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JANUARY 23, 1934

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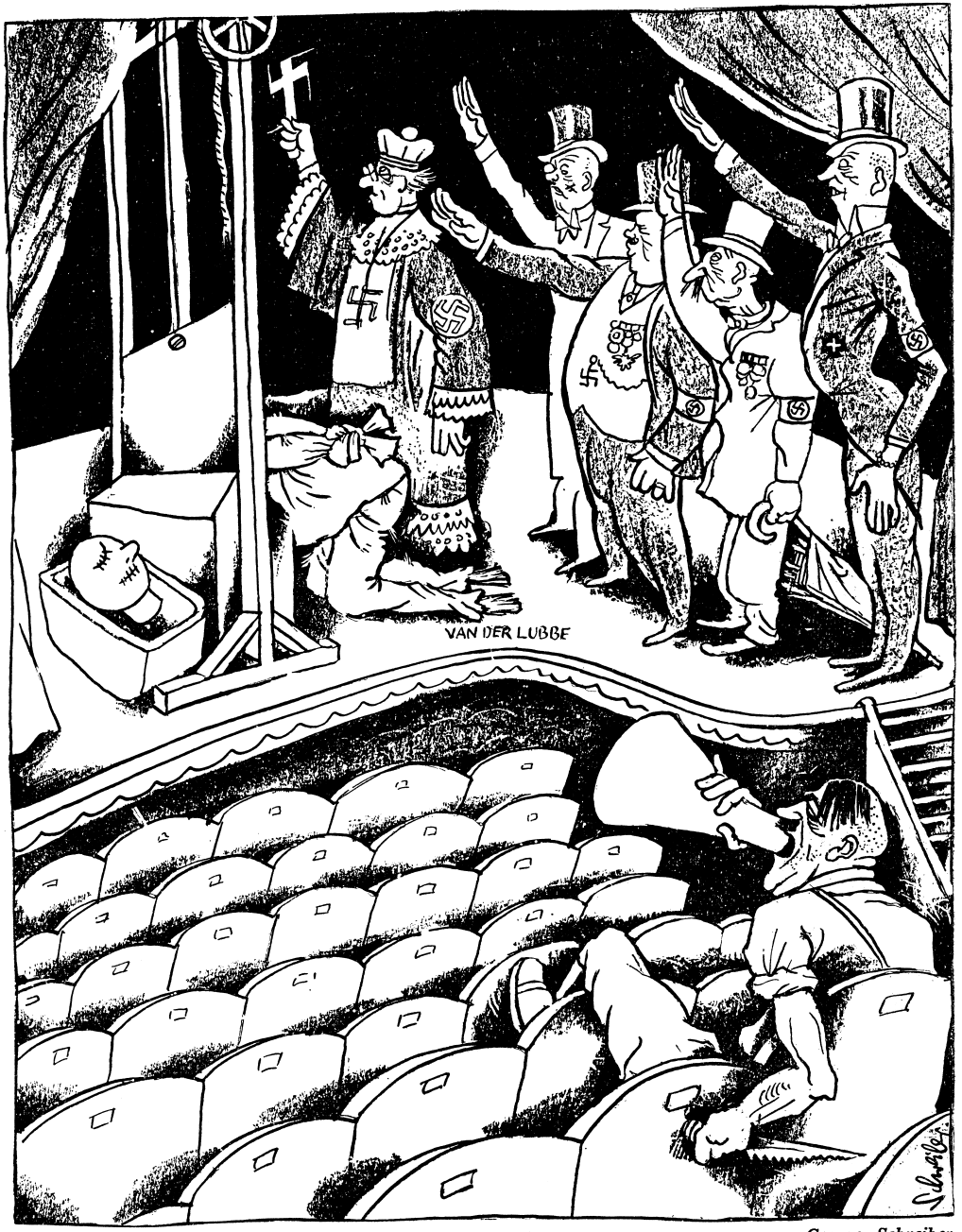
THE DRESS REHEARSAL — *Georges Schreiber*

WEALTHY California farmers have again attempted to outlaw collective bargaining. The December Convention of Farmers and Fruit Growers in San Joaquin Valley framed a series of Resolutions of which number VII is the masterpiece: " . . . to urge local, state and federal governmental authorities to suppress activities responsible for unwarranted labor agitation and unrest in California and bring about the identification and apprehension of known agitators in order that immediate steps may be undertaken for the deportation of such people." Obviously the authors of this resolution are acutely aware of the results obtained last summer by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, which won practically every strike it led, and they are determined to prevent it from repeating its victory in which wages were raised from 25 percent to 50 percent. These farmers whose 1933 incomes (according to the State Department of Agriculture) increased from 25 percent to, in some cases, 120 percent over 1932, cannot possibly imagine why a man earning $5 per week has a right to complain! Nor do they see anything wrong in the child labor conditions in San Joaquin Valley. (Children from four years of age pick cotton "from dawn till they fall asleep in the field," as one Mexican mother put it.) Even the local district attorney innocently asks, "Why do you make so much fuss about these few babies that have died? Mexican babies die every year like that." During the strike last summer nine babies died of starvation.

THE San Joaquin Valley Convention furthermore urges full punishment of "those who violate the Criminal Syndicalism Act"—but the only violators during the last strike were the ranchers who murdered three men, wounded thirteen, and shot off the arm of another. Eight ranchers are now on trial at Visalia. Strikers ask the murder penalty for them. In a shocked voice the attorney asked the strikers' spokeswoman: "Do you realize what that would mean, Miss Decker? Do you realize this would mean *death* for the ranchers?" Much to the discomfort of its authors, the anti-strike resolution has increased union membership by several thousand, and Communist Party membership by several hundred. It has aroused the sympathy of liberals and professionals who have contributed food, relief, money and bail.

AND now less than a month since the growers framed their resolution the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union is leading a strike of lettuce-pickers in the Imperial Valley, demanding better wages, decent sanitary conditions, union recognition and free transportation. The strikers know they are hitting at the very heart of California capitalism; that they must expect both legal and illegal terror such as is duplicated only in the Black Belt. Nevertheless, by the third day striker ranks had grown to over 7,000. Sheriff Campbell has answered them by making 450 arrests (at $1,000 bail per head), has threatened mass deportation of Mexicans (as carried out in Colorado) and is offering rewards of $500 to $1,000 for strike leaders or legal defenders. And California justice contributes its bit by blocking roads, destroying relief kitchens and deputizing hundreds of men. In Tulare (250 miles north, where three murdered striking cotton-pickers lie buried) a worker is jailed for "selling literature without a license." The police chief explains: "That crap in your window ['Join the Union' posters] is a disgrace to the Government, and I'm going to stick you guys every time I can." Against these vicious attacks on workers' rights the Union and the International Labor Defense fight on, summoning workers for



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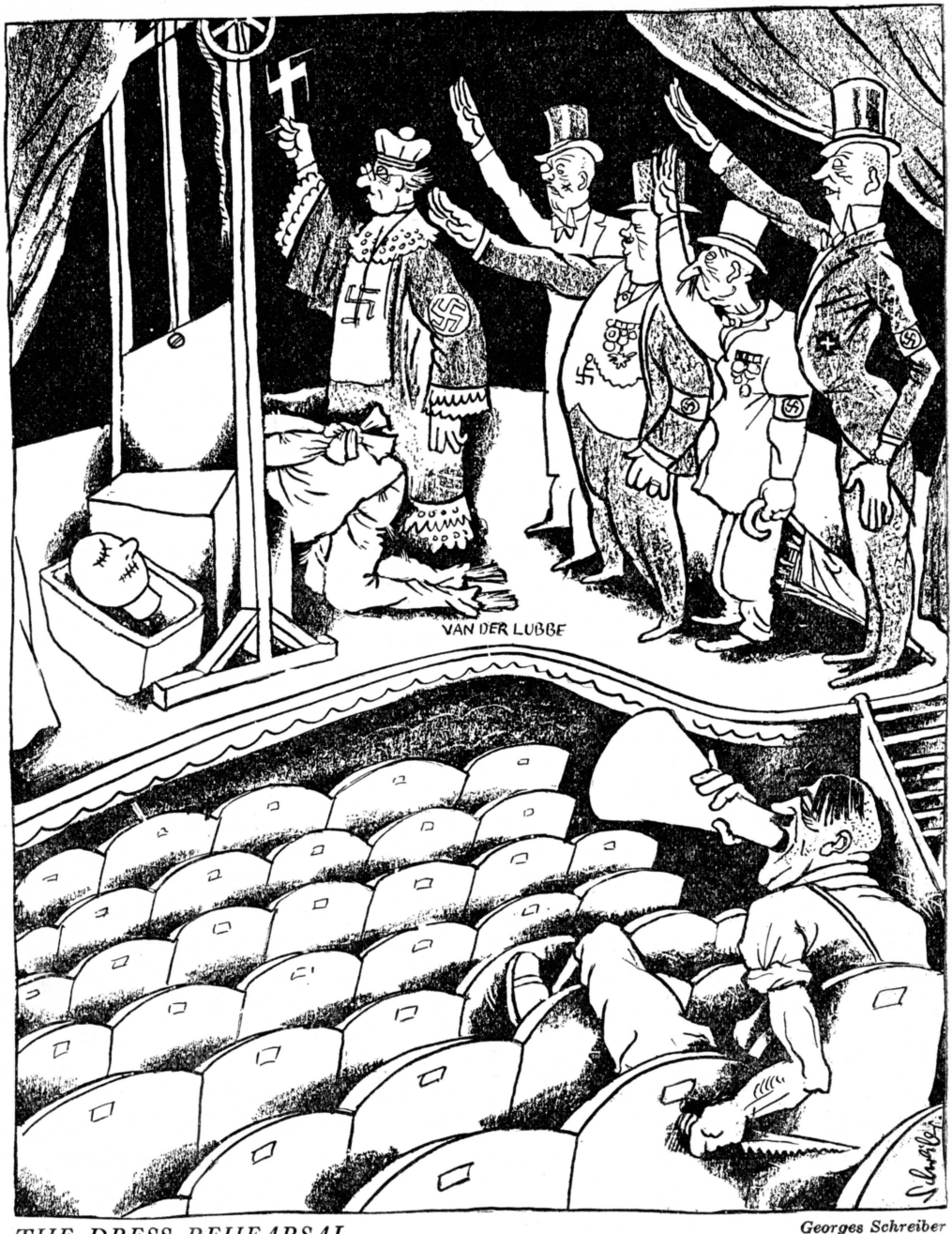

THE DRESS REHEARSAL

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mass defense and demanding freedom for all strike prisoners. Workers, sympathizers and liberals throughout America must immediately rise to the defense of the strikers, must fight this latest display of California lynch-law justice. Wire protests to Governor Rolph and Sheriff Campbell and send relief funds to the Imperial Valley Strikers, Workers Center, 852 Eighth Street, San Diego, California.

THERE comes a period in the development of Fascism when the big bankers and industrialists subsidize some would-be Mussolini or Hitler. The recent open support by Lord Rothermere of Mosley's Black Shirts illustrates how one or another aspiring fascist band is taken over financially and politically by the capitalists. In this country Henry Ford will no doubt play a similar role as one of the financial angels of some fascist gang. He has been taking a bad licking from General Motors and Chrysler, and is doomed to go under unless he can get a better tie-up with the state apparatus. This motive was probably behind the inspired interview he gave the New York Times last week. He "declared his complete belief in the ideal behind the N.R.A.," and called it "a step toward an era of justice."

BUT Ford was not merely jockeying for better connections with the administration. He expressed views that he will inevitably back with the power of his money. In the first place, he made attacks on the "price system and money" that correspond pretty much with the demagogic attacks of the Nazis on loan capital. And secondly, he amplified on his pet theme of forcing workers to raise their own food on subsistence farms. Ford will exhaust them by speed-up in a couple of months, and then dump them on the land to scratch out some food. Henry did not add, of course, that this would mean lower labor costs, and reducing the worker to a serf tied to the subsistence farm and the Ford factory. Behind his claptrap that "the new era will not crush out individualists," but "will allow them to become more individual than ever," is his greed for more money and more power. Ford will not be content with mere interviews and ghosted articles. It is already reported that Pelley, the head of the Silver Shirts, is seeking or has already obtained contact with Joy-in-Work Henry.

WHILE the Japanese General Staff is taxing every resource to bring the army up to the most modern combat efficiency by spring (even disturbing the somnolence of Cordell Hull and the State Department by masked orders for gas, tanks and aircraft placed through obliging Latin American governments that do not love Washington) the Japanese officers, as a caste, have succeeded in having the traditional western sword officially replaced by the two-handed weapon of the samurai. It is one of history's ironies that the nearer a caste approaches extinction, the more desperately it is driven to elaborate the differences of dress and ritual that distinguish it. But the samurai sword symbolizes a reactionary nationalism that has spread beyond a caste through all the upper classes of Japan. That this outlandish symbol is also a formidable weapon we are told in a New York Times dispatch of Dec. 8, from Tokio. "A classic stroke of Japanese swordsmanship was to cut an enemy in two with a single upward two-handed slice from waist to armpit as the sword was being drawn." Again, "During the Shanghai fighting last year a Japanese lieutenant, using a valuable old sword, cut through the water-jacket and barrel of a Chinese machine-gun at a single stroke."

THE Times devotes nearly half a column to this sword-play while directly below it is an Associated Press dispatch from Moscow so brief that it can be quoted in full: "The Moscow Institute of Mechanics and Engineering, celebrating its hundredth birthday recently, announced that its graduates in eighty-five years of Czarist Russia numbered 3,879, while under fifteen years of Soviet rule, they totalled 4,067. The enrollment is now 4,000." The graph of proletarian culture is a mounting line, that of imperialist cultures a steadily descending curve.

MESSRS. Matthew Woll and William Green, knights errant of blackest reaction, could hardly wait for the arrival of Alexander Troyanovsky, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, to drag out the old, malodorous, and pitiful red herring. During the very week that the Ambasador landed on our at last hospitable shores, William Green of the American Federation of Labor hastened to publish a 178-page report in which he reassured his apprehensive followers that he was keeping a watchful eye on the activities of Alexander Troyanovsky. Again the A. F. of L. pillars of capitalism are hauling to the fore the ancient canards about "Moscow propaganda," "OGPU spies in American factories," "Moscow Gold," and so on ad nauseum. These gentlemen are determined to force a break in diplomatic relations between the two countries. To counteract the vicious activities of the Greens and the Wolls, the Friends of the Soviet Union have just issued a call to all American intellectuals, all professional groups, all workers and farmers organizations to rally to the support of the Soviet Union. The NEW MASSES urges all those who understand that normal relations between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. are a potent factor in the preservation of world peace to send delegates to the first national convention of the Friends of the Soviet Union to be held in New York City on January 26, 27, and 28.

THE Supreme Court's decision upholding the Minnesota moratorium on farm mortgage foreclosures seems to answer the question as to what Supreme Court Justices do in their spare time. Among other things, it appears, they read the papers. At any rate they apparently have become aware that the Minnesota moratorium law was hastily enacted under the pressure of thousands of ruined and desperate farmers who had lost their fear of sheriffs, courts, injunctions and all the rest of the legalistic apparatus used to enslave them. The farmers had made farm foreclosure sales impossible anyway; so the Legislature made them illegal. The Supreme Court knew that to upset the law now would mean an outburst in Minnesota which would be repeated in a dozen other farm states. The Supreme Court got out its law books and concocted, four to five, a decision. The decision, which took two hours to read, weighed many fine points of law as to what constitutes an emergency, whether an emergency creates power or simply permits the use of power already existent and so on. What the Supreme Court meant by its decision was simply that the farmers were altogether too stirred up now to risk stirring them up any more.

AFTER one of those numerous Cuban up-to-dawn sessions, President Grau San Martin resigned on Sunday at the behest of the Yankee Jefferson Caffery and reactionary influences in the Island. Col. Carlos Mendieta was

picked to succeed San Martin, but the Military Junta had reckoned without their host. Forced to deliberate all day Monday upon learning that hundreds of thousands of the populace—soldiers, sailors, workers and peasants—were ready for active resistance to Mendieta, the Junta hit upon Hevia, who appeared to be less objectionable than their original choice. But the new president's base of support was even shakier than San Martin's was: he depended entirely upon the reactionaries in the military. Two days later Hevia was out again, and Mendieta again to the fore. Heiva had begun auspiciously enough by murdering four and wounding nineteen demonstrators before the presidential palace. Col. Fulgencio Batista, army chief of staff, is openly adopting Machadista tactics. A sharp clash on policy has already occurred between the "left" elements led by Guiteras and the right by Batista. Behind the scenes Washington's envoy Jefferson Caffery plays all ends against the middle in the best Sumner Welles-Guggenheim tradition. Travelers out of the interior report the clatter of machine-gun fire wherever the Batista and Guiteras factions meet. The former's troops disarmed the Guiteras-controlled police in Santiago, Holguin and other cities. But all the faction leaders—and their master puppeteer Caffery must have suffered a cold chill upon the reports that the Cuban Communist Party has called upon its members and all other workers to seize arms for defense against the daily mounting terrorism, to challenge the authorities for municipal power, and to organize for the "revolutionary way out of the fascist terror."

THE fourth Congress of the Cuban National Confederation of Labor endorsed the Communists' appeal. The Congress was not supposed to endorse anything; it was not even supposed to meet. Caffery had ordered the Congress suppressed. Nevertheless, 10,000 delegates, representing 300,000 workers, met and acted. The large representation is significant as an indication that the revolutionary trade unions will have their say in the determination of Cuba's destiny. Up above, the Hevias, San Martins and Batistas may puff away at cigars and plot throughout the nights, but the last word will be with the elements represented by the National Confederation representing 70 percent of the Island's workers. One of the delegates was from the "Macay" sugar mill. He told the Congress how the first Soviet in Cuba was set up in his mill.

THE Motor Show has closed its annual week's run at the Grand Central Palace and goes on to Chicago. The Automobile Chamber of Commerce, impressario of this most super of all theatrical productions, announced new attendance records — also heavy sales. Almost identical announcements are released at the conclusion of each year's show. This season the reports are fairly well substantiated. On opening day (Saturday) a line more than a block long awaited the opening of the doors, and the privilege of paying 55c (75c after 6:00 P. M.) to view the models. 250,000 paid admissions were reported for this one day. The New York Central and Michigan Central Railroads enjoyed their usual heavy traffic—train loads of new cars shiny with extra coats of show paint and extra nickel heavily buffed. Drawing rooms and compartments jammed with hard-eyed, overfed Detroit "big shots"—upper and lower berths crowded with harassed "little shots" and hired hands. For twenty-four hours before the opening, Depew Place (the alley behind the Grand Central Palace) and adjacent side streets were jammed with their annual clutter, truckloads of cars, and grandiose displays. All through the night the little shots, decorators and stevedores sweated as usual, moving heavy burdens, assembling complex gadgets. In the Ritz-Carlton, Commodore, Roosevelt, Waldorf-Astoria, and Ambassador Hotels, the carnival spirit prevailed. The "big shots" enjoyed their annual big week of wining, dining, theatres, and night clubs, with hosts of handsome and agreeable harlots—supplied in many cases with the compliments of advertising agents.

THIS year's automobile show is called "a battle of freaks"—with the ultra-modern DeSoto facing-both-ways model being most apprehensively watched by competitors. The consensus is that the public will shy away from it in large numbers. After considerable gyrations Chrysler stock closed three and a fraction points lower on the show week. The battle of the motor giants has narrowed to General Motors and Chrysler. Ford admits being $55,000,000 'in the red" on his 1933 operations, with another mammoth deficit certain in 1934. Detroit motor gossips believe he will be out of the business in a few more seasons. Cadillac is reported to have sold twenty-two cars in one day during the New York show. With corporation earnings up from 200 percent to 900 percent during the past six months of the New

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Deal, the Roosevelt administration may succeed in putting two extra Cadillacs in every heavy stockholder's garage before the year ends. Due to the recent toolmakers' strike, all of the Detroit automobile makers are still badly crippled on production. Many of them had difficulty getting enough models ready for the show—it will be weeks yet before there are enough to go around for salesroom display. It is rumored that General Motors is having special production difficulties—there are lots of whispers—the most persistent being that the much publicized "knee-action" mechanism is causing much production grief. Meanwhile the dealers are yelling for cars. *Tip to auto workers,* especially toolmakers: the best of all possible months to win your strikes are October, November, and December—that's when strikes really *hurt* the motor bosses.

