

NEW

# MASQUES

JUNE 1931

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JUNE 1931

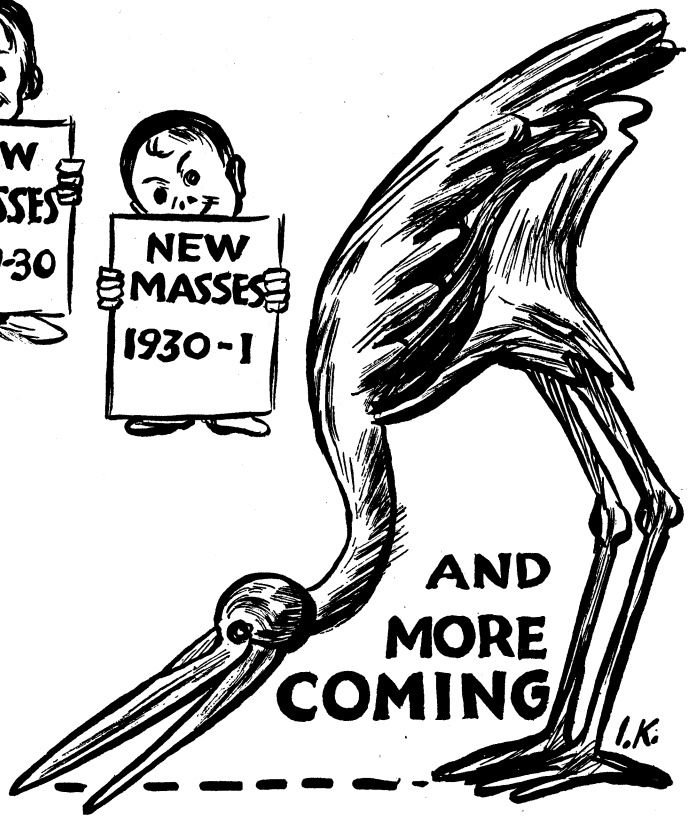
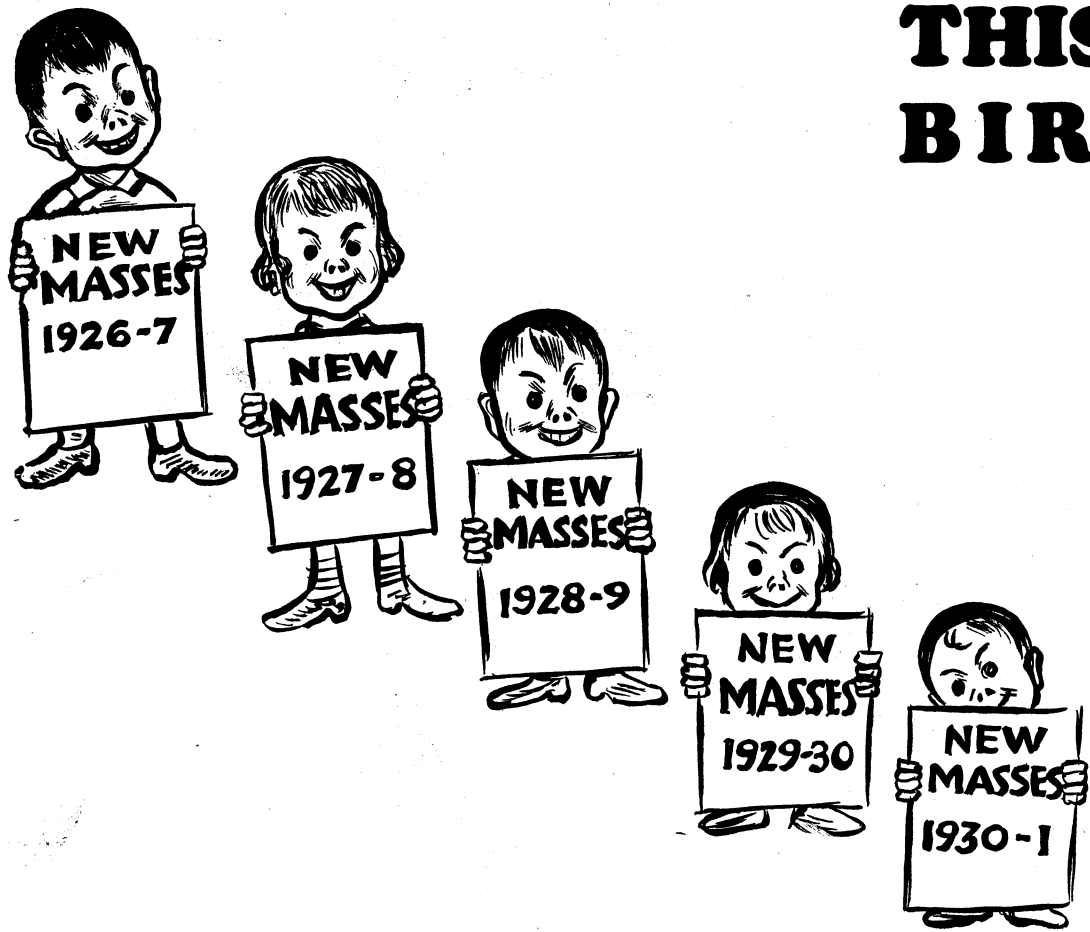
15 CENTS



Bulck

# IT ALL BEGAN FIVE YEARS AGO

# THIS IS OUR BIRTHDAY



Drawn by I. Klein

## The Family Secret--

Five little volumes of *New Masses* have already appeared. Lusty youngsters: full of proletarian vitality, fine reading, swell drawings. And we are still at it.

With this issue we are 5 years old. For the last three years at least one new talented young artist or writer has appeared in every issue. They are writing the new American literature: born in the mines, the factories, the farms, the colleges . . . inspired with the struggle for a new and a better life.

Meanwhile, growing out of necessity, and directed by the Charkov Conference of revolutionary writers in which *New Masses* participated, a national organization of all workers groups in coming into existence in this country.

*New Masses* will speak for and about this great movement in every issue.

That we begin our sixth year of life in this healthy fashion, is due entirely to those loyal readers who have sworn so heartily by and at us. To them—and to you—we appeal again.

Send us this day a new subscription for your friend, fellow-worker or fellow-student. This will make it a happy birthday.

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# NEW MASSES


1910—Sixth Year of the New Masses -- 1926 -- Twenty First Year of the Masses—1931

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JUNE, 1931

NUMBER 1

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## GRAYSON MOORE

# GOOD NEWS FROM ARKANSAS

I have seen equal depression elsewhere in the South, similar evidence of drought and poverty; but it just happened that England, Arkansas had a farmer named Coney. He and 47 other farmers and their wives had come to their township Red Cross agents house and just heard his incredibly stupid dictum that he wouldn't give out any orders for food that day because he was "out of blanks."

The dynamite of these normally quiet serfs of the Cotton Empire was exploded when a desperate woman in tears cried out that she "just gotta git food, my kid hain't et for days." Coney said: "When that neighbor told me about her kids, somethin' just went up in my head. I got plumb excited and said: 'You wait right here lady, we'll go to England and get food or we won't come back. Any man that ain't yaller will git on that truck!'"

They all piled on and so did Mrs. Coney who told us when we saw her on the farm: "That ride was awful. Those men were just still, so still it made you creepy." I asked Coney: "Were they game?"—"They sure was" he said. "I've had a heap of doing with men and I wouldn't 'a started if I wasn't sure they would go right on thru! Those 47 men would have stuck alright. If they had talked just a little bit sassy, we would have had a tryout. Why I think that 20 men could take all England."

We came to England two months after Coney's truckload of hungry farmers had swelled to three or four hundred, filling the block before Ben High's store and ignoring his sign "No Credit—Nuf Sed." Ben High deplores the publicity. He insisted they didn't give him any trouble. One farmer told us that High merely reminded them that there were other merchants in town, to "spread the grief a bit." Not so coolly, another merchant was terrified and fainted into a nervous breakdown. after telling his clerks to "let 'em swipe the goods, but save the cash register." According to a farmer's story, told with much glee, this man on reviving shouted: "I'll give a thousand dollars!"

We found England the typical town of the South, peacefully stagnating. Here and there a bona fide "Bankrupt" sale, "For Rent" signs on blank windows, two stores in each line with no business for either. Two banks, one of them had been closed; on the side tracks at the Red Cross freight car loads of hay and corn, in the streets men of all ages armed with light house brooms futilely sweeping dust back and forth to prove to the Red Cross that they were worthy of food.

We went to the combined Fire House, jail and Mayor's office in the futile hope of finding his honor. He was not at his place of business; one of the two Cleaners and Dyers of the town. Nor was he at his usual place, the sody counter in one of the two drug

stores that serve as the social bumming counters for the business-like shopkeepers. However we did find Lawyer Morris in his office. Mr. Morris pinch hit for his honor when Coney and his farmers paid their first visit to England. We asked Mr. Morris as the spokesman for the reception committee of storekeepers to tell us of the incident. He gave a very enlightning summary:

"I wouldn't blame their present plight on shiftlessness. They work. But we have too many stores and it all has to come out of cotton. Lots of people are slowly starving, even in good times, on meal and mollasses. That means pellagra. It's all too prevalent hereabout. They finally go crazy in the last stages. I just had a case with an Insurance Co. based on that fact.

"The report in the papers that those farmers who came to town were armed, isn't true. They were just hungry. A truckload came in first. They went to see the Mayor, he wasn't in so they came over to High's store. They had a spokesman who told us quietly that they had to have food. I was asked to answer for the merchants. I told them they had built up the region and were entitled to consideration; that the Red Cross was wrong to delay and if they would wait two hours something would be done. They agreed and I got those merchants together.

"I convinced them that they were up against it and had to act quick. It was agreed to pro rate the damage; so we issued cards allowing \$2.50 per family. Later the Red Cross wanted to quiet criticism and agreed to reimburse the stores to that amount. But you can figure what \$2.50 per family for two weeks means: fer five members, 14 days x3 meals x five people equals 210 meals divided into 250 cents equals 1 cent and 4 mills per meal per person. Later they doubled the amount to 3 cents per meal per person. Visiting nurses say it takes 75 cents per week to feed a bottle baby. Take that out and it isn't enough. One of the leading Red Cross ladies came down here. She patted the local committee on the back and tried to convince them that \$900 for 500 families (at least 2,000 people) was ample for three months.

"As it was, conditions got bad. Over in their office hungry men got angry, women cried, some of the Red Cross staff carried guns. It was plain incompetence permitting conditions to exist that were worse than if an invading army had marched thru here. And the Red Cross patiently watching these people slowly starve to death. My stenographer has seen a baby whose mother had kept it alive for days by having it suck corn pone. I myself have seen babies wrapped in gunny sacks on the opened cracks of a cabin floor in January. Later I told one of the Red Cross men that 300 farmers were coming up to thank him for his help. He said:



WHAT, . . . AGAIN? . . .

The American delegate to the London Wheat Conference suggests birth control methods in restricting the world's wheat production.

Jacob Burck

"My goodness man; you don't mean to tell me people are still hungry, do you?"

All that Mr. Morris told us was amply borne out by similar stories of conditions and a deep resentment among the farmers for certain agents of the Red Cross. Their attitude might be summed up by the statement of one farmer Hicks: "The Red Cross idea's alright, but when they insist that a young boy shall work on this dirt road with a shovel or get no food it just don't make sense."

This resentment was understandable after our visit to the local office in England. In the sprawling room over the Masons hall a few disordered tables covered with papers and card indexes in charge of three girls and a veterinary surgeon named Fuquay. The dirt and disorganization are mute evidence that they are about to close up shop. The inevitable workless town wags sit around and swap jokes with the Vet. Altho they are closing the hunger continues. A stream of applicants continues . . .

Farmer Coney is of Irish parentage, and had that country's humor and love of a battle. He is a tenant farmer, working 41 acres, with a wife and five children, of which the oldest is a boy of maybe 12 who is missing some school in order to help plow. The owner of the farm is an absentee who lives in Memphis, and is a cotton broker. "Do you know what a cotton broker is?" says Coney. "A cotton broker is a guy who starves everyone who tries to raise cotton."

Coney is puzzled. He says that he may be looking for a new

farm at the end of this season, if they close him out, but he doesn't know what to do. His house is an old shack, with the usual newspapers pasted on the wall to make it warmer. Over the fireplace was a print of the Last Supper with a couple gaskets hanging from a nail over it. On the ledge was a good geography and a bible. In the other room was a good kitchen stove. You could look thru the cracks in the floor and see the ground. All the cabins I have seen look like this, and those in which the Negroes live are worse.

Coney tells me: "Now I got a family of 7, we drew \$6 every two weeks, except once we got \$7. It's been tough to skin by. We have had nothing but beans and enough lard to flavor with for two months. I found only 4 days work this winter. I got 4 to 5 days rations left. I haven't received my loan for which I applied, and when I am really broke, I'm going into town again. My family is not going to go hungry while I am loose. They may starve if they coop me up, but they won't with me loose."

Mrs. Coney put in: "Something has got to tear loose!"

Coney continued: "Will Rogers says that the government is going to get better, but is afear'd that there won't be anyone alive when it does.

"But there is one thing that this has done to the farmers: it has made them more sociable."

Desperation and hunger are potent social forces. They are still operating in Arkansas. If, as the *Literary Digest* says, this is "Good News From Arkansas"—make the most of it.

Coney and the tenant farmers of Arkansas are not licked.



WHAT, . . . AGAIN? . . .

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WHAT, . . . AGAIN? . . .

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Jacob Burck

**MICHAEL GOLD****MR. STEFFENS LIKED EVERYBODY**

Lincoln Steffens has seen a lot of American history. He was the famous political reporter and muckraker of a period blown skyhigh by the World War, the white-haired boy and Sir Galahad of a generation of reformers. His curious career began 35 years ago when like a dose of salts he went through the American cities, exposing "shame", grafting, machine-bosses, the racketeering and political perversities of St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco, New York and other places.

He edited liberal newspapers and magazines with large circulations, and was intimate with Tom Johnson, Bob La Follete, Theodore Roosevelt, Frederick C. Howe, Joseph Fels, and other famous heads of the trusts, for he was also genially intimate with the "bad, big men," the Wall Street heads of the trusts, for he emulated Jesus. He walked with "sinners" as cheerfully as with "saints," formed romantic friendships with the Jimmy Walkers and Al Capones of his day.

Then his researches led him into economics and the labor movement. He began to see a great light; the "grafters" could not exist a moment if they were not tied up in partnership with the "good" business people. The system was a unity; the variegated mob of gunmen, pimps, corporation presidents and crooked Governors and Mayors were all necessary cogs in the great machine of private property.

Mr. Steffens then became genially interested in the world war, the world peace, and the world revolution. With the exuberance of a drunk questing from speakeasy to speakeasy after new cocktails and new faces, Mr. Steffens crisscrossed our roaring planet. He managed to be in on the Mexican, Russian, and German revolutions. He hobnobbed with Mussolini after that Hollywood ham and gangster had been established by Business to bump off the rising labor movement in Italy. Mr. Steffens admired Scarface Mussolini. Mr. Steffens, like Comrade Jesus, has always liked everybody. Oh, this charming trait of tolerance one finds in people who have incomes, and do not have to slave in offices or steel mills!

One would demand at least a small book in which to review and appraise all the facts and theories Steffens has crowded into the bulk of his two-volume autobiography.\* In many ways, this is an important and fascinating contribution to the realistic history of America. Not only are hundreds of people and significant events lit up by our author's flashlight but the confession of his own mental evolution makes the Steffens book worth a place in anyone's library.

For Mr. Steffens might have titled his opus: Birth, Passion and Death of the Bourgeois Mind in America (if such a title is not too long). He is the perfect incarnation of an historic period. This is Mr. Liberal himself, the founding father of the scrambled ideology one finds today in the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *New Freeman*, the *American Mercury*, the *New York World-Telegram*, *Harpers*, *Scribners*, the *Birth Control Review*, the *New Leader*, *Advance*, the *Road to Freedom*, Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*, *Vanity Fair*, Capt. Billy's *Memorah Journal*, *Poetry*, a magazine of Verse, the *Commonwealth*, *Amazing Stories*, and others too bothersome to mention.

We are cursed in America with a middle-class intelligentsia which has always spent the chief part of its time in exposing the sores and leprosy of its uneasy social conscience, and then doing nothing about it all. How can you change America except by organizing? But organizations demand decisive platforms. The liberals are all Hamlets. You say to them, the sun shines and it is a fine day. They answer, "yes, the sun shines, it's a fine day, BUT,

\**The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*. (2 vols.) Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$7.50.

on the other hand, it may rain tomorrow."

You say to them: there are two classes, the workers and the owners; there is a fatal conflict between them; there is a fatal gap between wages and production which automatically creates crises of unemployment, strikes and war; the solution is to organize the workers against the owners; the solution is to collectivize production and consumption.

They agree with you; and add their tragic: BUT, on the other hand—

Oh, these BUT people and BUT magazines! Mr. Steffens is a BUT man. He has built his whole career on this tragic American BUT. Into what dark blind alley has this BUT habit led the American mind! The stalwart Hemingway turns to bulls and Catholicism! Oswald Villard prays for the League of Nations; Stuart Chase pipe dreams of samurai-engineers (at what wage?); John Dewey, the philosopher votes for Al Smith; Ludwig Lewisohn pretends he is a Palestinian Rabbi; H. L. Mencken poses as a pagan; Sherwood Anderson used to pose as a leetle cheeild lost in a great bewildering universe; Mr. Steffens also poses, in much of his book, as the leetle lost cheeild wandering among the social battlefields.

