

new
Masses

FEBRUARY 6, 1934

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U.S.S.R.

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THE NEW MASSES LECTURE BUREAU

announces

A MUSICAL EVENING

at

WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL
Irving Place and East 17th Street New York City

on

Thursday, February 15, at 8:15 P. M.

(No seating during numbers)

+ PROGRAMME +

1. Sonata—E Major, for piano and violin. *J. S. Bach*
Lilla Kalman and Sylvia Sapira
2. Sonata—A Minor, violin, Grave and Fugue. . . *J. S. Bach*
Lilla Kalman
3. A Group of Negro Spirituals
Marsh Hymn. *composed in 1922 by Ashley Pettis*
Dorothy Edwards—*Contralto*
Ashley Pettis *at the Piano*
4. Repertory Playhouse Associates present:
A Mass Recital, "America, America" by *Alfred Kreymborg*
Orator *Harold Baumstone*
First Couple. *Theodosia Young, Colfax Saunderson*
Second Couple. *Elizabeth Timberman, John O'Shaughnessy*
Crowd *Georgia Graham, Helen Cross, Hester Sondergaard,*
Betty Barr, Harry Coultoff, Henry Howard.

INTERMISSION

5. Passacaglia *Aaron Copeland*
Sonatina on Hungarian Themes. *Bela Bartok*
Sylvia Sapira
6. Sonata—D Minor. *Adrien Schaposhnickow*
for flute and piano
(a) Andante con moto—allegro ma non troppo
(b) Menuetto: Allegretto
(c) Allegro molto
Norman Cazden and George Lisitsky
(Juilliard Chapter, National Students League)
7. Sonata *Schostakowitsch*
Norman Cazden

Admission—35 cents and 50 cents

Tickets on Sale at:

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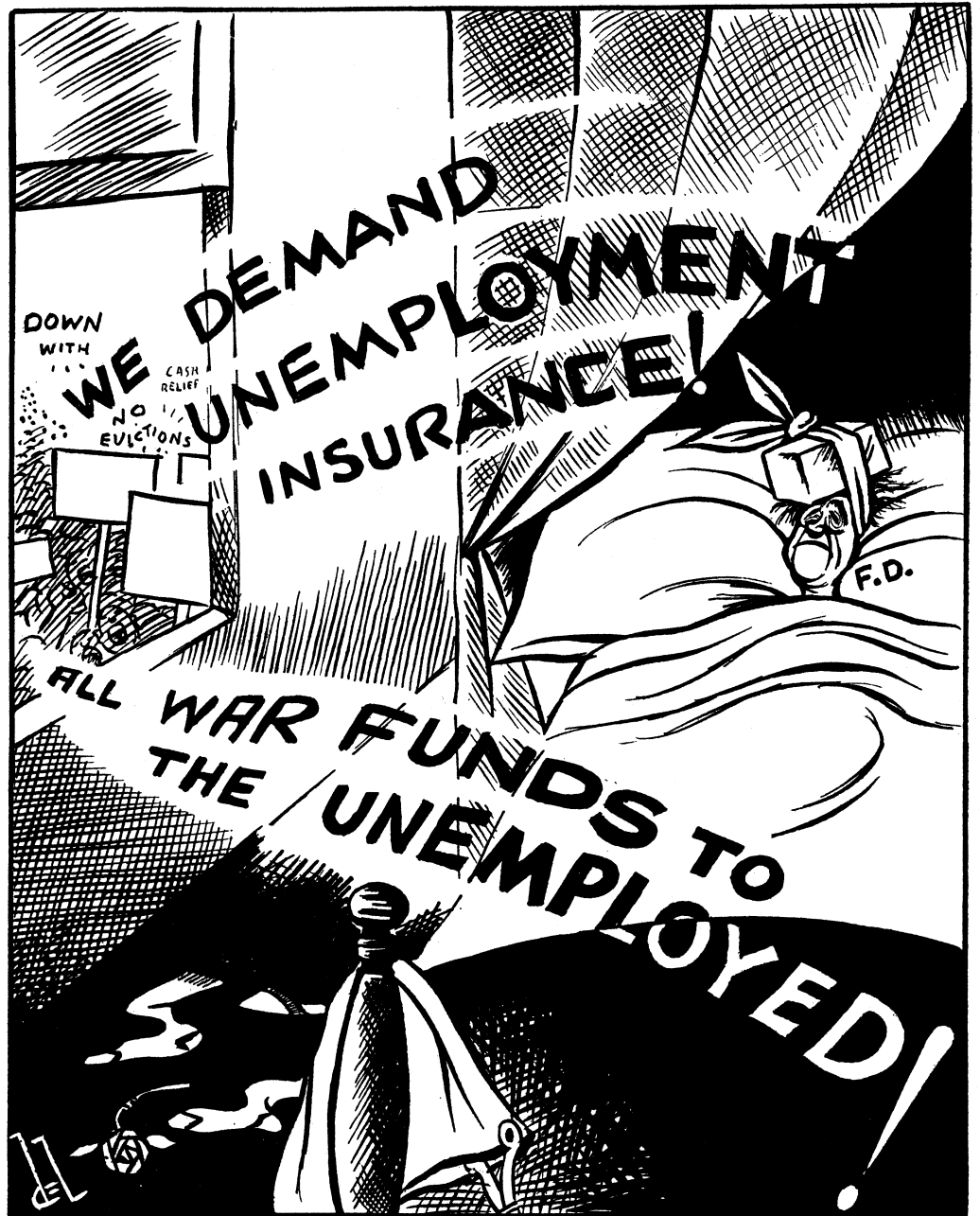
THE NEW MASSES BOOK SERVICE
31 East 27 Street New York City