THE International Labor Defense reports that the Scottsboro boys are being systematically robbed of such little gifts as are sent to them, bits of comfort in the way of cigarettes, candy, or other things. Here are nine children of the working class, victims of a ferocious frame-up, imprisoned nearly three years, beaten, threatened, living under the shadow of lynch terror—for two years and nine months this agony is dragged out in a blaze of world-wide publicity. And now this new offense against them comes to light, an act the more despicable because in comparison with the greater issue involved it is so small. Small? To the Scottsboro boys in prison these gifts mean more than a piece of candy or a package of cigarettes; they carry a heart-bracing message of solidarity from their comrades of the working class. At some point of the Alabama prison machinery the packages are diverted and withheld from the boys . . . Further comment seems idle. The affair simply illustrates the boundless ingenuity of Nature; she contrives to breed some lice so minute that the unaided eyes can scarcely see them; she also produces Alabama prison officials.

UNIVERSITY circles were thrown into consternation last week by the address of Professor Howard Lee McBain, Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University. Modern science, the professor said in substance, has undermined the belief in immortality; the chief arguments for a future life are unacceptable; this idea, so fundamental to the world's religions, must be declared today as wholly unproved. This speech was a shock to Dr. McBain's professorial brethren: A college teacher publicly telling the truth about religious superstitions? Scandalous! Absurd! If a professor disbelieves in God or Immortality, he should keep mum about it. First, his job; second, the bad effect the truth may have on the "lower classes." With the hope for heavenly rewards vanishing, the "ignorant masses" may actually take it into their heads to demand tangible rewards here and now. And that would be too bad. A large number of bourgeois teachers secretly agree with Karl Marx that "religion is the opium of the people," but they administer this opium to keep the people quiet. Every once in a while, however, the honesty of some professor gets the better of him and he lets the cat out of the bag, like Dean McBain. But it's all right at Columbia now. For the authorities immediately called in the scientific expert Bishop Manning, who carefully denied everything McBain had said and told the world it could be sure of heaven, of the Almighty, of Santa Claus, and all the rest.

ONLY the other day, Professor Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize winner in physics, said Germany had lost its fifty year leadership in science. He blamed this on the Nazis, and added that now the United States was the scientific leader of the world. Assuming that the latter point is true, how long will America maintain its hegemony in science? It should be remembered that the anti-scientific attitude of the Nazis is paralleled by the anti-scientific activities of the American government. Professor Compton has himself deplored the "drastic cuts made in the support of the Bureau of Standards, agricultural experiment stations and other agencies." He has asserted "that investigations of vital value to the nation have been slowed down and in some cases stopped."

IT IS an extreme oversimplification of the problem, however, to think as Professor Compton does that private agencies will come to the rescue of science even though the government is slowly destroying it. He overlooks the fact that capitalism today cannot tolerate the truths that science discovers. The controversy in England between a commission of the British Medical Association and government medical experts illustrates this clearly. The commission found that the British dole was so low that its program of "scientific feeding" was a method of slow starvation. Although the facts presented by the commission are irrefutable the government's experts are valiantly attempting to dispose of the report. They are trying to argue away the fact that soldiers in the British Army in time of peace get 62 grams of meat protein per man. This is 25 grams more than the government thinks sufficient for an unemployed civilian. Such cases could be multiplied endlessly. Scientists are confronted today with a set-up that will not tolerate the discovery of truths. Science must produce profits, or be useful in perfecting instruments of death. All other phases of science under capitalism are doomed to stagnation and decay.

THE dwindling of American foreign trade has been accompanied by a great increase in ideological imports. Fascist theories and quack philosophies and religious ideas have been the most important commodities. Last week another religious reformation was officially launched in New York at a meeting which filled the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel. It was the American branch of the First Century Christian Fellowship, better known as the Oxford Movement, getting under way. The new reformation is under the leadership of the Rev. Frank N. D. Buchman. It is described as both grave and silly. "House-parties" are arranged; there is laughter, amusement, and "life-charging." Once a Buchmanite discovers the "new life" he joins "a team" and proceeds to mop up new converts. The New York meeting apparently was not a "house-party." Nevertheless, many nice people were there. Professor Philip Brown of Princeton spoke with rapture of a "team of 500 laying siege to London" and running up a new high score. The power of the Oxford Group was so potent that in Bad Hamburg young Nazis "seemed to carry away some of the spirit of a broader integration than their national enthusiasm."

THE effects of this "dictatorship of the Holy Spirit" were discussed by E. W. Reynolds of the E. W. Reynolds Advertising Company, Toronto. War, he declared, was "not in the offing." There could be no war at least until the passing of the war generation,

and by that time "a new spirit" would be working "through the integrating power of Christ." The most distinguished speaker was Russell Firestone, son of the tire and rubber magnate. With athletic simplicity Mr. Firestone told of how he had been leading a "restless, futile life," but now had found a sense of value and purpose in life. The elder Mr. Firestone looked on in approval as his son spoke of this profound change. Professor Georg Von Rutzputzl could not speak, since his teeth had been knocked out by the Nazis. A technocrat tried to persuade Mr. Firestone to finance an energy-survey of the new movement.

ON Monday morning Gov. Pinchot, Pennsylvania's own liberal, assigned the biggest strike-breaking army of State police in Pennsylvania's history, to the anthracite coal fields. By noon he had issued orders against mass picketing which barred thirty-five thousand jobless miners of Lucerne County from coming to the support of their striking comrades, 17,000 of whom walked out in general strike at dawn. By evening Judge Newcombe of Lackawanna County court at Scranton granted an injunction for the Penn Anthracite Company to prevent the strikers from "interfering in any way" with the scabs, an order tantamount to forbidding the right to picket. The strike-breaking apparatus was geared to highest speed. The Glen Alden Company, with more than 15,000 workers, the dominating company of the anthracite (a Morgan-controlled concern) has applied for a similar injunction. Nevertheless, there were 25,000 men out by Tuesday.

BUT the principal strike-breaking weapon of the coal operators remains the officialdom of the United Mine Workers of America. John Boylan, president of District One, called a convention in Scranton the Saturday before the strike, attended only by officials whose purpose was "to keep the miners at work." The strike was called by the independent United Anthracite Miners Union, which was born out of a great secession movement among the members of the U.M.W.A. The rank and file, hard as their anthracite coal, are ready to fight, but their officials need constant watching. They are men like Rinaldo Cappellini, long noted while an official of the U.M.W.A. for gangster tactics, and Thomas Maloney: "I have been very conservative. . . . I don't want a strike and nobody on the Executive Board wants a strike." Coal miners under capitalism labor under almost unbelievable conditions. Which is the greater peril—the rock-fall underground or the misleaders in the union hall?

BETWEEN them, Cappellini and Maloney have succeeded in confining the strike to District One. Their principal grievance is not with the coal companies, but with Green and Lewis, who have out-jockeyed them in the affairs of the A. F. of L. "Green and Lewis have misled the government," they have declared and expressed their eagerness to dicker with the National Labor Board, sowing illusions that there is a government in Washington willing to help hungry coal miners, but that the scoundrels at the head of the A. F. of L. have betrayed the men. Despite all these handicaps the strikers, down to their last crust of bread, are pressing forward to fight. The Rank and File Opposition and the Communist Party urge the strikers to take the leadership in their own hands—away from these chieftains who sold out the November strike. They urge that the demands be broadened beyond merely the check-off and recognition, to include the economic demands of the miners—maintenance of colliery rate sheets, and pay for dead work. These demands can be won only by unity of the rank and file miners through the United Front Colliery Strike Committees. The committees' task is to clarify the role of the National Labor Board (Weirton, Budd's, Philadelphia Rapid Transit) as no friend of the workingman; and to demonstrate that mass picketing in defiance of all legal obstacles is a prerequisite for final victory.

THE secretariat of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers has addressed to the John Reed Clubs of the United States a letter asking for cooperation in the distribution of International Literature. It is gratifying to learn that International Literature, which is on sale at all Workers' Bookshops throughout the country, has been widely circulated among the workers. But it is paradoxical, to say the least, that the workers, rather than the intellectuals, should have been the purchasers of this magazine. As our literary editor pointed out in his review of the first four issues of 1933, International Literature contains representative work by revolutionary writers of all lands, critical studies by authorities in Russia and elsewhere, and news of proletarian culture the world over. It might easily be made the basis for study classes held by the different cultural groups, and the individual writer will find it an indispensable link with the world-wide movement.

Half Dollars to Live on

ROOSEVELT has finally taken the step toward inflation that we have pointed out he was headed for. On January 15 he proposed to Congress that the dollar be reduced to a value somewhere between 50 and 60 cents. In the process of doing this Roosevelt will inflate the currency to the extent of at least 4 billion—and in all probability, much more. The government will take over the gold holdings of the Federal Reserve banks. It will issue "gold certificates" to the banks equal to the number of dollars now represented by the gold holdings of the Federal Reserve. These supposed gold certificates will not state their gold content, but through some legal fiction will constitute the "gold basis" of the Federal Reserve system. Having taken over the gold, the government will reduce the gold content of the dollar by 40 to 50 percent, and will then pocket the "profit" accruing to it because of the dollar rise of gold. Two billion dollars of this profit—estimated to be from 3.5 to 4 billion dollars—will be used to create a so-called stabilization fund to support the dollar against raids by the hostile franc and pound. And it is significant that this fund will also be used to peg government bonds which have been weakened by the inflationary policies of the administration. Roosevelt is thus carrying out the demands of Wall Street for a reduced but "stabilized" dollar. However, the proposed fluctuation within the range from 50 to 60 cents promises a rich feast for the big speculators. The new move will also aggravate the money war between England and the

United States, as they both struggle to undercut each other's currency in terms of gold.

There will develop a sharp antagonism between rising internal prices and the depreciated dollar prices of exported goods. At first American exporters will be able to undersell their competitors, but as internal dollar prices rise, they will be forced to resort to subsidized dumping in the German fashion, if they are to maintain their advantage. This in turn will lead the other imperialist powers to impose quotas on American commodities, and to the further depreciation of their own currencies. Such actions will hasten the outbreak of war.

The capitalist press is attempting to conceal the inflationary nature of Roosevelt's moves. The best answer to this bit of hooey is the fact that the stagnant stock market came to life on the day of the gold announcement. Cotton went up $2 a bale; and leading stocks rose 5 to 7 points in anticipation of the inflationary shot in the arm. It should be remembered that the government will be forced to even greater measures of inflation. Its credit is far from strong. In fact it will have to be bolstered by the huge sums of the stabilization fund. Raising the ten and a half billions that are needed by July 1 may turn out to be a very desperate business. More inflation would then be the inevitable next step.

Under the provisions of the Thomas legislation, Roosevelt has the power to issue 3 billions in greenbacks, which will be called a "bonded debt" because of its provisions for a 4 percent annual amortization. The Federal Reserve banks have the authority to issue 2 billions in paper that are not backed by "gold certificates." And the government could issue up to 10 billions in currency on its gold holdings and still stay within the legal 40 percent gold reserve. This currency inflation of 15 billions will undoubtedly have to be tapped, in whole or in part, if the recovery program is to be financed and if a vast credit inflation is to be set in motion in the false hope of a business revival.

For the worker, the small farmer and the professional this means a sharp decline in his standard of life. The rising cost of living (probably 10 to 15 percent in the next six months) will reduce real wages to much lower levels than at present as the purchasing power of the dollar dwindles from month to month.

The Immediate Task

"THE world is closely approaching a new round of revolutions and wars," declares the main Resolution of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, adopted at the thirteenth plenary session held in Moscow last month. Based on exhaustive reports from the Communist parties of five continents, the Comintern Resolution epitomizes the economic and political situation confronting mankind and urges as an immediate task the overthrow of world imperialism, generator of Fascism and war. With mankind dashing headlong toward catastrophe, the Communist International proposes to the masses of the world the only sane revolutionary way out of the crisis of capitalism—"Soviet Power."

The increasing violence of capitalism (internally in the form of rising fascism, externally in the intense economic competition among nations leading to a new Armageddon) is predicated on the fact that "capitalist stabilization" has irretrievably vanished and that the economic crisis is becoming a revolutionary crisis.

Fascism and war are inseparable. Fascism, according to the Resolution, "is the open, terrorist dictatorship of the most reactionary, most chauvinist and most imperialist elements of finance capital." It is a desperate effort on the part of the world's financial overlords to remedy their inability to rule in the old way, to avert the collapse of their system, to avert the upsurge of the oppressed masses. By dangling illusory hopes before the ruined and uprooted elements of the middle classes, finance capital endeavors to draw within its orbit and gain the support of the vast masses of office employees, civil servants, teachers, students, professionals, farmers, etc., seeking security in the midst of a toppling economic structure.

Finance capital is doomed to fail. It cannot restore stabilization. "On the contrary, it is helping still further to disintegrate the mechanism of capitalist economy (disorganization of the money system, of the budget, state bankruptcies, a further deepening of the agrarian crisis) and to sharply intensify the fundamental contradictions of capitalism." While fascism is developing, unevenly to be sure, in all capitalist lands, the Comintern resolution rejects in toto the fatalistic conception of the inevitability of fascism as the next historic stage. The correct revolutionary tactic can defeat the fascist mode of capitalist dictatorship. The working class must be rallied against economic exploitation which is aggravated by fascism. It must and can win the support of the impoverished urban and rural middle classes by demonstrating to them that the proletarian solution offers the only salvation from a relapse into barbarism.

That capitalism can no longer maintain its dictatorship in the old form even in this country, the erstwhile fortress of capitalism, is manifest in every act of the Roosevelt regime. The inflationary boomlets which Rooseveltian professors diagnose as "recovery" are but feeble reverberations of a capitalist economy stimulated chiefly by war industries. They intensify irreparably the contradictions within American capitalism. The outstanding task facing the Communist parties, including of course the American Communist Party and all its affiliated organizations and publications, the outstanding task facing all other organizations and publications opposed to capitalism and its concomitants, the outstanding task facing the NEW MASSES, is to fight fascist ideology, to expose demagogy whereby predatory finance capital, in the midst of the maturing crisis, is trying to divert the masses, particularly the aroused middle class elements, from the correct revolutionary solution—the closest alliance with the working class.

Space prohibits the presentation of the entire political content of this resolution which, though comparatively short, compresses volumes of analysis and revolutionary tactic. It sounds the alarm of war danger, of the role of Hitler, along with the militarist rulers of Japan, as shock troopers of world capitalism in provoking war against the Soviet Union. It points out the peace policy of socialist construction in the Soviet Union and urges Communists throughout the world to emphasize the role of Soviet power in the union of Socialist republics as an example for all workers. Conceived in the tradition of the Communist Manifesto and of Lenin's writings, the 13th plenum resolution will play a tremendous role in accelerating the revolutionary battles for the final world victory of Communism.

NICOLAI LENIN

Born April 22, 1870. *Died January 21, 1924*

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A Handbook for Poisoners

ARTHUR KALLET

THIS ARTICLE is not written for consumers. It is intended to bring cheer to the good business men who, through the leanest of years, have been drawing handsome profits from adulterated foods, worthless medical nostrums, and poisonous cosmetics. For they are sad, and the cause of their sorrow is the proposed Tugwell food and drug bill—"grotesque in terms, evil in purposes, and vicious in consequences." This bill, they say, would create a bureaucratic Hydra, each head belonging to the Secretary of Agriculture, and each ready to devour them along with their profits.

They need not fear; they and their profits are safe. True, the Tugwell bill would vest great powers in the Secretary of Agriculture; discretionary powers so clear and of such scope that the secretary might force the food, drug, and cosmetic industries to become, say, fifty percent honest. But the Secretary won't.

The Secretary won't that is, provided use is made, as in the past, of the guarantees against restraint on profits available to adulterators and poisoners in the American democracy. If the Tugwell bill is passed, the capable lawyers and lobbyists of the industries will do well to prepare, for future use, a handbook of cases showing how these guarantees have heretofore been invoked. The cases which follow will provide a helpful start for such a handbook.

Case I. The problem: Case I was referred to briefly in the previous article in this series. It concerns the producers of a saline cathartic which has dozens of competitors on the market. The particular cathartic in question, called Crazy Crystals, is advertised almost exclusively over the radio. The initiative and ingenuity of the producers and their advertising assistants in devising claims of marvelous curative properties permitted them to sell an untold number of packages of Crazy Crystals at $1.50 each, each package costing the producer only a few cents. So remarkable was their ability that the tremendous demand for this plain, ordinary cathartic salt made it possible to open Crazy Crystals stores in cities everywhere. It takes real business genius to make a great fortune out of cathartics like Epsom salt or Glauber's salt.

And then, contrary to the constitutional rights of such genius, the Federal Food and Drug Administration, using its discretionary powers in an arbitrary and unreasonable manner destined to drive this country to socialism, put Crazy Crystals in its "Chamber of Horrors" along with such other profitable and ingenious products as a rat-poison depilatory and a horse-liniment tuberculosis cure.

The solution: Crazy Crystals and vice-president Garner are products of the same state. A word from the vice-president, according to reports, was sufficient to check the over-zealousness of the bureaucrats, and Crazy Crystals was removed from the "Chamber of Horrors." (Note: a vice-president is not essential for such work. A senator or congressman will do. Should your senator or congressman be a novice unfamiliar with the proper procedure in the exceptional cases in which the bureaucrats are stubborn, have him mention appropriations. A hint that bad boys have their appropriations cut usually brings results.)

Case II. The Problem: In order to protect fruits and vegetables from destruction by insects, it is necessary to use a spray of lead arsenate. The spray residues, which some cranks say are poisonous, can be removed by a chemical wash costing from two to five cents per bushel for apples, and corresponding sums for other fruits and vegetables. But it is a nuisance to remove the residues, even if the government should subsidize the removal as it now subsidizes the fight on the corn-borer or on hog cholera. The bureaucrats in the Food and Drug Administration wisely ignored the residues until England declared an embargo on American apples bearing arsenic residues of more than a hundredth of a grain per pound of fruit. Arsenic residues on apples for export were then limited to this amount, and several years later, the residues on apples for domestic consumption were, officially at least, limited to this figure.

England wasn't fussy about lead residues. Nevertheless, the head of the Food and Drug Administration, in his usual bureaucratic manner, declared that lead, being a cumulative poison, is so dangerous that no residue whatsoever would be permitted. And a technical employee of the Department of Agriculture was actually permitted to say publicly that a certain exceedingly small amount of lead ingested daily for a period of years would cause chronic lead poisoning. The unwisdom of permitting such a statement to be made will be apparent from the fact that there is frequently twenty or more times this amount of lead residue on a single pound of a fruit or vegetable. Of course, no fruit grower or packer took seriously the statement that lead residues would not be permitted; the statement was intended only to reassure consumers. But poison cranks continued their propaganda. For example, they dragged out of medical literature such absurb statements as the following:

"Lead poisoning in children produces a severe and dangerous form of cerebral involvement," and

"Lead poisoning in children is more common than generally suspected and may be the cause of obscure neurologic and gastro-intestinal symptoms," and

"Slight degrees and atypical forms (of lead poisoning) seem more common than is suspected. Many children are pale, listless, backward; . . . without appetite . . . others have headache, . . . the possibility of exposure to lead has to be thought of," and

". . . the question is not how much of the poison may be ingested without producing acute or obvious chronic symptoms, but how completely can man be safeguarded against even traces of the poison . . . in less than the so-called toxic doses lead and arsenic have deleterious effects on cell protoplasm, effects that are expressed in lowered resistance to disease, lessened efficiency and shortening of life."

When the new administration came into office, early in 1933, the two meddlesome radicals heading the Department of Agriculture, Wallace and Tugwell, listening to the poison cranks and forgetting their duty to protect the growers at all costs, imposed a limit

on lead residues per pound of apples and other produce amounting to only nine times the quantity supposed to cause chronic lead poisoning. This was a cruel and arbitrary decree which, if enforced, would have caused growers and packers no end of annoyances in getting the government to remove the residues.

The Solution: Senator Byrd of Virginia is the largest apple grower in the United States. (Note: when the senator had the residue limit raised to thirteen times the amount supposed to cause chronic lead poisoning the cranks got busy. To silence them effectively, the limit for 1934 was lowered from thirteen to only twelve and one-half times the danger point. Growers need not be disturbed by this concession, since the difference is too small for the government chemists to bother about.

