

The Second Five-Year Plan—An *Editorial*

January 9, 1934

10c

new
Masses



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We can't afford a carriage—
But you'll look sweet, on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!"

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JANUARY 9, 1934

PRESIDENT Roosevelt, aware of the value of being quicker on the draw than his opponents, last week summoned Senators Borah and Nye, those spokesmen of the lower middle class, to confer with the N.R.A. top bureaucracy. He proposed a new board, one that would keep an eye on the encroachments of monopolists upon the increasingly lean pickings of the small business man and independent industrialist. Roosevelt is acutely aware that everybody knows eleven billions have already been allocated to Wall Street in continuation of Hoover's program. The financial pages whisper of skyrocketing dividends paid out by the biggest trusts. Little business finds the N.R.A. of highly dubious assistance. The workers are still inching along on starvation wages which dropped another 6.2 percent in November. The fortunate workers continue to take groceries on tick and the grocer, consequently, takes it on the chin.

SENATORS Borah and Nye broke into no expressions of enthusiasm at Roosevelt's proposal. They declared it would be highly presumptuous of them to accept such posts without Congress having a hand in it. They saw their grand chance for some first-class demagoguery and chafed for the gates of Capitol Hill to open. The conferees gingerly agreed that some of the N.R.A. codes may be working out so that big business is favored to the detriment of the small competitors and that the Sherman Anti-Trust Bill has been slighted, if not completely ignored. Nobody knows better than arch demagogue Roosevelt how recalcitrants can cash in on such a fact. Hence his belated offer. The President hears the men of Little Business lending volume to the protestations of the masses of working men who have experienced the National Labor Board's decisions — Weirton, Budd's, Philadelphia Rapid Transit — and the President is alert. Wall Street's apologists agree on the greater efficiencies of monopoly economy—but even the most liberal-minded of Small Fish



Bernarda Bryson

RELIEF INVESTIGATOR—"BUT CAN YOU PROVE HE'S HUNGRY?"

have an aversion to being swallowed up by Big Fish.

THOUGH two weeks have passed since international pressure halted the Nazi inquisitors in the Reichstag arson trials, the lives and safety of the four Communist defendants are still menaced. The attempts to press new charges against Dimitroff, Torgler, Popoff, and Taneff calls for greater vigilance than ever from the progressive intellectuals and laboring masses. A lull in international protest at this time invites the Brown Shirts to devise a group murder. The latest word is that the three Bulgarians are being held incomunicado. More than ever it is im-

perative to remain alert, renewing and intensifying our protest, if we would prevent another Liebnacht-Luxemburg murder. We must call upon the Nazis to release immediately and deliver safely Dimitroff and his comrades. New treason trials are projected — we must stop this mockery. The Nazis must be shown they cannot succeed with their *Fehme* murder tactics, whether in the basement of a concentration camp or the plush-tapestried courts.

ON THE other side of the world, Gertrude and Paul Ruegg have suffered in a Nanking prison for three years because of their activities in behalf of the Pan-Pacific Trade Union



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Secretariat. They were arrested by the British and turned over to the regime of Chang Kai Shek. Again it was only the pressure of international protest that saved their lives and forced the commutation of their death sentences to life imprisonment. Since then their jailers have exposed them to one disease after another, hoping for a "natural" death. The Rueggs have gone on hunger strike since last Friday in an attempt to force improvement of their prison conditions. The International Defense Committee for the Rueggs, led by Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Maxim Gorky, Albert Einstein, Theodore Dreiser, and Madame Sun Yat Sen, calls upon individuals and organizations to wire their protest immediately to Alfred Sze the Chinese Ambassador at Washington. To remain silent is to share the guilt.

"TO ME, liberals are persons born to be bamboozled. In all my life I have never seen so many liberals and radicals [not Communists—Ed.] caught in one net as have been caught in the net of the N.R.A." John T. Flynn, financial authority for the New Republic, is quoted. This is self-criticism with a vengeance, particularly since it comes from one closely associated with a journal that hailed the N.R.A. as a sort of new Magna Charta. That the new deal "has not touched one poison spot among the evils of this country" is something which the Communists claimed and foretold at the very inception of Roosevelt's colossal ballyhoo campaign. Knowing the nature of liberalism as we do, we are quite sure that the present N.R.A. hang-over of certain liberals will not deter them from going at it again when monopoly capital starts spinning another prosperity pipe dream. Bourbons never learn: liberals always forget.

NEWS of another teachers' strike comes from Scranton, Pa., the fourth to break out in that city. Convinced at last of the necessity for organized militancy, Scranton teachers are following the example set by their Chicago colleagues whose strike last spring won them three out of nine months' back-pay. Today over \$40,000,000 in unpaid wages are owed to American teachers. How much longer will it take these too patient people to see through the hypocrisy of officials who "regret their inability to pay civil service employees" while managing to meet payments on loans from private banks? Although relatively unpractised in the use

of the strike-weapon, American teachers, as a group, are being forced to learn what other workers knew long before the crisis: that collective bargaining is the only means of securing adequate living standards; that it is the only defence against exploiters, civil-service or otherwise. To the teaching profession of America, Chicago and Scranton constitute irrefutable examples of what militant action can achieve.

CONGRATULATIONS to the President, Vice-President and Chairman of the Board of the Pratt-Whitney Company of Hartford, Conn. That was a splendid little contract you secured the other day, and we don't doubt that you honestly deserved it, for it must be no mean job to construct what promises to be one of the world's supreme slaughtering machines—a new double super-charged giant plane. What with leading military talents of all imperialist nations straining to outdo one another in inventing the deadliest of weapons, your company deserves to be congratulated on its present opportunity to earn international glory. However, out of fairness to Rear Admiral King (the naval aeronautical chief who awarded you the contract) we think you should take special pains to use the government's money carefully and thriftily. After all, just about half of the \$5,500,000 allotted to King by the N.R.A. for "public works" has already been used for war materials, and the balance will be spent in a few days for building new planes, propellers, etc. Even Mr. Roosevelt would agree with us, we feel, in our exhortation that you use the people's money conscientiously and wisely, even though "the crisis is over" and "recovery is now an established fact. . . ."

BUT we are wondering how your firm compares with the American Armament Corporation of Hoboken, N. J., which apparently has reached a zenith of efficiency and fine human appreciation of responsible public position in contemporary civilization. The vast Hoboken concern knows that it's good business to pay decent salaries and keep employees satisfied — particularly when business is good and exploitation might result in strikes that tie up production. Undoubtedly the American Armament Corporation had all it could do to fill its tremendous 1933 orders, which included \$18,000,000 in war materials to Poland alone, and large shipments to every large European power, Japan, the

Chinese Kuomintang, etc. But, while we are duly impressed by the A.A.C.'s great technical achievements, what strikes in us particular admiration is the company's foresight and humane understanding. It supplements bomb, war-chemical, grenade, machine-gun, and aerial bombing manufacture by a large department devoted to producing medical and battlefield-hospital supplies. In one part of the plant is a large research laboratory for inventing new and ever deadlier war chemicals, while in another section doctors and surgeons are busy developing new healing salves, poultices, surgical knives, etc. We don't understand why they have no coffin department to make the service complete.

SCIENTISTS are in a devil of a hole at present. Each month brings new discoveries which cannot fit into their outmoded concepts. The bewildered scientist finds himself confronted by one apparent contradiction after another in his material. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, nature seems to behave in one way, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, in quite another. The weary scientist clutches at God through the hole in the atom, and on Sunday, behind his omniscient coat tails announces that the elderly gentleman will take care of all paradoxes. A good illustration of this leave-it-to-God attitude occurred last week. Professor J. R. Oppenheimer of the University of California presented a theory which seeks to unify energy and matter even further than Einstein did in his mass-energy equations. Oppenheimer attempts to explain the recently discovered phenomenon that forms of energy traveling at high speed appear to be converted into material particles. This conversion of radiant energy into another form of matter is a powerful proof of the materialistic law of the primacy of matter and the dialectical unity of its varying forms. But such proofs of the validity of dialectical materialism only drive the older bourgeois scientists to further examples of what the Nazis praise as "the national and imperative" point of view. Thus we find Nobel prize-man Arthur H. Compton, in the midst of such discoveries, taking the position that "faith in God may be a thoroughly scientific attitude even though we may be unable to establish the correctness of our belief." Does this mean that the New Deal will soon promulgate a code against the unfair practices of scientific proof?

THE role of bourgeois science as an apologist of the present scheme of things was well illustrated last week at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. P. A. Sorokin and General N. N. Golovin of the Harvard University Department of Sociology made the unique discovery that the wars of the twentieth century were eight times as destructive as the wars in the previous 2,400 years. One does not need the hocus-pocus of their "index number" to realize that decaying capitalism is the enemy of peace and progress. It is significant, however, that the two white-guard professors identify war with culture, a typical Fascist tenet. Their report states "this refutes the theory that war tends to disappear with the progress of civilization." They fail to draw the logical conclusion that therefore the highest civilization would be one that destroyed the rest of the world and itself. We must also disagree with their other conclusion that "all the commendable hopes that war will disappear in the near future are based on nothing more than a wish and a belief in miracles." It is the professors who are indulging in wishfulfillment and belief in miracles. They are terribly afraid that the workers of other lands are following too closely the example of the Soviet Union. Behind their silly indexes is the desire to preserve the status quo, preferably through the destruction of the Soviet Union. But the workers of all nations are preparing to show to these intellectual chambermaids of the ruling class that in the coming imperialist war they will do away with capitalism, war and phoney professors.

LAGUARDIA, elected mayor of New York with the help of the Socialist Paul Blanshard, signalized his inauguration with two pronouncements: First, he told Juliet Stuart Poyntz, who headed a delegation of unemployed women, that he'd stand for no Communist nonsense about demands for relief ("Any man who wants a job shoveling snow can get it."); Second, he proposed himself as dictator of city finances, with power to cut salaries, discharge right and left, add to the ranks of the unemployed—and pay the bankers their interest promptly. Next day the Board of Estimate adopted a resolution petitioning the Legislature to this effect. The legislation creating Mayor LaGuardia's dictatorship, if it passes, will be made out in the wrong name. A year

ago the bankers publicly announced their own overriding and continuing dictatorship. They met, deliberated, decided, and then arrogantly ordered cuts in teachers' and other city employees' salaries. The ineffable McKee rushed to Albany and got the slashes put through. LaGuardia, elected on a no-pay-cut platform, with speeches written by Blanshard, evidently doesn't want the bother of recurrent crises, piece-meal wage-cutting, and daily orders from the bankers. He wants his status as office boy to Wall Street regularized legislatively—but under the resounding title of Dictator. And Blanshard, who was a practising Socialist leader until the pie wagon passed too temptingly near, enjoys his reward and says exactly nothing.

IN MANY instances the larger historical processes of nations and economic orders work only a slow change in the mind of any given individual. In the case of Joseph Wood Krutch, of *The Nation*, the mental change appears to be unusually rapid. By his own testimony in the magazine he represents, he is making rapid progress backward. The development of Mr. Krutch has been taking on momentum to such an extent, in fact, that it would seem to have com-

pleted itself in surprisingly few years. These remarks are prompted by Mr. Krutch's little essay entitled "What the People Want," in *The Nation* of Dec. 27. Mr. Krutch writes in part as follows: "Thanks to an old-fashioned education I have got in the habit of thinking that mere sensitivity, detachment, elevation of spirit, or dispassionate thought is not only worth having but difficult of attainment. Now I am told that each is merely something into which the dull and the selfish tend to slip if they are not vigorously called to order by more altruistic and practical persons; that pure feeling and pure thought are not the highest but the most trivial of human occupations; and that the subtlest philosophers, the most recondite scientists, and the most rapt poets are not cultural heroes but merely adepts in the art of 'escape'."

THIS IS worthy of quotation because it states in so few words and so precisely the dilemma in which Mr. Krutch for some time has been laboring due to a critic's obligation to choose between participant writing and pure or detached writing. *The Nation* has been all but pontifical in its pretenses in favor of the participant rather than the detached

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VOL. X, No. 2

C O N T E N T S

JANUARY 9, 1934

The Second Five-Year Plan..... 8
 Writing and War.....Henri Barbusse 10
 Poisons for People.....Arthur Kallet 12
 Union Buttons in Philly.....Daniel Allen 14
 "Zafra Libre!".....Harry Gannes 15
 A New Deal in Trusts....David Ramsey 17
 The House on 16th Street.....
 Marguerite Young 19
 Storm Warning.....James Daly 20
 Letters from America..... 22
 Letters from a Princess..... 23
 Comrade Lunacharsky..Moissaye J. Olgin 24

Books 25
 A Letter to the Author of a First Book, by Michael Gold; Of the World Revolution, by Granville Hicks; The Will Durant of Criticism, by Philip Rahv; Upton Sinclair's EPIC Dream, by William P. Mangold.
 End and Beginning..Maxwell Bodenheim 27
 MusicAshley Pettis 28
 The TheatreWilliam Gardener 29
 The ScreenNathan Adler 29
 Art Calendar 30
 Coverby Jacob Burck
 Other Drawings by Bernarda Bryson, Hyman Warsager, Limbach, Georges Schreiber, Julius Bloch, Adolf Dehn.



view in criticism, and Mr. Krutch has openly repudiated this tradition. Nevertheless, the other officers of the magazine are not likely to reproach the fallen brother too severely for his defection. The Nation's pretenses on this question were never composed of such stuff as cultural heroism is made of. At best they were only pretenses, whether pompous or precious. And Mr. Krutch in his open defection, in his espousal of the critical policy of the cloister, is merely being a bit more honest about the matter than some of his colleagues—a bit more honest or a bit more shameless. "Is it not possible, even," Mr. Krutch asks farther along in his cozy little essay, "that some revolutionists have become what they are because they found difficulty with themselves as individuals and discovered in the professional denunciation of the capitalist system a very successful means of running away from the selves which they dared not face?" And so, to Mr. Krutch, it is now the revolutionists who in the art of escape become the adepts!

AN important tradition was broken by the capitalist newspapers in announcing the assassination of Premier Duca of Rumania: they did not automatically blame the Communists. Perhaps they have at last lost patience with having to make the usual inadequate explanation in subsequent editions for having made the usual error of ascribing to a Communist conduct everywhere known to be incompatible with Communism. To accuse a Communist of an act of individual terrorization is either to deliberately misrepresent or to display consummate ignorance of Communist principles, as well as of recent political assassinations. Who murdered President-elect Obregon in 1928?—Torol, a Roman Catholic fanatic. Who shot President Doumer in 1932?—Gorguloff, a White Fascist emigre. Who killed Premier Inukai?—Japanese army jingoists. Who aimed at Roosevelt and killed Mayor Cermak?—an anarchist, Zangara. And who assassinated Premier Duca?—an Iron Guard Fascist.

THE Rumanian brand of Fascism has virtually placed Rumania under a state of siege. To forestall mass action all workers and peasants have been stripped of arms. The Iron Guards are resorting to the usual Fascist technique of striking for power by employing terrorism: outright murder whenever it suits their aims. Communists

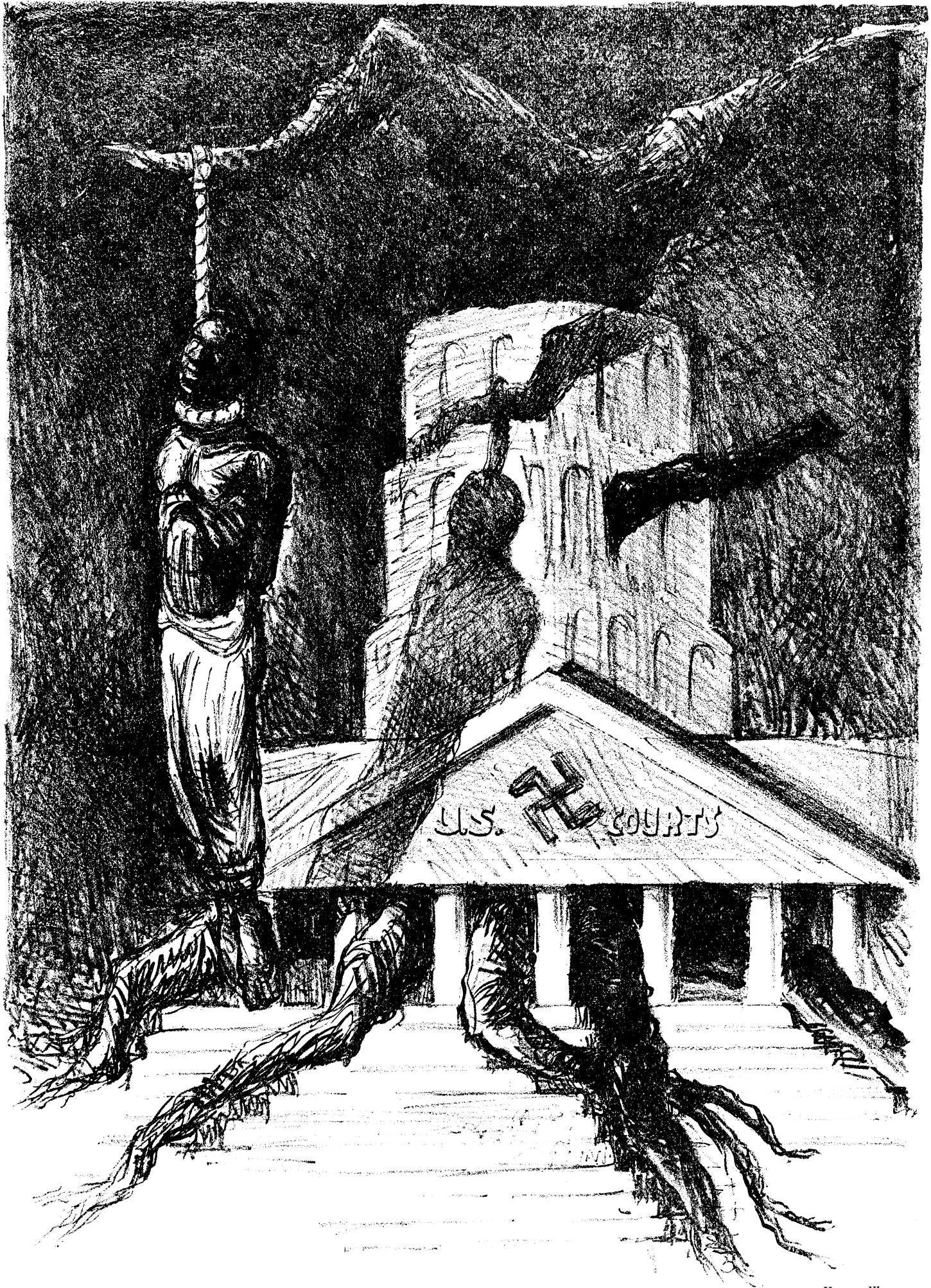
base their strategy upon coordinated mass struggle—and never yield to individual terrorism regardless of the understandable temptations of ridding a nation of a Machado or a Goering. This scruple, is, of course, not based on any humanitarian impulse, but primarily because the conception of such political action is alien to the tenets of collectivist tactic: and because it has proved ineffectual in the past, as the histories of the terrorists and anarchists, the Vera Figurers and Alexander Berkman, have proved.