new Masses

FEBRUARY 6, 1934

ERSKINE CALDWELL, correspondent of *THE NEW MASSES*, is in danger. His personal safety is seriously threatened because of his sensational revelations of anti-Negro terror in Georgia, first published in our Jan. 16th and 23rd issues. Many periodicals and newspapers have since found it necessary to pay some attention to Caldwell's expose. An unsolicited letter from Atlanta advises us: "If Caldwell sticks to his post and continues to fight, something will happen to him." But Caldwell has no intention of keeping silent. "It's my story and I stick to it," he replied when notified to appear before the grand jury in May to show proof of his charges that at least three innocent Negroes were put to death by Jefferson county whites. Solicitor-General Gross eloquently threatens to "put Caldwell in jail until he is ready to talk—" but both Caldwell and his father, Rev. I. S. Caldwell, are more than ready to talk right now; for the coroner's jury reported "death at the hands of parties unknown" and the lynchers right now are "walking the streets in heroic strides."

SOLICITOR-GENERAL GROSS refers to Caldwell's charges as "unfounded." Now, after the protest initiated by *THE NEW MASSES* and supported by the International Labor Defense, and the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, the Interracial Commission upon investigation substantiates all that Caldwell reported. There is a growing agitation for a special session of the grand jury investigation to be held *before* May. Solicitor Gross cannot understand the hurry: "The killings which Caldwell relates are nothing out of the ordinary!" Gross is quoted as saying in the *Atlanta Constitution*. Meanwhile the two Negroes who witnessed the terror are being protected in jail by Sheriff Smith, who states that he is "afraid to turn these Negroes out: they may be slain or otherwise harmed by white men." (*Augusta Chronicle*.) Indeed they may, for as our Atlanta correspondent remarks, terror and murder are "regular things . . . not only in Jefferson county, or Georgia, but wherever the Negro forms any considerable percentage of the population, and when-



