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NOVEMBER 20, 1934

THE elections are over and the American masses are swiftly being aroused from the stupefying effects of pre-election promises. Before elections the daily press was filled with figures as to what the government—federal, state and local — had done for the unemployed, and how much it intended to do in the future. It was hinted that Roosevelt had a plan for abolishing unemployment and poverty and was going to spring it as a Christmas surprise. But no sooner had the last ballot been counted than the Roosevelt administration, through Secretary of Commerce Roper, delivered what was hailed by the capitalist press as “the federal government’s most far-reaching assurance to business and conservative thought.” The administration, he announced, “does not intend any sweeping application of reform measures.” And he added significantly that “The immediate future should record the return of caring for the unemployed to the states and the localities.” Already, during the past few months, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration and most of the states have been progressively paring off their relief allotments in spite of greater needs and more intense misery. The great majority of municipalities are either bankrupt or on the verge of financial collapse. The funds they have are constantly being drained by the banking leeches, relief appropriations being considered only after all other items have been dispensed with. Chicago, for example, has just cut 26,000 families from its relief rolls, while New York City is suffering one of its periodic “relief crises,” in spite of the fact that the 1935 budget calls for 180 millions for the bankers, or approximately one-third of the total budget. In the midst of this nation-wide retrenchment in relief, Senator Borah’s charge of “shameless waste” has been taken up eagerly by the daily press. On the subject of more funds for the starving millions, Senator Borah is eloquently silent. It is just another instance of capitalist politicians exploiting mass misery for political ends.

AN advisory committee on economic security has just been added by Roosevelt to his gigantic pyramid of committees. Its aims and purposes are

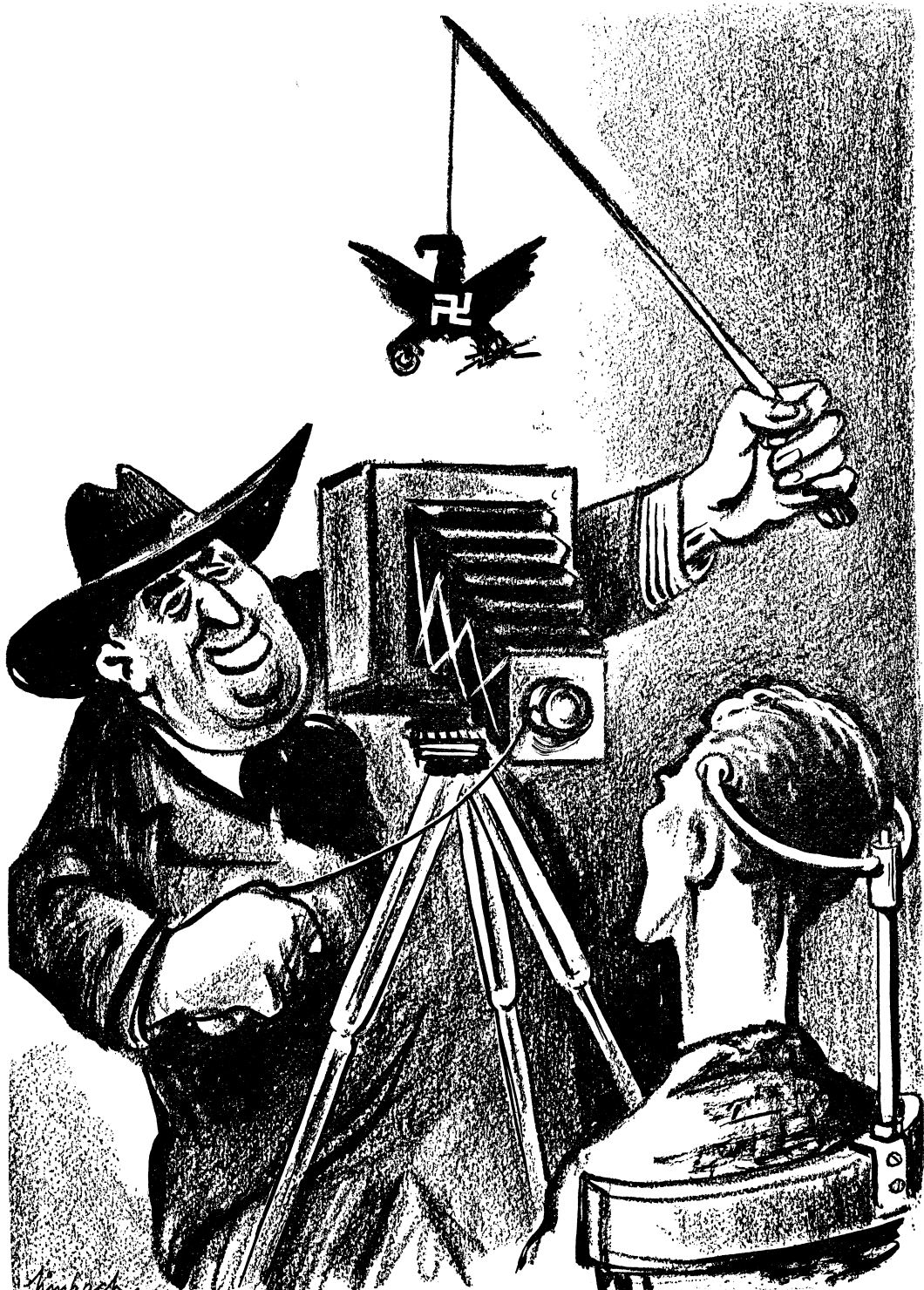


La Guardia Plans Photo-file of all Relief Workers—*The Daily Worker*

Limbach

indicated by a glance at the names heading this committee. Walter Teagle of Standard Oil and Gerard Swope of General Electric, champion labor-haters and opponents of real unemployment insurance, represent “industry.” Representing “labor” are the two leading strike-breakers, William Green and George L. Berry, plus Paul Scharrenberg, whom Tom Mooney placed at the very top of his list of A. F. of L. leaders who betrayed him. To these Roosevelt has added the usual window dressing in the form of ineffectuals supposed to represent social welfare. Thus far the administration has maintained an air of secrecy concerning its intended plans for

economic security. This secrecy bodes ill for the working-class, but prominent among the proposals mentioned is one whereby the government will pour billions into private industry, guaranteeing business against loss. The intention, it is claimed, is to speed up production with a view to increased employment. The vicious fallacy in the theory that speeding up production brings a corresponding increase in employment was clearly shown by the workings of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation under Hoover and Roosevelt, when the government gave billions to the railroads and industries ostensibly for this same purpose. These billions were poc-



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keted by the big magnates as dividends to themselves while workers received wage cuts and many were fired. That this plan is favored by the administration is indicated in its slogan of re-employment in industry with no check on private profits. No wonder big business is now almost unanimously with the Democrats, as the Republicans complain. Roosevelt is serving them well.

THE week's low in literary production comes from Rudyard Kipling. Time and circumstance have brought that ripe old imperialist to the technical level of Eddie Guest. Looking back a few decades one is appalled at the amount of barbarous and cannibalistic fury that the pious English of Victoria and Edward meekly accepted from Mr. Kipling. His latest production, commemorating Australia's part in the World War, pumps up the old sentiments of "Imperial unity," but it sounded thin to starving Australians, who bear the brunt of the English crisis and suffer the preferential trade agreements in favor of the London financial rings: the Lords "of the far-flung battle line."

WHILE Kipling was being read on Armistice Day in Melbourne, the Irish populace was in the streets burning the Union Jack and shouting the slogan, "Down with imperialism and war." In London the greatest tensity prevailed, and in spite of the new Seditious Law, which suppresses workers' rights, the masses marched in counter-demonstrations. Outside the British Empire were similar manifestations of revolt. In Paris the Communists and Socialists attended monster mass meetings in protest against the reactionary government and war. There were numerous clashes with fascist and Royalist bands, not only in Paris, but at Lille, and elsewhere. Tens of thousands poured into the Place de la Nation, where a red flag flew from the column, and took oath against participation in a bosses' war. In the Saar, in spite of prohibitory decrees, Red Front open air meetings commemorated the October Revolution. Most remarkable of all were the Austrian demonstrations. Illegal Socialist and Communist meetings were held in the woods and hills around Vienna, where speeches attacking the fascist regime were made. "Men were posted to warn of the approach of police, who were out in force," said the New York Times correspondent. But in spite of these precautions, mass ar-



rests were made throughout Austria to forestall larger meetings expected the next day. Under the leadership of the American League Against War and Fascism rallies took place in many American cities. At the Soldiers and Sailors monument in New York City, several thousand students and members of youth organizations participated in an anti-war demonstration. Everywhere the spirit of an aroused working class defied the insincere "mourners" at the elaborate official ceremonies and charged that these same statesmen, who were paying tribute to the millions of war dead, were preparing another war in their cabinets.

CAPITALIST governments speed ahead with their war preparations, as a casual glance at the week's newspapers shows. Friday, Nov. 9, The World Telegram: A photo showing a Fascist official presenting a rifle to a member of the Ballila, young Fascist organization, while Mussolini looked on approvingly. This was at the thirteenth annual celebration of the march to Rome, and symbolized Mussolini's plan to start the military training of Italian boys at 8. Saturday, Nov. 10, N. Y. Times: Picture showing a wingless plane landing on War College grounds, the completion of a test on the undoubted use of autogiros by U. S. Army in the next war. Sunday, Nov. 11, N. Y. Herald-Tribune: Italy — Mussolini announced the launching of the Corporative State for the fifth time, thirteen years after its supposed founding, and

described its purpose: "ceaselessly to augment the global power of the nation and further its expansion on earth"; England—Lloyd George told an audience at an exhibition of gruesome war-time photographs that war was inevitable within the next ten years, and suggested the uselessness of efforts at disarmament; France—Textbooks distributed hereafter to school children will contain notices on the cover telling them what to do in case of an air raid. Thus, in France, England, Italy, and in the United States, capitalist governments celebrated the Armistice, exclaiming loudly about peace, but quietly developing their war machinery.

FROM the City College of New York to the University of California, American college students are facing a wave of academic suppression. The banning of student publications and forums, the actions of campus vigilantes, and even direct police interference are the order of the day. Eighteen students were arrested recently while engaged in legally picketing the home of President Robinson of City College. Provost Moore of the University of California at Los Angeles, declaring the student Open Forum illegal, ordered it suppressed. He then dismissed five members of the Student Council because they sympathized with the National Student League in its demand for the Open Forum. The next morning three thousand booing students turned out on the campus. While large numbers of police looked on speakers urged a mass strike for the principle of free speech. At other California institutions similar struggles are going on. President MacQuarrie of the State Teachers' College at San Jose has launched a campaign to rid the campus of radicals. He wrote in the college daily: "If you know members of the group circulating red literature on the campus please feel quite free to take them to the edge of the campus and drop them off . . ." Goebbels could have expressed himself no more clearly. The Berkeley students of the University of California organized a huge protest strike in sympathy with the Los Angeles students. They were pelted with eggs by the usual rowdy vigilante bands of football players and fraternity men, encouraged, it is suspected, by the administration. Meanwhile the Hearst papers, commenting editorially on the student fight for free speech, exclaim: "These young persons are old enough to know exactly what they are doing. . . . They

are looking for trouble and they should get it. Not only should they be thrown out of the institutions . . . they should be thrown out of the country." It is no accident that this fight has come in California at the present time. The fascist tendencies have flared into open fascist action in California more than in any other state. The University of California students, in their struggle for academic freedom are in the vanguard of the fight against Fascism.

THE Negro is better off in the United States than anywhere else in the world. . . . The more horrible lynchings are, the more quickly all lynchings will cease. . . . Negro people and white people do not think 'in terms' of each other." These are some of the statements Dr. Robert R. Moton, Negro educator, is reported to have made upon his retirement as principal of the famous Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama. Whether or not the Negro and white persons in general "think in terms" of one another, it is clear that Dr. Moton thinks in terms of the white ruling class of Alabama. On the very day that Dr. Moton was giving his interview, Claude Neal, a Negro youth, was advertised for slaugh-

ter in the same state. Some years ago in Georgia a lynch mob hung an expectant Negro mother by her feet and ripped open her body. More recently lynch mobs used corkscrews to pluck out the eyes of a Negro and his wife and then burned the couple. . . . Yet Dr. Moton wants lynchings more horrible still, on the theory that the "better white people" will rise and stop them. But it is precisely these people who say lynching is inevitable and publish the newspapers that advertise lynchings. It is these people whom Dr. Moton, and the upper class Negroes whom he represents, aim to please; it is their class interests that he upholds against the interests of the Negro masses.

IN the same interview Dr. Moton made the statement that "too much" had already been said about the Scottsboro case for him to "add a word." Knowing Dr. Moton's politics, we can understand his hesitance to commit himself. Much more can be said about Scottsboro—and will be said—than he will ever agree to. And not only words—actions—will be necessary to save the boys. As we write this, a delegation, including three of the Scottsboro mothers, departs for Washington to try

to head off the imminent legal murder of two of the boys—the execution date is Dec. 7. The delegation is headed by William F. Jones, of the Baltimore Afro-American, chairman of the National Scottsboro-Herndon Action Committee. This committee, and the I.L.D., are providing the leadership for the Scottsboro defense movement; funds for this task are needed. All who do not believe with Dr. Moton that "too much" has been said on Scottsboro must aid immediately. The I.L.D. address is 80 East Eleventh Street, N. Y. City.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the "liberalization" of the foreign exchange curbs, by the Treasurer of the United States on November 13, captured the main headlines in the metropolitan press, yet the move had little significance beyond the possible elimination of some of the bureaucratic red tape in which the granting of individual federal licenses to engage in buying and selling foreign exchange and credit has become involved. As long as the free shipment abroad of gold coin or bullion and of gold certificates, which are government promises to pay gold, remains prohibited, as it is under this edict, no possible effects can result from it on the value of the dollar and, presumably, on our foreign trade. Nor can a "flight from the dollar," or the export of capital develop. The export of silver must of course remain nil, in the face of the active bidding for that metal in the world market by our own government. The prominence given to this announcement in the daily press is simply one more instance of the way the people are made to chase the rainbow. For years the average American has had it pounded into his head that manipulation of the currency and of foreign exchange can permanently direct a country's foreign trade into desired channels. To make the dollar cheaper in terms of, say, the British pound, he has been told, would create a demand for American commodities in Great Britain: the British merchant would have to pay a smaller fraction of the pound for the American dollar with which he would buy American goods.

WHAT the people are not told is that, in the first place, it is not the rate of exchange that determines the flow of international trade, but that it is the flow of international trade that determines the rate of exchange. Artificial manipulation of currencies can, at best, have but temporary and illusory effects,

new Masses

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Ricardo knew that much a hundred years ago. In the second place, two can play at this game of currency manipulation, as well as one. In fact America went off the gold standard precisely for the avowed purpose of offsetting the presumed advantages accruing to off-gold Great Britain. It does not take long for any country that thinks itself threatened in the world market by the depreciated currencies of its rivals (as well as for other and demagogic reasons) to counter with the same tactic so that the presumed advantages are equalized. But most fundamental of all, of course, is the effect of a depreciated currency on the domestic price level. Long before currency depreciation goes far enough to become a threat to international rivals, it brings about an artificial rise in the domestic commodities market. When that happens, the real purchasing power of the mass of home consumers declines, so that any possible increase in exports that may result is more than offset by the larger decrease in consumer demand at home. The crisis, from which currency depreciation is resorted to as an escape, deepens.

THE old wizard, Henry Ford, has waved his wand again and "the depression is over." He has been "seeing in the future," he tells us, and all that is necessary is for American industrialists to take hold of their plants, "and their country, too," and run them with "good, sound American business sense." He proposes to set the pace by turning out over a million cars next year. (Other Detroit manufacturers wistfully hope for an "upturn in consumer demand," but refuse to be quoted.) Ford is steadily adding to his already considerable reputation as a bad guesser. At the White House conference in 1929 he was saying that wages must go up. The Ford publicity machine broadcast an increase from \$6 minimum per day to \$7. At the end of 1930, he was discharging thousands of men. In 1931 the \$6 came back. In 1932 there was a steep wage cut and machine-guns for disappointed jobless. Cries of "Ford will save the country" no longer impressed even the American middle-classes, then in the process of losing their last remaining shirt. Today they will be even less impressed by Ford's cries. But how does Ford's boast sound to a Ford worker? In 1934 the speed-up at the plants reached such a degree of efficiency that less than 40,000 workers could turn out 650,000 cars. Conveyors' lines were

running 3 and 3½ miles an hour as against 2 miles previously, with a 9½ to 10 hour day, owing to enforced preparations before and after the whistle. A single automatic valve-inserting machine installed in department 411 of the Foundry Machine Shop, plus three men, can perform operations that heretofore required forty-two men. With new machines, another increase of speed in the lines, and men working more than four days a week, the 1,000,000 new cars could be turned out *without any increase in the number employed*. Some will say that Ford is in earnest because he is building a \$20,000,000 steel plant at Dearborn, and spending \$2,000,000 to expand the capacity of his River Rouge plant. But there are more reasons than the usual customer-demand that motivate Ford, the prophet: the next war will be heavily motorized, and will furnish a huge market for steel . . . Maybe this is what Ford means by "good, sound American business sense."

ART FRONT, the official organ of the Artists' Union, is the latest addition to the growing list of left wing publications. Most of the space in the first issue is devoted to the expansion and program of the Artists' Union. In the one year of its existence, this organization of artists, Art Front relates, has carried on a persistent struggle and agitation for employment and adequate relief and can already record a number of important victories. It has a membership of 700 and is rapidly growing. Art Front also devotes a great deal of space to the activities of the Artists Committee of Action whose vigorous campaign for a municipal art center administered by artists has aroused the admiration and enthusiasm of all sincere lovers of the arts in this city. The detailed story of how this project, endorsed by John Dewey, Mumford, Stieglitz, Tchudy and many other prominent men in the world of art, has been sidetracked by the shifty maneuver of LaGuardia makes instructive reading.

ART YOUNG, most beloved of American cartoonists, is rounding out his 67th year, and his friends are celebrating the event this Sunday night. The old Civic Repertory Theatre on 14th Street will be bulging from cellar to roof with some of the grand army of Art's admirers. This ageless veteran, with his whimsical chuckle, his pert blue eyes, and that humorous profile of embonpoint he has drawn in so many auto-

libelous portraits, deserves such homage. For more years than the editors of THE NEW MASSES have yet seen, Art Young has been conducting his own little war on American capitalism. He has sneered at the Fat Bully, he has shown him frying in an Americanized hell, he has laughed at, excoriated, blasphemed, and machine-gunned our Mr. Fat. No other American cartoonist, except, of course, Robert Minor, can be proud of as long and consistent a record in the revolutionary movement. No other cartoonist, surely, has yet been indicted for sedition in war-time, and kept as unruffled. Art Young is Art Young. In Moscow he would have long ago been given the highest title in the gift of a workers' republic, that of People's Artist. Millions of workers would have celebrated his jubilee throughout the nation.