WHEN wealthy ladies stoop to titles there's likely to be a White Guard regiment lurking somewhere behind the skirts. Barbara Hutton, whose struggles to get along on \$300,000 a year are related elsewhere in this issue, in Letters from a Princess, is the wife of the Georgian Prince Alexis Mdivani. They were married by the former Menshevik leader Tschentchelli who parades among the Parisian White Guards as the "Georgian Consul." Mdivani's two brothers, princelings in their own right, were also married to Americans, one to the movie actress Mae Murray and the other to the singer, Mary MacCormack. With the fortunes of their American wives the Georgians were able for some time to pay the bills for a hopeful crew of emigres in Southern California who called themselves a White Guard regiment and waited for the Soviet Government to collapse. Both wives, incidentally, have sued for divorce; but for a while the going was pretty good for the princes. Not all the emigre plotters against the Soviets fall on such easy ways, however. Djamagaroff, for instance, who later married the widow of Dodge, the automobile manufacturer, had to eke out a precarious livelihood for a time by dealing in forged documents. One of his customers being Grover Whalen, then Commissioner of Police, now New York's N.R.A. executive.

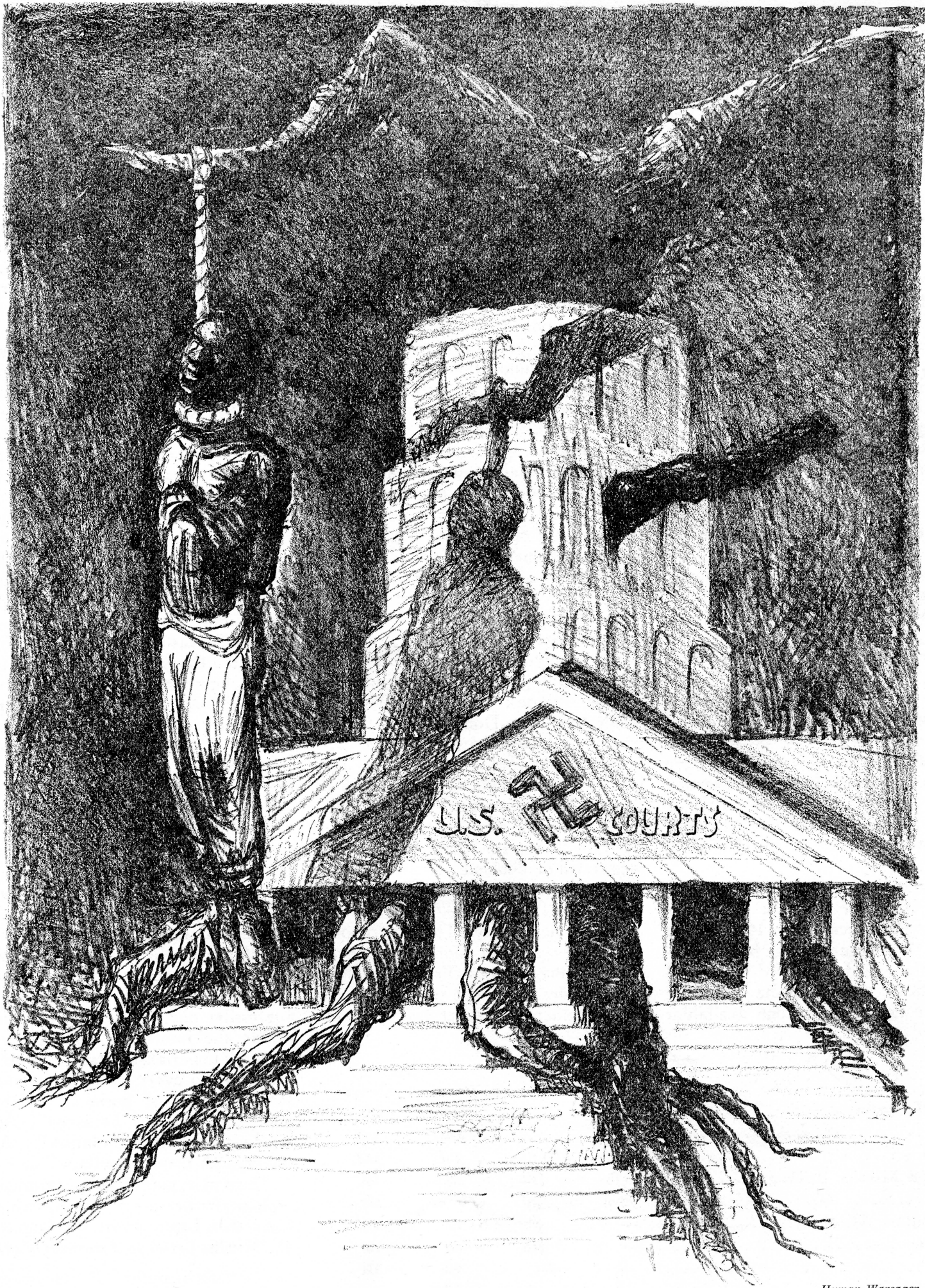
LYNCH law took the lives of forty-seven Americans in 1933, ten more than in 1932. Forty-two were Negroes, all murdered in the South. Three of the remaining five white victims were murdered in the states of California and Michigan. In twenty-seven cases not mobs, but gangs of less than twenty-five men were involved and in fourteen cases police and other officials participated in the crime. Of course, no lynchings were prosecuted. In Detroit a group com-

posed of American Legionnaires, Klansmen and Ford Motors gunmen lynched a militant trade-union organizer. The charge of "rape" raised against ten victims was in no case proved. Other charges include: threatening of suit for false arrest against a sheriff; arguing with a white man; making a date with a white woman and being overheard; stealing a hog; trying to borrow money directly from the government instead of through the local bank. The list of lynchings compiled by the International Labor Defense is by no means complete. The frequent discovery of records of lynchings weeks and even months after they occur is reported in many Southern sections. Nor does the list include the murders of Negroes by police on slight or no provocation—almost a daily occurrence in Southern and even in some Northern cities. The police blotter records the reasons for these murders as "resisting arrest" or "attempting to escape." More often no excuse is offered. The I.L.D. contains records of literally hundreds of such cases of official murder. To be sure, in addition to these instances of outright murder, concealed lynchings have been carried through in the courtroom by the dignified officers of the law. There is not one Scottsboro today. There are many throughout the South. Where it suits the Southern aristocracy the rope and faggot are laid away, and the lawbook brought into service.

ADREYFUS case aroused the indignation and protest of the liberals of all the world; a Beyliss case horrified the intellectuals throughout civilization; the Reichstag arson trial stirred the resentment of every honest person. What is the reason for the appalling apathy of the American intellectuals and liberals toward the atrocities perpetrated right here at home? Where is their sensitive liberal conscience? Their fine humanitarian instincts? Their vaunted sense of justice? How can they look a Negro in the face without feeling the burden of the lynchings' guilt upon their own shoulders? Is it habit? Is the almost daily shooting, hanging, burning of Negroes a matter simply for anemic commiseration over the dinner table? What will awaken them? Only when the Fascist lynch mob threatens them personally? We are no liberals. The solution offered by the I.L.D. is our solution. Irresistible mass pressure—defense corps when lynchings threaten—death penalties for lynchings.



Hyman Warsager



Hyman Warsager

The Second Five-Year Plan

THE Soviet Government has just published the basic figures and general outline of the second Five-Year Plan to be presented for the consideration of the forthcoming Communist Party Congress. The Associated Press correspondent speaks of the project as being "so vast that in comparison Russia's role in pre-war industry seems insignificant and the first Five-Year Plan is dwarfed." Other dispatches from Moscow describing the new plan are speckled with such words as "vast," "bewildering," "prodigious," "staggering." Significantly, the word "incredible" is totally absent. Indeed, according to Walter Duranty in the *New York Times*, the figures, "despite their sometimes astronomical proportions . . . are intrinsically less startling than the much smaller estimates of the first Five-Year Plan. Then it seemed to most people impossible—indeed, to many quite ridiculous—that the Soviet Union would ever achieve half of its aims. What the Russians did achieve is a matter of history, which puts the present estimates in a somewhat different light."

While Mr. Duranty's dispatch is a bit inaccurate in crediting only the "Russians" with achievements in which all the peoples of the Soviet Union have taken such glorious part, his assertion that the achievements are "a matter of history" can scarcely be challenged by the bitterest enemies of the Workers' Republic.

Let us look at some figures.

As a result of the first Five-Year Plan, the place occupied in 1932 by the U. S. S. R. in regard to the basic industries of the world compared with 1913 and 1928 is shown in the following table, the latest official one available:

Add the profound agricultural revolution, involving tens of millions of peasants, which has resulted in socialized ownership and management of 80 percent of the arable land in the Union and add to that the tremendous cultural upsurge over one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, and you have an achievement unprecedented in the annals of human history. Yet the second Five-Year Plan "dwarfs" that!

Electric power is to be increased 180 percent. The yearly production of coal, pig iron, machines, and oil is to be more than doubled, and of agricultural machinery, tractors, combines, automobiles, etc., more than trebled. The same applies to steel, copper, chemical products, agricultural products, and manufactured goods of popular consumption. Four hundred and forty-seven new giant enterprises will be built, one hundred and seventy-eight new coal mines, eleven iron mills, ninety-three oil cracking and forty-six refining plants, two copper works, four aluminum plants, fifteen cotton mills, eighteen knitting mills, eleven silk mills, twenty-one shoe factories, forty meat-packing plants, 3,600 new machine-tractor stations, the great Moscow-Volga and Volga-Don canals, 5,100 new powerful locomotives, 251,000 new heavy freight cars, 7,031 miles of new railroad. The number of students in all schools will increase by 12,000,000. The number of workers engaged in industry will increase 30 percent, and real wages will be doubled. The national income, 45,500,000,000 rubles in 1932, will rise to 108,000,000,000 in 1937.

This is no fantasy. These astronomical figures are no figments of overwrought imaginations. True, the Bolsheviks are dreamers, but supremely practical dreamers. Hard yet flexible, daunt-

less yet cautious, imaginatively dialectical—such are the Bolsheviks, the Communists, the vanguard of the world revolution!

There still are some snickering petty-bourgeois wisecracks, doubting Thomases, puny scholiasts, subjective oppositionists, objective counter-revolutionists, white-livered "Marxists" who, honestly or hypocritically, shrink before every obstacle, despair over the minutest mistake, grow hysterical every time a temporary retreat is executed. "The workers are being betrayed!" they scream. "The world revolution is being abandoned!" they whimper. "Where are the glories of yesteryear!" they cry. Always and everywhere they see compromise, failure, betrayal, defeat, sacrifice. First it was Lenin's crossing Germany in a sealed car and the subsequent signing of the Brest-Litovsk treaty ("The Bolsheviks are working hand in hand with the German imperialists!"), then it was the introduction of the NEP and the granting of some concessions to foreign capitalists ("Treason! The Central Committee of the Party has sold the proletariat to the bourgeoisie for a mess of pottage! The work of the Revolution has been destroyed!"). Then it was the introduction of the First Five-Year Plan and the beginning of building Socialism in the U. S. S. R. ("Too fast! Too slow! Absurd! And what about the permanent revolution? Soviet nationalism! Red chauvinism!"). Then it was the collectivization campaign and the inevitable difficulties which it entailed ("I told you so! Adventurism! Irresponsibility! Stalinist tyranny! Catastrophe!") And now it is the efforts of the Soviet proletariat to fortify the stronghold of the world revolution by staving off through non-aggression pacts and other diplomatic means the impending and universally awaited imperialist attack against the only, and to every sincere revolutionist sacred, Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. (Again, "Treason!" Again, "Selling out the Revolution!" Again the cry, "A mess of pottage!").

These pale, puny, toothless worshipers of logical *schema*—it was of such creatures that Lenin wrote on August 20, 1918, in his *Letter to American Workers*.

Oh these hypocrites! Oh these scoundrels who slander the workers' government while they themselves tremble with fear when

	1913	1928	1932	
		World	World	Europe
Electric Power.....	15th	10th	6th	4th
Coal	6th	6th	4th	3rd
Pig Iron	5th	6th	2nd	1st
General Machine Building.....	4th	4th	2nd	1st
Oil	2nd	3rd	2nd	1st
Agricultural Machinery.....	—	4th	1st	1st
Tractors	—	4th	1st	1st
Peat	—	—	1st	1st
Automobiles	—	12th	6th	4th
Total Industrial Production.....	—	5th	2nd	1st

they see what sympathy we possess among the workers of "their" own countries. However, their hypocrisy shall be exposed. They act as if they do not understand the difference between a pact of the "socialists" with the bourgeoisie (native or foreign) *against the workers*, against the toilers—and an agreement which the workers who have overcome their bourgeoisie enter into with the bourgeoisie of a definite color against the bourgeoisie of another national color, in order to protect the proletariat and to take advantage of the antagonisms existing among the various groups of the bourgeoisie. . . . There are agreements and agreements, there are *fagots et fagots* as the French say. . . .

There is a saying of the great Russian revolutionary Chernishevsky: "Political activity is not so smooth as the pavement on the Nevsky Prospect." He is no revolutionary who recognizes the revolution of the proletariat only under the "condition" that it proceeds smoothly and easily, that the proletarians of the various countries immediately come into action, that right from the

outset there is a guarantee against defeats, that the revolution will advance along the broad, free and straight path to victory, that one will not here and there—on the way to victory—have to bear heavy sacrifices, to hold out in a beleaguered fortress and to climb up the narrowest, most inaccessible, winding and dangerous mountain paths. He is no revolutionary—he has not freed himself from the pedantry of the bourgeois intelligentsia—he will in fact again and again slide down into the camp of the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie.

While in the East and the West war clouds are gathering, threatening to drown our proletarian fatherland in a deluge of blood, our Soviet brothers, our Soviet comrades, are straining every nerve and muscle to complete the socialist fortress which extends from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the Arctic to the Pamir. We must help them. We must support them. The Second Five-Year Plan will make the socialist, classless

Soviet Union impregnable. Zigzags? Of course. Sacrifices? Certainly. Minor compromises? Inevitably. The clash between the rising socialist world and the decaying capitalist world is bound to come. It is all a matter of consolidating our gains and forces internationally before the moment breaks. We must make sure that victory will be ours.

The success of the Second Five-Year Plan, the success of the proletarian revolution the world over, depends largely on the success of Soviet diplomacy and the concerted efforts of the revolutionary masses in averting for some time imperialist attacks. The more such successes—even successes bought with sacrifices—the more quickly will it be possible to hand over Hitler's and Mussolini's and the Mikado's frock coats and silk hats to the revolutionary museum, and hand over Hitler, Mussolini, and the Mikado themselves to the Revolutionary Tribunal.



Julius Bloch

"WHAT WE NEED IS A FASCIST PARTY—BUT A NICE FASCIST PARTY."



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Writing and War

HENRI BARBUSSE

DURING my series of lectures in this country I often had occasion to evoke the great figure of John Reed—a man who although gone from us is the compelling ever-living rallying ensign for the revolutionary writers and artists throughout America. I was not fortunate enough to know John Reed personally. I could do little more than bow my head before the marble plaque covering his tomb at the foot of the Kremlin wall on Red Square in Moscow. But I know his magnificent work, *Ten Days That Shook the World*: a book which has also shaken public opinion in our old countries of Europe. And I am deeply aware of the final destiny of this work.

John Reed did not come from a revolutionary, but from a bourgeois, background. He was a talented writer and journalist like any number of others. But he became a revolutionary the moment his sincerity and integrity as a human being came into direct contact with events.

This is what happened to several writers, notably to Emile Zola, who always jealously detached himself from things of a political and social nature; but the moment he was drawn into the whirlwind of the Dreyfus affair, the moment he found himself in contact with the baseness and shame of militarism and French anti-semitism, he openly hurled himself into the path of social action, in fact, into the path of socialist action.

And that is what happened in my own case, if I may for a moment compare myself with such personalities. It is what happened to me as a result of contact with war.

Before the world war I was a bourgeois writer with individualistic tendencies. Unfailingly I wished to avoid taking a position with regard to some particular event or the career of some particular public figure. I was searching for the wheels of events, which were responsible for surface happenings. Through the image of the individual I searched for the immense strands binding each human being to all others. And by virtue of an instinctive Marxist foreknowledge, beneath the contemporary

complexities of an emotion such as love I looked for the irrevocable material laws which stir and impel. Moreover, I was moved by a deep current of good will of idealistic pacifism. The application of this viewpoint to the concept of the mother-land was expressed in my volume *L'Enfer*—which proved to be rather an audacious book for the period when it appeared. But I had not as yet searched into the proportions and depths of the contemporary social inferno.

The World War completed my education as a man. The war forced me to understand many things; and foremost among these, the terrible, full scope of collective destinies.

Being myself a private soldier and mingling with other privates, I witnessed the first awakenings of conscience stirred in the human beings behind their uniforms. In the midst of the horrors of the battlefields and behind the cinematographic slow motion of that interminable war, I saw how the men around me—men from the so-called “common people,” workers, and peasants—were little by little seized by increasing uncertainty, doubt and uneasiness. They began to ask themselves questions, and the first of these ever-recurring questions was: “Why are we fighting?” They did not know why. They had been told it was to save civilization from barbarism, to smash imperialism by smashing German imperialism, so that this war would be the last of all wars! They began to catch a glimpse of the mirages and lies behind those proclamations exploited by the imperialist enemies of Germany. And they began to understand that their superhuman suffering was all in vain; that they were merely the instruments and martyrs of a cause not merely *not* their own, but *against* their own interests.

My book *Under Fire* was the story of that great awakening of consciences. It tried to depict the crowds and files of men opening their eyes as they were half-sinking in mud and blood and half-buried in the trenches as though in their graves.

It was in the very midst of the war that I, a writer, began a social under-

taking with ex-soldiers. In the midst of the war, during the early months of 1917, together with several comrades on furlough from the front we established the Republican Association of Ex-Soldiers, a special kind of ex-soldier organization. Its purpose was not merely to defend the interests of ex-soldiers and victims of the war (which was both its right and duty), but also to fight against war so that the coming generations would not have to undergo what we suffered, and so that the false promise made to us: that this World War was the last of all wars, might become by the forces of things, which is to say, by the forces of men, a final reality.

Both because and in spite of being a literary man, as well as a witness who by his own writing had produced his testimony, I took the initiative of internationalizing this organization. On the morrow of the war, in 1920 at Geneva, we founded the Internationale of Ex-Soldiers. All of us met there: ex-soldiers from France, Germany, Austria, England, Italy, Alsace-Lorraine; and we who had tracked each other down the battlefields now held out friendly hands. Not only did we swear never to bear arms against one another, but we resolved that it is not only during war that we must fraternize (however fine that might be), but it is also *before* war that this must be done. We thereupon established a charter stating that in order to be truly effective the campaign against war must enter the social plane against the economic, against the permanent, causes of war—that is, against the regime of capitalist imperialism.