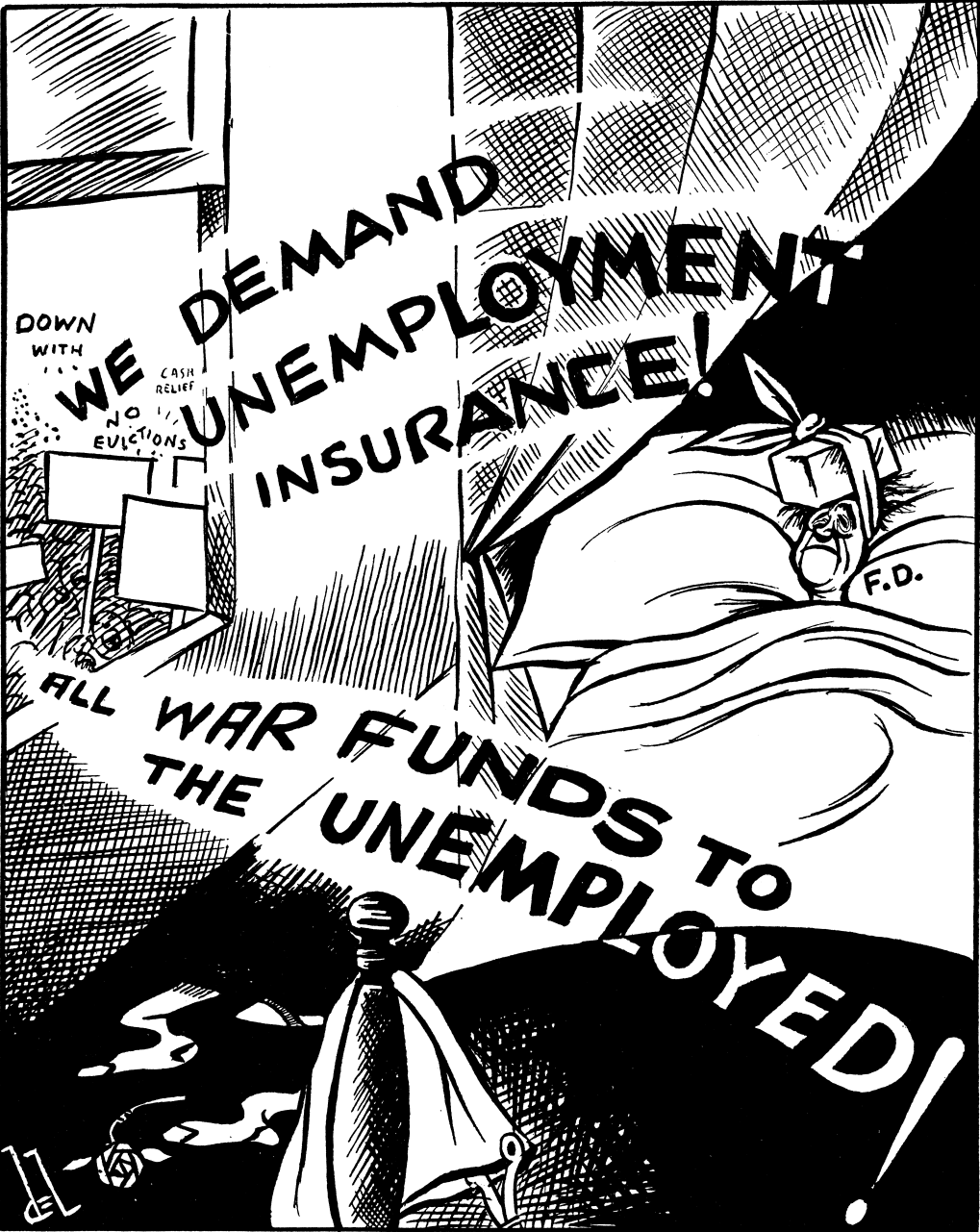
"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER . . ."

Del

ever he is bold enough to stand up for his own rights." And he adds: "As for the poorer class of whites, when their interests clash with that of the 'bosses' or if they demand their rights, their treatment is not much better."