AS it is, there will be historic overtones to the Art Young celebration this Sunday. It is the result of a united front between Socialists and Communists. Among the groups that are sponsoring it are the Socialist periodicals, New Leader and Arise, and the Socialist cultural club, "Rebel Arts," as well as the John Reed Club, the New Theatre magazine and THE NEW MASSES. The League for Mutual Aid is also aiding in the preparations. To the circular letter organizing the affair were signed the names of Norman Thomas, leader of the Socialist Party, and Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, the first time such a thing has happened. Art Young has always been a one-man united front, and may his influence spread. And may there be at least 40 more of these celebrations, so when America is at last a sane and happy workers' land, Art Young will still be there to chuckle with the youngsters, and to draw his pictures for them of the vanished Mr. Fat. Viva Art Young! And long live the United Front!

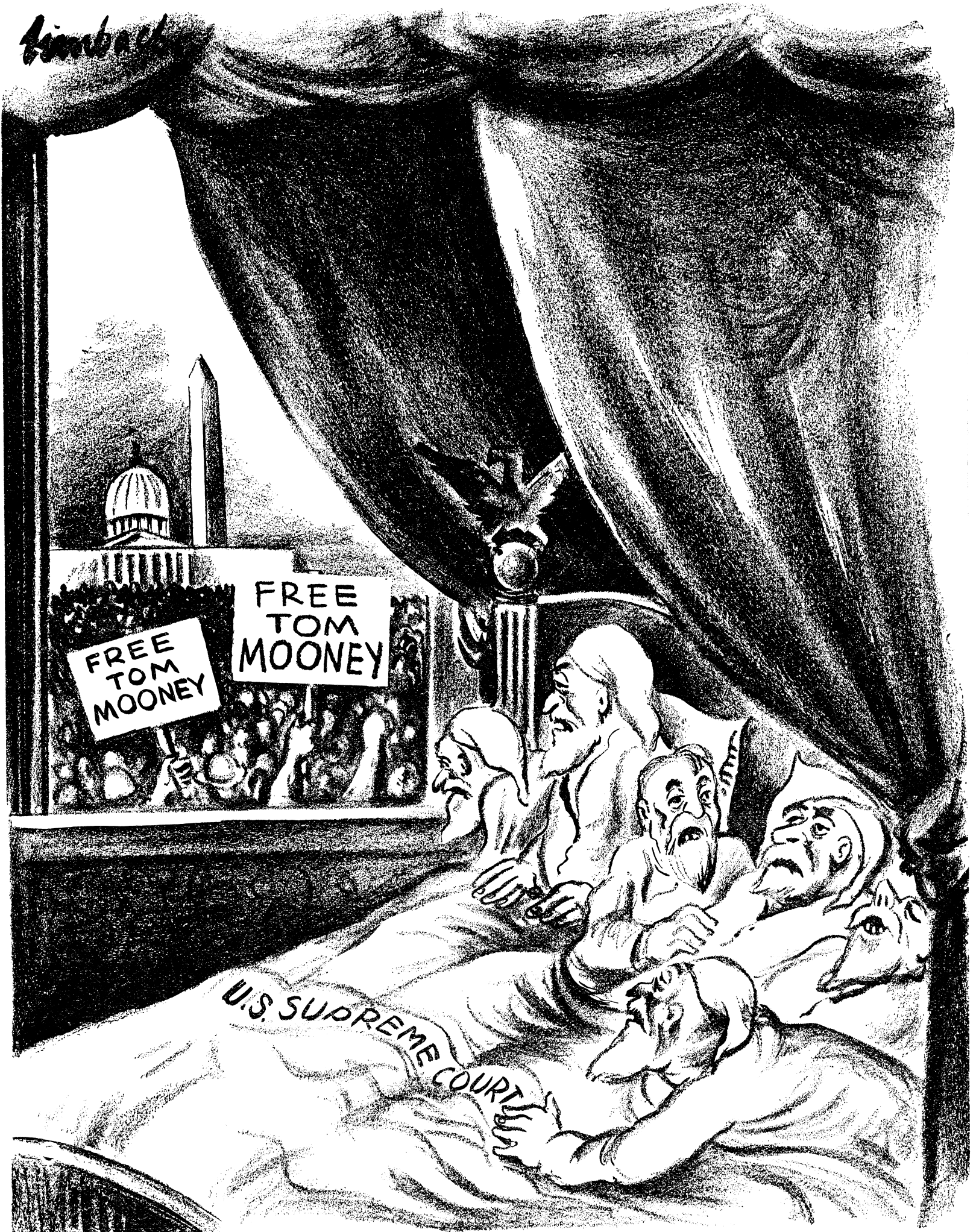
Tin Types

"Self-styled proletarians trying to live as bourgeois as they were able."—Paul Rosenfeld, reviewing E. E. Cummings' *Eimi* in *Contempo*.

You can unearth no fouler man
Than a self-styled proletarian,
A serf who in his churlish way
Demands his three square meals a day
Who wants warm clothes, who wants a bed
Who wants a roof above his head;
In fact the scoundrel wants to be—
God save the mark—bourgeois like me.

DAN SHAYS.

Limbach



FREE
TOM
MOONEY

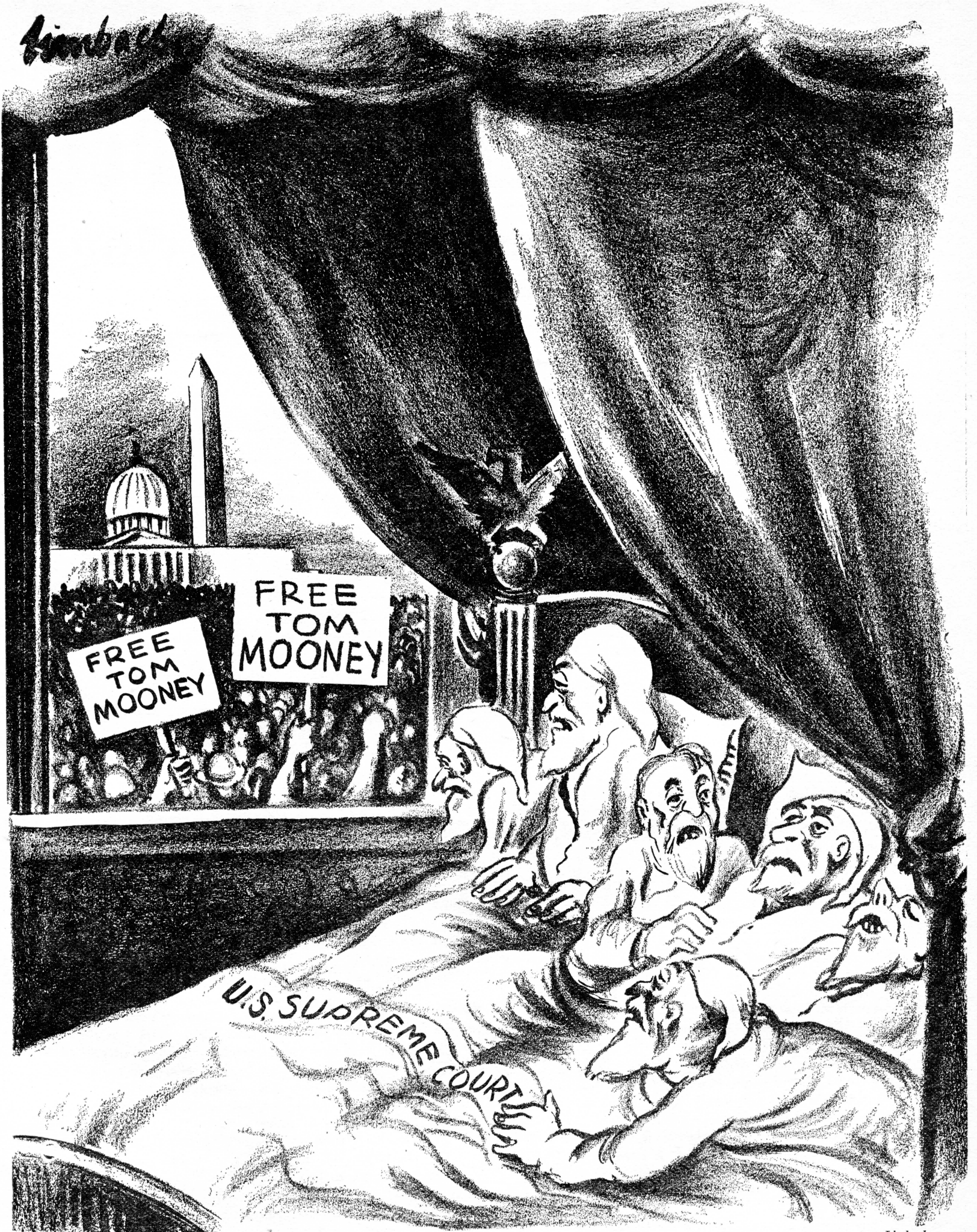
FREE
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MOONEY

U.S. SUPREME COURT

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS

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AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS

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Joe Hill Listens to the Praying

KENNETH PATCHEN

Look at the steady rifles, Joe.
It's all over now—"Murder, first degree,"
The jury said. It's too late now
To go back. Listen Joe, the chaplain is reading:

*Lord Jesus Christ who didst
So mercifully promise heaven
To the thief that humbly confessed
His injustice*

throw back your head

Joe; remember that song of yours
We used to sing in jails all over
These United States—tell it to him:
"I'll introduce to you
A man that is a credit to our Red, White
and Blue,
His head is made of lumber and solid as
a rock;
He is a Christian Father and his name is
Mr. Block."

Remember, Joe—

"You take the cake,
You make me ache,
Tie a rock on your block and jump
in the lake,
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake."

*Behold me, I beseech Thee, with
The same eyes of mercy that*

on the other

Hand we're driftin' into Jungles
From Kansas to the coast, wrapped
round brake beams on a thousand
freights; San Joaquin and Omaha
brush under the wheels—"God made the summer
for the hobo and the bummer"—we've been
everywhere, seen everything.

Winning the West for the good citizens;
Driving golden spikes into the U. P.;
Harvest hands, lumbermen drifting—
now Iowa, now Oregon—
God, how clean the sky; the lovely wine
Of coffee in a can. This land
is our lover. How greenly beautiful
Her hair; her great pure breasts
that are
The Rockies on a day of mist and rain.

We love this land of corn and cotton,
Virginia and Ohio, sleeping on
With our love, with our love—

O burst of Alabama loveliness, sleeping on
In the strength of our love; O Mississippi flowing
Through our nights, a giant mother.

Pardon, and in the end

How green is her hair,
how pure are her breasts; the little farms
nuzzling into her flanks
drawing forth life, big rich life
Under the deep chant of her skies
And rivers—but we, we're driftin'
Into trouble from Kansas to the coast, clapped
into the stink and rot of country jails
and clubbed by dicks and cops
Because we didn't give a damn—

remember Joe

How little we cared, how we sang
the nights away in their filthy jails;

and how, when

We got wind of a guy called Marx
we sang less, just talked

And talked. "Blanket-stiffs" we were
But we could talk, they couldn't jail us
For that—but they did—

remember Joe

Of my life be strengthened

One Big Union:
our convention in Chi; the Red Cards,
leaflets; sleeping in the parks,
the Boul Mich; "wobblies" now, cheering
the guys that spoke our lingo, singing
down the others. "Hear that train blow,
Boys, hear that train blow."

Now confessing my crimes, I may obtain

Millions of stars, Joe—millions of miles.

Remember Vincent St. John

In the Goldfield strike; the timid little squirt
with the funny voice, getting onto the platform
and slinging words at us that rolled
down our chins and into our hearts,
like boulders hell-bent down a mountain side.

And Orchard, angel of peace
—with a stick of dynamite in either hand.

Pettibone and Moyer: "The strike
Is your weapon, to hell with politics."

Big Bill—remember him—

At Boise—great red eye rolling like a lame bull
through the furniture and men
of the courtroom—"This bastard,
His Honor."



Joe Hill Listens to the Praying

KENNETH PATCHEN



Joe Hill Listens to the Praying

KENNETH PATCHEN

Hobo Convention:
 (Millions of stars, Joe—millions of miles.)
 "Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
 Hallelujah, I'm a bum." His Honor,
 the sonofabitch!
 One Big Strike, Lawrence, Mass—
 23,000 strong, from every neck
 of every woods in America, 23,000,
 Joe, remember. "We don't need
 a leader. We'll fix things up
 among ourselves."
 "Blackie" Ford and "Double-nose" Suhr in
 Wheatland—"I. W. W.'s don't destroy
 property"—and they got life. "I've counted
 The stars, boys, counted a million of these prison bars."

San Diego, soap boxes,
 Hundreds of them! And always
 their jail shutting out the sky,
 the clean rhythm of the wheels
 on a fast freight; disinfectant getting
 into the lung-pits, spitting blood
 But singing—Christ, how we sang,
 remember the singing

Joe, One Big Union,
 One Big
 hope to be

With Thee

What do they matter, Joe, these rifles.
 They can't reach the towns, the skies, the songs,
 that now are part of more
 than any of us—we were
 The homeless, the drifters, but, our songs
 had hair and blood on them.
 There are no soap boxes in the sky.
 We won't eat pie, now, or ever
 when we die,
 but Joe
 We had something they didn't have:
 our love for these States
 was real and deep;

to be with Thee

In heaven. Amen.

(How steady are
 the rifles.) We had slept
 naked on this earth on the coldest nights
 listening to the words of a guy named Marx.
 Let them burn us, hang us, shoot us,

Joe Hill,

For at the last we had what it takes
 to make songs with.

Plotting the American Pogroms

8. The "Hate-The-Jew" Campaign in the Colleges

JOHN L. SPIVAK

MOST COLLEGES and universities throughout the United States have witnessed, since Hitler got into power, a rising tide of anti-semitism. Most students and professors, Jew and Gentile, are amazed, unable to account for this sudden development. That there had been a more or less latent anti-semitic feeling in many universities is recognized. Harvard's action some years ago in limiting the number of Jewish students was the first open move on a racial basis. It was an isolated instance which brought it the condemnation of the country.

That Jewish students are discriminated against in admissions is too well-known to need proof in this article. Many of our leading universities have limited admissions without announcing it as openly as Harvard did. That few Jews rise to full professorships in the universities is also well-known. The evidence of racial discrimination is so overwhelming that more than one article could be written about that alone. At present I am interested in explaining the activities behind the sudden rise of anti-semitism in our leading universities and colleges. What the vast majority of students and professors do not know is that in our universities and colleges there is a secret anti-semitic organization directed by German exchange students to carry on pro-Hitler prop-

aganda and develop the "Hate-the-Jew" creed for the sake of "pure Aryan culture." Working with this secret organization are Nazi agents who came here ostensibly to study, and one hundred percent Americans in the "patriotic" organizations which are distributing anti-semitic propaganda in cooperation with secret Hitler agents in the United States.

This secret organization is known as the Paul Reveres and is headed by Col. Edwin Marshall Hadley with headquarters in Room 1911, 120 South La Salle St., Chicago. The Paul Reveres have branches in almost every university and college in the country, including the largest like Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Northwestern University in Chicago, and Columbia. This organization, with a special espionage division, has given particular attention to the colleges in New York City which have a great many Jewish students. In addition to these various colleges and universities, the Paul Reveres have recently extended their activities to the high schools, again especially in New York City.

This student espionage and propaganda organization works in cooperation with Nazi agents who entered this country as German exchange students. The primary object of the Paul Reveres is ostensibly the development of "patriotism."

Its original organizer and secretary was

Mrs. Albert W. Dilling of Kenilworth, the author of *The Red Network*, which listed Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mayor Fiorello La Guardia as "Reds." Mrs. Dilling, however, does not seem to feel that all Jews are Communists or "potential Communists," and when she learned of Col. Hadley's anti-semitic tendencies, she wrote to him in protest. Col. Hadley replied (March 6, 1934):

Regarding the "Jew angle" patriotic movements can be handled by them in a body much better than in mixed groups so please see to it that the chapter [a division of the Paul Reveres] is kept strictly a Gentile organization. This can be handled without publicity by your membership committee.

Mrs. Dilling's hatred of Communists halted at the injection of the race issue, and she resigned. The Paul Reveres, though continuing their drive for members on "patriotic" grounds, asked all applicants whether they were Jews.

Col. Hadley did not dare to come out too openly with his hatred of the Jews, so he published a 24-page pamphlet, *The Plan in Action*, a bitter, vitriolic attack on the Jews, and signed it "by Earnest Sincere." The authorship of this pamphlet has been kept secret even from the leading disseminators of anti-semitic propaganda. Countless thousands of this vicious attack on the Jewish race have

been distributed throughout the length and breadth of the country. One of the chief distributors is Royal Scott Gulden, head of the anti-semitic espionage Order of '76. Gulden himself, though in contact with Col. Hadley, does not know this "patriot" is the author of the pamphlet.

There is much more to be said about Col. Hadley and his "patriotic" activities, but I think this is sufficient to show the type of man who heads the Paul Reveres and their anti-semitic activities in our universities.

Within recent months, the country has become aware of a particularly bitter feeling on the Jewish and radical questions in New York City colleges, New York University, C.C. N.Y., and Columbia especially. What caused this eruption mystified not only the people, but most of the student bodies and their professors. None of them dreamed that it was caused by the cunning operations of Nazi agents working with and through native American students.

Early in 1934, Hitler agents in the United States headed by Guenther Orgell, head of the Nazi secret political service in this country, decided that an espionage organization must be organized in the universities and colleges. A young student whose name, I am sorry to say, I do not know, arranged a meeting with Rudyard Uzzell, Jr., a student at the University of Pennsylvania, the son of Mrs. R. S. Uzzell, 8812-165th St., Queens, in Royal Scott Gulden's office, headquarters of the espionage Order of '76. The readers of this series will recollect that Royal Scott Gulden, head of this "patriotic" order is working in cooperation with Nazi agents here.