Case III. The problem: For many years, the Corn Products Refining Company and other corn sugar interests were harassed and annoyed by the Food and Drug Administration because with total disregard for the effect on the profits of these interests, the Administration required the presence of corn sugar in packaged foods to be declared on the label. It is admitted that corn sugar is inferior to cane sugar, but it is cheaper and consumers cannot detect it in foods. Millions in extra profits can be made by letting consumers think they are getting cane sugar in their sauces, syrups, candies and cakes, while giving them corn sugar. The apparent difficulty of this problem will be evident from the following statements rashly made by Hoover's Secretary of Agriculture, Arthur M. Hyde, and by Chief Campbell of the Food and Drug Administration. In 1929, the Secretary said: "To permit the sale of corn sugar . . . under the circumstances proposed . . . the purchaser would be definitely deceived and perhaps defrauded . . . The multiplication of such amendments indefinitely would effectively repeal our Federal food law." And Campbell said: "Our objection (to permitting the undeclared use of corn sugar) is that it is repugnant to the fundamental principles of the food and drugs act . . . deception will be legalized."

The Solution: (While various methods of solving this problem have been reported, greatest credence is given to the method here noted, because of its simplicity and sureness). Substantial contributions, it is understood, were made to Republican campaign funds by corn sugar interests. In December, 1930, Secretary Hyde reversed his previous arbitrary decision and ruled that the use of corn sugar without declaration of its presence would be permitted.

In seeking further cases for their handbook, lawyers and lobbyists will be well repaid by a study of the methods used by distillers many years ago when, with the aid of President Taft, they won the right to sell flavored alcohol as whiskey; and by the Maine fish canners in gaining the right to sell as sardines all small fish similar to sardines.

It should be clear to the troubled business men that they need not fear the effects of the Tugwell bill on their profits, if they read how food and drug control history has been made.

(A third article by Arthur Kallet will appear shortly.)

Blood on the Lettuce

MICHAEL QUIN

Los Angeles.

AN INCREASING wave of terror is rolling down the Imperial Valley as the seven thousand lettuce field workers enter the second week of their strike. At this writing, Jack Henry, representative of the International Labor Defense, has disappeared; communication has been stopped between various towns in the strike area; Grover Johnson, the I.L.D. attorney from San Bernardino, reports that everyone who speaks to him is instantly arrested. The Mexican consul is actively carrying on the role of a strike-breaker.

The press is carrying scare headlines stating that the strikers are arming. Actually, the growers have marshalled every weapon of violence against the strikers, and the picket lines are being maintained at the cost of a constant battle.

The lettuce fields are not the only scene of strike struggle in Southern California. To the seven thousand lettuce workers must be added twelve hundred Los Angeles milk industry workers, and five hundred citrus workers in San Bernardino; there is also a strike on among San Pedro fishermen.

Violent class struggles in California have ripened with every crop during the past year as well as in every major industry. In many cases these struggles have developed into virtual warfare between the owners and the workers. In every case, laws and justice, or any semblance of orderly settlement have been discarded by the owners in efforts to decide matters in their own favor by arbitrary force. Police forces, aided by vigilante committees and the American Legion, have been used in gangster fashion with no regard for their supposed function. The recent lynching in San Jose, condoned by Governor Rolph, was by no means an isolated incident. It typifies and is part of the general abandonment of the law that has been encouraged throughout the State. The Governor's approval not only related to the lynching, but was a general approval of the vigilantes and gangs of 'hooligans' employed by industrialists throughout the State to terrorize striking workers and enforce starvation wages.

The Imperial Valley lettuce fields, harboring some of the worst labor conditions in California, has been the scene of so many struggles during the past eight years, all of increasing violence, that the growers prepare for the picking season by organizing their terror in advance. Organization among the workers prior to any protest or demand must be carried on with the utmost secrecy. Underground tactics must be resorted to which can be compared only to the conditions prevailing in Fascist Germany. Any worker participating in the organization of a union is eligible to arrest. As far back as 1930, seven workers were railroaded to San Quentin and Folsom prisons for no other act than seeking to organize the agricultural workers.

This year the growers set a wage averaging from ten to twenty-two cents an hour for work performed under the most miserable conditions. On Jan. 8, at six o'clock, three thousand workers under the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union went out on strike. By noon the next day their number had increased to five thousand. At the time of this writing there are seven thousand workers striking and there is every prospect that the seed workers will join them.

The demands are: thirty-five cents an hour for pickers and packers, fifty-five cents an hour for crate makers and shed workers, four cents a crate for shed packers and equal pay for equal work for women and young workers. Also, recognition of the union, all hiring to be done through the union, guarantee of five hours work when a worker is called, free transportation, free clean drinking water and abolition of the contract system.

Strong picket lines have been maintained by the workers in the face of vigilante attacks and hundreds of arrests. All towns in the strike region, Holtville, El Centro, Brawley, and Calexico are surrounded by armed guards. Hundreds of legionnaires have been deputized. It is as difficult to approach the valley as to penetrate a war zone. All roads are patrolled by scores of motorcycle cops. The area is approachable by only four roads one from Mexico, one from Arizona, one from San Diego, and one from San Bernardino. The workers are bottled up and patrols keep a rigid watch to prevent any food supplies from being shipped in to them.

A telegram from Brawley reads: "Strikers ready to starve fighting but must have funds for gas." The workers are at the expense of about $65 a day for gasoline to transport strikers to and from picket lines in over a hundred cars.

On Jan. 9, several hundred workers held a meeting in the public square of Holtville. They voted to march to El Centro in a demonstration. Police and legionnaires attacked them with tear gas and a battle ensued in which bombs were caught in bare hands and hurled back at the deputies.

The headquarters of the C. & A. W. I. U. in Azteca Hall at Brawley has been raided three times, resulting in three pitched battles between the workers and the police and legionnaires. These raids took place on the tenth, eleventh and twelfth of January. The hall was demolished, typewriters smashed, and the building flooded by the fire department. One hundred and fifty arrests were made in the first raids and 350 in the last. All these workers have been held for serious charges. Their only offense has been to ask for a living wage. Tear gas was used in these instances and has been used in numberless smaller clashes in which arrests have been made all over Imperial Valley.

As I write this, a report has come that hundreds of automobiles have been either wrecked or confiscated by the police and legionnaires.

A large percentage of the lettuce pickers are migratory workers who follow the crops. Many of them faced the same struggle in the San Joaquin Valley last year. The majority of them are Mexicans, hundreds of whom have been rounded up for deportation. There is a queer contradiction in this. Growers of Imperial Valley and the Southwest have registered protests in Washington to the effect that if Mexican workers are excluded from the country, their lands will go back to the desert. The entire agricultural development of the Southwest has been accomplished by Mexican labor. The Mexican workers did not force their way into the United States. They were solicited and brought in by American industrialists. During the War they were absorbed into the heavy industries of the North along with the Negroes. Southwestern agriculture is as dependent upon Mexican labor today as it was the day it began. The Mexican worker's own country has been bought from under his feet by foreign capital. A situation exists in Mexico today which has the same potentialities that led to the Cuban revolution. The Mexican worker knows that the border line is a mockery (like the mockery of Cuban independence) and whether he is in the United States or in Mexico his struggle against starvation is a struggle against American capital. He has poured the best of his strength into American industry; deserts converted into blooming farm lands, bridges, dams and thousands of miles of railroad are monuments to his energy. His case is as just and his rights as valid as the American and Negro workers with whom he has joined hands in struggle.

As in all other States, the Roosevelt recovery program is administered in California with blackjacks, tear gas, guns and fire hose. Wherever the workers face the government they face squads of police, vigilantes and legionnaires ready to slug or to kill in the interests of the private industrial owners. Anything that can possibly be construed as in the interests of the workers is immediately labeled "RED," and with some justice. Certainly the only support and aid that the workers have reecived in their struggles has come from the Communist Party and its subsidiary organizations, and through them from the workers in all other industries and from the sympathetic elements among the bourgeoise. The government offers tear gas. The reformers offer verbal sympathy. The Communist Party joins their struggle, rallies support, defends their class war prisoners and is not merely for them but of them.

VAN DER LUBBE'S HEAD

And it is done—
In secrecy—at dawn—
While houses sleep while thieves disband—
In sawdust lies
The head—the bloody trunk falls backward
from the block—the eyeless eyes
are staring at the sunless sun—
And it is done—
the mouth is shut—
Who fears betrayal from the sun?
Or treachery from walls that cannot speak?
Herr Headsman wipes his sweating brow
under his silk top hat—and they—
the twelve cold citizens—the State—
The Ministers—the Chancellor—
feel safer now—

For Oberfohren's mouth was muzzled in his flat
And in an Austrian inn stiffened the corpse of Bell
Now Van der Lubbe's ghost goes headless down to hell.
Now all the tongues that could have told are stopped
After this morning seek among the dead
The Fire's secret buries with this head . . .

You bloody fools!
If Van der Lubbe's head
A hundred times—
Under a hundred guillotines—
should fall—
Still would the secret not be dead!
But truth cry out the hundred mouths of Time!
Each stone you walk on shriek aloud your guilt
The very earth betray the criminals and the crime!

And here within this sombre prison yard
Before the Dutchman's corpse has time to rot
A greater headsman shall be seen—
O different dawn!—
The huge blade falls—
These walls—
O final head!
O last great guillotine!

—Alfred Hayes.

Lenin the Social Scientist

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

LENINISM is a social science. But it is more than that. It is an art as well: the art of the social revolution. To put it in Stalin's words, "Leninism is the theory and tactics of the proletarian revolution generally, the theory and tactics of the dictatorship of the proletariat in particular." Leninism, therefore, is *not* something peculiarly Russian; it is not something applicable to the Russian soil alone. Zinoviev once defined Leninism as "the Marxism of the period of imperialist wars and of the world revolution that has directly begun in a country with a predominantly peasant population." Zinoviev thus connected Leninism with the specific character of Russian economy. But this assertion was contradicted by Lenin himself who said:

> In Russia, the dictatorship of the proletariat must inevitably differ in some particulars from the dictatorship in the advanced countries due to the considerable backwardness and petty-bourgeois character of our country. But the basic forces, and the basic forms of public economy are the same in Russia as in any capitalist country, so that these particulars cannot by any means touch upon the fundamentals. *Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XXIV, p. 508.)

Zinoviev has long since repudiated his incorrect definition.

Again, Trotzky tried to present two Leninisms — before and after 1917. The Leninism preceding 1917, he says, was basically social-democratic, and only the one emerging after Lenin's "reorientation" in the spring of 1917 became the real theory and tactics of the proletarian revolution. This may flatter Trotzky's vanity because it leaves him as the author of the idea of the revolution in Russia growing into a socialist revolution, but it happens not to coincide with the historic facts, and it happens to run counter to Lenin's own testimony about the essential unity-in-time of Bolshevism.

> Bolshevism, [he says], has existed as a trend of political thought and as a political party ever since 1903. Only the history of Bolshevism *for the entire period* of its existence can satisfactorily explain why it could develop and maintain under the most difficult conditions the iron discipline that is necessary for the victory of the proletariat. (*Works,* Russian, Vol. XVII, p. 118.)

Leninism, then, being "the Marxism of the period of imperialism and the proletarian revolution" (Stalin) is the theory and tactics of the proletarian revolution generally, the theory and tactics of the dictatorship of the proletariat in particular, irrespective of country or of time within the given historical period. Leninism makes its claim as the only social science worthy of its name and as the only tactics of the revolution capable of achieving results. Leninism appeals not only to the proletariat but also to the intellectuals as that group of society which is primarily engaged in the production of ideological values. The Leninists make a special ideological drive right now to win new adherents on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of Lenin's death (he died Jan. 21, 1924).

What has that to do with the American intellectuals?

We submit that Leninism is the only theory that satisfactorily explains the mainsprings of the capitalist system generally and therefore also of the *American* social system. More than that. Leninism shows the way out of the present social catastrophe resulting from the debacle of capitalism—a way that in spite of seeming difficult and, to the superficial observer, doubtful, is the only realistic, practical, scientifically grounded and socially *possible* way in contrast to the host of social panaceas let loose by the New Deal propagandists.

It is not our intention, however, to dwell here on the application of Leninism to the American scene. This is a big order, and should be dealt with on more than one accasion. We wish to use the occasion of the anniversary of Lenin's death merely to recall a few facts that throw particular light on the great social scientist that was Lenin.

The social scientist has no laboratory except society itself (which in the capitalist world he does not control, and which is uncontrollable under capitalism). The correctness of one or the other social science is proven only by history. Leninism is the only social science that has been fully and in every respect proven by historic events.

A few instances may suffice.

As the theory of the revolution, Leninism was to determine, first of all, the class that is historically destined to lead the revolution. While the wise men of the universities scoffed at the very idea of a revolution in Russia, the Marxists and Narodniks engaged in a fierce combat as to the hegemony in the revolution which both camps believed in. Lenin, a mere boy of 23, throws himself into the affray with all the abandon, with all the intellectual fury that is his, but also with all the *profundity of study* that made him one of the most thoroughly trained sociologists of his time. Lenin sees the proletariat as the class that, by its very position in society, is to become the foremost revolutionary class. True, he says, the peasantry is more numerous; it is oppressed; it is opposed to the landlords. Yet it cannot lead. The proletariat is not yet sufficiently united, sufficiently class-conscious; its struggles are sporadic; it has not yet formed stable organizations; yet its place in production, its place in the scale of social forces makes it the leader of the revolution.

The battle occupied the forefront of Russian political thought for over a decade. The fighting was done with economics and statistics, with sociological study and philosophical argument. The pivotal question was the whither of the peasantry: the way of socialism or the way of capitalism? Lenin pointed out the process of *social differentiation* that had already set in among the peasants splitting it into peasant bourgeoisie, middle peasants and semi-proletarians, not to speak of proletarians proper (farm hands). On the other hand, Lenin proved scientifically the inevitability of further capitalist development in Russia once capitalism had made its appearance and consequently the inevitability of the growth of the proletariat as the revolutionary class.

That was in the 'nineties, long before the outbreaks of 1905. When the 1905 revolution came, it only proved Lenin's predictions. Lenin's scientific method was corroborated beyond any dispute.

It was obvious from the very outset

that the proletariat by itself would not be able to gain a victory over the old regime. Who were to be its allies? The Mensheviks, calling themselves Marxists but vulgarizing Marx, declared that since the revolution was to be a bourgeois revolution, therefore the natural allies of the revolutionary proletariat would be the liberal bourgeoisie which was, like the proletariat, opposed to feudalism, and which was to become the ruling class in a Russia liberated from autocracy. Lenin, denying to the peasantry the *leading* role, nevertheless recognized in it a tremendous revolutionany power, an independent power, which, allied with the proletariat and under its leadership, would make it possible to win a victory both over the old regime *and* over the bourgeoisie, and to establish a power of the masses, a dictatorship, capable of securing, if not immediate socialism, at least a maximum of political and social privileges for the broad toiling masses. "The victory of the revolution in Russia," said Lenin, "is possible only under the condition that the proletariat lead the democratic peasantry both against the old regime and against the liberals." Trotzky, opposing Lenin, could not see in the peasantry a permanent ally of the proletariat. "Left to their own forces," he wrote, "the workers of Russia will inevitably be crushed by the counter-revolution the moment the peasantry turns away from them."

That the peasantry *will* turn against the proletariat, once the revolution is victorious, Trotzky had no doubt. Trotky saw a clash of interests between the proletariat and the masses of the peasantry where Lenin saw none. Basing himself on the supposed opposition of the peasantry to the revolution, Trotzky invented his ingenious idea of the impossibility of a social revolution in one country and asserted a revolution in one country could succeed only if followed and supported by a revolution in other countries ("permanent revolution") forgetting that if the proletariat can be frustrated by the peasantry in *one* country, the same may hapen in *many* countries.

Here too the battle raged for many years. Lenin fought both against the the Mensheviks and against the baseless ultra-revolutionary theory of Trotzky. The revolution of 1917 came. The proletariat allied itself with the peasantry. The proletariat is leading. The revolution is victorious in one country so far. There is no clash of interests and no political struggle (except on the part of the kulaks who are eliminated as a class.) The alliance remains to the present day. "An honest coalition" as Lenin called it. The alliance will remain until classes, the class of the proletariat and the class of the peasantry, shall have been abolished and a classless society, the outlines of which are already visible, shall have been established.

The form of organization the proletariat has to build in order to be able to cope with its historic task was of great importance to the theorist of the revolution. Almost twenty years before October Lenin conceived his idea of a monolithic party consisting of well-trained, well-disciplined revolutionists, thoroughly versed in the revolutionary theory and intimately connected with the masses of the workers everywhere. The Bolshevik Party as the vanguard and at the same time as an integral part of the proletariat; the Bolshevik Party as the expression of the unity of will and unity of action of the proletariat; the Bolshevik Party as the one that coördinates, directs and heads all the diverse struggles of the proletariat; the Bolshevik Party as the one that is the major instrument of the dictatorship of the proletariat when power is seized—such was in Lenin's conception the organization that could assure success. Such *is* the party of Leninism. It presupposes *one* theory, *one* line, *one* set of tactics, and a strong conscious discipline. It presupposes an unceasing struggle against all distortions of theory and deflections from the line, because that struggle tends to strengthen the proletariat and quicken the pace of its revolutionary march for power.

Around this Leninist party conception bitter battles were waged. What did not the Mensheviks and Trotzky say about this party plan! Lenin was preaching bureaucratism, they said. Lenin mistrusted the rank and file workers. Lenin was proposing Blanquism. Lenin's ideal was a conspiratorial, not a mass movement. Beginning with 1903 Trotzky consistently fought the Leninist party idea—with one comparatively brief interval after October. He is fighting it still. "In inner-party policies," he wrote in 1904 in a pamphlet entitled, *Our Political Tasks,* "these methods (of Leninist party organization) lead to a situation where the party organization 'replaces' the party, the Central Committee replaces the party organization, and finally, the 'dictator' replaces the Central Committee. . . . While the people remain dumb." Twenty years later, the same Trotzky demanded freedom of fractional gropings within the Bolshevik (Communist) Party, *i. e.,* freedom to turn the party of the revolution into a "parliament of opinion." Three more years passed and, in 1927, Trotzky called the Leninist party "a party of kulaks, nepmen and bureaucrats. . . . "

The Bolsheviks under Lenin's leadership went ahead and formed the Bolshevik Party whose structure they had perfected for many years prior to 1917. Who was right? History has pronounced the verdict. The Leninist concept is triumphant.

The revolution came. Power was seized by the workers in alliance with the peasants under the leadership of the Bolshevik Party. The Soviet State was formed. What was to become of it? Could it withstand enemy onslaught? Would it live and succeed? Leninism made the masses the real managers of all public affairs, legislators and executives, planners, producers and distributors, organizers and fighters, students and teachers. The wise men of the old regime guffawed. The world sneered. The Leninists got to work. Said Lenin in 1920:

> Communism — that is Soviet power plus electrification of the whole country. Else the country will remain a petty-peasant country, and this we must clearly understand. We are weaker than capitalism, not only on a world scale, but also within our country. Everybody knows that. We have taken cognizance of this, and we shall lead up to a situation where the economic basis is changed from a petty-peasant one to that of large-scale industry. Only when our country will have been electrified, when the technical basis of modern large-scale industry will have been put under our industry, agriculture and transportation system, only then will we have the *final* victory. (*Works,* Russian, Vol. XXVI, pp. 46-47.)

This sounds like an introduction to the Five-Year Plans. It is the kind of "prophecy" only true science can make.

Leninism has not stopped its development with the death of Lenin. Leninism is a theory and tactics applicable to changed circumstances and to varying local conditions. Leninism is being further developed by the Communist parties of the world, among whom the

foremost place belongs to the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. with Stalin at its head, and by the Communist International. Leninism makes the only scientific analysis of the world situation as it exists today and offers the only realistic solution. In the works of Lenin himself we have a key to the understanding of the present period of world imperialism, "decaying capitalism." The main features of Lenin's theory have been summarized by Stalin in the following manner:

> 1. Capitalism has become a world-wide system of colonial oppression and financial strangulation of most of the globe by a handful of "advanced" countries. (*Works,* Russian, Vol. XVII, p. 246.)
>
> 2. Three world powers, the United States of America, Great Britain and Japan, armed to the teeth, divide the "spoils" and drag the world into the wars which their squabbles over the booty entail. (*ibid.*)
>
> 3. The contradictions developing within the world-wide system of financial oppression, and the impossibility of avoiding a clash of arms, render international imperialism more vulnerable to the onslaught of the revolution and more liable to be broken up in certain lands. (Stalin, *Leninism,* Vol. I, p. 190.)

In our days when feverish war preparations are the order of the day, while so much irrelevant or vicious pacifist stuff is being peddled about, it is especially important for American intellectuals to acquaint themselves with Lenin's theory of imperialism, the colonial system, the forces of the revolution, the conditions of proletarian victory. This theory is of imense vitality *today*. It is the only theory that *explains* and *guides*.