This is the purest bourgeois self-delusion and self-defense. Sherwood Anderson was always shrewd enough where his personal bread and butter was concerned. He was a capable advertising man, and now he is the smart owner-editor of two smalltown newspapers, one of which is Republican the other Democratic. And Mr. Steffens, though he gives us a touching portrait of himself as a God-seeker groping through a world of error and confusion, was never so confused in the American chaos as not to understand the stock-market and to bet on it very successfully.

People can be so clear and shrewd about their own personal fortunes, as are nearly all American liberals; and then they muddle others and muddle themselves when history demands of them a clear, shrewd and determined answer to the social tragedy in which we all live and die.

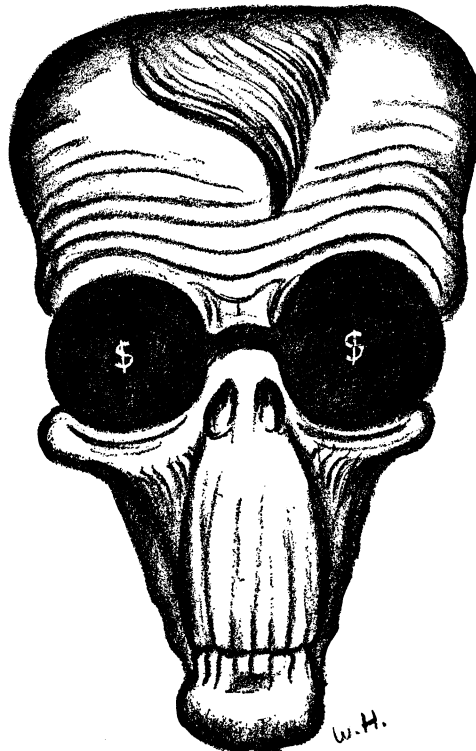
Lincoln Steffens did not observe the stock market; he studied it, he came to certain hard-boiled conclusions about it, and bet very neatly and successfully on his conclusions. But in the social struggle he always acted the godlike observer; he made a virtue of detachment; he grew spiritual; dragged Jesus in whenever something

too tragic and hard happened to distress him in the class struggle (did he talk Jesus in his stockbroker's office?); he avoided always the role of the participant, the man who affirms and chooses values, the creator, the scientist, the man who bets his life on something. A scientist on the stock market, a mystic in strikes and revolutions!

This pose of the disinterested neutral observer in the class struggle leads at best to sterility. At its worst it leads to the terrible blunder Steffens made in the McNamara case. Tom Mooney in his recent pamphlet tells the inside facts of the McNamara case. The brothers were persuaded to confess and take sentences of life and 20 years in order to save other A. F. of L. leaders who had worked with them. Their sacrifice was in vain. The leaders they saved are now busy trade-union racketeers and never even visit J. B. McNamara after his 20 years in prison, nor do they help him toward a parole.

The account by Steffens of his own part in the case makes the strangest reading. Imagine this journalist of great prestige walking into an A. F. of L. dynamite case and trying to apply that doctrine, or lack of clear social doctrine, which goes under the meaningless label of Christianity.

He believed that the Los Angeles open-shoppers and big business lynchings could



William Hernandez  
DEATH HEAD OF A DYING SOCIETY





*William Hernandez*  
**DEATH HEAD OF A DYING SOCIETY**

be brought to a state of grace, as Jesus brought the Magdalene!

And he believed that the war between capital and labor in Los Angeles could be solved by bringing the two parties together for a compromise and mutual forgiveness party!

Of course, the whole thing turned into sour tragedy for the naive laborites; and Steffens went sadly away from there, digesting another "lesson" in his education. The McNamaras remained in the jail.

It was always education Mr. Steffens was seeking, the development of his own soul. And this is what has always kept him in a state of adolescent bewilderment in our political and social world. He had no personal stake in the fight. He really could not understand the daily brute necessities that drove steel construction bosses and their workers into bloody opposition. All this bitterness rose from the dark places in the human heart, Steffens believed. The remedy was to apply the gentle poultices of Christianity.

It is all difficult to understand at this late date, when so much blood has flowed under the bridge of history. Steffens himself has almost abandoned the Christian delusion. But he still maintains the god-like illusion. He is able to admire Mussolini and the Soviet Government equally. Both are experiments, he tells us, in a new world. Both have discarded the outworn technique of democracy, and are attempting to solve the life-problems of the masses through dictatorship!

Deliver us from such friends! It is an insult and a gross ignorance to make such a grouping. Mr. Steffens here is repeating his McNamara crime. A man should learn something with the years.

Fascism is the open dictatorship of the big industrialists, operating through the hypnotism of a ham-actor Superman. Communism is the dictatorship of a great class; of millions upon millions of workers and farmers.

Communism's aim is to destroy all superstition, all forms of economic and racial privilege, and it leads to internationalism. The differences could be enumerated by the dozen, and are apparent to anyone with the slightest sense of economics. Who owns the land and the factories in Fascist Italy? Who owns them in Soviet Russia? This simple test is enough. But it is not applied by liberals, because they still have deep in their minds the dreams, the hopes, the social ideals of the delicatessen storekeeper.

In their hearts they want a system where it is possible for a little man to rise above his fellows, to make his own wealth, to own his own land and his own factory. They are akin to the Kulaks in Soviet Russia. The muckrakers out of whom Steffens arose were the spokesmen of the petty bourgeoisie. Their slight tinge of Single Tax demonstrated this. They were always thinking of the little manufacturer and farmer, and the taxes these two staunch pillars of a commercial society had to pay to the bigger landlords, industrialists and bankers. La Follete, Roosevelt, Bryan, Wilson and other political leaders attacked the trusts from the soapbox; and Steffens, Baker, Tarbell and others attacked them with their gifted pens.

But the trusts have won in America. Steffens has enough wit and resilience to be able to admit this at the end of his book. After a lifetime in which every petty bourgeois illusion had its sportive way with him, he wakes up to see that the whole middle class in America is being wiped out by the trusts as rapidly as it is being liquidated by the workers' and farmers' democracy in Soviet Russia.

But then he goes soft again. He simply cannot bring himself to acknowledge the stark realities; that this middle class, proletarianized and insecure, can only solve its problems now by a revolutionary alliance with the workers and farmers of America. Steffens is like a doctor who comes to you in your illness, analyzes all your symptoms very shrewdly, then coolly pockets his fee and marches off without offering a word of advice as to cure.

Mr. Steffens cannot be shaken from his calm. But the middle class of America is not so calm and neutral any longer. This last smash-up of world capitalism has brought suffering at last into the middle-class homes. Unemployment grips at the vitals of the white-collar class. They have begun to complain in all their magazines and journals; they may be starved soon into some kind of third-party politics; they have lost many of the superior feelings they showed during the boom. How slowly they learn, though! There is something soft and rotten at the core of most American minds, that only great mass tragedy will burn away. Perhaps if the unemployment lasts another five years! Mr. Steffens' book

offers nothing positive, hopeful and immediate to the members of his own class who have been kicked by the thousands into the proletarian ranks.

He is evasive. He offers instead of a possible way out only a bland picture of Russia, Italy and Henry Ford—"three roads to freedom"—now, choose! Confusion added to confusion. America needs a few bold clear minds who will lead somewhere. But the day is rapidly coming when indecision and doubt will not be regarded as the supreme intellectual virtues. The storms are rising, and young captains will appear who have studied navigation and not the Bible.

Mr. Steffens' autobiography, as I have said, is almost too big to be reviewed. Not because he has evolved a new world system, or philosophy, but because he has given us a social history of sorts of America for the past thirty years. The rise of the grafters and racketeers, the battle between the trusts and small businessmen, the change in attitude toward penology and other social problems, all this Mr. Steffens has seen at first hand. His book will be drawn upon by future historians of the period, if only for its amusing anecdotes of "great" men. He writes with the clear flowing style of a supreme popularizer. The chapters in which he tells of his youth in California are the best in the book, because here Mr. Steffens was not an observer, but an organism with strong desires and needs.

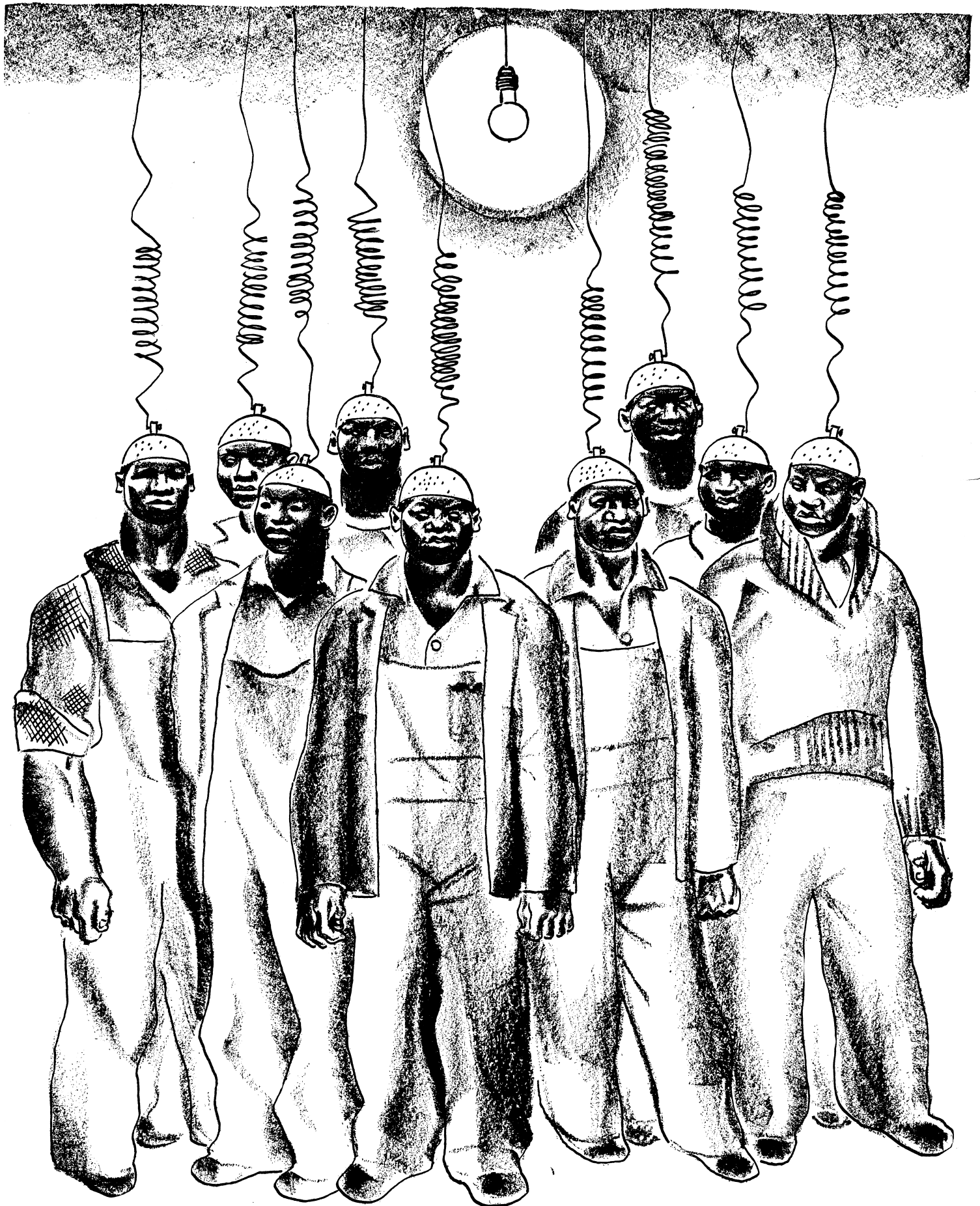
I do not think there will be many more people born in America with the Steffens mind. We are rapidly becoming a nation of employees, and there will be no soil for the 19th century fantasies of independence, petty bourgeois freedom to get-rich-quick, Golden Rule and the rest. The youth of today sees confronting it a different future than that which faced Mr. Steffens. Conscription for the next war is the least of its realities. The Jesus philosophy simply has no meaning in a machine age. Only the new humanist youth takes it at all seriously anywhere (but purely for esthetic reasons, which is the ultimate decadence of a religion, of course.) Nobody is indignant about trusts or grafters any longer; they are accepted as permanent features in the capitalist landscape. Mr. Steffens had to sweat through many illusions; the youth today is born into a full cynical contempt for them. The movement of which Mr. Steffens was a pioneer was eclectic, liberal and critical. The movement of the youth today will be synthetic, Communist and creative. Action has been forced upon the world, sink or swim is the formula. In the next world war there will be no neutrals or non-combatants. In the social war today everyone is being forced into a positive attitude.

It was good that Mr. Steffens wrote this warm and living personal record of an age that is dead. He made himself a kind of philosophical guinea pig for all the fallacies of his time, then survived to describe his fevers and follies. We can learn from his book not to be guinea pigs, but engineers, soldiers and creators in the class struggle, knowing that we want and must have: a socialized world—and judging everyone and everything in relation to our objective. One must have values; Mr. Steffens had none, except a mild benevolent glow derived from frequent doses of old Dr. J. C.'s Peruna.

## Words Like Class Struggle—

*Words like Class Struggle and Revolution  
said over and over, a thousand, a million times maybe,  
by men and women in factories, on farms, at meetings and picket-  
lines,  
flaming in dark places, shouted in a thousand demonstrations  
in America, Germany, China, India, USSR,  
over all the earth, in a hundred languages always the same;  
words fluttering from tortured lips in fiend-prisons of Poland,  
Italy, Venezuela,  
strangled in the throats of Chinese workers and peasants led to  
the slaughter;  
words like Class Struggle and Revolution, words like Land To The  
Peasants, Work Or Wages—  
red flags marching against the sunset,  
trumpets of death to the old world,  
battalions of raised fists advancing over the earth—  
OUR words, forged in our hearts, riveted with steel of our brain,  
surging with our own hot blood—  
O day and night I hear them—  
a sound of hammers on crumbling walls.*

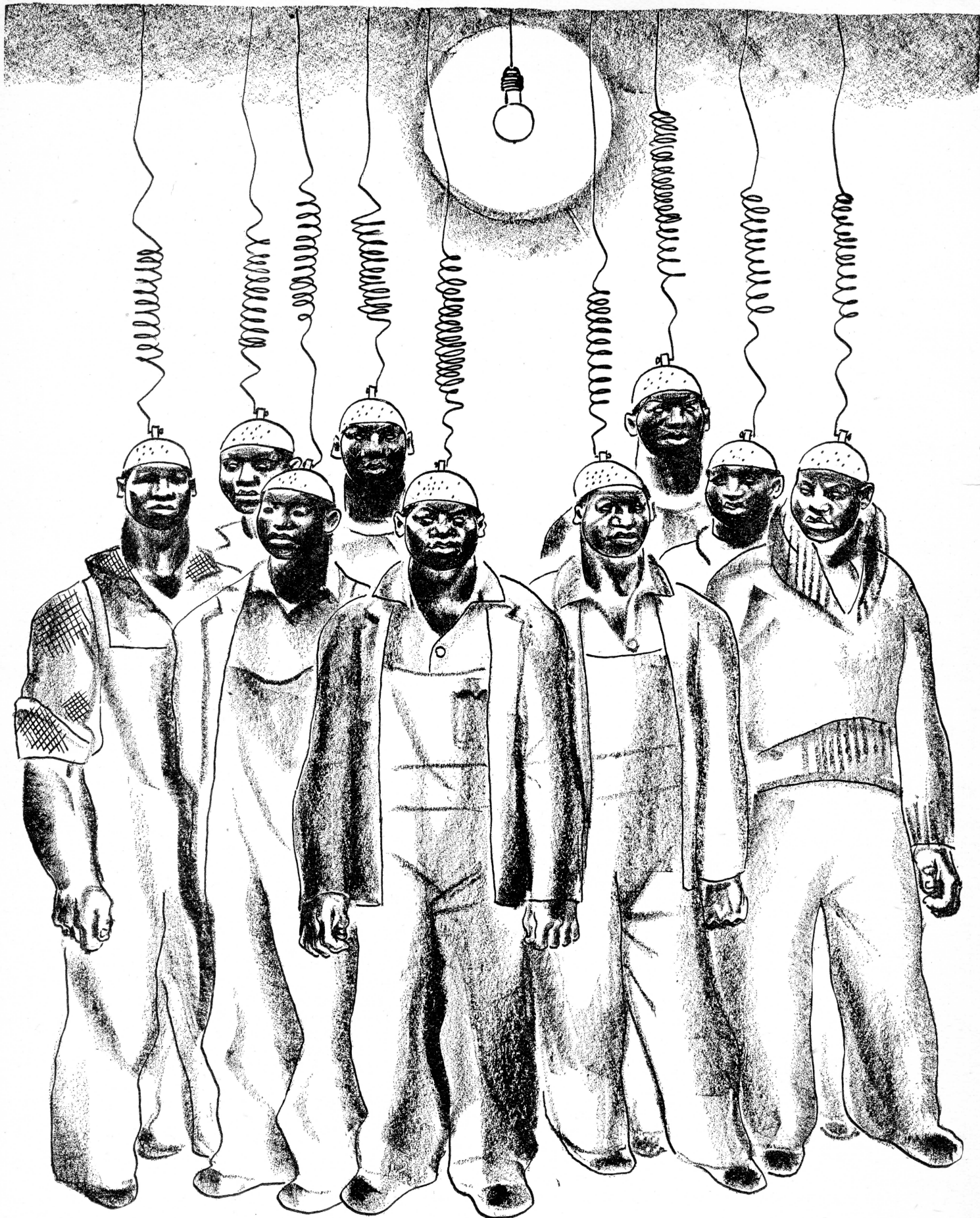
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#### BOURGEOIS VIRTUE IN SCOTTSBORO

