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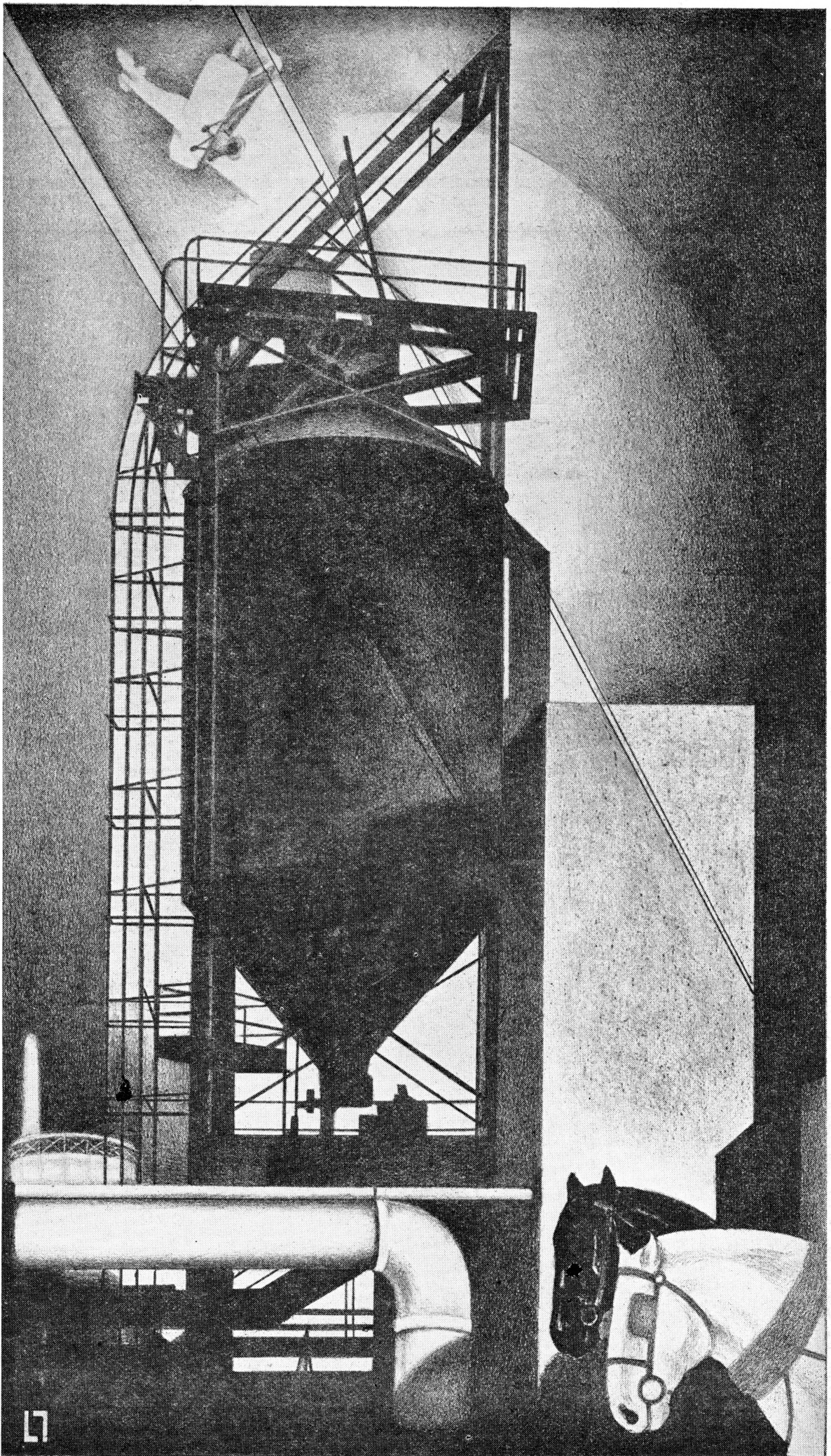
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Harbor Allen, Sherwood Anderson, Egmont Arens, Cornelia Barns, Em Jo Basshe, Carlton Beals, Van Wyck Brooks, Howard Brubaker, Stuart Chase, Miguel Covarrubias, Adolph Dehn, Floyd Dell, Robert Dunn, John Dos Passos, Waldo Frank, Joseph Freeman, Wanda Gag, Hugo Gellert, Arturo Giovannitti, William Gropper, Charles Yale Harrison, Joseph Kalar, Freda Kirchwey, Louis Lozowick, I. Klein, John Howard Lawson, H. H. Lewis, Norman Macleod, Claude McKay, Lewis Mumford, Scott Nearing, Samuel Ornitz, Lola Ridge, Boardman Robinson, James Rorty, Martin Russak, William Siegel, Upton Sinclair, Bernard Smith, Otto Soglow, Herman Spector, Rex Stout, Genevieve Taggard, Mary Heaton Vorse, Keene Wallis, Eric Walrond, Edmund Wilson, Jr., Robert Wolf, Charles W. Wood, Art Young.

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THE RED TIDE IN MONGOLIA

By BILL DUNNE

We tore across the great Mongolian plain at 100 kilometers per hour—a Czecho-Slovak, a Buriat-Mongol and an American. Our driver knew the military highway which runs from Verkneudinsk on the Trans-Siberian to Ulan-Bator as I know the palm of my hand. He had guided careening military trucks loaded with munitions for the Kuomintang armies over every foot of its 400 miles. Driving the same car we were in—a huge Fiat—he had made the 400 miles in 7 hours. He cursed rich Russian curses when he had to slow down to 70 kilometers.

Straight south we drove—across the broad and turbulent Selenge, crossing by a ferry operated by prisoners who had violated the laws of the Autonomous Soviet Republic of Buriat-Mongolia. Straight south, through the rich farming section of Buriat-Mongolia, through fields of ripe grain, through populous villages, past great herds of cattle, sheep and goats. We passed the great Buddhist lamastery where the lamas now act only as guides for the students and the curious, and doubtless wonder about this Communism that has proved to be more powerful than their ancient faith.

We stopped for lunch at a little village where the former priest is now the innkeeper. Then we began to climb out of the plain. An hour later we looked back. The great valley was in shadow but the sun shown down on the huge white mosque in the village we had left behind. No houses were visible, only the gleaming domes of the mosque could be seen. It rose majestically from the green-brown plain, alone and beautiful to see. All the mystery and might of old central Asia was incorporated in it. It stood like something out of a book of fairy-tales—unreasonable, useless, but lovely and impressive. One understood the power of the religion it symbolized upon the minds of primitive peoples—the power that is waning fast as the teachings of Lenin turn the minds of the masses of central Asia from servility to the living gods of Buddhism and its debauching slave philosophy to the bright, stern struggle against feudalism and imperialism.

From Troitskassovsk, the beautiful little border city, with its huge white market and its ethnological museum, presided over by an old professor whose love for his priceless collection shines forth in every word and gesture, through Kiachta, once a city of millionaires and the world's tea-trading center before white men came to America, to Altam-Bulak, the frontier city of the Peoples Republic of Mongolia. Altam-Bulak is only two miles from Troitskassovsk but we were in another world. Yurts—the round, felt covered houses of the Mongols—Chinese traders, Mongol bowmen playing their national game in the public square with blunt arrows, soldiers whose caps no longer bore the hammer and sickle but the

lotus flower—the Mongol national emblem—made the two miles seem ten thousand.

We went by airplane from Altam-Bulak to Ulan-Bator (Urga)—the City of Red Giants. We flew over the dark mountains, the winding streams and the wide valleys through which the hordes of Genghis Khan toiled laboriously on their westward march of conquest and desolation, to Urga, once the capital of Genghis Khan—a city that was flourishing and dominating the caravan routes of central Asia 600 years before Columbus found America by accident.

Urga is a city of strange contrasts. It has the oldest and newest in government, in customs, in transportation and communication. The descendants of the Mongol people who conquered half the world by fire and sword, the hard-riding, helmeted bowmen whose very name struck terror to millions, the followers of the ox-tail standards which were raised on the ruins of a thousand cities and dyed red in the crimson tide of ten thousand battles—now sing the International and live in peace with their traditional enemy to the north—Russia.

The Mongolian Peoples Revolutionary Party rules the Republic and rules it well—after leading the bloody struggle of the Mongol masses against Chinese tyrants, White Guard Russian butchers like Baron Ungern-Sternberg, the dynasty of the Mongol princes and the religio-feudal despotism of the Buddhist lamas. The path traveled by the Mongol masses from 1921 to 1925 is stained scarlet with the blood of thousands of Mongol herdsmen who, hearing the echoes of the proletarian revolution in Russia, made the mountains and the valleys of their country ring with demands for liberation and with the rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire by which they gave life to their demands over the dead bodies of feudal retainers and imperialist mercenaries.

The Peoples Republic of Mongolia is the only former colony in the world outside the Soviet Union where a non-capitalist society is emerging from the old feudal structure. In the republic, as large as France, Germany and Spain together, there are but 800,000 people. There are only the first faint beginnings of a proletariat. There is no big bourgeoisie. There is no agriculture worthy the name. There is not a mile of railroad in the country. The people are half-nomadic. They live and dress like they did 1000 years ago—with this exception:

The government is their government, the governing party is their party, and they can now buy their clothes from government cooperatives which are displacing private capitalist enterprises.

The masses are learning to read and write—and to govern in their own name and in their own interest. The cultural level is being raised. In Urga there is a university and various other



MONGOLIAN MILLINERY

Photograph by Bill Dunne

grades of schools. The youth get military training and they defend the revolution. The army is a peoples army. It is a good little army—with airplanes, artillery and tanks. Throughout the country side are schools. In the provinces the people themselves administer the local governments. The government departments are based still on the old tribal subdivisions—the bak, a unit of ten or twenty, (the old family unit) the somun, composed of ten baks, the hoshun, made up of a certain number of somuns, and the aimaks, composed of hoshuns. The aimaks have rough territorial outlines corresponding to the regions formerly held by the tribes. But all this is being reshaped into the new order more rapidly than one would think possible. Let some one try to halt this development and he incurs the swift anger of the Mongol masses. They have learned through bitter struggles how to deal with traitors and the justice of the Mongol people today is quick and sure.

The trade union congress (the unions, organized two years ago, have 600 members) the enlarged meeting of the Peoples Party executive and the seventh congress of the party itself gave concrete proof of the determination of the Mongol masses to root out the last remnants of feudalism and unmask and punish with revolutionary justice all those who attempt to betray them to imperialism.

Following the betrayal and defeat of the Chinese liberation movement in its first phase there were naturally repercussions in Mongolia. Sections of the party leadership entered into negotiations with Chiang Kai Shek; others into negotiations with Japan; the relations with the Soviet Union were strained; the feudal elements and the private traders conspired with the ever-restless lamas. (There are approximately 150,000 of these vicious drones in the country—18,000 in Urga alone out of a total population of 60,000.)

In the party leadership these counter-revolutionary elements found aid and comfort. The party itself is a bloc of classes and for a time the real issues were concealed from the masses. Plots and rumors of plots filled the air. Conspiracies were discovered in the army. The government even went so far as to give a Japanese military attache permission to come to Urga. The lamas staged demonstration after demonstration. Rank and file members and their leaders were arrested and imprisoned. Discussion before the party congress was prohibited. Bureaucracy, counter-revolutionary bureaucracy, was in the saddle and the imperialist press

in the Far East was jubilant. Great Britain saw the road from Tibet to the Soviet Frontier opening up, Japan saw her long-coveted road from Manchuria through Mongolia no longer held by a Peoples Revolutionary Party and government.

But the Mongol herdsmen were not asleep on the arms with which they had won their freedom. The trade union congress struck the first note of struggle. Once a people breaks through the crust of feudal tradition in this day and age, it is a big mistake to think that primitive culture necessarily means primitive political methods and understanding.

The trade union congress lasted 12 days. The procedure was strange to a Westerner but with it the masses got results. After the representative of the Profintern had made his report the delegates handed in written questions dealing with every phase and detail of the international labor movement and their application to the special problems in Mongolia. The representative was required to answer every one of these questions. He spoke for *three consecutive days* replying. There was no other order of business until he finished. Only then did the discussion on the situation and the tasks of the trade unions begin. It was a thorough discussion and was conducted in Mongol, Chinese, Russian and English. When it was finished the secretary of the central committee of the party (one of the leaders of the extreme right) nominated a list of candidates for the central executive committee of the unions. Only *one* of his candidates was elected. The delegates defeated every supporter of the opportunist wing in the party leadership.

In the enlarged meeting of the party executive which lasted for ten days the right wing was politically defeated. Urga was full of delegates and party members who came to rescue the party and the government from the counter-revolutionary elements.

The delegation from the Communist International (the Mongolian Peoples Revolutionary Party is fraternally affiliated to the Comintern) was besieged night and day by delegations enraged by the actions of the party leadership. Open discussion was forced. Students demonstrated against the central committee for the release of imprisoned comrades of the left. Emergency situations became commonplaces. Late one night it was necessary to hold huge open air mass meetings, for all the army departments, at which the Comintern delegation spoke. The prisoners were released. The tension relaxed somewhat. Then came news of a

**MONGOLIAN MILLINERY**

Photograph by Bill Dunne

plot of the lamas. Some were arrested. The party congress opened.

Following the reports more than 2000 questions were asked by the 200 delegates, 20 of whom were women—their presence itself a living symbol of the deep roots of the revolution in Central Asia. Every question was answered. The discussion began and every delegate spoke at least once. The congress lasted 52 days.

The counter-revolutionary elements were completely defeated. Perhaps the best evidence of this is the fact that La Gan, one of the left leaders who was jailed, and whom the right were talking of executing, was elected chairman of the Control Commission. He is a very determined comrade and the job of being a Japanese agent in Mongolia at present must be placed in the category of extra hazardous occupations.

The Peoples House, built like a huge yurt, the bright robes and sashes of the delegates and onlookers and their queer curved Mongol boots, the Mongol tongue, the jade-mouthed pipes with their tiny bowls, the haze of evil-smelling Mongol tobacco, the fur coats of the military delegates contrasting strikingly with their modern arms—all formed a bizarre background for the revolutionary political discussion with its Marxian terminology. The congress plowed through its business of correcting the errors of the leadership and laying down a clear revolutionary line with the resistless force of the ancient armies which swept all before them up to the Danube. There was some excitement when an anonymous letter, threatening all members of the presidium with death, was read, there was some more when someone fired a shot through the window right back of the table where the presidium sat, there was anger when spies were discovered, but these were only incidents which convinced the delegates of the necessity of a firmer policy.

