESLIE READE

SALUTED by the headlines of the morning papers the liner Statendam recently arrived in New York harbor with a cargo valued at a million dollars. For once this treasure has caused a degree of pleasurable excitement not so much in the financial district as in its aesthetic annex of 57th Street, for the freight of the Statendam comprised not gold, but ninety-two paintings of Vincent Van Gogh, simply described in The New York Times as the "mad Dutch artist." Altogether Van Gogh produced over 700 paintings and an undetermined number of drawings. So it will be seen that the million dollars' worth of pictures now consigned to the Museum of Modern Art forms only a small part of his work. The artist himself once received a four dollar commission for a portrait, sold some drawings for twenty-five dollars, and at a Brussels exhibition disposed of a landscape for 500 francs, thus earning in all over \$129.

The details of Van Gogh's life—his start as an employe of Goupil's, his preaching to the impoverished miners of the Borinage, his painting career, his poverty, his madness, and his dependence on his brother Theo—are too well known to require emphasis here. Nor need one dwell on the comfortable circumstance that fashions in art, as in other things, frequently change. But the fact remains that malcontents, Communists and such like, have seen fit to make the arrival of the Statendam's million-dollar cargo an excuse for drawing a contrast between society's temperate reward to the creative Van Gogh himself and its princely recognition of the uncreative persons who now own his work. These constant croakers forget to mention that he painted for a scant ten years.

Nor, as a glance hereafter at the careers of some of Van Gogh's creative contemporaries will show, is there any truth in the wider criticism that capitalist society neglects *all* creative artists. In the case of Van Gogh it is also forgotten that he was a mere proletarian painter. When most of his contemporaries were wisely engaged in immortalizing the features of bankers' mistresses or preparing for the admiring gaze of posterity the rotundities of ducal stomachs Van Gogh chose to paint miners, peasants and workers, the people he knew and among whom he lived. In the long canon of his work there is not even the vestige of a viscount nor the commemoration of a solitary count. To the end he was as little interested in the ruling class of Europe as they were in him, but all the same they stoically awarded him more than \$129.

To restore the balance, in the month following Van Gogh's suicide in 1890 The Times of London noted—sometimes "with

regret" and sometimes without—the passing of many rich and pious men, but it gave Vincent Van Gogh not a line. One snub deserves another. Of course, one can admit to the slightest feeling of disappointment that the most intelligent newspaper of the civilized world failed on this occasion to realize that a millionaire—albeit a post-mortem vicarious one—had died, but one should not expect the financial instinct of the upper class to have been any more infallible than it is today. They are more often right than wrong, and even Mr. Rickett's recent odyssey in Ethiopia, properly considered, is no evidence to the contrary.

In these days of loose thought and wild talk it is only just that these matters should be set forth in any discussion of the Statendam's million-dollar cargo and Van Gogh's \$129.

We turn now with relief from questions of painting, whose merits are so often questions of taste, to the cold subject of mechanics.

Some thirteen years before Van Gogh was born, that is, in 1840, Hiram Stevens Maxim saw the light in the village of Sangerville, Me. His origin was even humbler than that of the "mad Dutch artist," and as a youth Maxim was compelled to work, in his own words, "for eight hours in the forenoon and eight hours in the afternoon," being paid four dollars a month, not, of course, in cash, but in goods.

In the years following Maxim worked as a bartender, woodturner and brassfettler, and shortly after the Paris Exhibition of 1881 he opened a workshop in London. About this time Maxim turned his attention to the science of gunnery, and soon he had prepared a design for an automatic gun. Across the Channel Van Gogh was painting miners in their filth, and hungry peasants eating potatoes. The world, as has been hinted already, was not concerned with the young Dutchman's creative labors, but lest the wrong inference be drawn, consider the very different fate of Hiram Maxim. Apropos of his automatic gun we are told, "As soon as his weapon was constructed, it attracted high official notice, and was inspected by the British commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Wales." Mark those words "*as soon as.*" Society, led by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, positively hastened to recognize Hiram Maxim, and his gun was adopted in the British Army in 1889 and the Royal Navy in 1892.

He died, a naturalized British subject, in 1916, and besides his automatic gun had otherwise contributed to the gaiety of nations by inventing such things as the "disappearing gun," cordite, a gun for hurling aerial torpedoes, a delayed action fuse, and a

merry-go-round. France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Queen Victoria knighted him, and he left £33,090.