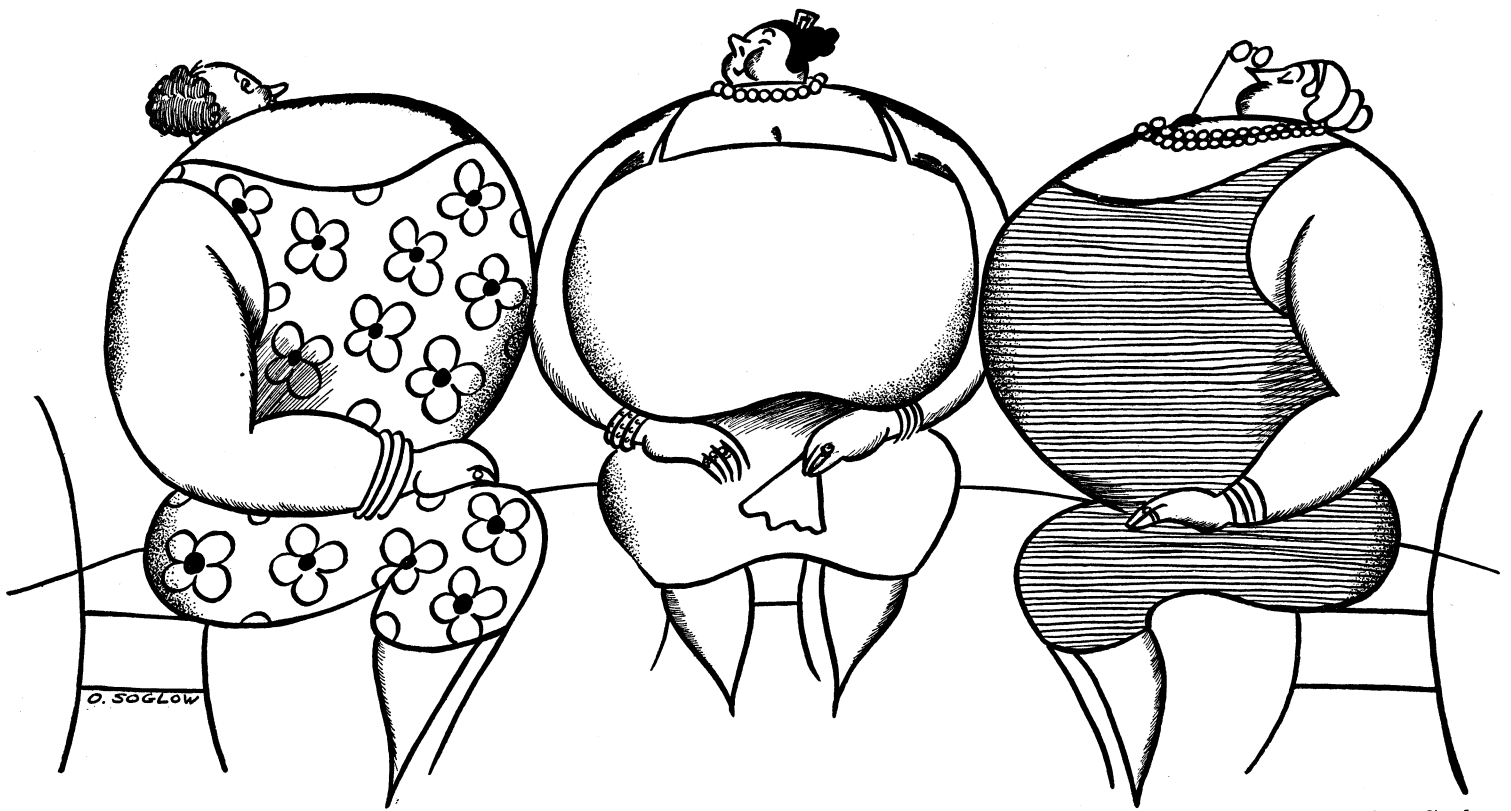
*"The ugly demands of threats from outsiders that Alabama reverse its jury decisions, and filthy insinuations that our people were murderers when they were sincerely being as fair as ever in the history of our county, is rather straining on our idea of fair play. IT ALLOWS ROOM FOR THE GROWTH OF THE THOUGHT THAT MAYBE AFTER ALL "THE SHORTEST WAY OUT" IN CASES LIKE THESE WOULD HAVE BEEN THE BEST METHOD OF DISPOSING OF THEM."* From an editorial in the "Jackson County Sentinel" of Scottsboro, Alabama.



HUGO  
GELLERT

#### BOURGEOIS VIRTUE IN SCOTTSBORO

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"CONSIDER THE LILLIES AS THEY GROW . . ."

Otto Soglow

## WORRY by ROBERT CRUDEN

The Brogans lived in an upper four-room flat of a four-family house on Calhoun Street, less than a hundred yards from the Nairn Body plant at the end of the street. The house, of shiny, cheap brick, had been built some years previously with the hope of quick returns. Now the sidewalk had gone to gravel, the concrete stairs had cracked, the woodwork was blistered. The flat in which Jim and Marie lived was in the same state. The paint was splotchy. Here and there the wall-paper had peeled off. In some places the thin plaster coating had fallen off, exposing the bare lath behind—but this was as good as could be gotten for \$35 a month in 1927. Marie, by dint of hard scrubbing and constant cleaning, had made it quite presentable.

The living room faced on Calhoun Street, and would have been quite light had not Marie kept the shades half-down at all times. This, coupled with the heavy curtains hung over the windows, combined to give the room a dark and rather gloomy appearance. The only furniture in it was a wicker suite and a cigarette stand. Highly colored prints of "The Angelus" and "Love's Old Sweet Song" had been pinned on the wall to offset the faded brown wall-paper.

A small dining room opened off from the living room. Its two windows were but a few inches away from the adjoining house; the room received but little light. It was filled with furniture, piled up just as the movers had left it. The company from whom it had been "bought" was going to take it back the following week, unless payments were forthcoming.

The kitchen, light and airy, had a view of the backyard and the alley and an excellent outlook on the Nairn plant. A gas range stood in one corner, resplendent in black and white. The bare floor was scrubbed "so that you could eat off it", as were also the unpainted table and chairs. The cupboards shone in the light. Blue and white curtains, newly washed, hung daintily across the spotless windows.

Opening on the kitchen was the bedroom. It was Marie's one luxury. On the floor was a rich, red velvet carpet; in one corner was a polished, ornate dresser which had cost two weeks' pay when it was new; across from it was the bed, matching the dresser in polish and color; at the foot of the bed was the crib, sturdy and well-made. The only other furniture in the room was Marie's dressing table—a cretonne covered box modeled after a pattern she

had seen in a magazine. Above it hung a mirror, before which Marie sat minutes at a time, watching herself get thin and homely as the days passed.

After Jim had left for the Rivers plant that afternoon Marie was busy. After she got James to sleep she made the bed and straightened up the bedroom, put clothes away and washed some for the baby, washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, then wakened James, fed him, and put him to bed again. It was well after six, then, before she sat down, resting while she waited for coffee to percolate. She felt weary. She put her head in her hands and stared blankly out of the window, fixing her eyes on a small red light which glowed on one of the stairways of the Nairn plant. The sound of the coffee recalled her. She sat down to her supper of bread and coffee, spreading out the paper in front of her. *Rivers to Hire 30,000 Men* ran the streamer. Underneath were pictures—*Thousands Jam Rivers Plant for Jobs*. That was yesterday! "They got all the men they need now," she remarked faintly. Jim wouldn't get a job! The idea struck her like a blow. She felt faint. "I need food, I guess," she told herself, pouring a second cup of black sugarless liquid. But she couldn't eat the dry bread, couldn't drink the sour coffee. Her mind was a punch-press, stamping out one impression, "What to do? What to do?" James was sick. What could they do for him? Would they be beaten from pillar to post, from bad to worse, until they sunk to the slums? Would their home be broken? Would Jim stick? What to do, what to do?

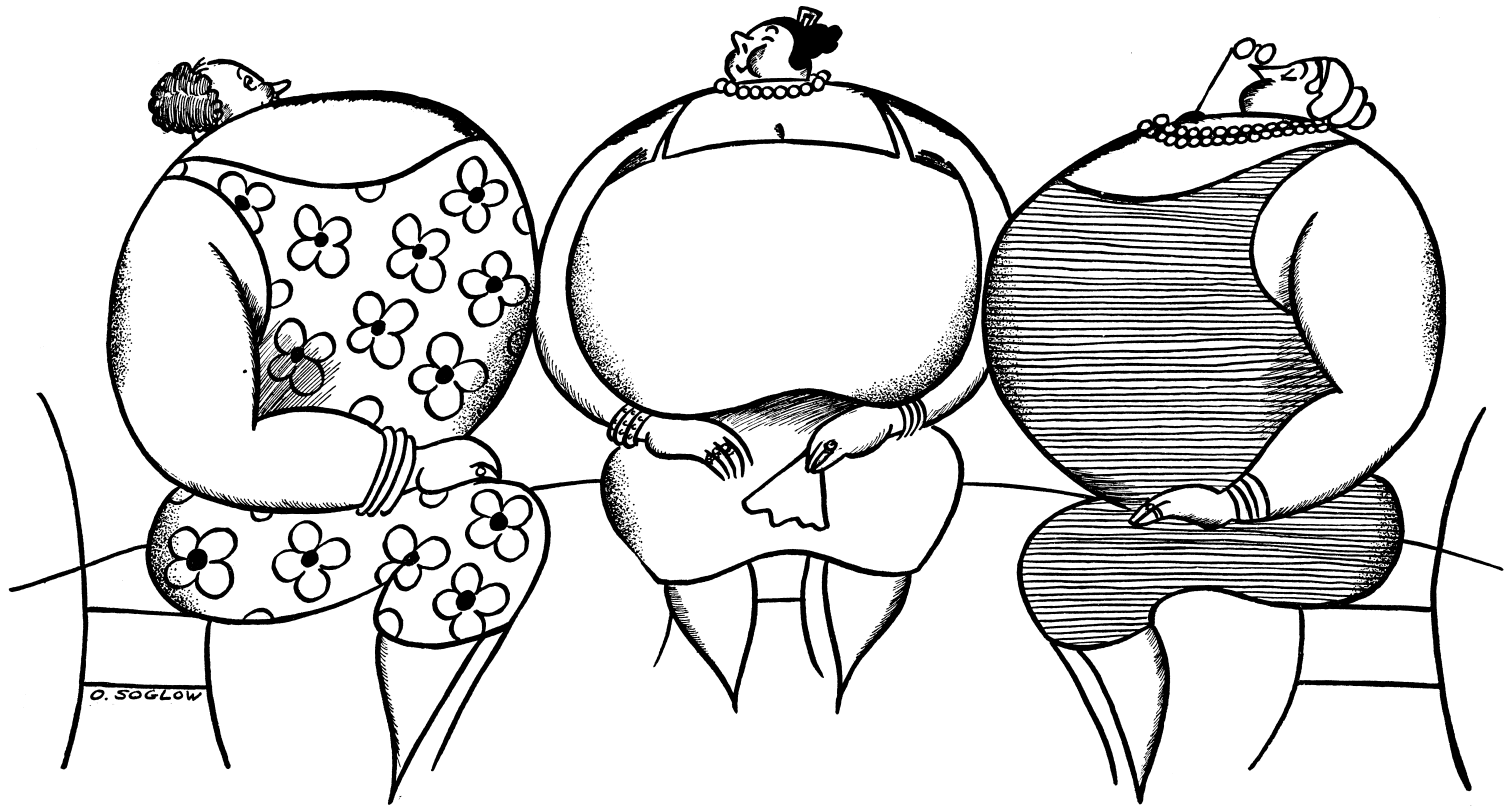
There was no help from the Welfare. Marie remembered all too vividly that day when she had pocketed her pride and applied for aid.

"Do you own any real estate?" the social worker had asked with smooth solicitousness.

"Yes, a lot," Marie had replied with impulsive honesty. She had hastened to add, "You see, it's nearly three miles outa town an' we can't sell it. It ain't no use to us. Don't you. . . ."

"I'm very sorry," came the unctuous response, "but we cannot do anything for you. We function only to aid destitute people. Those with property must look after themselves, you know. That is only fair, isn't it? Next please!"

Marie had been hustled out of line, her heart bursting with



"CONSIDER THE LILLIES AS THEY GROW . . ."

*Otto Soglow*

anger. "The bitch, the bitch!" she repeated to herself all the way home.

The scene recalled itself to her as she sat staring at the little red glow out in the darkness. Her body quivered with anger.

"If I could only get my han's on her!" she whispered through gritted teeth.

There was a knock at the door. Marie rose wearily to open it. "Oh, it's you, Missus MicPherson," she said as a woman entered.

"Aye, it's me, Missus Brogan. Wis yer man oot the day?"

"Yeah, but he didn't even get near the employment office. He said there was thousands waitin'."

"It's gettin' awful' bad, Missus Brogan, I'm tellin' ye."

Marie shook her head despondently. "I wish things'd pick up," she said. How many times had she said that in the past months? It ran through her head like a strip of steel through a press. "I wish things'd pick up."

Mrs. MacPherson, a middle-aged Scotch woman who lived across the landing from Marie, glanced over the kitchen. She noticed the floor, the clean range, the dainty curtains, the bare table.

"Ye must be cold in here," she resumed in her mixture of Scotch and American.

"We ran outa coal a week ago," Marie explained mechanically, "It'll be warm soon. This is Feb'uary."

"There'll be many cauld days yet, my girl," Mrs. MacPherson exclaimed, her brown eyes running over Marie's ill-clad, weary body. "If ye're nae doin' anythin' come in an' ha'e a cup o' tea wi' me till Donal' comes hame."

Marie accepted gladly. She tucked in James in his crib and went over to her neighbor's flat. She slumped down on a chair while the Scotch woman busied herself with the tea, chattering constantly while she worked. Marie looked hungrily at the table, set with bread and marmalade and milk, with a few oranges in a bowl occupying the center.

"It's an awfu' thing to be oot o' a job in this country," Mrs. MacPherson was saying, "Nae benefits nor insurance or naethin'. At least in the Old Country ye'd be gettin' something every week. It isna much but it's better'n naethin'."

"I guess you're right," Marie asserted, her eyes roving her the well-filled cupboards. "You've been lucky, havin' your husband workin' right along."

"Aye, that I ha'e. I dinna ken what we'd done if he'd been laid off. Dollars dinna go far here."

Marie nodded her head.

"I mind afore we cam' here," the woman went on, "I thoct we'd a' be millionaires an' go back to Scotland for a holiday. But no, you've got to work hard for what ye get an' then it's a' spent on rents an' furniture an' sich."

She poured out the steaming, golden brown tea. Marie cheered at the sight of it. She gulped it down, anxious to heat her body with the burning liquid. "You make good tea," she smiled.

"It's no sae bad," Mrs. MacPherson returned with the air of one whose tea is usually the object of praise. She poured Marie another cup and resumed her talk.

"It's no place fer honest folk . . ." Marie's mind reverted to the scene of a few weeks ago, when Jim had savagely rejoined to the woman's wailing, "If yuh don't like this country why don't yuh go back home?" She smiled at the memory of her companion's pert reply, "I dinna ha'e my fare."

"No place fer honest folk, Missus Brogan, an' I hope ye will na ha'e this against me, but it isna. Look at the way they treated my boy. Jimmie, we ca'd him, efter his uncle, an' a finer an' stronger boy ye never laid eyes on. Twinty-three he was at the time." She paused a moment and sipped her tea, her eyes misty. "He was workin' on a buildin', diggin' the foundation, at night. He worked on a scaffold but he wasna used to the night work, even tho he was a caulker on the boats at home. Ony'w'y, a derrick wi' a load o' steel swung around an' knocked him off the scaffold-

ing. It broke ev'ry bone in his body." She stopped, chewing vigorously on the bread. "An' then they didna gi'e us onythin'. They said it was 'wilful negilgence' or some sich thing. Not a penny o' compensation, Missus Brogan, not a penny."

They finished the tea in silence. Downstairs the door clashed. Footsteps banged on the loose stairs. Marie got up to go.

"Thanks—"

"Naethin' at a', Missus Brogan. I hope yer man gets a job."

"I hope so, Missus MicPherson. Good-night. Good-night, Mister MicPherson," she replied to the newcomer. She shivered as she stepped out to the drafty landing. She opened her door quickly and stepped into the flat. It war dark and cold. She sighed.