There were endless banquets, ranging from the elaborate one in the Soviet Embassy on the 11th Anniversary of the November Revolution to the numerous Mongolian feasts consisting principally of roast and boiled lamb and kumyss. (Fermented mare's milk.)

There was the great celebration in the public square in Urga, (twice as big as the Red Square in Moscow) on the anniversary of the Russian Revolution when we walked more than a mile around the square with our thinly gloved hands at salute in a temperature of 20 degrees below zero. There were the long lines of Mongol youngsters, none more than three feet high, clothed in long sheepskin lined coats and caps, singing the *International* at the top of their voices.

There were the sturdy women, dressed exactly like their men, except that occasionally one sees an ear-ring swinging below bobbed black hair. There was my Mongol translator who had been with the Roy Chapman Andrews scientific expedition which every Mongol says was prospecting for oil. There were the opportunist leaders with Europeanized manners who now are gone.

Of it all Urga itself is the most indicative of the march of the revolution into Central Asia. Old, surrounded by mountains and valleys strewn with the bones and soaked with the blood of humble millions who down through the ages have died by starvation, fire and battle at the hands of merciless conquerors, Urga, old when Europe was young, symbolizes the passing of its past and the upsurge of the new order.

In the early morning of an autumn day Urga is clothed in a pearly mist—half fog, half dust. The smell of sheep and camels is strong and acrid but not unpleasant. The gilded roofs of the mosques, above the mist, gleam in the sun. From north and south and east come great camel caravans. Long strings of two-wheeled carts, without a piece of iron in their structure, and drawn by yaks or oxen cut across the square from all directions. Hundreds of Mongol horsemen with saddles of red and green leather, with robes of every color of the rainbow clatter up and down. Chinese workers, with the carcass of a freshly slaughtered sheep across their shoulders hurry to their own section of the city. The smoke rises straight from a thousand yurts.

Through the square run telegraph and telephone lines. Automobiles with their horns shrieking, trucks loaded mountain high with hides and wool, drive through at breakneck speed. At the electric station the current is switched off from the street lamps. Overhead an airplane drones its way north to the Trans-Siberian or perhaps east to Kalgan. In a few hours the daily news sheet, its contents secured from the radio station, one of the most power-

ful in the world, will be delivered by a Mongol whose racial resemblance to the American Indians is obvious, who will be clad in the traditional Mongol costume but who will be driving a Dodge car. The government cooperatives will soon be open and Monzenkop—the government trust—will be buying furs, hides and wool from Mongol trappers and herdsmen who a few years ago had to deal with and submit to the cheating of private dealers.

A regiment of the Peoples Army debouches into the square—off for a practice march. The red star with its Mongol emblem on their caps. Over the new municipal building, over the trade union headquarters, over the Mongol Peoples Publishing House, over the Peoples House, over the headquarters of the Revolutionary Youth, over the Peoples University, over the Peoples Government House, over the headquarters of the Mongol Peoples Revolutionary Party, fly crimson flags.

From feudalism and a primitive, nomadic culture to a Peoples Revolutionary Government? From Buddhism's pacifism for the masses to armed struggle for liberation? From tribalism to a non-capitalist development which roots itself in and rallies the masses? From centuries-old enmity to the Russian in the North to friendship, alliance and cooperation on a basis of equality? From vassals of imperialism and their feudal allies to the status of free men? From a backward, oppressed people sunk in ignorance and misery by Buddhism and feudalism to an integral part of the world revolution? (Before the revolution the "Living Buddha" in Urga had 100,000 serfs scattered throughout the land.) All this in seven years?

How is it possible?

The explanation is to be found, in simple language understandable to everyone, in the section of the program of the Communist International which deals with questions of the revolution in colonial and semi-colonial countries, and which is based on the theses on the National and Colonial Question drafted by Lenin for the Second Congress of the International:

"In still more backward countries where there are no wage workers or very few, where the majority of the population still live in tribal conditions, where survivals of the primitive tribal forms still exist, where the primary role of foreign imperialism is that of military occupation and usurpation of the land, the central task is to fight for national independence. Victorious national uprisings in these countries may open the way for their direct development towards socialism and their avoiding the stage of capitalism, provided real, powerful assistance is rendered to them by the countries in which the proletarian dictatorship is established."

It will be noticed that the paragraph quoted deals with the question of revolutions in the types of countries cited and assistance from the proletarian dictatorships in a *general* way.

But we are dealing with a concrete question: How has the development in *Mongolia* taken place and how has the revolution survived in spite of its primitive heritage and imperialist and feudal pressure?

The Communist program answers this concrete question without mincing words:

"Thus, in the epoch in which the proletariat in the most developed capitalist countries is confronted with the immediate task of capturing power, in which the dictatorship of the proletariat is already established in the U.S.S.R. and is a factor of world significance, which has brought into being by the penetration of world capitalism, *may lead to a socialist development—notwithstanding the immaturity of social relationships in these countries by themselves—provided they receive the assistance and support of the proletarian dictatorship and of the international proletarian movement generally.*"

There you have it. The Peoples Republic of Mongolia is part of the world revolution, it fought its battle for liberation side by side with the masses of the Soviet Union, it lives and grows under the protecting arm of the proletarian dictatorship.

Its 4000 kilometers of frontier joining the Soviet Union are not points of hostility but a steel band of revolutionary solidarity with the Russian revolution and the international proletarian revolution.

The Red Tide runs fast and strong in the homeland of Genghis Khan.



Drawn by Wm. Gropper.

"Hey, You Bolshevik! That's private Property. Do ya wanna overthrow the government!"

NOTES OF A WEAVER

By MARTIN RUSSAK

In those days not every worker could maintain a home of his own. The rent in our house on the hill was ten dollars a month, but even that could not be found, and it was no great shock to comrade Russak and his wife, upon their return from work one evening, to discover themselves locked out and all their earthly goods, including a tearful son, in the dirt under the old maple tree.

We took up new quarters together with my grandfather and grandmother in three attic rooms in the Negro section across the river. It was an inexhaustibly wonderful neighborhood. The little Negro boys made merry companions and highly desirable friends, being accomplished rascals, unbeatable fighters and masters of fascinating arts. Up the street was the Washington Market with its noise and bustle and Saturday crowds. From late Friday evening, all through the night until dawn, bulging wagons rattled over the street, bringing fruits, vegetables, produce, the farmer and his family, into town from Haledon and Preakness and Pompton Lakes for the Saturday market. Next door was the first of a row of blacksmith shops, with their clanging anvils, their flying sparks, their horses, their smell of manure and iron, their wide doorways thronged with tobacco-chewing loafers. Numerous saloons and hotels proclaimed themselves "The Farmer's Rest," "The Farmer's Haven," "Workingmen's Home." Two blocks distant was the notorious Ryerson Alley. It was a half-width street one block long, unpaved and without sidewalks and stores, a place of decrepit and mysterious houses. It was the one street we boys avoided. We had a secret fear of it. The idea of venturing into it after dark was fairly hair-raising. Coming home at dusk from kite flying on the Falls or adventuring along the river, you would make the long detour through Main Street to avoid Ryerson Alley.

Somewhere in this period I first began to work. Workers are often not able to remember just when they went to work. It comes about naturally, uneventfully; you simply find yourself working. School never interfered. You worked afternoons, evenings, all day Saturdays.

The coveted jobs were in the mills, as sweeper-boys or as enterers' helpers, passing ends to the enterer in the process of harnessing warps. Such jobs were hard to get, and most of us sold newspapers on the streets of the town. Older boys controlled this business. They supplied us with papers and gave us a certain

percentage of the money we brought back. It was possible for a boy to come home in the evening jingling a pocketful of coins that totaled anywhere from ten to twenty-five cents.

I was a skinny little fellow, timid, shrill-voiced, always running away from a fight, chased by the other boys from the banks and busy corners. I clutched my papers tightly and hurried off, looking for places where no one could object to my presence. I loved the great factories, their industrious din was music to me, all the grown-ups whom I admired with boyish intensity worked in them, and it was the common aspiration of all boys to work in them—perhaps in time to twist, weave, or warp those life-giving threads of silk that men so carelessly brushed from their trousers as they came out into the streets. I found myself in factory neighborhoods, haunting them with my papers. I discovered factory gates where one could catch the outward rush of workers and sell a bundle of papers in half an hour. But I had little success as a newsboy. Even when I could sell my papers, I would often sit on the curb and read them instead. My father had made a hungry reader of me at an early age.

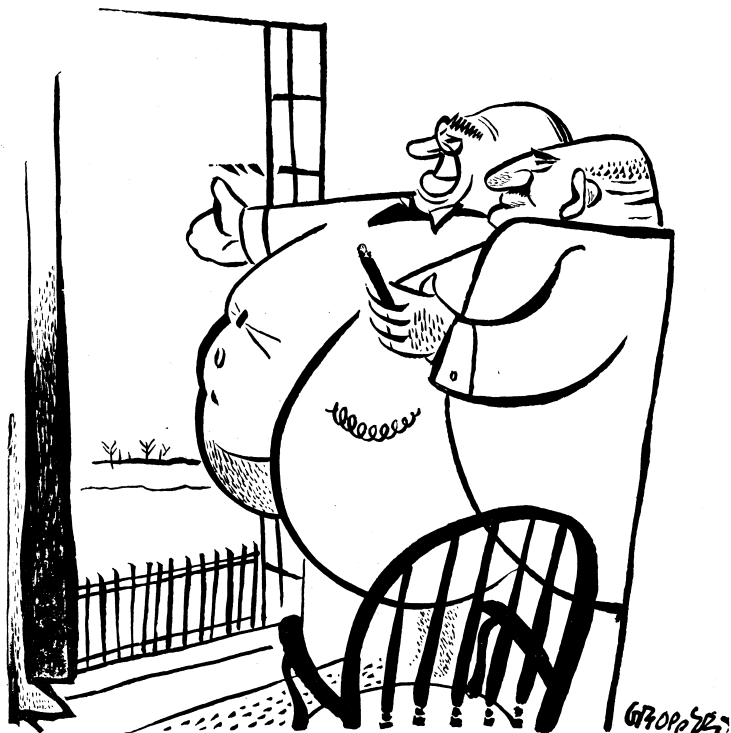
On Saturday evenings a ceremony took place in our house. After a supper made notable by bread and chicken-fat and grandmother's wonderful stuffed kidney, my father and I, in our cleanest faces and best clothes, paraded up Broadway to the Free Public Library. Here, talking in whispers, we scrutinized long rows of books until we had selected two volumes apiece. We had difficulty finding books that would please me. The books I took always told about wolves and elephants and unfortunate princes. They bored me. Once I asked for stories of strikes and revolutions, of workers and factories. My father laughed aloud.

"Mart," he said, "nobody writes stories about such things, and if they did the Library wouldn't keep them. The bosses that own the mills and cause strikes own the books and the libraries too. See all these books? They were written by the smart sons of bosses. If the sons of workers read and learn, they'll perhaps write books for workers and workers' children."

When we got home he smilingly repeated the incident to my mother and grandfather. The old man patted me on the shoulder and spoke thoughtfully:

"Books are slow. We workers are way ahead of them. Books haven't reached the factories and the strikes and the revolutions yet. In a couple of years we'll surely have another strike for you.

And maybe—who can tell?—if you and all the other children help, we'll have a revolution for you before you're as old as I am."



Drawn by Wm. Gropper.

"I tell ya Joe, that's a swell view overlooking the bay!"

CAROLINA MILL SLAVES

By HARVEY O'CONNOR

"Cotton-tops" and "lintheads," they are called. The better classes of their own race never speak to them. The prosperous Negro bootlegger despises them.

Pariahs, outcasts! Foreordained to the position of an inferior class because shreds of lint clung to their parents' shabby clothing. Condemned to live in shabby villages, segregated from the townspeople, from the business people, the clerks, the skilled workers of rail or shop.

That is the sober reality about the 250,000 cotton mill workers of the South. Such is the lot of the Loray mill workers on the outskirts of Gastonia, of workers in hundreds of mills clustered about the cities of the Piedmont or scattered in isolated villages in forlorn places.

Nobody, apparently, cares a continental about the lintheads and the cotton-tops. The "legitimate" unions have nothing but sympathy for them. The mill owners and supervisors regard them as far below a battery of looms or a frame of spindles. The looms and spindles must be kept up, but the workers, run down through generations of wretched peasant life, keep dragging themselves from shack to mill and back again, and that's the mill stockholders only interest in them. The "better" people of the towns don't even bother with sweet charity. "Why, they're just born that way. Why should we do anything about it," say Christian ladies at their sewing circles.

Who said there were no proletarians in America? Look inside a southern mill village. Look at Henderson, N. C. Men who average \$9.50 a week, women who get \$6.50 on the average. On Sundays the men wear overalls to primitive methodist chapels, women are dressed in gingham. Many are unshod. They live in a Cooper mill village on the edge of Henderson. Around the mill runs a wicked barbed wire fence. Through the mill town run devious roads rutted a foot deep. The mill town boasts one telephone, no sanitary toilets, a score or more open wells. In winter the roads are rivulets and battered flivvers sink hub-deep in hopeless mud. The rain and the cold beat upon tar-paperyed shacks—and win. Water runs in through the roofs, down the walls, between the cracks in the doors.

There are no movies in South Henderson. Not even a drug store. A few old grocery stores stocking sow belly and beans. No fresh milk, no green vegetables. But the wretched collection of hovels called South Henderson have its vices—if no virtues. Down in Moccasin Bottom are wild girls who never could stand the monotony of the whirring spindles. A few bootleggers, too. The God-fearing mill women who go to primitive or holy roller churches complain of the racket down on the Bottom Saturday nights and the goings-on in the shacks.

Gastonia isn't much different. Just bigger. Instead of three or four mills, Gastonia has 30 or so. The water tanks spot the horizon. Gastonia has an 8-story skyscraper and a daily paper that gives columns to the Chamber of Commerce but never mentions the "untouchables."

The Loray mill, where the National Textile Workers Union led the workers on strike, lies just outside the city limits. This means the mill doesn't have to bother with the city cops. Instead its formen are deputized to keep order. The dirty window-eyes of the 6-storied Manville-Jenckes mill shut in 2,500 workers from the sunshine and the curious passerby.