PREPARATIONS for the next war gained considerable momentum during the past week. First of all, Gen. William N. Haskell, of the New York National Guard, doffed his uniform (or did he?) to become executive director of the code authority in the rayon and silk dyeing industries. Now rayon manufactures can be converted almost overnight into a war industry—explosives, T.N.T., etc. Thus Gen. Haskell becomes the virtual commandant of 130 potential munition plants—a direct tie-up of strategic war industry with the war department. Meanwhile the House

Committee on Naval Affairs recommended that Roosevelt be given "blanket authority" to bring the Navy air force to (London) treaty strength. Admiral William H. Standley, chief of Naval operations, explains that this means building 1,184 war planes at a cost of \$95,000,000. And these are planes suitable for long-distance warfare. When the new fighting contingent is ready the Navy will have 2,184 war planes ready for action. The War Department promptly adopted a new 5-year plan of construction for the Air Corps which will add 1,000 long distance planes (mileage to London: 3,500; to Tokyo and Vladivostok, over 4,000.) The United States can now boast the greatest united aerial combat force in the world. As a result of this progress toward prosperity there was some excitement on the Stock Exchange



"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER ..."

when Wright Aeronautic stock jumped from 33 to 75.

THE President was too occupied with his affairs to meet the delegation of the American League Against War and Fascism. The delegation did get an audience with Speaker Rainey, who said: "I believe there will be war in the spring." The committee lodged its protest on behalf of hundreds of thousands of Americans who do not stop at being alarmed over impending war, but organize against it. For the facts are incontrovertible. Millions of America's youth who were in kindergarten when the world was being saved for democracy are now fearfully close to No Man's Land. The rivalry for markets is near the bursting point: newspapers may soon be printing the President's war message, radios blaring the Star Spangled Banner and the flags swirling down the avenue! For those who do not or cannot bring themselves to believe this, we list the following stubborn facts:

1. 238 millions given by Roosevelt, under pretext of public works for the building of 32 battleships.
 2. 7½ millions appropriated to the P. W.A. for aviation construction.
 3. 295 millions in naval appropriations to be used during 1935.
 4. 475 millions for a treaty navy.
 5. 95 millions recommended for war planes.
- A total of \$1,110,500,000 for armaments!

DYING capitalism grasps at war as its only salvation. And the people must be forewarned: forearmed by organization before the bugles begin to blow. The NEW MASSES urges this anti-war program: mobilize on the broadest united front! Workers, farmers, intellectuals—men, women and children — another war approaches, more horrible than the imagination can picture! If guns are forced into our hands we will use them in civil war against the war mongers! And if it be war against the Soviet Union—our class brothers—we will fight to defend the only land in the world where peace is the program! But, the time is short. Organize! Organize! Organize!

DR. CONANT, Harvard's new president, is worried about the appetite of American workers—not for material things, of course, but for culture of the exclusive Harvard brand.



A dreamer of dreams, he envisages steadily-employed, well-fed, well-housed workers of the capitalist future and warns us they will be hungry for books, music, and drama. Harvard must prepare for the demand by producing "a group of creative workers which will make permanent contributions to civilization of the greatest significance." More pretentious nonsense has seldom been intoned, even in these years of Pelley and Dennis. First, how are Harvard creators to do creative work under capitalism which has no jobs for its college graduates? But even assuming they find employment, how can they make "permanent contributions" of "greatest significance" when the compulsions and prohibitions of art and science under capitalism make the creation of true culture impossible? The "greatest" contributions cannot be produced in a decaying social system unless artists and scientists pierce the obfuscations and contradictions by the burning clarity of Marxism . . . But perhaps we misunderstand Dr. Conant's meaning. Perhaps by "permanent contributions to civilization" he means such cultural works as he himself confessed to when in 1917-18 he received the War Department's plaudits for his contributions to the art of chemical warfare.