In America, Hiram Maxim's brother Hudson, born actually in the same year as Van Gogh, was at least as creative as the Dutchman. His speciality, however, was powder, not paint, and he devoted a long life to the improvement and invention of high explosives. He left a large fortune, and Heidelberg University honored him with a D.Sc.

The name of Alfred Bernard Nobel is so famous for the Nobel prizes that it is needless to pause long over his accomplishment. Let it suffice to repeat that Nobel's creative instinct found its chief expression in the invention of dynamite, and in the accumulation thereby of some two million pounds sterling.

In face of this evidence from different countries it must surely be difficult still to assert that capitalism ignores its creative workers. But to complete the rebuttal of this statement, let us consider finally the case of one more of Van Gogh's contemporaries, still happily among us. It is true that this last specimen from our album was never himself an inventor, but he was so accomplished in the exploitation of the inventions of others that the achievement in itself was closely akin to creative genius.

On a winter morning in 1873 when the temporarily tophatted Van Gogh was persuading the permanently tophatted customers of Goupil to buy pictures of indiscriminately tophatted Victorian worthies, at the other end of London—to be precise, at the Old Bailey—a young merchant of twenty-two stood in the dock. At the previous session of the court he had pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with fraudulent dealing in goods worth £1,000. He now made an offer of restitution, and the judge who tried the case, the Deputy-Recorder,

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mercifully bound over the young merchant. He bore the improbable name of Zacharia Basilius Zacharoff, but he is better known to history as Sir Basil Zaharoff, G.C.B., G.B.E., Hon. D.C.L. (Oxon.), Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Although he had already been a guide to the brothels of Constantinople before he became a thief, Zaharoff's benefactions to mankind did not really begin until he met Nordenfelt, a countryman of Nobel's, and in the same business. The association seems to have inspired young Zaharoff, for he soon carried out the masterly idea of selling Nordenfelt's guns to the Turks, and then to the Greeks, who were fighting the Turks. Thereafter Zaharoff went from masterpiece to masterpiece.

His best known work, however, was his part in the Great War. It was 67 percent of Vickers' net profits, or about twenty-three million pounds sterling. Accordingly, soon after the conclusion of hostilities, Zaharoff's genius was suitably acknowledged with a knighthood, the Legion of Honor and an honorary degree from the University of Oxford.

It must now be clear that one common factor appears in the lives of all these men,—the Maxims and the rest. Instead of dissipating their time, as did Van Gogh, in immortalizing the proletariat, they dedicated themselves diligently to massacring them, and so were all inevitably rewarded. Those who offer death for sale are very properly among the knights of capitalist chivalry.

At the coming exhibition of Van Gogh's million dollars' worth of pictures it is to be hoped that this fact will be borne in mind. Among the scented frou-frou of pretty debutantes and the gasps of gaping amateurs there is certain to be heard the opinion that a system which rewards its Zaharoffs with millions and its Van Goghs with starvation is rotten and should be overturned. The opinion should be dismissed for what it is worth: either the disgruntlement of a disappointed dealer, or the inflammatory chatter of an irresponsible chatterbox.

The correct conclusion to be drawn from the contrast in the fates of Van Gogh and the munition makers is far different. Many writers, painters and musicians are known to have died in penury, but there is yet to be discovered the name of a single inventor of an improved method of killing his fellows, who went to his grave unhonored and unsung. It follows that Van Gogh merely chose the wrong profession.

The Theater

"Porgy and Bess" and "Mulatto"

THERE is a stock formula, hallowed by tradition, which is almost invariably followed in the writing and staging of a drama of Negro life. The play must be made colorful. That quality is achieved by subordinating action and characterization to a lavish emphasis on the Negro song and dance tradition. In its vulgar form this kind of drama takes the shape of the minstrel show; in the hands of the more serious screen writers it becomes a movie like *Hallelujah*. Du Bose and Dorothy Heyward leaned heavily on the tradition when they wrote the play, *Porgy*, and it dominates the opera, *Porgy and Bess* now being produced at the Alvin Theater by the Theater Guild.

The danger in this method of treatment is that the author too often succumbs to the temptation to neglect his story and to distort or eliminate essential incidents that do not add to the colorful aspects of his play. Color is pursued for its own sake. The result has been the production of a long line of plays that gave off the easy impression that Negro life is "so quaint" and "so picturesque." The use of the opera form is an open invitation to an even more extended emphasis on pure color; the dramatist has to pause long enough to tell his story but the opera writer can indulge himself in one lavish and colorful scene after another. George Gershwin who wrote the music, Rouben Mamoulian, whose staging is sometimes exciting, and Ira Gershwin who supplied the lyrics were all too conscious of their duty to make *Porgy and Bess* a colorful production.