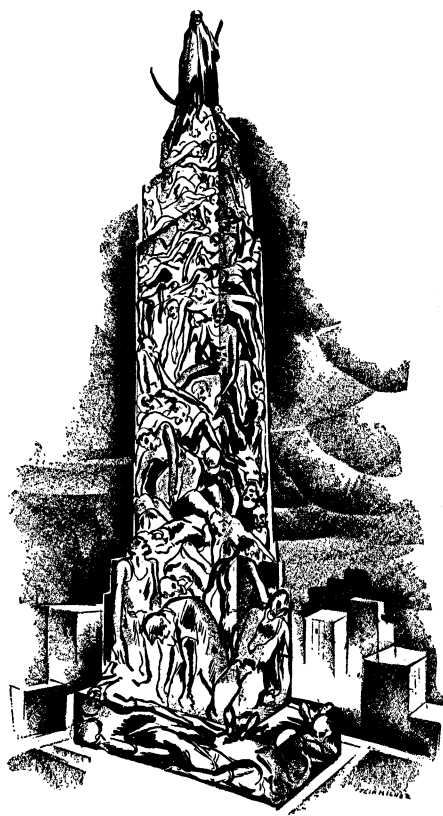
Marie tucked in James again. She slipped on a sweater and went through to the living room. She stood by the davenport, watching the snow as it rushed past the street-lamp. A high wind was blowing. The doors and windows rattled. When she passed a door she could feel the cold draft on her ankles. She went back to the bedroom and put on an old coat. Then she returned to the davenport, where she sat, huddled forward with the coat drawn around her, looking at the snow.

Jim would not get a job. Of that she was certain. Then what? Rent due in a week—thirty-five dollars! Forty two cents in the house! What could they do? Move? Where to? Marie grew hot when she thought of their comfortable home on Washington Avenue, from which they had been evicted two months previously. Two years ago they had started making payments on it: a down payment of a thousand dollars, monthly installments of fifty-five dollars. "Five spacious rooms, ma'am"—Marie remembered the real estate man—"hardwood floors, beautifully finished. Clean, dry basement. A fine hot-air furnace . . ." By thrifty scraping Marie had been able to keep up the payments on the house and the furniture they bought for it, the taxes, the repairs. Then Jim got laid off. Within three months they were unable to meet the payments. Three months later they had been evicted. Rent for the Calhoun Street place had been raised by selling the piano. . . . Marie remembered . . .

What's the use of fighting? Why save? Why try to better yourself? It gets you nowhere! Are those who spend and enjoy life worse than you are now? Will you ever be any better than they? Marie saw all their married life as an attempt to better themselves—and no sooner did they get ahead a little than they were set back again. It was like climbing a wall—no sooner did you get up a little than you were hit over the fingers and down you dropped again. It had always been like that, as long as she could remember. Her mother had told her before her marriage, "Marie, don't you waste your life like I done. Enjoy your money when you got it." Her companions at work had said the same. "Listen here," Frances the hard-boiled, had shouted, "Don't you go knock-in' out your shape scrubbin' around a goddam house. Be yourself, Marie. Have a good time. Spend your dough when you got it!"

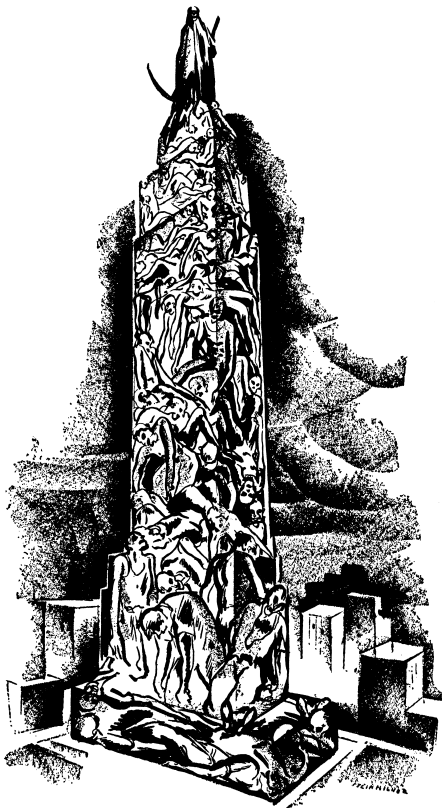
. . . She was back in the press room again, back where she had worked before her marriage. She saw the great blanking jobs, the stamping presses, the automatics—the women, the men—Frances, hard-boiled, a hit with the men; Carol, the little Finnish girl whom everybody called "Scottie"; Peg, the married woman who liked her husband; Polly, the fat Polish operator who lost her finger in the press and walked to the medic with the stump tied in a rag . . .

"I'll bet I could get my job back." Marie smiled as she spoke. "Missus MicPherson would take care of James. Sure she would. Jim can take care of the house till things pick up." Then she remembered the cold, forlorn procession which passed under the window each morning—men and women going to and from the Nairn employment office. It was the same all over, Jim said, as many women as men looking for jobs. "But I'm a good operator," she murmured. "I had a



Walter Steinhilber

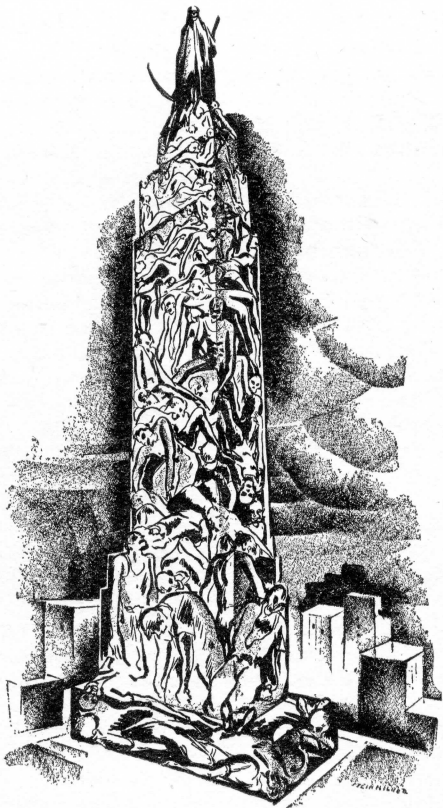
42 men killed constructing the new Empire State Building . . . "the building was completed on time."



*Walter Steinhilber*

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Phil Bard

**LEGAL LYNCHING OF WORKERS IS BECOMING A NATIONAL SPORT**—Five workers in Paterson, N. J., face a murder charge in the latest frame-up.

good stand in with the boss, too. It wouldn't hurt to go down and see some of the girls." The thought stayed with her a long time . . .

Marie remarked the silence. Across the street the houses were dark—their inhabitants had gone to bed to keep warm. Downstairs, even the kids were quiet. Marie remembered the Italian woman that morning. "Ah, Meesus Brogan, I don' know wot to do. De coal eet ees gone an' we no got monee." The snow was still falling. Marie shivered as she heard the wind between the houses. It was so cold.

Her mind reverted to herself. What's the use? Why wear your fingers to the bone keeping a house clean? Why save and plan every penny when all it brings you is this? Why strain every nerve to get ahead when unemployment can undo years of striving? You don't have a chance to get ahead—why try?

Marie picked up the paper and tried to read, by light from the street lamp. Headlines jumped at her. *Reformer Murdered by Thugs, Night Club Queen Marries, Evangelist Found in Desert*, and above them all, **RIVERS TO HIRE 30,000 MEN**. Marie laid the paper down. Across the street a man, hugging a lunch-box under his arm, was running. "Must be a Rivers worker," she said to herself. "Goin' on midnights. It must be near 'leven." She drew her coat about her and went through to the bedroom.

Marie shivered as she undressed. She put on her nightgown quickly and slipped into bed, omitting her usual primping before the mirror. The bed was cold. The sheets were as ice to her chilled body. She turned and tossed, trembling all the while, rubbing her feet together in an effort to get warm. Outside, she could hear the wind as it whipped the snow from the housetops. She put her head under the covers and tried to get warm. She thought of Jim at the Rivers plant. "It's a shame he has to go an' stand there all night," she thought. She got up and piled on the bed all the clothes they possessed. She bent over James, saw that he was sleeping quietly and tucked him in again. She went back to bed, wishing she could go to sleep. Her mind kept going back to the Washington Avenue place—the cosy bedroom, the roomy kitchen, the luxurious dining room, the large, well-furnished living-room. How warm it was in winter! And here they were in a rickety old house, cold and almost destitute! What to do? Where would they

land? What would happen to James? What would happen to Jim? What would happen to her? The questions burned into her mind with monotonous persistence. At last, thoroly wearied in body and spirit, she fell asleep.

Hardly had her consciousness lost touch with its surroundings than indistinct forms, strange noises, came and went, roared and throbbed, then died away. Then out of the indistinct mass objects assumed form, noises rhythm. She was back in the press room of Universal Motors. Away in the distance she heard the subdued thumping of the drop-forges. As she passed down the aisle she heard the CRASH, cling, clang of the punch presses, as the press block descended, receded, slipped into place. Down further the automatics were spattering out steel—dat, dat, dat. Women sat on stools, their eyes fixed on the presses, their arms and legs in the endless motion—up, down, across. Marie's attention was drawn to a woman who was feverishly trying to keep up the pace. She was tired, unable to seize the steel, dexterously slip it into place and as quickly touch the foot-pedal to bring the press block down. Each time, as she shoved in the piece, her fingers sought the outlines of the die. Suddenly Marie saw the block begin to move . . . the woman was feeling for the die . . . slowly the block of greasy, powerful steel moved . . . In a flash, Marie sensed that *she* was the woman . . . CRASH . . . pain, like hot fire, burned her arm . . . she screamed as she saw the blood trickling from the die . . . screaming . . . two stumps with blood dripping . . .

Marie jumped from bed, in a cold sweat. The baby was crying.

The morning was still a gray haze when she got up again. She was tired, as tho she had not rested. Her eyes were bloodshot and weary. She dashed cold water over her face and put coffee over to heat. On the other side of the valley the kitchens were alight—men were gulping down coffee before going out job-hunting. Already, down the alley, a score of men were tramping through the snow toward the Nairn plant. Marie poured out the coffee, lit the gas in the oven and left the door open. She bent over the table, her head resting on her arms. Gradually the room became warm. The stillness of the house soothed her. The coffee grew cold. For the first time in weeks Marie was completely at rest, completely asleep . . .



Phil Bard

**LEGAL LYNCHING OF WORKERS IS BECOMING A NATIONAL SPORT**—Five workers in Paterson, N. J., face a murder charge in the latest frame-up.

JUNE, 1931

## A LIBERAL HAS AN OPEN MIND -- by S. C. Spitzer

Through the philanthropy of a rich Williamstown landlord the Williams College Liberal Club brought Dr. John Dewey, philosopher, political leader and educator, to address a public audience.

The Liberal Club is affiliated with the League for Industrial Democracy. But nobody pries into the beliefs of the individual members. Some are pragmatists, some are instrumentalists, some Kantians. And it is rumored that one believes in Spenglerian Decay. It's nobody's business except their fraternity brothers'. A Liberal can believe anything he wants; so long as he isn't dogmatic about it. He must have an open mind.

The Berkshire Fine Spinning Mill is in the next town, Adams. Williamstown has no factories. It's a college town. The smoke of factories soaks the long fur of the students' coats and the girls that work in the factories are usually immoral. At least they are in Adams. So factories aren't allowed in Williamstown. The Berkshire Fine Spinning Mill is in the next town. Eighteen hundred workers were just laid off. The bosses want to give them as many sides to run for the same pay. Twenty sides. Maybe they'll strike; they have an independent union. The bosses don't like strikes. So they close up the mill. A Citizens Committee meets with the bosses to make plans for opening up. The bosses don't make any promises; but it's decided that the Independent Union disband and the workers join the United Textile Workers of the A. F. of L. (Not the National Textile Workers Union, mind you. There's a difference). An organizer is brought down from Cohoes and in a day the U. T. W. has displaced the Independent Union. They take over the \$20,000 in the treasury. The whole affair was as orderly as a prayer meeting. The mill hadn't opened yet, and the bosses won't tell when it will open. The U. T. W. will "fight" to put the workers back to their machines. The bosses like the fighting tactics of the U. T. W. That's why they invited them to Adams. Everybody knows the mill will open in a week. A government order has to be filled. The workers will run 20 sides for the same pay on this order. The U. T. W. won a good fight. P.S.: They got the twenty grand.

The Williams Liberal Club is a member of the League for Industrial Democracy. But they needn't believe in industrial democracy. That would be too dogmatic. They bring John Dewey to speak on "The Philosophy of a Liberal Mind". He tells his audience that "generosity and sympathy" will cure our industrial and social malady. He doesn't know about the trouble in Adams. He's a philosopher. Neither do members of the Liberal Club. They're liberal. A few men in the audience do know. It's easy to see they're not students. One asks Dr. Dewey "who should practice this generosity and sympathy; the Capitalist class or the Working class?" Dr. Dewey is uneasy. He answers that he didn't mention any such classes but "everybody should practice it".

Another fellow right next to him asks "how sympathy and generosity on the part of the workers can cure unemployment and wage-cuts". Students and professors glance at one another. Some grit their teeth. They recognize these fellows. They come to all their open forums and ask the speaker sarcastic questions. They talk about the "class conflict", accenting the "c", giving the annoying effect of rattling arms. They always assume that the lecturer is an idiot or a liar or a coward. Dr. Dewey answers that "sympathy and generosity on the part of the wealthier people is more effective; but everyone should practice it." (Wasn't it the sympathy and generosity of the rich landlord that brought him to Williamstown?) The whole audience applauds the Doctor's mastery over the hecklers.

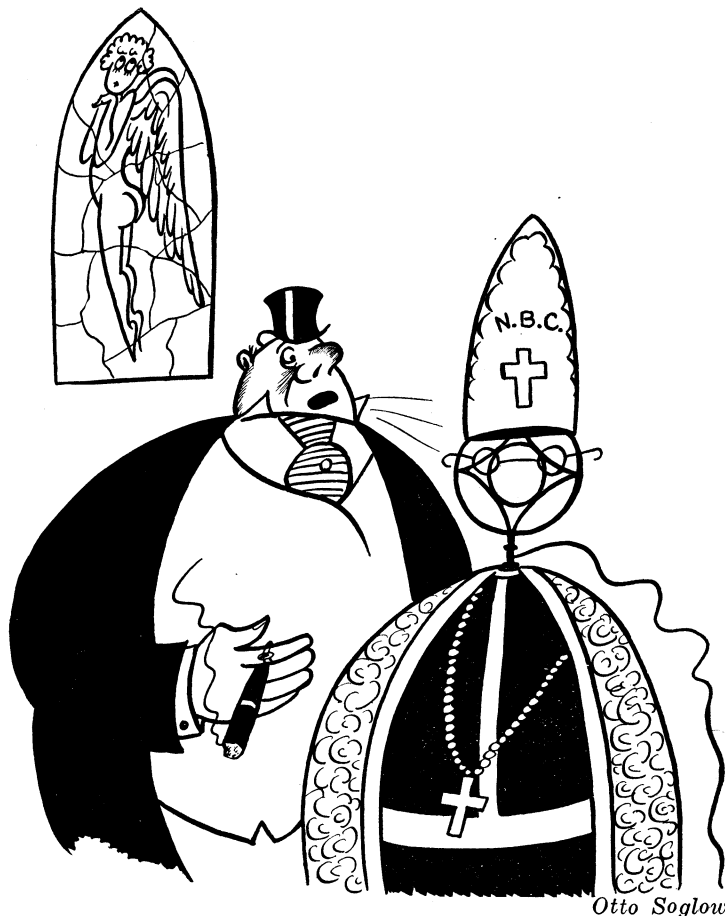
A student relieves the tension. He asks, "Since the goal of liberalism is a *transcendent antecedent reality*, shouldn't it be condemned?" The Doctor answers that it is not; therefore it shouldn't be condemned.

Ain't metaphysics wonderful?

Another student asks, "What is growth?" Another wants to know if the admission of the uneducated people to culture won't be degrading to civilization. Everybody likes these questions and the Doctor does too.

An agitated twisting and turning fills the room when that dreaded voice asks the Doctor if he "can cite any cases in history where the generosity and sympathy of the ruling classes helped the working class."

Dr. Dewey pauses. "I don't believe in Marx. Progress comes



"Station IBS broadcasting from Rome—thru the courtesy of the DuPont Powder Co. . . . and we don't like Bolsheviks . . ."

from cooperation and not struggle." (Applause)

After the open forum Dr. Dewey meets with the Liberal Club in the Episcopal rectory. Only members are invited. This is a private meeting—no formality. A glass of ginger ale is placed at Dewey's arm. No formality.

An economics instructor who is advisor to the club starts the informal discussion. He asks Dr. Dewey what students—liberal students—should read "to connect scientific economics with social problems and ethics." Dewey, the educator, says he saw an article in the *Virginia Quarterly* some time ago by Broadus Mitchell of U. of Virginia (sic) which discusses this subject. He doesn't remember exactly what it said. "I'm not familiar with what is being taught in the colleges in economics." John Dewey, the educator, the philosopher, the political leader doesn't know what the students are being taught about economics.

A student—a bold student—says that the economics professors are reactionary. "They don't tell their students to read Marx."