THE President's insistence on discarding the entire C.W.A. machinery affords another impressive example of the monstrous waste and the impossibility of capitalist "planning." Now—exactly two months after it was launched on a wave of unprecedented ballyhoo and hailed as an inspired device to create four million jobs—the C.W.A. is slated for the scrap-heap. The Presi-

dent has his reasons: pressure, first, from the bankers who want security for their billions in loans to the Federal government, and, second, from the industrialists who feared the C.W.A. was jacking up the wage-scales. But there are additional causes. C.W.A. provided an opportunity for hitherto unorganized workers to band together outside the strait-jacket confines of the A. F. of L. Since C.W.A. is identified with federal authority the resentment of hundreds of thousands of workers embittered by its manifest cruelties turned upon Washington. The increasing number of C.W.A. strikes and protests throughout the nation were necessarily strikes and protests pointed directly at the government itself. The President had long been posing as the champion of the forgotten man against certain "piratical" industrialists and capitalists—but under the C.W.A., where he is "boss-man" and as much a slave-driver as any other capitalist, he suddenly bethought himself. Roosevelt may well have rued his handiwork, looking upon it as a potential Frankenstein.

MEANWHILE nation-wide protests have compelled the administration to make some gesture toward softening the initial blow. We now hear of the new "950 million dollar relief program" which, upon examination, proves to comprise the original \$350,000,000 intended to keep the C.W.A. running on one cylinder until its scheduled halt May 1, plus \$600,000,000 to be doled out in dribbles "during the remainder of this fiscal year and the next year." Washington is being flooded with wires and letters of protest, including generally sharp disapproval from municipal and State officials. The local politicians face the prospect of being left exposed to the anger of the bankers on one side, and the increasing pressure from relief-demanding masses on the other. Workers employed on C.W.A. projects made their protest plain at being informed that "the show is over." Witness the protest demonstration of 2,000 white-collar workers in New York City, and the spontaneous strike of over 4,000 in West Virginia. A call for a general one-day protest strike, issued by the swiftly-growing Relief Workers' League of New York, has received wide response. The endurance of both relief workers and the totally unemployed is breaking down under the grinding uncertainty of



Fox

Roosevelt's day-to-day economy—"planning under capitalism" as exemplified in the C.W.A. fiasco.

IN the face of Roosevelt's decision to taper off the C.W.A. by spring, the National Convention Against Unemployment, in Washington, Feb. 3, assumes even greater significance. For the initiator of this project is the Unemployed Council, the same organization that led the 1931 and 1932 Hunger Marchers to Washington—mass actions which were undeniably responsible for some of the federal relief subsequently obtained. Of outstanding importance in the program of the convention is the Workers' Unemployment and Insurance Bill which has already been approved by thousands of workers as well as four city councils. It provides for: (1) \$10 a week minimum relief for every jobless worker, \$3 additional for each dependent; (2) federal relief funds to be secured by special taxation of incomes over \$5,000; (3) distribution of funds under the direction of workers' committees; (4) guarantees against racial discrimination in the granting of employment and relief; (5) refusal to accept less than union wages.

THAT organized labor realizes the importance of these provisions is evidenced by the large number of

unions which have already presented credentials, including A. F. of L., independent and left-wing organizations. Many other fraternal and mass associations, and unemployed organizations of all political shades, representing thirty states, have sent delegations. The proposed united action is of supreme immediate importance in the face of the increased unemployment and hunger which must result from any curtailment of federal relief. Moreover, the convention represents an important step toward the welding together of all workers. For working class solidarity is not only a move against unemployment and hunger, but against the threats of Fascism—and of its bed-fellow, war.