Women and girls, boys and men trudge into the mill at 7 in the morning. Out they come at 6 in the evening, brushing shoulders with others who will stay by their machines until 6 in the morning, taking 15 minutes off for lunch or munching a sandwich while they work.

Is there a common expression of resignation to a hard, foreordained life in the faces of all these people? So it seems. "Docile, 100% Anglo-Saxon Americans. None of your damned foreigners. These people want to work and they're willing to turn out a

day's work at a wage a mill owner can afford to pay." So chant the southern boosters.

The southern boosters are playing with dynamite. Dynamite blows up occasionally. That's what happened with the Loray mill workers; the South Henderson workers blew up, too, in 1927.

The mill bosses forget that the 100% Anglo-Saxon has produced several loud detonations upon history. There was Wat Tyler and the peasants' revolts, the Chartist movement, the American revolution, to mention the most resounding explosions. These southern mill workers are an explosive people, hot-headed, handy with a trigger. Especially when they come from the hills. They understand the duty of civil disobedience, and have practised it.

Behind the mill owner's loud boasts is the very clear understanding that his workers are not so very docile. So the mill owners are careful to organize national guard units. In the Henderson mill strike of '27, Boss Cooper threw off his business suit when his hands struck and put on his captain's uniform. He called out his—and the North Carolina—militia. Machine guns and barbed wire entanglements in front of the mill gates, put up by an Anglo-Saxon boss to keep "docile, 100% Nordic" Anglo-Saxon workers from smashing his highly valued spinning equipment into smithereens.

The Manville-Jenckes crowd, who called out the Rhode Island militia to take care of the "wops and hunkies" who struck in Manville in 1926, mustered in five companies of North Carolina militia to handle the Loray strikers. Only 2,500 workers, but there were 2,500 militia men there, armed with field guns, machine guns, gas bombs. Calvary men whose horses would terrify the women and children. Bayoneted, uniformed soldiers.

Then there are the farmers. Most of the mill workers came from the farms, or are only a generation removed. At Henderson, the strikers cried out to the farmers: "We're hungry." Cabbages, potatoes, sides of beef, turnips, milk was the answer. Old trucks and mud-spattered wagons drove in from the countryside to Johnson's store—which occupied the only non-company land in the entire village. The counters were heaped higher than ever they had been when the workers worked.

Of course, in that case, there was the hostility of the cotton and tobacco farmers toward the Coopers. The Coopers were not only mill bosses, they also owned cotton and tobacco warehouses, and bought the crops of the farmers. How the farmers hated the Coopers.

Stirring days lie ahead in the Carolina Piedmont. Back in the 1918-1921 period, more than 50,000 mill workers struck, repeatedly. The I.W.W. had much strength around Charlotte and Greenville. Nobody mentioned anything about docile Anglo-Saxons.

Talk to conservative United Textile Workers leaders. "The Southerners are hot stuff," they will tell you. "Hard to get into action, but when they're mad, they're mad clear through." In Elizabethton, Tenn., in the heart of the mountains where the new \$50,000,000 string of rayon plants is being built, a state of civil war followed the successful Glanzstoff strike. Union organizers were kidnapped and run out of town. Armed men in autos patrolled the streets. The organizers came back, with bodyguards. The union office was described as an arsenal. The leading business men formed a vigilante committee.

In the strikes in South Carolina, workers held up trains, stoned mill bosses, barricaded roads, carried guns.

Undoubtedly the southern worker gives the appearance, not so much of meekness, as lack of physical vigor. His eye is lack-lustre, his shoulders stooped, his attitude dejected. The terrible devastation of the Civil War, a rotten caste government, lack of leadership, a frightful diet of grease have combined to deplete his vigor. But the eye lights up, defiance springs from mind to the trigger finger. And as for courage, remember it was a Tennessee mountaineer who was acclaimed the outstanding U. S. warrior in France.

VANZETTI IN THE DEATH HOUSE

A WORKER'S RECITATION*

By MICHAEL GOLD

(In his chains and prison suit, Vanzetti paces the dark cell)

One-two-three-four.

I count the steps like a miser.

One-two-three-four.

Up and down the cell, but I can find no peace.

In my heart, venom; in my brain, fire!

Doomed!

One-two-three-four!

We are doomed, Sacco and I!

We are in the death house at last!

Doomed!

One-two-three-four!

(He sits, puts his face between his hands, speaks bitterly)

After seven years of struggle, of unspeakable anguish,

To be in this dungeon without stars.

Waiting for the last farce of justice,

The three shocks in the electric chair!

(He stands and paces nervously)

I am not afraid to die.

I will walk my road to the end.

I will remain a rebel and a lover.

I will remain true to the working class.

I am in the hands of the tyrants,

Let them crucify me!

One-two-three-four.

(He sits down wearily)

For I am tired, tired, tired.

For seven years I have drunk their vinegar and gall.

All my life I have drunk their poison and poverty.

I am tired of this capitalist world.

Come, Death!

(He regards his chains)

Oh, capitalist system, I know you well.

I have heard the prayers of your starving children.

I have heard the groans of your young dying soldiers.

I have seen the agony of strong men hunting for jobs.

I know your crimes, capitalism, I know your crazy houses,

Your jails, factories and hospitals filled with victims!

You are a monster, I hate you,

I am glad to die!

(He drops his head between his arms bitterly)

They prepare a new world war.

They prepare new slaveries for the masses,

They prepare new jails.

They prepare new frame-ups,

New electric chairs!

(He springs up, he shouts in a red rage:)

Fiends!

Ghouls!

Assassins of the poor!

Blood-drinkers!

We will have revenge!

Revolution!

Give me a million men,

And I will walk from this jail

And set America free!

(He collapses on the bench. Then in a low voice:)

Vanzetti, be still.

Be steady, my strong heart.

Truth has ever been your god.

Look into the eyes of Truth now, Vanzetti,

And read your fate.

You are doomed, Vanzetti.

The businessmen thirst for your blood.

The Christians thirst for your blood.

Remember Governor Fuller!

Remember Judge Thayer!

They thirst for workers' blood!

(He leaps up with a bitter cry:)

Not a scorpion, not a snake,

Not a leprous dog would they have dealt with so!

Murderers!

(He paces a moment, then lifts his fists despairingly)

But my Italy is in the death house, too,

Mussolini is her Judge Thayer,

Her murderer, O my Italy!

(He sits on the bench, looks at a photograph)

They sent me this picture of my native village,

To cheer me in the death house.

O my Italy, it is hard to die!

O my native village, I have never forgotten you,

My father's garden, and my father's vineyards,

And the guitars playing, the mountain boys singing,

The smell of fruit, and the glorious sun on my face,

O my Italy, it is hard to die!

(He kisses the picture, puts it away. He stares into space, his voice is tender)

Now I work in my father's garden again.

It is all so unspeakably beautiful in Italy.

The fig trees are in bloom, the cherry trees, plums,

apricots, peaches.

The grape arbors, the potato vines, I can see them all,

And all those dear, humble vegetables of the poor,

The red and yellow peppers, the parsley and onions!

O my Italy, it is hard to die!

(He looks up. His voice is like music)

There were singing birds there:

The black merles, with golden beak,

Their sweet song even more golden,

And the orioles, and the chaffinches,

And the nightingales of Italy,

Most beautiful over all, O nightingales!

(He gazes at the ground, his voice trembles)

And there were nations of flowers, too.

In my father's garden were wild daisies and forget-

me-nots.

And blue violets lived there, and the white and red clover,

And other scented, rainbow flowers,

Under the blue sky of my Italy.

(He clasps his hands and speaks with a lover's sorrow)

O Mother Nature, have I not always adored you?

Was I not ever your loving son,

So rich in mind and love I needed no money?

Needing only a roof, a few books, and some comrades,

A crust of bread and Liberty,

And wind and sun, my Mother?

(He stands and paces the cell. Then with tragic fierceness:)

But I loved Humanity more, O my Mother.

The world misery tore at my heart.

In proletarian hells, in jails and factories,

I beheld the crucifixion of the poor.

And I worked, I preached with all my heart

That the social wealth belong to all,

That Humanity be free,

And this was my crime, O Mother,

For this they locked me here,

*This recitation is based on the published speeches and letters of Vanzetti. Almost every line is a verbatim extract. From "120 Million", by Michael Gold, International Publishers.

To wait for my death,
To wait for my murderers.

(He shouts with hate and horror:)

For Fuller and Thayer!

(He paces the cell in passionate silence. It takes him six turns of the cell to grow calm. Then he sits, and says in a strange, resolute voice:)

Be calm, Vanzetti.

The price of perfection is a high and sorrowful one,
They will burn your body in the electric chair,
But your ideas will live.

The working class will be free.

Mother Nature whispers it to you.

(He speaks mysteriously, a man in a trance:)

The chains are loose, I walk freely out of my cell,
I climb the snow mountains above my native village,
I dive in the stream of living water,
I drink at the cold Alpine springs,
I climb on, and reach the highest peaks,
And see the lands, waters, sky of my Italy!

(He rises, he holds his hands forward)

Farewell, Italy, my native village and beloved folk.

Farewell, crucified working class of the world.

Farewell, sun and wind and sky, and little flowers I
have loved.

Farewell, America of many wheels and cruel Christians.

I accept my destiny, O Governor,

America, I accept thy electric chair!

(He then flings his arms backward in the position of one crucified, saying with slow, solemn courage:)

Yes.

Yes.

This is my career and triumph.

If it had not been for this thing,

I might have lived out my life talking at street corners
to scornful men.

I might have died unmarked, unknown,

A failure.

Sacco, we are not a failure now.

Comrade, this is our career and triumph,

Never in life could we have hoped

To do such good for the working class

As we do now by dying.

Governor Fuller, take our lives,

Lives of a good shoemaker and poor fish peddler—

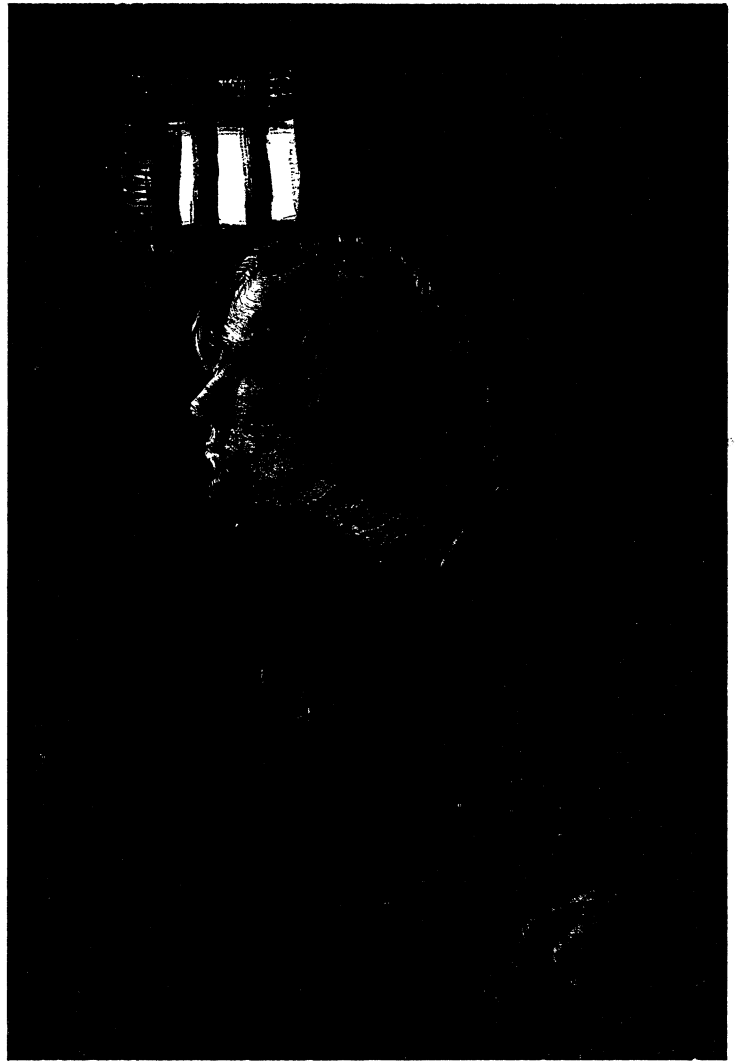
That last moment will belong to us—

That last agony is our triumph—

The workers will never forget—

(He flings up his arms and chants solemnly:)

LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!