I think that I can make the point by calling attention to the saucer burial scene after Robbins has been killed. Death is a tragic event in the closely-knit, friendless and peniless Negro community like Catfish Row. It strikes both terror and sorrow into the hearts of the dead person's neighbors. But the opera never quite transmutes these feelings of the characters to the audience. The spectators *oh* and *ah* at the elaborate and colorful staging, setting and music in the scene—the shadows on the wall, the frenzied dancing and the religious shouts—but they do not feel the emotions of sympathy and sorrow for the bereaved. *Porgy and Bess* is a succession of such scenes, almost one grand revival scene, from the opening crap game until the curtain falls on Porgy mounting his goat-cart to go in search of Bess.

Langston Hughes breaks with this tradition in his play, *Mulatto*, which opened at the Vanderbilt Theater last week, only to escape the pitfalls of melodrama by the narrowest of margins. He drops all attempts to make his drama colorful and strives for a realistic description of the relations between

an illegitimate mulatto son and his white planter-father. Captain Tom Norwood, "the richest man in this part of Georgia," has four children by Cora, his Negro housekeeper. As the story opens, Bert, the son who has inherited his father's color, has just returned from a northern college. He happens in at a time when Captain Tom, who is sympathetically drawn, is on the verge of fulfilling his life-long political ambitions.

Bert ruins his father's chances by declaring far and wide that he is Captain Tom's son. He gets in more trouble by refusing to knuckle to the village postmistress; he walks in at his father's front door and defies almost every tradition of the deep South. The end is inevitable after Bert strangles his father in self defense. Bert escapes lynching by committing suicide but he has stirred up a tempest that leads to the raping of his sister, driving his mother mad and inciting a mob.

It is evident that Hughes hoped to depict the manner in which the racial set-up in the South damns both whites and Negroes. Unfortunately, *Mulatto* was written several years ago when his grasp of the situation was not as complete as it is now and the play does not offer a well-rounded picture of that phase of southern life with which it deals. But the primary weakness of the drama is in its internal construction.

Through an inadequate use of dramatic technique, Hughes fails to get his action on the stage and relies on the device of having the characters explain what is happening. The

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long speeches nettle the spectator and the dialogue sometimes sounds unauthentic, despite Hughes' excellent ear, simply because he asks too much of his characters.

The play also suffers from inept direction. In the first act, which has all the earmarks of having got into the play after it left Hughes' hands, the son is made to swagger in and declaim that he is Captain Tom's son. The normal reaction is that he is a tactless braggart. From that time on the director struggles hopelessly to correct the original impression and to depict the boy in a better light. The diffuse character of the ending is also a major blunder. Sympathy has been built up for the son who has committed suicide, the mother who has gone mad, the father who has been murdered and the girl who has been raped. The spectator is a little dazed.

Both plays had the benefit of good acting. There were times when I feared that *Porgy and Bess* might turn into banal musical comedy but it was always rescued by the excellent acting and singing of a cast headed by Duncan Allen, as Porgy, and Anne Brown as Bess. Rose McClendon, as Cora, contributed most to *Mulatto*; it was her sensitive artistry that kept the play from slipping over into blood-and-thunder melodrama at times.

Porgy and Bess is being touted as the great American folk opera. It is not. It does not probe deeply enough into the life of the folk to deserve that title. There is far more to Negro folk life than its undeniable color. I am convinced that *Porgy and Bess* would have been a better opera if the authors had spent a little more time trying to understand the prosaic details of the struggle for existence in Catfish Row. I think that such an investigation would have had a sobering effect on the authors and would have taught them that the colorful aspects of life in the ghetto are not to be mistaken for the whole of its existence. *Mulatto*, for all of its faults, is the more significant of the two plays. It is at least a realistic attempt to grapple with a problem that is begging for honest drama-

tic treatment. The complexities of the Negro question are such that the dramatist who essays to deal with it must be armed both with skill and a willingness to burrow far beneath the surface. Langston Hughes has the talent and his more recent work indicates that he is better equipped to wrestle with the subject matter. That richer understanding will help him eliminate the technical faults that mar *Mulatto*.

LOREN MILLER.