NICE people are offended, when, after they have read "nice proletarian" novels like *Union Square* and *The Good Earth*, "upstart radical critics" come along and denounce them. Are not these best selling novels about workers and peasants? Aren't they "sympathetic"? The answer appears in the attitude toward workers and revolutionists in these novels. In *Union Square*, the worker was characterized as thick skulled and listless, the "Communist" as an ineffectual, romantic, little man. In Pearl Buck's new book, *The Mother*, the revolutionist is repre-

sented with "sympathy," but as a flighty, irresponsible youth who let his hard working mother and brother do all the work, and was dragged into the revolutionary movement by a hot-headed girl. Here again, by subtle disparagement, the revolutionist is represented as a no-account, worth a little cheap sympathy, but nothing more. It is significant that liberal critics have made these novels best-sellers while a powerful and truly proletarian novel like Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread*, has been ignored.

THE Philharmonic Symphony Society has made an appeal to the general public for funds to meet a deficit which is estimated at \$150,000 for the present season, and for an additional \$500,000 to guarantee its future existence. We are told: "the Philharmonic Symphony Association has curtailed expenses by every means in its power. Conductors have accepted substantial cuts of salary. The Musical Union has agreed to a cut in the players' salaries which is 20 percent under the wage scale of 1929." So many cultural and artistic activities have collapsed during the crisis that the predicament of the Philharmonic Society should not cause such surprise and consternation as is flowing from the editorial and news comments in the daily press. It cannot be denied that the symphony is superimposed upon the shaky foundation of the patronage of the wealthy, whose hobby it has always been, and that, even with the reduction of operating expenses which has taken place, the income derived from its large following of middle class auditors has at no time been sufficient to meet its obligations.

AMONG the more obvious false cultural aspects in the policy of the Philharmonic has been the glorification of eminent conductors; and in particular one eminent conductor, at an exorbitant salary which permits him to return to his own country as soon as the concert season is ended, with a fortune which places him in a class with the financially pre-eminent. The past history of the Philharmonic shows the failure to re-engage those conductors whose talent was only for music and whose social graces did not include flattery and obsequiousness to their patrons. If the Symphony Society were not upon a false basis, it would bring music, new and old, not "prima-donna" conductors, to all, at rates within reach of the poorest. More orchestras would be demanded. The musician, no longer an artist upon a

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pedestal, would take his place with the worker, laboring for the common good. Music making as well as creation, would gain fresh vitality and meaning.

THE first anniversary of the Nazi regime witnessed the complete destruction of the "legal" remnants of the German trade unions. When Hitler came to power he immediately destroyed the revolutionary unions. This was followed by the "coördination" of the reformist unions into the Nazi labor-front. The workers were forced to join the fascist unions, and lost all right to strike or make labor contracts. Communists, however, penetrated the fascist unions, and used them as a weapon in defense of wages and better working conditions. In fact, Hitler had to issue a decree ordering the arrest of all workers in fascist unions who confronted the Nazis with their former demagogic promises, or used the fascist apparatus as an instrument to fight for working class demands. The illegal activity of the Communists became so dangerous that on Jan. 15 the Nazis ordered the formal and complete abolition of even the fascist unions. After May 1, a vertical organization of all employers and all workers will be set up. It is designed to do away with "class warfare," that is, to reduce the worker to an industrial serf at the complete mercy of his employer.

UNDER the new Nazi labor code all strikes are forbidden. The settlement of all differences between the leader (employer) and his following (workers) is put into the hands of the boss. All wage agreements become void after May 1; but the employer is put on his "honor" to safeguard the economic well-being of his workers. The boss is to exercise his "leadership" in a spirit of public responsibility. He is to put "the common good before private profit." Although Economics Minister Schmitt has said that "the government will not tolerate changes in the existing wage levels," the New York Times of Jan. 25 reports that inquiries do not bear out his statements that wages will be maintained. "In small establishments especially employees say that *employers pay what they please* and that complaints at the labor office are met with the reply: 'Jobs are not easy to get now. Better stick to yours and don't complain.'" This law making the worker the feudal serf of his employer proves that Hitler is carrying out every promise he made to

the big bankers and industrialists. To American workers the complete destruction of the German unions should be of great interest. General Johnson, Walter Teagle of the Standard Oil, Gerard Swope of General Electric, have all come out for the vertical organization of all workers in so-called federal unions. Workers and the white-collar groups that are organizing now, must increase their fight a hundred-fold if they are to safeguard their unions from the fate that befell those in Germany.