Drawn by Aaron Sopher

TWO POEMS by Porter M. Chaffee

BUILDINGS

*Buildings it seems are slender graceful things
That often make me think of those old jars
Egyptians had to hold the part of kings
When swathing regal dead in gums and tars.
Yet more canopic are these in their grim array:
Buildings that set as cloud-dripped stalagmites
Seem as huge urns to put the living dead away
Affectually with mechanistic rites.
As elevators go not to the stars
(And questions will arise about the soul)
Some men get kind of balm at god-bazars
To impregnate the mind with sterile foal
Lest toil become too worm-like in these vast
Urns where not men but parts of men are cast.*

STOCK-BROKERS SOMETIMES PRAY IN CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

*They snivel and say their prayers,
The Bulls and the Bears;
They buy long on the word of a meek young Jew
Who left them a tip on a sleek hereafter.
Compared to such men—ah,
the lovely form that weighs itself against life
and dangles from a rafter!*

MAY DAY

(March for the Red Dead)

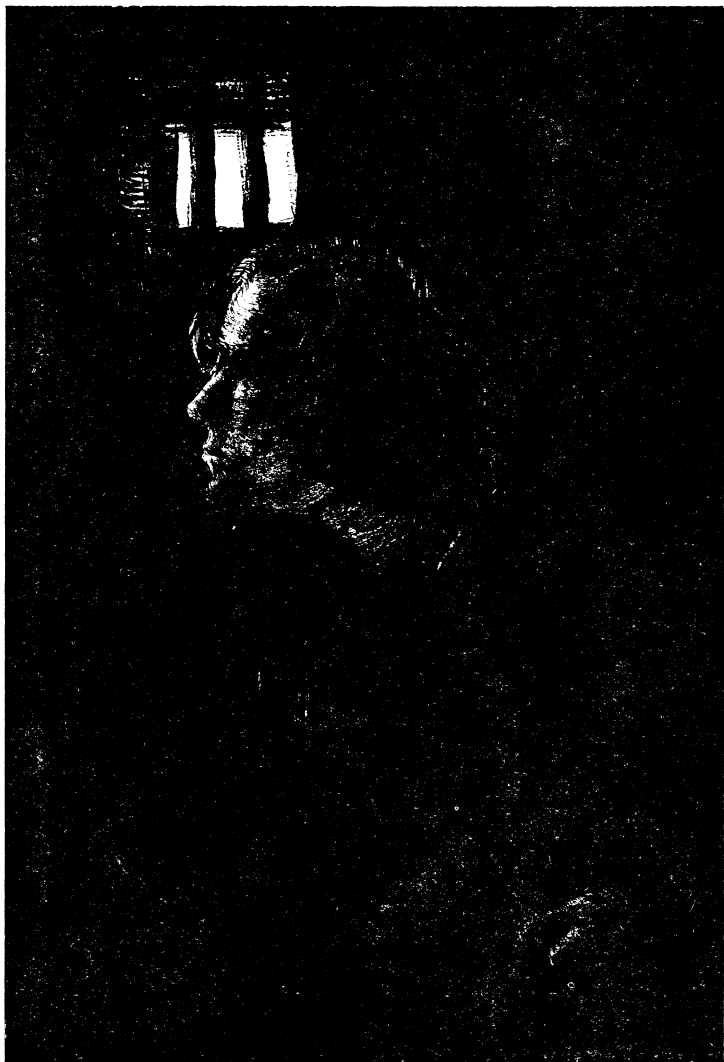
*For the dead who died fighting for us in arms, for the dead;
For the dead who died in prisons for the Revolution, for the
imprisoned dead;*

*For those who died actively working in the factories or among
the workers on the land, for these dead,
We march today, comrades, workers.*

*And for the living, for the living, for the living,
And for all lives freely given to the Revolution,
For all activity and thought transforming the world and the lives
of the masses thru struggle,
We march today, comrades, workers.*

*But while we are living we take part in the process of change,
And when we die we are aware of nothing more,—
So, more than the living, today we honor the Revolution's martyrs,
the dead,
For the dead, the dead, the dead, we march, comrades, workers.*

TIM MURPHY.



Drawn by Aaron Sopher



Drawn by Aaron Sopher



Drawn by Adolph Dehn.

OH, GOD!

Comic Relief in Saw Dust

By JOSEPH KALAR

The timekeeper is a man who knows the fashion plates. A handsome face pops humorously out of a whitecollar gartering a beautiful ladyneck; pants are pressed to razor edge, coat carefully dusted. His pantsbottoms are shiny, his fingers are stained with ink and smudges from lead pencils. He walks with the air of a man who doesn't have to work for his living, punch a timeclock, walks with the air of a man who is an office worker.

Twenty minutes to six he leaves his books and ledgers and cards, leaves his pencils and pens and ink, leaves the comfortable chair fast losing its varnish from frequent and intimate soft pressure of buttocks, and stands near the time-clocks in a narrow channel resembling a chute for sheep docilely trotting to the disinfecting dips, his eyes fixed vaguely on an indiscernible point on the opposite wall. As he stands a numbing apathy seemingly pours into his feet from the floor, flows into his knee joints, up his thighs, flows to ladyneck, inundates brain with opium languor. He is a statue guarding the sacred cows of property, the timeclocks, ticking away minutes, ticking away ounces, pounds, of that commodity dryly humorously called labor.

Ten minutes to six teamsters pour into the sheep chute, smelling of horses, tobacco, "skimmers" who have looked all day at the beautiful flowing tails and gargantuan rumps of horses; chainmen with odor of pine, pour in; tallyboys, planermen, scalers,

sweepers, setters, sawyers, slipmen, oilers, graders, pilers, pour in, swinging dinnerpails, walking heavily jerkily. The timekeeper shakes the languor from him like scales of dry skin, his eyes brighten with sudden inrush of vigilance: *he is alert*. The sacred cows, obscenely, fatuously grinning in a circle of black teeth, must not be defrauded. Apparently indifferent, yet with ears vigilantly straining clockward, he listens to the ringing of the sacred cows being fed. Two rings in a too rapid succession pull his head sharply clockward: somebody is punching the clock for a man who has perhaps long ago sneaked over the wirefence and is now at home with feet thrust stoveward, happily languorous. The timekeeper erupts into invective, lashes the criminal with the deft sarcasm of a man who warms a comfortable officechair, gives him just one more chance.

—And the sacred cows of property grin fatly complacent in a circle of black teeth, bulging with ounces, pounds, of that commodity dryly humorously called labor.

The timekeeper is bribed by a whitecollar to work all hours of the day and far into the night. Some nights he wanders back and forth in the snow until midnight, struggling to reduce the avalanche of work threatening to submerge him, checking up men's time. The skimmers, seeing him pass the window of the scaling shack, snort: "Some day that bastard will be found dangling from a telephone pole!"

—Teamsters smack lips happily as they think of an elegantly dressed figure swinging limply from a telephone pole, with eyes popping terribly, like green fruit of grapes straining at purple skin caught between thumb and forefinger, with immaculate white collar, gartering beautiful ladyneck, in agonizing untidiness . . .

VOICES

*o them husky iridescent vaudeville voices
of chorine bimboes with avoirdupois
come out of the funnygraft or radiostore
with an i-wanna-wanna; dont-forget-me allure*

*o them gorgeous aggravatin vaudeville voices
they titillate and scintillate with lewd implications
oh wontcha ho-o-old me in your arms?
oh how i lo-o-oves ya, honeybunch!*

*melancholy mommas with quivering breasts
slowly twist in a tummy dance
oh ya go-o-tta know how, ya go-o-otta know how,
ya go-o-otta know ho-o-ow ta do it!*

*an if ya cant keep your ma-a-an at home,
dont ya cry-y-y when he is gone!*

*reciting plaintive, crooning tunes
out on the street cool afternoons
with throbbing throat and gestures lewd
describing arcs of lassitude—
sweet poppas languish by the store
in rapt attention, wait for more
and while the music grips their knees,
they writhe in lonesome lecheries—*

*oh them redundant anguished words
sung in a stagey, cracking voice
possess a false, perverted lure
like the firm plump legs of a chorus girl!—*

*and in their dreams, these old donjuans
caressing womens subtle charms
grow tender, brave, and bold; and hold
eternal beauty in their arms . . .*

*o them throaty coy hoarse imploring vaudeville voices
of chorine bimboes with avoirdupois
come out of the funnygraft or radiostore
with an i-wanna-wanna; dont-forget-me allure.*

—HERMAN SPECTOR.



THE SWIMMING CLUB

Woodcut by Gan Kolshi.

PLAY BALL!

The season has opened. The papers announce "Hoover Pitches First Ball of the Season."

Twenty thousand baseball bugs come out to see him do it. The flag is there. The Church is there. The politicians are there. The press is there. The baseball fans are there. My gawd how the money rolls in!

All over the country, the baseball season has opened. Governors, Mayors, Peanut-Politicians throw out the first ball. Hurray! "Ain't those guys democratic!" The flag will fly. The band will strike up the "Star Spangled Banner." One bug will push another: "Get up ya bum. Take ya hat off!" The American Legion will be there. The soldiers will march around the park. (The photographers movies and the talkies will be there). My gawd, how the patriotism rolls in!

Dazzy Vance holds out for 25 grand and gets it from Brooklyn. "Atta boy, Daz, don't let them stockholders slip anything on ya!" \$25,000. That's a lot of money! The papers print the Dazzler's

articles on "How to Pitch." Back of barns, in empty lots, a million kids are learning how to pitch. America's the land of opportunity!

Babe Ruth demonstrates the earning power of matter over mind. He autographs baseballs and scorecards. He indorses prison made goods. He lends his blessings to peanuts, collar-buttons, suspenders and beef stew. "It's brains what counts!" He hit's 'em a mile and knocks his salary over the head of Hoover. "Boy, I tell ya anybody can make money in this country!" The bugs come from six counties to see the Bam sock that old apple. The admission turnstiles burn up the bearings. My gawd, how the money rolls in!

Marines. Nicaragua. Textile strikes. Unemployment. Low wages. "Lay off that stuff!"

The baseball season has opened.

"La-dies a-n-d gen-tle-men. The batteries for today's game will be—For the New York Giants: Small investment and bigger profits . . . For Philadelphia:— Patriotic Hop and Anti-Labor Bunco.

BATTER UP!

WALT CARMON.



THE SWIMMING CLUB

Woodcut by Gan Kolski.

LITERARY THEORIES

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

The national, racial and class conflicts of the past fifteen years have compelled writers and critics to revise their notions about literature. Everyone has been struck by the quantity of books about books which the printing presses are pouring out; and more than one observer has noted that critical literature is at this moment on a higher level than creative literature. This state of affairs is a result of a transition period in which values are trans-valued, and confident feelings give way to questioning thoughts, conflicts and battle-cries. We have had manifestoes urging young writers back to "humanism," to the tenets of the Catholic church, to "intellectualism," to the method and outlook of the Elizabethan period; to "go Left," to Marxism.

These contradictory slogans reflect a society divided into social castes and torn by class war. As the population of the United States becomes more rigidly stratified along caste lines, ideas assume a more open class character. It is no accident that "humanist" critics like Professor Babbitt of Harvard worship Mussolini or that Marxist critics lean politically toward Lenin. However, not all literary critics stress the social basis of art. Humanists and idealists, if they are not openly fascist, tend to ignore or deny the living roots of literature and seek to transport it to some metaphysical realm remote from contemporary conflicts. They tend to mislead the reader into believing that in fiction and poetry he enters a world which is "above the battle." This, of course, is an illusion; art and theories about art have specific social roots; and the critic who wishes to do more than wallow in comfortable dreams must trace literary tendencies to their source.

Marc Ickowicz's *Literature in the Light of Historic Materialism** is an attempt in this direction. The author analyzes four leading æsthetic theories, current in Western Europe and the United States in many diluted and eclectic forms. One is the *idealist* theory elaborately formulated in different ways by Kant and Hegel. Kant did not believe in the objective existence of beauty; æsthetic value, he said, is based on the capacity to please as an object of pure contemplation. This æsthetic satisfaction must be disinterested and free; it must be completely detached from all concern about the real existence of the object and our dependence on it. Though Kant believed that beauty has no objective validity and is valid only for the spectator, he claimed for beauty a universal subjective validity, saying that the object we consider beautiful is fitted to please all men. This universal validity, Kant said, is due to the disinterestedness of our pleasure, to its independence of personal inclination. Kant's view of the subjectivity of beauty was not shared by Hegel, who gave it an "objective" basis, but only in the sense that he considered the "Idea" to be objective reality. In Hegel's system, art is considered as the first stage of the Absolute; and the beautiful is defined as the *ideal* revealing itself to sense or through a sensuous medium. Hegel found in art the highest revelation of the beautiful; he maintained that art makes up for the deficiencies of natural beauty by clarifying the idea and showing the life of the "external" world. It will be seen at once that the idealist concept of art is still current in one form or another, one of its versions being the "art for art's sake" theory.

The idealist viewpoint had its roots in the metaphysical way of thinking prevalent before science established its hegemony in the intellectual world. The nineteenth century which saw the rapid development of the natural sciences also witnessed the elaboration of the *sociological* theory of art. This theory abandoning idealist metaphysics, insisted that *art is the expression of society*. The sociologic viewpoint has been perhaps best formulated by the French critic Taine, and at present seems to be the approach most frequently made by west European and American critics and historians of art. According to Taine, "a work of art is determined by an ensemble which is the general state of the spirit and customs of the environment." In all the periods which he examined, Taine saw a general situation which was the "state

of society"—its religion, customs, poverty of wealth, the degree of freedom or slavery prevalent in it and so on. This general situation, according to Taine, develops corresponding needs, distinct attitudes, and specific sentiments; and since these attitudes and sentiments manifest themselves in the same mind they constitute a *prevailing personality*, a sort of model man to whom his contemporaries give their sympathy and admiration. Thus, in Greece the "prevailing personality" was the nude and beautiful man; in the middle ages the ecstatic monk and amorous cavalier; in the seventeenth century the sentimental man; and in the nineteenth Faust or Werther. Taine finally formulated his viewpoint thus: a work of art is the product of three factors operating simultaneously: (1) *Race*; including a man's innate and inherited characteristics with which he is born and which manifest themselves in temperamental differences as well as physical and intellectual differences; (2) *environment*, including climate, social conditions, and political circumstances and (3) *the given moment*. This concept Taine explained as follows: "When the national character and the circumstances of the environment operate they do not operate on a blank tablet, but on a tablet on which imprints have already been made. So that when one takes the tablet at one moment or another, the imprint is different; and that is enough to make the effect of the whole different." We may assume that Taine considered the third element in the production of a work of art to be *time*.

Ickowicz rejects both the idealist and the sociologic conceptions of art. He points out how Schopenhauer, carrying the idealist viewpoint to its logical conclusion, declared that "music is completely independent of the phenomenal world, ignores it absolutely and could after a fashion continue to exist even if the universe did not exist"; while Oscar Wilde, restating the idealist æsthetic in his paradoxical way, declared seriously enough that Balzac's novels created the nineteenth century and Turner created English sunsets. This notion that "life imitates art," explains nothing; and Ickowicz justly objects that it shuts its eyes to social reality, to the "tumultuous life of the collective which is the primary cause of the effluence of art."

Similarly, the author finds that Taine's theories will not stand scientific analysis. The theory which seeks to explain literary creations by the "spirit of the race" collapses when "germanic" geniuses like Shakespeare and Dickens are compared with "latin" geniuses like Racine and Balzac. The "genius of the race" turns out to be another metaphysical bogey like the Absolute. The role of climate also turns out to be negligible when we compare the artistic production of the modern Greeks with those of the ancient Greeks living under the same sky. As for the "given moment," Ickowicz is inclined to interpret it as imitation, and to deny it any leading role in artistic creation. However, it is in the concept of the *prevailing personality*, that Ickowicz finds Taine weakest. According to Taine, the so-called prevailing personality is supposed to represent the whole of a given society; but the fact is that society is divided into classes. Taine finds that the prevailing personality of Louis XIV's reign was the "perfect courtier," polished, elegant, touchy about his honor, and speaking in high-flown and noble language. And indeed, this personality does "prevail" in the tragedies of Racine. What Taine forgets is that side by side with Racine there is Moliere; and if the former depicts the nobleman the latter paints the bourgeois, a quite different type of personality, with a different code of morals and a different manner of speech.