Gulden, the reader will recollect, merged his organization with the Silver Shirts, headed by William Dudley Pelley. The two worked to extend their spy and propaganda systems. It is in Gulden's organization that I found members of the United States Military and Naval Intelligence, detectives and big business men and it is Gulden's organization, too, which has been most active in disseminating former (he was defeated in the Nov. 6 election) Congressman Louis T. McFadden's anti-semitic speeches in Congress. I give this brief summary so the reader will understand the relations between these "patriots" and Nazi secret service agents.

The young woman who arranged this meeting is the head of the espionage division of the Paul Revere branch at Cornell University. Uzzell had been exceedingly active in organizing espionage and anti-semitic groups in various colleges, achieving his greatest success at the University of Pennsylvania.

Uzzell, after his meeting with Gulden, asked to be presented to Orgell, who is ostensibly head of the United German Societies but devotes most of his time to directing Hitler's secret service work in the United States and the smuggling of anti-semitic propaganda off German boats which dock in New York. Uzzell wanted to discuss with Orgell the combining of Nazi and American anti-semitic activities in the colleges.

The Noble-Minded Mr. Bruderhausen Gets His Lawyer to Write Us a Letter

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Having faith in your spirit of fairness, we are justified in calling attention to a misstatement of fact in your edition of October 9, 1934, on page 12 in the article by John L. Spivak *Plotting the American Pogroms*.

Near the end of the third column on page 12, you state the following: "... At another time, the propaganda was consigned to 'respectable' addresses. Each ship has a specific address or collection of addresses to which material is sent. The S.S. St. Louis which docks at Pier 86, for instance, (in case Customs Officials are interested), has its anti-semitic propaganda wrapped up in neat packages and consigned to the German Book Import Company, 27 Park Place, New York City or to A. Bruderhausen Book Shop, 15 West 45th Street, New York City."

If there were a scintilla of truth in respect to Mr. Bruderhausen, the allegations would be passed by—but it isn't true and we feel you do not wish to sponsor misstatements and we are authorized by Mr. Bruderhausen to say that he never received any such propaganda of which you speak. In other words, the statement is harmful to him and makes a characterization which is absolutely untrue to fact. Indeed, Mr. Bruderhausen is not a type to lend himself to any propaganda against the Jewish race for he is proud to claim amongst his friends and customers many of that faith.

Mr. Bruderhausen is too noble-minded to seek retribution simply for a misstatement of fact and deems he has done his duty by calling your attention to it, trusting that you at the proper time and in your manner may correct the error because it has been seen by many of his friends and thus may prove harmful to him if not corrected.

HERMAN A. HEYDT.

Law Offices of
H. A. and C. E. Heydt
521 Fifth Avenue

[On May 8, 1934, the S.S. St. Louis docked at Pier 86. It had on board anti-semitic pamphlets wrapped and addressed to A. Bruderhausen Bookshop, 15 West 45th Street, New York City. Mr. Bruderhausen is correct in saying he never received the literature. The package was opened by an inspector and confiscated.—J. L. S.]

This hopeful young Nazi, aided by his mother, is apparently determined to make anti-semitism and espionage through the Paul Reveres his life work, for he has in his home in Queens one of the largest card indexes in the country of prominent people who can be won over by proper propaganda. On April 3, 1934, Uzzell and Guenther Orgell met at the Friends of New Germany headquarters. Orgell told his visitor that he would be glad to use him in an advisory capacity in college propaganda work, but the man in charge of the Paul Reveres had been more than satisfactory in establishing Nazi cells in the colleges.

Uzzell asked him who the man was, but Orgell would not tell him. Uzzell and most of the student members do not know to this day who he is. For their and the public's information, the man is Fred Wetzel, 240 East 86th Street, New York City. This student has secretly organized twenty Nazi cells at C.C.N.Y. alone. These secret Nazi cells within the student body follow the German method of four students to each cell.

In organizing these cells, the work is car-

ried on with extreme caution. Members of the student espionage and propaganda organization, under strict orders from German agents like Orgell, do not approach possible members directly. Instead, there is a special group of students who act as primary contacts to feel out the prospects. Usually each university and college throughout the country has one special "contact man." In New York City the contact man is a Columbia University post-graduate student, St. George Bissell, the 3rd, son of Pelham St. George Bissell, Municipal Court Justice of New York. He lives with his father at 270 Park Avenue.

Bissell has been active in promoting Fascism on the Columbia campus, but none of the students knows that this man is working not only with the Paul Reveres, but frequently consults Royal Scott Gulden on the best methods of developing his espionage and anti-semitic organization. Bissell constantly moves in circles of secret Nazi agents and provocateurs. On March 29, 1934, for instance, a secret meeting was held at the justice's luxurious Park Avenue apartment at which Gulden explained the need of organizing students

"to be ready to do the bidding of the Paul Reveres in attacking Communists and Jews on Union Square." The justice was present when the meeting was called to order, but left after a few minutes without saying anything.

These activities have developed open race hatred on the campuses of the various universities. In some, as at Harvard and Yale, open organization of Nazi groups is directly traceable to the activities of "patriotic" American students working with German agents. Cooperating with these Nazi groups are the German exchange students, like Detlof von Sahn, son of a former Mayor of Berlin, who was active in organizing anti-semitism at Washington University in St. Louis working under the direction of Consul-General Gysling of Los Angeles. When THE NEW MASSES tried to get in touch with this Nazi student to ask for an explanation of his activities, he left hastily for Berlin. He has not and probably will not come back. Other students not only carry on propaganda here, but organize "good will" tours to Germany which are "extremely inexpensive." These tours are for students and professors. In Germany, Nazi students act as guides. One such "good will" tour was organized under the guidance of the Open Road, 56 West 45th Street, "in order to reciprocate the generous hospitality they (the Nazi students) are enjoying at American Universities and Colleges." During this summer's trip abroad the professors and students were filled with Nazi propaganda and many of them came back to deliver enthusiastic lectures about the fine conditions in Germany, especially the lovely way the Jews are treated over there.

I point out these facts briefly to give the reader a notion of how the long arm of Nazi anti-semitic activities works in this country. It is not only active among the students. It extends to the American professors and teachers, some of whom are conscious Nazi agents, as well as the using of prominent German professors who visit this country, like Professor Frederick Schoneman of the University of Berlin, who in his eager desire to give pro-Hitler lectures is willing to travel around anywhere in the United States and speak for nothing. If his expenses are paid, he is grateful.

Professors in the universities, like Thomas Alexander of Columbia University — who heads the list of the anti-semitic Order of '76's prominent professorial names of those who will deliver pro-Hitler talks—takes advantage of every opportunity to address gatherings and offer a defense of Hitlerism—as Professor Alexander has done and is doing. It is this eminent Professor Alexander who met with one of Gulden's secret agents, Olga Grunewald, "consulting psychologist," who went to him after she had been at the German Consulate on May 1, 1934, to discuss organizing a branch of the anti-semitic Order of '76 at Columbia University. Professor Alexander assured this secret agent of his fullest cooperation. The meeting between this secret agent and the professor took place in

the professor's study on May 10, 1934. It was Professor Alexander, too, who aided this secret agent in drawing up a list of over 100 professors and teachers in New York and Philadelphia who might become members of the Order of '76 to carry on espionage activities and anti-semitic propaganda.

Some of our leading teachers like Mrs. Elizabeth Schrader, head of the German Department of the New York State Department of Education are members of Nazi organizations. How much Mrs. Schrader has to do with the appointment of "unpaid volunteer" teachers of German in the New York schools I do not know but I cannot imagine that Martin Hartmann and Fred Scheibe, who as "unpaid volunteer" teachers work under her, were appointed without her knowledge. It would have been difficult to get them a regular teacher's pay but these generous souls volunteered to "teach" for nothing. And certainly it is difficult to believe that Mrs. Schrader, a member of Nazi organizations, does not know that these two "unpaid volunteers" are among the leading anti-semitic propagandists in the country and that they welcome an opportunity to carry on their pro-Hitler and anti-semitic activities right in the heart of the

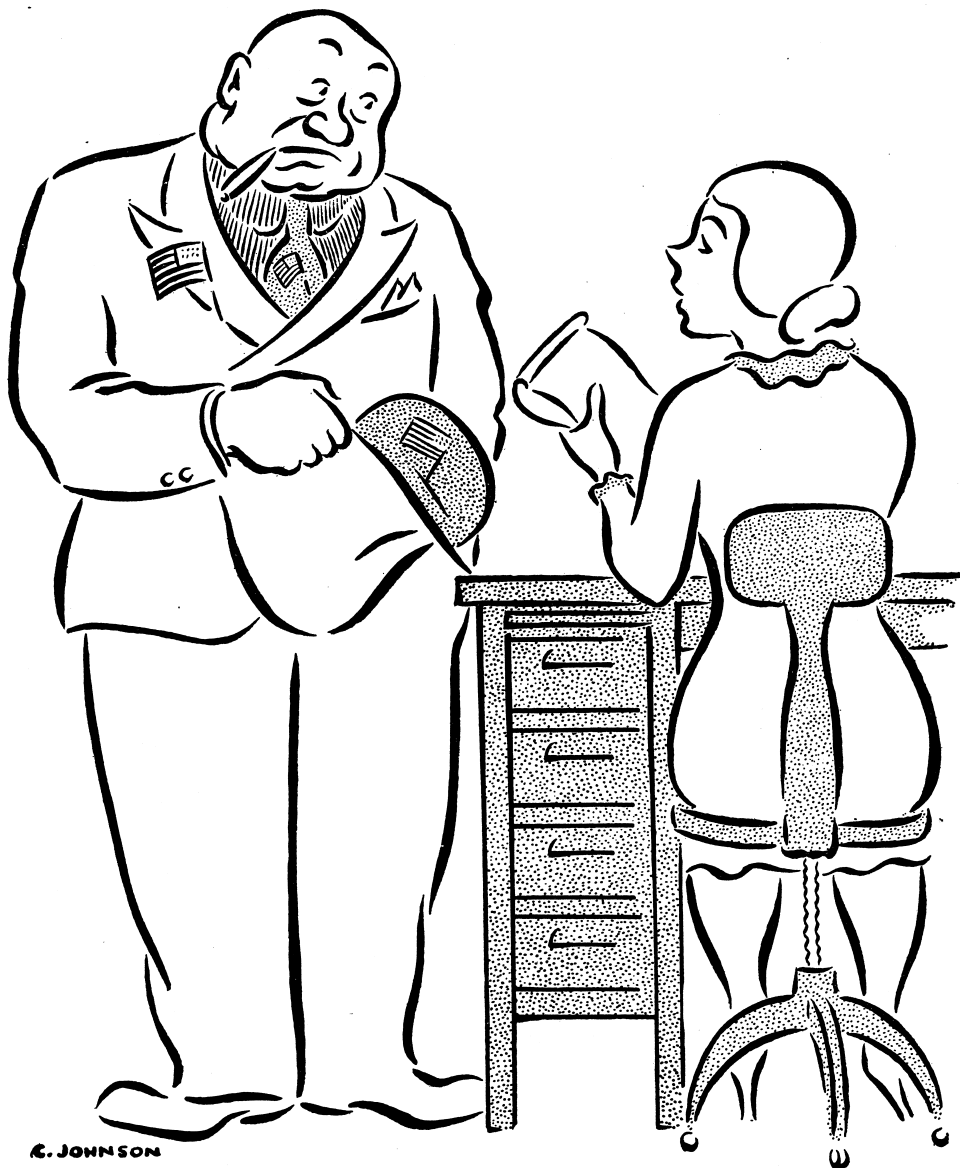
New York school system where they can influence not only students but teachers who in their turn can influence countless other students.

If Mrs. Schrader pleads ignorance and the New York State Department of Education wishes to know more about these volunteer propagandists, I shall be glad to give them full details. At present, I think it is sufficient to say that Hartmann is one of the most rabid Jew haters in the country. For a time he edited Das Neue Deutschland, and the anti-semitic Nazi newspaper, the Deutsch Zeitung, which today sets the pace in spreading the "hate-the-Jew" creed.

Fred Scheibe is not only a member of the Friends of the New Germany which takes the lead in spreading the "hate-the-Jew" creed but appears frequently as one of the chief speakers at Nazi propaganda meetings.

In this way "unpaid volunteers" who spread Nazi and anti-semitic propaganda creep into our schools and colleges.

It would take too much space to list all the students, professors and instructors in our schools and colleges who consciously and unconsciously carry on anti-semitic propaganda as well as defend Hitler policies. I found these



E. JOHNSON

"All dat dere bad grammar and coise woids in me letter to dat lousy radical paper is on account of dat's d' only kinda language dem reds can understand."

Crockett Johnson

teachers in almost every university and college in the land. Some are not active Nazis but in a shrewd, scholarly manner present pictures of Nazi Germany which give the impression that all's well in that desolate land. For instance, Professor Hartel, a German connected with Storrs Agricultural College in Storrs, Conn., not only carries on active pro-Hitler propaganda at the college but gladly accepts speaking engagements throughout New England at which he defends Hitler's anti-Jewish policies. Karl F. Geiser, professor of Political Science in Oberlin College, is another one of those who sees in Hitler an influence for the good.

I mention these not to single them out among the many but to impress the reader with the avalanche of anti-semitism in our highest institutions of learning.

Professors accept free passages to Nazi Germany and no country or shipping company in the world gives out free passages without expecting something in return. So I wonder what actuated the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines to give a first-class passage to the wife of a C. C. N. Y. instructor, Mrs. C. von Bradisch who sailed on the S.S. New York on May 18, 1933, to be followed on August 10, 1933 on the same ship by her husband, listed as Prof. J. von Bradisch.

This wonderment is based on a letter that R. T. Kessemeyer, the resident manager in Philadelphia of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines wrote to Robert Biele of Philadelphia in June, 1933. Biele is a member of the Friends of the New Germany, the organization which is taking the lead in anti-semitic propaganda in this country. This letter stated:

"Enclosed you will find a list of professors in the various colleges which will no doubt be of assistance to you."

The professors listed as prospective aids for this Nazi-directed anti-semitic organization include the following:

Dr. Ernst Jockers, University of Pennsylvania.
 Prof. Doernenburg, La Salle College, Phila.
 Dr. Harry W. Pfund, Carl Schurz Foundation, at present at Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.
 Dr. Preston A. Barba, Allentown, Pa.
 Prof. Daniel B. Shumway, University of Penn.
 Prof. George Bickel, High School, Pottstown, Pa.
 Dr. Karl Reuning, Swarthmore College.
 C. R. Walther Thomas, Dickinson College.
 Prof. F. O. Kegel, Lehigh University
 Dr. W. Haussmann, German Department, Central High School, Broad and Green Streets, Phila.

While referring to those prominent educators who were given free passages to Nazi Germany, it is as good a time as any to point out that the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines are members of the Transatlantic Conference with headquarters at 80 Broadway, N. Y. City. This conference provides severe penalties for giving free passages by any of its members. Six months ago the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines were caught by Emil Lederer, sole arbiter of the Conference, giving free passages

to four people. The German shipping lines were fined some \$60,000 but the fine was kept secret. The fact is that between January 1, 1933 and May 9, 1934 these two Nazi shipping companies gave over 300 free passages, some of them to Nazi propagandists.

If the shipping companies who are members of the Transatlantic Conference or Mr. Lederer who assesses the fines, will write me care of THE NEW MASSES I shall be happy to present them with a complete list of all who were given free passages, the names, the boats on which they sailed, the class of passage, the date of sailing and at whose suggestion they were given free passage.

This list, which is too large to be published in full here, includes influential persons like Karl K. Kitchen, once a Broadway columnist for the New York Evening World. Kitchen was given a first-class passage May 3, 1933 on the Bremen. He returned after a visit to Germany ready to write a series of pro-Hitler articles. Some of them appeared. Col. E. Alexander Powell, nationally known lecturer on international subjects, who has been telling the world what a fine place Nazi Germany is, sailed in a first-class cabin on July 22, 1933, on the Europa. Burton Holmes, internationally known traveller and lecturer, sailed on a free passage on the Europa, on April 8, 1934.

Nazi Germany sees nothing wrong in giving free passages to gentlemen who are in a position to say something good about Hitler's government. In fact, it sees nothing wrong in spending money to carry on anti-semitic propaganda in this country. That the Nazi consul-general in New York gave money to Father Francis Gross of Perth Amboy, N. J., to print a vicious anti-semitic throwaway as well as money to George Sylvester Viereck, the Nazi agent in this country, has already been established. The various consulates are under the direction of the German Embassy in Washington. I was curious to know how Hans Luther, the German Ambassador, viewed this wholesale dissemination of Nazi money to propagate the "hate-the-Jew" creed in direct interference in the internal affairs of this country.

When I called the German Embassy for an appointment with the Ambassador, his secretary hesitated when he heard the name.

"Oh! Spivak. Well, the Ambassador is not in just now. Perhaps you could call in an hour?"

In an hour I called again.

"Perhaps you had better see Dr. Rudolph Leitner, the Ambassador's chief aid," he suggested.

Dr. Leitner was at the Chancery next to the Embassy building on Massachusetts Avenue. I was ushered into a room where an engraving of Hindenburg hung on a wall draped with black bunting. On the opposite wall was an oil portrait of Hitler, smiling smugly out of his frame.

Gustave Struve, private secretary to the German Ambassador appeared in the doorway.

"I am sorry," he said, eyeing me with a

puzzled air. "I did not understand just what you wanted."

"THE NEW MASSES has been running a series of articles on anti-semitism in the United States. A great deal of the evidence shows that much of it is due to German agents—"

The Ambassador's secretary raised his hands in horror.

"Oh, no! No!" he exclaimed.

"Well, at any rate, I thought the German Ambassador should be given a chance to explain—"

"That is not a matter for the Ambassador to make statements on. We have no German agents in this country. We do not mix in the internal affairs of America."

"Yes, of course. But tell me, are the German Consuls in the United States under the German Embassy?"

"Certainly."

"Dr. Kiep, the German Consul-General in New York City, gave Father Gross, a Catholic priest of Perth Amboy, N. J., \$500 to print and distribute anti-semitic propaganda."

"That has been published—"

"That's right."

The secretary waved a hand. "Ah, but that is so far back. I really do not know about it."

"And a man named Hunter of the Industrial Defense Association in Boston"—Struve nodded—"discussed with Dr. Tippleskirsch, the German Consul in Boston, the problem of getting money from Germany to organize an anti-semitic campaign in this country."

"Dr. Tippleskirsch! That cannot be."

"I'm sorry, I have Mr. Hunter's letter telling about it."

"But that cannot be," he repeated. "Excuse me, maybe I better see Dr. Leitner."

The secretary vanished. In about five minutes he returned.

"We do nothing to interfere with the affairs of this country," he repeated vigorously.