We cannot refrain from quoting in conclusion one more passage from Lenin about the imperialist war.

> The imperialist war is the eve of the Socialist revolution. And this is so not only because the war with its horrors is generating a proletarian uprising—no uprising will create Socialism if it has not ripened economically—but because state monopoly capitalism is the fullest *material* preparation for Socialism, is its threshold, is that rung on the historic ladder between which rung and the one called Socialism *there are no intermediate rungs.* (*Works,* English, Vol. XXI, Book I, p. 212).

This can be applied to the United States of America under the N.R.A. even more than to any other capitalist country.

Lenin is dead. Leninism lives.

His Place in History

JAMES BURNHAM

THE slanders with which their enemies tried to tar and feather the leaders of the Russian Revolution proved no more effective than the interventionist troops—and, indeed, for much the same reasons. It was fitting that the greatest revolution of history should have the greatest leaders. Even the most philistine of critics have by now been forced to grant that Lenin is the chief historical figure of our time, and probably the chief political leader of all time.

To superficial observers it might seem ironically contradictory that the revolutionary movement, which accepts a theory of history denying the explanation of historical changes in terms of "great personalities," should nevertheless have produced so many great personalities—and especially Lenin. There has even been some attempt to discredit theoretical Marxism on this very ground, to argue that the Russian Revolution proves that leaders and not the class struggle are the deciding factors in history. Such a view is of course anti-dialectical, and fails entirely to understand the relation of the individual and the leader to history.

The strength of Lenin rested not at all upon any suppositious ability to sway the masses according to the arbitrary dictates of his will, not upon any wayward altering of the course of history. This was the attempt of Populists and Anarchists and Nihilists and Socialist-Revolutionaries in the pre-Leninist stages of the movement, an attempt self-doomed to failure, since it ran square against the forces of history. Their intellectualist squabbles and pretentious pamphlets and conspiratorial bombs made at times a considerable noise, but a noise only, soon dissipated along the corridors of time, where the real actors—bourgeoisie, proletariat, and peasantry—were half-consciously consolidating their ranks for the final conflict. Quite otherwise, the strength of Lenin rested on his identification with the working class, on his willingness to submit his personality wholly to the needs of the working class, on his profound, his complete understanding of the working class and its historic destiny. Such an identification is at the farthest extreme from demagogy: Lenin was not a Hitler nor a Roosevelt. The demagogue submits only to the passions, the confusions, the subjective weaknesses of the masses, exploiting and perverting these so that in the end he can betray the same masses that carry him trustfully to power. Lenin saw through the passions and confusions to the objective role of the masses; he did not exploit their weaknesses but showed them their strength, guiding them into directions along which the strength could be realized and the weaknesses overcome; he brought to the surface of consciousness historic needs which ages of Church and State and slave or feudal or bourgeois culture had kept sleeping. It was the workers' revolution, not Lenin's; but Lenin made himself their instrument, with whose help the revolution could be successfully made. The truth is that the biography of Lenin is the biography of the revolution. And Lenin's power over events lay precisely in his understanding of the inner necessity of events.

In what I have said there is implicit a statement of the first requirement of a marxist biographer of Lenin. He must have first of all a deep sense of history. A good Marxist biographer must fulfill likewise the requirements of any good biographer: a thorough acquaintance with all the personal facts—dates, letters, writings, associates, deeds, residences, etc.; a sympathetic understanding of the man about whom he is writing; a good style. Unfortunately, of these qualifications Ralph Fox has full command of only one—the facts—and he does not seem to me to use the facts always in the most judicious manner. Particularly in the first half of the book he fails to suggest at all adequately the historical background which conditioned Lenin's development, the relation of forces which gave meaning to Lenin's theoretical and practical activities. Indeed, as such chapter titles as *Childhood, The Rebel Student, The Kindling of the "Spark",* will indicate, the early sections are not unlike the typical "success story" in technique and method. And, in what are apparently attempts to add human interest and lighten the style, there are unfortunate efforts at picturesqueness in the Lytton Strachey manner—"After a short halt at Salzburg he crossed into Switzerland, sitting with his eyes glued to the train window in wonder at the scenery. For the dweller of the Volga steppes and forests the blue lakes and dazzling mountain peaks must have come as startlingly alive as though he were seeing a vivid dream." The Strachey manner needs a Strachey, and would be in any case inappropriate for a Marxist biography. Fox's style is at its best when least pretentious, when giving the record as simply and straightforwardly as possible.

I have perhaps been too hard on Fox, and given an impression more unfavorable than I intend. I have been judging the book from the point of view of hypothetical great Marxist biography—and surely Lenin deserves a great biography, which will some day be written. Fox's is not a great biography. But it is a reasonably competent and faithful and patient biography. It gives a coherent account of Lenin's life, more thoroughly, so far as I am aware, than any book yet published in English. And in the end Lenin emerges, in something close to his full stature—for there is no submerging him.

LENIN, by Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace & Co. New York. $2.

"Parties Unknown" in Georgia

ERSKINE CALDWELL

WILL WALKER was shot to death a month ago on the streets of Bartow, Georgia; Ernest Bell was beaten to death with an iron pipe and his body thrown into a well near Bartow; and an unidentified man about thirty-five years of age was shot in the head and breast six times and, apparently because he did not die quickly enough, his head was almost severed from his body with a knife. This body was found in a field near Bartow.

Sam Outler would be dead now, too, if Sheriff Jim Smith had not put him in the Jefferson county jail for protection against the gang of white men who killed the three others. Sam sits in his cell, his head swollen and sore from the beating he received the night his friend Ernest Bell was lynched.

You can climb the cell block stairs and find Sam Outler sitting on his iron bunk waitting — he does not know what he's waiting for, and after you have talked to him a while, you yourself begin to wonder what there is for him to wait for. If Sam goes back to Bartow, he will be killed. If he leaves the State, his family will never see him again. And so, while you sit there looking at Sam and listening to him, you cannot keep from feeling uncomfortable; because your skin is white, and Sam Outler is an accusing finger pointing at the white men of your country who butcher hogs with more humaneness than they kill Negroes.

Last night I revisited Bartow, Georgia. It was not quite midnight when I got there. The town appeared to be as peaceful as the starry sky overhead. There were lights in some of the big white houses on the hill above the stores and railway station. Two or three men were hurrying along the streets. A night-watchman sat on the steps of a ginnery. Behind the town the South Branch of the Ogeechee River flowed as smoothly and as silently as a stream of crude oil. Hoar frost was forming on the roofs of buildings bordering the lowlands of the river.

Walking up the unpaved main street that had dried out after a week of rain, you cannot help stopping in front of the drug store and looking at the window display. Costly cosmetics and cheap ones are piled side by side, and behind them all is a seven-color cardboard poster displaying three naked girls and the name of a perfume manufacturer. All around you are signs repeating the magic phrase: "Drink Coca-Cola." You move on before the aromatic drug store smell gains possession of your senses.

Across the river is the well where Ernest Bell was thrown. I stumbled around in the darkness trying to locate it. I found a well beside one of the numerous sites where houses have been burned. Sam Outler had said the well was only a few steps from the road, and the one I found may or may not have been the one I was looking for. Anyway, it was like most wells in Jefferson County. It was about twenty feet deep and three feet in diameter. It had the well-stand, rope and bucket. The stone I dropped into it struck a board floating in the water.

Recrossing the creaking iron bridge to the town, you hear a girl laughing somewhere in the darkness. You know she is not far away, because the sound of voices reaches your ear distinctly. While waiting at the end of the bridge, a Negro boy comes out of the darkness and dodges you. When you speak to him, he darts into the swamp beside the road.

I stood in the road, listening to sounds in the Ogeechee swamps to the right and left and in the rear, and watching the lights of the town spread over the hillside, and I could not forget what Sam Outler had said. He was speaking of the night he was beaten with the pipe and Ernest Bell was thrown into the well.

"The white men came up to where we was and said Ernest was a son-of-a-bitch. Ernest told them, 'White-folks, I ain't no son-of-a-bitch, and I don't want to be called one'. Then this young Bradley boy steps out and hits Ernest with something he had in his hand, and Ernest told him not to do that no more.

"Then I said, 'Look here, white-folks, me and Ernest don't want to make trouble'. Some of the white men went to a automobile and took some short pieces of iron pipes out and came back where we was. I heard Ernest saying to them, 'I don't mind being called any other name you can think of, but don't call me a son-of-a-bitch'. Just then I saw them coming at us, and the next thing I knew was the next day. I reckon the only reason why they didn't shoot me and throw me in the well with Ernest was because I didn't do much talking like Ernest did. I saw that Bradley boy run up and hit Ernest on the head with the pipe, and that's the last I remember, because somebody started beating me on the head with the other pipes about the same time."

The main street at midnight was deserted, but three weeks ago there was a milling mob crowding the narrow unpaved thoroughfare. Nobody was lynched that day, because the Negro whose life the mob demanded died in a hospital from bullets pumped into his body by a local policeman. Will Walker would have been lynched by this mob of several hundred men and boys armed with pistols, rifles, shotguns, and cane knives if the shooting at the hands of the policeman had not been fatal. Walker had tried to protect his life, and he was killed for his pains.

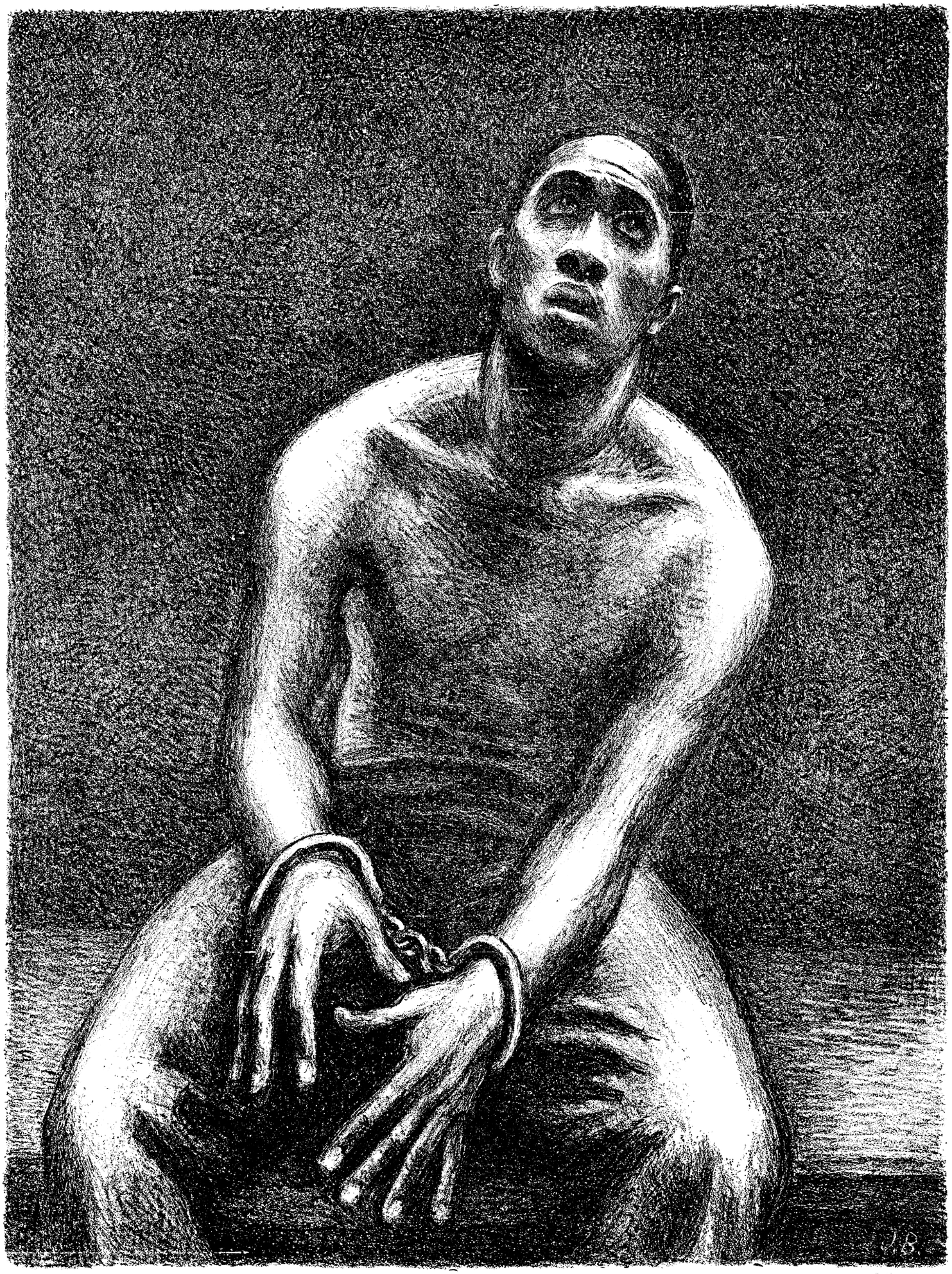
The Negro whose mutilated body was found in a field near Bartow today lies buried in an unmarked grave in an abandoned field. Nobody knows his name; nobody cares. But the men who killed him, like those who killed Ernest Bell and Will Walker, walk the streets in heroic strides. Their names are known; they will even boast of their crimes. But the coroner's jury washed its hands of the deeds when it returned the verdict: "Death at the hands of parties unknown."

The number of other Negroes who have been killed in the vicinity of Bartow during the past twelve months, as well as the number killed during the past three decades—is unknown. One man's guess apparently is as good as another's. A farmer living three miles from town will tell you that "there must have been ten or twenty put to death last year." A Negro living on the edge of the Ogeechee swamp near Bartow will say: "White-folks—only the devil himself knows how many."

Two weeks ago Will Jordan was killed by two white men who went to his house after midnight and shot him while he was asleep in bed with his wife. His six children were in the room with him. The next day the two men admitted that they had killed the wrong Negro—they were after someone else and had gone into the Jordan house by mistake. The killers were acquitted. They promised the jury they would kill the "right" Negro the next time they went out shooting.

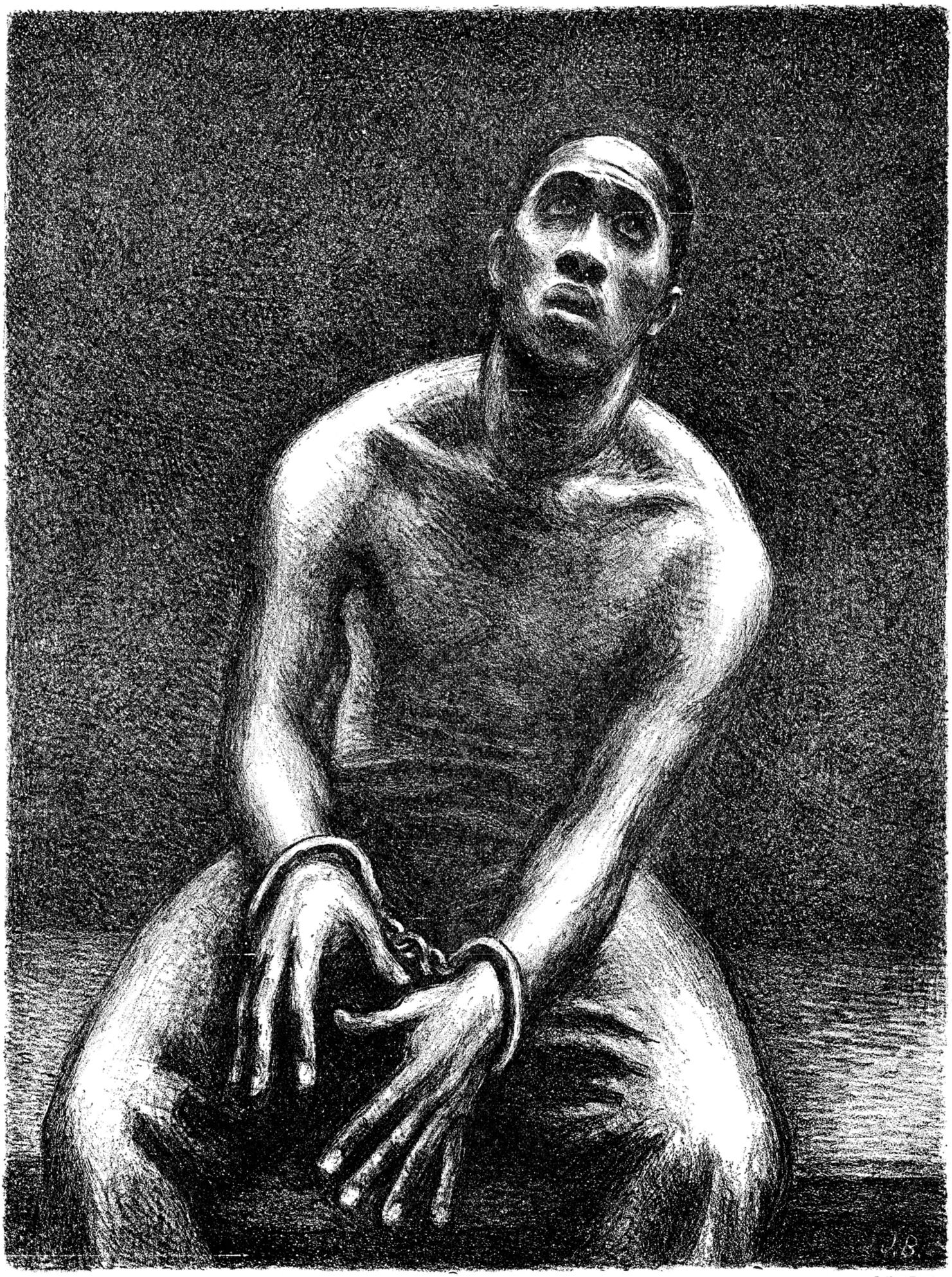
But this killing took place in another section of Jefferson County. I was standing in the main street of Bartow trying to wonder what I was doing there. I was trying to reason why three Negroes could be put to death in such a quiet, peaceful town by white men who were at that moment in their homes asleep. Nobody was disturbed. Nobody was walking around in the dark with a flashlight trying to find evidence to convict the killers. Nobody was abroad offering protection to Negroes who wished to come out of their cabins. Bartow was as calm as any Georgia town at midnight. Georgia was as peaceful as any Southern state in January. Sam Outler, sitting in his cell in the county jail ten miles away, was wondering what was going to happen to him. If Sheriff Jim Smith turned him loose, he knew the Bartow mob would get him before he could walk a mile; if he was to be taken to the state line and released, he would never again see his family in Bartow. I walked once more up the street and looked at the display of perfumes, soaps, and powders in the drug store window. The drug store odor again filtered through my senses and I turned away wondering if I could ever forget the association in my mind of perfumed women and brutal men.

Half a mile from the main street, on the Augusta highway, I stopped and looked for a



"... ABOVE, THE SOUND OF MARCHING FEET"

Julius Bloch



"... ABOVE, THE SOUND OF MARCHING FEET"

Julius Bloch

while at the swollen and bloated carcass of a mule that had been killed by an automobile or truck. The mule was lying on the shoulder of the highway, and it appeared to have been dead a week or ten days. It will probably remain there until the swamp rats and buzzards finish removing it bite by bite.

Somewhere in the South Branch of the Ogeechee River above the town or below it, some people will tell you that the bodies of two Negroes lie. When you stop and ask a storekeeper or farmer if he thinks the rumor true, he will squint at you for a moment or two and then say that what he knows he found out himself and if you wish to find out anything you will have to do likewise. You can do as the Bartow storekeeper suggests, or you can go along with Sheriff Jim Smith while he is dragging the stream, and after a day's search you can say that probably the rumor has no truth in it. But none-the-less the rumor continues to persist, just as did those rumors that preceded the finding of one body in a well and another in an abandoned cotton field.

After leaving the town of Bartow and the Ogeechee swamps and the partly devoured mule, you begin a gradual climb to the Georgia uplands, the sand hills west of Augusta. Up there the air is clear and sweet with the odor of pine. When you stop and look back over the lowlands where you have spent most of the night, you cannot help wondering anew if the fate that awaits Sam Outler will be death at the hands of the Bartow gang, or a life torn from his family in a strange country.

Back in Augusta in the early hours of the morning, I stop and enter a drug store for a pack of cigarettes, and the startling odor of perfumes and cosmetics does something to me. The clerk thinks I am drunk; I am unable to ask for what I wish, and I have to cling to the tobacco counter for support. He takes me by the arm and leads me to the sidewalk, and with a gentle shove, starts me on my way. Partly revived by the night air, I realize that, after a night spent in the Ogeechee swamps, perfumery and brutality will ever plague me.

Communes in America?