THE Roosevelt administration will do anything for the unemployed except give them adequate relief or unemployment insurance. It is significant and ominous that the administration's answer to the nationwide demand that the C.W.A. program be extended—and not terminated—is the plan of Federal relief administrator Harry L. Hopkins to move 1,000,000 unemployed men and their families to "subsistence communities." Unemployed workers from industrial towns and cities are to be chained to subsistence homesteads on sub-marginal land, that is, land that even big farmers cannot operate. "Large numbers of families whose economic future (according to Mr. Hopkins) is so discouraging that it seems improbable they will ever be accommodated again in industry or on the farms," are to be driven out of cities and towns where they might organize and *fight* for jobs and unemployment insurance. The Roosevelt regime believes with Hitler that city pavements are breeding places of revolt. Fetter the unemployed worker to a worthless piece of land, reduce him to the position of a feudal serf. He will thus be taken off the relief rolls (the banker applauds), and in addition will furnish cheap labor in the plants that rationalized industry is establishing in small towns and rural areas (the industrialist joins the applause).

THE worker who will not be transported to a region where he will be able to work a few months of the year in a factory, "may work part of the time in the national forests" or he may be taught "handicrafts." It does not matter very much, Mr. Hopkins said, which alternative is taken. In any event the government "would not have to give them any more than we are now giving them for relief." It is interesting to compare this plan to enslave 1,000,000 families with the hullabaloo that was raised when the extraordinary success of

the first Five-Year plan brought millions of peasants from the country to the industrial cities. Bourgeois and liberal hypocrites protested that nature-loving peasants were driven to the cities to manufacture products under conditions of forced labor. Now these same gentlemen carry out the corollary of their proposition—they intend to transform the starving worker into a worshipper of nature—and a hungry peasant.

SIX more Communists were beheaded last week in Germany. Workers continue to disappear from their homes, never to return. Nazi Secret Police are everywhere on the hunt for the militant workers. "Our enemies shall learn that the Nazi revolution has not passed to the peaceful evolution stage," a leading German banker said the other day. And yet the workers' revolution expands, matures. The "groups of five" function in the shops. Literature finds its way to the workingman, in his bread, through a hundred ingenious methods that cannot be traced. Workers come out on the streets and demonstrate. Hundreds marched past the graves of Liebknecht and Luxembourg, on the anniversary of their murder by the Social Democrats and dropped flowers despite the vigilance of the S.A. men. Workers win economic demands in their shops. The actions of solidarity initiated by the brother parties of the German Communist Party and all enemies of Fascism hearten and strengthen the movement. The Communist Party of the U. S. A. has issued a call to organize "direct material aid" for support of the German working-class. The first of a series of meetings will take place in New York, Feb. 11, at the Bronx Coliseum. Support of the call of the Communist Party, can serve a double purpose: to help the German workers overturn the Fascist regime, to build vigorous resistance to the incipient Fascism in America.

N.R.A. FACTORY SLAVE

The noisy din of factory wheels kept turning,
The steady roar of belts just overhead,
The open forges with their fires burning
And casting shadows of an eerie red.

This madhouse is the place where I keep
slaving
From early morning till the evening's near;
I always find I'm on the verge of raving
When I, each night, can stagger out of here.

ALBERT DANNENHIRSCH.