"But the German Consul gave money for anti-semitic propaganda—"

"Ach!" he exclaimed irritably. "We have no money to spend. We cannot get money here even for important things. All we can get is our salaries. We cannot get gold from Germany. What is wrong in giving people help to write good things about Germany which is being attacked by the Jews? Every country gives money to write good things about it. I suppose if we examine the American Embassy in Germany we could find the same thing—carrying on propaganda. The Jews—they are responsible. This propaganda question has already been discussed by the American Ambassador in Berlin—"

He caught himself, as though he had said too much and became quiet, staring at the picture of Hitler looking down on us.

"I have evidence that German agents are not only carrying on anti-semitic propaganda here but are actually organizing branches of the Stahlhelm and that these members drill secretly."

"Ah," he said. "There is no more Stahlhelm in Germany. But look, suppose a few

people get together and drill. What harm can it do?"

"These are just the questions I should like to see the Ambassador about. There seems to be plenty of evidence that German agents are carrying on anti-semitic work, directed by Germany——"

"The Ambassador cannot make statements about that," he said with finality. "But I will see him and talk to Dr. Leitner. Maybe you call again, eh?"

That afternoon I called again.

"Ah, Mr. Spivak," his voice purred. "The Ambassador is so sorry. He cannot see you today."

"You mean that the Ambassador would be happier if he did not see me?"

"That is right."

"Perhaps I could see Dr. Leitner?"

"Ah, no; I have already said too much. Please, we do not want to say anything. Anything we say the Jews will use to attack us."

"But——"

"We do not mix in America's internal affairs," he almost shouted. "We have a Jewish problem in Germany and we have handled it. That is our business. But we do not want to say anything because the Jews are attacking Germany!"

"It sounds like the Jews are attacking Germany—that's the burden of your refrain?"

"Yah!" he exclaimed. "The Jews!"

And with that he hung up.

"The Jews are attacking Germany." Of this there is no evidence. But that Nazis are attacking Jews not only in Germany but in the United States there is plenty of evidence. The effects of the Nazi propaganda is widespread. Everywhere—in the business, the cultural worlds, there is the growing bitterness resulting from preaching the "hate-the-Jew" creed, the same sort of propaganda being distributed by the Paul Reveres as, for instance, the following which I found at the University of California:

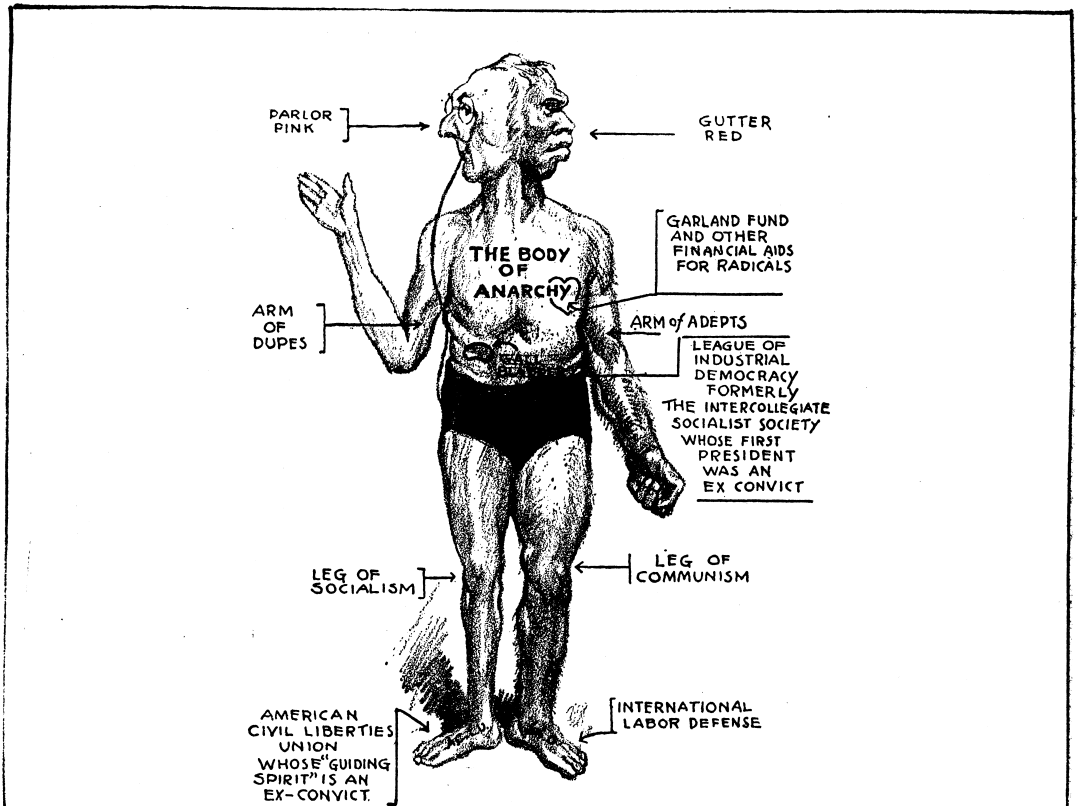
THE WORLD JEWRY WANTS WAR TO STRENGTHEN THEIR SUPREMACY

Gentiles of the World:

Realize: That we are slaves to the International Jewish bankers who mislead all the governments by their money control. These Jewish money powers use our money which they have, with the help of their payed agents, stolen from us under false pretensions.

Realize: That J. P. Morgan and others are only the gentile front of the Rothschilds and other Jewish international bankers. . . . Jews hate Gentiles and cheat them whenever they can . . . they demoralize our youth with lewd motion pictures and misinform us through sensational newspapers which they control through their money power.

Realize: That Communism and Bolshevism were never meant to help the poor, but under Jewish leadership they preach class hatred between Gentiles. . . . International Jewry and their payed agents are the only winner when Gentiles fight each other. How many millions of Gentile girls' lives have been spoiled by Jews who protect their women but see in every Gentile girl their rightful prey. . . . The Jews are not superior but they are fresh, indecent, conceited and know no scruples. The Jews are not



The Body of ANARCHY lurches forward by using first the leg of SOCIALISM and then the leg of COMMUNISM.

COMMUNISM is supported by the foot named INTERNATIONAL LABOR DEFENSE.

SOCIALISM is advanced by the foot called AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION.

The sustaining blood stream of this hideous destroyer is provided by the Garland Fund and other financial aids for radicals.

THE LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY — the diseased Gall Bladder — is the organ developing the unhealthy doctrines that pollute our educational institutions.

ADEPTS, those having guilty knowledge of the purpose of ANARCHY, constitute one arm of the demon.

DUPES, the gullible and unsuspecting victims of "A NEW SOCIAL ORDER," make up the other arm of ANARCHY.

THE PARLOR PINK appears as one face but the GUTTER RED is the true visage of the monster ANARCHY.

Designed and Distributed by

THE PAUL REVERES

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

120 South La Salle Street

CHICAGO

of the white race, they are semites (half-niggers) *Gentiles Beware of the Jewish Denomination.*

P. S. Take this letter most seriously, copy it ten times and send it to your friends urging them to send it on. It must reach every Gentile home so quickly as possible.

Due to their unfair business methods the Germans have expelled the Jews from places of trust and has demanded of them to either conduct their business upon the methods of that country or to find some other place to do their cheating.

Let us be as good citizens to our country as Adolph Hitler is to his. Let us all be American Hitlers.

So the Nazi-directed anti-semitic propagandists carry on their work, leaving their effects upon the teachers in the colleges, universities and public schools.

Next week Mr. Spivak in his concluding article will tell of the activities of another secret espionage society, the Crusader White Shirts, of its activities in the middle west and of the nationally known leader who has been secretly working with the Silver Shirts to spread the "Hate-the-Jew" creed.

Feminists and the Left Wing

GRACE HUTCHINS

DORIS STEVENS, chairman of the Inter-American Commission of Women, able and successful protagonist for women's equal nationality rights, believes that workers' organizations in general and the Communist Party in particular are not fair to women in their struggle for equality with men. As a representative of the National Woman's Party and its membership of middle and upper class women, she came the other day to argue the case with three of us as representing the Left Wing workers' organizations.

Her argument ran somewhat as follows:

Women should have complete equality before the law, always and everywhere. Laws giving special protection to women against night work, unduly long hours, and certain types of exhausting labor in effect legalize discrimination against women workers and make it more difficult for them to get jobs. Minimum wage laws affecting women but not men, she declared, establish a minimum that becomes the maximum and tend to keep women in the ranks of the lowest-paid workers. All laws and regulations dealing with employment should be on a non-sex basis and thus insure equality of opportunity in the field of labor.

By throwing their support to any social legislation affecting women but not men, Miss Stevens declared, Communists are also discriminating against women workers. The Left Wing in the labor movement, her argument continued, although raising the slogan *Equal Pay for Equal Work*, does not see the full implications in this slogan nor does it carry on such a determined struggle for equal pay as for higher wages in general and for other demands.

Carrying on the argument even to include women in the Soviet Union, Miss Stevens readily admitted, however, that the U.S.S.R. more nearly than any other country in the world grants women equal rights *before the law*; that equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex, color or nationality, is a reality in the workers' state. She maintained, however, that even in the Soviet Union there was a tendency to keep women on the lowest-paid jobs. Also, that in prohibiting the employment of women in certain exhausting and unhealthy tasks the Soviet labor law was still discriminating against women workers.

Many spokesmen of the feminist groups seem to be sincerely convinced that Soviet women do not have equal opportunity with men *in practice*, that men still hold the great majority of important posts, and that able women, ready and willing to take full responsibility, are still kept in subordinate positions. Specifically Miss Stevens asked us:

"How many women sit on the executive committee of the Communist International?"

This new charge against the Soviet Union and its leaders is made even by some who are sympathetic with the Communist position and who follow more closely than Miss Stevens does the course of developments in the U.S. S.R. One good feminist who is a sincere friend of the workers' government told me the other day that she regretted deeply the situation she thinks exists there. She has worked in the Soviet Union for a number of years and yet she cannot agree that women really have equality of opportunity. She has been following the weekly issues of *Moscow News* to see how many women are described in the items on group achievements, how many women are shown in the many pictures appearing in that paper. I spoke of Stassova, of Kalinina, of Smirnova who as first assistant director of the Vladimir cotton "trust" has general supervision over all its mills, over protection of labor, over construction and administration. But my feminist friend answered:

"Yes, I know. But those are the exceptions. I am speaking of the great majority of important posts in the U.S.S.R.—still held almost exclusively by men. The point as I see it is, men do not want to give up any important job to any woman, however able."

Taking up first these statements about the Soviet Union, we see at once that they do not take account of the backward position of women in pre-Revolution Russia nor of the extraordinary record of women's advance during the seventeen years under the Soviets. Since the Revolution, illiteracy has been practically wiped out—and it was especially high among peasant women. The guiding principle in relation to women has been the word of Lenin: "Every cook must learn to run the government."

Women have become economically independent. But it takes time for an entire generation of women to learn skilled trades, to become physicians, aviators, machinists, engineers. Even the Soviet Union cannot crowd *more* than a hundred years' achievement into ten. The brilliant record of outstanding individuals among the Soviet women is but a small part of the story. Figures showing

300,000 women as members of various Soviets and executive committees of the different Republics and areas in 1933 are out of date almost as soon as quoted, so rapid is the increase in numbers.

It takes more than two decades to change the habits and ideas of the older generation of men in relation to women's work. There is often a conflict in the Soviet peasant's family between the desires and ambitions of the girl as she grows up and the deeply embedded prejudice of the man, that woman's place is still by the cradle and the kitchen stove. This conflict was frankly presented in a Soviet film, shown in this country two years ago, entitled *Woman's World*, where the girl fights her way with a trail-blazing courage through the men's opposition, to become a tractor driver and skilled machinist.

Specifically on the charge that Soviet labor law discriminates against women workers by prohibiting at present certain exhausting tasks, the Commissariat of Labor answered this question in the special order of April 10, 1932. It stated expressly that these few tasks are the ones "which women cannot be allowed to perform until the conditions of work of women in the new industrial system have been more thoroughly studied." In other words, there is nothing rigid or inflexible about the Soviet labor law. If scientific study should determine that women can, with safety to their health, dig and load coal underground, then women will be soon found digging and loading coal in the workers' state. But as yet this fact has not been scientifically determined.

Feminists, on the other hand, in their eagerness to prove that a woman can do anything a man can, do not always stop for scientific data on the subject. In speaking of woman's physical strength, they like to ask: "Now which would you rather have carry your trunk upstairs for you—Charlie Chaplin or Gertrude Ederle?"

In contrast to this exaggerated emphasis on equality in physical strength is the basic fact, of supreme importance, that women in the Soviet Union in less than a generation have attained economic independence.

Sex Discrimination Under the "New Deal"

MORE important than the feminists' anxiety over women in the U.S.S.R., and whether they receive full recognition for their work, are the facts about conditions under which women workers must toil day by day under capitalist exploitation, particularly in the United States, richest country in the world. Communists have not only pointed out these facts, but have carried on a determined strug-

gle in innumerable strikes against the special exploitation of women workers. Feminists also recognize many of these facts, although they are passive when the matter is being fought out on the picket line.

Special discrimination against women workers under the New Deal is recognized in a recent article by the National Woman's Party historian, Helena Hill Weed, under the title,

The New Deal That Women Want, in Current History for November, 1934. This article exposes the "marital status clause" No. 213 in the Economy Act of 1932, a clause that has now become a permanent piece of legislation. It has already resulted in the discharge of many efficient married women who had been a number of years in government service.

On this point, Left Wing workers are in absolute agreement with all who oppose the discharge of married women workers wherever such action may occur. They have raised the slogan, "No discrimination against married women workers." In the workers' paper, *The Working Woman*, writers have pointed out more vigorously than the National Woman's Party has ever done, that to take a job away from a woman who needs it and give it to another worker, either man or woman, is typical of the muddle, the inefficiency, the waste of human life that is capitalism.

How to Gain Equality

BUT the real struggle against this exploitation of women is the struggle against *all exploitation* of workers under capitalism. It must be fought out on the industrial battle field, and in relation to this struggle the feminists have shown themselves to be passive. Workers' organizations, on the other hand, raise the demand Equal Pay for Equal Work in strikes and at the same time make clear that it is a basic principle, meaning literally the same pay for work of the same character regardless of the worker's sex, age or color. On this principle of equality between men and women workers, old and young, white and Negro, the Left Wing in the labor movement stands four-square.

In every strike in any plant where women as well as men workers are involved, the militant rank-and-file workers always raise this slogan of equal pay. What is more, they fight for its realization with all the courage that it takes to picket a plant in the face of company spies, nauseating gas, police billies, bayonets and machine guns. A recent example of a successful struggle for this basic demand was seen at the Philco Radio Company in Philadelphia in September, 1934. Rank-and-file workers, organized in the Radio Factory Workers Union, raised the demand and succeeded in securing equal wages for men and women employed on the same kind of jobs in the plant. A strike at this plant in 1933 had resulted in a 15 to 20 percent wage increase for all workers. Since women outnumber men in many departments of radio manufacture, the recent victory on equal pay is of far-reaching importance.

In the same way, the rank-and-file opposition within the trade unions raises the demand for the eight-hour day, or for the seven-hour day for *all* workers.

When, however, the National Woman's Party and kindred groups attack the meager social legislation that has helped in some of

From the very beginning of the National Recovery Administration, Left Wing writers have called attention to the discrimination against women workers in the N.R.A. codes. With the official sanction of President Roosevelt about one-quarter of the codes, at least 120 out of 465, have established a wage differential with rates lower for women workers than for men. These sex differentials are of three kinds, as shown in an analysis by the U.S. Women's Bureau: (1) codes which specify lower wage rates for the women than for men; (2) codes permitting lower rates for light, repetitive work, in which so many women are engaged, but which so often require considerable skill and dexterity; (3) codes carrying the provision that persons paid below the code minimum in July, 1929, may continue to be so paid. This provision strikes largely at women and perpetuates the status of low-wage groups, whether women, foreign-born or Negroes.

the states, though ever so little, to shorten women's working hours in factories and stores, Communists regard this attack as a backward, not a forward step. In the comparatively few plants in the United States where an eight-hour day has been really established and maintained it applies to men as well as to women workers. The eight-hour day does not curtail employment opportunities for either men or women; on the contrary, a shorter shift may increase the number of jobs available and result in the employment of more workers.

On this subject of curtailing women's opportunities for work the feminists frequently exaggerate and distort the facts. In the only scientific study that has so far been made of the problem, *The Effects of Labor Legislation on the Employment Opportunities of Women* (U.S. Women's Bureau, Bulletin No. 65), it was found "that regulatory hour laws as applied to women engaged in manufacturing processes do not handicap them," but that "In almost every kind of employment the real forces that influence women's opportunities are far removed from legislative restriction of their hours or conditions of work . . . Other influences have been dominant in determining the extent of women's employment."

Obviously, labor laws have not restricted women's employment opportunities or resulted in a preference for men since with each decade, women have formed an increasing proportion of all persons on paid jobs in the main branches of industry to which labor legislation applies. In all occupations, during the past decade, between 1920 and 1930, occupied women grew in numbers by 26 percent, as compared with a 15 percent gain for men in the same period. Taking account of the population increase, this means that the relative number of men and boys over fifteen gainfully occupied actually dropped from 899 to 880 per 1,000 of male population (over

fifteen), while the number of women and girls in gainful occupations increased from 240 to 253 per 1,000 of female population over fifteen.

Against minimum wage laws feminists are especially vehement. But minimum wage laws represent only an attempt to prevent the worst exploitation, still common in the sweatshops of every industrial center. The facts are that women's wages are lowest in the Southern states where there is no minimum wage law at all and very little of any other kind of social legislation. If minimum wage laws were withdrawn in the few states where they now exist, women workers would not find their wages increased. Wage rates are finally determined by industrial struggle and there is nothing in the minimum wage law of any state that prevents the workers from winning higher wages by striking.

In the fascist stage of capitalism, exploitation of women workers is carried to the highest and most intolerable point. No velvet gloves hide the brass knuckles of capitalists in control of the fascist state. Under a regime such as Hitler's and Mussolini's women are summarily consigned once more to the kitchen, the nursery and the church. In fascist Germany and Italy, women professors, physicians, scientists, editors and other professionals have been dismissed from their positions, deprived of the rights, the privileges, the recognition of women's abilities and achievements that had been built up during the preceding century.

Fascism's slogans in relation to women, as voiced by Hitler spokesmen, read: "Mothers must exhaust themselves in order to give life to children." "Woman—her place is in the home, her duty the recreation of the tired warrior."