Current Films

Rendezvous (M.G.M.—Capitol): William Powell wise-cracks his way through the World War in the witty manner of *The Thin Man* as head of the American Secret Service. There are spies and counter-spies. The German espionage ring in Washington is pretty smart, but the Americans are smarter. The War is presented as a pretty gay and romantic adventure. All you need is urbanity.

Transatlantic Tunnel (Gaumont-British—Roxy): A group of British and American capitalists (including a munitions magnate) promote the building of a tunnel between England and the United States in the interest of world peace. This is theoretically accomplished by advancing the chauvinistic theory that this tunnel will unite the English-speaking peoples against the nations of the East.

Last Days of Pompeii (R.K.O.—Center): The rise and fall of an ancient Tex Rickard. There are sadists, crooked Pompeian politicians and plenty of religious fervor.

Crusades (Paramount): Plenty of tinsel, crowds, violent battles, noise, raids and counter-raids and biblical scenes with "Rembrandt lighting." One must, however, applaud Ian Keith for his splendid portrayal of Saladin, the ruler of Islam. The film is dull and undramatic.

Red Army Days (Amkino—Cameo): A slight and superficial study of the Red Army during maneuvers in the Ukraine. This will not add any prestige to the Soviet cinema.

Pepo (Amkino—Acme): The first talking film to be made in Soviet Armenia. The story isn't much and the filming quite conventional. However, the native songs, music, and dancing and their ethnologic value make it worth seeing.

Barbary Coast (United Artists): The rich and exciting background of the gold-rush days in San Francisco ignored in the anxiety of the producer to make another *Face on the Barroom Floor*. There are vigilantes; there is a hero who quotes Shelley and there is pure love.

Wings Over Ethiopia (Paramount): The distributors trying to cash in on the Italo-Ethiopian war with a travelogue of an airplane trip from Switzerland to Ethiopia made for the Swiss air line.

P. E.

Between Ourselves

META BERGER'S husband, the late Victor L. Berger, was the first Socialist Congressman elected in the United States.

Joseph North will have another article in next week's issue. While Herndon was going back to Fulton Tower, Atlanta's county prison, under an 18-to-20-year sentence on the chain gang, the American Prison Association was holding its convention in Atlanta. North's article will deal, at least in part, with the prison specialists' views of the Herndon case, chain gangs and floggings.

Walter Wilson has interviewed Gen. Smedley Butler for THE NEW MASSES, and his article will appear next week. The retired Marine commander states his views on labor, the bonus, unemployment insurance, the American Legion, and fascism and war.

A section from Martin Russak's novel, *Weaver's Son*, called "The Women's Battalion," will appear shortly. This novel was the second choice in THE NEW MASSES Novel Contest, conducted jointly with the John Day Company, publishers.

Eddy Gilmore is a Washington newspaperman.

Sue Adams has been in Aztec, N. M., reporting the Gallup trial for The Daily Worker.

Due to a typographical error, the letter appearing among correspondence in the October 29 issue from the secretary of the Committee in Support of Southern Miners was signed "Louis Kamsley." The secretary is Louise Kamsley.

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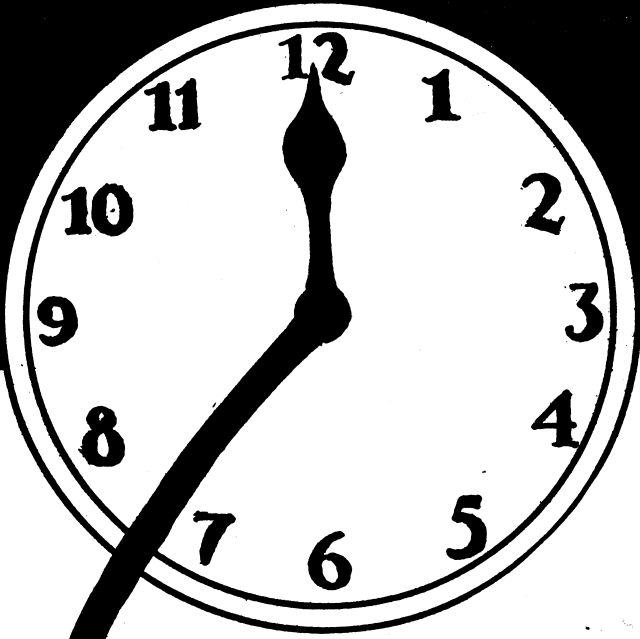
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