Later, mingling once again in everyday life “behind the front,” I came to understand more and more clearly that the fate of soldiers suffering and dying on the battlefields for the profit of a few powerful parasites and a handful of large industrialists and politicians is exactly the same as the fate of the workers toiling and wearing themselves away for interests entirely alien to their own. I at last understood that the ex-soldier bearing the scars of war is nothing other than the bloody symbol of the entire working-class.

I undertook to bring into being and

to vitalize various organizations with branches everywhere, among which was the Clarté movement, whose aim was the rallying of all intellectuals to the cause of all workers. Another such organization was the movement for definite and final campaigning against war and Fascism, which grew out of the Amsterdam Congress—a united front movement to which the National Congress Against War (highly important from every viewpoint) will contribute a new vitality in this country.

To return now to literature properly defined. We are, from the viewpoint of the future, inheritors of a tradition which has never ceased gathering strength in the course of the ages, and which consists in bringing to the art of writing more and more of concrete realism, of exact materialism.

As I said in discussing this matter in one of my last books, there took place at first in the minds of men a kind of absolute cleavage between (1) things of earth and life, and (2) the explanation of these things. There was, so to speak, an earth whereon life unfolded itself, and a heaven where one might find the reasons for things; and an abyss separated the two. One might say that human progress consisted during the course of the centuries in bringing the reasons-for-existence and causes-behind-facts gradually from the supernatural level to the natural, from mysticism to logic, from heaven to earth.

Following science, literature has undergone this same evolution. To go back no further than the last century, we find three important stages: first, romanticism, which despite its insufficiencies, puerilities, and often disorderly lyricism nevertheless succeeded in bringing profound and warm effusions into the cold, narrow formations of classic poetry. Then, the second stage, realism, genially sketched upon romanticism by Balzac, to be subsequently so clearly modelled by Flaubert. And the third stage, the naturalism of Zola.

And now realism must go one step beyond: it must have social breadth. First of all, we must give it this amplitude because of professional dignity. As writers our task is to portray our epoch; and if we wish to be truthful we must evoke life not merely in its details, but in its totalities. We must show its gigantic outlines, its vast social currents which are now changing the face of the world. And since we charge ourselves with the task of recording the reflection and echo of a period in history, we must not ig-



*Drawn from life
by Georges Schreiber*

HENRI BARBUSSE

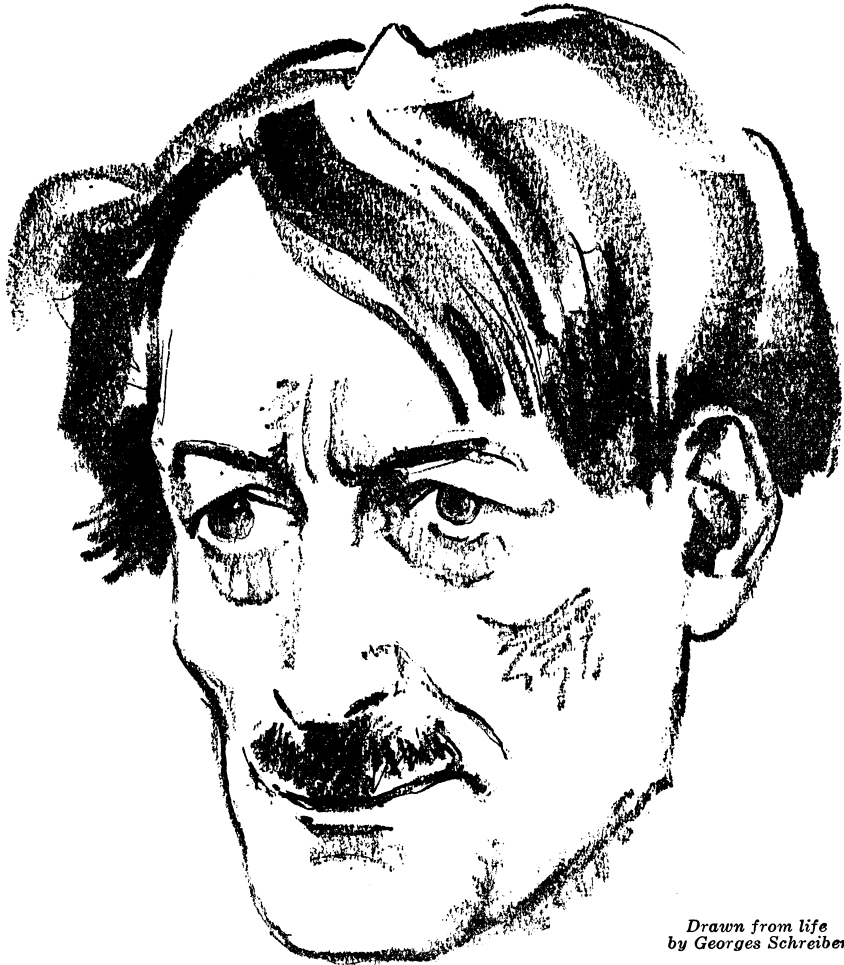
nore (nor permit to be ignored) the fact that we have come to the point where mankind has to take steps not merely for the sake of progress, but for the very salvation of humanity!

Today it is not only a matter of restraining oneself from repeating and carefully sifting the eternal tragedy of the human heart: the adventure of love, desire, of old age, and of death; (however moving and profound these things may be—they are always material for masterpieces—they always turn in the same circle that ends in nothingness, since the destiny of the individual always ends depressingly: in death). Today we must enter into the collective drama! It is even more stirring than the drama of the individual, and it does not end with death. We must raise on the stage a new protagonist, the most imposing of all: the masses.

Sometime ago I wrote a novel about aviation. Having devoted considerable time to flying, I had been struck with a new vision which this product of mechanistic civilization opens upon life. When one has climbed to a certain height one no longer sees a man isolated, nor a house by itself; one sees a multitude. From that height a city consists

of people having a new and unified form. One sees the outline of the world no longer as it is abstractly reproduced on a map, but rather the geographical configuration of countries in flesh and bone, if I may put it that way. Such is a true vision of the world. But it is not enough to give merely the appearance of great sections of the universe. We must add as well their significance.

But there is the possibility of errors in interpretation. I was present in an audience of French school-children at a showing of a moving-picture of the war. The intention was pacifist propaganda. The pictures realistically impressed the spectators with the infernal desolation of battlefields and the pitiful, monstrous movements of the dead and the dying. But the display stirred the minds of the young spectators with currents of hate, being placed face-to-face with the "enemy"—with anti-German, chauvinistic sentiments. Doubtless the spirit of a work of art proceeds organically from the work itself without artificially adding to it explicit "propaganda." But, to repeat, it is essential that each and every element of a definitive judgment be gathered together in such a way that the underlying tendencies in the spectacle or



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in the adventure assume unequivocal shape and permit no possibility of false interpretation.

A writer is a public man. I have often used this formula and I use it once again. He is a public man because his product is not fated to remain inside the walls of his work-room, but to go out from there and to be distributed to as great an extent as possible. The writer has not the right to deceive himself, because in deceiving himself he deceives others. He who, to a certain degree, makes an impress on public opinion, must show public opinion which is still so unsettled and uncertain, precisely where the human species is being led today.

Writers having become aware, freed from the general ignorance and understanding which has too long been the lot of the intellectuals, must join with the renovators and liberators of the social system and league themselves with the proletariat—with the working-class, which is alone capable, in these days in which we live, of saving the living generations from the abyss and the deluge into which they are being thrust.

What I am telling you now, I recall having said not many years ago to some intellectuals in Russia. I explained to them in substance that the intellectuals must not form a group apart; that it is not up to the proletariat to go to the intellectuals, but it is up to the intellectuals to go to the proletariat.

We all agree, of course, that the artist should remain an artist. Each one to his own trade, in accordance with the exigencies of the law of division of labor. Now, there is no occasion for pinning professions of political faith to the pages of books. But let the writer place himself on the side of the exploited against the exploiters, on the side of the oppressed against the oppressors—openly, clearly, and honestly!

To writers and to young people who aspire to become writers I say: Accept whichever role you wish to take in this mass rising of conscience and efficacious will which we have initiated throughout the world in our united front movement against war and Fascism. Literature must become valorous in its militant vanguard as long as conditions remain as they are. Corrective and indicting books must rise out of the world until the time that a logical society will have been established—a world in which war and social reaction will no longer have reason for existence and will be no more than phantoms of the past.

Poisons for People

ARTHUR KALLET

WHEN CONGRESS returned to its troubled labors this month, among its unwelcome annoyances was the consideration of a new food and drug bill. It will not be the half-way bill drafted by the well-meaning but politic associates of Professor Tugwell and introduced by Senator Copeland, but a bill going practically nowhere, owing its authorship largely to respectable racketeers of the food, drug, and cosmetic industries abetted by their trusted employee, Senator Doctor Royal S. Copeland.

The Senator, who is paid more than a hundred dollars a minute for his brief assistance in the fake advertising broadcasts of the Fleischmann Yeast Company, early in December conducted public hearings to determine how the bill should be revised to afford the consumer the proper kind of protection. Little time was given, however, to the few attending representatives of consumers. The principal advisers were the representatives of the colleagues of the Senator's employers and the distributors who handle their various products.

Imagine the Senate's going to dope peddlers for advice on how to curb the illegal sale of narcotics; to practising kidnapers to ask what punishment kidnapers deserve; to thugs for their ideas on how to protect the public welfare! Yet the witnesses who gravely advised the Senate—through the sympathetic medium of Dr. Copeland—on the curbing of food, drug and cosmetic racketeers, represented the racketeers themselves. These good business men, whose ideas will be written into the Federal statute books if a new law is passed, have been responsible for greater robbery of the poor, for more suffering and more deaths than all the criminal inmates of all the jails in the country. But because they prey only upon consumers, not upon other business men; and because they help support and control the press with hundreds of millions of dollars of advertising, they are respectable, and Congress will do their bidding.

Professor Allan Freeman of Johns Hopkins University, one of the few expert witnesses briefly tolerated at the Copeland hearings, brought forward an illuminating bit of testimony which the

Senator wisely chose to regard as irrelevant ancient history. The professor declared that when ripe olives caused an epidemic of deadly botulism fourteen years ago, the guilty producers would cooperate in no way to end the menace and refused to conform to the simplest requirements necessary to assure the safety of their product. Such complete indifference to the welfare of consumers is by no means a matter of ancient history, despite the successful efforts to conceal it made by advertisement writers and public relations counselors—as a few typical cases will show. The possible effectiveness of any system of food and drug control must be considered in the light of this indifference.

One of the clearest cases on record is that of the recently defunct Koremlu Company, which, with the blessing of the Commissioner of Health of New York City and the Associate Dean of the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University, sold a depilatory cream containing thallium acetate, a deadly rat poison. The stuff was advertised in dependable household magazines and sold at \$10 per jar through the great department stores.

Early in 1931, however, the medical journals began to carry reports of severe poisoning from the use of Koremlu Cream. Crippling neuritis, loss of vision, nervous breakdown, loss of most of the hair on the head, were some of the frequent results of the use of what was advertised and sold as a safe depilatory.

Despite these poisonings, Professor Curt P. Wimmer of Columbia University, acting in a frequent rôle of the scientist in a profit economy, attested to the safety of this rat poison depilatory for humans. And for another year and a half, with full knowledge of the poisonings, the Koremlu Company continued to make the depilatory, the department stores to sell it, the magazines to advertise it, and the health departments of New York and other cities to permit its sale. An effort was made to have the sale of the depilatory banned in New York City under the clear provisions of the Sanitary Code, but Commissioner of Health Shirley Wynne, after profound investigation of the merits of the case, apparently decided that the poisoned women had probably eaten the depila-

tory in their sleep, for instead of banning its sale, he ruled that it should be marked "For External Use Only."

The poisonings continued until the Koremlu Company went bankrupt in July, 1932, with damage suits totaling \$2,500,000 against it and assets of \$5. Even after this the Gimbel Brothers department store in New York continued to sell Koremlu cream, and because the store carried liability insurance, one of its employees expressed indifference to the fact that Koremlu was dangerous and that the company making it had gone bankrupt. The heads of the Koremlu Company were never punished by so much as a dollar fine, and at least one of these heads is now selling another depilatory called "Croxon."

The poison in Koremlu, thallium, acts quickly and definitely. More experienced racketeers of the drug business steer clear of such poisons. If for some vague reason or other a poison can be made to add to their profits, we can be sure that its effects will not be readily detectable in the normal use of the product; as to abnormal use, that can always be blamed on the user. Pebeco toothpaste is an example. There is enough of the poisonous chemical, potassium chlorate, in each tube of Pebeco to kill three persons. The makers of Pebeco denounce such an indictment because, they say, no one eats toothpaste. This is quite true, if we except young children. But no toothbrushing genius has yet discovered how to use a toothpaste normally without swallowing some of it; and it would take a rash toxicologist to guarantee that small doses of such a poison as potassium chlorate swallowed daily, or two or three times each day, over a period of years or decades, would not eventually cause serious functional ailments and perhaps too early death.

The respectable business men responsible for Koremlu and Pebeco are outclassed, however, by certain of their even more respectable brothers whose capacity for injury to the public is comparable only with their pride in their good ethics. In this category are the manufacturers of Mercurochrome, Hynson, Westcott & Dunning. So nice indeed are their ethics that they will advertise only in such magazines as the Journal of the American Medical Association and Hygeia, spurning such stand-bys of the fake drug advertisers as the common run of women's magazines. Not even Good Housekeeping has been privileged to set the sacred star of its approval on Mercurochrome. The

restrained advertising that is permitted to appear mentions delicately that Mercurochrome has been approved by the American Medical Association, and urges the general use of the two percent solution as a reliable antiseptic.

A reliable antiseptic is needed frequently, and the ineffectiveness of a widely used antiseptic must inevitably be responsible for a very large number of infections leading to lasting disabilities, amputations and deaths. This assertion is made confidently, though with the knowledge that it cannot possibly be proved—which is all to the good for Hynson, Westcott & Dunning. We are concerned in such a case with what might be called "statistical homicide." No one can say that a certain John Smith "died here yesterday of an infection definitely traced to the ineffectiveness of an antiseptic applied to a small cut," because even a good antiseptic might not have prevented the infection. The most that can be said is that of every thousand serious infections, perhaps one hundred, or three hundred, or some other number could have been avoided if a good antiseptic such as iodine had been used instead of a nearly worthless one such as the two percent aqueous solution of Mercurochrome, sold in huge quantities.

If we are willing to accept the resulting unnecessary deaths as homicide, then Hynson, Westcott & Dunning must be classed among the worst of the homicidal racketeers, for Mercurochrome is without doubt a nearly worthless antiseptic. In careful tests made by an army surgeon, Mercurochrome failed to sterilize skin in 55 out of 56 trials. A committee of the American Medical Association reported that many of the claims made for Mercurochrome were false and described it as "distinctly inferior."

Those who insist on reading motives into every action and inaction will doubtless choose to connect the failure of the American Medical Association to withdraw approval from Mercurochrome, even after its own committee exposed it, with the large revenues accruing to the Association's publications from Mercurochrome advertising.

This list could go on indefinitely. It would include most of the widely advertised mouth washes and antiseptics, many cosmetics, such old time remedies as Bromo Seltzer, and such saline cathartics sold as fat reducers and cure-alls as Kruschen Salts, Sal Hepatica, and Crazy Crystals.

The recent history of one of these salts gives us a clue—if one were needed

—to the manner in which Congress will deal with the proposed food and drug legislation. After years of suppression of trade names in its presentation of food and drug violations to the public, the Federal Food and Drug Administration finally prepared an exhibit of harmful preparations, to be used in gaining support for the proposed law. It goes without saying that widely advertised products were for the most part omitted. One of the few included, however, was Crazy Crystals—a terrible error, for this particular fake comes from the home state of Vice-President Garner. Crazy Crystals was removed from the exhibit. And when the bill comes up in Congress, how many Senators and Congressmen will be found who have not some home product to protect?

If the food manufacturers and processors have received little mention in this brief survey, it is not because they do less damage to unwary consumers than the drug makers. On the contrary, they do more. But for the most part it is by a multitude of sins, large and small, without beginning or end—the use of cheap and unwholesome materials, for example, to save a penny here and there; of adulterants, extenders, and preservatives of all sorts; of decomposed, bacteria laden, wormy products fit for the garbage can, but not the human stomach.

Those who have faith in the enlightenment of the food companies should ask why the great Armour & Company was subjected to a small fine for illegally using a meat stamp intended to be used only by government inspectors. Was it because the company wished to save time for the inspector, or because it wanted to sell diseased meat? Or why the reputable processor of infant foods, Harold H. Clapp, Inc., was fined all of \$50 for selling a product made from dried and sulphured apricots labeled as a fresh apricot product. Certainly not because he considered dried and sulphured apricots better for babies. Or why a western packer was fined for shipping two million cans of partly decomposed salmon. Not by any chance because he thought decomposed salmon was healthful.

Such are the honest, enlightened business men who are helping the Senate write food and drug control legislation for the protection of the public—and their profits.

(Another article by Arthur Kallet will appear in an early issue.)

Union Buttons in Philly

DANIEL ALLEN

PHILADELPHIA.

ON Nov. 24 the taxi drivers, employed by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, reported to work wearing union buttons. Their union is new and some such outer manifestation had been expected. They had been warned two weeks before that the company's long-standing rule against any kind of insignia would be enforced. Yet here they were with their buttons. Still, nothing could be done about it that day or the next: there was the all too evident danger of a walkout and how would that be on Saturday, Nov. 25, the day of the Army-Navy game? Sunday was different, it had to be no buttons or no work. Eleven hundred and thirty strong, the men walked out.

A P.R.T. strike is no ordinary strike. Philadelphia is one of the citadels of open-shop America and the P.R.T. has stood guard at its gates. (Nobody has forgotten the bloody 1911 trolley strike. Many of the very elderly motormen and conductors one sees in all trolleys today are the scabs of those days. 1911 is to Philadelphia what 1922 is to Fayette County miners.) What, a union in the P.R.T., where there had been only the company unions—and now a strike?

The Regional Labor Board and the rank-and-file of the strikers had, each in their own way, an immediate sense of what this strike meant and could come to mean. Almost from the beginning the men saw implicit in it a general strike of transportation workers of the city. And the board, where regional labor boards ordinarily give the A. F. of L. officialdom first crack at busting a strike, lost no time in intervening. The executive secretary, H. M. Newstadt, without even bothering to consult the other members of the board, ordered the strikers to return to work at once. Harold F. Galbraith, union leader, was eager to do it. Not so the strikers: his recommendation was voted down.

The strikers had by this time formulated their demands. They had had a minimum guarantee of \$12 a week but no maximum working day: being "salesmen" they come under no code. To get around this they want a minimum of 65 cents an hour. The buttons would have

to be permitted, uniforms provided them without cost, and the company would have to pay for a \$1,000-insurance policy on the life of each driver. The check-off and the "preferential shop" have also been demanded. The preferential shop, giving preference over the company union, would in effect be a closed shop.