ROBERT GESSNER

A DENSE fog lay upon Washington. It was the densest fog that had yet enveloped the Capitol. Cars kept bumping into each other, the drivers swearing and starting off in another direction and bumping all over again. People with umbrellas bumped and muttered and kept their heads down looking hard at the sidewalk. The fog was thickest around the Department of Commerce building, where everything was quiet except for the people bumping their umbrellas.

From a high seat looking out over the fog-strangulated city sat Lincoln, a dim light somewhere over his head.

Out of the city a lighted train was approaching. It bore the first ambassador from the world's first proletarian state. As the train neared the city it switched its headlight on and the beam began to penetrate the fog ahead. . . .

When Ambassador Troyanovsky arrived in Washington a conference was being held in a well-illuminated room across the park from the White House. It was a conference which, with Troyanovsky's arrival, will make the day of January seventh a beacon mark in the history of the American Proletarian Revolution.

The first radical Commissioner of Indian Affairs was conferring with representatives of all the Indian welfare groups in America and with as many Indians as were available in Washington. They sat, a heterogeneous group, the whites and the Indians unassimilated.

The Indian from Oklahoma sat with his back hard against the chair. A long time ago his ancestors lived along the Atlantic seaboard, in what is now called the Carolinas. They lived in common, in a civilization which allowed no one of them to starve unless they all starved. It was a culture which satisfied the needs of all within the tribe. There was nothing missing which nature and themselves could not provide.

Then came gun powder and the Word of God, one in each hand. "We are the Lord's chosen people," said the whites, "chosen to show you the way to Righteousness and the love of Jesus." They shook their guns. "We will show you how to divide yourselves up into neighbors and respect each other's property." They shook their Bibles.

"Stop running around the country in groups and each of you take eighty acres back there in the scrub country. Put a fence up around your eighty acres; good fences make good neighbors. Plant some corn and potatoes and if you have any seed left over don't give it to your brother living next door, because he's now your business rival. Plant right up to your fence line and stop. When you've harvested don't give away your crops to your brothers and cousins, even if they're hungry, because now they're economic competitors and must learn through their empty bellies to fight you for their security.

"Now you look puzzled by all this, Mr. Indian, but don't worry. I'll set up churches to teach you and schools to teach your children that my life is the only way. And if you disagree we can easily settle that (shaking the rifles). The white man's civilization is superior, and if you doubt it, here's proof in both hands!"

For eighty years the Indian Bureau, with the aid of the War Department and Christian Missionaries, has exercised the proof. There was to be no doubting of the Word of the Lord and the Word of the White Man.

And the Indian has come to cease doubting externally. There are a few little things he still wonders to himself about: like why he is hungrier than he ever has been before, why he's got diseases he never heard of, why he dies three times faster than whites, why he's got over $40,000,000 of debts charged against him, why he holds less and less land each year, and why the division of his land into individual allotments has allowed the white man to consume almost three-quarters of those allotments. But these are the heretical questionings of his inferior culture and he hurriedly buries his doubts lest the Government send a regiment or a missionary against him.

But now in 1934 the white man called a powwow and spoke in the official jargon: "The Federal Government has failed to substitute any satisfactory alternative for the Indian Community which it attempted to destroy."

A white man stood before Indians admitting that his race was fallible, that the color of his skin and the placement of his cheekbones were no longer mystic signs of his infallibility.

The Indians sat looking hard at the white man. The one from Oklahoma turned his head and looked out the window at the fog which enveloped the White House. His extra shirt was wrapped in a newspaper which told all about the N.R.A. The lights of the White House could not be seen through the fog.

The Indian Bureau officials popped up and sat down, none of them taking a superior stand on any question. There was silence among the whites and when they spoke they were humble.

The new Commissioner of Indian Affairs looked at the Indians and he said: "It is now economically necessary that you heap all your allotments into a common holding, and farm and graze cattle and cut timber on a communal basis with a tribal corporation paying out dividends."

"I propose five points to accomplish the communalization," the Commissioner said. "First, no more sale of allotted lands; second, the consolidation of the present lands held in trust by the Government; third, retention of heirship lands in whole for economic participation with tribal holdings; fourth, the acquisition of land from whites and public domain lands for completing industrial and agricultural units; and fifth, the establishment of tribal councils, self-governing organizations with executive, administrative and judicial control over their economic and cultural life."

The Indian from Oklahoma arose. "If you will let those proposals come to pass," he said, "you can stop worrying about us. We took care of ourselves pretty well before you came. We took care of our own marriages and punishments and the lame and the needy. We will show you—if you let those proposals come to pass. . . ."

"You, Sir, Being an Author—"

EDWIN SEAVER

"What! You want to subject to collective control such a delicate individual work as that of literary creation! You deny the absolute freedom of the absolutely individual ideological creation! Gentlemen of the bourgeois individualists! We must tell you that your speeches about absolute freedom are sheer hypocrisy."

LENIN.

SHAMAN, the editor, is a pale plump, largish middle-aged young man with no neck to speak of and a great deal of bald head; nevertheless, a man with the best intentions in the world. It positively pains him to reject my manuscript.

"I'm sorry," he says, scowling as if he had a bad headache while gently with one dimpled hand he massages his pinkly glistening dome. "But my colleagues . . . "

Shaman should have been a diplomat. If a manuscript is accepted, invariably it is his discovery. But if it is returned, it is always "my colleagues . . . "

"We have read your story with great interest and are returning it herewith. Specifically," I said, "getting down to brass tacks."

"Well, for one thing, your story is too proletarian."

There's a word that has come up in the world for you. Only a couple of years ago it was still among the untouchables, why a man like Shaman wouldn't even be seen walking on the same side of the street with a word like that, yet today it is as familiar, as dear to him as his own mother-in-law.

"What do you mean, too proletarian?" I said. "I wasn't writing about the proletariat. I was simply depicting the break-up of an average lower middle-class family under the stress of the depression."

"Then maybe that's it," says Shaman. "Anyway, you know what I mean. Too depressing."

"Such is life, but is it art? And the other thing?" I said.

"Too unpleasant, too tragic. Man, you can't expect people to read that kind of story in times like these."

Too tragic! O my god, it was one o'clock in the morning and devilish cold and the rain was turning to snow and he stood shivering in his rags in the doorway on Sixth Avenue, leaning against the building to rest his feet, and I felt ashamed, I was so rich, with a bed, a roof, a friend. . . . And it was seven o'clock in the morning and bearded and gaunt the infinitely old young man was plodding down Broadway, looking neither to the right or left of him, nor yet before or behind, like one who had long ago forgotten how to hope or what to remember. . . . And it was bright noonday at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue and he absolutely wasn't going to lunch or visiting the library or hurrying to make a train or even shopping, but stood there sagging, guttering out against a lamp-post, his face the color of rotting cheese, his eyes two holes in his head, and in those few moments there must have been a thousand people, including myself, a thousand human beings who passed him without stopping.

I thought of these creatures that once were men and "In short," I said wondering suddenly, fiercely how many lives must be crushed to sustain the smug self-assurance of a Shaman, "in short, you don't like that kind of a story."

"My dear fellow," says Shaman with a wriggle of exasperation, "it isn't a question of whether I happen to like it or not like it. I'm not running this magazine for myself. I've got to think of our readers."

"You mean you've got to protect your readers."

A nervous grin narrows Shaman's little eyes until you can hardly see them above the well-fed slabs of cheek.

"No, seriously," he says suddenly all compassion again. "The trouble with you is that you write with your guts. I mean you can't ask any credit because you write the way you do. I mean you write that way because you have to, that's all."

The more Shaman struggles, the deeper he sinks, an honest sweat is actually starting to his editorial brow, but I see no reason to help him out.

"I mean," he says, trying again, "like you take this story here. You wrote it because you just had to get it out of your system. You even said so yourself. All right, fine, I'm glad you were able to do it. But is that any reason why anybody else should want to read it?"

"Touch," I said. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

Shaman studies me slyly as if trying to figure out if I'm pulling his leg or something.

"You're like a lot of fellers I know," he says. "You think the world owes you a living.

"Well," he adds, almost resentfully, "I'm here to tell you it doesn't!"

"Whose world—yours? No, Shaman, it only owes the likes of you a living."

"You know," says Shaman wagging a stubby paternal finger at me, "I don't trust you fellows. Ever since you got this socio-politico-economico I dunno what bee in your bonnets, you've all begun to write. . . . "

"With our backs to the wall."

"Who was it said that?" says Shaman, reaching for a pencil.

"John Wadsworth Lowell. You know, lots of whiskers. He also wrote another poem:

> Since man to man is so unjust,
> I hardly know which one to trust
> I've trusted many to my sorrow,
> So pay today—I'll trust tomorrow.

In other words, in God we trust."

Shaman laughs indulgently and shoves a casket of cigarettes at me.

"Have one?" says he.

I have three. It is snowing again outside and in my heart damned dreary December and inhaling deeply I think of going home again empty-handed, once more checkmated, penniless, hopeless yet once again, and sorrow gnaws at my brain like a hungry rat.

"Seriously then, as you say, what would you have me do?" I ask. "If I may presume, that is, to impose further on your valuable time."

"Don't mention it." Shaman grins. "I make you a present of it." Then puckers up his hairless brows seriously in thought.

"Well, I look at it this way," he says, uncrossing his legs and getting into action at last with both hands held before him the better to mold his argument. "Putting out a magazine like ours is the same as putting on a vaudeville show. A good serial, a short story, an article, a poem—you try to give 'em a well-rounded bill, see, not too heavy and not too light, just nicely balanced. Of course, we try to get in as much good stuff as we can, but we've got to keep in mind . . . "

The grocer, the butcher, the milkman, the electric company, the gas company, two months' unpaid rent, a judgment, three loans, last year's doctor's bill, and *are you, sir, being an author, free from your bourgeois publisher, the freedom of a bourgeois author is only a masked dependence on the money bag, on bribes, being provided for,* and I've got to sell, I've just got to sell something somewhere somehow, to sell . . .

Letters From America

Letters coming to THE NEW MASSES comment enthusiastically on the "Letters from America" department. Until now, however, most of the letters have come from the South. The editors are anxious to make this department a cross-section reflecting, in a human and dramatic way, the daily life of the entire continent. We know it is not the South alone that is articulate. We invite readers from all points of the U.S.A. to contribute to the "Letters from America" department.

Happy Birthday to You!

MARGARET WRIGHT MATHER

CRAFTY Matty Woll, his eye ever peeled for a new chance to bind tighter the bonds of reaction between bosses and labor leaders, has sprung a new racket, audacious in concept and cunning in execution. Its central point is the Presidential Birthday Balls, to be held in a thousand cities Jan. 31, and its effects are two-fold. First and most important to Woll, whose star has dimmed a bit in the past year, is his desire to worm his way up onto the Roosevelt bandwagon. Second, to continue his efforts to corrupt the membership of the American Federation of Labor.

Hand it to Woll, the shrewdest strategist that you'll find in the A. F. of L. His Presidential Birthday Balls is a stroke of genius worthy of the third vice president of the A. F. of L., of the acting president of the National Civic Federation, and of the president of Union Labor Life Insurance, the device which Metropolitan Life uses to extract insurance premiums from unionists and to fight off unemployment and old age insurance.

Here was Woll's plight before this happy idea was hatched. He was lined up with the ultra-violet Tories who wanted more of Hoover and Mellon and Mills and were too stupid to know that Roosevelt was trying to protect their best interests. Woll used any old club with which to beat Roosevelt in hopes that he would curry favor with his pals. He lashed at Roosevelt's tame college professors, shrieked "bolshevism" at the N.R.A. and foamed through his gold teeth at the gold experiments.

It was the gold business that suddenly jolted Woll to his senses. Along with the Crusaders, an incipient Fascist outfit, he sponsored a meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, several weeks ago to denounce the gold policy. He was speaking, he said, as the "thirrrd vice prresident of the Amerrrrrican Federrration of Laborrrr." The Tory press thereupon labeled the Carnegie Hall story: "Labor Denounces Gold Policy." But the same night Father Coughlin, who is a keener demagogue than Woll, spoke on the same subject, upholding the Roosevelt monetary tinkering. And he drew 20,000, in comparison with Woll's scattering crowd that failed to fill the main floor of Carnegie Hall and left its balconies cold and deserted.

Woll thereupon flip-flopped. He had to climb on the Roosevelt bandwagon or be lost. What to do?

Whether the Presidential Birthday Balls is Matt's own precious scheme, or whether it was suggested to him by Mike Flynn, the Boston high tariff lobbyist who does a lot of his brainwork for him, is unknown to this writer. But Matty rushed around to see his old pal, Col. Henry L. Doherty, the utilities racketeer, to frame up details of the scheme that would get him into good standing with the White House and put him in right with the "new deal."

Here is what came out of Woll's torturous brain chambers. A national committee would be formed, headed by Arch-Racketeer Doherty, with Woll as secretary. Then a bunch of Wall St. dignitaries, old friends of the National Civic Federation and what-have-you, together with the paunch-belly official labor crowd in Washington, would serve as window-dressing, and the racket was just about ready. Billy Green was in on it, and a lot of others, but it must be said for some of the labor leaders that Woll's proposition was a little too raw and they refused to be roped in.

Here's how the Presidential Birthday Balls works:

In 1,000 cities (so Woll claims) committees are to be set up to arrange local balls. The local labor leaders are to grace this committee along with some of the best bankers, real estate sharks and factory sweaters. The committee then peddles tickets. There's where the "rank and file" come into the picture. They're supposed to buy the tickets, which range up to $10 a shot, or as much as the traffic will bear. The union man is presented with a ticket by his business agent, with a "Jack, you'd better buy one of these cardboards." Or you know what. Jack may find himself not wanted when he shows up on the job next morning.

A dollar from the ticket is supposed to be sent to the Warm Springs Foundation, a pet hobby of Roosevelt for paralytics. The labor officials are informed they can keep some of it. The rest goes for "expenses."

A neat scheme, except that in Philadelphia, for example, the rank and file erupted at the idea when tens of thousands of unionists are walking the streets. They staged an impromptu rebellion on the floor of the Philadelphia Central Labor Union and it took 40 minutes of perfervid oratory from the musician president of the body to squeeze Matty's racket through. At Chicago, where rackets are bigger and better than elsewhere, the officials hired a ballroom with space for 10,000 tickets.

Now for a look at the broader aspects of Woll's brain child. Chairman of the national committee is H. L. Doherty, whose great accomplishments in the utilities racket field naturally brought him into warm rapport with Woll. Doherty, according to Berle and Means' *The Modern Corporation and Private Property,* has control of companies with assets of more than $1,000,000,000 on an actual cash investment of $1,000,000.

For general director of the national committee we meet an old friend, none other than the notorious Carl Byoir. Never heard of him? Well, the Cuban workers and peasants have. He's the boy who conducted bloody butcher Machado's "press relations" in the United States in the balmy days before Machado was kicked out of Cuba. Byoir ran a couple of English language sheets in Havana and had a press bureau in New York which handed out the old sassafras to the American capitalist press services and newspapers while Machado was mortgaging Cuban workers and peasants to Chase National Bank and any other outfit willing to lend him money.

Another angle with interesting possibilities in the Presidential Birthday Balls is that Woll has instructed each local committee to instal broadcasting facilities in each ballroom. There will be a national hookup and you can just see how much money the radio receiver companies aren't going to lose by installing a thousand sets.

Will Roosevelt bite on this obvious hook? Well, how can he help it? In fact he has already promised, says Woll, to speak a few words over the thousand broadcasting hook-ins.

Of course there is a real barb in the hook Roosevelt has swallowed. For some of the proceeds of the balls go to the Warm Springs Foundation, and that just emphasizes the fact that the President had infantile paralysis and shows the effects now all too visibly and doesn't like in the least to be reminded of it. But in Woll's Presidential Birthday Balls publicity, that fact is rubbed in, even to the pictures—that Roosevelt is a partial invalid. (Incidentally the pictures don't carry the union label of the Photo Engravers Union of which Matty is past president.) That was the one thing that Jim Farley and the other boys who managed the Roosevelt nomination and election campaign worked hardest to suppress or talk down—the fear around the country that Roosevelt as a partial paralytic couldn't hold down the job.

As a final picture of Matty's bright idea—allow us to present some of the patrons and patronesses of the Presidential Birthday Balls at Palm Beach, given in "cooperation with the board of governors of the Everglades Club":

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Vanderbilt; Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury; Joseph E. Widener; Mrs. William Randolph Hearst; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Chadbourne; Mr. and Mrs. A. Atwater Kent; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Replogle; Prince George of Russia (which Prince George?) and—blow me down —A. Atwater Kent, 5th.

Correspondence

Labor and Steel

To The New Masses:

In reviewing Comrade Horace Davis' *Labor and Steel* in the January 16 issue of the New Masses, James Steele writes that the book displays its "greatest weakness" in dealing with strike struggles. "It fails to dramatize the important events in steel's history. . . . "

In our opinion, the success of a book depends largely on how well it has fulfilled the tasks which it has set itself. The tasks of such a *study* as *Labor and Steel*—as of the other books in Labor Research Association's Labor and Industry series—are quite different from that of a so-called "imaginative work" such as a play; or a book of reporting such as Hallgren's *Seed of Revolt.* As stated in the preface of the Davis book, it attempts to present popularly the *facts* on the various basic industries from the viewpoint of the militant labor movement. This is not to say that the facts should not be presented as interestingly as possible; this has been one of our chief aims. But in failing to appreciate the basic aim of this important book, Comrade Steele puts demands on this study which it makes no pretense of filling.

In our opinion, *Labor and Steel* is one of the most most valuable books of its kind published in recent years. The author, incidentally, has worked in the steel mills of the Pittsburgh district, and has studied the industry for more than five years, both here and abroad. His sections on unemployment among steel workers, accidents and occupational diseases, and his treatment of the Steel Trust and merger movements, alone make this 304-page book worth its popular price of $1. The reviewer, incidentally, mentioned only the $2 cloth-bound edition.

Comradely yours,
Robert W. Dunn.

Words Fail Him

To The New Masses:

Several months ago Theodore Dreiser said that International Literature was the best magazine in the world. It is a quarterly. So it seems fit to say that now the *weekly* has that honor. Words simply fail to express my enthusiasm for it. These are days of mighty events, heaping high upon each other, and the emergence of New Masses as a weekly is not the least of these. H. H. Lewis.

Overworked

Wellesley College Library,
Wellesley, Mass.,

To The New Masses:

Will you kindly take our name off your mailing list? We asked you to do this some months ago and told you why we do not care to receive your magazine. It goes directly to the waste basket, and we should be glad to be relieved of even this amount of needless work.

Periodical Librarian.

War Objectors

To The New Masses:

Nothing could be more heartening to those interested in "building a new social order" than the words of Mrs. Roosevelt. That "it is just as patriotic and self-sacrificing to live for one's country in a way to help the world and all the people in it," as it is to die for it.

During the world war, objectors were sentenced to from 25 to 50 years for expressing that sentiment in their various ways.

What will the President do to the first lady of the land should she persist in such heresy in the event of war today? What will be his attitude toward future war objectors?

The signs today point to thousands of war objectors for every handful there was in 1917. It is to be hoped that the confusion in their camp be resolved long before the next calamity overtakes us. If any body of brave men ever needed a united front, it is the war resister. Powerless and alone, they won heroic victories over the war machine in camp and in Leavenworth to which I was sentenced for 25 years and where I participated in the now famous strike. United, they will gain even greater ones before they are dragged into another hell.

Yours for that new social order,
Maurice Becker.

Its Essential Existence

To The New Masses:

It is healthy to assume that people, whether for or against Communism, are interested in it. It is a real satisfaction to feel that in The New Masses you have a weekly which will present the communist viewpoint without indulging in its clichés. (The article on the Reichstag is the only one that commits this error.) The exchange of letters between Josephine Herbst and Bruce Bliven shows how essential the existence of this magazine is, from this point of view. So does Miss Herbst's article.

There is no need to write of the articles one by one, but I do wish to say that the short paragraphs, taking up the first section, are excellent, as is the clear-cut article called *No Rights for Lynchers.* Strachey, Dos Passos, Matthews, all write in such a way as to compel reading, although J. B. Matthews' article might have been better had its quotations been somewhat curtailed.

As for *The Big Hold-up* and *Congress—Who's In It and Who Owns It:* the facts in both are real news but the best part of each is relegated to the end. Why didn't the former start off with the item about Macy's and Jesse Isidor Straus, American Ambassador to France? Surely this is the "lead." And the babblings of the Speaker of the House and of Senator Thomas were easily the most startling points of the *Congress* article and should have headed it.