Dewey denies this. "I have found that the economics and philosophy departments of colleges are the most unrestrained." He never heard of Scott Nearing, of Auerbach of Pennsylvania, of scores of others who were told to "shut up or get out." He doesn't know about the Public Utilities' control over the universities. He doesn't know about Richard T. Ely's "Institute" at Northwestern. He even forgets his own little scuffle at Columbia.

Most of the discussion is about "values", "reality", "empiricism". Dewey likes this. Metaphysics isn't exhausted yet. It's not necessary to take a stand on these questions. A Liberal shouldn't take a stand. He must have an open mind. Some cynic said an "empty mind". But it isn't their fault. Of course they don't know anything about the trouble in Adams. Men like Dewey tell them it's not important. They've never been inside one of these mills. They respect Dewey.

One member asks what they can do to help—he was about to say "help the workers." But that would be too dogmatic. Maybe the workers shouldn't be helped. So he says "help".

Dewey braces himself. "Well, you must live in the system. You can't be a hermit. But don't submerge yourself too much in the system." He is looking into his glass of ginger ale. It may be that the sparkling bubbles make him wince. Maybe. Some of the students wince too. They haven't got any ginger ale. But they respect Dr. Dewey.



Otto Soglow

*"Station IBS broadcasting from Rome—thru the courtesy of the DuPont Powder Co. . . . and we don't like Bolsheviks . . .*

REMEMBER !!!  
THIS IS A  
PEACE CONFERENCE  
PARK YOUR  
GATS OUTSIDE

TWO-GUN BRIAND

GYP - HOOVER

DOPEY HITLER

SCARFACE MUSSOLINI

LEGS MACDONALD

GP 1934

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

William Gropper



**PHILIPPINE SKETCHES**

*Cognac And Revolution—*

Four of us sat in a Chinese restaurant in Manila, a Filipino newspaper man, a Chinese physician, an Indian professor, and myself. We drank diluted cognac in cracked ice and, under its influence, related our secret sorrows which, in Asia, are nearly always political. The Filipino declared that the Islands are kept ignorant and isolated from world thought by the big, corrupt Filipino politicians who support the Americans in fact if not in theory; that these politicians imprison Communist labor and peasant leaders, but have themselves never read one book on Communism. "Not one has read a line of Marx's *Capital!*" he angrily declared, banging the table.

"Have you read *Capital!*?" asked the Indian.

"I have skimmed through the first part of the first volume."

"Ah ha! You may as well tell me you have skimmed through differential calculus!"

"But *Capital* is very hard to read!" the humbled man defended himself. "And then, you must at least admit that I am sympathetic."

The Indian poured himself some more cognac, swallowed it all in one gulp, and continued. "Now I'll tell you another thing: last year you wrote that Trotsky was the Bolshevik Minister of Foreign Affairs and advocated the economic cooperation of capitalist nations with Russia."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing—except that not one word of it is true!"

"Well, anyway, I meant well—and you know I'm not unsympathetic."

The Chinese spoke: "We in China—or some of us—have read *Capital* and all that comes after it. And now we are having our heads chopped off. The wages of knowledge are death."

"If you read *Capital*, and understand it, you will have your head chopped off also," the Indian cheerfully assured the Filipino. "But it will be a noble death, for it will be for the revolution!"

The Filipino stared at the Indian and the Chinese for some minutes. Then he dropped his head on the table and began to weep. "I have a wife and three children!" he blubbered.

"It is individualistic to think of your own family," the Indian attacked the sorrowing man.

But he the sad one, only began to wail louder and louder, crying, "I tell you I don't want to die! My wife and children! Everybody can't fight on the barricades. . . some of us must be left to write about it. . ." and he cried so loud that two waiters came to see whom we were killing. At our request they summoned a motor car, and we put the weeping and protesting man in the back seat where he sat, his head on the shoulder of the Indian. The Indian sat very straight and determined, asking him to face his fate like a man. But the Filipino bellowed that he was not yet ready to die. Startled pedestrians turned to look after us, and we expected a policeman's whistle to sound any minute. At last we threw the wailing man on the bed in his home. There we left him, crying as if his heart would break, sobbing that he was not yet ready to die but that he was not unsympathetic to *Capital*.

*A Philippine Babitt—*

A white-clad Filipino youth sat across from us in a third-class railway compartment. He was round, fat, and smiling, and looked like an American dollar. He had just passed his university law examinations and knew everything. As he chattered, I began to realize that I was listening to one of the choice blossoms of the farfamed American educational system in the Islands.

The economic crisis in the Philippines, he cheerfully assured me, was due to the perversity of the rich people who do not use enough sugar, the chief product of the Islands. True, he admitted generously, the crisis was international, but the international side of it could be settled if President Hoover would but call the conference of "big men" in Washington and give them orders to settle things. In the Philippines, some of the big Filipino politicians (politicians) were urging families to raise chickens in their back yards; but he, himself, was opposed to this method of solving the crisis. "If everybody raises chickens, there will be nobody left to buy—and we have to have someone to buy," he declared.

Having settled the economic problem, he turned to law in which he was an expert. Yes, there was a law that forbids the publication of the incomes or income taxes paid by rich individuals and corporations in the Islands. That was a good law! Why? He closed his eyes like a villain as he answered. "Because there are a

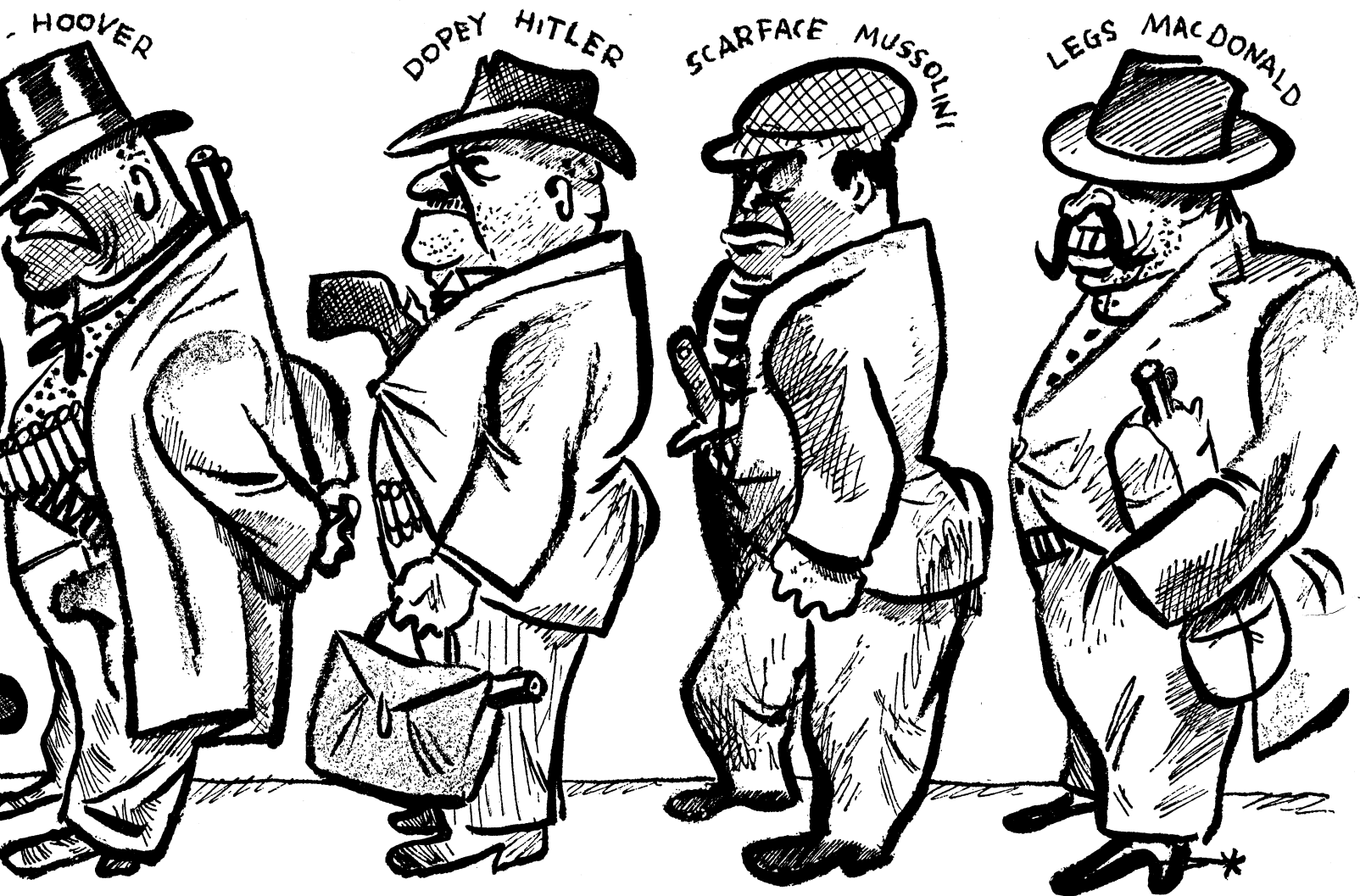


HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

lot of cunning, scheming women who would study the tax reports and scheme to marry the richest men—that law is to prevent this!" Then he beamed brightly at me again.

The legal question settled, he turned to literature. He had just joined a dramatic club down in his little home town to the south, and, being an educated man, the Club at once asked him to produce a Filipino tragic drama. He had read no novel or drama in his life except some of Shakespeare's plays in high school; so he decided to use the Shakespearean dramatic form. Would I, perhaps, recommend a tragic novel that he could read to get a theme for his drama. "I don't care what kind of novel it is, but it must be so tragic that it will make people cry," he said. "I suppose you have read all the tragic novels and can tell me the most tragic . . . how many novels have you read? . . . Have you read five hundred?"

He then turned to world travel. His dream was to go to America where every man worth anything could become rich and own at least a Ford. But he heard there was a big army of unemployed threatening a revolution, and he would postpone his trip until things were settled so he could have a good time. Germany, he knew, was a country that had had a Kaiser and it had had a War. Soviet Russia, he read in the press, was a country populated with Bolsheviks with beards and bombs; they were Reds. Yes, there were some Reds in the Islands, but they were being locked up. He had never seen or heard one, and did not know what they were about; but he was certain they were up to something against law and order. Even down in his town they had just locked up a Red. This Red was a peasant and belonged to the Peasants Union. Why? Well, this Union does not want peasants to pay 50% of their crop as rent to the landlord. But he himself comes from a small landlord family, and his family want the peasants to pay more than 50%. "There are five of us children in school and we need more," he said. "Of course the peasants also have children, but then they are ignorant and do not know what they want." So the peasant leader was imprisoned, and my fat young friend returned to Manila to begin his career as a lawyer.



William Gropper

*Crisanto Evangelista—*

We were in the Provinces, driving at night toward Manila. In a fisherman's village on the sea-coast our car was blocked in a street by a crowd that overflowed from a big open space at the left. On the outskirts of the crowd stood uniformed military police, armed with guns and bayonets. At the end of the big vacant space we saw a big white streamer lighted by a solitary electric bulb. On the streamer, written in red letters in the Tagalog language were the words: "Proletarian Labor Congress. National Confederation of Peasants. Philippine Communist Party."

This was a mass meeting. We got out of our car and went forward to listen. Under the electric light stood a slender figure of a man in white, and, on the bare earth at his feet, sat row upon row of dark-faced fishermen. There were perhaps fifteen hundred of them, with a few hundred men standing on the fringe of the crowd. The solitary electric bulb cast the rows into dim relief, revealing strong, weather-beaten faces.

The slender white figure under the electric light was speaking in a voice broken by an occasional tubercular cough. This was Crisanto Evangelista, laborer and Communist leader of the Philippines. He had come from prison this very day, released on heavy bail, and against him stood two charges for sedition. From prison he had gone directly to this meeting, and for the speech he was making now, he would be re-arrested tomorrow and again put into prison, to remain there unless some one could furnish bail for him the third time.

Evangelista's face is very dark and thin, with high cheek bones. He could be either Malayan or Cantonese. As I listened to him now, and later when I spoke to him in his humble, austere home, it seemed I was meeting one of the strangest and most interesting characters in Asia. In his voice, his bearing, his manner, is a gentleness and wistfulness that inspires devotion and love in the hearts of the workers. He is a man now beyond forty. His father, a peasant, was killed fighting in the revolution of 1896-98; as a printer apprentice, at the age of ten, little Crisanto learned to read and write by himself,—and to make his own living. He is

perhaps the only Filipino Marxian theoretician. Between working for his daily bread and maintaining a large family in the austere style of Filipino workers, between earlier work in the independence movement, he has still been able to accumulate and read hundreds of works on the social sciences, and he possesses the only Marxian-Leninist library in the Philippines. Into prison and out of prison this frail, wistful figure goes.

He stood this evening before two thousand fishermen, and taught. He is no agitator, no demagogue. He would read from a book, a document, a pamphlet; lay it down, and talk. He was teaching the fishermen of the causes of the revolutions against Spain, of the workers and peasants who fought in the revolution—and of the compromise signed between the American military invaders and the Filipino leaders,— a document of the betrayal of the revolution. He taught them of the workers' movement in various European countries and in Soviet Russia, and of the theories of Socialism. Through his Tagalog language came such words as "Karl Marx," "Lenin," "surplus value," in English. For three hours he taught, earnestly and without any demonstrativeness—and the only movement in the audience was when some man would arise from the hard earth to rest his legs for a moment.

Evangelista then asked for questions, opinions, discussion. What did they, the fishermen think?

Then a fishermen's conference began. Men arose, their dark, strong forms dim in the light. What did this or that point mean? they asked. What could be done about this or that problem of the fishermen? They thought this, they thought that. One fisherman said this program put before them they liked,—it was a proper program for fishermen. They would like to join this movement, yes, right now. Could they pay their monthly five centavos Party dues tonight? Evangelista squatted on the earth as they spoke, answering questions, giving opinions. He told them of what suffering would be in store for them if they became Communist Party members. They laughed, deeply amused. They did not know—but Evangelista knows.

Manila, Philippine Islands.





**Hu Yeh-pin** — Born in 1905 of a middle class family of Foochow, Fukien. Worked his way thru Peking National University. His first poems and short stories appeared in 1925. Wrote *Go To Moscow!* in 1929. Chairman of Board of Correspondence with workers, peasants and soldiers. Arrested by British police January 17, shot February 7 at Shanghai.

**Tsung Hui**—born 1910, Tientsin. Member of the Nan Kuo Dramatic Society and Left Dramatic Association. Played leading role in "Carmen" suppressed by Shanghai police. Sent to Nanking for trial after arrest and shot in autumn of 1930, date and place kept secret by police.

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**Li Wei-sen**—born 1903 in Hupeh Province. Directed students movement of Wuhan area. Studied in Soviet Russia, 1925-6. Edited *Young Vanguard* of Canton. Was in the Canton Commune 1927. Editor of *Shanghai Pao* in 1928. Translated books and pamphlets from the Russian. Arrested January 17 and buried alive with five others a few days afterwards.

**Yin Fu**—born in a village of Chekiang Province, 1909. Student Tung Chi University, Shanghai. Arrested in Silk workers Strike 1929. Poet, contributor to *Lenin Youth*, secret weekly. Member of Left Writers and contributor to many workers papers. Shot at midnight of February 7 at Shanghai.

## A LETTER TO THE WORLD *An Appeal from the Writers of China*

TO ALL WORLD REVOLUTIONARY CULTURAL ORGANIZATIONS—  
TO ALL WRITERS, ARTISTS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD—  
TO ALL THINKERS WORKING FOR HUMAN PROGRESS IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD—

*An Appeal and a Manifesto issued in memory of Chinese writers Butchered by the Kuomintang, the ruling party in China:*

We, the Left Writers' League of China, a nation-wide organization of Chinese writers of left tendencies or convictions, believing in the emancipation of the workers and peasants of China from feudal, capitalist and imperialist exploitation; believing in the Chinese revolution and the creation of a new and free society, hereby appeal to you in the name of our dead comrades and in the name of those who still live and struggle.

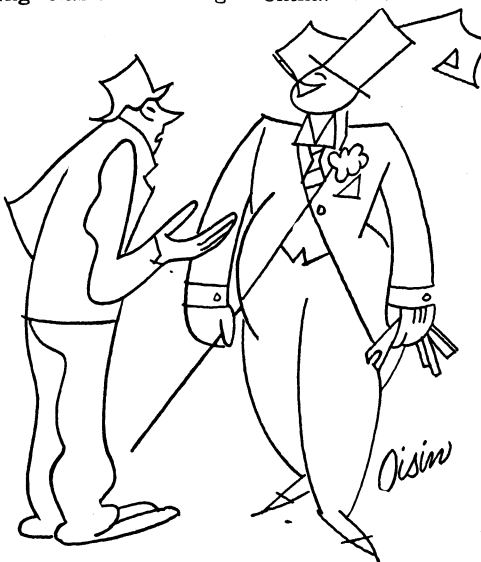
The Kuomintang that has ruled China during the past four years under the name of the Nanking Government, is a dictating party and Government of feudal landlords, of corrupt officials and capitalists, of Shanghai bankers who are tools of international finance, and whose tools are the militarists of Nanking and its allies. Under this reactionary rule the misery of the masses has become unbearable, and instead of any kind of construction, there has been nothing but wars of rival militarists and the continued depression of national economy. For the vast masses there is nothing but brutal exploitation by the ruling class. Nanking officials and agents abroad have used "progressive" phraseology, lying and cheating with every breath, but always purchasing more guns, ammunition, and poison gas for mass murder in China, allying themselves with Fascist elements and shipping new hordes of Fascist and imperialist advisers into the country to help them in their continued dictatorship. In China the burden on the shoulders of the toiling masses has become heavier and heavier until their misery is without parallel in any part of the world or at any time in history. This is the reason they have raised the banner of revolution and are fighting against the present vicious government and system.