These are the workers' demands and any genuine attempt to settle would have made them its starting point. The Regional Labor Board did not even pause to consider them. And Galbraith played into its hands by offering to call off the strike and to submit to arbitration all matters of dispute, except that of the buttons. His offer was rejected. His groveling had the effect of stiffening the P.R.T.'s resistance.

The idea of the general strike had caught fire. A General Strike Committee was set up. The cleaners-and-dyers' drivers, the expressmen, the milk drivers, came out. The A. F. of L. leaders fought these developments at every step. Daniel Tobin wired Thomas P. O'Brien, local leader, that the general strike could not be carried through and should, therefore, not be attempted, under pain of revocation of the charter. And these drivers who were joining the taximen, who seemed actually to be carrying it through? The merest coincidence: unrelated strikes happening to break out in different places at the same time. There was no general strike, there had no business being, it ought to stop right now. When finally the question was put to a vote, only the cleaners-and-dyers' drivers, among whom the left-wingers are influential, and the taximen, supported the general strike.

The milk drivers remained out after the others had gone back. Theirs became an independent strike, for recognition of their union and improved working conditions. Organization is new to them, but they have been developing rapidly in their understanding of the nature of their struggle. Only a few months ago they would have nothing to do with a delegation of farmers, here for the milk hearings. In the strike, however, there were the beginnings of a coöperation between the two.

But pressure was being exerted from other sources and with other purposes.

There was the Labor Board with its offer of arbitration after the men had gone back. And there were their leaders telling them they lacked the guts to go on striking. There were the cop-manned scab wagons. On Jan. 2, confused and betrayed, the men voted to return to work.

The taxi men have been sticking it out. The P.R.T. now refuses to take back those who have been active in the strike. The Regional Labor Board (Emil Rieve, International President of the Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers, is a member) has not attempted to conceal its lack of sympathy. Though it appreciates the fact that "both company and union recognize the buttons as part of the strategy of organization," it cannot help thinking that "the company rule . . . may conceivably be a sound measure of public protection. . . ." The company union receives its official sanction: "the board holds that collective bargaining . . . has been implicit in the regulations of the P.R.T. in its relations with all other employees in their coöperative associations." City and county officials—members, since a 1930 court order, of the Board of Directors of the P.R.T.—have been significantly silent. Scabs have been operating cabs: the cab carrying the passenger is often convoyed by two other cabs. (Many cabs have been captured and burned.) The taxi men have been sticking it out.

Alone among workers' organizations, the Communist Party has recognized the strike's needs. It has advocated a united front of all workers, a wide appeal for public sympathy, daily strike meetings (it has only the other day been decided to have them), a demonstration in front of the Mitten Building which houses the P.R.T., a delegation to the President and to the National Labor Board. It proposed to meet with the Socialist Party, which was responsible for the conduct of the strike, to mobilize support and to formulate plans, and it had in reply a polite refusal. Rank-and-file pressure among the taxi men has, however, forced the union's executive committee to agree to a united front conference of all workers for Jan. 7. On this conference depends the future of the strike.

"Zafra Libre!"

HARRY GANNES

HAVANA.

CAPTAIN DOLLAR'S chief officers on the President Wilson had already donned tropical uniforms, and with them the unmistakable air of the White Man's Burden. They were entering the Caribbean for passage through the Panama Canal and then on to the Orient. They stalked the deck, perturbed, suppressing their anger at having harbored unpatriotic vipers aboard ship and never known it. Here was our delegation shipped on one of the war-subsidized American merchant marine vessels to declare the American workers' solidarity with the Cuban workers, peasants and students in their revolutionary struggles against Yankee imperialism. Nothing to do about it now, but to curse.

When we land in gleaming Havana two reception committees come to greet us. On the docks, hundreds of workers shout and cheer. Soldiers and police, freighted with arms, stand by nervously, embarrassed, but make no attempt to disturb the demonstration.

Our delegation is a sensational one for Cuba. We have a Negro trade union leader, Henry Shepard, of the Trade Union Unity League. Subsequently, President Grau ordered Shepard and another of our delegation, Alfred Runge, clapped into one of Machado's inquisitorial chambers at Principe fortress. Our student member, Walter Relis, of the National Students League, has been in Havana for a month, forming close bonds with the Cuban students. Alfred Runge visits Cuba for the second time. As a Spanish-American war veteran he was one of the boys who in 1898 carried a rifle up San Juan Hill, ate embalmed beef, and helped Wall Street enslave the island. J. B. Matthews, recently ousted from the secretaryship of the pacifist organization, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, accompanies the delegation in the name of the League of Struggle Against War and Fascism. As chairman of the delegation, I represent the Anti-Imperialist League and the Daily Worker. In their struggles against Butcher Machado, all of the Cuban students remembered the Daily Worker: no need to explain to

them that it is the official organ of the Communist Party, U.S.A.

Dapper President Grau San Martin is not unmindful of our coming. He must play his role as an anti-imperialist. He sends a conglomeration of "left" supporters of his regime to greet us. They try to palm themselves off as the only official reception committee. They are too well dressed, too glib. We become uncomfortable. "Is the Confederacion Nacional Obrera de Cuba represented here?" we ask. That is the touchstone. The Confederacion is the revolutionary trade union center, with 70 percent of the organized workers following it or under its influence. Communists are its most outstanding leaders.

They look at one another. A stir. Then they introduce a yellow trade union leader to us. Another welcoming committee arrives. The port authorities have stalled them off. They are not well dressed: one of them is a Negro student. One has just come from the Woolworth 5-and-10 cent store strike headquarters. Another is from the Cuban Anti-Imperialist League. We are really in Cuba now.

Our arrival is prominently announced in all the newspapers. The American daily sheets, however, put us in the "Waterfront" column. But even the scab Spanish language newspaper *El Pais*—later wrecked and burned by the unemployed Cubans—and the *Diario de la Marina*, carry our pictures on their front page.

None of us are strangers to Cuba and its struggles. Only Runge has been there before, however. We have been saying for years what now comes out in the Chase National Bank documents in the Senate. Machado's rule-by-homicide has been kept intact by Wall Street and its Washington government, whether under Hoover's chicken-in-every-pot regime, or Roosevelt's strike-breaking New Deal.

On the boat we read Carlton Beals' book, *The Crime of Cuba*, and *Our Cuban Colony*, by L. H. Jenks. After getting a more intimate, personal knowledge of Cuba, I remember the proverb: "God save us from our friends."

You can't blame Beals for going poetic over Cuba. Every American tou-

rist doing the island, after he gets two Bacardis under his belt at Sloppy Joe's dive, doesn't have to be told that Wall Street stole the pearl of the Antilles. Beals did a good job in exposing Machado's murder reign.

But now Machado is gone. The real test of one's attitude toward Cuba comes. I read Beals' supplement to his book—which was completed before Machado's rule ended.

Here's the real dope from a Latin-American expert, not affiliated to the State Department: Franklin D. Roosevelt, the great rebel, not content with making a revolution in the United States, jabbed his class in its colonial and military Achilles heel, Cuba.

"The United States government set the stage for the downfall of dictator Gerardo Machado of Cuba," writes Beals. "The producer of the bloody drama was Franklin Delano Roosevelt; the active stage-director was Ambassador Sumner Welles." Now I can understand why the Catholic censors recommend his book, and why the Grau-Batista-Guiteras regime is preparing an official welcome for Beals.

Well, we would see for ourselves what was going on in Cuba in the ten days we had to spend there. Soldiers with rifles and machine-guns are everywhere. It is here that state power resides, on the streets. A scrawl of slogans covers the walls—"Release the Scottsboro boys!" "Long Live the Communist Party and Soviet Cuba!" "80 Percent Cubans!" "ABC"—the initials change every day—"ABCR," "OCCR," the only "autentico revolucionarios." Strikes break every day.

The whole country is in a political ferment. There is a constant revolutionary crisis. The overthrow of Machado wrenched the classes out of their old grooves. They won't fit back again as Roosevelt wants them to. Ambassador Welles' little scheme of perpetuating the Machadato—the old Machado rule without Machado—through Cespedes' short-lived regime failed because the Cuban landlord-capitalist class was split a dozen ways. Above all, the workers and peasants of Cuba, refused to stay put.

Sugar mills were seized, and embryo

Soviets set up, to last for only a little while. But the augury was of epochal significance. The proletariat and peasantry through its action writes "instability" across the political map of Cuba, struggling for the only real stability, the successful revolution of the workers and peasants' government.

Machado's old cast-iron professional army is rent. But the new regime, with the help of Ambassador Welles, was able to consolidate it as a new force for the process of trying to reconstruct a new landlord-bourgeois regime.

Here I believe two mistakes were made—serious mistakes. One: Because of the revolutionary action of rank and file soldiers, and especially of sailors, the real nature of the army as a bulwark of reaction was overlooked. Today the army is the hope of Yankee imperialism.

Now the army, under the guise of its independence and "anarchy," performs yeoman service for the Grau-Batista-Guiteras regime. It shoots workers, peasants and students. At the same time it maintains a sort of detachment from the government, ready to spring to the support of a more powerful clique of the ruling class.

Secretary of War and Interior Guiteras gives us permission to tour the island freely (we have it in written form with his signature and official seal) to meet with workers and anti-imperialists "against Yankee imperialism." The army knows how to interpret that. In Santa Clara they seize the hall and threaten to shoot if the workers attempt to hold the meeting.

The army, with the connivance of Grau, arrested Henry Runge and Shepard of our delegation and threw them into Principe Fortress "for preparing for a demonstration" in which banners read: "Down with Yankee Imperialism! Long Live Soviet Cuba!" Neither Shepard nor Runge can read Spanish.

No mistake now about the role of the army. The war machine of Machado must be disbanded, disarmed. A people's revolutionary army built up.

The second mistake was to leave half of the Cuban proletariat—the unemployed, mainly Negro workers—without organization and leadership. Now the Grau regime is making full use of these unemployed. It segregates the native born, especially the youth and Negroes, and through promulgating a 50 percent law (officially decreeing 50 percent native Cubans in all jobs), while it instigates the unemployed to demand 80 percent of the jobs. By this means it

wields a double-edged sword. It conveniently creates an excuse for not providing unemployment relief. By provoking clashes of native against foreign-born—particularly against Spanish, Haitian and Jamaican Negroes—it has an effective means of splitting the united front of the working class in its struggle against the Cuban native landlords and capitalists against the chief enemy—Yankee imperialism.

Welles' main contention that the Grau regime is too weak to smash social agitation and Communism does not hold up in day to day action and intention.

To explain the revolutionary processes, the conflicting forces and their trends, we must again begin with a misconception and distortion. Hence, we again quote Beals' article: "*Whither Cuba?*"

"The overthrow of Machado was premature," says Beals. "It occurred before the Cuban people could gather and organize sufficiently to take over and handle the subsequent situation. If they had frankly brought about Machado's overthrow themselves, the forces for governmental stability and authentic Cuban autonomy might today be better crystallized and the situation far less muddled."

Undoubtedly Messrs. Welles, Roosevelt, Caffery, the counter-revolutionary ABC—and Machado himself—think so. But revolutions do not happen in these schematic fashions to suit the needs of the orderly transmission of dividends and loan payments. Class conflicts are not muddled if you understand their contradictions.

Nor is the situation half so confusing. Machado is ousted. American imperialism has a billion and a half of investments to save for the American bourgeoisie. The Grau-Guiteras-Batista-Carbo clique are able to win the army over and seize power. But power rests uneasy in their hands. Other sections of the landlord-capitalist regime, the ABC, which has the confidence of American imperialism makes a try for power. They fail.

The Grau regime indulges in wholesale revolutionary and anti-imperialist demagoguery, the more easily to open an attack on the real revolutionary forces, the Communist Party and the revolutionary trade unions. With the help of American imperialism, the Grau regime strives to achieve a concentration government, but fails. It decides to hold power itself, in the interest of the Cuban landlord-bourgeoisie.

The Communist Party has learned to function illegally under the tyrant Machado. Its mass base in the trade unions increases its power and influence. It possesses a well-worked out program for the agrarian anti-imperialist revolution. Without budging one inch from its revolutionary objectives, it will offer to deal with Yankee imperialism on the basis of concessions, to avoid armed intervention in the event of the success of the workers' and peasants regime.

Neither the Grau regime, nor its master, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, can cap the volcano released by the Cuban revolution.

All of the actions of the Grau regime show that it knows Cuba is faced with the advancing stage of the agrarian anti-imperialist revolution. Guiteras was forced to declare recently: "The revolution begins today." The masses are refusing to pay tribute to the American utilities, hence Guiteras orders a cut in rates, to save what he can for them. The peasants are fighting for land. Guiteras promises collective farming, while he orders the army to shoot peasants and agricultural laborers fighting against the landlords.

Sugar is the economics of Cuba. Nearly the whole land surface juts with the sugar cane, except for the patches set out with tobacco. But uncut and underground tons of sugar cane are crushing and starving the Cuban masses. The economic crisis led to the political crisis and revolution. The resulting conflict intensifies the economic crisis. The Chadbourne restriction plan for sugar brought starvation, and the struggle that overthrew Machado. Now the sugar barons are continuing more stringent methods of restriction: a virtual national lockout where the sugar workers are organized and have won improved conditions. This hits workers and peasants alike. Peasants can not sell their cane and workers get no pay. Everything hinges on this year's *Zafra*. *Zafra* means harvest of sugar cane. The slogan "*Zafra Libre!*" is seen more frequently now than "*Cuba Libre!*" A free and unrestricted sugar harvest now has come to mean a free Cuba.

Decisive struggles are on the agenda in Cuba. They will set the whole Caribbean area aflame. They will have their repercussions from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. They are waves in the rising tide of revolutionary struggles the world over, pounding away at decaying world capitalism, and especially at our own Dollar Diplomacy.

A New Deal in Trusts

DAVID RAMSEY

TEN months of the new deal have begun to shatter the illusions fostered among workers and the middle class that a "peaceful revolution" was taking place and that the N.R.A. was the road out of the crisis. The operation of the new deal in practice has verified the Communist analysis that it is the most comprehensive effort yet made by American monopoly capital to consolidate its powers; a scheme designed to find a way out by subjecting the working class to more exploitation and lowered standards of living. On the basis of this reconsolidation of its forces the American ruling class is fighting a world-wide battle for markets, the inevitable corollary of which has been unprecedented preparations for a new imperialist war.

The new deal flows out of Hoover's program. It is not the sharp break in policy that liberal propagandists say it is. Roosevelt has carried to their logical conclusion the methods of combatting the crisis that the capitalist class precipitated in 1929. Stripped of its clever demagoguery, the new deal has meant for workers lower real wages, lower standards of living, compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, forced labor in the C.C.C. camps and sub-existence wages for P.W.A. work. For the farmers and other sections of the middle class, it has been but the latest phase in the process of bankruptcy and pauperization that began with the Stock Market crash and continued with the catastrophic fall in values, closing of the banks, mortgage foreclosures, etc. The one marked success of Roosevelt's "revolution" has been the reestablishment of the super-profits of American capitalism.

An examination of Hoover's program and the new deal shows their basic similarity. The principal features of both consist in ballyhooing class collaboration, artificial stimulation of production, huge bonuses and subsidies to bankers and industrialists, a steady evolution from credit inflation to monetary inflation, callous and brutal treatment of the unemployed, progressive development of Fascist economic and political features, and steady preparation for war. Hoover initiated the artificial stimulation of production in 1930 and 1932,

the first by means of ballyhoo, and the second, by pouring government money, through the R.F.C., into the bankers' hands. He tried credit inflation—the first step towards real inflation—by reducing rediscount rates, and the reserve banks bought government securities in a fruitless effort to stimulate commercial and industrial loans. Hundreds of millions of dollars were spent by the Farm Board to stabilize farm prices. None of these measures, however, did more than temporarily arrest the downward course of the crisis. Roosevelt, continuing along the main lines of Hoover's policy, has failed to close the gap between production and the market, to give jobs to the unemployed, to save the farmer, small merchant and professional from bankruptcy. Tactical differences between Roosevelt and Hoover have been caused by the acute developments of the deepening crisis. Hoover tried to restore prosperity by ballyhooing that it was just around the corner. Roosevelt has merely changed the slogans of the ballyhoo. Instead of emphasizing that all's well, he has stressed the gravity of the situation, and under cover of "a national emergency" has pushed through a ruthless attempt to overcome the crisis at the expense of the workers, farmers and the lower middle class.

The failure of the new deal is most evident in its attempts to bridge the gap between production and the market. In the first place, the boomlet of the spring and early summer was not set into motion by the N.R.A. The decline in production since July, 1933, which reduced it almost to 1932 levels, took place immediately after the signing of the first N.R.A. code. The boomlet was caused by speculation in the financial and commodity markets. When the United States was forced off the gold standard money was invested in commodities and stocks in anticipation of inflation, causing these to skyrocket. At the same time, in anticipation of higher prices due to the agricultural processing tax and the N.R.A. codes, manufacturers boosted production in order to reap additional profits from low labor and raw material costs. The boomlet broke when the flood of commodities piled up unsold in warehouses. According to the

Federal Reserve Board production rose from 61 in March to 94 in July, a rise of 33 points. But employment in the same period only went up 13.5 points and factory payrolls 13 points—from 36.9 to 49.9.

Most of the benefit from this small rise in factory wages was cancelled by the rapid rise of retail prices and the cost of living. It was not surprising, therefore, that the glut of goods caused a severe slump. The boomlet only increased stocks on hand, and widened the gap between production and commodities salable by the market. According to the U.S. Department of Commerce, from March to September there was an increase of 74 percent in unsold stocks of manufactured food products. In the same 6-month period there was an increase of 83 percent in unsold manufactured textile stocks.

The boomlet, therefore, was not caused by an elimination of the basic features of the crisis. It was primarily due to speculation, rising to dizzy heights through increased exploitation of labor. Stuart Chase has published the following table, based on statistics of the Federal Reserve Board:

	Employment	Production	Output per Man
1923-25 Average ..	100	100	100
June, 1929	103	127	123
March, 1933	57	56	98
June, 1933	65	92	142

The exploitation of workers was increased by almost 45 percent in three months, reaching a level 19 points above the highest during boom times.

The boomlet broke sharply in July. The New York Times Index of Business Activity fell from 99 on July 15 to 72 on November 4, a few points above last year's level.

The new deal was doomed to failure because its fundamental economic premise was more extensive trustification. This cannot overcome the gap between capacity for production and the buying power of the market. Trustification only widens this gap because monopolies are able to secure monopoly prices for their products thus causing a further decline in the purchasing power of the masses. At the same time the trust continually increases its capacity for production through technological improvements which eliminate ever-larger numbers of workers from industry.