Against the development of this fascist barbarism in the United States, feminists and militant workers can unite on common ground. We can stand together against a regime under which women would be confined once more to "that little penitentiary," as Soviet citizens have named the private kitchen.

We therefore urge these women of the National Woman's party and kindred groups to come with us into the struggle against Fascism—while there is yet time to stop its growing influence in this country. We ask them to picket with us at the consulates of fascist nations to demand the release of women, as well as of men, held prisoners and often tortured in the jails of Germany, Italy, Poland, Japan and other fascist or semi-fascist lands.

We ask these members of the National Woman's Party to protest with us against the lynching of Negro workers in the United States. We ask them to use their abilities as speakers, writers, artists, teachers, or whatever they may be, not in attacking little pieces of labor legislation but in combating the increased exploitation of all workers in the fascist stage of capitalism. We invite them to join us in the fight against the growth of an open, terrorist dictatorship on the part of the most reactionary, most chauvinist and most imperialist elements of finance capitalism.



From The Masses, March, 1916

All You Who Belong—Line Up

Drawn by Art Young

California Expects Terror

BRUCE MINTON

ON November 6, California went to the polls. The Merriam reaction defeated the social-fascism of Upton Sinclair—with the result that the workers are on their guard against the terror they know will follow. Workers have no illusions about Merriam and his backers, the powerful monopoly capitalists. Events of the past six months show that they can expect only violence and intimidation. Merriam stood by while the police shot workers during the maritime strike; Merriam ordered the National Guard into San Francisco to protect the movement of scab cargo; Merriam encouraged the Vigilante terror that swept through the State. Under Merriam, in the state university at Los Angeles students who have attempted to exercise their constitutional rights of free speech were expelled without warning or a hearing. Students at other colleges who have protested such Fascist methods were dismissed or intimidated or kidnapped by patriotic organizations without the slightest interference or even protest from college authorities who are at the same time state employees. And now, under Merriam the criminal syndicalism law is again used as a weapon against the working class. Eighteen workers have been brought to trial in Sacramento—the state capital and the stamping grounds of the Merriam forces—on the charge of criminal syndicalism.

During the red-baiting hysteria that followed the World War, California, along with a score of other states, passed the notorious Criminal Syndicalism Act. This law which is so worded that it is possible to convict a man for what he *thinks*, permits the sentencing of workers for long terms to the penitentiary for belonging to a radical union or party, participation in a strike, selling literature which advocates social change. The law has been used exclusively against the working class, to suppress freedom of discussion, and assembly and to smash workers' organizations. In 1930, nine workers were imprisoned from one to five years for leading an agricultural strike in the Imperial Valley. The eighteen defendants at Sacramento, indicted on four counts, face sentences as high as 84 years apiece.

The charges are serious: the eighteen are all known Communists, and many of them have been guilty in the past of the unforgivable sin of organizing workers to demand higher wages and better living conditions. Many of them participated in the cotton strike and in the cherry pickers' strike. Many of them have won better wages and better hours for thousands of farm laborers.

The powers behind the prosecution have much at stake. They are evidently convinced that now is a good time to clean house, to get rid of "undesirables" who fight open-shop

and strike-breaking tactics. Anyone living in California today knows that while the terror at the moment may be less open, the bitterness and ferocity of the owners remains unabated. The award of the President's Arbitration Board to the maritime strikers has been a heavy blow to these owners. They suffered another reversal when the trial of two workers in Redwood City charged with criminal syndicalism broke down completely because of lack of evidence. They need revenge, these powerful owners, and the assurance that militant left-wing labor leaders won't engage in further struggles that might limit profits. The eighteen Sacramento defendants are logical scapegoats. To convict these leaders would be to terrorize the laboring class in California still more—and the court is an ideal instrument to forward this end. The courts of Alabama responded to the pressure against the Scottsboro boys. The courts of California are not, immune to pressure—witness Mooney, Billings, the Imperial Valley prisoners, the wholesale prosecution of "\$1,000 vagrants" in San Francisco during the general strike. The eighteen defendants in Sacramento are in grave danger.

The owner-rulers of California are organized. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the San Joaquin Farm Labor Bureau, the California Packing Corporation, the Farmers' Association, and the Industrial Association have banded together to raise money for special prosecutors in labor cases, and have carried on broad propaganda against labor that resulted in the mob terror now sweeping California. The Sacramento raids and arrests of the eighteen workers followed immediately the organizing of a local branch of this group at the state capital. Vigilantes threatened mob action; the District Attorney took the hint—not to arrest the Vigilantes as a result of such threats, but to suppress the labor movement with all the power and apparatus of "legal" terror.

Who are these dangerous criminals now facing sentences which amount to life imprisonment? All of them are militant working class leaders. All of them have fought to improve wages in the farm areas. There is Pat Chambers, organizer of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union who took a leading role in the San Joaquin Valley Cotton Strike and who ran for U. S. Senator on the Communist Party ticket. There is Caroline Decker, Secretary of the Union, who has led workers in the agricultural districts with remarkable effectiveness. There is Jack Warnich who headed the Workers' School in Sacramento; and Martin Wilson, I.L.D. organizer, and Nora Conklin, of the Unemployed Council and a direct descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

There are thirteen other militant workers who menace the rule of the great corporations. These working class leaders are dangerous. They advocate sedition—which means they fight for unions of farm laborers, and for higher wages, shorter hours, improved living conditions. They threaten the "progress" so ardently desired by the powerful owners, progress in the form of unlimited exploitation of Filipinos and Mexicans, and progress that would make strikes illegal. The eighteen on trial in Sacramento must be silenced, for they lead the workers.

But the cases against the eighteen are lamentably weak. So weak that District Attorney McAllister attempted to bolster them with an additional charge, a fantastic "kidnapping" story so flagrantly framed that a capitalist paper—the Sacramento Union—exposed it. William Hanks, alias Banks, star prosecution witness, claimed that "a man stuck a gun in his back and told him he had talked too much about Communists. He said he was warned to leave Sacramento immediately. . . ." Later Hanks' landlord testified that the witness had decided to leave town one day before the "kidnapping." While Hanks was being held by the "kidnappers" he managed to visit his sister in Nevada and to accompany her to Salt Lake City where she underwent an operation. The newspaper added that when District Attorney McAllister was confronted with the discrepancies in Hanks' story, he indicated that he was not particularly interested in the evidence against the kidnapping charge.

A glance at the "evidence" submitted to the Grand Jury who returned the indictment against the eighteen workers, proves that the charges are based on hearsay provided for the most part by undercover police agents with instructions to "get" something on the Communists. A brief transcript of testimony given by such an agent shows how callous has been the frame-up.

Grand Juror Marsh: I would like to know, Mr. Foreman, what the witness—what she means by saying that she heard somebody advocating force and violence in a case of strike? I want to know what is meant by force and violence in case of strike?

Witness (Rachel Sowers, State Division of Criminal Identification): Well their doctrine teaches—

Grand Juror: No. I was interested in what you said you heard them say, not what their doctrine teaches.

District Attorney McAllister: Mr. Foreman, I think that is self-explanatory. If any person advocates force and violence I think any person of common ordinary intelligence would know what force and violence meant.

Grand Juror: Well, I don't have ordinary intelligence.

McAllister: I think it is a matter of fact, not of opinion. Force and violence means force and violence.

Grand Juror: Well, I am trying to find out what is meant by the witness in answering that she heard somebody advocate force and violence in case of strike.

Foreman: Well, let the witness speak.

Witness: Yes. I am trying to think just how he would like me to answer so it will be clear in his mind. In case of Warnich, for instance, I think the idea probably would be—and this is my interpretation of it, not precisely what he said, but I assume he meant if there were any weapons available they should take advantage of the fact. He didn't say that precisely. That is my interpretation of his statement.

The tactics of the District Attorney are thrown into clear light by the following exchange:

Question: In any of these talks did you ever hear any of the speakers refer to the President of the United States as a paralytic puppet?"

Answer: No. I haven't heard them use those precise terms. I think they may have mentioned him in an unfavorable way, but I couldn't recall exactly what they said.

Then there is the charge of distributing and possessing "seditious" literature, books and pamphlets which might be found on the shelves of any well-read man, books and pamphlets which go through the mail without question. A partial list includes *The Communist Manifesto* by Marx and Engels (which

has been published by the Modern Library); *The World Congress Against War*; *The Soviet Union, Your Questions Answered* by Margaret Cowl; *The Daily Worker*; *The Revolutionary Crisis Is Maturing*, Speech by Maniulsky at the 17th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union; *On the Eve of October* by V. I. Lenin.

The cases are being defended by Leo Gallagher, internationally famous attorney who was recently ordered to leave Nazi Germany after the Reichstag fire trial in which he acted as an advisory counsel. Leo Gallagher is a fiery, courageous lawyer with vast experience in labor cases. But he does not depend solely on his skill and brilliant defense. He depends on a larger force—the pressure of the masses against injustice and on the court, the Mayor of Sacramento, the Governor and the District Attorney, to demand that these eighteen workers are acquitted of the charges. That criminal syndicalism itself is a vicious and pernicious statute has been attested by liberals throughout California—by Dr. Reinhardt, President of Mills College; by Bishop Parsons of the Episcopal Church; by Dr. Meikeljohn, formerly at the University of Wisconsin; by Max Radin of the University of California;

by Samuel Schmalhausen and many others. But the law remains, a weapon in the hands of the ruling class. The trial which arises directly from the Pacific Coast Maritime Strike represents an open attack on the right of workers to strike. Judge Lemmon who will preside at the trial has already revealed himself as an enemy of the working class by his statement that though "strikes, as such, are legal, picketing is unlawful."

Sacramento is a small town. The Vigilante group has power and influence. Lynch spirit has been aroused by the local press. Leo Gallagher is in danger. And the eighteen defendants are in danger. During the trial of two workers charged with criminal syndicalism held in Redwood City a few weeks ago, the better business men discussed the trial over the lunch table. "They know how to handle these lice in Imperial County!" one man declared vehemently. "That's what we ought to do—take these fellows and their attorney Gallagher on a ride. That'd teach 'em a lesson." The Redwood City trial lasted one day and a half, and was of little importance to the owners. But in Sacramento, where feeling runs high, the trial of eighteen militant leaders of left-wing workers is a test of strength.

Correspondence

"Entertain Your Crowd"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A word about the *Negro Songs in American Ballads and Folk Songs*, by Allan A. Lomax, Macmillan, supplementing Alan Calmer's November 6 NEW MASSES review.

First we'll let the Lomaxes qualify themselves for the task they set out to accomplish. We quote from a recent letter by Mr. Allan A. Lomax to a friend:

My chauffeur . . . Leadbelly is a nigger to the core of his being. In addition he is a killer. He tells the truth only accidentally. He keeps his promise only when it suits his convenience—he has no sense of loyalty or gratitude. He is as sensual as a goat and when he sings to me my spine tingles. . . . I am thinking of bringing him to New York in January. Then you would have a guest and could entertain your crowd.

Good old Southern gentle folks with the good old Southern gentle folks' attitude towards "niggers," I'll wager that many a work-tired Negro in dirty be-draggled stripes was yanked off a rock-pile by bribed plug ugly guards and ordered to "sing for the gentlemen." And "big white folks allus expects nigger be lazy, nigger be thief, nigger be plumb full ob funniments an' heap mo' things lak dat an' ah would'n dis'point 'em fo' de Worl' neber." At least not with half a dozen armed thugs within hearing distance.

Hence:

Ef ah wuz de Presiden'
Ob dese heah United States
I'd eat all good lasses candy
An' swing on all de gates

Followed laughter by the gentlemen. The guards no doubt joining in. And smokes for the clown. Or

a tossed coin. And Messrs. Lomax added another "specimen." But:

You don' know
You don' know ma' min'
When you see me laughin'
Jes' laughin' to keep f'om cryin'

For beyond the doggerel—beyond the nonsensical jingles served up for the white man's amusement, lies the heart throb of the Black Folks—the agonized voice of the mass crying out against the peonage, poverty and degradation. The savage brutality of the Law and the lynching mob. And the new attitudes toward all that exemplified by Tallapoosa, Angelo Herndon, Scottsboro boys and other vital factors in the lives of the suppressed black masses. A hundred songs current in the Black Belt freshly stamp the glorified images of members of their race who participate in the day to day struggles against their oppressors. But we catch not a glimmer of all this in the Lomax volume. He has included not one single song which reflects unmistakably the contemporary environment and could not just as well have been collected, ten, twenty or even fifty years back.

Let me add a tale, related of a plantation in Georgia "afo' Freedom come." Following the death of the Master with the entire white countryside assembled to pay final respects, the slaves of the deceased sang a dirge for him. Each time the frequently recurring line "Marse in de cole, cole groun'" was sung, one of the singers, a powerful basso tailed on several zooming tum, tum, tums. "What dem tum, tum, tums fo'," asked the Negro alongside him. "Day's fo'," he whispered back, "Ah hope he done rot dere."

Did the Lomaxes we wonder hear any "zooming tum, tum tums" tailed on to some of their songs?
E. Portchester, Conn. LAWRENCE GELLERT.

Social Economic Planning Conference

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The International Industrial Relations Institute, which organized the World Social Economic Congress at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1931, is holding a Regional Study Conference on Social Economic Planning, in New York, Russell Sage Foundation Building, 130 East 22nd Street, from Friday, November 23, through Tuesday afternoon, November 27. The theme for study and discussion is comprehended in one large question: What kind of economic planning can end unemployment, establish security and raise standards of living in proportion to productive capacity?

The program will include: (1) a fundamental presentation of the theory and concepts of different types of planning, by Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt, economist, formerly of the University of Leipzig and later of the National University of Mexico; (2) analysis and evaluation of the economic program in the United States, together with facts regarding trends in employment and earnings and changes in the national income; (3) new developments in the Soviet Union, specifically related to "The Place of the Second Five-Year Plan in Socialist Construction." Sunday afternoon, November 25, there will be a session on "Workers' and Farmers' Status under American Economic Policy," and in the evening a symposium on "Workers' Organized Action to Raise Standards of Living" will bring forward speakers for the coal miners, steel workers and other significant industrial groups.

The Conference will culminate in a session on Monday afternoon, November 26, followed by discussion in the evening on "The Role of the Technician and the Educator in Social Economic Planning," with addresses by Walter N. Polakov on "Unused Technical and Productive Capacity in the United States"; by Earl Browder (paper read by

Clarence Hathaway) on "The Need for a Workers' and Technicians' Plan in the United States"; and the report of the IRI Technicians' Conference Group on "Objectives and Prerequisites for Social Economic Planning" in this country.

The Conference is designed primarily for those engaged in adult education on economic and social issues, defining adult education broadly as including those who teach, lecture, write and organize activities which are educational in purpose and content. The membership of the Conference is limited, but inquiry is invited from all who are interested, and should be addressed to IRI, Room 600, 130 East 22nd Street, New York. Preference must be given to those who can later use the material of the Conference in educational work.

This Institute (the IRI), with headquarters at The Hague, organized the World Social Economic Congress at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1931, and now proposes to carry forward the same subject in the light of the significant developments in the intervening three years.

M. L. FLEDDÉRUS,
Director, IRI.

MARY VAN KLEECK,
Associate Director.

Debate on H. R. 7598

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Somewhat belatedly, my attention has been called to a review of my book *The Quest for Security* in the July 17 issue of your magazine. I regret having missed that number because I had been away on a brief vacation and I sincerely hope that my severe critic, Mr. David Ramsey, will not take advantage of this confession as evidence of my being a member of the idle rich.

As a rule, I am inclined to question the wisdom or propriety of an author's reply to an unfavorable criticism. I have no quarrel to find at all with the fact that Mr. Ramsey does not approve either of my book or of the theories propounded and measures advocated by me. That is his undeniable privilege. I do believe, however, that there are certain rules of the game, at least in literary work, which should prevent a review of a book from being converted into an "argumentum ad hominem," and certainly if such an argument is to be made, some measure of consideration for truth of statements would be desirable. For instance, there is repeated innuendo that the author of the book is preaching—whatever he may be preaching, "at very, very good salaries." Apparently the Editor was quite infuriated by this assertion if one may judge from the editorial heading of the review, not quite grammatical but decidedly nasty, "Security Begins with Dr. Rubinow." Will it therefore be convincing to Mr. Ramsey or the editor or the readers of THE NEW MASSES, if I volunteer the information that I draw no salary from the New Deal or any other alphabetical or governmental institution, and truth to tell, my thirty years of advocacy of social insurance have brought me very little in the way of material returns, but I did pay for this advocacy a heavy price long before Mr. Ramsey learned to recognize his nursing bottle. He may further be interested to know that I did my work for the Ohio State Unemployment Commission without remuneration, not only as a member of the Commission but as an Actuary, and have done the work for which any other Actuary would have legitimately charged a bill running at least into four figures.

So much for that, and yet I really have no complaint to make, for as a matter of fact Mr. Ramsey's vigorous style has given me occasion—believe it or not, for many a good-natured chuckle. I cannot help being amused by the statement that I had been "selling my remedies for thirty years to balky manufacturers," that the work of thirty years "endears him (me) to the Capitalist class." Oh my! oh my! I wish Mr. Ramsey could read some of the pamphlets of the Ohio Chamber of Commerce, where all my past history has been raked up, even to my authorship of the pamphlet *Was Marx Wrong?* and

the crime of my having been born in what was formerly Russia and my non-Aryan descent. I am sure that Mr. James F. Lincoln of Cleveland, Ohio, who traveled all through the State, calling the attention of the good people of Ohio to my radical past, present and future, would be very much interested to read "that Dr. Rubinow is one of the most dangerous enemies of social insurance for workers."

But then it is quite true that I have been often charged with having an exaggerated sense of humor which my very earnest and perhaps youthful critic has not yet had time to develop. For instance, on pages 616 and 617 of my book I give a description of the way in which well-meaning reformers have cajoled the ruling classes of America into conceding some advances in social insurance in this country. It must be either the lack of sense of humor—unless it be a lack of a sense of honesty which has induced Mr. Ramsey to quote disconnected phrases from these pages to create the impression that these are the methods which I advocate.

But I do want to say quite definitely that I agree thoroughly with the concluding statements of the review in referring to the action of the recent National Conference of Jewish Social Service held in Atlantic City in reference to the Lundeen Bill for Unemployment Insurance (H. R. 7598). He says, "He called the Bill the worst drawn up and the most impractical that he had ever read." "It would be an act of professional stupidity," he asserted, "to endorse H. R. 7598." As our Nazi friends might say "Da liegt der Hund begraben," which in free translation means "There is the nigger in the woodpile." [sic] I suspect that that is the reason for Mr. Ramsey's excitement. I did say it and I still believe so, and I am quite ready to offer proofs whenever your patience and your space will permit.