The first issue is pungent but the two illustrations referred to immediately above point out a by-path which may lead to danger. We who believe in the revolution are inclined, in our writing and thinking, to forget that there are many others who, although interested, are not as yet convinced. For them the writing must not only present telling facts but must at the same time catch the eye by its provocative character. The two articles could have done that. I hope that this danger will be guarded against, and that the weekly will continue to be what this first issue is: a weekly revolutionary interpretation of the news written for revolutionaries and near-revolutionaries of varying degrees. Yours sincerely,
Alfred H. Hirsch.

The Thunder Dies

To The New Masses:

During the first stormy days of opposition to the premiere of the Hollywood version of Sergei Eisenstein's *Que Viva Mexico!* in New York, a small group of individuals pecked away at Upton Sinclair in the Modern Monthly, The New Republic, and the cinema quarterly Closeup. In the main these rhetorical pot-shots were characterized by a personal attack on Sinclair for having raped a work of art.

In the absence of any fundamental criteria for evaluating the film itself—much less the situation from which it arose—and further handicapped by not having seen *Thunder Over Mexico* at the time of writing, Herman Weinberg, accomplished letter-writer, added considerable confusion to a situation already consciously confused by Upton Sinclair. Based on personalities (Eisenstein vs. Sinclair) and on the question of degree of artistic butchery, these attacks resulted, as Tom Brandon and Samuel Brody wrote in the September New Masses, in providing *"the sponsors of 'Thunder' with a man of straw needed to divert the underlying political issues involved, into innocuous channels—with the further advantage of providing a lot of 'inside dope' publicity copy."*

It is an interesting commentary on the state of mind of the liberal that there is complete silence and lack of action in that sphere in regard to the planned perpetration of *Thunder Over Mexico* in Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, and Baltimore. Now that the film has been shown in New York, they don't even gesture with letters-to-the-journals to register resentment. Much less do they stir to participate in the fight to curtail the life of that vicious anti-working class whitewash of the brutal military regime of Calles-Rodriguez.

In the week's news there are few more glaring examples of the treachery that can spring from the impotence of liberalism than the announcement this week that Mr. Herman Weinberg, impresario for the Little Theatre, Baltimore, this contributor-at-large to liberal and bourgeois publications selected *Thunder Over Mexico* for the gala program opening the new year at this "Theatre built on an ideal and dedicated to the thinking people of Baltimore."

As a result of the exposure and call for action issued by the Film and Photo League against *Thunder Over Mexico,* the workers of Detroit, Chicago, and San Francisco are making it a difficult matter to exhibit the Sinclair-Hollywood attack on the Mexican workers and peons. In Baltimore the Friends of the Soviet Union and the Workers International Relief aroused the workers to greet Mr. Weinberg's New Year program in no uncertain terms.

Workers Film & Photo League.

The Contributors

ALFRED HAYES is one of the editors of the Partisan Review.

MICHAEL QUIN, of the Los Angeles John Reed Club, is the New Masses correspondent in Southern California.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN is the author of *The Soul of the Russian Revolution,* among other works.

JAMES BURNHAM, one of the editors of the Symposium, is on the faculty of New York University.

ROBERT GESSNER has written *Massacre, Broken Arrow* and *Upsurge.*

EDWIN SEAVER has published *The Company,* and is at work on his second novel.

MARGARET WRIGHT MATHER'S interests are so broad that they include both poetry and Matt Woll.

M. SHULIMSON is a poet whose work will continue to appear in the New Masses.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE, recently sports columnist on the Daily Worker, is writing a novel.

EUGENE GORDON works on the Boston Post.

JAMES S. ALLEN has made a special study of the South, written numerous pamphlets about the Negro question, and is now engaged on a book.

MILTON HOWARD is on the editorial staff of the Daily Worker.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT is at present connected with the Theatre Union.

On the Move

M. SHULIMSON

NO SNOW fell and there was no wind. It was cold and it was all over. It was cold in doorways. It was consistent. You could not turn your back on it. There was no wind. There was just a little snow on the ground, but it was hard. No snow fell. You could not walk backwards against it. You could not escape it in the doorways. There was no changing in its intensity. It did not bite. It lay on you and around you and you could not run from it.

The old guy told me not to put on the light because a bunch of guys were sleeping inside. I came in and walked over an to an empty cot. There was just enough light coming from the street to see it. I sat down and began unlacing my boots. A couple of them were whispering. One guy kept coughing and another was chewing tobacco. The fellow lying next to me said, "Better take another cot, Bud, there's a suitcase under this cot and if it's missing they'll blame you for it." I said "Thanks," and found another cot. I slept in my pants, holding my boots in one hand and coat in the other. In the morning as I was going out, one of the fellows, sleeping in the top bed of the double decker, said, "Ya mind passing up that butt?" There was a small butt laying on the floor with pools of spit around it. I gave him one of my cigarettes. He said, "Thanks, bud, mind passing up that butt, too?" I gave him the butt.

There was a bunch of us in the men's room in the railroad station. A couple of guys were trying to sleep on the benches. There was an old drunk who looked as if he'd had a couple of cuspidors emptied on him. I leaned against a radiator. After a while a couple of cops came in. One of 'em said: "All right, boys, break it up! Break it up!" and began pushing the guys out. I beat it into the can. I was pretty cold and wanted to stick around. One of the cops came in. I stood over a latrine. He stood behind me. After a while he said: "Okeh, bud, long enough, you've broken all the records already." I had to laugh at that. I buttoned my pants and went out of the station. I began walking again.

She was sitting on the stoop. When I walked by she crossed her legs showing her thighs and winked. I walked over to her. She said: "How about it, hon?" I said: "Christ, kid, if I had any dough I'd rather eat." She said: "Gee, it's tough to be hungry. If you want to come upstairs I'll give you a cup of coffee and something." She was pretty bashful when she said that. I said: "Thanks, kid, I'd be glad to get a cup of coffee." She had a little kitchen and fixed me up a couple of eggs and a cup of coffee. She said: "I hate to rush you, kid, but somebody might be along soon." I ate fast and thanked her. She said: "You go downstairs first." When I came to the corner I turned and looked back. She was sitting on the stoop again. I waved to her and she waved back. I began walking again.

The little guy ran in, and the pastor hollered: "Louder." We began singing a little louder. His wife came in with three ladies and a guy in spats. They sat in the back awhile and listened. The little guy walked up the aisle whispering: "Don't look around." We sang four hymns and the pastor gave us a spiel with smiles. After a while the ladies and the guy with spats went out and they let us flop.

The guy standing next to me against the radiator said: "I'm hopping the next train into the big city, kid. Want to come with me?"

"I said: "No; it's too damn cold. A while after I heard some one say that a guy had just been killed in the yard. A redcap went into the can. I followed him and standing next to him with a partition between us so he couldn't see my clothes. I said: "What's this about a guy getting killed out in the yard, Redcap?"

He said: "Somebody hopped a freight and slipped between the cars, Mister. I've never seen anything like it. The train went right over him and cut him lengthwise, like this." He swept his hand down his body. "They don't know who he was," he said.

I didn't either.

I sat on a bench. They'd just swept the station. Some guy started looking for a butt. The floor was pretty clean. All of a sudden he dived under a bench and came up with a butt. It was about a half-inch long. He looked at it a while and threw it away. He was sore as hell and swore. I had to laugh. He looked at me. I said: "Tough, brother; tough." He smiled.

A railroad dick heard us and began shooting, but we got away with two each. We hid them in a yard and came around in the morning to get them. We had to wrap them in our undershirts so they wouldn't klink and then wrap them in newspaper. We took them down to one junk dealer and he said:

"Nope; I don't buy car journals."

The other junk dealer was a mile away. The damn things were heavy. When we got there he wouldn't buy them either. I said:

"Christ, mister, give us something for 'em—anything."

But he wouldn't take them. We had to throw them away on the dumps so we could get our undershirts again.

I was watching them. A cop knocked a sign out of a guy's hand. I picked it up. It said: "Work or Wages." When I lifted it up some guy in plain clothes hit me on the head with a blackjack and I went down. It felt funny, because I saw stars just like they have in the funny pictures. Then somebody kicked me. I started to get up and some girl helped me. The crowd had moved over a little. I got up and felt weak. We walked over a couple of blocks and I said: "I got to sit down." I sat down on a doorstep. My head felt swollen. I tried to vomit, but nothing came up. She tried to get my cap off and I hollered. The cap was stuck to my head by the blood. She said: "You shouldn't wear anything on your head, Comrade, it always gets stuck." I said: "I guess you're right, Comrade." And the sound of the word "Comrade," felt swell against my teeth.

You get shoved out early, you get your coffee and start walking. A couple of hours before noon you get in line. You eat and start walking. At night you flop where you can. You don't talk. You eat what you can. You sleep where you can. You walk. No one talks to you. You walk. Its cold and you shiver and stand in doorways or sit in railroad stations. You don't see much. You forget. You walk an hour and forget where you started from. It is day and then it's night, and then it's day again. And you don't remember which was first. You walk. There are men with fat on them and you know it. There are lean men and you know it.

You walk. You are dead and you know it.

Something must happen and nothing does. Something must happen, and you know it. No one speaks to you. If you are to live again, something must happen, and you know it. If you are to live again, there must be blood, and you know it. If you are to live again, there must be revolution, and you know it.

You don't talk.


FACTORY CLOSED

Athletes Can Win But They Don't

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

DO NOT think that the competent professional athlete's life is a relatively easy one. Even during his precarious tenure of prominence, it is not easy. Even during his three, four years in the limelight he is as subject to what President Roosevelt calls "the ordinary fluctuations of economic life" as any other skilled craftsman.

For the moment Max Baer is financially the country's most successful athlete. He's doing five a day on Broadway and three a night at the Cafe de Paris and a weekly $5,000 Hollywood contract is being held open for him as a result of *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. From the point of view of earning power he is temporarily in a class by himself.

A year ago Max Baer was broke and he was harassed by more or less legitimate suits demanding many dozen times his capital. He was winning some fights and losing others and being careless about his chin and his bankroll like the rest of the strong young third-raters who did not have a great deal to lose. He had a good night against Schmeling and he made the inevitable trip of prominent heavyweights to Hollywood and his movie clicked.

MGM people have done beautiful fight photography and I hastened to see the picture in expectation of a visual treat at least. Then the reviewers were so unanimously enthusiastic. Baer was "two-hundred pounds of curly-haired dynamite" and a "personality," a real back to fundamentals ideal of womankind. I had seen him in the ring and at dressing room range and although I have a notion about just how much press agents can do, such a complete and successful job was mildly puzzling. He had struck me as a rather dull artisan who's too dumb to know when he's hit and the color angle I filed with the National Recovery Act and Carveth Wells. The picture confirmed this estimate.

If you're at all interested in the contemporary brand of heavyweight boxing, this is the movie you want to see. The closeups here will give you a real line on the ability of the champion and the oustanding challenger. Even while boxing under instructions to lose, the real fighter will retain a degree of shiftiness and a set of elementary rules. If you ever spent time in gyms or behind the typewriter during obvious tank fights you realize that. Neither Carnera nor Baer are fighters. It isn't that they can't act. They can't box. To an extent, the company covered up Baer's bum acting by giving him the part of a youth who is sappy even for a pug ("just a boy at heart") but they couldn't cover up his stature as a heavyweight. He's as much of a slow-footed, slow-thinking, built-up shock absorber as old snaggle-tooth, variously designated as the vast Venetian, the fighting fascist and the Pisa punk. But the silly-looking young man from Livermore earns more than any other athlete in the world.

It was a publicity man's job all around. Baer has a fine body whose clumsiness is apparent to the ring eye only and comparatively he is even personable so that the basis was there for the well and favorably known s. a. His name was linked with those of five prominent women in a single news release which found its way into both New York tabs. That is the "color" which has made Max Baer and his light heavy counterpart, Rosenbloom.

The reputation of Rosenbloom is the less successful product of the same line of ballyhoo. He too is widely known as the ladies' man who does his training in the night clubs. Before each of his fights for the past three or four years sports writers have been muttering dire prophecies about the two ends of the candle, while as a matter of fact the light heavyweight champion neither drinks nor smokes and takes his dancing partly as exercise.

Pugilistically Maxie Rosenbloom has been the most successful of the current champions and yet he's fighting for little more than expenses. Popular fighters are generally expected to and do as a rule lead the contemporary version of a merry life. Ernest Hemingway explains that "Boxers, bullfighters and soldiers contract syphilis for the same reasons that make them choose those professions. In boxing most sudden reversals of form, the majority of cases of what is called punch drunkenness, of 'walking on the heels' are products of syphilis. You cannot name the individuals in a book because it is libelous, but any one in the profession will tell you of a dozen recent cases. . . . It is an industrial accident . . . " and he adds that "You cannot expect a matador who has triumphed in the afternoon by taking chances not to take them in the night and *'mas cornadas dan las mujeres'.*"

The Baers and the Rosenblooms emerge to bask in their moment of glory and dubious affluence only after the most ruthless elimination which involves more than occupational diseases. Regard the situation of the next body of athletes, the average run of baseball, football, hockey players. Their tenure is more precarious if anything, despite the fact that they achieve nothing beyond a comfortable livelihood even during their good seasons. A man of forty is usually known as the grand old man of something or other and there is no great difference between the attitude of a club owner toward his "ivory" and that of a coal baron toward his miners. The timely and flagrant instance of Ace Bailey leaps to mind.

Brawls on ice have a way of registering advantageously at the box office and hockey club owners deliberately foster bad blood between their teams. The mimeographed advance publicity of the Boston team said in just so many words that there would be a riot at the Toronto game. The New York Daily Mirror reporter asserts he overheard one magnate say to the other while the two hirelings were mauling each other on the ice: "They can't hurt us."

Eddie Shore was laid up with a severe scalp wound and a concussion as a result of that melee and for weeks it was doubtful if Ace Bailey would live. Frank Patrick, the supervisor of officials knew as well as anyone the possibilities at that game yet he assigned two of his least capable referees to officiate. Inevitably they let the situation beyond their control by tolerating in the earlier periods of the game rough work that should have called for severe penalties.

In the case of Bailey's death Shore would have been held on a charge of manslaughter. Questioned by the Boston police he made a statement I reprint for its dramatic values:

"I was skating head down at a speed I figure of 22 miles an hour. I saw Marty Barry of the Bruins coming with the disc and I was skating fast to get out of the zone before an offside was declared.

"I didn't see Bailey until it was too late. My left side struck against his left side. I don't remember whether I was knocked down or not. There was no feeling between us. I wasn't carrying the puck. Barry had it. It was purely accidental. We had been friendly for some time.

"Twenty seconds after the accident happened, Red Horner of the Leafs punched me on the chin and I believe I was struck because of the collision.

"I went into the dressing room to see Bailey. He was conscious. I said, 'I hope you're not badly injured. I assure you it was not intentional.' He replied, 'That's all right, Eddie. It's all in the game.' I did not strike him with a stick. There was no malice."

The statement is a little too well thought out but you can't blame the severely injured Shore. And I suppose you can't blame the officials who were "acting under orders" nor the magnates who were "giving the public what it wants" nor the public which has been driven and educated to want blood.

It may be more logical to "blame" the profit motive which is the determining element in the way hockey or any other sport is currently run. The expression rings vague but it isn't, really. It seems futile to fight the profit motive in sports without attacking it as the fundamental principle of capitalist civilization it is. Bailey and Shore are vic-

tims of a form of class struggle. Yet they are big league players and well paid. Descend a rung and read this extract from the letter of a wrestler to the Daily Worker:

"You seem to know so much, I wonder if you know that we old timers are pretty good and can also put up a good show as well as wrestle? But we haven't got a chance to make a measly living, in fact, don't know when our next penny is coming. When we do wrestle we are told what to do, take the falls, make fools of ourselves, and at the same time put the other fellow over big, make it appear he's a tough one and clever, when he can hardly stand on his feet and gets blue in the face for lack of wind. These crooked and cheap promoters get punks, supposed college football players, give them a weekly salary of $25 or $30 and keep them working every night in the week, building them up as topnotchers.

"Now we wrestlers don't mind that we are not on top and make clowns of ourselves as long as we can make a decent living. But whom can we tell it to? Certainly not the promoters we work for. They keep putting you off with the same old excuses, 'Don't worry, I'll do this,' or 'Soon you'll get a break'—that they will take care of us. If you get a little too insistent, they just say, 'If you don't like it, you know what you can do.' "

These wrestlers "don't know when our next penny is coming" but there remain the great majority groups of unemployed athletes who know that it's not coming at all. Of the vast numbers of young men who matured during depression years and never found their way into industry, many have clung to the faith that they have something on the ball and could click as a pro. Go to your neighborhood gym or "social club" and watch them work out. Let me tell you about an experience:

The gym where I met Dave Beal is called Willard's and it's on the corner of an alley off Delancey Street in New York. I only met one fighter of note there and he didn't strip, he was just showing some kid how to put a snap behind his left. The boys stood three deep around him and he was telling about a match which pulled him $250.

Dave Beal, there for the first time, turned to me and he said, "You think that's a swell way to make a living, don't you?"

I said no, I didn't, but he never waited to hear it and he disregarded the celebrity too and went to work on the heavy bag.

On the bench he introduced himself and said he was from the coast and the commission there had suspended him for six months, but he had to live and came East to see what he could do. He didn't want to hook up with any manager as yet, he wanted to get the lay of the land. So I told him Willard's was not the place and he said he knew that but he had to go easy on cash. He was fighting some place in Long Island that week-end, a $20 fight, his first here, and he wanted someone to handle him for the evening.

I said all right but I wouldn't be able to see him during the week. The idea of someone from Willard's being "busy" evenings seemed to strike him queer, but it suited him fine, he said, because he did his own training and fought his own fights. All I'd have to do is hand him the bottle for an occasional rinse, keep my hands off his face and hold the tights away from his belly between rounds. And I was not to chatter instructions.

That Friday we went to a movie before the fight and he apologized for letting me treat him, but all he had left was car fare to Long Island.

We traveled together in silence but you could see he was not at all tense. I got a good look at him in the subway and asked whether he had Indian blood and he said he was a full-blooded Navajo, but for 25 years I was the third person who had noticed it without being told. I had judged him to be 28. Fighters generally look older than they are. He was fourth to go on.

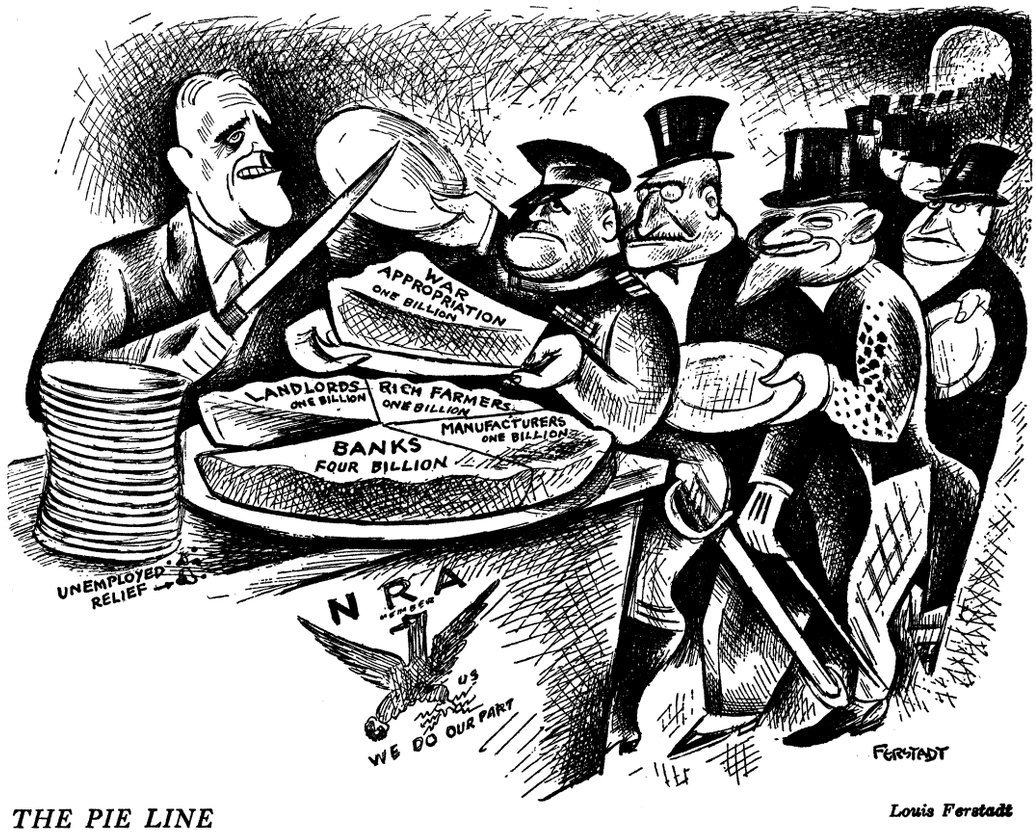
In the ring Dave Beal did no tugging and no glaring. He waited for the bell and walked out briskly. The other boy was chunky and hairy, with puncher written all over him. He tucked his chin in and came winging into Dave, who countered fast and workmanlike and effectively, you could tell from the jolts of the bushy head. For the most part Dave seemed satisfied to slide around and take them on his elbows. It was a bloody, tough crowd but even they sensed he was not doing it out of timidity. They cheered the aggressive boy who came and took it and even rocked Dave once in the third. That was just before the bell and when I asked Dave if it was all right he nodded with his mouth open. He was breathing only slightly heavier than two rounds ago and he said, "The fifth."