American capitalism has been able to shield itself from the brunt of the crisis

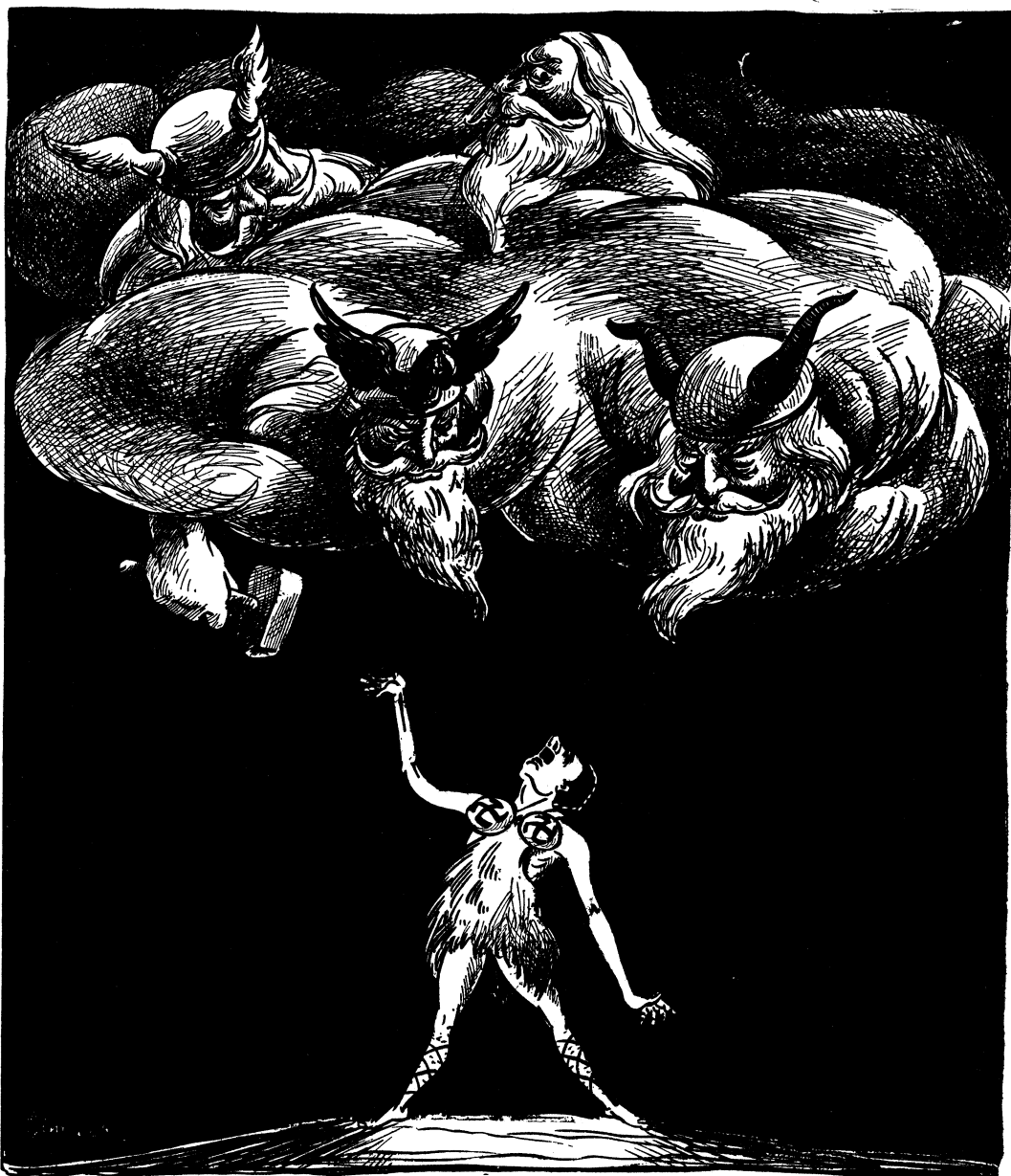
by using the state as a buffer. The fusion of finance capital with the state has eliminated those large-scale bankruptcies which were a feature of former crises. Despite the catastrophic fall in production and stock values (the Dow-Jones index of industrial stocks—not including utilities and railroads—shows a drop from a peak of 381 in September, 1929, to 50 in February, 1933), the Insull collapse was the only large failure. Wholesale bankruptcies of the large units were avoided by R.F.C. loans and subsidies. Monopoly capitalism also maintained the high prices of monopoly products. Wholesale farm prices fell 60 percent, but the prices of most monopoly manufactures such as steel, aluminum, chemicals, fell only slightly, if at all. Thus the characteristics of former crises—bankruptcies of large units and a sharp fall in the prices of all commodities—were not present, and the “normal” capitalist solution was not operating. Monopoly capital was increasing the acuteness of the crisis by preventing the “normal” reduction in accumulated stocks, and preventing bankrupt units from going under. The relative stability of monopoly capitalism was endangered, however, by huge overhead costs which arose out of over-capitalization and plant operation at only a fraction of capacity.

This nibbling away at monopoly profits by small manufacturers was an important factor in shaping the new deal. There was a conviction shared by the big capitalists and their brain-trust apologists that there must be “relief” from the antiquated anti-trust laws. The productive relations of decaying monopoly capitalism compelled a drive for more trustification over this legal hangover of industrial capitalism. The capitalist class felt that it was being “hindered” by the old anti-trust legislation against “combination in restraint of trade.” Out of this the N.R.A. took form—in actuality the concrete application of Gerard Swope’s plan (proposed in 1931) of “self rule by industry,” of enabling, among other things, the big bourgeoisie to swallow up the small bourgeoisie. The preamble of the N.R.A. states this aim quite clearly: “to remove obstructions to the free flow of interstate and foreign commerce . . . , and to provide for the general welfare by promoting the organization of industry for the purpose of coöperative action among trade groups.” (Italics mine.) The trade associations wrote the

codes, and then constituted themselves code-authorities for their industry. General Johnson, who is more naive than most members of the regime, gave the show away when he declared that the N.R.A. was attempting to put into effect in six months what had been achieved in Germany by 20 years of cartellization. That trustification is one of the primary aims of the new deal is obvious from the mergers in communication, shipping, transportation, etc. The New York Times reported on Dec. 14 that the Western Union and Postal Telegraph “are understood to favor a consolidation in order to reduce overhead.” The Times added that “it is believed by the administration that it might be well to encourage monopolies” under government supervision. (Italics mine.)

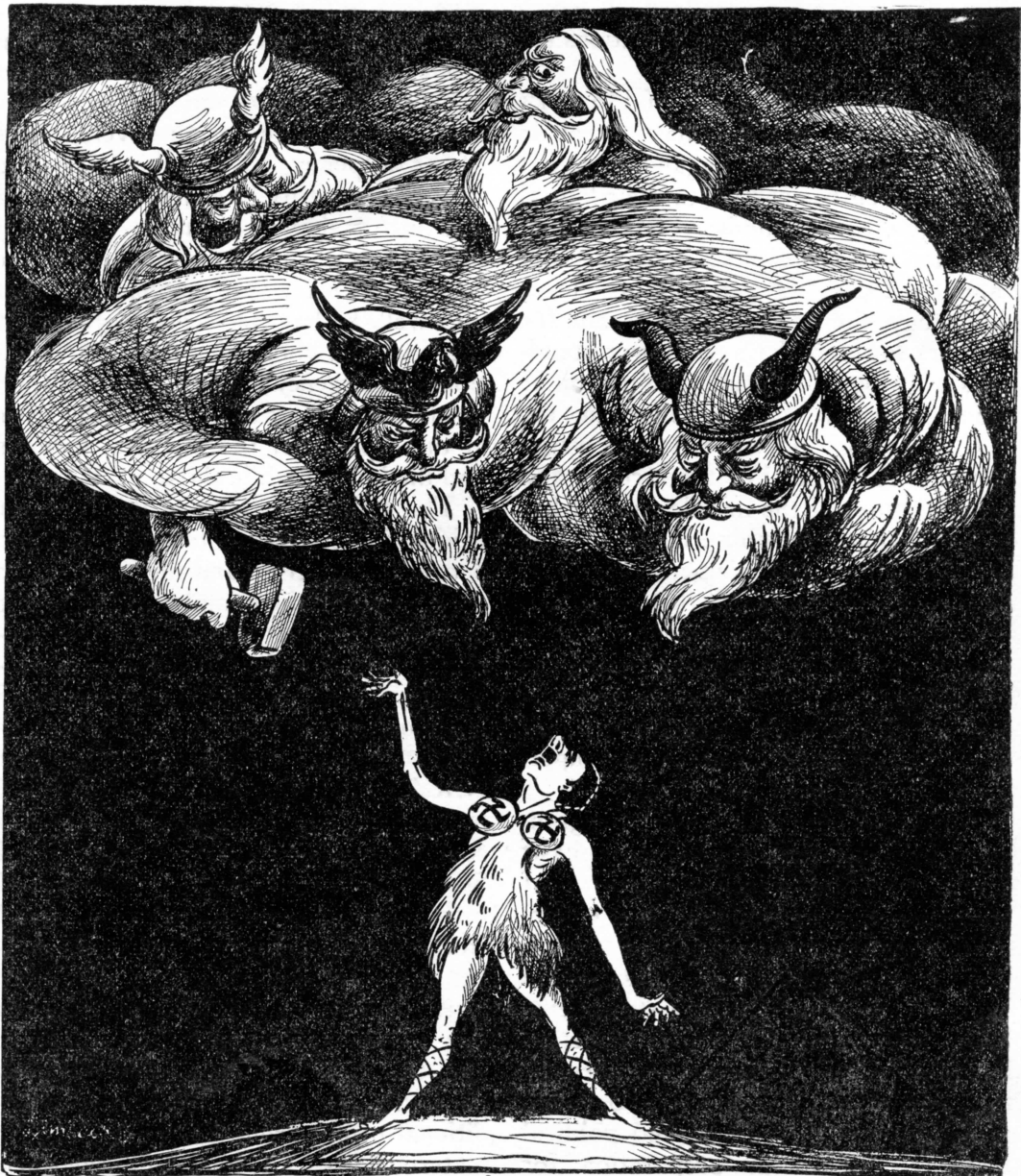
The new deal had as one of its aims the destruction of the small producer.

The N.R.A. was a concluding step in the series begun by the Stock Market crash and carried further by the effects of the crisis itself and the manipulations of the R.F.C. The goal was super-monopoly capital. It was a bridge to the sinister plan recently outlined by Swope, under which a super-chamber of commerce would take over and administer all economic activity. The present supervisory role of the government (in practice the support of the big employers against the working class) would become even more nominal. Power would be openly vested in the leading bankers and biggest industrialists. Swope’s plan is not the proposal of a single capitalist. It is the aim of the Morgan interests. General Johnson came out openly in support of Swope, and he “has the unofficial support of high officials” according to the Kiplinger News Letter.



“AM I DOING ALL RIGHT?”

Limbach



"AM I DOING ALL RIGHT?"

Limbach

The House on 16th Street

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON.

THERE IS one circumstance in the history of the Soviet Embassy here which has been overlooked by most commentators, for obvious reasons. It is that the sumptuous property which is just now passing into the possession of representatives of the working people of Russia was built, paradoxically enough, by a fortune wrung from another section of the same class, from American railroad car laborers who were once held in thrall by the might of the United States Army.

It happened to be Mrs. George Pullman who erected the five-story, sixty-room mansion that was later sold to Czar Nicholas II and turned into the Russian Embassy. It was, of course, one of the prizes expropriated from the expropriators by the Russian proletariat in the victorious November Days of 1917.

Pullman! Who hasn't heard that name coupled with the word, strike? Together the two words call up before every class-conscious American an unforgettable class battle. 1894. The valiant railroaders' strike. President Grover Cleveland sending United States troops to break the ranks of labor. Governor Altgeld of Illinois protesting vehemently, yet yielding to a federal trick engineered by the die-hard, Richard Olney of Cleveland's cabinet—the injunction which snatched Eugene Debs from the leadership of the strike and hurled him behind bars. Provocateurs, sworn in as deputy marshals by the federal government to burn cars, Pullman cars, to incite violence and provide an excuse for marching the federal troops. . . .

In a few years the workers' products had amassed for the Pullmans such a fortune that Hattie Pullman was dreaming that her son-in-law, Gentleman Farmer Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, would soon be in the White House instead of in the House of Representatives.

So Hattie Pullman ordered a Washington residence—a typical Bourbon extravagance of the money barons of this country.

The squarish, high white brick and stone edifice, with its mansard roof and iron-fenced garden stands in rococo desuetude, in Sixteenth Street. During

the seventeen years of non-recognition, it was empty and barred while being "held in trust" by the United States for the Bolshevik government whose existence was officially ignored. Litvinoff was handed the keys while he was here.

Now the house is being refurbished for occupancy. This will cost less than to acquire a new Embassy for Ambassador Troyanovsky and his staff. Within a week or so the chancery will be opened for official business, in a low wing extending to the right in back of the garden. The vast entertaining rooms on the second floor are being reconditioned. Gold-leafed decorations, the lutes, fasces, cupids and torches that Hattie Pullman ordered, in the style of the Louis' of France, are beginning to emerge from the dust. The mirrored magnificence of the salon that stretches across the whole front of the house is already discernible; the quartered oak, painted panels of the dining room are said to be the handsomest in Washington. In the ballroom, the walls happen to be well preserved and they are tinted a solid, vivid red.

Above these formal halls where the Czarist staff held soirées, the Soviet staff will spend most of their time, in simple surroundings. In fact they may be fairly cramped! The rooms above the second floor were designed for servants. They are being converted into sleeping and working chambers. There will be a small dining room and kitchen on the third floor for regular use and in the vast storage attic a gymnasium will be built for the Soviet representatives.

To buy furnishings for such a menage would be expensive. This is not necessary, however; the Soviet representatives will have whatever is necessary sent over from Russia. For someone happily remembered that there is, in the storerooms of the Soviet Union, plenty of expropriated palace furniture lying around unused.

The process of history, which in Russia has turned many of the churches into educational institutions, has in this country begun to work equally astonishing reversals—the monument of disappointed ambitions of a family of American exploiters, which became the symbol of the most reactionary empire on earth, has at last become the headquarters of

representatives of the kind of workers whose products built it, although they never possessed it.

Ambassador Troyanovsky, sooner or later will hear a story that so illuminates the personal side of the negotiations preceding recognition that I am passing it on now. It is a tale, the accuracy of which I can vouch for, since it was first told voluntarily by one of the White House family.

It seems that Franklin D. Roosevelt's mother, the patrician, Episcopalian dowager, Mrs. James Roosevelt, whose psychological as well as financial influence upon her son are well known, was congratulating him upon being nominated for President. She spoke of what a fine thing it was, then added solemnly, "But there's one thing I want you to promise me, Frank, and that is that if you are elected, you never will recognize those Russians." The son answered neither yes nor no, and so when he finally moved into the White House and began supervising the State Department's preparation for inviting a Soviet representative to talk over recognition, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had heard the mother's admonition, asked amusedly, "Franklin, have you written to your mother about this?"

"Why, no," he responded uncertainly, "but I'll write to her tomorrow."

But the morrow didn't arrive for several days. With increasing amusement, Mrs. Roosevelt went back to the President several times during the weeks that followed, and the exchanges were repeated: "Franklin, have you told your mother?" "Er—no—but I'll do it right away." Still he never did. And on the eve of the public announcement of preliminary correspondence between President Roosevelt and President Kalinin, Mrs. Roosevelt smiled casually, "Why, Franklin, you've never written to your mother?" "Er, no," he confessed.

"But you surely don't mean that she will have to learn about it first from the newspapers, do you?"

"Why, yes!" the President exclaimed. "I guess she will!"

Ambassador Troyanovsky will hear the tale, as I said, because such anecdotes spread like molten lava here.

Storm Warning

(For the young men and old of the house that Wall Street Jack built)

JAMES DALY

I

PATCHERS of the old house, niggardly clutchers of plenty behind barred shutters, no patching can save your house, it is too late now for patching! Oh, break those separative shutters: with the last strength of your blundering hands, shatter the darkness that is smothering you!

There

in the impartial splendor of the fading sun still waits the miracle: it still is yours to work!—one vaster than that of the loaves and fishes: your own plenty made surer through being no longer yours only but part of the plenty of all men.

(Smile if you like: there are times when one must speak though the words seem naïve—when the mind, foreseeing the many heedless and the rest scoffers, yet listens to the pleadings of the heart.)

Smile if you like, but this is my prayer:
May the gods of the gathering wrath pity you now,
vouchsafe you courage and sense while still there is time!

II

I know you, proppers of the tottering house.
Many of you are good men in your way; a few of you are my friends. I know what keeps you (all but a crafty few) shuddering and clutching and patching there in the dark: Fear. Fear is the one thing you all have in common.

Some of you are afraid of a name—the name of a vision's vesture: "Communism? It's not American," you say; "it's not for us. All right for Russia maybe, but it's not for us."

Some of you are afraid of another name, the name of a man who saw the vision and wrote of it hugely, graphing the paths it would take to enter the world. "This Marx was a Jew, wasn't he? Haven't you noticed, all Communists seem to be Jews. No Jew is ever satisfied, he wants everything done his way. Maybe Hitler is right. Look what the Jews did to Christ. Why don't they all go to Palestine and have their revolution there?"

And some of you are terrified of the vision itself. "Earth's earth," you say. "Why expect us to make it a kind of heaven? Others have tried and failed. We'll cling while we can to what we have: if the have-nots had it, they would too. Brotherhood's all right in theory; in practice it wouldn't work: it's against human nature."

(You all have such a pretty way of persuading yourselves that monopolies and Charley Mitchell and the big fellows

squeezing out the little fellows and the money-lenders and Kreuger and Henry Ford in the temple and the ward-boss and munition-lobbies and Sir Basil Zaharoff and Morgan and Lloyd George and Pontius Pilate and Judge Thayer and Judas and Andy Mellon are human nature but that Socrates and the Beatitudes and women and children first and the hungry strike-leader refusing to sell out for five grand and Shelley and Einstein and Noguchi and with malice toward none and Damien and Romain Rolland and Gandhi and Sun Yat-sen and Gene Debs and Lenin and Dimitroff and the Titanic's musicians who kept on playing till the sea engulfed them are not human nature at all.)

III

And among you are writers, poets. It's harder to define your fear: mostly it is a confused one so your words too are confused and confusing.

Some of you I think fear the vision. It may be your own vision seems finer—a brave dance under the swords: *There will be swords always* you'd say *why fight for new ones?* *It's the dance that matters.*

Swords always? Why, most of the swords were hung there by men! Some (there are poets among these too) think that what men hung there men can remove, that the dance may be more a thing of joy with the swords gone: dancers, among them the best, will survive then they think who in these sword-days are slain wantonly.

Others of you fear also the names—Communism; or Karl Marx; or both. There seems no end to your fears.