Ickowicz accepts Taine's general formula that "a work of art is determined by an ensemble which is the general state of the spirit and customs of the environment," but emphasizes that by failing to recognize the class nature of society Taine got lost in the mazes of idealism.

To the idealist and sociologic theories of art the twentieth century added the psychoanalytic theory. As formulated by Freud, art arises out of the psychic conflicts of the artist. Tormented by forbidden desires which he is unable to realize in the actual world, the artist seeks other means for their realization and finally

* *La Litterature a la lumiere du Materialism historique*, by Marc Ickowicz: Paris: Marcel Riviere.

sublimates them in art. In painting a picture or writing a poem, the artist finds a symbolic satisfaction for those unconscious desires (usually sexual) which he would have satisfied directly but for the demands of society and his own "censor." Freud sees an analogy between the fantasies of the day-dreamer and the creations of the artist, with this difference, that when we discover the egotistic fantasies of the day-dreamer we get no pleasure from them; they leave us cold and may even repel us; the artist, on the other hand, can convey his day-dreams to us in a form so disguised that they give us profound pleasure. How the artist manages to do this is his own secret. "In the technique of overcoming that repulsion, which undoubtedly has some connection with those barriers which arise between one ego and another, lies the essential art of poetry." Nevertheless, Freud maintains, the mechanism of art is closely related to the mechanism of day-dreams, involving in the same way the libido, the censor, suppressed desire, emotional conflict, symbols, and sublimation. Stekel carries the psychoanalytic theory of art to the point where he says that "between the neurotic and the poet there is no essential difference; not every neurotic is a poet but every poet is a neurotic." Freud's theory of art, however, has certain moral and social aspects. In treating neurotics, psychoanalysis seeks to lead the patient from the "pleasure principle" to the "reality principles"; the former characterizes the child, the latter the adult. Art is one of the means by which one overcomes one's "lower" instincts. In speaking of Michaelangelo's statue of Moses, Freud says that the "tremendous physical mass and powerful muscles of the figure become physical expressions of the highest psychic achievements possible for man, for the conquest of one's own passion in the interest of a goal which one has set for oneself."

Ickowicz's repudiation of this analysis is a little lame; his final conclusion, however, is that while psychoanalysis can dissect the soul of the creator, penetrate into his unconscious and dig up his desires, aspirations and ideals, it merely deals with the voice of the individual; but "there is a voice which is stronger, more powerful, more decisive—the voice of society."

This leads him to the fourth aesthetic theory, which he accepts completely under the term "historic materialism." The theory was first formulated by Karl Marx who in the *Critique of Political Economy*, published in 1859, summed up his views on the origin of ideas as follows: "In the social production which men carry on they enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will; these relations of production corre-

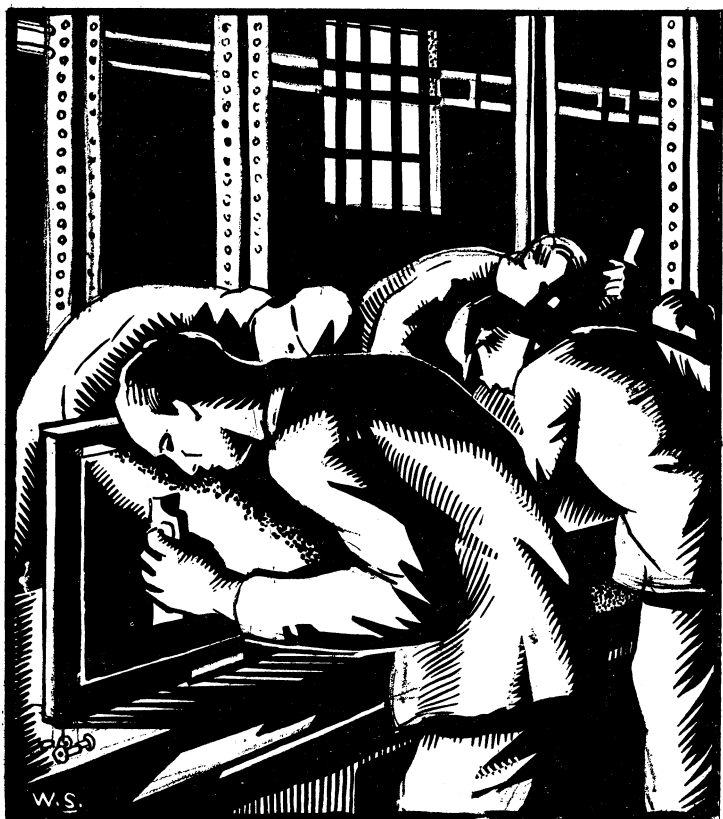
spond to a definite stage of development of their material powers of production. The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society—the real foundation, on which rise legal and political superstructures and to which correspond definite forms and social consciousness. The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness." With this idea as a basis, Marx made some observations about art which more than fifty years later seemed "revolutionary" when stated by futurists and now is a commonplace: "It is a well known fact that Greek mythology was not only the arsenal of Greek art, but also the very ground from which it had sprung. Is the view of nature and of social relations which shaped Greek imagination and Greek art possible in the age of automatic machinery, and railways and locomotives and electric telegraphs? Where does Vulcan come in as against Roberts & Co.; Jupiter as against the lightning rod; and Hermes as against the Credit Mobilier? All mythology masters and dominates and shapes the forces of nature in and through the imagination; hence it disappears as soon as man gains mastery over the forces of nature. What becomes of the Goddess of Fame side by side with Printing House Square? Greek art presupposes the existence of Greek mythology, i. e., that nature and even the form of society are wrought up in popular fancy in an unconsciously artistic fashion. That is its material. Not, however, any mythology taken at random, nor any accidental unconsciously artistic elaboration of nature (including under the latter all objects, hence also society). Egyptian mythology could never be the soil or womb which would give birth to Greek art. But in any event there had to be a mythology. In no event could Greek art originate in a society which excludes any mythological explanation of nature, any mythological attitude towards it and which requires from the artist an imagination free from mythology."

These two passages indicate not only what the Marxist attitude toward art is but also what it is *not*. Ickowicz quite correctly repudiates the legend that Marxists believe that the economic factor is the only factor important in the development of art. Quite the contrary, Marx, Engels, Lenin and other historic materialists have always pointed out that the political forms taken by the class struggle, legal codes, religion, philosophies, morals, etc. have influenced social life. Furthermore, in the case of art the economic factor is the determining factor in the last instance, but intermediate factors, such as "mythology" play a more direct role. The Marxist theory on art was developed at a later date by the Russian Marxist, George Plekhanoff, who evolved the following formula for analysing a work of art: (1) the level of productive forces; (2) economic relations, conditioned by these forces; (3) the social-political regime, erected on the given economic basis; (4) psychology of the social man, determined in part directly by the economic factor, and partly by the entire social-political regime erected on it; (5) the various ideologies reflecting this psychology.

Plekhanoff attached great importance to the psychology of the epoch and to the class struggle. In studying the French Romantics he pointed out that the same psychology permeates the poems of Victor Hugo, the paintings of Eugene Delacroix and the music of Hector Berlioz. He went further, and pointed out that while Romanticism was essentially bourgeois and was the expression of the class which came into power after the Revolution, Romanticism never attracted general sympathy. "Similar discord between ideologies and the class whose tendencies and tastes they express is not a rare thing in history," Plekhanoff wrote.

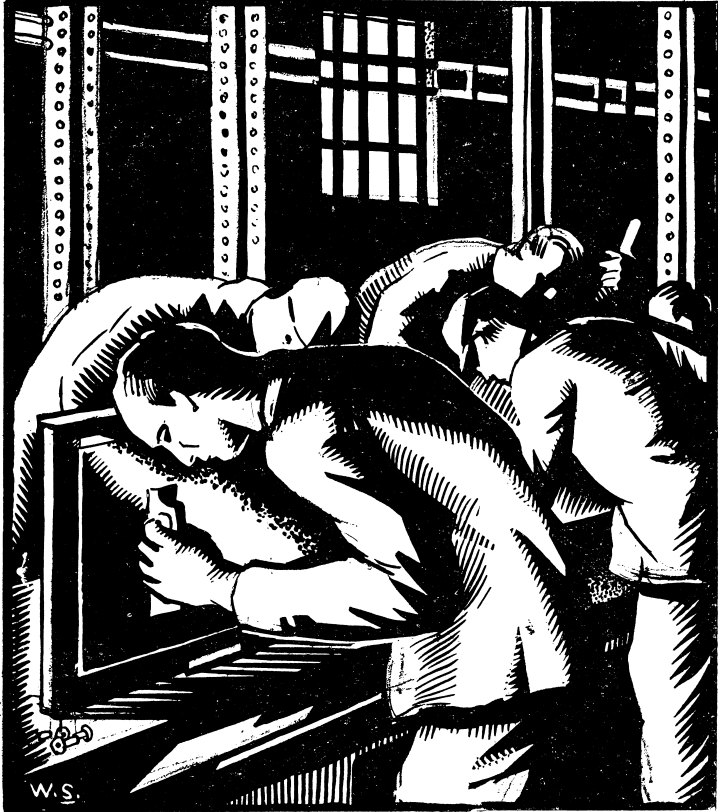
Since Plekhanoff little has been added to the general Marxist theory of art, but important specific applications have been made. The bulk of these have appeared in the Soviet Union in the past few years; but the most elaborate Marxist study of art has been made by the German scholar Wilhelm Hausenstein whose *Art and Society* appeared in 1916, followed by *The Cultural Foundations of the Nude*, the *Spirit of Barok and Rococo: German and French Illustrators of the 18th century*. In these studies Hausenstein follows the development of sculpture and painting parallel with the evolution of society.

To these Marxist studies must now be added Ickowicz's *Literature in the Light of Historic Materialism*, for more than half of the book is devoted to an application of the Marxist theory to the novel (including Robinson Crusoe, Balzac, Flaubert and Zola); the theatre (including Shakespeare, Dumas and Ibsen) and some studies of poetry. The book also contains an interesting study on "Literary Genius and Economic Conditions."



Drawn by Wm. Siegel

ON THE BELT



Drawn by Wm. Siegel

ON THE BELT

THE SPANISH JOINT

By PAUL PETERS

Now I'm on the viaduct. The day's work is done. Soon I'll be home, in the quiet, washing off the muck. Quiet! No winches grinding, no trucks jangling, no steam whistles, no drivers bawling at the stevedores. I want to throw up my arms and run, but I'm too tired.

Now I'm at the Spanish Joint. I swing a leg over a stool. They are high stools like the ones old-fashioned bookkeepers use.

"Here's Paul." "Hi Paul!" "Buenas noches, Paul."

They all know me: Maria and old Martinez, "Lulu Belle" the black cook and Consuelo the dishwasher. I am at home here among the beggars, the unemployed, the street-hawkers, the sailors, the garage mechanics, the prostitutes who frequent the Spanish Joint.

"What you going to eat, Paul?"

"What you got?"

Maria waves a hand at the mirror scrawled up with chalk.

Liver and onions 18c, red beans and rice 8c, veal stew and boil. pot. 16c, Mex. sausage and white beans 15c . . .

I've eaten it all. I'm tired of it all. It isn't very good.

I tell Maria.

"Your grub's lousy, Maria."

"Then what you come here for?"

"Because it's cheap."

But that isn't the only reason. I come because I like it here. The Spanish Joint is my club. The only friends I have in New Orleans, outside the black boys at the wharf, I've made at the Spanish Joint.

2

If you examined it detail by detail it wouldn't look nice. A typical little hash-house in the "district" with fly-blown green walls, a counter, and stools. It isn't any too clean. I've seen cockroaches as big as cigar butts crawl down the coffee cups. Never mind. When the player piano begins to pump, and the men loosen up and laugh and swear and talk, and Maria scolds and shouts ("Red and white! Bowla soup! Two on a raft!") and old Consuelo stands in the kitchen doorway grinning to his gums, there isn't a more congenial place in all New Orleans.

(New Orleans! Bawdy-house of the world, racing tout's paradise, working-man's hell. Where police beat the world for graft and corruption. Where politics is a free-for-all swilling trough for swine. Last century's good hard apple gone rotten, full of worm-holes and slime.)

3

To the Spanish Joint come the underdogs, the failures, the down-and-outers. Here they find fellowship, the mellowness of the old corner saloon. Here they appeal for justice after they have been cheated and blackjacked by the law of the rich. Here alone they can count on a jury of their peers.

Hobos sidle in. Straw from last night's sleep in banana-freezers bristles on their pants. They eat furtively, haunched up on the stools, fingering the nickles they have just panhandled under the rusty balconies of the Vieux Carre. They dip tough doughnuts in coffee and suck them to pulp.

Except when they're drunk, they don't talk much.

But the others are hungry for talk. Man, man, the way they talk! Jobs. (Just try to find yourself one!) The New South, yah, the New South. The river-front, that goddamned river-front on a cold foggy morning in "balmy Louisiana, winter capital of the nation." Unions? They smashed them all. What's left is got a streak of yellow in 'em a mile wide. Wages? They don't know what wages means down here. Prosperity—*Jesus Christ*, prosperity!

4

In and out this chatter moves Maria. She is gay and quick and witty, and her eyes snap with intelligence. A kind of fresh warm vigor leaps from her brown Mexican skin and her pitch black hair. What would the Spanish Joint be without Maria?

She works from seven in the morning till nine at night. All day, running back and forth from counter to kitchen, kitchen to counter, a million hampered steps; cutting bread, passing water;

in a pinch washing dishes and frying hamburgers. She becomes tired and cross. Her gayety changes to impertinence and her wit to scolding. She quarrels with old Martinez, the proprietor. He listens to her with the ponderous dignity of an Indian chief in a blanket, his enormous face passive and calm. He loves Maria as a daughter. They will be bantering a minute later, Martinez with solemn peasant humor, Maria nimble like a cat.

But mostly Maria is gay. She talks to everybody. She would throw her head back and laugh at you if you told her this, but I think she loves everybody. Not with the simpering sentimental love of people who profess to "love the workingman and pity the poor." Maria is a peasant girl. She moves at home among the outcasts and the workers. She loves them with a rough-and-tumble, give-and-take sort of love, as Schiller and Beethoven must have loved people: "Millionen umschlingend."