Cincinnati.

I. M. RUBINOW.

David Ramsey will comment next week. Meanwhile we have invited Dr. Rubinow to discuss H. R. 7598 in a joint debate with Miss Mary Van Kleeck, Miss Van Kleeck defending the bill, Dr. Rubinow criticizing it. Miss Van Kleeck's first article is now in Dr. Rubinow's hands, and his reply will go to Miss Van Kleeck for her rebuttal, which in turn will be sent to Dr. Rubinow for his final rejoinder. The entire debate will be published in our next quarterly issue, January 1, 1935.—THE EDITORS.

A Year of the Theatre Union

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A year ago this week, in a small office on Fourteenth Street, a group of class-conscious writers and technicians were working frantically to get the \$2,000 additional funds they need for raising the curtain on their first play. At that time the Theatre Union was unknown. Its first play, *Peace on Earth* was easy game for the bourgeois critics. For three weeks the play lost money. Then, slowly, by word of mouth, the workers of New York City heard of this new kind of play and they began crowding into the seats of the Civic Repertory Theatre.

For exactly a year now they have sustained nightly performances in this old house; over 300,000 people have seen *Peace on Earth* and *Stevedore*. So eager were they for a theatre where *their* lives would be shown, *their* point of view expressed, that they bought out five weeks of *Stevedore* sight unseen; and, have bought out eight or nine weeks of the Theatre Union's third play, *The Sailors of Catarro* before it opens on December 10. In the organization of its audience this worker's theatre is probably the most stable in New York today, though financially, because of the extremely low admission, it is still in a precarious condition. Many workers and theatre people will celebrate the anniversary of this new and powerful workers' cultural development this Friday night, November 16 at the Theatre Union's second annual theatre ball, the proceeds of which will help raise funds for the road tour of *Stevedore* and the production of *The Sailors of Catarro*.

PAUL PETERS.

Where She Didn't Get It

TO THE NEW MASSES:

We have read with much interest the article on the subject, "Plotting the American Pogroms," or, "Who Paid Viola Ilma's Way to Nazi Germany?" by Mr. John L. Spivak. Will you please thank the writer of the article for the New History Society for having so justifiably cleared the Society insofar as its relation to Miss Ilma is concerned. Mr. Spivak has written truthfully that the New History Society did not contribute one cent toward the expenses of Miss Viola Ilma or her trip to Europe.

MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB, Director.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Proust and the Proletariat

THE *Remembrance of Things Past* has recently been issued in a very impressive and satisfying new format by Random House (4 vols., \$12.50). Among bourgeois critics there seems general agreement that Proust is the greatest of modern writers, and Marxian critics will, I think, concede that in literature he is the supreme contemporary representative of his class. Will Proust be read after the revolution? The question invites more than idle speculation, for the answer depends on our view of his value today.

We should, first of all, be prepared to assert that it would be neither surprising nor particularly shocking if Proust was to be forgotten. After all, many men have passed into oblivion who were hailed as geniuses in their own age and by their own class. For that matter, many writers of the past whom we still honor as great masters actually survive because of their positions in textbooks and college curricula and not because of any widespread appetite for their works. The histories are full of names that are only names to all but the professional scholars, and even the scholars read the books with a minimum of enthusiasm. No one can expect that Proust will live forever, and his day may be briefer than his admirers suppose.

If Proust does survive, it will not be for the reasons that his admirers give. They speak, for example, of his revelation of fundamental truths of human nature. But Proust himself, more than any other writer I can think of, explicitly repudiates such a claim. It is the very essence of his view of human character that it is changing and that even our understanding of it is relative to our own interests. I do not mean that he even dimly perceives the Marxian conception of class division, but he is quite well aware of the fact that what his people do and say, and even the way they feel, is conditioned by particular circumstances. And, indeed, without Proust's recognition of this fact, we should be driven by common sense to admit it. Who could maintain that most persons in love are like Swann and the narrator, to whose love affairs so much of the work is devoted? Who could regard either Robert de Saint-Loup or the Baron de Charlus as representative of anything but a particular small class? There are books, it is true, that superficially seem to refute Marxian theory by appearing to portray Man, rather than men of different classes, but *The Remembrance of Things Past* is not one of them.

Nor do I think it can be more successfully maintained that it is Proust's philosophy that gives his work its value. That philosophy, when it is specifically stated in the last vol-

ume, *The Past Recovered*, is seen to rest upon a curiously mystical conception of time. It is a philosophy that has a special appeal to artists, for it ingeniously affirms that the artist's reconstruction of past experience is the only reality; but even artists cannot, except under rare circumstances, live by it. It is obviously both the product and the defense of Proust's peculiar way of life, of the detachment that was dictated by his disease, made possible by his private income, and dignified by his art. The sudden emergence of the past into the present, provoked by the right kind of stimulus, is not a rare occurrence, and most of us have had Proustian memories, but even his most devoted disciples fight a little shy of the elaborate philosophy he based on this simple experience.

No, we turn to Proust for the picture he gives us of the life led by certain kinds of people in a particular period of history. *The Remembrance of Things Past* is not like the ordinary novel of social life, the novel of Dickens or Thackeray, of Balzac or Zola, of Howells or James, but it does exactly the same sort of thing. Proust has found a way of showing us his characters from many points of view instead of only one. We see Mme. Verdurin, for example, not only in several stages of her career but also as she appeared to several different persons. We know more about his people than we know about people in most novels. He probes deeply, and he looks at them from all sides. But what we are chiefly aware of is that, taken together, all these varied revelations of a great variety of persons form a picture, an extraordinarily full and detailed picture, of a certain society.

And the most important thing about this society is that it is in decay. There is a great deal of evidence to show that Proust was a snob, that he placed an almost ludicrously high value on his associations with the aristocracy. But, as not infrequently happens, the writer was better than the man. He was sometimes deceived by the false standards of the class with which he tried to identify himself, but by and large he saw through its pretenses. Not only are his aristocrats personally unattractive; they are ineffectual and most of them stupid. Even those whom he treats with most tenderness, the Duchesse de Guermantes, for example, or Robert de Saint-Loup, constantly betray weaknesses, and the aristocrat whom he portrays in most detail, Charlus, is by turns hideous and ridiculous in his decadence. The characters who come from "the people," though in no sense class-conscious, are all stronger and finer than the Guermantes and their kind. And at the end of the work the complete collapse of the aris-

toocracy is symbolized in the nauseating corruption of Charlus and in the rise of the petty-bourgeois social-climber, Mme. Verdurin, to the rank of Princesse de Guermantes.

It is true that Proust gives us no idea of the causes of this collapse. We never see how the aristocracy is linked to French industry and finance by marriages and investments. We discover neither how the aristocracy is being swallowed by monopoly capitalism nor by what methods it has preserved itself as long as it has. Though the esthetes will howl at the suggestion, I believe that *The Remembrance of Things Past* would be a greater work if Proust had followed the Guermantes out of the salons and bedrooms into the fields and factories that support them. He has told only part of the story, and it is a very important part that is left untold.

But what he has done, he has done superbly well. Thanks to an independent income and certain more or less accidental acquaintanceships, he was permitted to see the aristocracy at the closest possible range. At the same time, and despite his snobbish longings, he was detached from this class by family position, by race, by his illness, and by the seriousness with which he took his literary functions.

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Detachment from a decadent class is a virtue when it brings freedom from the artifices and illusions with which that class consoles and deceives itself. Proust was in that sense detached from the class that he made his theme, and that is why he saw as much as he did.

All this will, I believe, be understood even more clearly in a post-revolutionary society than it is today, and *The Remembrance of Things Past* will be valued as a unique record of a kind of life that is fortunately extinct. Other kinds of insight than Proust's will be recognized as necessary to a complete understanding of that life, but his extraordinary sensitivity to certain sorts of experience will be appreciated. I do not think he will be chosen as a model by Communist writers; they will see too clearly that his methods are indissolubly part of an attitude towards art and life that they could not possibly recapture and certainly would not want to. But there will be readers who will want to participate in the life of the bygone age, that they may better understand their own age and themselves, and

they will read Proust with enjoyment and profit, though not, I suspect, without moments of acute disgust.

Today, however, I should hesitate to recommend *The Remembrance of Things Past* to a mechanic or a longshoreman or a farmer. Not only does the reading of the work take time that might better be devoted to Marx and Lenin; it requires a kind of preparation that, in our society, workers can seldom have; and it serves a function that is not immediately important for the worker. But for the revolutionary intellectual Proust seems to me required reading. It is important, not for its deadening mysticism, not for its caressing style, not for its fascinating technique, but for its revelation of the decadence of the society that has nurtured the intellectual and that still, in all probability, holds him with a hundred ties. He cannot break with bourgeois society unless he wholly understands it, and that Proust, with all his ignorance and inadequacy, helps him to do.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Not the Whole Story

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, by Lewis Corey. Covici Friede. \$4.

THIS book tries to do for American capitalism what Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power* did for British capitalism and attempts to do it at a much deeper level: in this lie both its strength and its weaknesses. Where Strachey's brilliant approach remained throughout on a political plane, Corey tries to strike at economic foundations, and does it not always successfully.

In a footnote somewhere the author says specifically that his work is to serve, for one thing, as an illustration of Marx's law of capitalist accumulation, and in another place he says that the lack of an adequate American Marxist literature has done more than anything else to create the illusion that Communism is "alien" to the American scene. Thus one can see the point of view from which Mr. Corey is trying to write and the difficulty of his theme. He wishes to write for contemporary American history—i.e., for America of the imperialist period—a Marxian account of the role of capital accumulation. In my own opinion he has rendered some phases of the modern American scene excellently, and has handled the exposition of Marx well some of the time. Where he has rendered neither Marx nor modern America well has been where he has imparted a mechanical twist to Marx's theory and left out of account Marx's emphasis upon the *interaction* of political-economic factors at each stage of capital development. This in our imperialist epoch of change is particularly fatal, since the connections between all parts of world economy are particularly close—not to say stifling! And the practical effects of Mr. Corey's mechanical emphasis are unfor-

tunate, since they leave the way open for his opponents to say, Change a little technological screw here or there, devise a single major new industry, for example, and your "decline" ceases and turns once more into "expansion."

In form Mr. Corey's book is exceedingly solid—nearly 600 pages. It falls into a number of parts, well arranged, with careful introductions and summaries, and a number of charts (not always technically accurate) to lighten the statistical tables. The manner of presentation is judicious, and everything is well documented.

Far and away the best parts of the book to my mind are the opening sections dealing concretely with the American scene of today and its immediate yesterday. Here we have a highly documented account of the whole gamut of folly and ballyhoo run by our most distinguished economists and statesmen, in "prosperity," adversity and "Nirraism." Particularly significant is the analysis of "prosperity" for the wage-earner, showing that in the period when the dogma of the "American policy of high wages" flourished most lustily, i.e., 1925-29, wages were actually stationary or worse and employment falling, while the real increases had come in 1922-23, through militant labor resistance to wage cuts on a falling market, at the very time when the leading employers of the country were proclaiming the necessity of retrenchment—in other words, that the American "policy" was, so to say, a slumber-song composed after the fact.

Very persuasive too is much of Mr. Corey's general sweep of American history. He shows us the revolutionary tradition of the early American bourgeoisie and the "cultural lag" of their ideals today, the early expansion of frontier and farm, with their accompaniment of land speculation, the buccaneering adven-

tures of the great railroad promoters (Mr. Corey had himself earlier written *The House of Morgan*), the decline of the farmer as a political power, the decay of the small businessman and his replacement by the "new middle class" of managerial employees of the corporations, the rise and decline of trust-busting and trust-regulation in the face of even greater industrial and financial concentration, the exploitation of undeveloped areas within the American continent and of exploitable "classes" in the form of immigrant and Negro, and through it all in later years the steady rise of monopoly finance capital with world imperialism; finally, he shows us the concluding stages of contracting markets and the World War, the "ballyhoo" prosperity of the "new capitalism," economic breakdown and crisis, and the rising state capitalism of N.R.A. adorned with the same slogans of the "new capitalism" but with its own forms of labor repression and its implicit threat (Is it merely a threat?) of fascism to come.

Much of all this is admirable. But much of it in the telling becomes veered away from its actual historical course in order to furnish illustration for Mr. Corey's central theme, which, as I have indicated, is one-sided and therefore misses the mark.

Capitalism, says Corey, is and must be on the down grade because the capital goods industries have ceased to expand, and it is upon them in the last analysis that capitalism must depend for the preservation of its profits.

It is not merely that today's crisis is deeper and more disastrous than previous cyclical depressions, but that the relative "prosperity" which may be expected to succeed it, will itself be on a far lower level. "In the past a higher level of prosperity arose after a depression, because the *long-time factors of expansion* (my emphasis) stimulated an upward economic movement: profits were high, as the *growth of new industries and the industrialization of new regions absorbed large amounts of capital goods and accelerated accumulation. Because of exhaustion of the long-time factors of expansion, prosperity must now be on a definitely lower basis.*" "A prosperity based upon replacements means that depression levels of production move upward, but not much." The main, most revolutionary lines, of capitalist industrial development, Mr. Corey assures us, have already been laid down; today "technology no longer tends to revolutionize the basis of old industries or to create gigantic new industries."

This fact, Mr. Corey notes, has been recognized by some economists (cf. the "era of maintenance" concept of Tugwell); but they have not followed it to its logical conclusion. If the increase in productive equipment must henceforward proceed slowly, what becomes of profits? The rate of profit on given units of investment with increasing overhead tends to fall in any case; but hitherto, under conditions of expanding capitalism, it was more than made up for by the growing amounts of total investment. Now, with substantially station-

ary amounts of total investment, the total amount of profits must sink and sink disastrously. And with it will decline even the relative gains scored by labor under the periods of expanding capitalism. Henceforth it is inevitable that there should be large amounts of "disemployment," heavier pressure upon wage rates, more speed-up. Henceforth capitalism must, in a sense, feed upon itself: it must contract, since it cannot expand; it must decrease production in order to reap a higher rate of profit upon its remaining product. "It will destroy and depreciate capitals so that the rate upon the surviving capitals may rise." "In the epoch of decline, capitalism is capable only of reaction and has need of it to maintain itself." It fulfills "the scientific prophecy of Marx that capitalism would break down and become a reaction against its own productive forces and ideals."

Now how close is this to Marx and how close is it to the facts of American capital accumulation today? Marx certainly maintained that the composition of capital would become ever "higher" (*i.e.*, with more overhead in proportion to wages, or as our American economists would say, with production increasingly "indirect"), and he certainly maintained that under such conditions the rate of profit, in contrast to the mass of profits, must fall. He foresaw crises of increasing severity with employers increasingly constrained to cut production to bolster their dwindling rate of profit, and he foresaw a reserve army of the unemployed of increas-

ing proportions. But he based prognosis of ultimate disaster upon no primarily technological considerations of automatically "declining" mechanization nor the "exhaustion" of the possibilities of new industries. The duel remained for him on the active level of exploitative wages versus increased productive powers, with the growing reserve army of the unemployed faced by ever more powerful combinations of capital in great trusts.

It is at this point that Lenin stepped into the picture and took up the story where Marx had left it. These trusts, he said, were actually, since the turn of the century, becoming the dominant political as well as economic factor in the world. They were now a combination of banking with industrial capital—a great series of finance-capital monopolies, dividing and redividing the world into rival investment markets. This was imperialism. Henceforth, he suggested, it was in this milieu that any operative economic (or political!) situation within any given country must be judged.

Using that criterion for the milieu of Mr. Corey's book, what do we have? Do we not find his America at a characteristically late stage of the imperialism Lenin described? A stage where the world is not only divided and re-divided up into spheres of influence of the dominant capitalist powers themselves, but where a totally different economy, different in principle, the Socialist economy of the U.S. S.R., is blocking off a large and profitable sector of the world's area from further exploitation? Both at home and abroad, then, the American economy finds itself increasingly restricted from developing fresh investment outlets: at home by the throttling effect of its own industrial-financial monopolies which, particularly powerful, be it noted, in the capital goods industries—steel, aluminum, oil, etc.—are able to maintain prices even during depression and thus to prevent new expansion after write-offs; and abroad by the "preempt" signs of other world monopolies and the "no trespassing" sign of the Soviet Union. Perhaps to the latter's score should be added the

further factor of enhanced popular unrest in the colonial countries, making investment there increasingly risky.

Is not such a view of the investment—and hence the capital goods—market today more realistic than one that dwells primarily upon "long-time factors," "exhaustion," lack of "revolutionizing" inventions?

Similarly with Mr. Corey's view of the field of consumption. Mr. Corey makes much of the "suicidal" impossibility of the consumers' goods industries being developed, under capitalism, now ahead of (or, as he seems to think, to the detriment of) the capital goods industries. (Again the "exhaustion" argument.) But actually in England, with the shrinkage of her export trades—coal, steel, shipbuilding—and the growth of her industries, manufacturing primarily for the home market, something very like this has been taking place. And insofar as it has taken place, it has obviously been only thanks to the dogged resistance of British labor to wage cuts and to the dismantling of their unemployment insurance apparatus, such as it is.

Indeed it is perhaps in the field of labor action that Mr. Corey's interpretation throughout his book is weakest. He speaks in general, and in an eloquent way, of the need of it, to overthrow the present system, and, as he believes, bring in Communism; but it all seems somewhat vague. With the exception of the excellent sections I mentioned earlier about the "policy of high wages" era, he does not analyze or weigh the efficacy of labor action in concrete situations.

It is this lack of coming to grips with some of the real world for which one must blame Mr. Corey's theory. It is almost as if he had added a dash of Ricardo to his Marx—a touch of the "stationary state" to the "accumulation of capital." Of course, unlike Ricardo's, Mr. Corey's story is geared to come out right in the end; but even that process, as I have said, seems a little abstract. One feels that a hunger-march would be out of place in it.

DOROTHY W. DOUGLAS.

Stalin Answers Trotsky

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Truth Lies At The Bottom

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co. \$4.

CASTE, like a pall, is over all England; and, like the climatic fogs of that country, it seeps into the lungs and blood of all who live there. Its effects, in both direct and vestigial forms, are to be discerned not only in the actions of England's children at home and abroad, but also in the thoughts and aspirations of even her intellectuality emancipated.