In the fourth the squat lad tired and Dave shot a few to the stomach which knocked the last of his wind out. He finished hanging on and as they broke Dave lashed open an old cut down his cheek. He was badly spent.

I knew from the motions of his seconds they were instructing him to slip one over if possible, and he did come out winging wide again, but Dave drove him back on his heels with rights and lefts from all directions, hooking until the other just dropped his hands and shuddered after each punch. Both of them were bloody from that cheek gash and the towel flew in from their corner but the referee had already stopped it.

We spoke little in the dressing room until he had his hat on. Then he went to the promoter and asked to be paid off before the main bout was over and he got the $20. They recognized him as we walked out through the aisles and gave Dave quite a hand. Back at the station he said it was a hell of a way to make a living.

I hopped off at a station before his and at home I found he had stuffed a five-spot into my pocket. He was supposed to phone me but he never did, and in about ten days I got a card from New Orleans which said he had hooked up with a manager who had connections down there and was going to try to build him up locally. Then he wrote another card saying he had dropped his first bout and the manager ditched him. He was going to Yuma to look for work on the reservation.



THE PIE LINE — *Louis Ferstadt*

THE PIE LINE

Louis Ferstadt

In the Money

Dividends

IT MAY interest you to know that last year, when the U. S. Chamber of Commerce was complaining against "the unreasonableness of labor," 2,240 corporations paid dividends totalling $2,385,576,654, and that 1,011 of these cases represented initial dividends, extras, resumptions, back payments or increases.

The Chicago Journal of Commerce tells us: "Public purchasing power has been increased by millions of dollars through more liberal corporate disbursements; and a sincere desire to assist in the recovery program was undoubtedly one of the prime reasons." Then the paper goes on to say: "Another motive undoubtedly was the desire to escape the consequences of possible federal taxes on corporate surpluses." And then: "When and if this becomes a more imminent probability, it is not unlikely that a great number of large distributions will be forthcoming from the corporations which built up larger surpluses in the highly profitable years preceding 1930."

Incidentally, readers of financial pages will have noted a really considerable flood of dividends in the first few weeks of January, 1934. For the most part these represent postponed dividend declarations—postponed to escape the 5 percent tax on dividends which was repealed with prohibition but did not lose application until Jan. 1, 1934. It is anticipated that the current month will witness a record number of "favorable" dividend declarations. Doubtless another expression of sincere desire to assist in the recovery program.

A Small Matter

One of the dividends just declared stirs certain interesting reflections. The company, whose name is the Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter Co., is small and but little known. It has a monopoly, however. It manufactures postage meter machines and rents them out under license of the United States Government for imprinting an indicia which serves instead of a postage stamp on mail. The machines are used widely in Government offices and by corporations having large mailing lists. And now to reflect. How did this Pitney-Bowes Postage Meter Co. manage to secure a Government license? How has it kept its license over a considerable period of years, to the exclusion of competitors? That is what would be interesting to know in this small matter.

Back in 1930, when Hoover was President of the United States and Julius H. Barnes was one of his right-hand men, a pivotal Wall Street personage received a tip on Pitney-Bowes stock together with a memorandum stating:

"Friends of Julius Barnes, former head of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, say Barnes, Edgar Rickard, aid of Hoover in food administration work, and Hoover himself control the company, which makes postage meter machines and is said to have the only machine that the Post Office Department approves."

I happened to get hold of that memorandum at the time and did a little investigating work. Of course Hoover's name was not to be found lying around in company records. I did find, however, that the chairman of the Pitney-Bowes board of directors was none other than Julius H. Barnes, and that a certain Edgar Rickard was vice-president of the company and a director.

Of the fact that the memorandum's reference to the company's control was at least partially correct there could no longer be the slightest doubt. Was it completely correct? Well, we do know that Herbert Hoover occupied a position of vantage as head of the food administration when the Pitney-Bowes machine received official Government approval. We also know that ever since then Hoover has taken an extraordinary interest in furthering the business of the company, making use of his official positions to do so. As soon as he became Secretary of Commerce he sent out a circular letter to his bureau chiefs on the savings that could be accomplished by greater use of metered mail. He sent out two similar circulars after he became President. And as late as the spring of 1931 he called a large meeting of government employees of all departments and urged them, in the name of economy, not only to use metering machines in their own offices but also to encourage private corporations to do likewise.

In its issue of Sept. 21, 1929, the *United States Investor* declared: "Metered mail is expected to become more popular with Washington postal officials once pressure is brought to bear upon them . . . with President Hoover anxious to make the Post Office Department pay its own way." The *Financial World* reported in February, 1930: "Recent expressions by President Hoover and by officials of the United States Post Office Department indicate that the postal authorities will encourage further extension of metered mail."

During the ten years following 1920 more than $130,000,000 of postal revenues was collected through Pitney-Bowes devices. In 1929 approximately 1,500,000,000 letters, or about one out of every ten mailed, were sent out bearing the printed meter stamp instead of the adhesive stamp. The company profited through its meter rentals. The profits were not large but they were acceptable enough and they have continued fairly stable throughout these difficult years.

There have been plenty of exposures of financial scandals in public life during recent years but none of them is supposed to have touched a President directly. And of course the small matter of Pitney-Bowes is quite scandalous. A President of the United States is not supposed to have any business connections. It goes without saying that he is not supposed to be taking advantage of the Presidency to push outside businesses of his boyfriends, much less of his own. And is the Pitney-Bowes machine really the best obtainable or is the Government being gypped?

"The Turn"

There is nothing like a crisis to make capitalists believe in the economic cycle. The consoling theory is that since we are in a depression the turn to prosperity must be at hand. Wall Street brokers have been literally sitting around waiting for "the turn" since 1929. That has been their sole contribution to economic wisdom in fact—except for some grumbling when those in command call for a show of sacrifice to quiet the unrest of hungry workers and farmers. Great significance has been attributed from time to time to scientific-appearing measurements of past crises, particularly the measurements correlated by Wesley C. Mitchell which created untold satisfaction late in 1930 by "revealing that periods of business depression average about a year and a half."

Now, in 1934, we are told that "the turn" has come at last. The proof? Department store sales last month were 6 percent greater than in December, 1932. Whatever import this singular index may or may not have, the depression measurers must bear in mind that a little increase in business activity does not mean "the turn." After the crisis of 1893 there was considerable recovery in 1895 but before the end of the next year business was at lower ebb than ever. Elon R. Woodley of Babson's Statistical Organization has dug up the foregoing fact and now he has come out with the thesis that perhaps economic measurements ought to be discarded after all!

MARKET FOLLOWER.

Books

The Lenin Heritage

REMINISCENCES OF LENIN, by Clara Zetkin, 20 cents; LENINISM, by A. Bubnov, 5 cents; LENIN, by Joseph Stalin, 10 cents; THE LENIN HERITAGE, by Joseph Stalin, 3 cents; IMPERIALISM, THE HIGHEST STAGE OF CAPITALISM, by V. I. Lenin, 30 cents. All published by International Publishers, Inc.

"Take a good look at him. That is Lenin. Look at the self-willed stubborn head with its faintly Asiatic lines. That man will try to overturn mountains. Perhaps he will be crushed by them. But he will never yield."

Fortunately Clara Zetkin was not frightened away from Lenin by Rosa Luxemburg's description. Seeing him again at a party meeting in Moscow thirteen years later, she remembered what Luxemburg had said at the World Congress of the Second International in Stuttgart. Here, at Moscow, he seemed to have changed but little. Studying him, Zetkin formed her own estimate: "During the meeting—and ever after—I realized that the principle feature of Lenin's nature was his simplicity and his sincerity, the complete naturalness of his dealings with all comrades . . . The way he behaves to the comrades is the natural expression of his very nature."

In the reminiscences of Clara Zetkin's she constantly recurs to Lenin's consuming interest in the workers and peasants and his profound understanding of their problems. We see these qualities in her reports of his comments, whether they were discussing culture, the Polish war, the German question, or marriage. "The revolution," he declared, "is liberating all the forces which have been held back, and is driving them from the depths to the surface." "Art," he said, "belongs to the people . . . It must have its deepest roots in the broad mass of workers . . . It must be understood and loved by them."

The many-sidedness of the man appears again and again in this pamphlet. His analysis of the Red army's retreat from Poland would impress a military expert. When he speaks of sex he says, "Dissoluteness in sexual life is bourgeois, is a phenomenon of decay. The proletariat is a rising class. It doesn't need intoxication as a narcotic or a stimulus." Lenin's mastery of Marxism made him the superior of wily bourgeois politicians and the successful teacher of simple peasants. But the secret of his greatness lay in his indissoluble union with the working class. "It is the masses," he said, "who must be considered. We must not frighten them either by 'left' stupidities or by 'right' timidities. . . Think always of the masses, Clara, and you will come to the revolution as we came to it: with the masses, through the masses."

Clara Zetkin's *Reminiscences,* by giving us so revealing an account of Lenin, makes an admirable introduction to the other pamphlets that have been issued in connection with the tenth anniversary of his death. Bubnov's *Leninism,* which is based on a speech delivered on the eighth anniversary, interprets the world crisis in Leninist terms and discusses the duties of the Communist Party.

Stalin's *Lenin,* which contains all that is in the shorter pamphlet, *The Lenin Heritage,* includes a selection of speeches on Lenin, an article printed in Pravda while Lenin was still alive, and a questionnaire filled out by Lenin at the tenth Congress of the Communist Party in 1921. Stalin's three speeches are beautiful in their profound simplicity. They confirm and supplement Clara Zetkin's portrayal of the man and add immensely to our understanding of his significance.

The new edition of Lenin's *Imperialism* is particularly important at this time, when so many of the prophecies, made in Zurich in 1916, are coming true. To read what Lenin said eighteen years ago about cartels is amusing today, when the Harry Elmer Barneses, the Stuart Chases, all the professors, and the great brain trust are laboring manfully to create the very cartels whose futility he analyzed. How well he understood the theories of "rebuilding" capitalism, the desperate violence that would be tried when those theories failed, and the inevitability of recourse to war! In these events the workers will have an important role to play, a role taught them with splendid success by Lenin and the Russian workers and peasants in 1917.

EUGENE GORDON.

Dixie Idyll

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL. Text by Julia Peterkin, photographic studies by Doris Ulmann. Robert O. Ballou. $3.50.

Julia Peterkin describes a favorite pastime of the plantation masters of the South Carolina cotton country. It is a tournament—yes, with all the feudal trappings — "princes," horses, lances and "princesses," except that the machine age has replaced vital combat with spearing for suspended iron rings. He who catches the most iron rings on his lance is the winner and presents the trophy to his lady. And just as unreal as this tournament without blood, just as futile in its attempt to overcome the present by seeking the glories of the past, is this book of text and photos.

One wonders how even such a maternal plantation owner as Miss Peterkin has managed to present so smooth and idyllic a picture of Southern plantation life, unmarred by lynching, exploitation, degradation, pilfering of the Negro tenant farmer by plantation owner and credit merchant. Neither the camera nor the pen seem to have been attuned to disharmony; they registered only the harmonious, the superficial. Missing in the clash of the Scottsboro case, the shot-gun fire of Camp Hill and Reeltown, Ala., the rumbling on the cotton patches. Only once does the author mention Roosevelt and the "New Deal," and then only to have Roosevelt hailed as a new Messiah by an Uncle Tom. In these days, it would seem, the whole conception of "Sunny Dixie" has been pretty thoroughly sprung. And yet again the old caricatures are dusted off—Uncle Mose, the conjure woman, happy cotton picking, *ad nauseam*—and dragged forth as true portraits.

The book reeks with Bourbon paternalism, the southern equivalent of liberalism. Miss Peterkin pretends to write seriously about the emotions and culture of the plantation Negro, but remains placid and unmoved throughout, for above all she remains paternal, unsympathetic, condescending. This is more degrading, more disgusting than open, outright insult and chauvinism. Still, according to the publisher, Walter White finds the book a "magnificent accomplishment" and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, of which he is secretary, gives it "enthusiastic endorsement." How typical of these Negro "leaders," who in their aloofness from the life and struggles of the Negro masses have found their road back to an alliance with not only the white bourgeoisie, but its predecessor, bourbonism.

Only recently one of the editors of the New Republic found much needed solace in the stately plantation culture of the Mississippi Delta. No less indicative was the warm reception which the *Roll, Jordan, Roll* received in some liberal quarters. The hang-over of the slave-owners' culture, the veneer of mansion ideology, offers yet another "way out" for petty-bourgeois and liberal, especially if the exploitation and suppression of the Negro are sugar-coated with the deftness of a Julia Peterkin.

JAMES S. ALLEN.

Dialectical Materialism in Action

FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND FIVE YEAR PLAN, by Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov, and Others. International Publishers. $1.50.

The Second Five Year Plan calls for an annual capital investment nine times the annual pre-war rate, with an enormous torrent of consumers' goods, and a rapid rise in the daily comfort and well-being of the Soviet population. "What mankind has dreamed of, we have accomplished," said the Pravda the other day, when the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union presented the details of the Plan. And this was no idle boast. As the speeches included in the present volume indicate, the Second Plan opens before the Soviet masses unparalleled possibilities of further expansion in their physical comfort, of consolidating their Socialist victories in industry and agriculture, and above all, of acceler-

ating their cultural metamorphosis towards a society completely freed from what Marx in a letter to Engels called "the bourgeois filth which encumbers humanity."

"At the present time," declared Lenin a short time after the Russian proletariat had seized power, "we exercise our main influence on the international revolution by our economic policy." This Leninist idea underlies the present utterances of the Bolshevik leaders. Throughout runs the emphasis that the economic victories of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union have the profoundest revolutionary *international* significance. The working class of the Soviet Union is part of the working class of the world, and its victories are victories for the world revolution. The Socialist economy of the Soviet Union leaps forward and achieves its greatest victories at a time when the surrounding capitalist world plunges deeper into crisis. Socialism marches forward. Capitalism decays. This is the crushing answer to Trotzkyism. And it is the blindness to this root distinction between the two economies that precisely defines Trotzkyism as the "advance-guard of counter-revolution" (Stalin).

"What," asks Stalin, "is the international significance of the First Five Year Plan?" And he answers: "The success of the Five Year Plan mobilizes the revolutionary forces of all countries against capitalism—this is an indisputable fact." This formulation, like many another of Stalin's, is deceptive in its simplicity, for it contains implicitly the whole complex course of the Soviet Union. The political meaning of the economic victories of the First Five Year Plan, Stalin succintly sums up in this way: "All this has resulted in the complete and irrevocable expulsion of the capitalist elements from industry. Socialist industry has become the sole form of industry in the U.S.S.R." He drives home even the profounder meaning: "The capitalist system of industry has not stood the test in the contest with the Soviet system . . . . the Soviet system of industry, it has been proven, has all the advantages over the capitalist system . . . . " The fundamental necessities of humanity, of the very progress of the race, require the establishment of the Soviet system of economy, the essential prerequisite for which is the Proletarian Revolution, Proletarian Rule.

Every speech in this collection is a masterly application of Marxist-Leninist theory to the complexities of contemporary reality. This gives the book a singularly concentrated, powerful impact.

The speech of Kuibyshev of the Planning Commission, is a brilliant survey of the entire Soviet economy, breath-taking in its superb mastery of every nook of that growing Socialist construction. He knows every factory, every problem. Under his hands, the tabulation of the economic status of the Soviet Union at present becomes a document in which is mirrored the revolutionary transformation of an entire economy, consciously controlled and directed. Will breathes through it.

Voroshilov, the Commander of the Red Army, after pointing out the dialectic relation between the development of military strength and the productive forces in the Soviet Union, says: "The Red Army has developed and grown up together with the growth of the proletarian State, not lagging behind the development of the productive forces. . . Our army exists for the defense of the Socialist fatherland. Our government, surrounded by a hostile ring of imperialists, could not continue to exist for a single day without its army, well-armed and powerful . . . (page 349).

The achievements of the Five Year Plan, the economic and political victories that they represent, are the fruits of a class struggle, of a ruthless class war by the proletariat against the remnants of capitalism, against the rich peasants, the kulaks. One is often asked for a text-book on dialectic materialism, for a set of tables and schemes. To such I would answer, "Do you wish to see what materialistic dialectics is? Then look into a book like this. You will find in it the living soul of materialistic dialectics — the revolutionary transformation of reality through a true understanding of it."

MILTON HOWARD.

Beauty Patch

AT 33, by Eva Le Gallienne. Longmans, Green and Co. $3.50.

The publishers of this book will not have far to seek when collecting blurbs. The New York Times and its brother papers have done their share. Fortunately for the charming Miss Le Gallienne's royalties, the suckers who will pay $3.50 for her book do not read the NEW MASSES. But then the suckers who have the $3.50 may be satisfied with a few pale anecdotes, with several lush descriptions of the old manse at Chiddingfold, and with the exuberant gushiness of a theatre-mad actress.

If it were not for the fact that Miss Le Gallienne's attempt to organize a permanent repertory system in New York offers an interesting comment on the progress of the American theatre, I would, in all honesty, have stopped writing at the end of the first paragraph.

Emerging from the hectic, purple Bohemia which flourished in England around the turn of the century, Eva Le Gallienne came to this country, made a hit in this country, and with the impassioned recklessness of her heritage, attempted to create a theatre movement in this country. And in 1926, when Miss Le Gallienne was ready, it seemed as though the time was ripe. Outside the theatre, the "boom" days were about to begin. And inside the theatre, with the growing entrenchment of big business, the best elements in the Provincetown and Washington Square groups were absorbed and commercialized by the Theatre Guild. The turbulence of the early days of the decade had quieted down. The theatre was passive and money was loose.

About 1926 two groups were organized which, in their own way, represented minor revolts against the standards of Broadway. These groups were the New Playwrights' and the Civic Repertory Theatres. Although confused, chaotic, and at times, almost metaphysically experimental, the New Playwrights took an important part in the preparation for the American theatre to be. John Dos Passos, in the NEW MASSES late in 1929, replied to the question whether the New Playwrights had failed in these words: "The first step towards realizing a revolutionary theatre seems to me to be to work with new tools . . . to show enough flexibility to use the tools that are being discarded by the dying circuses and vaudeville shows." Later on in the same article, he wrote, "But the fact that it (the New Playwrights) existed makes the next attempt in the same direction that much easier. One thing is certain: the time for half-way measures in ideas or methods is gone, if indeed, it ever was."

At the same time that Dos Passos, Lawson, Mike Gold, Faragoh, and Basshe were experimenting not only with new form but also new content, Miss Le Gallienne, dissatisfied with the monotony of long runs, formed the Civic Repertory Theatre Company. Of course, there were the additional considerations that there were plays and parts she wanted to do, and that commercial managers could be, at the same time, long on cash and short on imagination. The first week of the new project found Miss Le Gallienne putting on Benavente's *Saturday Night,* Tchekov's *The Three Sisters,* and *The Master Builder* and *John Gabriel Borkman* of Ibsen.

If the New Playwrights are to be considered the bewildered pioneers of a new theatre working towards a new social order, then Miss Le Gallienne, by right, takes her place with those who delicately and artistically patch up the leaking remains of the old. While the New Playwrights' Theatre was a tempestuous, undisciplined torrent, the Civic Repertory Theatre was a finely landscaped but slightly misted pool.