One of your bogies is that under Communism, pending liquidation or exile, you might, horror of horrors, be regimented—compelled to write rigorously-prescribed-and-censored State PROPAGANDA. (Now, of course, you are free: you can for example write for Hollywood, or for the radio if you've got Appeal. The one gives you, ask Eisenstein, a free hand and a photo of Will Hays to keep on your desk—and just try saying damn or Listerine's no good or lauding post-czar Russia on the other. Or you can write for the newspapers where there is free speech if you're a Heywood Broun and between Stud and Deuces Wild are always

somehow just on the verge of Going Too Far though you seldom do; or

a Walter Lippmann so they know you're safe as Brisbane. Or—behold Bruce Barton, ask Sherwood Anderson, find Hart Crane if you can and ask him—you can polish words in one of the

Better Agencies: your sweated blood at so much a week so long as you paraphrase lushly the client's pet convictions about his cure for piles or his mouth-wash will from time to time adorn anonymously-thank-gawd Liberty! or even a full page in The Saturday Evening Post. This, gentlemen, is your freedom now.)

A few of you still have incomes. It's easier to know your fear. You too are apt to say: "Communism's not American." You insist on the real McCoy every time: there must be no fake about it: it must not wear whiskers: it must be the pure American thing. (Incomes of course are a pure American thing.)

As for Karl Marx, concerning him and his work verily there is a phobia among you. *Das Kapital* is such a huge tome: better to get the low-down on it and on Marx at fourth-hand through Mr. Krutch in Harper's or The Forum. (Mr. Krutch an able man

though alas not immune from phobias went it seems to a tea and met there somebody whom I.M.P. had told that Briffault "an authority on Marx" had said that any true Marxist would, if he could, quarantine from the uncontaminated minds of the new world all but the ten non-virulent lines or was it paragraphs? of what we in the West call Literature. Mr. Krutch thinks this is extreme: he CARES about Literature: ergo in this desperate struggle he will rally to the ramparts and shed if need be his most precious ink against these barbarous Marxists. Time enough to read after the crisis is passed and Literature saved what Marx really said.)

Yet men like Gide, once aesthetes merely, have left the drear edges where those walls are crumbling, the naked shingles of that rotting roof; have seen the vision and would die for it; are fired with a dream of new fervors, new songs, new roads.

O faltering poets, you too can sing new songs and walk those brave new roads! The pen they say is mighty. Then choose—the choice confronts you now:

Life, and the legions of new day
or the bloodguilt of the darkling plain, the clash by night?

IV

. . . the clash: for some in your house are not afraid but crafty: they, not Russia and Karl Marx and his vision, they are your actual enemy, they deserve your fear: your fear and your scourging: oh, break them, break their power! or they will destroy your house and you with it, destroy the houses of the vision too, the humble and the great who dwell therein

and the great and humble who envision such dwelling for all men.

Some among you I say are crafty. Do you not hear them when through cracks in the shutters they appraise the darkling plain, do you not hear them (those with the vision can hear them) saying one to another: "We still have power; we'll keep it. Outside they outnumber us, but we can outwit them; we have the Press; the churches can be counted on; we have the screen too and thank God the radio. It looks bad out there: hunger makes them less gullible: their anger is mounting. Until now we've kept it a perplexed, diffused anger. If it comes to a point and the point seems headed toward us (there are signs of that now) we'll deflect it: we'll give them a war. They'll forget us then, they always do. (The clergy and the Press and Hollywood and the four-minute men and television and the radio will see to that.) They'll forget us then, and be glad to hurl their wrath and their lives on an enemy known. (We'll be dollar-a-year men, *We were wrong*

about them they'll say.) And when it's over they'll outnumber us less ominously. Those that are left will be weary. And we'll

still have the power. . . Risks — of course there are risks! Bonfires get out of control; this one might blaze into a holocaust and finish us too. But risk or no risk, the stakes are high, war is the ace up our sleeves, and we'll trump with it if our other tricks lose. We're playing to win. Ours is the power and we mean to keep it."

V

Know then, deluded ones, good men but foolish in the dark rooms: you heedless who will not listen and you who'll hear but scoff: know who it is with whom you conspire in your clutching and patching. Some of you think: *We and our fathers have lived long in this house and some have lived well. It can still be saved, we must save it!*

But outside a hurricane gathers and underneath is the sand.

Again I say:

Have done with patching: no patching can save your house, it is too late now for patching!

Stay in those dark rooms hysterically mending walls (the blackshirts of Mussolini, the bloodstained shirts of Hitler, all fascist-shirts are but patches that at best make this or that room snigger while the foundation-walls are crumbling)—stay, and in one storm or another the house will go: either in war's shattering contrived by some among you or in the gale of that gathering wrath.

In one storm or another. Then sand will engulf the wind's wreckage. And of a thousand men, your own among them, one will be lucky to survive. So leave your doomed house! Carry its several sound beams and fixtures (before storm descends wrecking all) to the hills of the future where some though they had at the start no beams no heartening salvage already have built bravely and still are building

and they build on rock—not sand.

Letters from America

Where the Sun Spends the Winter

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Editor:

I WANT the women of New York, Chicago and Boston who buy at Macy's, Wannamaker's, Gimbel's and Marshall Field to know that when they buy embroidered children's dresses labeled "hand made" they are getting dresses made in San Antonio, Texas, by women and girls with trembling fingers and broken backs.

These are bloody facts and I know, because I've spoken to the women who make them. Catalina Rodriguez is a 24-year-old Mexican girl but she looks like 12. She's in the last stages of consumption and works from six in the morning till midnight. She says she never makes more than three dollars a week. I don't wonder any more why in our city with a population of 250,000 the Board of Health has registered 800 professional "daughters of joy" and in addition, about 2,000 *Mujeres Alegres* (happy women), who are not registered and sell themselves for as little as five cents.

Catalina Torres has four children and her husband cracks pecans at thirty cents a hundred pounds. He makes about two dollars a week. She says they pay her thirty cents a dozen for the embroidery and she can only make three dozen a week because of the children.

Maria Vasquez, a spinster, sews the children's dresses at home for fifteen cents a dozen. If she works from dawn to midnight she can make three dozen a day. For each new dress style you have to go to the office first and make a sample. I asked her if she passed the test every time. She ran inside and came out with an envelope in her hand. Read my diploma she says, and you won't ask any more foolish questions.

The "diploma" is a circular letter printed by the thousands on the company letterheads and is addressed to no one in particular. It says her work has been satisfactory and that they are proud of her, and any time she wants work they will be glad to give it to her. The company is the Juvenile Mfg. Corp. Their New York office is E. Edar, 1350 Broadway.

Several years ago our Chamber of Commerce launched a campaign in competition with Florida and California inviting tourists to come to San Antonio, "Where Sunshine Spends The Winter." I don't know whether the tourists came but Eastern manufacturers and Capital came and let out the children's dresses for home work. There are thousands of American-born Mexican girls and women, and they work at any price.

Ambrosia Espinoza is thirty and she has worked the last seven years on these "hand

made" dresses. I am enclosing her pay envelopes. One week three dollars, the next, two fifty-five and the third only seventy cents. With this she has to pay rent for her shack, pay insurance, support the Catholic Church and feed herself. When I try to talk to her she says: *Todos es de Dios, todos es de Dios*—everything is from God, everything is from God. She embroiders four dozen dresses a week at seventy-five cents a dozen and works from morning till late at night. At night she uses a kerosene lamp. She says that times are getting harder and even American women will take the work. The boss knows this so he reduces the prices every week, and if you don't like it you can leave it. She also works for the Juvenile Mfg. Corp.

She tells me about her brother and how he lost his leg. For twenty-five years he worked for the Southern Pacific Railway, and three years ago they laid him off. He looked high and low for work. Then he decided to look in North Texas and he tried to hop a freight. But he lost his balance and the train cut his leg the way the railroad cut the twenty-five years from his life.

As I got out of the shack I can't forget this brother who lies on his iron cot like a skeleton. He uses rags for a mattress, and lies motionless, gazing on the Virgin of Guadalupe and the image of the young Jew of Galilee. He prays to them, dreaming of another world.

I want you women up North to know. I tell you this can't last forever. I swear it won't.

FELIPE IBARRO.

Sleeping on the Grass

Baton Rouge, La.

Dear Editor:

The Louisiana papers swear the C.W.A. is putting thousands of men back to work in this state. Maybe so, but in Baton Rouge men are still sleeping on the grass in front of the relief office so they can be first in line. When it rains the white unemployed are allowed to sleep on the urine-drenched floors of the public toilet. The Negroes are driven away by a white watchman, who also prevents them from using the toilet during the day. At Harrisonburg the C.W.A. workers expected to receive twelve dollars a week. Mrs. Marty Etta Brown, the relief director, promised it to them. But the checks received are for less. Now leading citizens of the town are making a lot of speeches to make the workers feel good.

At Gulfport speeches didn't help. The unemployed raised the roof because only 300 families were put on the C.W.A. rolls. Those who received cards turned them back, saying if they couldn't work together they'd starve

together. C.W.A. workers at Biloxi pledged solidarity and said they would quit their jobs too if all the Gulfport unemployed were not given work. The administrators at Gulfport sent frantic wires to Washington and Washington answered it would stop all projects in Harrison county if the workers didn't keep quiet.

Meanwhile transient camps are being set up throughout the state. If you come through Baton Rouge stop and sample our grits and molasses. The camp is located two miles from town in the old penitentiary building. There is a delightful country atmosphere and the police will furnish a taxi. For a few hours work you can sample our cuisine, enjoy the flop, and get ninety cents a week spending money.

Maybe the mayor won't okay this invitation, but I'm sure he wants us to keep our reputation for southern hospitality. Naturally, we expect those who get the nine dimes to act in the spirit of the N.R.A. and buy now. "Money spent in Baton Rouge stays in Baton Rouge." Come up and see us sometime!

H. PREECE.

Demoted by N.R.A.

Duquesne, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Frances Perkins, Roosevelt's Labor secretary, came through the Carnegie steel plants on one of the odd days when we were working. She asked me what I thought of the N.R.A. But the plant superintendent came through with her, so what could I say? Why don't she come through the plant alone or come and see us at home?

We are averaging about three and four dollars a week pay. I was getting 65 cents an hour as a machinist. They demoted me to laborer at forty cents an hour, but I'm still doing the same work. And let me tell you, there is plenty speed up. What do I think of the N.R.A.? Just let her ask me in private with no ladies around.

Yours truly,

M. L.

Texans Jimcrow God

Austin, Texas.

Dear Editor:

God was almost forced to walk the streets of Austin when the Negro cast of *Green Pastures* came to town. The players were refused accommodations at all the hotels. A committee of Negroes finally provided lodgings in their home.

L. P.

Letters From a Princess

WORKERS interested in learning how the other half of one percent lives will find the documents below illuminating. The first one is the affidavit of Barbara Hutton, now Princess Alexis Mdivani. She is the heiress of Frank Woolworth, who built up a huge fortune by paying scores of thousands of salesgirls \$4 and \$6 a week in his five and ten cent stores. When writing this affidavit, the girl was 18; she was petitioning the Surrogate of Suffolk County, N. Y., (in whose court the documents were found the other day):

I finished school last Spring and am now about to make my debut, at a large dance which my father is giving for that purpose this month at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

In addition to our apartment on Fifth Avenue, my father maintains a home in Palm Beach, Florida, and a plantation and shooting preserve near Charleston, South Carolina, and we usually spend the summers at Newport, Rhode Island, when not abroad.

During the next few years I anticipate that my father will entertain extensively for me at Palm Beach, New York, Charleston and Newport, and our family will make frequent trips between these places, and in view of the fact that I am now out of school, I expect to accompany them with guests of my own.

My own personal fortune is infinitely greater than that possessed by my father, and, in view of the great amount of traveling which our family expects to do during the next few years, I am desirous of having my father purchase for me, out of my income, a private [railroad] car.

He has informed me that he cannot make this purchase unless this expenditure is authorized by this court, and hence this application.

I am informed by my father, and verily believe, that the cost of this car will not exceed \$120,000, and that the annual expense or maintenance will not be in excess of \$36,000.

While this sum is a large one, the cost of the car and the maintenance expense the first year will be less than one-tenth of my income, and the purchase of the car will give me, as well as the other members of my family, so much pleasure, that I do not consider it an extravagance for one of my position, with my means.

My two aunts have and maintain private cars, chiefly for the purpose of making trips back and forth from Palm Beach and their Summer homes, and having my father and guardian purchase one for me out of my income will only give me what other members of my family have, and at the same time it will be spending only a small part of my income, and giving employment to others, instead of adding to my own fortune, which is already amply large.

I ask that my father be allowed to reimburse himself for the expenses of my debut to the extent of \$10,000 out of my income, this amount to be given in our family's name to the most worthy charity, which I am most anxious to see aided, believing as I do that, in view of the great unemployment which now exists, it is the duty of people situated as fortunately as I am to aid in the relief of those less fortunately situated.

Three years later, in June, 1933, on the eve of her marriage to the Prince, Barbara Hutton laid her problems before the Surrogate again. She said:

My marriage to Prince Mdivani, and the plans which have been made in connection with the intervening months before I become of age, will necessarily entail heavy additional expenditures, which were not anticipated by me or by my father when the previous order was applied for and obtained herein.

I have discussed the amount of these necessary expenditures with my father and both he and I estimate that they will amount to at least \$100,000.

I, therefore, ask that in addition to the sum authorized to be applied out of my income by my father and general guardian for my support, maintenance and use under the terms of the order entered herein on or about the 15th day of November, 1932, my father and general guardian be authorized and allowed to expend or apply for that purpose out of my income a sum not to exceed \$100,000 additional.

Even with this additional allowance, I will still be spending in the year preceding my majority only a fraction of my income and my fortune is so large that I see no necessity why, upon my marriage, I should not immediately enjoy the luxuries which a fortune, such as mine, will enable me to have when I enter into possession of it.

Barbara Hutton's grandfather, Frank Woolworth, left her, in 1918, an estate valued at \$18,472,290. Her father, Franklyn Hutton, took such excellent advantage of the stock market boom and Hoover prosperity that in 1931 the estate he managed for his daughter was considered worth \$40,856,614. In 1918, he held Barbara's personal expenditures down to \$7,000, she being six years old; at nine, her allowance was raised to \$12,000; at thirteen she was spending \$35,000; at sixteen, \$60,000. Appropriate living quarters became an increasing problem for her father, and in 1927 he addressed a petition to the Surrogate, asking for \$300,000 to spend on remodeling the Fifth Avenue apartment (he only got

\$250,000). The document, with its revelation of Franklyn Hutton's idea of how a girl of 16 should be brought up, follows:

Her two aunts on her mother's side, Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Donahue, are ladies of wealth at least equal to hers, and my brother and his wife also possess extremely large means. Each of them maintains a large and expensive establishment in the neighborhoods of the apartments which I have purchased.

My daughter, for her own safety and welfare in later years, must be brought up surrounded by the luxury and comfort to which her income entitles her, so that upon attaining the age of 21, at which time her fortune is to be turned over to her unrestricted control, she will have no desire or reason to embark on a scale of expenditures in living to which she has not been accustomed during her early formative years.

My own personal resources are such that I cannot, in justice to myself and Mrs. Hutton, be expected to bear this entire financial burden. If it were not for my daughter, Barbara, I would not contemplate maintaining a home and establishment of this character.

The annual carrying charges of said apartments, without allowing for any interest on the purchase price which I have invested in them, is \$20,049, and, as they will be maintained as a home primarily with my daughter's welfare in view, I estimate that the cost of maintaining them will be in the neighborhood of \$75,000 per annum, and I propose that this expense be shared equally between my daughter and myself.

In addition to this, there will be large outside expenses for her alone—for clothes, schooling, governess, medical attention, traveling, to say nothing of possible other expenses which will have to be borne in common, such as the maintenance of a summer home.

I estimate that I will be forced to expend from now on, in connection with her support and maintenance, the sum of approximately \$60,000 per annum.

One final touch. Barbara Hutton is preparing for a world cruise. She petitions the court to be allowed to contribute \$25,000 to a relief committee. She writes:

I have read with deep concern of unemployment conditions at home and the distress present business conditions have caused. I believe it the duty of all who can to aid by contributing substantial sums.

I shall be more than repaid by the realization it will be expended in aiding those whose needs are greater than mine.

Later, she asks permission to spend \$25,000 on her debut.

Comrade Lunacharsky

A Brief Appreciation

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

PHILOSOPHER, poet, playwright, critic, essayist, art connoisseur, historian of literature, leader of the theatre, educator,—Lunacharsky always remained himself, because there was an essential unity to all the manifold expressions of his richly endowed and highly cultivated personality. Lunacharsky was first of all and above all a social dreamer. Not a dreamer who, to use Lenin's quotation from Belinsky, "flies off at a tangent in a direction to which no natural progress of events will ever proceed," but a dreamer "whose dream runs ahead of the natural progress." "Of this kind of dreaming there is unfortunately too little in our movement," said Lenin in 1902 (*Works*, Vol. IV, Book II, p. 241). Lunacharsky was one of the few old Bolsheviks who possessed the ability and the courage to see social visions and to embody them in writing which varied in form but remained uniform in spirit (of all the Old Bolshevik Guard, Lenin was by far the greatest seer of visions, but he embodied them in social organizations and in writings helping build those organizations).

Lunacharsky concerned himself mainly with what is known in Marxist terminology as the "superstructure,"—the cultural aspects of society removed from, but determined by, the productive forces. As a historical materialist he made it his life's work to explain cultural phenomena and their succession by the material economic basis of society and its changes; as a fighter for a socialist system he was keenly and overwhelmingly interested in the emergence of a new proletarian culture; as a poet he saw the new man under the new social system,—a free individual, broadminded, broadvisioned, sensitive, noble, and creative. It was perhaps this longing for the higher creative personality that formed the pivotal point of all his wide-ranged work. "In pain and tortures, in the grimaces of a depraved ape, in the corruption of a fallen angel, man creates the link that is not yet in nature," says Thomas Campanella in a play of Lunacharsky's by the same name. "He is a crooked and filthy bridge between the gigantic greatness of the abyss and the splendor of infinity beyond space. In him the spirit strives to embodiment, and the flesh, to become spirit." What Campanella said about the spirit generally, Lunacharsky translated into the spirit of the class struggle.

His particular work in the rank of the Bolsheviks was to win over to the revolution the intellectuals primarily interested in things cultural. Himself an intellectual of the highest order, he could not be dismissed by the intellectuals like many another revolutionist

on the ground of "disregard for cultural values." He knew cultural values only too well, and he was too respected even among the bourgeoisie for his learning and talent. There was even a legend current among intellectuals that he was less of a Bolshevik and more of a "culturist" interested in literature and art "generally." The truth of the matter is that there was a *division of labor* among the Bolsheviks ever since the turn of the century. While Lenin was building the Communist Party and mapping out the plan for the social revolution, men like Lunacharsky were proving that "the proletariat is essentially a culture class," that "the proletariat itself, its organization, its program, its future is the result of a highly developed economic mechanism built up by capitalism," and that "in the very same way as socialist production is the outcome of capitalist production, though improved and modified, so also socialist culture is a freshly blossoming beautiful branch of the great tree of general human culture," because "the proletariat, representing the majority of the city population, strives everywhere and irresistibly to knowledge and beauty." (*Cultural Tasks of the Working Class*.)