The Kuomintang militarists are adopting every method known to feudalists and Fascists to suppress the revolution. Wholesale executions are carried out in the most barbarous manner throughout the country and the White Terror, begun in 1927, continues with unabating ferocity. Millions of innocents, revolutionaries, and Communists, are facing or have already suffered death under

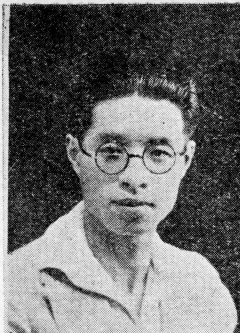
the White Terror. The Kuomintang can maintain its rule only by use of this ghastliness, thereby reflecting its fundamental weakness and the collapse of its despotism.

The White Terror is now sweeping over the cultural sections of the Chinese revolution. The Left Writers' League of China has lost many of its members. Many left writers have been sentenced to from three to seven years imprisonment under conditions that mean certain death after a few months of confinement; they are existing in a living death in dark, feudal Chinese prisons, always in chains and shackles, or in the efficient torture houses of the foreign concessions. Every man and woman now captured is beaten and tortured before being killed, both the Chinese and imperialist foreigners applying torture. Six months ago, a young writer, Comrade Tsung Hui, a member of the Left Dramatic League of China, was shot at Nanking for aiding striking workers in a British factory. All modern social publications, dramas, exhibitions and book-shops have been smashed by the Kuomintang and the imperialists, and many of our members, still free, are to be arrested. In wholesale executions on February 7th, 1931, we lost five more of our members. Because their execution exposed in this one instance what is taking place throughout China, we lay the facts before all our comrades, friends and sympathizers throughout the world. This is what happened:

On January 17th, the British imperialist police in Shanghai arrested twenty-four young revolutionaries, one a pregnant woman, and five of the number members of the Left Writers' League of China. The British turned them over to the Kuomintang militarists in Chinese territory, to the Shanghai-Woosung Garrison Commanders' headquarters. There they were tortured half to death in an effort to make them betray their friends and comrades. Refusing, they were taken at midnight on February 7th and slaughtered. First they were forced to dig their own graves. Soldiers were then commanded to bury them alive. Five were buried alive, but the process was too gruesome for even the soldiers, and the rest of the victims were shot to death and their bodies thrown in on the five already buried. A prisoner in the same prison with them before they were killed, has now told the details of their death. At midnight he heard them being taken from their cells, he said. Then he heard the march of their feet and of soldiers. Then came the strains of "The International," all of them singing. "I knew they were being taken to their death," the prisoner said, "because I heard them all begin to sing 'The International.' We all were awake in the prison, for the execution grounds is not far. Always we heard their singing, and



"I ain't working . . ."  
"Haw—neither am I . . . haven't worked in years!"



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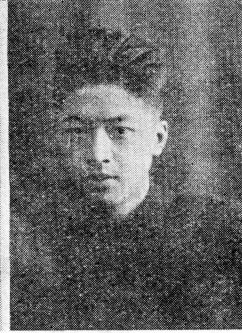
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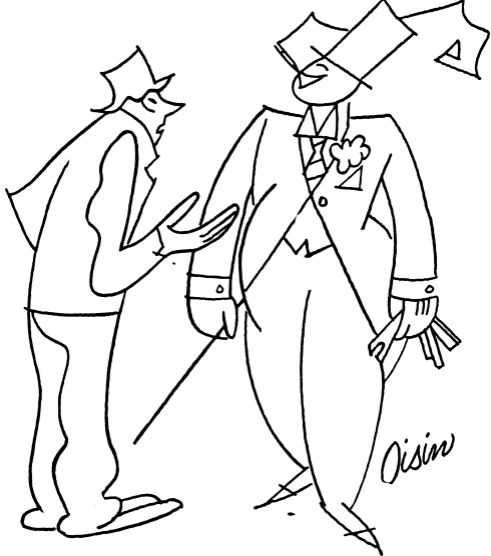
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*"I ain't working . . ."*

*"Haw—neither am I . . . haven't worked  
in years!"*

not once did it stop. Finally we heard a volley of shots. After that but one voice sang "The International." Then five more shots came through the darkness and we listened. The voice hesitated for a moment, then began again and still we heard "The International." Then we knew the last man had been killed."

The five who were members of the Left Writers' League of China have been known for years to the public as writers and poets. Li Wei-sen, one of those buried alive, was a young literary genius, a writer on social problems, a translator of great ability; Jou Shih and Hu Yeh-pin had been known for years as short-story writers of a social tendency; Yin Fu was an excellent young poet; Feng Keng was one of the most brilliant and hopeful young women writers that China has ever produced. These youths, the very quintessence of Chinese creative literary ability, always stood in the literary front. As this is written, another Left short-story writer, Wang Yin-su, has been arrested—and today in China arrest nearly always means death by the most terrible means.

Up to now the prisons have been choked with political prisoners. But the latest method of the Kuomintang is to kill, kill, kill, and leave no Communist alive. To give a few examples: in recent months, in Changsha, Canton, Hankow and Tsinan, Communists who had been sentenced to long years of imprisonment and had already served two or three years of their terms, were suddenly taken out and slaughtered wholesale—merely to kill all Communists. Hankow is nothing but a human butchery with men and women being butchered in the public streets and their bodies left to terrorize the public. Before every revolutionary anniversary there are wholesale slaughters to terrorize the masses. On April 5th, twenty-two political prisoners in Tsinan, Shantung, prison, some of whom had served two or three years of long prison sentences, were taken out and slaughtered. On April 15th the press reported that the Governor of Shantung Province had ordered all prisons to be emptied because they are too crowded; his method was to order that all prisoners who cannot find a business-man to guarantee their good conduct should be killed. On that day, 27 were beheaded and others were to follow.

Despite this fearful White Terror, intelligent and conscious writers and thinkers do not shrink from their duty to the revolution. Facing death and worse than death, they stand side by side with the toiling masses in their struggle for knowledge and emancipation, for the right to carry on propaganda and to organize. Our executed comrades, in common with all Left Writers who still live, were clear in their knowledge that the Chinese masses, the most miserable toilers in the world, need us to help them in the establishment of their power—the Soviet power—that is, the victory of proletarian culture, of Socialism, and new and free society.

Against the Revolution, the Kuomintang grasps its last weapon—the White Terror. Formerly they used the so-called "idealist" swindle—Sun Yat-senism and what they chose to call "National Literature," as their fig-leaves. After suppressing all Left organizations devoted to social advancement, they formed a "National Culture" organization—headed by the two leading militarists of the country (Chiang Kai-shek and Chang Hsueh-liang), who have no "culture" to offer China except that of opium, famine, prostitution, the bullet and the executioner's knife. Butchers and detectives are controlling the publishing field, permitting only those book-shops and publishing houses to exist who pay regular monthly bribes. We, the revolutionary writers and thinkers, are compelled to work underground, with the butcher's knife always suspended over our heads. Even the most critical bourgeois writers of somewhat free, liberal tendencies, are suppressed.

We know that the rule of the Kuomintang will mean more and more butchery. Our struggle is a bloody one. Our lives are at stake. To you, comrades, friends, sympathizers, we ask your support through writing, speaking, publishing, through active and determined demonstrations of protest against the White Terror. In your midst live members and agents of the Nanking Government and the Kuomintang murderers, pretending because they are in your countries, to be modern, civilized men and women.



The White Terror extends to children also—here is a picture in the streets of Shanghai, showing half a dozen policemen in the International Settlement, arresting a little boy who shouted "Down with Imperialism" in a labor demonstration.

These creatures are butchers—human butchers.

We appeal to you, comrades of all revolutionary cultural organizations, to you writers, artists, philosophers and scientists of the world, to all of you men and women who fight for human progress in one field or the other, to take up a fight against the White Terror in China. The Nanking Government and the Kuomintang suppress all newspapers, news, public speech, assembly, all cables, all truth about conditions in China. We ask you to help us break through their suppression and lies—we ask you to publish and speak the truth. We have here given you but a brief and incomplete statement of the White Terror that has already claimed tens of thousands of workers, peasants, and intellectuals fighting against the old, corrupt and vicious social order, for a new world. We ask your immediate and determined help—

- Against the White Terror in China!
- Against the direct and indirect oppression of imperialism!
- Against the arrest and slaughter of writers and thinkers!
- Against the mass murder of the Nanking Government!
- Against the Kuomintang Fascist oppression in the cultural field!
- We call upon you to help us—
- Protest the proletarian literary front in China!
- Protect the struggling, exploited Chinese masses!
- Protect the Chinese Revolution!

Shanghai, China. LEFT WRITERS' LEAGUE OF CHINA.  
April 19th, 1931.

### THE SOUP SONG

This song, written by a worker in the unemployed council of Detroit has become very popular. It is sung to the tune of: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

*I'm spending my nights at the flop-house,  
I'm spending my days on the street,  
I'm looking for work and I find none,  
I wish I had something to eat.*

#### CHORUS

*Soo-o-oup, So-o-o-up,  
They give me a bowl of Soo-o-o-up,  
Soo-o-o-up, So-o-o-up,  
They give me a bowl of Soo-o-o-up.*

*I spent twenty years in the factory,  
I did everything I was told;  
They said I was loyal and faithful,  
Now, even before I get old:*

#### (Chorus)

*I saved fifteen bucks with my banker,  
To buy me a car and a yacht,  
I went down to draw out my fortune  
And this is the answer I got:*

#### (Chorus)

*I fought in the war for my country,  
I went out to bleed and to die,  
I thought that my country would help me,  
But this was my country's reply:*



*The White Terror extends to children also—here is a picture in the streets of Shanghai, showing half a dozen policemen in the International Settlement, arresting a little boy who shouted “Down with Imperialism” in a labor demonstration.*

# BOOKS

Reviewed by Wm. Z. Foster, Anna Rochester, Melvin P. Levy, Bennett Stevens, Norman Macleod

*Dynamite—The Story of Class Violence In America*, by Louis Adamic. Viking Press. \$3.50.

This book is a bizarre mish-mash of confusionism, misrepresentation, and sensationalism. It purports to present a picture of the class struggle and to offer a "solution" for it. But what a picture and what a "solution". The book expresses one of the many trickles leading to the broadening stream of fascism.

The writer, Louis Adamic, a former IWW, has gathered in his book a recital of many of the most dramatic and violent episodes in the American class struggle. Among these are accounts of the Molly Maguires, the great railroad strike of 1877, the Haymarket "riot", the Homestead and American Railway Union strikes, various struggles of the W. F. of M. and IWW, the great steel strike, the Mooney, MacNamara, Sacco-Vanzetti cases, etc. These, with an eye to developing a "best seller", Adamic retails in the most lurid manner, generalizing the workers' struggle under his title slogan of "Dynamite, that's the stuff!".

This sensational presentation of the workers' past struggle is even outdone by his gory picture of what stands before us. Strikes, riots, blood and dynamite on all sides, are what he sees, with the A. F. of L. and its conservative policies pushed out of the picture and succeeded by a great growth of Communism, Anarchism, IWWism, etc. Thus Adamic paints the policy of the Communist Party program:

"They will be violent strikes, for the Communists believe in violence, in dynamite, sabotage, and assassination. They will employ racketeers, as they have already done in garment strikes in New York, to shoot down scab employing bosses and rival labor leaders. They will engage in violence themselves, and organize and lead mobs in bloody riots."

Mr. Adamic becomes especially excited over racketeering, which he ridiculously sees as a method of the workers for conducting the class struggle. He sees the Al Capones not only capturing the A. F. of L. outright but the whole government—unless his program is carried out.

Now what is the purpose of all this wild waving of the "bloody shirt"? Mr. Adamic loudly proclaims himself a friend of labor, pretends to state the workers' case sympathetically, and vociferously blames the capitalists and the government for such outrages as the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But such protestations are only so many cover-up phrases. Adamic is simply a freak brand of fascist. The real purpose of his book is to alarm the capitalists and to stimulate them to organize and take action to suppress the workers. All his assertions of friendliness to the workers boils down to an open acceptance of the capitalist program of "planned production" and company unionism. Mr. Adamic says: "the average American business-racketeer does not know that Bolshevism's challenge to American capital would scarcely be worthy of notice, at least within this generation, if the capitalists would exert even a little intelligence, to make their 'scientific management' truly scientific."

For this renegade revolutionist, "Such men as James Couzens and Owen D. Young, who have demonstrated at least partial understanding of industrial-economic problems," know what's what but are too timid to take the lead in really organizing capitalism, in establishing his society of class collaboration—which, in plain English, means fascism.

Adamic's book is not worth the worker's reading. The "facts" in it are garbled; its "theory" is so much drivel. Mr. Fish and Mr. Woll should be able to make use of the book in getting support from the big employers for their anti-red campaigns.

WM. Z. FOSTER

*New Russia's Primer: The Story of the Five-Year Plan*, by M. Ilin. Translated from the Russian by George S. Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. Houghton Mifflin Co., \$1.75.

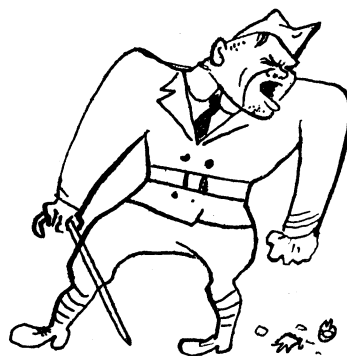
This book is a treat. I pity the poor highbrow who scorns to glance at a "primer." He will miss the clearest and most interesting short account of the Five-Year Plan that has yet appeared. He will miss also an example of propaganda-art of a very high quality.

Ilin is a young engineer who knows his turbines, power shovels, rolling mills, and harvester combines not as the cruel toys of a profiteering class but as giant servants with which the workers will create abundance for all. "Why have we begun all this tremendous work which will last not five, but fifteen, twenty, and perhaps more years? Why do we mine millions of tons of coal and ore? Why do we build millions of machines? . . . We need machines in order that we may work less and accomplish more . . . Work will be made easier. No longer will there be bent backs, strained muscles, inflated veins on the forehead . . . Men will cease to regard work as a punishment, a heavy obligation. They will labor easily and cheerfully. But if work will be a joy, rest will be a double joy . . ."

Ilin describes adventure aplenty, scouting for new resources in a vast territory whose minerals are still largely unexplored; making new cities rise at points strategic for well-planned industry; re-shaping the courses of great waterways; waging "the war with the kilometers" so that railroads also will be broad channels for the "rivers of freight" which "will flood the country like waters in spring time."

The story of the battle with the River Dnieper in 1928, when the construction of the giant dam was threatened, recalls—with a difference—the story Kipling wrote many years ago of British bridge builders who battled with flood in India. Both stories tell of danger and heroism, technical ingenuity, and victory over Nature. But Kipling—as I remember his story—shows that nature was conquered because these heroic Englishmen met the test. (Incidentally a monument to the white imperialist was completed.) At Dnieprostroy, a vital organ of the workers' young social body was attacked; here also engineers and workers met the test, but as individuals they are barely mentioned. The suspense of the story is intense because victory and disaster in the onward march of the workers hung in the balance.

Throughout the book, Ilin conveys this new perspective, simply, naturally, for he sees life that way. He expects the individual to find his satisfactions in doing his part toward creating and building the workers' economy. The Five-Year Plan is itself the pro-



And Their Name is Legion



William Gropper

duct of many minds; no names are even mentioned as leading spirits.

Ilin makes it clear, too, that such a Plan is and always would be impossible in the chaotic warfare of private profit. Very cleverly, and briefly, he satirizes the "initiative" of capitalists with the resulting waste and misery. Machines can never serve the rank and file of human beings except when they are owned by the workers and used according to a broad social plan. So the success of the Plan in the Soviet Union is bitter to the capitalists and they would like to undermine it. These basic economic and political facts are part of Ilin's picture.

Seldom does a writer tell of these things with the truly epic quality that Ilin achieves. Of course the purpose of the book gave him his opportunity. In sketching the broad outlines of Soviet economy for children 12 to 14 years old in the schools of the Soviet Union, he could not decorate the pages with blocks of statistics. He had to do the far more difficult job of mastering the story hidden in the figures and making it come alive in terms of children's experience. His technical knowledge and creative imagination have brought out well the enthralling interests of the story itself. The translators have succeeded also in conveying a style marked by unusual simplicity and vividness in the use of words.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

## A Novel of Proletarian Life

*A Child is Born*, by Charles Yale Harrison. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.00.

In last month's *New Masses* I wrote, as representing a tendency of these times, of three novels rooted in the lives of the working-class. I noted then that the significance of these books to workers and revolutionary intellectuals—is not in their revolutionary content, for they have none; but in the fact that for the first time in American literature, the worker is now being treated as a class. The same development is to be noted in the present volume. *A Child is Born*, however, is distinguished from all of these other books by its increased consciousness. It is the work of a man who knows the meaning of the proletarian revolution and thoroughly accepts it. Harrison not only sees exploitation, but the way out of it though struggle and class action.