Besides bringing plays to the professional student of the theatre, Miss Le Gallienne did make a contribution to the American theatre in that she tried out, for the first time, the repertory system. Furthermore, her scale of prices was low enough for the audience she wished to attract. And what this audience was is clearly indicated by the three plays most frequently produced, *Peter Pan, Alice in Wonderland,* and *The Cradle Song. The Cherry Orchard* was a runner up. It is also interesting to note that out of the thirty-four produced plays, those half dozen which in a small way stood out against the viciousness of our social order, were among Miss Le Gallienne's failures. This is not unexpected when one considers that her following consisted mainly of children, students of the European drama, intellectuals, and half-aesthetes.

Miss Le Gallienne fought for a non-commercial, subsidized repertory system. For this, and for her ability as an actress, not an autobiographer, she deserves respect. But on all

other counts, the theatre which she created was a backwash in the growth of an American theatre that will not remain content with decadent importations, amusing trifles, and a perfectionism to the detriment of living content. Miss Le Gallienne has failed because she has been blind to the cultural needs of those who demand the best and have been given the cheapest, the workers of New York.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

Eugenics and Fascism

THE EUGENIC PREDICAMENT, by Samuel J. Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.

The Eugenic Predicament needs public analysis chiefly for what it doesn't say. On the surface it would appear to be a valuable summary of the research that has been done in human heredity, with particular reference to mental ability. It discusses such questions as the heredity of superior ability, the sources of the birth supply, natural selection, the critics of eugenics, and a program for the future. Undoubtedly the book will be read and talked about by sociologists, "advanced" preachers, college teachers, and liberal laymen. We therefore have to ask ourselves whether it will strengthen or undermine current bourgeois notions of the role of nature and nurture in determining human structure and abilities. This is an important question, for these bourgeois notions about nature and nurture are very closely related to bourgeois theories of economics and politics. Actually such a book as *The Eugenic Predicament* is bound to be used chiefly as a weapon in controversy. And Professor Holmes lends his support to the bourgeosie, not so much by what he says as by what he fails to say.

Obviously a writer on eugenics ought to be very careful not to leave room for conclusions unwarranted by his data; in fact, he should indicate very clearly what deductions may not be drawn. Examination of Professor Holmes' preface demonstrates that it is here he has failed. For example, within the first twenty lines he says, "As a result of numerous investigations in educational psychology, it is coming to be pretty clearly established that environment has its very distinct limitations as a means of developing mental power. Or, in other words, if brains are not inherited there is small chance of acquiring them." This is all very true, but what does it mean? The unwary reader will think it means that each adult intellect reflects rather accurately the heredity of the antecedent fertilized egg. Actually it means only that a heriditarily bad brain (if such a thing exists) cannot be much improved by training. The passage would be genuinely scientific only if it were followed by a statement on the effect of bad environment on a hereditarily good brain. The truth is that, since most brains, good or bad, receive the most wretched nurture, the eugenists' attention should be focussed on this more significant case, and if he concentrates on its infrequent converse, he lays himself open to gross misunderstanding.

Another significant passage in the preface states: "Among prominent geneticists who have occupied themselves more or less with eugenics, we find some who are ardent supporters, some who adopt an attitude of limited and condescending approval, and others who are skeptical concerning some of the widely accepted doctrines of the eugenist's creed; but, so far as I am aware, no geneticist goes so far as to oppose eugenics *in toto.*" Thus Professor Holmes seems to secure the almost unanimous support of the science of genetics for the views presented in his book. Does he not know that Dr. Herman J. Muller, certainly one of the world's ten most eminent geneticists, professor of zoology in the University of Texas, discoverer of X-rays as a means for producing mutant varieties of animals, and now conducting his researches in Leningrad, opposes eugenics *in toto* and said so before the International Congress of Eugenics in New York City in August, 1932? Then there is Lancelot Hogben of London, who comes very close to expressing complete disapproval of eugenics in his *Genetic Principles in Medicine and Social Science* and *Nature and Nurture.* Nor are T. H. Morgan, A. H. Sturtevant, C. B. Bridges, O. Mohr, and J. B. S. Haldane very far from agreeing with Professors Muller and Hogben. To claim the support of such men for eugenics is, to say the least, misleading.

Finally, we find that Professor Holmes is not incapable of making statements for which he supplies no proof. For example, he says, "In common with most eugenists I am also inclined to think that in our present social and economic regime there has developed an anomalous correlation between success and sterility which tends insidiously to deteriorate the hereditary qualities of the race." I have been unable to find anywhere in the book those numerical expressions for the proportions of various levels of inherited mental and physical potentiality in various social classes which alone, by a well-defined mathematical procedure, could prove that even complete sterility of the successful would at all alter "the hereditary qualities of the race."

No doubt Professor Holmes thought he was being impartial, but unconscious and inevitable class prejudices resulted in certain fundamental omissions, and he therefore failed in his duty of smashing scientifically unjustified bourgeois notions on the origin of mental differences among men.

DONALD R. CHARLES.

Brief Review

PILGRIM OF THE APOCALYPSE: A CRITICAL STUDY OF D. H. LAWRENCE, by Horace Gregory. The Viking Press. $1.

The great weakness of Gregory's book is his willingness to take Lawrence on his own terms. It may be argued that he could not very well analyze Lawrence's whole philosophy in so brief a book, but the answer is that in that case he should have written a longer study. For, after all, as Gregory makes so perfectly clear, Lawrence's mysticism is the very essence of his writing, and that mysticism must be accepted or rejected. If one rejects it, as Gregory apparently does, then one must undertake the difficult task of explaining why Lawrence's novels and poems have any validity whatsoever. Gregory's interpretation of Lawrence's intentions is sound, but his refusal to evaluate those intentions makes his book merely suggestive and secondary.

The Screen

AFTER the mawkish mannequins and the stenciled personalities the Hollywood producers sell us it is good to turn to even a second rate Soviet film. We are always certain to relax in the presence of finished, often profound acting, in vigorous, wholesome performances. The Soviet studios do not tailor their films to suit "stars." Poslavski, for example, who played the peasant in *Golden Mountains,* and then was seen again as the declassed engineer, Skortsov, in *Shame,* appears on the screen for only a few seconds in the latest Soviet production, *Enemies of Progress.* Gardin, the central character in *Shame,* also appears in this new film, this time as a French interventionist general. And although the characterizations differ so profoundly from picture to picture, it still is as pleasant as coming upon an old friend, to meet these finished actors again.

This new Soviet film returns to the period of the Civil War and relates the struggles of the Red Partisans and the peasant guerilla bands against the last Czarist general, Ataman Annenkov. Included in the film, but not successfully integrated so that the full dramatic value fails to emerge, are the ethnic documentations of the mimic warfare, the grotesque masks, and primitive music of the ancient Chinese theatre.

There is little beyond the acting and some competent pictorial work, to recommend *Enemies of Progress* to the moviegoer. The vital elements in this history, the far eastern peasants and the central character Annenkov have been sacrificed to the making of a screen story reminiscent of the American wild west film. Despite neglecting the essential drama for the sake of a lively adventure story, the picture fails to come through.

The poor continuity which the film evidently possessed to begin with has been so mutilated by the American editors or the censors that only a series of fragments remain. There is no patterned rhythmic structure in the picture. The quality of the sound has improved since earlier Soviet pictures but the director, Beresnyev, does not show an appreciation of the cinematic uses of sound. The musical score is uneven and undistinguished, often there are long silent sequences. Only once in the lengthy ribbon is the sound used graphically. When the partisan returns to his farm the only sounds employed are the swinging of the gate, the crowing of a cock, and the barking of a dog. Here the sound succeeded in evoking a substantial atmosphere and mood.

One more sequence is worth considering. In an earlier issue we spoke of *Cocteau* and *Lot in Sodom* and suggested that the forms of decadent art might be useful to the revolutionary artist for the understanding and delineation of corruption. At the time we suggested this as a vague possibility, so we could not help being surprised when we found that *Enemies of Progress* had unwittingly stumbled upon this same experience. The Ataman, Annenkov, was an opium addict and the director was anxious to recreate cinematically the dreams Annenkov had while under the influence of the dope. The dream symbols used were: a six armed Buddha image, the domes and columns of the Leningrad buildings that the Ataman wished to occupy, and the faces of women and children. These were presented in a series of composite photographs. Beresnyev, stumbling upon the technique, used it mechanically and failed to get into the essence of the dream. He might have created a profound and moving sequence, but that would have required a greater intimacy with dream symbolism and with the camera as well. At any rate he has indicated an appreciation for the possibilities in this field. The Soviet film during the past five years has succeeded in integrating its point of view and it is replacing experience for the slogan; the dramatic values and life are now one. In the near future we may hope to receive from the Soviet studios, films dealing with contemporary reality, concerning themselves reflectively with human experience. The dream sequence in *Enemies of Progress* is another indication of this development.

There is another war film on the New York screens this week, the British-Gaumont-Fox production, *I Was A Spy,* at the Seventh Avenue Roxy. It tells the story of the Belgian, Martha Nockaert, a British spy during the last war. The point of view implied in the film is that war is deplorable but that there is courage, heroism, and human beauty that motivate people then. Of course, we grant these things; but we insist that this perception is inadequate and limited so that it cannot penetrate to the essential reality. Despite the sincerity and freshness of the film it remains an effective means of diluting the resentment against war.

Within its limitations, however, *I Was A Spy* is a sincere, integrated and moving work. The scenario and acting are excellent. Here, too, solid characters replace the Hollywood effigies, and the characterizations as well as the dialogue are substantial and honest. It is fresher than anything we can hope to get from Hollywood. It tells only a half truth, and tells it competently even though it always just falls short of the penetration and power of the Soviet *Patriots* or the German *Comrades of 1918.* But so long as we want to see movies and they are owned by the pirate-gentlemen, films like these will be more satisfying and entertaining than the grist from the Hollywood factories.

NATHAN ADLER.

Music

The Season up to Now

TO THOSE who obtain their information from the daily papers, the present concert season seems to flow peacefully in its accustomed, though somewhat narrowed, channels. Even to the superficial observer, however, there are apparent certain differences due to the economic crisis. The debuts of young, aspiring artists, and even recitals by the most-favored of the established artists, occur with lesser and lesser frequency, and to smaller audiences. One has only to scan the newspaper advertising columns and compare these columns with the columns of other days, to be aware of the tremendous lessening of the number of concerts.

Yet, in addition to this obvious falling off in the concert life of our musical metropolis, there are new currents and significant changes occurring in American music which are not comprehended or even sensed from a perusal of the daily press. Our leading critics, with perhaps one or two minor exceptions, in what appears to be a constantly increasing isolation, reserve their pontifical blessings and critical verbosities for the Philharmonic, the Metropolitan, an eight year old prodigy, or a long critical evaluation of Mr. Rachmaninoff's playing of Beethoven's d minor Sonata (Op. 31 No. 2), which seems to have a perennial "news" value, though he has included this same sonata on his American programs, lo! these many years!

The present concert season may be said to have been inaugurated with the "Second Festival of Contemporary Music" held at Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st, 1933. Here, in the midst of rolling hills, lakes, flaming autumn trees, in a mansion of peculiarly unpretentious magnificence, were presented programs by eighteen American composers which mark a significant step in the onward march of our native musicians towards recognition commensurate with their ever increasing accomplishment.

So many of our younger creative musicians were represented, that it would be unfair to deduce from superficial observation that this really significant movement at Yaddo is falling into the hands of a small clique or group of musicians, in danger of following some of their predecessors in enterprises of similar purpose into devious by-paths of discord, which inevitably lead to their premature ending. It is to be devoutly hoped that this is not the

case! Yet it was apparent that some who should have been there, even if not represented on the programs because of necessary limitations, were conspicuously absent. It is time to suggest that the creative musicians of this country reach an agreement whereby their discords be confined to their writings, and that their emotions be released to flow in the channels of their musical outpourings — whereby the cause of both their music and that of American music in general would be enormously advanced.

Certain limitations were necessarily imposed upon the scope of this festival. The intimacy of the surroundings made possible the performance of works for small combinations or solo instruments only. It was eminently fitting that, in such an atmosphere of almost cloistered quietude, the programs were confined to works of a particular genre, *i. e.,* chamber music. The long tradition surrounding this highly refined and special branch of music was here continued, but with a notable difference.

The appropriate atmosphere for this particular type of music was at Yaddo, the setting was perfect, yet the audience which assembled comprised not courtiers, wealthy, aristocratic patrons of an art which they condescended to grace with their patronage, but composers, interpreters, critics, and a small group of so-called musical intelligentsia. In these ideal surroundings, the composers came in contact with a highly intelligent audience, in such intimacy that their innermost reactions might be exchanged and studied; and where, in the "conference" which occurred on the second day of the festival, the special problems of the native musician were discussed with a view to the enlargement of the scope of his activities and artistic life in general.

As a laboratory experiment, affording composers the opportunity of hearing their own works as well as new compositions of others, such a "festival" as this is of exceeding importance in the development of our creative forces.

But all music is not performed at Yaddo, and with the transference of the musical scene to New York, what do we find with relation to the production of new music? A genuine musical life revolves not only around repeated performances of standard and accepted repertoire, but depends upon the creation of genuine interest in the performances of new works. The fact that many of these works are frankly experimental, and, at best, short-lived, others reactionary in character, in nowise alters the importance and value of programs of new music which are either ignored entirely by the leading critics or treated by them with the utmost condescension. Without the whole-hearted interest of the daily press, it seems impossible to create a large musical life in connection with native music. Even if a great or significant work were to emerge from the welter of new compositions being written in America, the world at large would be entirely oblivious of the fact. It would go unreported. Even the emergence of such a composer as Roy Harris, who possesses vitality, coherence and originality, is known only to the comparative few who happened to be at Yaddo, or at one of the sparsely attended concerts of new works presented this season in the series at the New School for Social Research.

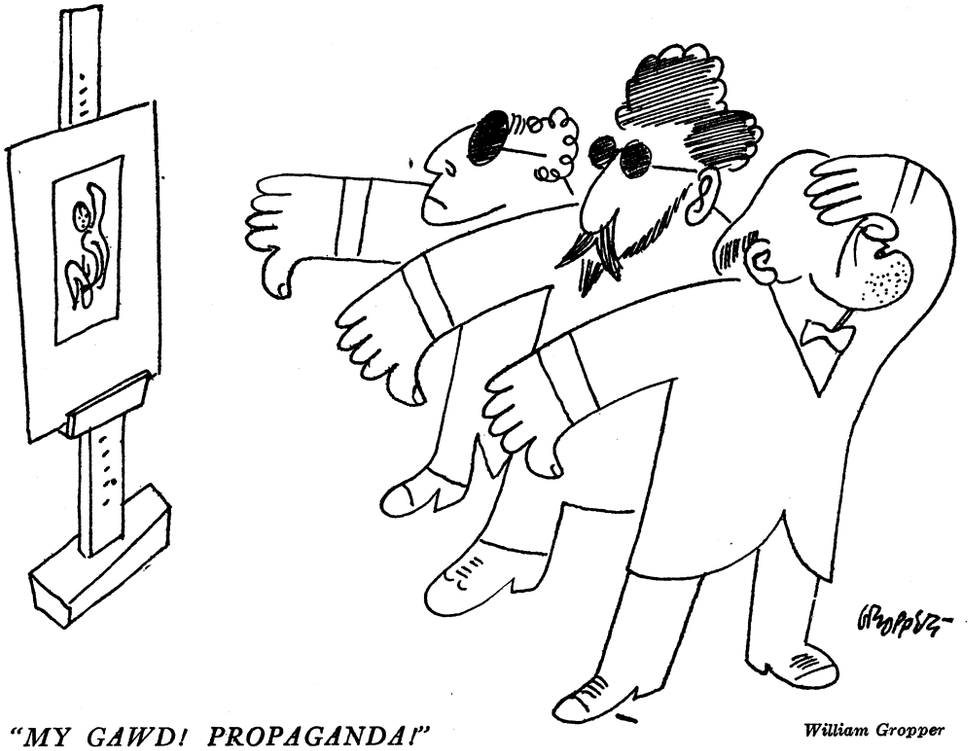
The casual observer will no doubt declare that there is a greater interest than ever before in American music, inasmuch as the Philharmonic Society has already presented Randall Thompson's Symphony this season, and the Metropolitan, for the first time in its history, opened with an opera by an American, *Peter Ibbetson,* by Deems Taylor.

The Philharmonic has been criticised so frequently for its failure to present new American works, that if it occasionally throws a sop to Cerberus in the performance of a work by a native musician, it probably feels that it has for the moment obviated further criticism on this score.

As for the belated turning of the Metropolitan to an interest in American art and artists, a very amusing and at the same time tragic chapter is added to our musical history. In spite of the much-ballyhooed record of "fourteen American operas at the Metropolitan during the reign of Signor Gatti-Casazza," we know that the Metropolitan has consistently ignored American opera and operatic artists until it was forced into a policy of financial retrenchment, and when in its desperation it had to call for contributions from the general public. As a reward, they were actually obliged to engage American artists, though of course at salaries much lower than those formerly paid to foreign "stars." At last New York will be able to hear that consummate American singer John Charles Thomas, for the first time in opera, although Brussels has been hearing him annually for many years. As for "American" opera, of this we shall hear more anon, for has not the Metropolitan, in addition to *Peter Ibbetson,* repeated Gruenberg's *Emperor Jones,* as well as announced the stage premiere of Hanson's *Merry Mount?*

The effect of the apathy of the leading critics toward the work of a vastly increased number of creative musicians in this country, is to continue the ancient tradition that the higher benefits of music are the exclusive privilege of the middle and upper strata of society; instead of music being an essential and integral part of the lives of the masses of the people. As long as our creative musical minds are confined to development in the atmosphere of clinical, musical laboratories, without coming in contact with the reactions of large groups, or the masses of the people, so long will they continue to create music which will fail to attain great significance, or to catch the changing spirit of mankind in its struggles to escape from the straitjacket of the past.

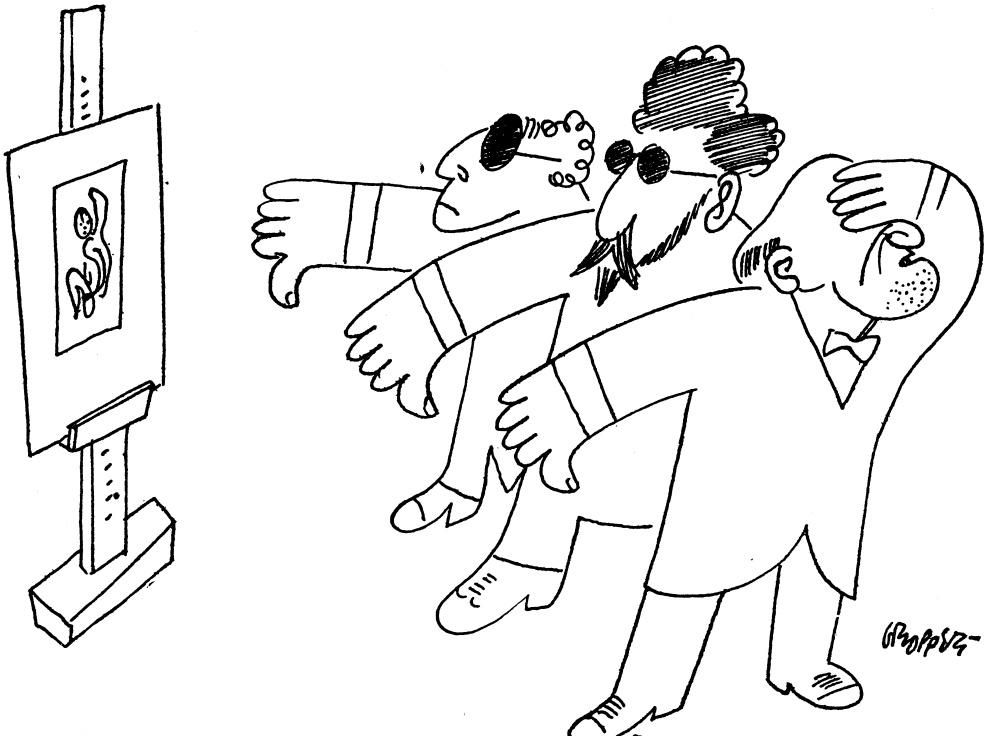
ASHLEY PETTIS.



"MY GAWD! PROPAGANDA!" — *William Gropper*

Soviet Film Series

The fourth performance in the Soviet film series being presented at the New School for Social Research, by the Film and Photo League and the NEW MASSES is scheduled for January 27. The subject is the anti-imperialist film. *Shanghai Document,* one of the outstanding films of the documentary school, will be the feature presentation, and Donald Henderson will be guest lecturer. At the third performance two films, *Forest People of the Ude* and *Jews on the Soil* were the feature presentations and Joshua Kunitz was the lecturer.



"MY GAWD! PROPAGANDA!"

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