When the November revolution elevated the proletariat to the position of the ruling class, there was no one better fitted to fill the role of People's Commissar of Education than Lunacharsky. He became a kind of liaison officer between the dictatorship of the proletariat and the bourgeois intellectuals whose services were needed for the new State. Because he used persuasion rather than coercion, he became known as a "good Bolshevik," *i. e.*, a man far less severe than the other leaders. Because he had had his days of error in connection with "God-seeking" and "God-building" (his well known treatise on *Religion and Socialism* whose conceptions Lenin characterized, in a letter to Gorky, Feb. 25, 1908, as "an attempt at teaching the workers 'religious atheism' and 'deification' of the highest human potentialities") he was looked upon by the bourgeoisie the world over as "not quite" as "intolerable" as the rest of the "dictators."

In reality, Lunacharsky's road was a straight one. He fought for the Marxian conception of history all his life and with weapons of varying calibre. As head of the Soviet educational department, he succeeded in establishing the new school and organizing first the coöperation of the old-time intelligentsia with the new system, then the training for higher cultural work, men and women from among the masses of workers and peasants. As an artist, a beauty lover, he en-

couraged the artists to produce under the new system and encouraged the masses to enjoy art values and to move to the front their own creative individuals. As a specialist in European art, he encouraged a rapprochement of the Soviet artists with the artists of the western world.

He was a revolutionist and a Marxist, and to him both were especially valuable as touching upon the mainsprings of human emotion and human behavior. Many of his critical treatises were devoted to the Tragedy (his famous tract on *Hamlet, Faust, and Versunkene Glocke*); many of his essays dealt with the morals of the revolution and the morality of the future society. Throughout he remained humane, deeply convinced and convincing as only sincerity can be. His brilliance accompanied him as naturally as the timbre accompanies a man's voice.

A cultural fighter of the first rank has died. His work lives in the cultural activity of a great country building a new system.

The CONTRIBUTORS

HENRI BARBUSSE has returned to France after taking a leading part in the formation in this country of the League Against War and Fascism.

JAMES DALY, author of *The Guilty Sun*, has contributed verse to *The Dial*, *New Republic*, *Nation*, etc.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN is the editor of the *Jewish Daily Freiheit*.

ARTHUR KALLET is co-author of *100,000-000 Guinea Pigs*.

HARRY GANNES is one of the editors of the *Daily Worker*.

DAVID RAMSEY teaches science and dialectics in the Workers School of New York.

PHILIP RAHV is one of the editors of *Partisan Review*, the forthcoming magazine of the John Reed Club of New York.

MICHAEL GOLD is at present running a column in the *Daily Worker* while writing a new play.

DANIEL ALLEN is a newspaper man who has covered many important labor struggles.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, poet and novelist, is well-known to readers of the *NEW MASSES*.

BERNARDA BRYSON and HYMAN WARSAGER are members of the John Reed Club of New York; LIMBACH is a Cleveland J. R. C. member.

JULIUS BLOCH is a Philadelphia artist.

GEORGES SCHREIBER recently had a one-man show at the New School for Social Research.

ADOLF DEHN, recently returned from Vienna, has contributed often to the *NEW MASSES*.

Books

A Letter to the Author of a First Book

THE DISINHERITED, by Jack Conroy.
Published by Covici-Friede, N. Y. \$2.00

Dear Friend and Comrade Jack:

Your novel was assigned me for review. I began to write my report in the graveyard style of the Nation or New Republic book-spetz but soon found I couldn't keep on in that vein.

How can I pretend to be one of these Olympian arbiters of "truth" when as a matter of fact I am deeply partial to you and your work? A first book like yours, of a young working class author, cannot be regarded merely as literature. To me it is a significant class portent. It is a victory against capitalism. Out of the despair, mindlessness and violence of the proletarian life, thinkers and leaders arise. Each time one appears it is a revolutionary miracle. I shall never grow "sophisticated" enough to witness this miracle with anything but joy.

So I am deeply glad that you have written and published a novel at last. Why conceal it? I myself went to work at the age of twelve, and I think I know what it means to create one's own literary tools and one's own courage. It is something academicians rarely can understand, sometimes not even when their academy calls itself Marxist. When Negroes, Tartars and Bashkirs, when ditch-diggers, textile weavers or graduates of steel mills like yourself begin to write novels and poems, something great has been born. A new world has begun to create its own life; the first log huts have been carved out of a wilderness.

Proletarian literature is in its first crude beginnings in America. We shall have to know how to understand the inevitable crudity of our first rough-hewn shelters, and their relation to the shining cities of tomorrow. The fact that a revolutionary school of writers is arising in the cornlands of the middle west, taking the place of the tired social-democrats of the school of Carl Sandburg, is something that critics ought to understand about your novel. You are one of the leaders of this movement, and your book is an advance-guard skirmish in the great battle.

The first scouts in a new terrain can do little more than hurriedly map the main landmarks. One does not expect them to be serene landscape painters. Your novel shows the internal stress of the man under fire or the young proletarian author writing a first report of a strange life. There are too many unprecedented facts, and he is so involved in each one, that sometimes he cannot piece them together in any satisfactory pattern. Hence, the sketch-form which predominates in your book, and which is a dominant proletarian form today.

For it is noteworthy that your novel has many of the same faults and virtues as other first novels by proletarians. It is semi-autobiographic, which is a virtue. However, in avoiding the sickly introspection of the bourgeois autobiographers of youth, the psychological reality often escapes our young authors. They neglect the major problem of all fiction, which is the creation of full-blooded character. Your characters aren't completed.

To illustrate by a parallel: there have been many novels written about the First World War. As one war book after another appeared it was apparent that those authors who chronicled only the objective facts of war's horror and violence had written monotonously. Horror is not enough. Facts are not enough. There must be a living human man portrayed through whose mind all this is reflected. War must do something to him that other human beings can poignantly feel.

Proletarian life is a war. The hero of your novel, Larry Donovan, is the son of a coal miner. One by one his brothers are killed in the mine; his father, too. His mother becomes a heroic drudge who bears on her shoulders the weight of a family. You create in a few strokes of fine talent the portrait of this universal mother of proletarians, stoic and haggard and loving, stooped over a washtub where the tears and sweat of her slow death are mingled.

The boy leaves the coal camp. His father has been ambitious for him, with the pathetic petty-bourgeois hopes that poison the worker's soul in America. The boy wants to be a white-collar man. But he drifts from one industrial hell-hole to another. He works in a stinking rubber factory, where dust rots the lungs in a few months. He works at a murderous saw. He passes through steel mills and road camps, he is one of the floating millions of migratories who are characteristic of American industry. There is no escape for him, any more than for the other millions.

The boy meets the drifters, the failures, the drab women and crushed hopeless men who are called by patriots the American "people." Some significance is brought into all this chaos when Larry encounters a German Spartacist in the rubber factory. Hans is class-conscious though broken by temporary defeat. And he shares his class wisdom with the youngster, and at the end the two participate in one of the farm revolts.

All this is a truthful report of the steps by which most young workers enter the revolution. Nothing has been invented. You know this life, Jack, as well as a Hemingway knows the atmosphere of fifty Paris bistros. You have given us a picture of a boy's life in a coal-mining town which I have never seen before. I can smell your rubber mill, and have been bored to madness by the work-sodden people in your rooming houses.

Violent death and gray, heart-breaking monotony, these are the main elements of war and of proletarian life. You have given the facts, Jack, but why could you not communicate the emotion as well? You, of the warm tragic Irish blood, had it in you. What held you back? Was it a fear of the autopsy that might be performed on you by some pseudo-scientific Marxians? Don't ever fear them, Jack; Marx and Lenin were men of passion and wisdom, and knew that life comes first, in fiction as in politics, and then the theories. Or was it a fear of the bourgeois critics? They have destroyed many a young proletarian writer; they have made us ashamed of being our proletarian selves. They call our love and hate, propaganda; and they are too smug and cowardly to understand what Gorky called "the madness of the brave." To dream of pleasing them is a form of suicide for a proletarian writer.

I really believe that a faithful study of Marx and Lenin would help our young proletarian writers more than any laboring over the "pure" bourgeois esthetes like Joseph Wood Krutch and the like. This has been said by unimaginative routineers so often that it has almost become repellent. Nevertheless, it happens to be true. I can point out one defect in your novel which might have been obviated by a study of Marx.

To capture some of that unpredictable variety and romance which one finds even in the darkest depths of life, you have been led off the main road leading to your goal. In your novel too many of the characters are social sports and eccentrics. They are not typical enough. It isn't easy to fuse the typical and the individual in one true and breathing portrait, and yet that is our chief fictional problem. A knowledge of the structure of society is found in Marx, and Marx alone. He can help the writer attain the fusion I have described.

Your book reminds one of the early work of Jack London. You have his stalwart, easy familiarity with the American worker. You have his ear for the natural idiom of proletarian speech. The same dynamic rebellion and red-blooded poetry is in your style. You lack as yet his feeling for powerful dramatic form. And you have, I believe, what was always his chief fault, the one that destroyed him in the end: a subconscious sense of inferiority to the bourgeois world.

It is a common trait in the young proletarian struggling for self-education. You overvalue the decayed culture of the other world. Your hero, sunk in hopeless and mindless poverty, is naive enough to spout, in a nightmare rubber mill, some tinkling rhymes by a conventionally minor poet named Arthur Ficke. Your boy does this with reverence, and it is a false note that is repeated again and again. He is "literary" in the way of Jack

London, the "literariness" that begins by believing that to mouth a few lush stanzas by Swinburne makes one superior over illiterate drill press hands and factory girls. This snobishness usually ends, as it did with London, in believing that The Saturday Evening Post is the eternal standard of literature, and that the United States ought to annex Mexico.

But I know you will never succumb to the ignoble success that led to the mental and then physical suicide of Jack London. You have Revolution in your bones. You are making immense personal sacrifices to create a midwest proletarian literature through the medium of your magazine, The Anvil. You have written a first good book. It now belongs in the galaxy of the young literature of our class. You will write many more books and better ones. You are a leader. You are a writer. You are a proletarian shock-trooper whose weapon is literature. Nothing is easy for our class, but it is only in a hard school that greatness is tempered. Your book is a signal that you aspire to that greatness.

Your comrade and fellow-worker,

MICHAEL GOLD.

Of the World Revolution

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE.

Moscow, 1933. Numbers 1-4.

In the third year of publication International Literature (originally Literature of the World Revolution) gives many indications of realizing the purposes designed for it at the Kharkov conference of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers. Always indispensable because it was the only international organ of proletarian literature, the magazine has within the last year come closer to doing justice to the extent, the power, and the distinction of that literature. Its improvement is significant and satisfying because here we have the concrete manifestation of the international spirit of the revolutionary movement in its cultural expressions.

Each of the four issues published in 1933 has been arranged according to the same pattern: a section devoted to fiction, a section devoted to Soviet life, a section devoted to articles and criticism, and a section containing letters from writers, autobiographies of writers and news of the literary world. In the fiction section Russian writers have, not unnaturally, been predominant. In the course of the year International Literature has published extracts from works by Boris Pilnyak, N. Ogniov, L. Kassil and A. Fadayevev, as well as stories by I. Babel, R. Fraierman and others. We welcome these examples of what Soviet writers are doing, for they help us to understand both the Russian scene and the progress of literature under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Certain of this material stands up very well under the ordeal of translation not only into another language but also into another world. Pilnyak's *O. K.* is inevitably interesting because it displays the reactions of his brilliant mind to our own country, but the extracts

from Ogniov's *Three Dimensions* and Kassil's *Shvambrania*, which deal with Russian situations, are equally readable, and, indeed, they make one eager for the complete novels. On the other hand, certain stories have dealt so exclusively with conditions unfamiliar to us that it has been almost impossible to follow them and quite impossible to perceive their literary merits. One hopes that, in the future, the editors will bear in mind the difficulties of reading certain sorts of fiction across the barriers of language, race, and, more important, economic conditions.

The literature of other countries has not been neglected. The United States has been rather well represented with stories by Agnes Smedley, Walter Snow, Jack Conroy, and Marvin Klein, poems by Joseph Kalar, a sketch by Norman Macleod, part of Dos Passos' new play, *Fortune Heights* and letters from a good many other writers. Sketches and poems by Louis Aragon, an extract from a novel by Léon Moussinac, and a brief excerpt from Rolland's new novel speak for France; a story by Harold Heslop for England; a story by Bela Illes for Hungary; a story by F. Hayashi for Japan; and a story by Maria Gresshoner for Germany. American artists have also fared well: there have been drawings by Fred Ellis, Hugo Gellert, and Louis Lozowick. In the most recent issue Helios Gomez, a Spanish artist of the proletariat, has several drawings.

In criticism the Russians have been most active. There have been general articles by Lunacharsky, Lifschitz, and Dinamov, articles that touch on fundamental problems of Marxian esthetics. There have also been articles on particular writers: Ivashva on Lionel Britten, Filatova on Langston Hughes, and Dinamov on Sherwood Anderson. These articles, together with Ellistratova's discussion of Italian literature under Fascism, illustrate the variety of approaches that are possible within the general framework of Marxian principles. Perhaps the most interesting and valuable critical material, however, may be found in the various letters on literary questions by Marx and Engels that have appeared with comments by F. Schiller.

The only complaint I have to make against International Literature is that, as yet, countries other than the Soviet Union and the United States have not been adequately represented. It seems to me that the best work that appears in the proletarian magazines of each country should be reprinted in International Literature. To make room for this additional material, it might be well to omit from the English edition all work by English and American authors, from the French edition all material by French authors, and so on. After all, most of the readers of the magazine must know what is going on in their respective countries, and in each of these countries there are periodicals eager to publish work of merit. What we in America want to know is what Russian, French, German, South American, Japanese and Chinese proletarian writers

are doing, and International Literature is almost our only way of finding out. It might also be possible to omit some of the material on Soviet life, for, interesting as the various articles in this department have been, it is not difficult for us to learn about the Soviet Union from other sources.

Whatever the possibilities for improvement, however, International Literature is indispensable for everyone who is seriously interested in proletarian culture. And certainly, there is no reason not to expect improvements when each issue of 1933 has been better than its predecessors. On many grounds this progress is gratifying, but readers of the NEW MASSES will feel particular satisfaction in being able to attribute no inconsiderable part of it to Walt Carmon.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Will Durant of Criticism

PROMETHEANS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, by Burton Rascoe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. \$2.75.

It does not take much discernment to make the reader realize that in the writing of his new critical thriller Mr. Rascoe was, consciously or unconsciously, trying to crash the drug-store trade. Under the pretentious and totally irrelevant title *Prometheans* Mr. Rascoe has written a series of essays regarding nine arbitrarily selected literary-historical figures, such as Saint Mark, Lucian, Petronius, Dreiser, Lawrence and others. The author fails to establish even the shade of a real linkage between the subjects of his essays, of whom he writes with the lush *Bildungsphilisterei* of a panderer to the culture-coquetry of the Babbitts. Besides reiterating an array of familiar critical opinions that are by this time the common property of all and sundry, Mr. Rascoe also indulges himself in the practice of padding his essays with lengthy accounts of the plots of several of the works of the so-called *Prometheans*: *The American Tragedy* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, for example.

Writing concerning Nietzsche, Dreiser and Lawrence in 1933, Mr. Rascoe ignores the voluminous and passionate controversies in recent times concerning the class nature of art and thought. The truly vital problems of modern criticism are carefully avoided: instead, Mr. Rascoe surrenders himself to a vulgar eclecticism compounded of sage supra-

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class observations and the odds and ends of the psycho-analytic backwash. In his essay on Dreiser, for example, the author promulgates the view that it is Dreiser's inferiority complex of early years that impelled him to embark on a literary career: which may be true or false, but which still in no way explains the particular ideological tendencies manifested by Dreiser. Of Mr. Cabell, the least significant, the most philistine of the eminent writers of the middle generation, the author writes in the spirit of an early Mencken essay, becoming rapturous concerning Cabell's "consummate skill" as an artist and his urbane skepticism. Page after page Mr. Rascoe continues spinning a fabric of socially drained, meaningless humanist phrases such as "pilgrimage in search of truth and peace," "ceaseless quest for beauty," et cetera. To my mind there is only one passage in his essay on Lawrence which is well-aimed, and that is where he speaks of Lawrence's "fawning obsequiousness" in his letters to women of title and the extreme bliss he found in the circumstance of his marrying a countess. Such documentation is generally overlooked by the nascent Lawrence cultists among us, who are looking for all sorts of rationalizations for elevating Lawrence into a working-class champion lured away by the bourgeoisie. No one will deny that given a more favorable relationship of class forces in Great Britain, Lawrence might have developed into a giant of proletarian literature; but following the same "if" philosophy, it can be argued that Ramsay MacDonald might have been a Marxist.

In vain does the reader seek for evidence of creative motivation in *Prometheans*. Indeed the only possible motivation is unwittingly suggested by a newspaper columnist whom the publishers, in describing Mr. Rascoe's preceding volume on the dust jacket, quote with heavy approval. With the incisive emphasis of an advertising slogan this columnist states that "What Will Durant did for philosophy . . . Burton Rascoe does for literature."

PHILIP RAHV.

Upton Sinclair's EPIC Dream

I, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, by Upton Sinclair. Published by Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., N. Y. \$75.

In this entertaining little work, part fact, part fancy, Upton Sinclair essays the role of prophet. He sees himself elected Governor of California in 1934 (on the Democratic ticket). His platform in this extraordinary campaign is this book with its EPIC (End Poverty in California) plan. Four years later, to skip hastily, at the close of his term of office, we see Governor Sinclair making a last speech over the radio, reporting to the voters of California that EPIC has worked perfectly and that unemployment has been completely abolished. The California capitalists, it appears, are helpless in face of EPIC and abdicate in a peaceful, good-humored—almost sporting—sort of way.

Thus in the short space of 62 pages California becomes a co-operative commonwealth under the beneficent guidance of the Democratic party. The workers are in complete control of farms and factories and, of course, there is no longer any need or place for radicals, Communists and the like.

This sketchy outline probably fails to do full justice to Mr. Sinclair's diverting phantasy, but it suggests the high spots. Some readers may be puzzled, perhaps, by the picture of Upton Sinclair as the leader of the California Democracy. But this is easily explained. After all, wasn't his great-grandfather, Commodore Arthur Sinclair, a Democrat? Moreover, as far back as 1907, Mr. Sinclair points out, he "predicted that the Democratic party would be the instrument through which the needed changes would be brought about in America." Thus, despite some thirty years of active service in the Socialist party, Mr. Sinclair's real faith has always been in the Democrats. And he now sees this earlier faith justified. "I have watched with satisfaction a new birth of the Democratic principle under the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt." That is why, a few months ago, he quit the Socialist party, hopped on the Democratic bandwagon, and is now campaigning for the gubernatorial nomination of the Democratic party in California.