Wells will vociferously deny that caste has left any mark upon him: but his autobiography (a really excellent example of this most abused of literary forms) furnishes overwhelming proof that upon the blight of pov-

erty, lasting until manhood, was the further blight of caste. Moreover, he *makes a point* of specifically denying it several times.

Wells is too great a writer to be charged with any cheap opportunism; he is too aware, too informed, too disciplined in his craft, to be a common *arriviste*. Yet such is the kind of person emerging from this revealing autobiography, and the explanation must be found in the realm of the unconscious, for there especially does caste condition, distort and mold the man.

At the very end of this autobiography he calls himself, with a sincerity not altogether convincing (for he calls himself other things elsewhere in the book): "one of the most pampered and irresponsible of 'Advanced Thinkers', an uninvited adventurer who has felt

himself free to criticize established things without restraint." There is, in even this self-characterization, a carrying of water on both shoulders, a caution, a placation, a playing safe, which, I think, proceeds from the caste sense of insecurity, of homelessness, of not daring to stand clear and clean, of not renouncing the society in which he ascended from poverty and humiliation.

He says, quite pathetically, for it occurs in the midst of his account of his efforts to get an education instead of continuing as a draper's apprentice, that two more years of schooling must be guaranteed to children if the new order is to be achieved. Two more years of schooling! That would bring England's span of compulsory education up to ours; yet *we* have not brought about the new order. Ah, it is this minor bitterness of his youth, and his years as a school teacher, and his success through his own efforts, that make him the protagonist for such accoutrements of idealistic inaction as the Order of the Samurai and the Open Conspiracy, and the antagonist of the class struggle.

His declaration that the class war is spite is perhaps the most flagrantly typical example of the influence of caste undermining a mind and an intelligence which have done much good, comprehended the social needs of the future—and recoiled from the actual, realistic way of effecting the transition. His pious espousal of education as the need of all revolutionary needs, the premier essential, can no longer be accepted as a blindness deriving from his familiarity with pedagogy (even such familiarity there should dispel any reliance in its effectiveness as a revolutionary instrument). No, it is remaining within the fold, it is playing the prophet, it is playing safe.

It is also allied to the fallacy that because Wells beat his way to success, others (with a little help from the Samurai) can also. This pride in individualistic achievement pervades many passages. On strictly literary grounds it is understandable, and, perhaps, even excusable. In a social thinker it must be denounced. Wells knows better intellectually, but not temperamentally, and it is this temperament, in a propagandist of his power and distinction, which makes him so menacing a figure. This personal pride is visible also in his depreciation of both Marx and Stalin. There it reappears as envy.

His fault finding with expedients deliberately instituted for purposes of cementing the Communist gains is also invalidated by this individualist preoccupation. Very often the things of which he complains are legitimate comments—in the cloister, but not in the world of action. This he also knows, and his praise for Lenin's fluidity is proof that he knows it. But knowing is not applying, doing.

His hesitation to step out of the enveloping casuistries which keep him an ally of the system he despises is not unrelated to the opportunism of his literary career. During the war he discovered God, and his account of that despicable treachery, in this autobiography, is

one of the major instances of the self-deception, both conscious and unconscious, which still holds him in thrall. His account of his divorce, despite a manifest effort to be both honest and accurate, is another instance of self-deception, albeit self-deception of a more personal and less social kind. He could even deceive himself about the hue and cry raised over *Ann Veronica*.

In this matter of literary opportunism, it is significant that he could understand Bennett, but not Conrad or Henry James. Toward Shaw he preserves the attitude of "I will make no cracks provided you do not." Here and there are definite traces of log rolling; not many, and most of them excusable on the grounds of personal affection. But alien to the fine and genuine protestations of scrupulous self-analysis in the opening chapter.

His early years are treated fully; there are

Literature of the Revolutionary Era

FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR TO THE SECOND, by Nemo. Workers Library Publishers. 10 cents.

15 YEARS OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL. Workers Library 5 cents.

COMMUNISTS IN THE TEXTILE STRIKE, by C. A. Hathaway. Foreword by Alex Bittelman. Central Committee of the Communist Party. 2 cents.

CENTRALIZED SHIPPING BUREAU. Published by Marine Workers' Industrial Union. 2 cents.

YOU CAN'T KILL THE WORKING CLASS, by Angelo Herndon. Published by International Labor Defense and the League of Struggle for Negro Rights. Foreword by John L. Spivak. 5 cents.

MR. PRESIDENT: Free the Scottsboro Boys! Preface by Theodore Dreiser. Published by International Labor Defense. 5 cents.

FIGHTING FASCISM IN THE FACTORIES: How the Young Communist League of Germany Fights in the Factories to Overthrow Fascist Dictatorship. Published by Youth Publishers. 5 cents.

THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL STRIKE, by William F. Dunne. Workers Library Publishers. 10 cents.

PERMANENT COUNTER-REVOLUTION: The Role of the Trotskyites in the Minneapolis Strike. Workers Library Publishers. 10 cents.

CALIFORNIA'S BROWN BOOK. Issued by the American League Against War and Fascism. 5 cents.

THE characteristic literature of a revolutionary age is its pamphlets. A Bostonian of the 1770's, a Parisian of the 1790's, a Russian of the last generation, would feel at home in a Workers' Bookshop with its tight racks of pamphlets.

This literature is of immediate importance. Much of it offers the only really studied and

many lacunae in the later years. Except for one sentence of tribute to Rebecca West, there is nothing concerning her. His appraisals of men he has intimately known are slight, most of them polite. Toward himself he has been modest a little too appropriately.

From the title, *Experiment in Autobiography*, we may assume that there will be more autobiography from Herbert George Wells. Certainly the structure of the present volume lends support to this hope (there is practically no personal information after his second marriage). He writes so well about himself that more autobiography would not be uninteresting. And then, though he is now sixty-eight years old, more things may happen to him. He may throw in his lot with the one certain revolutionary class. It is not very probable, I know. But he would be useful if he did.

HENRY HART.

informed commentary on the passing scene that is available, selecting from the drift of events those that are most likely to evolve into history.

But it is a mistake to consider pamphlet literature only as a literature for the moment. Much of pamphlet literature is of enduring quality. There are classics that made their first appearance as revolutionary journalism. The writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and other masters of revolutionary thought are outstanding examples; but here, on our own ground and in our own historical hour we have already produced work of great value. The clear and forceful thinking and writing of Earl Browder, Clarence Hathaway, Moissaye Olgin, Alexander Bittelman, William F. Dunne, and others, will enter into the permanent libraries of revolutionary literature. Even from the narrower and so-called "purer" standards of literature, pamphleteering has been productive. The stirring biographical narrative, *The Life and Death of Steve Katovis*, by Joseph North and A. B. Magil, was a pioneer venture which led to Angelo Herndon's remarkable autobiographical pamphlet described below. Whittaker Chamber's *Can You Hear Their Voices?* one of the most moving and powerful short stories of our times, appeared as a pamphlet and has been circulated by the tens of thousands throughout the country. Two poetry pamphlets, Mike Gold's collection of revolutionary verse and *We Gather Strength*, a collection of the work of four revolutionary poets, Joseph Spector, Joseph Kalar, Edwin Rolfe and S. Funaroff, have stimulated poetry to a new and fruitful subject matter and given to the revolutionary movement the beginnings of a rousing campaign music.

What draws a worker into the revolutionary movement, how it becomes the major part of his life is told in Angelo Herndon's remarkable autobiographical pamphlet, *You Can't Kill the Working Class*. Herndon, in an Atlanta court conducted himself like a

revolutionist; like Dimitroff, he put his accusers on trial; he brought into a capitalist court an indictment against Capitalism. With vivid and memorable simplicity he tells his story, his childhood as a miner's son, his life as a miner, his revolt against the twofold exploitation he suffered, as a worker and as a Negro. He tells why the Scottsboro case is so important to the Negro people and to the revolutionary movement. How he built up in Atlanta, Georgia, a unity between Negro and white workers, as an organizer among the unemployed, the work which brought about his arrest, is a stirring piece of revolutionary narrative.

The importance of the Scottsboro case has already been touched on. In *Mr. President: Free the Scottsboro Boys!* a comprehensive account is given. It opens with the story of the visit of the mothers of the Scottsboro boys to the White House, on Mother's Day this year. Smiling Franklin D. Roosevelt had no smiles for the Scottsboro mothers. From that incident the story is developed. The pamphlet is especially valuable for the documentary material it incorporates. It includes the official statement to the President demanding the release of the Scottsboro boys and Judge Horton's decision in reversing the lynch verdict at the Decatur trial.

"The Communist Party lives and fights!" In the recent Thaelmann film flashes of this inscription along city walls, on roadside boulders, and on innumerable pieces of illegal literature were inspiring visual evidence of the undefeated German revolution. The same lift is given in the pamphlet, *Fighting Fascism in the Factories*, where the methods used by the Young Communist League in carrying on its perilous work are described. How a factory nucleus works, how illegal printing is done and its invaluable product is distributed; how meetings may be held, and how spies and provocateurs are spotted and kept out; how Nazi youth, sport and cultural organizations are penetrated; how united fronts are built up with Socialist and Catholic youth, all are told.

In the comments in the bourgeois press on the great West Coast strike the hiring hall issue was ridiculed as a mere talking point for trouble makers. Why was this issue so important to marine workers? In *Centralized Shipping Bureaus*, the present system, founded on discrimination, built up on blacklists, and rotten throughout with racketeering is described. Centralized Shipping Bureaus, run by the seamen and longshoremen themselves, are the workers' alternative. The successful struggle for such a bureau in the port of Baltimore and its successful operation there is one of the highlights of this interesting and informative pamphlet.

The West Coast maritime strike led to the San Francisco General Strike, and these two tremendous upsurges of the workers are epic historical events in the class struggle in America. *The Great San Francisco General Strike* gives a detailed day-to-day account of the maritime strike that achieved its culminating point in the San Francisco General Strike.

The narrative is vigorous and revealing; and the inclusion of the Resolution on the Lessons of Recent Strike Struggles, of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, makes it valuable to thoughtful readers who wish to examine a revolutionary analysis of such an historic act.

To the same thoughtful reader the collection of editorials from the *Daily Worker*, gathered together in the pamphlet, *Communists in the Textile Strike* will be equally valuable. During the course of the textile strike the editorials in the *Daily Worker* sounded insistent warning against the "arbitration" traps and the other forms of A. F. of L. betrayal which the final outcome of the strike proved only too well. As a statement of the Communist position on strikes, on the connection between immediate economic demands and ultimate revolutionary objectives, and on strike tactics and the counter attack of the Red Scare the pamphlet is clear, decisive and authoritative.

How does Capitalism meet workers when they come out firmly for their rights? With the brown terror! Whether in Fascist Germany or in the Democratic United States, terror greets the militant worker. *California's Brown Book*, describes the terror launched against the working class by a hysterical capitalist class during and after the San Francisco General Strike. Workers' militancy is beating back the California terror. Read this pamphlet to understand the immediate and compelling need to organize for a fight against Fascism.

The fight against Fascism is naturally associated with the fight against War, for War and Fascism are concomitant characteristics of the decline of capitalism. *From the First World War to the Second* is a model of pamphlet writing. Its writing is admirably clear; and it is the brilliant clarity of the thinking

that makes the writing seem so crystalline. It analyzes the costs of the first World War, audits it in terms of its cost to the working class of the world, exposes the disarmament swindle, the "peace" conferences and the League of Nations. It reveals the intensifying capitalist drive for war and contrasts with it the Soviet drive for peace. It shows what the future world war will be under the projected chemical and bacteriological forms of warfare. From there it steps to the other side, showing how the working class movement is uniting in opposition to war, slowly building the united front, in spite of the Socialist obstructions and betrayals.

Finally, in the pamphlet *Fifteen Years of the C.I.*, the history of the Communist International is told. This pamphlet is equally important as history and as an analysis of the functions and program of the Communist International. It describes the formation of the C.I., analyzes its composition, summarizes the decisions of its congresses. The student interested in the actual program of the world revolutionary movement will especially value the analysis given in this pamphlet, of the clearing away of "right" and "left" tendencies, of the continuous struggle begun by Lenin and carried on by Stalin against those guides to counter-revolution, whose deviations from the Marxist-Leninist line lay constant ambushes in the path of the world revolution.

How such deviationists do counter-revolutionary work is shown in the pamphlet *Permanent Counter-Revolution*, an analysis of the activities of the Trotskyites in the Minneapolis strike. There they entered a united front—with the A. F. of L. fakers in the Central Labor Council and with Governor Olsen. Class lines were completely blurred by them. Through their tactics a powerful offensive became a weak defensive, and a victory slipped into a defeat.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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The Theatre

JUST as I was making ready to get down to the typewriter and rattle out my unrestrained enthusiasm for *Recruits*, the latest production of the Artef Theatre, my eyes fell on Elmer Rice's embittered farewell to Broadway. "The theatre game as it is played on Broadway," complains Mr. Rice, "is so pitifully adolescent. In the main it is a trivial pastime, devised by 'grown-up children' for the delectation of the mentally and emotionally immature. . . . The Broadway Theatre is in the hands of business men, of real estate operators and entrepreneurs, whose chief interest is to capitalize the creative talents of authors and actors and turn them into dollars and cents. They can do this best by catering to the tastes of amusement seekers, particularly the well-fed and the idle, who have money to spend and who know quite definitely that what they want is nothing that rocks the brain, the heart or the boat. . . . Between the creative artist and his potential auditors stands the sordid and ugly barrier of the commercial theatre. Here, as everywhere in our civilization, the profit system stifles the creative impulse and dams the free flow of human vitality. . . . And so I say good-bye to Broadway. Perhaps good-bye to the theatre. I believe that America is rich in dramatic material and that there is a large potential audience for what is really fine in the drama. But whether or not it can be organized, or whether or not it is worth the trouble, I do not know. . . ."

Now it happens that the Artef Theatre is housed in the environs of Broadway—and it is a pity that Mr. Rice, in his justifiable disgust with that artistic desert which is Broadway, failed to designate one glittering oasis, 247 West 48th Street, where people craving a sip of fresh, invigorating theatre can quench their honest thirst. Of course not one of Elmer Rice's charges against the Broadway Theatre applies to the Artef. It is not a

commercial theatre run for private profit nor does it offer trivial pastime to the emotionally and mentally immature, the well-fed and the idle. It is definitely interested in rocking the brain, the heart, and the boat. The Artef is a workers' revolutionary theatre, the only Jewish workers' art theatre in America. Organized in 1926 by a group of class-conscious shop workers enamored of the theatre, it preceded the John Reed Clubs by three years and the Theatre Union by seven years in its pioneering efforts to lay the foundation for a proletarian culture in this country. These worker actors approached their task in high spirit of resolve. They studied diligently, always bearing in mind that lofty ideological content must be presented in fine artistic form. Under the inspiring guidance first of Jacob Metsel, the well-known Jewish actor, poet and regisseur, and more recently of Benno Schneider, an able student of the famous Russian director E. B. Vakhtangov, the Artef, after years of economic and artistic struggle, finally emerged as one of the most accomplished exponents of the revolutionary proletarian theatre in America, with thirty-eight well-trained worker actors and an excellent studio for training other workers in dramatics.

The history of the Artef, like that of the Theatre Union and the hundreds of workers' theatres and dance groups throughout the country, demonstrates the truth of Rice's surmise as to the "rich dramatic material" and the "large potential audience" for what is really fine in the drama. It also supplies an answer to his doubts as to whether or not such an audience can be organized and whether it is worth the trouble. The fact

that the Artef, a Yiddish-language theatre, managed to stage successfully twelve productions, including such eminently American plays as *The Third Parade*, by Paul Peters and Charles R. Walker; *In the Roar of the Machines*, by F. Chernet, and *Drought*, N. Buchwald's adaptation of *Can You Hear Their Voices?*, the play which Hallie Flanagan made out of Whittaker Chambers' story, and the further fact that approximately 170,000 people saw the Artef productions last year—this at a time when the commercial Jewish theatres are in the dumps—is sufficient answer. Mr. Rice says he is a revolutionist. If he is really that, why the pessimism, why the doubts? Let him stop flirting with the well-fed and the immature. Let him join the revolutionary theatrical organizations; write for them, work with them. They are clamoring for new plays, revolutionary plays. The working class audiences want sound dramatic food; and they are warmly appreciative of the artist who is willing and able to supply it. Only one visit to the Artef, especially its production of *Recruits*, would convince Elmer Rice that the audience which he dreams of is not a potentiality but a vital, throbbing, enthusiastic reality.

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The play, though historical, is quite modern in its penetrating analysis of the social forces that operated in the Jewish Ghetto during the first half of the nineteenth century. It shows how the Jews, oppressed by the Czars, were divided among themselves along sharply class lines—the propertied Jews doing everything in their power to shift the entire burden of taxation and military service onto the shoulders of the poor, the tailors, the cobblers, the butcher boys. It shows how the Jewish clergy, like the clergy always and everywhere, cooperated with the rich in befuddling and betraying the exploited classes. It shows the vacillation of the petty bourgeois employer of labor. On the one hand, being himself a worker, Leiser Krivoshei, the master tailor, is sympathetic with the workers; on the other hand, being an employer of labor, though as poor as a church mouse, he gravitates to the rich merchants and bosses. His lack of economic stability is reflected in his psychological instability. Above all, the play shows the first beginnings of rebelliousness among the Jewish workers against the combined forces of landlord, merchant, employer, rabbi, State.

The play is splendidly staged. The settings, designed by M. Solotaroff and executed by M. Goldstein, S. Levy, B. Bunin, and D. Windman, are reminiscent of Marc Chagall's paintings at their best. In harmony with the expressionistic settings is the expressionistic acting. The Artef director, Benno Schneider, is to be highly complimented for the remarkable plasticity of his actors, and the beautiful rhythm of the performance. The action is slightly marred by the banal realism of the love scene and the idiotic laughter of the butcher boy. Here and there, too, expressionism and realism are at loggerheads, and one is annoyed by what is obviously an esthetic eclecticism. But these are very minor flaws in a performance that is exquisitely beautiful in conception, execution, and ideological clarity.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

Other Current Shows

Geraniums in My Window, by Samuel Ornitz and Vera Caspary. Longacre Theatre. A modern Cinderella story. Everybody is ideal: the poor working girl, her boss, her millionaire prince, his father. A perfect illustration of what a revolutionary playwright should not have a hand in.

All Rights Reserved. Ritz Theatre. Inconsequential, faintly amusing comedy about a lady author of a salacious hence very successful novel.

and her author-husband who suspects his wife's lurid stories as being autobiographical. Bright dialogue interspersed with pseudo-profound discussions of literature, ethics, marital relations, etc. Domestic rift and finally reconciliation upon the wife's admission of plagiarizing Bocaccio, etc.