Being a "Spig" and poor, Maria lives in the "district." Everywhere about her, night and day, are henna-haired brothel women calling through half-closed shutters ("Won't you come in, little daddy, and have a good time? Come on in, baby"); men staggering out of speakeasies stinking of whiskey; sleazy boarding-houses; sailors' dives.

Through all of this Maria walks serene and sure. The henna-haired girls come in for coffee. They call her honey and she listens to their troubles. I've seen her chat with the fat old wench who runs the bordello across the street. The taxi drivers before the nightclub on the corner yell greetings at her. The sailors kid her with "sweetie" and "sugar." Beggars dipping doughnuts in coffee look up at her with little greedy eyes. She smiles at them and chides them like a mother scolding a dirty child. Life for the moment seems clean and good to them.

Because she is so young and fresh and clean, men sometimes snatch at her. Maybe her youth and her cleanness challenges their foulness and their dirt. Maybe they feel, like savages, that by conquering this pureness, this alien virtue, they can incorporate it in themselves. Drunken men stare at her till their faces are burned and their eyes glazed with lust. Then they want to run their hands over her.

Maria slaps their faces. She pours her scalding acid of derision over them.

Once when she had slapped a drunk's face for getting fresh with her, he refused to pay his bill. Maria took his hat away. For ten minutes he reeled around the Spig Joint heaping obscene curses on every Mexican born. But he had to pay his bill before he got his hat.

5

One night there was a bunch of us old-timers lined up on the stools. It must have been the downpour of winter rain that started us off. The first was a house-painter.

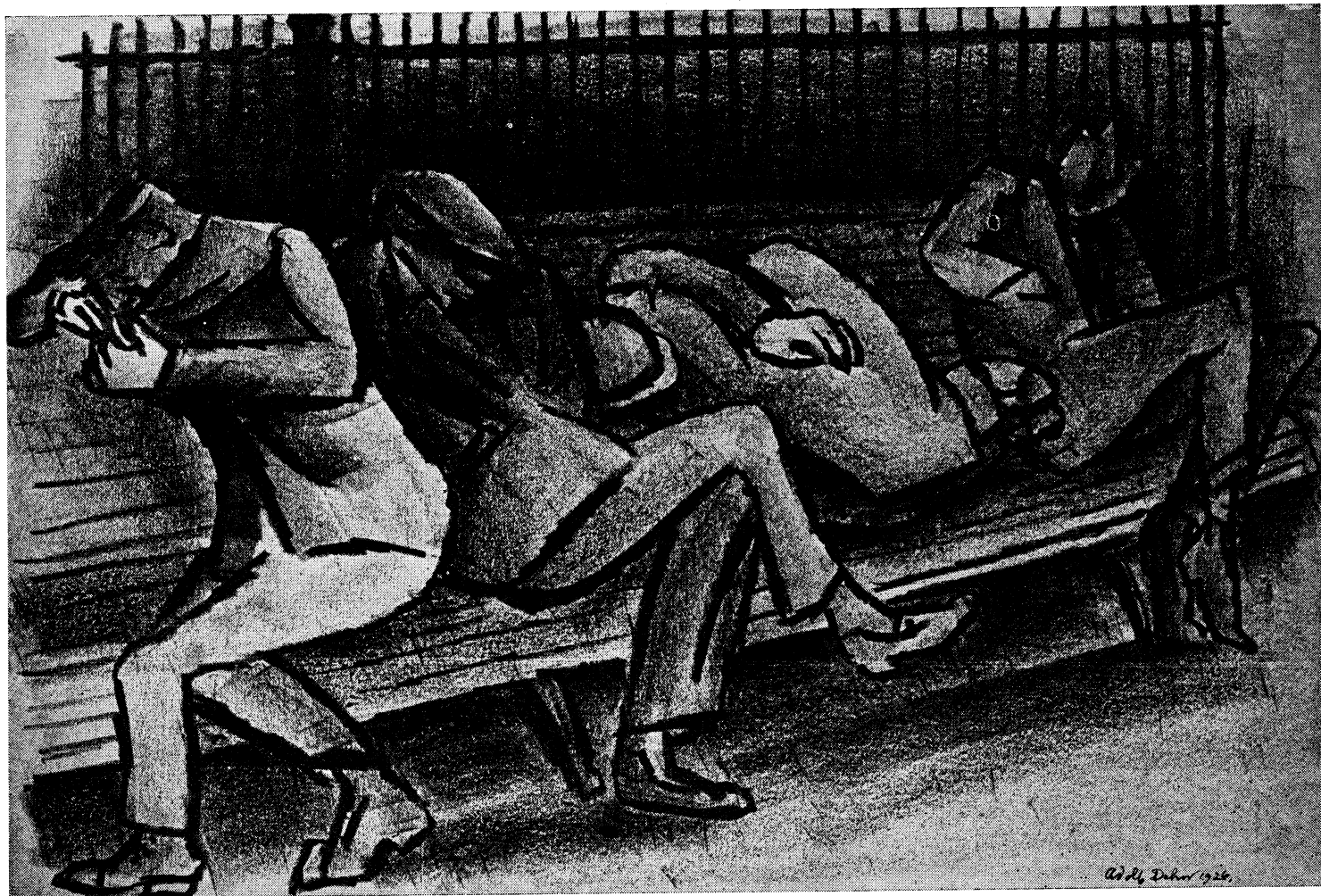
"I've walked up and down the streets of this dump for six months looking for a job," he said. "In six months I aint earned a nickle. I make good money when I work, ten to twelve bucks a day. And I aint none of them easy-come-easy-go babies, neither. I save. But six months—! I got to find something tomorrow. By God, I got to."

He pulled out a handful of change for inspection. A few nickles, a few coppers. He grinned sheepishly. But the rest was vicious. "I'm forty-five years old. I been a working man all my life. But I aint never been so low before. I'm strong. I know my business too. There aint nothing the matter with me. What the hell's this country coming to for a working man?"

The rest chime in, a sailor from Vancouver, a gassed soldier drifting aimlessly around the country, a derelict real-estate agent from Florida, a grey-haired East Prussian.

The East Prussian was once a powerful man. Now his big body is rammed in and his face besotted and seamed. There is something rust-eaten about him. He is like one of the old freighters rotting in Louisiana mud across the river.

"I was a vorking man all my life too," he says, "a mechanic for



UNEMPLOYED

Drawn by Adolph Dehn

nearly fifty years. Now look at me. I'm a bum. I'm a bum and py Got, I'm proud of it!" His big fist shakes the counter.

"A vorking man is got to shtick togedder vit a vorking man. In de olt country dey know dot. Dey don't know dot here."

6

There is a baffled bitterness in all their talk. Jobs, jobs. The country's bad. It's getting worse. A working man, he aint no more than a mule these days. Goddam America anyhow!

Maria listens.

"Well, what you going to do about it?" she says.

Then a funny thing happens. One talks Christian Science. Another tells you Hoover's going to fix it. "It's the Jews that's to blame," says a third. A fourth rants against the Negroes.

"De best ting is to keep quviet," says the old East Prussian, "don't say noting. I know. But you got to keep your mout shut."

7

They pool their nickles, they all go out and get drunk. They come back and boast about the whiskies they drank and the women they had. Most of it is lies. The old East Prussian, whom I like, stares at me with drunken, vicious eyes and roars: "I don't know you. If I efer talked vit you, it vas a long time ago. Fergit it, I tell you, fergit it!"

Maria takes the breadknife out of his twitching hand.

She talks to him and quiets him down. Soon he is hunched on the stool groaning: "Look at me. I aint noting but a bum. A lousy, trunken bum."

Tomorrow he will be my friend again. More than all the others in the Spanish Joint he has courage. In the old country he might have been a Red, a fighter keeping himself disciplined and clean for his rebel faith. A strong man like him needs a strong cause to believe in, a great work to plunge his strength in. Here in the Mississippi slough he fights booze.

8

We thought, after three days, that the boy from Vancouver had gone back to sea. He hates the sea. "Ever since I was a kid," he told us, "I been at sea. Maybe a sailor was somethin' once.

He aint no more. A ship's just a big factory nowadays. The romance of the sea. God, aint that funny! A sailor's nothing more than a scrub-woman nowadays. What's a sailor get out of life? Booze and whores. I'm sick of the sea. I'm going to get me a job and settle down."

At the end of three days he was back at the Spanish Joint, dirty and haggard.

"They picked me up in the middle of Canal Street," he said. "They asked me what I was doing here and I told 'em I was lookin' for a job. I told 'em I just come off the *Minneola* and was tryin' to settle down. So they run me in. Can you beat that? They run me in.

"The judge said I was a public nuisance. 'I aint no nuisance to nobody, judge,' I told him. 'I got money. And I'm goin' to get a job.' All he answered was "Thirty dollars fine or thirty days in jail."

"'All right. I'll go to jail,' I told him. I was sore as hell. I just had 35 left from my pay on the *Minneola*.

"But Christ, you shoul'da seen that jail. Cold and wet and full of bedbugs and lice. I was ready to go nuts after three days. So I paid the goddam fine and got out. Now aint that a bloody shame? I ask you, aint that a bloody shame? Thirty bucks. And I wasn't doin' nothin' but lookin' for a job."

Maria got old Martinez to give him a job washing dishes and scrubbing up. They kid each other all day long. He is a fine-looking boy with a mop of yellow hair, an outdoor ruddiness, and the expression of a big, good-natured dog. He obeys her like a faithful dog, too.

"When you goin to marry him, Maria?" we tease her.

"Marry, him!" she snaps. "I wouldn't marry none of you. American working men, they're afraid. All they do is sit here and cry, or go out and get drunk. A Mexican, you sneer at him, you call him a Spig and a Greaser, but he aint afraid to fight. 'Para pais y libertad!'"

"Maybe," she says dubiously, "maybe some day I go back to Mexico and marry a fighter."



UNEMPLOYED

Drawn by Adolph Dehn



UNEMPLOYED

Drawn by Adolph Dehn

BOOKS

REVIEWED BY:

Bernard Smith
Sergey Dinamov
Margaret Larkin

Carlo Tresca
Herman Spector
Sol Auerbach

Robert W. Dunn
Joseph Kalar
Stanley Burnshaw

Herman Melville, by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50.

In many respects Lewis Mumford's biography of Melville is a rather fine piece of work. The persuasive intellectualism of Mumford has never been displayed to better advantage. He has written thoughtfully and with feeling; he has evidently absorbed a great deal of sympathy for his subject; and he has probed deeply into his life and mind. These qualities alone should distinguish the book, and the addition of sound scholarship places it among the best biographies of the season.

Mumford has emphasized the spiritual progress of Melville rather than his physical movements. Analyses of Melville's novels, therefore, claim the major portion of the book. *Typee, Omoo, Mardi, Pierre*: all are exhaustively dissected and interpreted in terms of Melville's budding metaphysics, and his actual biography is deduced from the testimony of fiction. Mumford has not surveyed a vacuum, however, for he has indicated the various social phenomena that influenced Melville and gave significance to his work. On page 178 we find Mumford saying, "Benedetto Croce has correctly taught us that every work of art is . . . uniquely what it is, and cannot be understood except in terms of its own purpose." But Mumford has too much good sense, and has too thorough a training in social psychology, to stand by so sterile a dictum. On page 187 he has justly contradicted himself and written, "A great book is more a part of its milieu than either the writer or his public knows." Thus Mumford has written, in the main, a sociological criticism, although on one point, the crucial point, he has surrendered to abstractions. In his interpretation of *Moby-Dick* he has failed to indicate the relation of the central theme to its American environment.

Melville is drawn as a sickly, introspective boy, brought up in genteel poverty, and thrown on his own resources at an unusually tender age. He goes to sea, sails around the world, and finally lands in the South Seas. There he lives with the natives, and is so enchanted by their charming primitivism that he feels impelled to write a book about his experiences. The result is *Typee*. He wins a measure of success and follows with *Omoo*, another story of the Pacific islands. From now on his development takes another course. Marriage, children, material responsibilities dry up the romantic reminiscences of youth. Furthermore, he is now on land and can no longer draw on the glowing past for inspiration. Contact with distasteful realities brings a little bitterness. He writes *Moby-Dick*.

Moby-Dick is his masterpiece. Thereafter he declines somewhat in power. The world has not been good to him. He becomes increasingly bitter; pessimism corrupts the early vision. At times in his later life he touches the mark of *Moby-Dick* but he never fully recaptures its passion. In his old age he is awarded a civil service job, for the first time permitting him release from economic pressure, and he sinks into a state of quiescence—an old man's serene resignation.

Moby-Dick is a poetic tale of a whale hunt, beautifully written, its symbolism never disturbing the pure story. Its meaning has been distorted and obscured by dissension, but the heart of the fable is correctly stated by Mumford to be "a presentation of the demonic energies in the universe that harass and frustrate and extinguish the spirit of men." Stated otherwise, Melville's message is this: Man is helpless in the face of an inscrutable universe. His creations are puny, his purposes noble but impotent, his destiny death. Nature conquers man in the war for supremacy. Ultimately we are lost.

While Mumford has explained the minor symbols of *Moby-Dick*

in terms of the evolving American industrialism that threatened to reorganize society, he has failed to point out clearly how the basic theme is similarly linked to Melville's reaction to his environment. Melville was badly maladjusted to America. The country was then going through a period of transition from a simple commercial economy to a complex industrial economy. Melville's early training, his scholarly pursuits, his life on a primitive ship had made him unfit to live in a busy community whose members were interested solely in acquiring property and position. The scramble for railroads and real estate disturbed him; his own poverty oppressed him. His reply was renunciation and a gesture of defiance. Aside from its literary value, *Moby-Dick* is important as a revelation of the temper of one class in America at that time. As a piece of literature it is splendid.

Mumford's failure to stress this relationship between *Moby-Dick* and the American scene impressed me as the clue to everything that is bad in the biography, and the bad is not less conspicuous than the good. I have spoken of *Moby-Dick* as a splendid piece of literature. Look at what Mumford says of it: "Melville's instrumentation is unsurpassed in the writing of the last century: one must go to a Beethoven or a Wagner for an exhibition of similar powers: one will not find it among the works of literature. Here are Webster's wild violin, Marlowe's cymbals, Browne's sonorous bass viol, Swift's brass, Smollett's castenets, Shelley's flute, brought together in a single orchestra, complementing each other in grand symphony." Now I maintain that there is no work of literature so magnificent, and if there is, *Moby-Dick* is not it. It seems to me that Mumford is so intrigued by the symbolism that he ignores the background. Such rapturous obeisance is certainly unwarranted and a little more than suspicious. One immediately begins to scrutinize the book carefully for an explanation of Mumford's lack of control. Why has he been so profoundly stirred by the quest for the white whale?