Well, what is this great EPIC plan, which wins over both workers and capitalists? In substance, it is a scheme for acquiring idle farms, idle factories, and idle city real estate for the use of California's unemployed. They are to be put to work to support themselves. And how are these useful facilities to be acquired? Why, in accordance with good sound Democratic principles, they are to be purchased from the California bankers and real estate speculators. State bonds will be floated for their purchase, and in time the workers will pay the financiers off.

Under this plan, Mr. Sinclair also guarantees to the present owners of California's bonded indebtedness (which has increased 2800% in the last 20 years) that all of these highly inflated securities will be paid in full by the workers. "If our propertied classes were wise," he hints, "they would take EPIC as the alternative to Communism."

Despite this generous offer, however, the propertied classes were at first inclined to place certain obstacles in the way of EPIC. During the campaign, for example, they sent an "attractive blonde young lady" to compromise Mr. Sinclair in his office. But he was equal to such dastardly tactics—he kept an office boy in the room during the interview.

Perhaps the most endearing scene in the book occurs when Mr. Sinclair's predecessor in office—a man by the name of Rolph—capitulates to EPIC. Governor Rolph, in the period between Mr. Sinclair's election and inauguration, "patriotically" co-operates in the appointment of commissions, etc., to hasten the success of Mr. Sinclair's "Socialist" state.

This book conclusively refutes the charge,

often raised by bourgeois critics, that Upton Sinclair is a mere sociologist and has no imagination.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Half and Half

CHRISTIANITY AND CLASS WAR, by Nicholas Berdyaev. \$1.50. Sheed and Ward.

Berdyaev, who began his career as a revisionist in Russia more than thirty years ago, eventually came to rest in the arms of the Greek Catholic Church, and now lives in Paris. His works are being imported by a Catholic publisher, and an essay by him has been published in Seward Collins' monarchist, medievalist, regionalist, humanist, fascist American Review. The great advantage Berdyaev has over the American anti-Marxists is that he has read Marx, and therefore his distortions have a show of plausibility. About half of this little volume is devoted to criticism of Marx's materialism and his theory of the class war. The other half is a plea for the spiritualization of the proletariat, to be carried on by a Christian intellectual aristocracy. Mr. Berdyaev has elsewhere predicted a return to the Middle Ages, which would just about bring his thinking up to date.

END AND BEGINNING

The fountain in the garden
Rises, chaste and playful white.
Yesterday they killed a woman
Working in the fields of Arkansas.
Murmurs in the water shift,
Say distinctness must be death.
Water-lilies gloat,
Reticent, creamily nuanced
Within the fluid mirrors of their souls.
Yesterday they lashed a worker,
Tore his brains, cracked his heart.
The shadows on the water,
Beyond the hate and peace of men.
Yesterday they told a child
To sell its arms for shreds of bread and meat.
The trees stand in the memorable
Privacy of twilight,
Once more alone, rejecting
The feuds and brandishings of day.
But yesterday they killed ten Negroes
In the stench of every southern state.
Twilight settles down without regret.
The fountain stops, the lilies sleep,
Darkness mends its cloak with twigs.
But yesterday they murdered a child
In the sand-dunes near Lake Michigan
In a fight between bootleggers.
What is prose and poetry
Bring the ash-can for this purity.
The trees must wait until the dogs
Die to fertilize their roots.
The water in the pool is blood,
The fountain snores, and peace is emptiness.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Music

Russian Scene

THE constantly shifting musical scene in Russia is a source of wonder and enlightenment to an observer, even at this distance. In line with the Soviet musical aims not only to afford encouragement and incentive to contemporary composers, but more completely to understand and accurately appraise the heritage of the past, much research is undertaken to bring to light little-known aspects of great masters.

The 40th anniversary of the death of Tschaikowsky (Nov. 1933) has been commemorated by Soviet musical organizations in a number of ways. Data relative to the personality and life of the composer have been published and re-published. Particularly interesting is the publication of the complete edition of Tschaikowsky's correspondence with N. T. von Meck, prepared by the Academia Publishers, which covers the most fruitful period in the composer's life, and contains a wealth of material for the elucidation of the artistic physiognomy of the composer and the genesis of his greatest works. In addition, the re-publication and re-editing of a large number of Tschaikowsky's works, notably a complete edition of his Symphonies.

Concert organizations in Moscow alone are presenting upwards of thirty Tschaikowsky concerts. Considerable attention is given in the concert programs to less-known and rarely-played compositions, such as the *Manfred Symphony*, the symphonic ballad *Voyevoda*, the *Phantasie* for piano and orchestra, etc. Leningrad concerts include excerpts from the operas *Virgin of Orleans*, *Iolantha*, and *Opritchnik*. The Leningrad Hermitage dedicated a cycle of concerts to the execution and scientific analysis of his unpublished and little-known works.

These activities are in addition to the inclusion of the well-known operas *The Queen of Spades* (Pique Dame), *Eugen Onegin* and the symphonies, etc., in the standard repertory of the opera houses and concert halls throughout Russia.

Asafyev, composer of the music of the ballet *Flame of Paris*, which is now running upon the largest ballet stages in the USSR, is completing a new ballet upon the theme of Pushkin's poem *Fountain of Bakhtchisarai*.

The ballet was conceived by the composer as a romantic musico-choreographical poem, recreating the atmosphere of the ballet performances of the early part of the 19th century—the epoch of Pushkin and Griboyedov. Here, as in the *Flame of Paris*, the composer attempts peculiarly stylistic reproduction; yet, while in his previous work he merely revealed himself as a capable editor of musico-historical documents, in "Bakhtchisarai Fountain" he undertakes original creation, albeit profoundly

imbued with the spirit of the epoch represented. In this ballet, Asafyev actually borrows only two pieces: the romance of Gurilev on Pushkin's poem, which opens and closes the ballet, and a nocturne by Field.

Asafyev's great merit lies in his restoring to ballet music its dance character, yet without falling short of the demands made on musical form by modern developments in the technique of composition.

Kortchmariev's new symphony *Holland* has met with great interest, both by Soviet critics and public. In form it is a large choral symphony, in six parts, with the participation of six soloists. It is based on four poems by the Dutch poet Ief Last. The first movement portrays a musical landscape, the second and third parts are dramatic episodes, the fourth movement is based on a sailor's song, and the finale is in sonata form with an extended coda, summarising the themes developed in the other movements.

Holland furnishes one more proof of the fact that the form of the choral symphony, of a monumental work combining in itself both orchestral and vocal means of expression, is becoming more and more an important manifestation and development in Russia.

The composer Chemberdji has completed a symphony, *A Matter of Valour*, on a theme connected with the history of the Stalingrad Tractor Works. The heroic struggle of the Stalingrad workers in the mastering of new technique has found expression in the dramatic solemnity of this symphony. *A Matter of Valour* is also in the form of a "choral" symphony, with the inclusion of both choir and soloists. The words were written by the poet Serge Gorodetsky.

The history of another big industrial plant is the source of inspiration of the Leningrad composer, Scherbatchov, who is now working on *The Izhora Poem*. The program of this symphony traces the history of the pre-revolutionary working class from drunken despondency to the first strikes of the proletariat of Leningrad.

Scherbatchov is also writing an opera based on the serfdom of the peasants, working in close contact with the director Radlov and the company of the Little Opera Theatre, where this opera is to be staged.

American Scene

Paul Whiteman has recently offered a substantial sum of money for the creation of an orchestral composition in "modern" ("jazz") idiom. At first glance, one shudders at the sight of the crowd of unemployed, hungry American composers, who, within sight of the goal so temptingly offered, must fail in the attainment of the prize. Yet, inadvertently, Mr. Whiteman may have shown the way to some budding American genius, not only to

write a masterpiece in the required "idiom," but to point the way out of our musical morass. The "way out" has come to me in a vision: A program for "A Symphonic Fantasy; A Prophecy," which follows:

Requirements: Nothing less than Paul Whiteman's jazz orchestra; leading members, resident and non-resident, followers and flunkies of Tin-Pan Alley; together with bootleggers, gangsters (uninvited), jazz players; all bearing standards emblazoned: "WE DID OUR PART." Scenic effects—and in the finale a proletarian chorus.

Scene: Setting for a banquet tendered by King Jazz to his cohorts of Tin-Pan Alley, in honor of the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. A throne too large for the present needs of P. W.; a coffin for the Eighteenth Amendment; a bathtub, etc., etc.

Action: The constant sound of jazz, comprising any and all tunes heard in the period of financial anarchy and bath-tub gin (the passing of which is symbolized by the death of the Eighteenth Amendment), played simultaneously by players wandering freely about the stage, at will, in every conceivable naturalistic pose: drinking, from a bath-tub of gin, conversing, executing various jazz dances, singing, etc.; all symbolizing in action and playing the chaos and cacophony of "rugged individualism." The behavior of all present grows more and more furious. The group about the corpse, singing syncopated snatches of "Oh Dry Those Tears," and drinking toasts to the deceased—after an ancient Irish custom—is particularly frenetic in its noise making.

Above all the turmoil sits King Jazz on the throne, somewhat reduced in size and importance. As the "crazy rhythms" become more and more violent, King Jazz, who has been seen to twitch spasmodically from time to time, leaves his throne, whirling into the Saint Vitus dance for which he is so justly famous. All his cohorts gather about him, giving encouragement in singing, whistling, playing—until, at the height of his dance, King Jazz is taken with a violent seizure, and, completely deflated, expires.—In terror, the crowd slinks away, to the strains of "Good-bye, Forever"—slightly jazzed—growing more and more faint as dawn gradually comes. As the sound of the jazz-mongers lessens, a new sound is heard, also from a distance, but from an entirely different direction. At first it seems to resemble a Negro spiritual. But as it gradually approaches, with the constantly increasing intensity of the light of day, it is not recognizable as possessing any racial characteristics whatsoever. It swells into a magnificent song, accompanied by the marching of many feet; a song which seizes with its power anyone within earshot, compelling all to join with the singing as well as the marching.—Finally, at the attainment of the climax, tremendously cumulative in effect, the vanguard of a vast marching army of workers appears—marching and singing—magnificently rhythmic, overwhelmingly vital—

ASHLEY PETTIS.

The Theatre

THE LAKE, the new Jed Harris production at the Martin Beck Theatre, with settings by Jo Mielziner; Katharine Hepburn is starred and Frances Starr and Blanche Bates are in the cast.

THIS much-touted dramatic study of the personality of a young woman was a disappointment to everyone who saw it. The performance of Katharine Hepburn as the young woman also was a let-down to most people. This, however, was because they had been misled by previous impressions of Miss Hepburn in the films. Miss Hepburn is a quite strikingly personable figure who at present is still handicapped by a harsh and monotonous voice and an inflexibility in general performance. But these are difficulties that she may overcome. She is a young woman without wide experience. It is not her fault that too much was expected of her, or that the managements of stage and screen over-publicized her, more to their own immediate advantage than hers. It will, however, be her fault if she permits further exploitation along these lines.

The play itself is disappointing for reasons that are not usually assumed. The production and casting are above average and the writing, in a similarly conventional way, is also good. The reasons for the disappointment are more subtle than these considerations. But the reasons are not difficult to find.

The young woman in the case is the only child of British parents who belong to the sub-aristocracy of wealth. She is a girl of uncommon cleverness and good taste but her upbringing has resulted in her attaining maturity with no real confidence in herself and no sense of a definite place in life, aside from the position of daughter in a stuffy household. At the same time, because her lack of confidence is in conflict with her pride, latent abilities, and a simple urge to live more fully, she develops an intense dread of failure. All this is related specifically to the influence of a fretting mother's impositions.

The girl finds herself incapable of assuming mature responsibility. In the uncertainty of her outlook, she breaks off a flirtation with

a married man of the neighborhood to marry someone she does not love. This situation leads quickly to violent misfortune and an impulse to suicide, followed by a reputedly heroic resolution to make the most of a bad bargain by means of an introspective glorification of the memory of one hour of happiness. That moment of happiness was on the occasion when she fell in love with her husband shortly before his death.

This, then, is the general outline of the story, to which the authors have appended many alternately graceful and ironic references to contemporary British manners and morals.

The initial point of this review, however, is that the characters in this play, on which the dynamic Jed Harris has pinned the bouquet of his directorial style and the hope of his pocketbook, are not worth a fraction of their weight in words, without mentioning the weight of costumes and scenery. They are

typical of the sort of characters that until recently were the favorite material of popular authors and fashionable audiences. The second point is that even this same Broadway audience is at last having to acknowledge to itself the vacuity and banality of the sort of polite, smart life that for years it has been paying good money to see dramatized.

The point goes deeper than this, of course. The characters in *The Lake* are not important to anyone but themselves. They are effete and they have nowhere to go. These athletes of the bridle paths and these speculators at the bridge tables who, with their pretty ladies, re-decorate the landscapes that nature and their fathers bequeathed to them, are not even important to capitalism, and far less so to civilization. As characters on the stage they are coming to be less and less amusing, and their emotional problems less and less absorbing to those of their own kind who buy \$4.40 locations "out front." To these \$4.40 prototypes *The Lake* might well be embarrassing and uncomfortable, it is so clear in its implications as an unintentional expose of their role in the drama of life.

WILLIAM GARDNER.

The Screen

THE TORTUOUS paralysis of introversion, the pre-occupation with time and time relationship have been revealed to us in the decadent literature of the bourgeoisie. It is only recently, however, that the Surrealist worldview has been expressed in the cinema. Though some of these films were shown at the Film Society in New York last year, it was in Cocteau's *Blood of a Poet* that decadence found its widest American audience.

There were some who dismissed the Cocteau film as bourgeois degeneracy, and, in doing so, felt they had achieved a full understanding of all that Cocteau had said. This contemptuously moral view is one we cannot accept. Though the ultimate judgment of Rimbaud, Proust, Joyce, Cocteau, of the Surrealists, the Decadents and the symbolists must be essentially moral, there is a significance in the work of these individuals and schools that contemptuous dismissal will not reveal.

Beside giving us a necessary insight into the bourgeois worldview, the limited and distorted reality they have recreated in their work, there are elements in the human psyche they have succeeded in baring, mercilessly turning back layer after layer in the subconscious mind.

These may be elements we cannot immediately use in our own revolutionary literature and cinema; eventually, however, these tools and experiences may be inherited by us. There are, besides, tenuous and diffuse sensibilities and experiences, seemingly bordering on the "occult" only because the barriers of language have withheld them from us, that these works

in part reveal. Today it is inexpedient and uneconomic, and, in the revolutionary movement perhaps impossible, to indulge ourselves in these problems. These, too, become a legacy to the future. If the bourgeoisie in expressing itself discloses these matters to us, we should attend; let us take what we can, and for the rest, understand their warped vision the better to destroy it.

If the Cocteau film failed, it was not the decadent statement that made for the failure; in literature an integrated and forceful expression has been achieved by Rimbaud, Valery, Proust, and Joyce. Of all mediums, the cinema is perhaps best suited for the complex and refracted expression of the introverted mind. The unintelligibility of *Blood of a Poet* stemmed from Cocteau's ignorance of the cinema craft. Mechanically he had transferred the figures of speech of poetry to celluloid and in doing so thought he had created a film. The exigencies of space make a detailed analysis of the film impossible, but here is one illustration of what we mean. A title flashed on the screen reads: "With the hum of factories a Negro advances." This Negro with a mechanical gadget on his back is then shown lying on top of a helpless boy. When he rises, the boy is no longer present; he has been absorbed. Had Cocteau understood and used the specific cinematic sentence and metaphor, we are certain his film would not have been obscure; the audience would have realized that the episode cited was a reflection on factory civilization absorbing the individual, that the

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film was a contemplation of the timelessness of the Moment, a statement of the Surrealist thesis of the history's meaninglessness, a recital on the delights and anguish of auto-eroticism.

What Cocteau said poorly, J. S. Watson has succeeded in saying profoundly and intensely in *Lot in Sodom*, the short subject at the Little Carnegie Playhouse. This film is a brilliant, poetic study in sensual pleasures and corruptions. Like Cocteau, Watson has concerned himself with a symbolic statement on homosexuality and the subconscious; but he has created his film in purely cinematic terms: where Cocteau's symbols were always literary, Watson has shown an appreciation of the cinematic gamut, drawing upon all resources of the camera, lenses, speeds and distortions.

The technical innovations will undoubtedly be tapped by Hollywood. Watson, besides, has created within each frame canvases that recall El Greco, Blake, and Mark Chagall. He has recreated dramatically Freud's dream symbolism, that, for perspicacity and intense poetic expression, equals the dream-trial passages in Joyce's *Ulysses*. The passage dealing with the daughter's desire represents one of the most forceful and disturbing symbolic sequences ever to be created in film.

The feature picture on the same program was the independent production *Dawn to Dawn*. It is the story of a girl forced to

drudge and fritter her life away on an isolated farm, serving a sick and jealous father who denies her the companionship of men. The treatment of the theme is limited, it is reminiscent of the sensibilities of the early twenties that found their most fruitful expression in the young O'Neill at Provincetown, in the stories of Sherwood Anderson and the poetry of Robinson Jeffers. For us the theme and situation have become clichés, the reality they disclose is too limited to be satisfying, and we find that *Dawn to Dawn* lacks the salt of substance. Despite its limitations, the film is honest and fresh as no Hollywood film can ever be. The photography is excellent, the continuity and mounting, though perhaps naïve, competent and thorough.

It is these independent productions that offer the only hope for a future in the American film. The work of the national Film and Photo Leagues, of independent Camera Clubs, of independent producers and amateurs, alone can produce the honest and integrated films we hardly ever receive from Hollywood. In the near future we hope it will be possible to organize the revolutionary, independent and amateur groups into a broad united front against Hollywood, creating, at the same time, an apparatus for the distribution and production of revolutionary and independent films.

NATHAN ADLER.

Art Calendar

Of all the current exhibitions, the 16-cities' show at the Museum of Modern Art deserves particular attention. It is a cross-section of the art now being produced in the United States. In that light it assumes the importance of an historical record. The paintings themselves, without aid of catalog, practically defy geographical placement. We might suspect that a certain nude hails from Santa Fe, only because it rests upon a Navajo blanket, not because the fine design traditions of the Indians have influenced the work of the painter.

The hand of the art importer is depressingly visible throughout. Beneath the cosmetic of modern French styles nothing vital is expressed.

Art Young has written his biography on the walls of the Delphic Studios in the form of a retrospective exhibition of his works. With typical humor he calls it his "first and last exhibition." The exhibit ends January 14th, but we feel sure the work Art Young will continue to produce after that date will be more than enough to fill other galleries in the future.



"THE PURER THE ART, THE RARER THE AUDIENCE."—ROGER FRY.

Adolf Dehn

Dawn. It is the story of the



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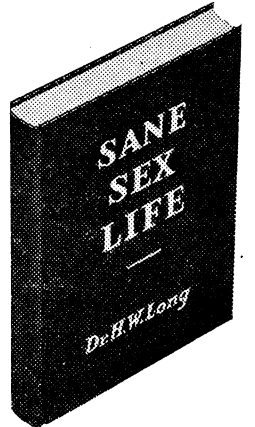
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