Strike Me Red. Fifth Avenue Theatre. Thoroughly enjoyable performance (Nov. 10, 11) of the late Harry Alan Potamkin's children's operetta produced by the Young Pioneers and the Workers Laboratory Theatre. Required attendance for all readers of THE NEW MASSES who haven't seen it yet. This column will announce the next performance.

Five Revolutionary Plays, produced by the Workers Laboratory Theatre, Fifth Avenue Theatre. Full evening of new repertory, November 28, including Peter Martin's dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's short story *Daughter*. Also: puppet skit, new songs, Red Vodvil numbers; four one-act plays and dramatization of the poem *Nanking Road*. Inaugurating the fifth year of the W.L.T. Cheapest seat: 25 cents.

The Dance

HAVING followed the work of the revolutionary dance groups for the past half year the writer went to Martha Graham's opening recital chiefly to answer a question that has been interesting many dance devotees: What, if anything, can Martha Graham contribute to the left-wing groups who have made the dance their instrument of persuasion?

Her performance (November 11, *Theatre Guild*) provides at least the materials for an answer, for it is at once clear that she has progressed along one groove only: toward the perfection of her craft. That she has become the unrivaled American master of her art will not easily be denied. Unfailing in control of every technical factor, she makes exquisite use of the entire body while exercising a flawless dexterity with music, lights, costumes, and drops. One thinks of her idiom as the cinematographic counterpart of body-motion: here is no flowing from posture to posture but a series of momentarily arrested stills. Yet each still is a composition balanced with severe care, even to the toes, fingers, and hair.

After an entire Graham evening one thinks of Emerson's "Line in nature is not found," because of its application in reverse: Curve in Graham is not found. And this absence of lyric quality is both the source of her original

contribution and its limitation for revolutionary artists. While conferring freshness on her treatment of commonplace dance themes, it takes its toll in passionlessness. There is no abandon in her, she never allows her body to be run away by an overpowering impulsion. Figuratively speaking, she never flies off the ground. Always a subduing intellect cerebralizes the materials of passion—the fire becomes a frozen flame.

There is far less to admire in her choice of themes and attitude toward them. Take her *Lamentation*, for example (given last year and now repeated). When millions are compelled to suffer crushing miseries, she can find in the lamentation idea nothing beyond a stylized, rhythmical decoration devoid of communicative emotion! The greater part of her work is either pure formal development or a frank sidestepping away from ideas; and there is a rather pointless over-emphasis on primitivism. In some of the satirical pieces and a specific number such as *Act of Judgment* her vagueness becomes nearly exasperating; whereupon one is disproportionately grateful for the one bit of concrete thinking: *Act of Piety*, a travesty on church religion. When one realizes that the general omission of ideas is committed by one who is preeminently intellectual, who cannot be unaware of the world she moves in, her situation takes on a tragic color. The exquisite accomplishments begin to be banal.

STANLEY BURNshaw.

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Music

Soviet Music Published Here

CONTEMPORARY Soviet Russian composers, up to October, 1934, have never had their original manuscripts published outside of Russia. They are well represented in the great State Edition in Moscow; but never has any capitalistic publishing house in the rest of the world been directly allowed to exploit Soviet musical publications.

Last Summer, however, the Soviet organization of composers, which embraces all the most important modern Russian musical creators, decided that it is high time that their works should be issued outside of Russia, provided that no capitalistic exploitation occurs. They thereupon canvassed the world's publishers, European and American, to see whether there was a publisher somewhere who would not take financial advantage of them, and who would be sympathetic to their musical aims. Unanimously they decided to approach the editor of the New Music Edition, published in San Francisco. Why? For several reasons. New Music is non-profit making; all proceeds go to the composers who write the music it prints. New Music is organized to further international contemporary music. New Music is sympathetic to the ideals of Soviet composers. New Music has good international distribution.

The result was that I, editor of New Music, received a letter from the composer's group, through the Cultural Relations Society in Moscow. I agreed to waive all editorial prerogatives, and to accept in toto a selection of music that the composer's group in the U. S. S. R. thinks is representative of all the main tendencies now in strong swing there. This selection was duly received, and during October of this year New Music was devoted exclusively to Soviet composers, and contains their own selection of works. Thus the publication is quite unique. This is the first time that manuscript music of important Soviet composers has been published by a foreign publisher; the first time that a group of composers themselves should be the ones to decide what was to be published, instead of the selection being made for business exploitation by the publisher. And this is not the only aspect. There is interchange. In return for what they consider friendly cooperation from America, the composers of the Soviet Union have taken an interest in what is going on

among some of the more vital American composers, who feel that they are working in their music toward definite social aims. The works of many of these are being performed reciprocally in Moscow. Specifically, in July there was a broadcast of American composers' works throughout Russia from Moscow; since then, there have been three concerts at the conservatory of music there. This is done in the spirit of interchange of ideas and cultures.

Since, although I published this music, I did not edit it nor choose it, perhaps I might be permitted to offer my views on it. The edition consists of a *Song of a Shepherd Perishing in the Mountains*, by A. Davidenko, for chorus; *Dance for Piano*, by A. Khachaturian; *A Turkemanian Lullaby*, by A. Mossolov; (for chorus) a piano piece by L. A. Polovinkin; *Stanistan*, for chorus, by A. Veprik; a work by Schostakowitsch and one by Miaskowsky follow in a later issue. Davidenko (lately deceased) is one of the great men who have arisen during the Soviet regime. His vigor and directness, the stark strength of his style, and its applicability to use among musically untrained workers without loss of high quality mark him as being the best representative so far of proletarian creative music. Khachaturian's Dance shows the primitive joy of folk expression in the dance—a joy which is released through the freedom to enjoy of the people who take part in the dance. *The Lullaby of Mossolov* is exquisite—simple, performable, understandable, primal, yet without losing one whit of the progress into new worlds of musical values to express a new social world. Mossolov is the leader in musical

progress in Moscow. Polovinkin's humorous dance has a certain charm, but the charm seems to be one tied fast to a rather decadent old school—it is meant to be a mild satire, but the whole thing is so polite as to be wearying. One supposes it was chosen out of politeness too—to give representation to all styles, no matter how boring. Veprik in his magnificent choral of the work of building the city of Stalistan for the benefit of the builders combines realism with the emotion of happiness of the worker in producing for his own use, and the romance of creating a city where there were but wolves and swamps before! This is a work that shows definitely the advance made in purposeful music during the past few years in Russia. Only a few years ago, musical composition there was in a state of chaos—composers still clinging to the outworn aesthetics of Scriabinesque mysticism, or trying vainly to go back to a sort of simplicity of the folk song, but in this case the folk song of the underdog peasant. Now, there is music of a new simplicity—that of the happy, normal life of one who works in a society for work, and one who adds the strength of his musical expression to the up-building of his surroundings.

HENRY COWELL.

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Three Times Risen

ROBERT FORSYTHE

TOLSTOY'S *Resurrection* has undergone its third Hollywood reincarnation and if I am any judge of the psychology of that fabulous place I am sure that the attraction of the book for movie directors is almost entirely due to the scene in which Katusha meets the troop train with the intention of telling Dimitri that because of the night in the green house a very strange thing has happened indeed. The rain beats down as Katusha runs frantically from car to car, hoping to find him. He is drinking and playing cards in his compartment and never looks up. When Dolores Del Rio played the part several years ago the rain fell with such violence that spectators sat transfixed, fearful not only that Dolores would be washed under the moving carriages but that the train itself would be swept away. In the present version, starring Anna Sten and made by Rouben Mamoulian for Samuel Goldwyn, the rain is up to California standards. Miss Sten stumbles along beside the tracks and finally ends in a puddle of water deep enough to drown her.

The story is so well known by this time that there is nothing new to report but the title, *We Live Again* (United Artists). At the risk of being mangled by my brethren on New Theatre, I venture to suggest that the picture is rather a revolutionary business. Having said that, I hasten to qualify it by adding that I am referring to the effect it might have upon a middle-class audience which is ordinarily hostile to the thoughts from which revolutionary action arises. At the outset there is a disposition for the audience to laugh at the callow radicalism of Dimitri, who is most decidedly a fuzzy young man, but when the trial scene is reached with Dimitri in the jury box and Katusha in the prisoners' dock, there are stinging lines in regard to class justice and the impossibility of the poor getting any sort of fair deal. The later episodes at the dinner table of Dimitri's fiance where her father, the judge in the case, expresses surprise at Dimitri's assumption that there should be equality for the classes and at the jail where Katusha flings biting words at his jumbled humanitarianism and bitterly draws the line between the nobles and the peasants, are as clearly revolutionary as anything could be. Where it ceases to be revolutionary is in the concluding scenes where Dimitri divides his land with the peasants and joins Katusha in the trek to Siberia, but Hollywood cannot be blamed for that. The theory that the tough land owners and exploiters of Russia will be softened by holiness to the point where they will sacrifice their blood money for the common good is certainly more Tolstoy than Samuel Goldwyn.

From any rational point of view and that of course means the Communist point of view.

the theme is nonsense and it is not helped by the chants of the Orthodox Easter service or the maunderings of Dimitri before the altar. God, in his inscrutable way, has a fashion of being on the side of the heaviest taxpayers and there is no evidence that his earthly representatives were pleased by the actions of the Dimitris. At a time when religion was a curse upon the land, Tolstoy first prepared the revolutionary loam by revealing the hollowness of Russian aristocracy and then tied the hands of the people by his theory that non-resistance and Christian humility were their only salvation. There is no greater testimonial to the courage and sanity of the Russian working-classes and the peasants than their ability to throw off the effects of such heavenly narcotics.

Tolstoy was a great artist and a poor prophet. The other night in re-reading *Anna Karenina* I came across this passage, which may have some application to our present problems:

"... Russia needs men; she needs a party, or everything goes and will go to the dogs."

"How do you mean? Bertenev's party against the Russian communists?"

"No," said Serpuhovsky, frowning with vexation at being suspected of such an absurdity. "*Tout ça est une blague*. That's always been and always will be. There are no communists. But intriguing people have to invent a noxious, dangerous party. It's an old trick. No, what's wanted is a powerful party of independent men like you and me."

Also, no doubt, like Mr. Muste and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bingham, independent men all and equally convinced of the absurdity of Communism. In this case it is American Communism; with Tolstoy it is Russian Communism. The great writer had come upon two great truths: (a) The Communists of any particular country are never any good, and (b) The Communists are always a negligible element. Lenin was so little known generally that it is impossible to find his name in books published in this country between 1907 and 1917. From one who has investigated into

the matter at the New York Public Library, I am informed that his name is not even to be found in the footnotes of that period.

What makes *We Live Again* a mildly revolutionary film despite its Gandhi-like conclusion is the fact that religion no longer has its power. Tolstoy has shown the impossibility of the old order in his marvelous manner but his solution is such palpable nonsense that the observer in a present-day audience remembers nothing but the evils which made such a conclusion necessary. Christianity has had two thousand years and man is less ready to accept the Word of God than at any time in that period. All about us Capitalism and Christianity are failing and even the most devout can see it. There is no philosophical base left for Capitalism and of Christianity nothing remains but the prayerful incantations of fearful individuals. The old trust and hope have disappeared. What lingers on is a determination to fight for the little they still possess even if it requires the terrorizing of those who have nothing further to lose. If they feel the need of extenuation, they can say only that they recognize the collapse of Capitalism but intend to cling to the wreck of it until there is something better to replace it. There is something better, known as Communism, replacing it, and the prophets who fail to see it are merely the prophets who fail to see anything accurately forty paces beyond them. Outside of those few Socialists who hate the sight of his name, who in America heard of Lenin in 1915? "There are no Communists," said Serpuhovsky, frowning with vexation at being suspected of such an absurdity.

In the meantime, the heavens opened and

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the rain did fall and Mamoulian was heart glad.

It beat upon the troop train just as it had beaten upon the conservatory on the night of romance. The sprinklers opened and the water cascaded forth, falling upon saints and sinners indiscriminately but avoiding the cameramen and the director. The photography, by the way, was excellent and did for Miss Sten what it failed to do in *Nana*. To my

Three Songs About Lenin

IN 1930, Paul Rotha, high priest of the English film theoreticians, published Dziga-Vertov's obituary: "Although from a technical standpoint I have full admiration for the pictures of Dziga-Vertov, I am convinced that he has been proceeding up a *cul-de-sac*, and that he is already at the end." But during that year Vertov produced his first sound film (also the Soviet Union's first sound film), *Enthusiasm, Symphony of the Don Basin* and had already projected plans for a "sound film *Lenin* as found in the historical film-material." And as far as the layman in America was concerned Mr. Rotha may have been correct in his analysis of Vertov and his Kino-Eye group. Especially since his *Man With the Movie Camera* and his brother's (Kaufman) *Spring* were the only examples of the Kino Eye to be publicly shown here. Both *The Eleventh Year* and *Enthusiasm* were in this country but never released. Again, from the film-goer's point of view the *Man With the Movie Camera* may have been encyclopedic in scope, but it had the warmth of cold type. Vertov was "futuristic" and abstract. And from the theatre manager's point of view too intellectual. Even in the Soviet Union, Vertov and his group (including Kaufman, Kopaline, Mayakovski, Brick, and Tretiakov) were criticized for being high brows and generally bad boys of the local cinema. In a socialist society the artist may be criticized, but he is encouraged to continue his work.

In 1921 Vertov published his famous manifesto condemning the Russian comedy-film (all you critics who insist that comedy is something new to the Soviet film please take note) and demanding that films be made without actors, without acting, and without artificial scenery. With these rigid, self-imposed limitations he produced a series of Kino-Truths: *Two Worlds, Spring, The Moscow Soviet, Pioneers, Radio, and After Lenin's Death*. In 1926, still experimenting, always looking for new ways of expression he produced his first sound-film experiment, *The Sixth Part of the World*, which was accompanied by a spoken text, broadcast from a radio station to the theater. And in 1928 he gave us the well known *The Man With the Movie Camera*. That wasn't Vertov's end, it was his beginning.

Vertov, living and working in a healthy and vigorous society, grew and matured. As the Moscow correspondent for New Theatre points out: "He has consciously developed his method and himself far beyond 1924 (the

non-technical eye, the direction was good and the picture as fresh as it might be, considering the hackneyed material. Miss Sten was excellent but I detected about Frederic March a faint odor of ham, which may have been due as much to the muddled political ideas of the script as to the actor. It would have required super-human acting to have convinced anyone in 1934 that God could have such a felicitous effect upon human hearts.

birth of the Kino-Eye group). This is 1934 and Vertov saw that film theory must grow as fast as socialism has grown since 1924 . . . and gives the world, in 1934, a film with meaning." That is, *Three Songs About Lenin* (Mejrabpomfilm).

The scenario was suggested by that authority on the Soviet Orient, Tretiakov. It is developed on the basis of three native folk songs. The first about the oppressed races of middle Asia:

My face was in a prison black . . .

The revolution and Lenin set them free from Czarist terror and gave them new life. Although these people saw him they learned to love him and when he died it was their great tragedy of their new life.

he loved us like a father—
No, more than that
for no father ever did for his children
what
Ilyich did for us.

That was the second song and the second portion of the film. This section reaches emotional heights achieved by no other film. The third and concluding section is a song of triumph and joy, built around the theme:

if Lenin could see this country today—

The film is composed of library material (as was Vertov's first film on Lenin) that has been skillfully blended with original documentary film. However *Three Songs* is more than a visual document of Lenin's political career. It is Leninism in emotional, visual, and oral terms. It is a film that carries to the world the magnificent progress of 17 years of socialist construction in the Soviet Union. A film that defies evaluation by ordinary standards, it is as lyrical as it is dynamic; simple as it is profound; and universal in its appeal.

PETER ELLIS.

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Between Ourselves

THREE additions to the editorial staff of THE NEW MASSES are announced: Eugene Gordon, Orrick Johns and Russell T. Limbach.

Gordon is a well-known Boston newspaperman who has contributed frequently to THE NEW MASSES and many other magazines on all phases of the Negro question.

Orrick Johns is the author of several books of poems. For years he was a prominent figure in the "new poetry" movement. He has been active on the West Coast for some years as a branch secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. He has contributed articles and poems to left-wing publications.

Limbach's cartoons are of course well known to our readers. He has done the greater part of his work heretofore in Cleveland.

We don't want to take all the credit for the defeat of Louis T. McFadden, the Pennsylvania Congressman whose anti-semitic connections and shady financial past were exposed by John L. Spivak a few weeks ago, but facts are facts. McFadden was going along pretty well in his campaign, as he had for twenty years past, when Spivak's article appeared. The article was reprinted, and a copy was put into the mail box of each one of the 43,000 voters in the district. The turn against McFadden developed immediately.

On Monday evening, November 19, Spivak will speak at Paradise Manor, 11 West Mt. Eden Avenue, The Bronx, under the auspices of the Fordham Progressive Club and the Concourse Branch of the American League Against War and Fascism.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES will have its next meeting November 20 at 2200 Murray Avenue, at 8 p. m. Sylvia Schlesinger will review Harry F. Ward's *In Place of Profit*.

Michael Gold, on his lecture tour arranged through THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau, will speak on "The Crisis in Modern Literature." The following are the first of his lectures:

Boston, Thursday, November 22, 8 p. m., at Steinert Hall, 162 Boylston Street; auspices, Leftward.

Amherst—arrangements are pending for a lecture on November 23 or 24, at Amherst College.

Northampton, Mass., Sunday evening, November 25, at the Progressive Club Forum.

Hanover, Mass., Monday evening, November 26; auspices of the Dartmouth College "Junto."

Syracuse, Wednesday evening, November 28; auspices National Student League at Syracuse University.

Rochester, Friday evening, November 30; auspices Pen and Hammer.

Further lectures will be announced in this column next week.



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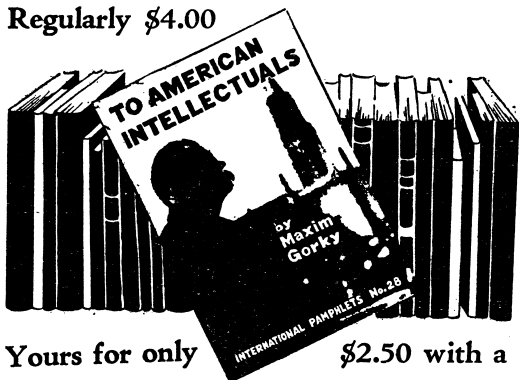
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