The story is of the wife and children of a longshoreman, killed in a strike. Here is a proletarian family—not merely poor, but really proletarian—forced out of the proletariat, downward into the ranks of the casually employed, the petty thieves, the sex-traders.

In the earlier part of the volume we see Roberts, the dockworker, already the father of two girls, and his wife Margaret, big with another child. They teeter on the edge of that poverty which is an abyss, preyed on in every little period of prosperity by the landlord, the policeman, the union organizer to whom the "union" is a racket, and the insurance salesman who in turn is the prey of the company, into which Margaret Roberts pays every spare cent for years—and some not so spare—but from which she cannot even extract her husband's funeral expenses.

With the death of Roberts, the breadwinner, the abyss opens; the family crashes against its bottom. The older girl, finding it impossible to work in the department store whose owner is a philanthropist at the expense of his employees, becomes a dance hostess and disreputable. For petty thievery the boy, still in his mother's womb on the book's first page, is sent to the reform school—horribly described—maintained by the city for the benefit of those children of the poor who, for some unknown reason, commit crimes.

Technically the book is related to the work of the American



Walter Quirt

"SHAPING UP"—Longshoremen being selected for jobs on the docks—wages 75c an hour—1 or 2 days work per week—intense speed-up—about 90,000 in New York and Brooklyn and 1/3 unemployed.

muckrakers. Which is to say that it is a high type of journalism, a story told not in terms of characters, but of things, that though they happen to individuals, are typical. But Charles Yale Harrison has nothing in common with the muckrakers' ideology. He is set, not toward reform (for he attacks reformism for its weak, soft, destructive ineffectiveness as he does religion and philanthropy for their hypocrisy), but toward the action which lies only in the hands of workers.

MELVIN P. LEVY

## Behold the Bourgeois!

*Behold America!* Edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$5.00

One of the irrepressible symposium twins has inveigled a group of well known writers of diverse shades of political opinion to behold America. Nothing could be more absurd than to characterize their joint product as a Communist-Leninist analysis of American society as has been done in reviews in the capitalist press. The dominant note of the book is voiced by its editor in his preface calling upon America "to dare to hold its proud head up among the nations of the earth loved and honored as in the memorable days gone by." Harry Elmer Barnes contributes one of his previously published articles in which he yearns for the days of Hamilton and Franklin when politicians fornicated and otherwise acted like gentlemen, days in which "curiosity, dissent and daring was the proud tradition of our country", when "the revolutionary tradition and technique (was) so respectable and potent." Robert Morse Lovett joins in this hankering for "the early days of American independence when revolution was recognized as one of the inalienable rights of man" and he characterizes the White House as "a whitened sepulchre of buried hopes." To Robert Herrick idealism prevailed until the Versailles treaty set America on her downward path. The "socialist" James Oneal, who, in describing the rise of the American bourgeois fails to deal with its effects upon the workers, and who views the philistinism of the middle class with the pose of a pseudo-cultured aristocrat bemoans the crumbling of "the ancient aristocratic but honest politics" that passed from the scene at the end of the Civil War. Gorham Munson joins in the chorus in harking back to Jeffersonian bliss.

This thin mythology of the halcyon days of the past is in reality the sheerest apology for capitalist democracy, which is pictured as



Walter Quirt

*"SHAPING UP"*—Longshoremen being selected for jobs on the docks—wages 75c an hour—1 or 2 days work per week—intense speed-up—about 90,000 in New York and Brooklyn and 1/3 unemployed.



merely departing from its ideal. These writers ignore the fact that class conflict and repression have ever been characteristic of democracy. The American frontier served as a check upon the effectiveness of the coercion of the exploiting class but evidences of class struggle are to be found throughout the early history of America.

When the contributors cease looking backwards and stop viewing with alarm, they have little to offer by way of program. Reflecting the effects of the capitalist crisis on American intellectuals, apparent elsewhere as well, the volume is punctuated by sharp indictments of capitalism and many avowals of sympathy for what Schmalhausen still calls the "Russian experiment." Robert Dunn writing on imperialism and Melvin Levy on state violence are, however, alone unequivocal in their left wing position. John Haynes Holmes and Jerome Davis would go back to Jesus; the latter asks in all seriousness "Are we exemplifying the spirit of Christ by refusing to recognize the Russian government?" George S. Schuyler ends a passionate but superficial discussion of the Negro with the unctuous plea "justice, fair play and tolerance . . . is all the Negro asks." John T. Flynn believes that the stock market and capitalism can be redeemed if the "present wild and untamed" individual stock holder be eliminated and great financial pools be established. Louis Boudin, in spite of his Marxist background much heralded in his biographical notes implies that all is necessary to make democracy function in the United States is the elimination of the theocratic power of the Supreme Court. Arthur Calhoun praises the "practical" education project ballyhooed by Ford and Edison and maintains that, materially, "Given enough time, American capitalism might conceivably make everybody 'fit'" forgetting about the crises inherent in capitalism that are becoming ever more intense. Lewis Corey's article on "bigger and better panics," rich with factual data advocates planned economy and social regulation and control of industry, failing to indicate that these are impossible under capitalism.

The impasse of the group reaches its most articulate, sincere and sensitive expression in the plaint of disillusion of Edwin Seaver. Just as Randolph Bourne cried aloud with the pain of a liberal betrayal when he saw his partners in thought succumb to war jingoism so Seaver is disgusted with the inactivity and impotence of America's liberal literati displayed in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Although he paints the picture of their ineptitude with insight and intensity he wavers at the cross-road. Even when he denounces the reactionary nature of Professor Babbitt's individualistic humanism he hints but hesitates to declare that the artist must become a puppet of capitalism unless he affiliates actively with the cause of the proletariat. Neutrality by intellectuals is impossible not only in the arts, but also in the sciences, where as C. Hartley Grattan senses in his article on the "treason of the intellectuals," scientific work is utilized in a capitalist society for the profit of the dominant class or is suppressed or directed into innocuous channels.

Schmalhausen's concluding article is a compilation of quotations larded with unabashed shilly-shallying sycophancy.

BENNETT STEVENS.

## Literature Emasculated

*American Caravan IV.*—Edited by Louis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg and Paul Rosenfeld. Macaulay Co. \$5.00.

Robert Penn Warren proves that farmers simply can't cooperate. William Faulkner writes better on the same old subject: the death of the post-war generation (we still are concerned.) Russell Davenport writes about spring in California (and nothing about the fall, now long recognized.) Phelps Putnam discusses a certain type of objective masculinity that somehow smells suspicious. Caresse Crosby yodelizes her husband. Charles Henry Ford wants to know: Whither will you go with alcohol or milk in your stomach? We'll answer it for him: Probably back to Mississippi. The American Caravan has gone Blues.

Experimentation should be healthy. It should forerun a new literature. It should be the healthy prognosis of a new vitality. But this: this is the same sickness. A more pernicious anemia. An aggravated pathological condition that can only result in death.

The fourth *Caravan* is a projection of cumulative social emasculation. The fifth will weep in its diapers. And I hope that the sixth will be still-born.

NORMAN MACLEOD

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New Masses Book Service - Back Cover

# MOVIES

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

*A Son of the Land*, produced by Soyuzkino, shown at the Cameo Theatre, New York.

The Soviet film is a process as far from having exhausted its energy as the society itself. In such a process there will exist ambitious and modest expressions, each contributing to the other. The modest expression is the norm.

Among the normal—or, as Tretyakov calls them, the formal—films is Edward Ioganson's *A Son of the Land*. While in the Soviet Union last fall, I saw a film by this director *Life in Full Swing*, a picture of domestic life. I have spoken of this picture in the *Theatre Guild Magazine* for May. The good humor that we find in *A Son of the Land*, the unobtrusive good humor, was detectable in *Life in Full Swing*. The difference in nature, however, necessitated a different treatment for either film. Ioganson, it is apparent, has understood that—but he has not been as completely successful in his treatment of *A Son of the Land*, a more difficult enterprise. The interesting thing, however, is the evidence of the strong tradition of the Soviet film strengthening the weaknesses of Ioganson's work. Ioganson moves somewhat to picturesqueness—the miscalculated aestheticism of the studio—the Dovzhenko influence—but instead of completely collapsing into picturesqueness, he is rescued by what is by now a law of the Soviet film: authenticity—as expressed in the convincing types, the intensive relations between physiognomies, stern excerpts of landscape, the insistence upon the major experience. These qualities keep the normal film from being simply a routine film, for they require a very devoted study. The norm of the Soviet film is always superior to that of the American—however they may patently resemble each other. The resemblance should not betray us into making false demands on the Soviet film. For instance, it would be easy to say that Ioganson has not prepared his moments of crises adequately for suspense—as when the horses of the *beys* are to trample Aman, the rebellious *dekhan*. But this is not a film built upon the momentary crises of an individual. In its simple, modest way it is the narrative of the rise of a tenant peasantry against the overlord. Less heroic than *The End of St. Petersburg*, it is similar in its tale of the share-cropper Aman who unwittingly betrays his class, and is awakened by his deed to assertion. Less ambitious than *Old and New*, it carries the assertion into a victory over the sabotaging kulak, for the new power—collectivization. Over the dry land the new power flows from the dam built by the poor peasants with the help of the central government. As in *Life in Full Swing*, a sequence of suggestions follows in quiet order—church and kulak, the technical education of the backward people, the cooperation between the Red Army and the rebelling croppers, the vicious tenacity of the defeated class, the victory of folk. The race by Aman when he has released the *bey's* dam to water the lands of the poor peasants—a vibrant view of a laughing face, coats thrown upon the valiant as gifts of gratitude—may well symbolize the return of the rights of folk to the folk. The grant of cultural autonomy denied these native people is as equally a victory of the proletarian revolution as the abolition of the kulak. Ioganson, hardly a craftsman of the magnitude of Pudovkin, has succeeded better in incorporating the festival into the structure and spirit of the film.

The chief significance of *A Son of the Land* is its proof that the process of the Soviet film is a lively one, seldom deteriorating to beneath its norm, but collecting more and more strength—producing numerous new talents—as it moves. I have stated and hinted at several of Ioganson's failings. He needs to improve his sense of timing, sharpen perhaps his emphases, if he is to continue making films more epic than genre, free himself from the instincts of the studio-frame. If he did not know this before he started, we may be sure he knows it now—for creation and criticism are in constant touch with one another in Soviet Russia, not solely the specialized criticism of the professional, but also the criticism of the alert worker. This fluidity of relationship is the chief guarantee of the artistic as well as political life of the U.S.S.R.

## CAN YOU HEAR THEIR VOICES?

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Photographs by Margaret De M. Brown.

A scene from the play *Can You Hear Their Voices?*, by Hallie Flanagan and Margaret Clifford, based on the story in *New Masses* by Whittaker Chambers. In the scene, Helen Westerman, playing the daughter of the Senator from Arkansas, at a party in Washington. In the second scene of the play, above, the two boys of

tenant farmer Wardell, are being sent away to Communist headquarters in the East to study and return to the fight in the spring. Playing in the scene: Stephen Haggarty, Margaret White, Edward Odell, Robert Kenney and Theodore Moller. The play was presented at the Vassar Experimental Theatre, May 2.

## VASSAR COLLEGE PRESENTS A PLAY

After Whittaker Chambers' story *Can You Hear Their Voices?* appeared in the March issue, *New Masses* readers from all over the country, heaped enthusiastic praise on it. With the deluge of congratulations came a letter from Hallie Flanagan, director of the Experimental Theatre at Vassar College, asking for permission to dramatize the story.

The play was written and produced within a month—and it is the best play of revolutionary interest produced in this country; not excluding the well known *Precedent*, *Gods of the Lightning*, and *Singing Jailbirds*. It was written by Hallie Flanagan, winner of a Guggenheim award which enabled her to study the theatre in Russia and European countries, and her former student, Margaret Ellen Clifford, now also teaching dramatics and playwriting. The Vassar production on May 2 was directed by Hallie Flanagan, as fine a director as she is a playwright.

Written in a college, about farmers, it's a swell play for workers groups. It is satirical and exciting drama, vital and timely in its subject matter. It is stronger and clearer in its social viewpoint than any radical play yet presented in America. It uses with intelligence and startling effect the facts of actual events that have recently taken place in the American scene. It pictures authentically the lives of the Arkansas farmers. It exposes the hypocrisy of Red Cross charity. It ends on a note of struggle in full justice to the original story on which it is based.

The play follows faithfully Whittaker Chambers' story of the drought stricken dirt farmers, their hunger and desperate need which ends in the raid on the food stores. While retaining the spirit of his story, the playwrights have added to it, to meet the needs of the theatre. These additions are illuminated with a clear social understanding.

The staging of the play was the work of people who have an expert knowledge of the theatre. A simple stage construction is used throughout and scene changes are made with shafts of light directed upon different portions of the stage. This simple setting, and dramatic handling makes the play of added value for workers groups.

Governmental statistics on unemployment and national suffering caused by the drought and the general economic depression, are thrown on a movie screen, in between scenes.

The radio speech on farm relief added to the story by the playwrights in the play's opening scene, is a powerful stroke of satire. The farmers are gathered in front of Jim Wardell's house, talking about the damage the drought has done, how it has killed their crops and cattle; and they wonder how they are going to con-

tinue. The groups listen to the radio speech, some credulously, some hopefully, some skeptically and some in open disgust. "Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience . . . have you ever experienced that hollow feeling that comes over you in the middle of the morning?" the voice over the radio asks. Farmer Davis answers: "Well I hadn't thought of puttin' it just that way."

Two scenes in Washington are added and the play gains in dramatic contrast. In alternating scenes the play flashes back and forth from Washington to the rural areas.

In the rural areas conditions are continually growing worse. The dirt farmers are starving and Frank's young German wife, for days unsuccessful in getting milk for her baby, and unable to bear its prolonged suffering, herself strangles it to death. The bare simple writing of this short scene is a poem of stark beauty and power. The acting is perfect. A brilliant German exchange student at Vassar, (and by the way, a baroness with an accent) acts the part of Frank's wife superbly.

After long months of waiting the Red Cross relief arrives. The charity it gives isn't enough to feed hungry farmers and their families. The farmers are becoming more militant. Under the leadership of Wardell, they come together to take the food they need from the stores by armed force if necessary.

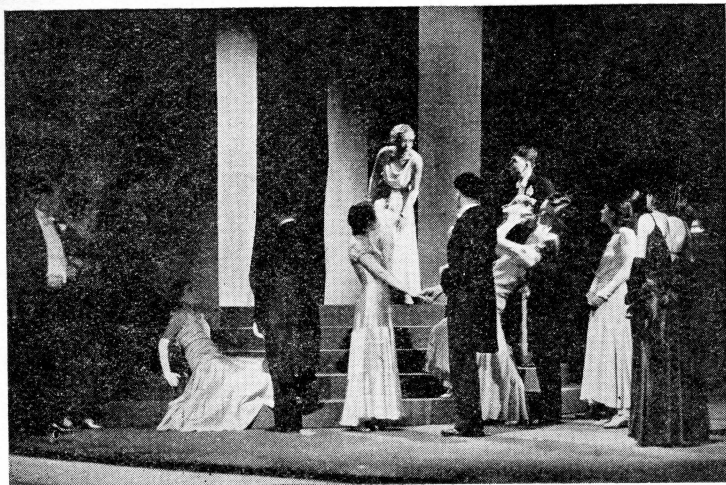
The governor orders out the militia. Expecting this, Wardell and his wife send their two boys hitchhiking to Communist headquarters in New York. "Tell them that Jim Wardell sent you. They'll take care of you. Tell them that things have gone too far and that we're organizing, that we may be sent to jail and that the comrades here need help . . . And remember all you've seen here boys. And understand it. Remember every man has a right to work and eat. And see if you can't help make a better kind of world for kids to live in."

The story develops logically and inevitably out of the nature of events. It is simple, unforced. It is a challenging social document.

It would be a fine thing for Vassar to produce this play in New York. The Vassar girls, and the men (instructors at Vassar and residents in Poughkeepsie) caught the spirit of their characters and presented it with dignity and guts.

The play is now being published in a cheap paper edition and the playwrights and author offer it free from royalties to workers groups who want to produce it. We urge every Workers Theatre Group to take prompt advantage of the best revolutionary play that has yet been produced in America.

FRANCES STRAUSS



Photographs by Margaret De M. Brown.

*A scene from the play Can You Hear Their Voices?, by Hallie Flanagan and Margaret Clifford, based on the story in New Masses by Whittaker Chambers. In the scene, Helen Westerman, playing the daughter of the Senator from Arkansas, at a party in Washington. In the second scene of the play, above, the two boys of*

*tenant farmer Wardell, are being sent away to Communist headquarters in the East to study and return to the fight in the spring. Playing in the scene: Stephen Haggarty, Margaret White, Edward Odell, Robert Kenney and Theodore Moller. The play was presented at the Vassar Experimental Theatre, May 2.*

# WORKERS' ART

A monthly department for reports and discussion of Workers' Cultural Activities.