On page 260 Mumford has written, "From an experience so heavy and overwhelming as Melville's, there was no alternative but retreat, and complete submission. The Olympian had adventured, an innocent abroad in the morning; the Titan had struggled, a wise, tormented, valiant man, working and battling in the sweat and dust of noon; twilight had fallen early, and in the gloom, he could neither adventure nor struggle." And a little before that we find, "Melville stood alone, alone in a desert." And a little before that: "He had looked into the abyss."

What Mumford has tried to do here is to convince the reader that Melville explored the depths of the universe and returned with a secret so terrible that even he shuddered at the disclosure. And this awful secret, this realization of ultimate truth placed him above life, above living, above the petty, silly machinations of mankind. Of course, this is merely another way of saying that Mumford sympathizes with Melville's metaphysics. Ultimately we find Mumford exclaiming, in regard to contemporary appreciation of the author of *Moby-Dick*, "It is not that we go back to these writers; it is, rather, that we have come abreast of them . . ." In that sentence Mumford confesses his intellectual alliance with his subject.

Moby-Dick preaches a sermon: man is helpless in the face of an inscrutable universe. The sermon is familiar. Joseph Wood Krutch preaches a similar sermon in *The Modern Temper*. It is the sermon of disillusionment. Waldo Frank reiterates. And Mr. Lewis Mumford, chief of that school of intellectuals, sings the same song. It is the song of denial: metaphysics and religion

have been destroyed by science; science has been destroyed by itself. Only "art" remains, and pure scholarship, the search for "aesthetic truths." Mumford's remark that we have come abreast of Melville expresses the opinion that contemporary thought coincides with Melville's fable of defeat. Mumford, in short, believes that Melville's temper is the "modern temper" of Krutch and the other liberal scholars. Mumford's rhapsody on *Moby-Dick* is a disguised version of the old, old plaint of the philosophical nihilists. Melville, according to Mumford, glorified the futile crusade. "There is no struggle so permanent and so humanly satisfactory as Ahab's struggle with the white whale. In that defeat, in that succession of defeats, is the only pledge of man's ultimate victory, and the only final preventive of emptiness, boredom, and suicide." Some of us, however, can think of more satisfactory diversions than hopeless warfare. Mumford is correct when he intimates that man must have a purpose in living as a preventive of suicide. But I am not so sure that Mumford's preventive is adequate. Nor am I sure that there is no faith and no purpose left but the cultivation of "beauty" and morality.

There is one other feature of the book that should be mentioned. Mumford spends 200 pages pitying Melville. He tells us of his philosophic pessimism, his blackness, his despair, his terrible, terrible realization of the evil that surrounds man. Mumford almost weeps when he contemplates Melville's sorrowful condition. And what was the cause of Melville's despair? Intellectual conviction? The clairvoyancy of the prophet who sees frightful storms in the path of humanity's march to light? Nothing of the sort. Mumford himself admits that the misery of his youth was the first cause. Later, an unsatisfactory marriage, unsympathetic children, the failure of Hawthorne to return his friendship, a frustrated passion, the indifference of his contemporaries: all these helped to make Melville melancholy. The final touch was "financial anxiety." Melville himself wrote, "Dollars damn me." Then this melancholy was not philosophic? It was material? Then his pessimism, in short, was induced by the kind of anxiety that makes every sensitive clerk or factory laborer pessimistic? Then why the pity, why the heart-breaking lyrics? Many men suffered from poverty before Melville; many men suffered after him. How many suffer from poverty now? Poverty is not novel. To be poor is tragic, but it is not the individual and unique tragedy that Mumford paints about Melville. These 200 pages of pity represent 200 pages of exaggeration, a quality which is found throughout the book. Whose martyrdom was Mumford actually depicting when he depicted Melville's "martyrdom"?
 BERNARD SMITH.

IN ENGLISH MINES

The Last Day and Other Stories, by Joe Corrie, Forward Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd., Glasgow. 1929

In the past century the English miners had very few writers (David Windget—1828-1892—was the most important of them). Although they were workers by birth, they lacked a proletarian viewpoint.

Only in our time of wars and revolutions, of great class struggles and huge social contradictions have real miner-writers appeared in England. James Welsh pictured the first steps of English miners towards political organization (*Under World*) and their first battles with capitalism ("*Morloks*"). Roger Dataller in his *From a Pit—Man's Note Book* sketched the daily life of coal workers. Harold Heaslop, author of the novel *Under Power of Coal*, was the first writer who wrote of the life of a typical miner-communist.

Joe Corrie is one of these proletarian writers. His first book of poems *God's Image* was published last year, his plays are known to all Scotch miners—and now we have his book of short-stories *The Last Day*. Joe Corrie is a writer of the little incidents of working class life. He is not a writer of large class conflicts. But he has the gift of connecting these life-splinters with the whole of proletarian life. His heroes are closely connected with their class, the stories about them are the stories about their class as a whole. The style of Corrie is the style of the reporter but it is not the cold and dry style of the bourgeois reporter writing about the "peculiar" life of the workers. Joe Corrie's pictures are extremely fresh and vivid. A worker by birth and profession, Joe Corrie is also a worker in his creative work.

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

SERGEY DINAMOV.

T H E D I A R Y O F A

"Brilliantly witty and absorbingly interesting," is this amazing picture of life among Soviet University students. Kostya and his companions, who, in *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*, had lived in a kind of Marxian paradise, are suddenly put face to face with the stern realities of Soviet-Russian life. Here, in a scene more remarkable than Alice's world of upside-down, British dockhands, American negroes, and Chinese youths study, play games, and debate at length upon the Socialist State—in which they had believed

C O M M U N I S T

so passionately during the earlier years of the Revolution, but now with the growing conviction that there is something wrong. While the new N. E. P. class dance the fox-trot and eat and drink to their heart's content, the young champion of the Proletariat walks about hungry, borrows coppers for a meal, and sleeps "on the Embankment"—or its equivalent. Ogn'yov's second diary is more than interesting—it is intensely real and convincing. Published by Payson and Clarke. \$2.50

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THE STORY OF A FIGHTER

By CARLO TRESCA

Bill Haywood's Book. An autobiography of Wm. D. Haywood. International Publishers. \$3.50.

I fought by the side of Bill Haywood a hundred battles. I was his comrade in arms.

His book has stirred me as deeply as the sight of him the first time I met him.

It was in Boston, at the Common, on the occasion of a huge meeting held in defense of Ettor and Giovannitti, who were then facing the same electric chair that later on was to take away from us Sacco and Vanzetti. I had led to that memorable meeting four thousand working men from Lawrence, men and women of twenty-one different nationalities.

They were, those working men, a tremendous crowd: fifty thousand, said the capitalist papers the next day. A waving of flags, a thunderous applause greeted the appearance of Bill on the stage. The men from Lawrence, our Lawrence army, at the sight of the strong, towering, gigantic man standing pensive at first and then smiling before them started to sing the Marseillaise in twenty-one different languages. A thousand other working men joined in the chorus: it was a veritable uproar. The crowd and its ideal were bewildered.

Then silence.

And Bill Haywood spoke, as he alone knew how, the word of the victims of oppression. Simple, warm, impressive.

I kept my eyes fixed upon him. I picked his words on his lips. They were not new. I had repeated them hundreds of times at our meetings, and yet when I heard them uttered by him, they made a tremendous impression on me.

The more he spoke the more his figure grew gigantic in my imagination. He appeared to me as a tower of strength.

To my eyes he was the personification of labor.

The speech over, the crowd surged onward like a stormy sea. Then a loud cry went up amid the general confusion. The police had arrived to snatch from the arms of these people their father, brother, comrade. It had to happen. Wherever Bill Haywood was, there were struggle and life. Read his book over again if you have read it already. Read it. It will impress you as it impressed me.

In the first pages you see him as a child, small but bold: a tiny soldier. Unlike many other lads, he does not go in search of a chain to meekly shackle his own feet, but he rather hunts for arms to break it. In his tender age you may discover the germ of the revolt that is destined, later on, to be embodied in him.

The following pages are like the gust of a strong wind that carries the reader aloof and almost overwhelms him. Not one single battle has been fought by the working class of America without Bill Haywood taking part in it. Soldier or captain, he is always found in the advanced trenches: in Colorado as well as in Chicago, Lawrence, Paterson and New York: everywhere.

Hundreds of times manacles are locked around his wrists and he is thrown into jails. But the sun that he sees from behind the iron bars of the American bastilles brightens his brow and warms his heart. No prison can tame him; no threat of death, such as was made at the Boise trial, has the power to subdue him.

Which was the greater? He who stood accused of a crime, or Borah, who pointed at him an accusing finger? Haywood is dead, but he left behind a deep imprint. When Borah will be no more, no trace will ever be found of him.

Who remembers Moyer, the man who was chained to Haywood during the historic Boise trial, which was set up with a view to crushing the heroic Western Federation of Miners? It was Moyer who caused the Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers



"BIG BILL"

to be brought together in an attempt to sink the former into the slow oblivion of class collaboration.

Against this collaboration Haywood fought his most vigorous battles, always remaining as rigid as metal, as invincible as an oak, faithful to that class struggle whose knowledge he had not acquired from books but on the arena of actual combats. And by his fights he wrote history. Not the history of a man, but of a class.

Here and there an overabundance of details is to be found, but as a whole the book is wonderful. It is a veritable panorama lightened by glowing flames: flames of hatred and love, of hope and despair.

Passing by this gigantic man we behold, small as their vision, black as their treason, other labor leaders who crossed the bridge and became the allies of the dominating class.

The more pages one reads, the more the stature of the man grows in one's mind, until, on arriving with him in Russia, where he, the tireless nomad in quest of liberty, has gone to throw himself in the arms of his Goddess, one visualizes him as gigantic as he appeared to me at the mass meeting in Boston.

Read it and think: this is what Bill Haywood's book demands.

By reading it we live over again with its author a life of intense struggles, of uncompromising principles and undying faith.

To reflect is to acquire new courage.

The book says to us: Stand up, your face turned to the sun. There is always hope where there is life. And a large breath of life comes from this book written by a man who is no more, a man who left behind strong, conflicting passions, arms ready for the fray.

BOURGEOIS NEUROTICS

The Blacker the Berry, by Wallace Thurman. Macaulay. \$2.50.

"More acutely than ever before Emma Lou began to feel that her luscious black complexion was somewhat of a liability—and that her marked color variation from other people in her environment was a decided curse."

It is easy to pick flaws in Wallace Thurman's novel *The Blacker the Berry*. That first sentence in the book, which represents the thoughts of the young, black Emma Lou as she sits among the other high school graduates, indicates his literary sins. His prose never strikes a spark. It is completely lacking in grace.

The lack of artifice (or art) in his writing might be overlooked if his people stepped forth boldly. But they do not. They are cinema people—two-dimensional types. Each character is the protagonist for a problem, a trait, or a tendency that Mr. Thurman has observed. He has not bothered to endow any of them with more than the one characteristic which each represents.

Thus Mr. Thurman has fallen between two chairs. If his novel is purposely subjective, it needs good writing to carry it. If it is meant to be an intimate psychological study, its character pictures are too casual.

The Blacker the Berry is not a book to be disregarded, however. It is the book of a thinker. Mr. Thurman avoids being either picturesque or sordid. His approach is unsentimental.

He represents the problem of color snobbery among the Negroes themselves. Bourgeois Negro neurotics, are more concerned with their relations with each other than with the encircling white race. He lets Emma Lou try every formula of her class for "bettering



“BIG BILL”

herself," in order to solve her personal problem. She goes to college, she escapes to the "tolerant" city; she tries "free" love; she raises herself to a profession after the humiliation of menial jobs. Everything fails her. She steps out of the book with her problem unsolved, and her future black before her. More of the same, is all the author suggests. He makes it quite clear that no change in her class, or her economic status, or her emotional life can save her.

In this he is right, of course, but what would have happened to Emma Lou if she had identified herself with the proletarians of her race? One imagines that color gradations are less important among field hands and factory workers, and that an educated black girl might find the solution of her difficulties in this section of her people. Perhaps Emma Lou's snobbish bringing up precludes such a career for her. Certainly Mr. Thurman lets her accept completely the judgements of her class.

I for one, hope that he will turn his undeniable talent to the Negro worker, to the really important class, to the majority of his people, for his next book.

MARGARET LARKIN.

REALISTIC SOVIET ART

The Naked Year, by Boris Pilnyak. Payson & Clarke. \$2.50.

The Naked Year proves the case for contemporary Russian literature, and effectively lays the Propaganda-Ghost raised by excited liberals and weak Talents . . . If any one in this democracy functions as strongly and successfully as an individualist artist as Boris Pilnyak does in Soviet Russia, I want to meet him. Done in the boldest of futurist techniques, this story of the famine period in post-revolutionary Russia nevertheless establishes contact with reality at every point. It is a whirling, skidding kaleidoscope of people and events; pausing a moment here and there for complete absorption of a particular scene (Pilnyak is a master of poetic description in a direct, unemotional prose attack), and repeats, repeats; beginning again and again in a process poor Gertrude Stein foresaw, but could not successfully employ, as she was a little too much in love with the idea, narcissically, and forgot its purpose and end in creation. What is more, we get an accurate and brilliant dissection of the Russian mind, explicit and implicit, in a method employing movie "shots" and "throwbacks" and continuous merging of scene. This novel has the unity of a dynamic movie besides; it has the perfection of vital poetry, it is keen and unbiased. The story is Russia in transition, years of starvation and bloodshed, people in an age-old town awakening to the red dawn. The big thing to remember is this: Boris Pilnyak is unafraid; he leans neither forward nor backward because he has the balance and poise of a runner; he unbalances and affrights the detached, "contemplating" aesthetes of America. What a stink, we recall, was made over the novel *Sergeant Grischa*, recently published! It was a masterpiece, a great novel of the war—the journalist and high-hat critics pretended to be *illuminated, profoundly moved* . . . Let us see how they meet this book, a grim and exquisite interpretation of real life as felt and historically viewed . . . We predict in advance that the critics will have to resort to metaphysics, to sober discussion of "form" . . .

HERMAN SPECTOR.