## Rebel Poets

The poet has so long been regarded as a faery creature tripping lightly in the realms of fancy that radical proletarians are wont to treat him with contempt. "You call me poet as a term of shame!" cried rare Ben Johnson, and the same attitude largely prevails today. However, it is the task of Rebel Poets to demonstrate that poets can and will become an integral part of the revolutionary movement. The difficulties are incalculable. Poets are few to begin with, radical poets are doubly scarce. Every radical author who has tried to get an obviously propagandistic prose work published has a story to tell about publishers' hostility. And poetry, never selling well, is regarded with even more animosity. In spite of these obstacles, Rebel Poets has published its second anthology (1930) and is preparing the third. We are aware of the obvious defects of our compilations, and we are striving to remedy them. The third collection contains a section of translations from contemporary soviet poets (due to the co-operation of Ed Falkowski, now in Moscow), Negro songs from the *New Masses*, a collection of Sacco-Vanzetti poems commemorating the fifth anniversary of their death, and what we consider the best available material from American and foreign sources.

Our magazine *The Rebel Poet* has encountered the hostility of the Postal Department from the beginning. The February issue has been declared unmailable because of the poem "Rally to Battle", and we have been denied second class mailing rates, freely granted conservative publications of any kind. Our April issue was held well over a month until Washington pooh-bahs should decide whether it would set the mail bags afire. Other publications are feeling the tightening censorship, and even the liberals are alarmed, as evidenced by an article in the *Nation* April, 8. Evidently the Postal Department is enforcing J. Ham Fish's gag laws without waiting for the formality of their passage by Congress. Our printer is an idealist, his workshop is a barn which he shares with a melancholy cow, and he can exist for long periods without food or drink. Yet what doth it profit a magazine if it gain such an asset, and yet lose the right to mail the blamed thing?

Our Rebel Poets series of pamphlets, of which *Red Renaissance*, by H. H. Lewis, was the first, will be supplemented by other titles, possibly an anthology of contemporary Russian poetry soon. The *Wolverhampton* (England) *Chronicle*, says of *Unrest*, 1930, "Glimpses of true poetry occasionally but the claims of art are sacrificed for a vehement denunciation of the social order as it exists today." What we need is art and denunciation blended if we can get it, but the denunciation anyhow, let the art fall where it may.

Jack Conroy, President. THE REBEL POETS  
Rural Route Four. Moberly, Missouri.

## A Good Time for All Kids 6 to 60

MAUDI-CUT PUPPETS—GROPPER SLIDES WITH HAP JINGLES—PIONEER RED DANCERS AND CHORUS—HUGO GELLERT AND HIS YOUNG ARTISTS—OTTO SOGLOW, JORGE, BARD AND OTHERS ON THE PROGRAM—MOVIES AND A GRAND MYSTERY ACT.

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Photo by the Workers Film & Photo League

The John Reed Club of New York and their cartoon banner in the huge May Day Demonstration in New York City. The club artists also made other posters and banners used by different workers groups in the parade. In the foreground are William Gropper, Hugo Gellert, Phil Bard, Ryan Walker, Melvin Levy, Bill Siegel and other club members.

## Proletarian Theatre

Comrades:

Concerning the organizational work of the Workers Laboratory Theatre of New York: it has now become part of the International Workers Dramatic Union which will help the theatre with its longer experience and its more varied work. We are organizing groups down in Brighton, Passaic, N. J., and cities outside of our immediate vicinity and are getting other groups that have straggled along ineffectively to become affiliated with us.

Because of financial difficulties we have not as yet begun our major work which is working as an agitprop group; performing on street corners, in front of factory gates, and traveling in a truck from city to city performing and organizing groups. We hope that soon we will be able to do that.

At the present time we are writing collectively a play based on the Scottsboro Case which will go into rehearsal immediately. We will fight side by side with the ILD for the freeing of the nine innocent Negro boys.

The Workers Laboratory Theatre will appreciate all help with plays and articles for its magazine, *The Workers Theatre*. Send all material to the Workers Laboratory Theatre, % Workers International Relief, 131 West 28 St. The subscription rate for one year to the magazine *Workers Theatre* is \$1.50 and 15 cents per copy.

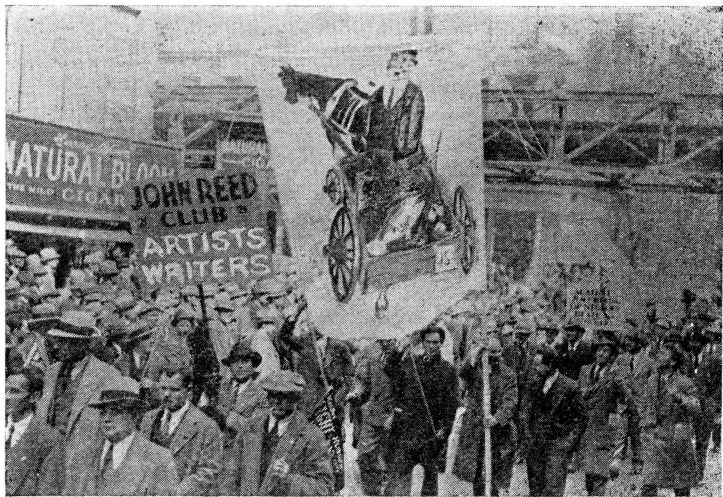
Comradely,  
DEUTCHMAN, Workers Laboratory Theatre

New York.

The "Arbeiter Kultur & Sport Kartel", German federation of workers culture groups in New York and vicinity, has set aside June 2 to 7th, as Workers Culture and Sport Week. Each day, the various groups will stage something .....in various parts of the city and Brooklyn. During this week, the "Prolet-Buehne", German Workers Theatre, is staging a *Theater der Tat*, a drama symposium of old and new scenes from other productions, recitations and discussion on the Bourgeois and the Workers Theatre. This evening of proletarian drama will be given June 3, at the Hungarian Workers' Home, 350 E. 81 St. at 8:30. Admission 50 cents. Los Angeles.

We are still going strong comrades. Among our latest activities: On May 3rd, we presented Harbor Allen's play *Mr. God Is Not In* at the 9th Jubilee of the Freiheit and got a fine reception. We present the same play at the Civil Liberties Open Forum on June 14th. We present Upton Sinclair's *Second Story Man* at the Communist Party banquet on June 13th. One act plays to be presented soon: *The Groggy Compakss* (or Forced Labor) and *Agent Provocateur* both of which appeared in the second number of the *International Workers Bulletin*. More news later.

VICTOR CUTLER, Sec'y Rebel Players  
Los Angeles, Calif.



*Photo by the Workers Film & Photo League*

*The John Reed Club of New York and their cartoon banner in the huge May Day Demonstration in New York City. The club artists also made other posters and banners used by different workers groups in the parade. In the foreground are William Gropper, Hugo Gellert, Phil Bard, Ryan Walker, Melvin Levy, Bill Siegel and other club members.*

## Workers Films and Photos

The Workers' Film and Photo League is on its way of expanding into a strong and active mass organization. It has photographed momentous working-class events like the Albany Hunger March and the May First demonstration in New York, and supplied working-class organizations and publications with such photographs. Established now at the Workers' International Relief, 131 West 28th Street, New York, it has built and equipped a dark room; there are cameras available; and, for the motion picture, cameras and projectors and other necessities. In the motion-picture, the League has cooperated with mass organizations like the WIR and the ILLD in making films of May 1 and the Scottsboro frame-up as well as in projecting pictures at numerous workers' clubs in and out of New York. Photos and films will also be sent abroad.

The immediate need of the League is expansion. We call upon all photographers, professional and amateur and those who desire to be photographers in behalf of the working-class, all those interested in the making and showing of films, to become active members in the Workers' Film and Photo League. It is the plan of the League to organize a school for film and photo. We want these to serve the workers. We all know well enough how they have been used for the welfare of the bourgeoisie.

The League is a section of the Union of Worker-Photographers of all Lands, whose International Buro is in Berlin. The Buro has informed the American section that in October of this year there will be held in Berlin the first international conference of worker-photographers, and with it the first large international exhibit of the work of these photographers. The conference is to be held in conjunction with the tenth congress of the Workers' International Relief.

It is the wish of the American section to send a delegate to the conference. But before that the League must be expanded, the work of the various groups throughout America must be centralized, and we must lend all our efforts to this national task, as well as to cooperation in the international union. We intend to institute an intensive campaign for the League and for the immediate requirements of the international conference, which is to be prepared for in all lands from now on until October, climaxing in July in a week dedicated to "The Proletarian Photo." By the end of July we must be prepared to give information to the Buro upon assembled and available material for the exhibit. It is to be understood that worker-photographers intending to exhibit with the American section are to concentrate on the photo of class-struggle and proletarian life. No bourgeois portraiture, nudes, landscapes, still lifes, will be exhibited. To assure yourselves that you are within the range of the exhibit, it is urgent that you communicate your interest and intention to the Secretary of the Workers' Film and Photo League; and it would be wise to become a member of the League, not for the exhibit alone, but also for the service it can render you and the working-class in photography and motion picture. Individuals and organizations out of New York, get in touch with us.

## Hungarian Writers Imprisoned

Arpad Molnar, editor of the *Peasant News*, of Budapest, together with Sandor Gergely, well known Hungarian writer, were both indicted for "sedition" and sentenced to 6 months and 3 months imprisonment for their articles exposing the true conditions of the farmers and poor peasants of Hungary. The Hungarian Writers group and the John Reed Club of New York have cabled protests against this latest action of the white terror of the fascist Horthy government of Hungary.

## Writers Form Defense Committee

Outstanding American writers, artists and intellectuals, prompted by "the present epidemic of racial, industrial and political persecutions in our country", have joined in the formation of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, with Theodore Dreiser, chairman and Lincoln Steffens, treasurer. On the committee also are: John Dos Passos, Suzanne La Follette, Prof. Franz Boaz, Floyd Dell, Waldo Frank, Josephine Herbst, leading contributors to *New Masses*, other well known figures in the world of literature and art.

The first move of the committee was a demand made in an open letter to the governor of Alabama for the release of the nine young Negro boys sentenced to electrocution in the Scottsboro frame-up, whose cases are now being appealed in the courts of Alabama by the International Labor Defense. The open letter declares their conviction to be "the most outrageous travesty of the present decade—a lynching concealed in the forms of law."

The headquarters of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners is at 80 East 11 St., New York, N. Y.

## The Left

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF RADICAL AND  
EXPERIMENTAL ART

No. 2

SUMMER 1931

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# TO ALL WORKERS GROUPS

Well, it's actually going to happen. That federation of proletarian cultural groups that has been talked about during the past few years and which, in the minds of many of our hard-working but despairing comrades, had assumed an elegaic ghostliness, is really going to take on flesh and bone within a couple of weeks.

The world conference of revolutionary writers and artists, held at Charkov, U. S. S. R., last November, gave the American delegation, representing the John Reed Club and the *New Masses*, the job of organizing such a federation on a national scale. But before we could get started, our comrades of the Chicago John Reed Club got the jump on us by uniting the proletarian cultural organizations there in the Workers Cultural League. Now the John Reed Club of New York has decided to take what will actually be the first step toward a national organization—the launching of the federation in the district where the largest number of workers' cultural groups are located: New York City and vicinity.

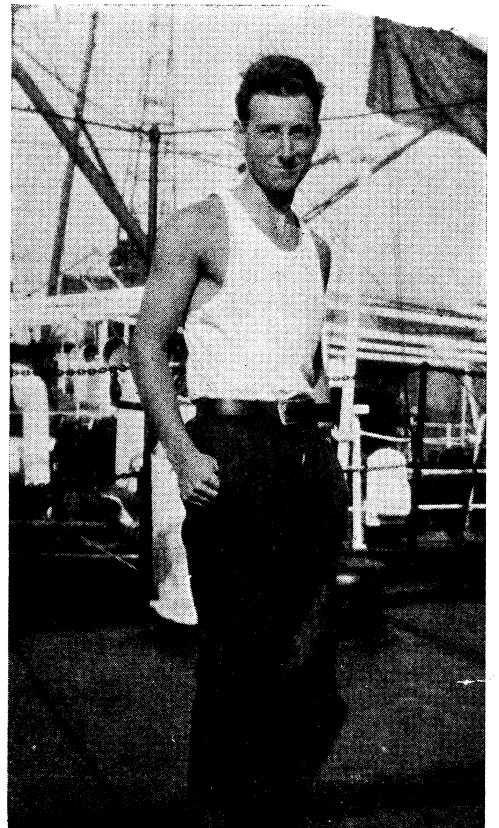
For this purpose a conference is being called on Sunday, June 14, of representatives of proletarian cultural groups in the New York district. The conference will be held at Irving Plaza, 15 St. & Irving Pl. and will start at 10:30 a.m. The work of organizing this conference is in the hands of a broad committee on which various cultural groups are represented.

Nobody knows just how many workers' cultural organizations there are in this country. But in the New York district

alone conservative estimates place the figure at about 250, with a membership of more than 6,000. In addition, there are many workers participating in some organized form of cultural activity, bringing the total to 10,000 or more (probably more). And in the entire country the figure is anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 (the Finnish workers alone have about 600 cultural groups in the United States and Canada). All these organizations function independently, are isolated from each other and form the great body of the American working-class. They carry on practically no work in the trade unions and the shops, they have no way of exchanging material and experience. The federation will have as its object the banding together of such groups in all languages, working in all the cultural forms—literature, art, drama, music, dancing, sports, cinema, education, anti-religious work, etc.—in order to coordinate their activities, clarify their aims and make possible a general broadening and intensification of proletarian cultural work in the United States. Such a federation would also include those student cultural groups that concern themselves with social problems and are badly in need of guidance.

The John Reed Club has issued a call for this conference to as many organizations as we have been able to reach. But there are probably others with whom we have no contacts. To such organizations we extend an invitation through the *New Masses*—elect two delegates and be sure to be represented. If necessary, have a special meeting called for this purpose. But by all means let's have this conference as broad and inclusive as possible, one that'll launch a real federation and give a big push to proletarian culture all over the United States. For further information, write the John Reed Club, 102 W. 14th Street, New York City.

For the Conference Committee,  
A. B. MAGIL



*William Hernandez*—was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. 26 years ago. Lived in an Army Fort in Georgia for 10 years, came north during the world war. After leaving high school, worked on freight and passenger ships to Argentine, Brazil, Belgium and England. Worked as a runner in Wall Street; as a factory hand in New York; harvested wheat in Montana. Attended the N. Y. Workers School for two years. Now doing office work and studying under Thomas Benton at the Art Students League. Contributed drawings to the *Southern Worker* and the *Daily Worker*. Contributing editor to *New Masses*.



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*William Gropper*—is acting art editor of *New Masses*, pinch-hitting for Louis Lozowick who is now in Soviet Russia, and meanwhile turning out a daily cartoon for the *Freiheit*, where he is staff artist.

*S. C. Spitzer*—22 year old student of Adams, Mass., was at the University of Wisconsin last year. This is his first appearance in *New Masses*.

*Walter Quirt*—secretary of the artists group of the John Reed Club of New York, is staff artist on *Labor Unity*.

*Harry Alan Potamkin*—now completing a pamphlet on the movies, to be called *The Film—Reactionary Arm!*, is Int'l Sec'y of the N. Y. John Reed Club.

*Phil Bard*—we are particularly glad to announce, is the young artist-author of the new story pamphlet in pictures *No Jobs Today*, which has just been published as we go to press. It looks swell.

## IN THIS ISSUE

*Grayson Moore*—making his first appearance in *New Masses*, has just made a study of the Arkansas drought area, and is now travelling thru the South.

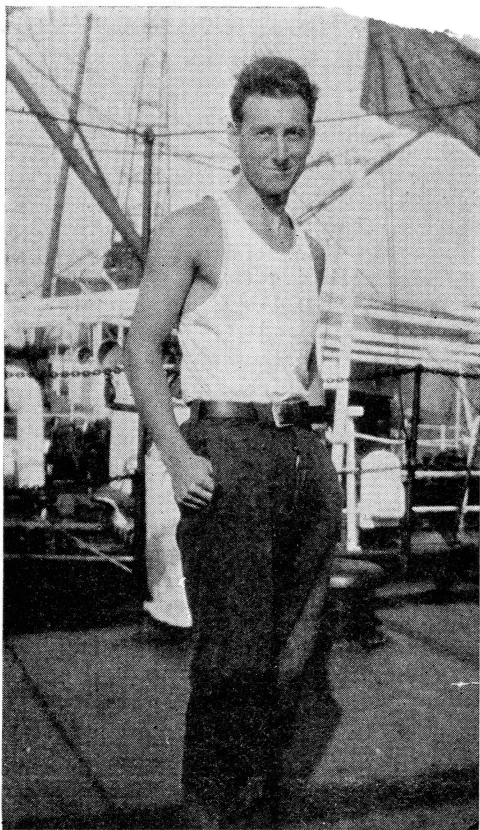
*Jacob Burck*—with his drawings in the *New Masses*, where he is contributing editor, and his daily cartoons in the *Daily Worker*, has become one of the best known of the young revolutionary artists.

*Robert Cruden*—young auto worker of Detroit, Mich., now unemployed, has just taken a leading part in the formation of the John Reed Club of that city, and is at work on a novel.

*Otto Soglow*—who insists on putting more laughter into every issue of *New Masses*, is a contributing editor.

*Agnes Smedley*—has just returned to Shanghai, China, after a short visit to the Philippines, from where she sends the sketches in this issue.





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young *New Masses* artist, has just "written a story in pictures" on unemployment and war called

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