GIFTED VERSE

Children of Fire and Shadow, by Lucia Trent. Robert Packard. \$2.00

A jubilant, fierce, unashamed affirmation of life in lyrics that occasionally strike an astonishingly beautiful note. Lucia Trent celebrates passion, sex, birth control, love, hope, and rebellion, and finds them good. Happily, one misses the old familiar wail of unreciprocated love, the lachrymose tear. Very often, as in the group of poems called Banners of Rebellion, she is disconcertingly naive, and a number of the lyrics seem facile to the point of emptiness. Lucia Trent is a very gifted minor poet, and it is a pleasure to come upon a work that so fiercely affirms life, after an appalling deluge of literary tears and manicured sorrow.

JOSEPH KALAR.



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COTTON MILL SLAVES

Welfare Work in Mill Villages, by Harriet L. Herring. University of North Carolina Press. \$5.00.

When in the Soviet Union a few years ago I visited a large cotton mill. There I was shown a faded photograph that had been picked up in the library of the former owner of the mill. It showed a group of workers—men and women—arranged in stiff photographic formation before the company chapel within the mill yard. In the front row center was seated a fat priest of the Greek Orthodox Church.

This was the class in the "Law of God," conducted by the company for the "welfare" of the workers. It is hardly necessary to report that there are no such Sunday School classes functioning in this mill since the workers wrested the economic and political power from the Russian capitalists and became the ruling class in the land. One has to go to North Carolina to find a fitting counterpart to these dark days of Tsarism and priestcraft in cotton mills.

This book on factory welfare work gives us a picture that is as depressing as that of the fat priest and the pre-revolutionary textile serfs. Were it not for the fact that some of these North Carolina textile slaves are beginning to raise their heads in revolt one might be left pessimistic after wading through the 400 pages of this volume. For it describes in minute detail the ways used to buffalo the workers in the textile mills of that state now and during the last few decades.

Take this business of religion. After studying the various kinds of plant welfare work carried on in 322 mills employing 66,000 workers, the author can assert that "aid to churches and Sunday schools is the most widespread and most common outside activity carried on by the mills." It is also the work that has been carried on over the longest period, and "it is the most favorably regarded by all classes concerned," including the workers. Those who have had organizing experience in the South take this fact into consideration. Union agitation has actually been carried on by "boring from within" the local Sunday Schools.

Other forms of welfare described in detail in this study are the schools, night classes, health work, housing, group insurance, and a vast number of variations on the recreational and athletic theme—picnics, barbecues, boy scout troops, bands, social clubs, and the like.

Company unions have scarcely been used at all in these smaller mills in the South. They are to be found usually in plants where the workers have threatened unionization, and where the employer has grasped at this pseudo-collective bargaining as a substitute. This stage has not been reached in most of the textile plants of North Carolina.

It is also clear that the company store is falling out of fashion. This is bound to be the case as the South continues its industrialization, and as the workers become correspondingly more independent in spirit and in closer contact with urban civilization.

The motives behind this welfare line are about the same as in the North. Miss Herring does not mention any new ones, but correctly falls back on Abe Epstein and others who have shown that employers go in for Americanization schemes because in the long run it means more profits, and because it will help to keep the union at a safe distance.

While undoubtedly an authority on her 300 cotton mills, Miss Herring has not carried her explorations or even her general reading much further. For example, she is ignorant of the fact that Henry Ford gave up his welfare stuff in 1921. She writes of "the elaborate departments of the Ford Motor Co." as though they were still in existence, and were still the ultimate in welfare set-ups. All of which is nearly ten years out of date. Her reference to Ford would have applied in 1919.

She is also essentially timid. She ventures few generalizations, proposes no remedies, and "presents no program of reform." She does, however, show her real sympathies by suggesting that if any change comes it will not be by workers' organization, or by "denouncing the 'mill barons,'" but by the "public" around the mills. She thinks the South is fortunate in having public spirited "citizens and editors" who will do something to change conditions. These very elements are now busily engaged in opposing the ef-

forts of the National Textile Workers Union to organize the workers in these mills!

Being a perfect model of the modern "facts and attitudes" type of interviewer and academic student, Miss Herring, of course, sees both good and bad points in the welfare stuff. Naturally, she accepts capitalist feudalism as the obviously desirable *status quo*, just as she would doubtless have accepted slavery before the Civil War or Tsarism if she had lived in Russia before the workers' revolution. Still her book is well worth careful study by those who would understand the South and help to organize its workers.

ROBERT DUNN.

UNDER WORKERS RULE

Liberty Under The Soviets, by Roger N. Baldwin, Vanguard Press. \$0.50.

The title is somewhat misleading. Liberty when appearing in conjunction with Roger Baldwin's name always bears the meaning of "civil liberties," and the implications of efforts to preserve those mythical liberties and save an equally mythical democracy. Baldwin of course realizes that the term cannot be used in that way in relation to the Soviet Union.

He recognizes the fact, and stresses it again and again, that 90 per cent of the Russian people have obtained economic freedom, but misses out in his estimation of social forces by holding that unrestricted civil liberties are necessary for a rapid growth of society with the least violence.

The book is one of a series of twelve on various phases of economic, social and political life in the Soviet Union. Like the others it contains a wealth of information and presents an honest attempt on the part of its author to cover the field he has chosen for his investigation. A little book worth adding to your library.

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH MARRIAGE

What Is Wrong With Marriage? by Dr. L. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan. Albert and Charles Boni. \$3.00.

Marriage in the Modern Manner, by Dr. Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn. The Century Company. \$2.00.

What Is Wrong With Marriage? proves once more that we are a nation of amateurs—in the social sciences at least. For certainly in no other country could a book like this get itself written, secure the endorsement of a well-known scientist, find respectable publishers, and be introduced to the reading public as the greatest thing since Westermarck.

The German scientist, given such a problem, would devote a lifetime to it and might leave a mass of material which some reverent pupil might posthumously edit as an *Introduction to an Analysis of the Marriage Problem*. A prosperous Soviet government might endow a chair of a state university or establish a commission for study and report on a grand scale. In America, no such trifles need be bothered with. The psychologist arbitrarily selects one hundred men and one hundred women from the white-collared traffic in New York City (of all places!), refers to this group as normally representative, and manages to get a gifted and sensitive theatrical expert to help him with the editorial end. He then proceeds to publish a book which solemnly tells us what mathematical chance of success exists for any marriage in which the husband is unfaithful, the wife had premarital sex experience, the parties have or have not satisfactorily adjusted their sexual climaxes, etcera ad nauseam. Were it published without pretensions, as a record of what two hundred more or less miserable souls have suffered in the shackles of legal matrimony, it would be not only the interesting document it is, but one deserving of admiration and respect.

As one cannot quarrel with the facts in *What Is Wrong With Marriage?* because they are recorded facts, so one cannot quarrel with the point of view bravely upheld in *Marriage in the Modern Manner* by no less a person than Dr. Ira S. Wile (via the pen of Mary Day Winn.) This book has nothing to do with facts as MacGowan and Dr. Hamilton use the word. This book simply states the authors' attitude toward the problem of "young married folks." It has the flavor of the old friendly doctor's study, the white haired doctor with the young blue eyes who has so much patience, good humor, and common sense! He believes that tender care and nurture (and the good old bromides of sentimentality) will save the sick body of marriage. To cultivated persons it makes a pathetically comical appeal.

For the rebel, there are still Westermarck, and that glory of England today: Havelock Ellis . . . And yet, to a few, these handbooks on marriage are just additional instances of artifice and complicated illusions upon which we are rearing our civilization higher. Building a more strenuously unnatural environment and code of living, we are steadily injuring the psychic and physiological mechanism of ourselves. We have developed a vast army of scientists and students to devise means of repairing our injuries. Instead of changing the conditions and thereby removing the cause of our continual stumbling and injuring, we choose to marvel with superlatives at the repairmen, the human plumbers who are constantly patching us up. The episode of the Wonderful One Horse Shay of humankind may yet take place—and at that time (speed the day!) books on How to Be Happy Tho Married along with pamphlets on Yeast, Slenderizing Salts, and Radio-Building in Six Lessons, will make a bonfire more wonderful than any municipal incinerator . . . and by it we may be lighted the way to dusty death! In the meantime, two potentially best-sellers have been born. Speed the sales!

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

The Ghetto, by Louis Wirth. University of Chicago Press. \$3.00

An examination, partly historical but mainly sociological, of the effects of isolation on the Jews during the thousand years of the Diaspora. Valuable as a study of the creation of a race type thru definitely materialistic influences. A bibliography and several woodcuts by Todros Geller are included.

S. R. B.

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WORKERS' LETTERS

From Japan

Comrades:

In the midst of stormy reaction, we lost the most militant comrade Senji Yamamoto from our campaign. He was killed by a cruel murderer of white terrorism on the night of March 5th, 1929, at the hotel in Tokyo. He was the only M. P. by strong support of the Workers' and Peasant's Party (Rodonominto)—the most powerful revolutionary organization in our country—which was ordered dissolved by the reactionary Tanaka Government in April, 1928.

Comrade Yamamoto was fighting against bourgeois reaction, especially against the new anti-Communist Law ("Peace Preservation Law") in the Diet for the demands of the masses for the political freedom.

Comrade Yamamoto has not fallen in vain. His death under the banner of the Rodonominto, inspires us to greater efforts in the class-struggle.

Comrades in all parts of the world! Remember Senji Yamamoto as the martyr of mass struggle with bitter tears!

Japan

TONAJI HOASHI.

From Prison

Dear Mike:

Several unhappy years ago, I made a discovery that all but surprised me out of my 100% wits. I learned that I was being gyped, systematically robbed of the precious fruits of my daily toil, by a tender hearted philanthropist named Morgan or Spreckles or something like that, and this knowledge made me somewhat warm. Right away I wanted my mazuma back and I set out to get it back, and—well, I'm an impatient kind of guy, and labor organizations and picket lines and soap box oratory seemed such slow and roundabout ways of going at the thing that I soon abandoned them and devised a plan whereby I thought I might get back my own for myself, and get it pronto. But my plan was too individualistic, it seems. Anyway, it didn't work, and that explains my inability to enclose a check for 120 Million and the *New Masses*. You see, Mike, my one-man revolution so riled the fraternity of fat ones that they put me in the can, where I've remained some four and half years cooling off and thinking things over. They've even denied me the right to be a good slave, since they no longer allow me to swap brawn for gold (even so, I'm not quite certain that I'm not being exploited in some way, despite the free beans and other luxuries) and, worst of all, they have made me a downright bum by refusing to honor my checks.

Best wishes to you and *New Masses*.

Sincerely yours,

San Quentin, Calif. JACK LEONARD.

From Carolina

Dear Friends:

We have received the following letter from our representative in the Carolina strike zone which presents a vivid picture of the situation:

Gastonia, N. C., April 11, 1929.

In view of the miners anti-union propaganda being spread by Manville Jenckes mill of Gastonia, through the medium of leaflets, of which enclosed are a sample, the local newspaper, hundreds of copies of which are distributed free of charge by the millowners, and by stool-pigeons and petty bosses, with the emphasis laid on the food question, it was absolutely necessary to open the store immediately. We began our relief work last Sunday. In addition to the necessity of counteracting propaganda, it was also necessary literally to stave off starvation. The material condition of the people here is far below that of the miners or New Bedford Textile workers. They have absolutely no savings or source of credit. The company store "coupon" system meant that they practically never had a cent of cash. Their wages—\$6.00, \$8.00, \$12.00 average pay line for adult workers, meant that they always lived just a moment from starvation. I have talked to numbers who literally had only a nickel or a dime in the world—fathers and mothers of families—when they came out in strike.

The relief work is well under way. We rented a good store, large, cool (it is hot as hell here) and very well equipped with shelves, counters, lights, water, etc. It is just about seven doors from union headquarters and about a block from the mill.

We have a real first rate relief committee, primarily resourceful and self reliant. The good thing about the committee is that they really feel their responsibility in the matter and take their job as serious union work.

General record since opening Monday afternoon is 125 families supplied on Monday, April 8th and 160 families on Tuesday, April 9th. Have no record of individuals yet for Monday, but today's covered 851 individuals.

In this town a "family" very often means 3 or 4 families, or a family and anywhere up to 12-14 boarders living in a company shack. One of our store committee, for instance just told me that at his house five families, including 22 persons, live in six small rooms. In one room of the house, 12x12 seven people, three married couples and one baby live.

If only you send funds the work will go on finely. Will spread out to other towns where strikes are as soon as funds warrant. But please hurry money. Have no idea where the devil money is to come from for orders we must have tomorrow.

Amy Schechter.

Funds for relief can be sent to the Workers International Relief, 1 Union Square, New York City.

A. WAGENKNECHT, Sec'y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912. Of *New Masses*, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1929.

State of New York:
County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Natalie Gomez, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the *New Masses*, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher *New Masses, Inc.*, 39 Union Square, New York City; Editor, Michael Gold, 39 Union Square, New York City; Managing Editor, Walt Carmon, 39 Union Square, New York City; Business Manager Natalie Gomez, 39 Union Square, New York City.

2. That the owner is: The American Fund for Public Service, 2 West 13th St., New York City. James Weldon Johnson, Pres., 2 West 13th St., New York City; Robt. W. Dunn, Sec'y, 2 West 13th St., New York City; Morris L. Ernst, Treas., 2 West 13th St., New York City.

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NATALIE GOMEZ.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10 day of April, 1929.

Sidney Benjamin, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1930..

IN THIS ISSUE

Bill Dunne—former editor of the *Butte Bulletin* and the *Daily Worker* has just returned from Mongolia.

Martin Russak—a silk weaver, is at present organizer for the National Textile Workers Union.

Harvey O'Connor—is editor of the *Federated Press*.

Joseph Kalar—is working in a lumber mill, contributing to various poetry magazines and writing (so he says) more sketches of worker's lives for the *New Masses*.

Gan Kolski—who designed our cover, is a young Polish artist whose work appears in the *Forum* and other publications.

Joseph Freeman—co-author of *Dollar Diplomacy* (with Scott Nearing) is at work on a book now.

Wm. Gropper—beside contributing to various national publications, illustrating books, working as staff cartoonist for the Jewish daily *Freiheit*, is also at work on a book of his own to be issued soon.

Paul Peters—is working on the docks of New Orleans. His latest stories were published in *Scribners* and the *American Mercury*. One scene from his play "Hallelujah, I'm A Bum!" was published in our March issue. He is at work on another play.

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