THE OTHER CONGRESS OPENS

Jacob Burck



THE OTHER CONGRESS OPENS

Jacob Burek

Stalin's Great Speech

PEOPLE sickened by the tawdry rhetoric, mystical twaddle and demagogy of the many fascist and semi-fascist "saviors" of moribund capitalism should turn to Stalin's simple, lucid exposition of Soviet domestic and foreign policy contained in his recent speech at the Seventeenth Party Congress in Moscow. Even in the abbreviated form published in the Daily Worker (Jan. 29), the speech is a fine specimen of Bolshevik realism, sober optimism, and quiet consciousness of strength. After Stalin's keen analysis of the economic and political crisis of capitalism, one is thoroughly persuaded that, despite some apparent improvement, there is not the slightest indication of genuine recovery in the capitalist countries and that what the capitalist world is settling into is chronic depression, not quite so severe as the crisis at its worst, but characterized by perennial under-utilization of industrial enterprises, continued tariff and currency wars, dumping, absence of serious attempts at renewing basic capital, and, of course, wholesale and unrelieved unemployment.

The inevitable results of such depression are: in foreign policy—economic chauvinism, international aggression, and war to redivide the world and the spheres of influence among the strongest, most militaristic, best prepared powers; in domestic policy—destruction of the last vestiges of parliamentarism and democracy, repression of the working class, its unions, its political parties, its cultural organizations, terrorization of the population as a means of strengthening the rear of future military fronts.

Fascism is capitalism's last attempt at self-perpetuation. Fascism is capitalism in death throes. "The bourgeoisie is no longer able to rule by the old methods of parliamentarism and bourgeois democracy . . . and it is compelled to resort in its internal policies to terroristic methods of ruling; it is also no longer able to find a way out of present conditions on the basis of peaceful foreign policy . . . and is compelled to resort to a policy of war."

Stalin's analysis of the war plans now being nurtured by the bourgeois politicians is charged with wit and irony. The belief of some imperialists that war should be launched against one of the

great powers with the object of completely annihilating it and of improving their own business at its expense, is utterly fatuous. This was precisely what the Allies tried to do to Germany in the last war. The result was an imperialist fiasco: Germany was not crushed; and the great and powerful Union of Socialist Soviet Republic rose over one sixth of the land surface of the globe. "Where is the guarantee that the second imperialist war will give them 'better' results than the first? Would it not be more correct to suppose the opposite?" queries Stalin.

Other imperialists think that war should be launched against one of the large, weak, amorphous countries—China for instance—with the purpose of dividing her and improving their affairs at her expense. On closer scrutiny, however, this too does not hold much promise for the future. Stalin here cites the examples of nineteenth century Germany and Italy which were once regarded in the same way as China is regarded at present—"unorganized territory." But these nations rose and through bloody and most destructive wars achieved their national independence. The bitter national hatreds then generated are still smouldering in the depths of Europe. And where is the guarantee that the same will not happen in Asia as a result of an imperialist war against China?

Then, of course, there has always been the theory of the "superior" race conquering and fertilizing and exploiting the "inferior" race. In addition to the "white man's burden," we now have the much advertised Nazi "philosophy" of Aryan responsibility before Europe. Europe must be saved from barbarian Slav invasion. Here Stalin reminds his audience of the fate of Rome. Rome the proud, Rome the impregnable, fell before the united onslaughts of the Germanic barbarians from the North. "Where is the guarantee that the claims of the contemporary 'superior race' will not bring about the same result? Where is the guarantee that the fascist literary politicians in Berlin will have more luck than the old experienced conquerors in Rome? Is it not more correct to suppose the opposite?"

Finally, there is the terrific urge of world imperialism to launch an attack

against the Soviet Union. The temptation here is indeed overwhelming. A workers' republic extending through the major part of Europe and Asia is something no imperialist, no capitalist, can contemplate with equanimity. Imprecations, calumny, petty back biting, plotting have proved worthless. The workers' republic simply forged ahead strengthening industry, modernizing and collectivizing agriculture, training youth as builders and defenders of socialism, exposing and punishing plotters in the employ of foreign capitalists. Capitalism sees the end. It is in dismay. It is terror-stricken. And what if its own workers should follow the example of their comrades in the U.S.S.R.? This is not inconceivable. This is more than a possibility. Bolshevism is at the gate! It must be stopped, it must be arrested, it must be destroyed. This would solve two problems: first, it would make the world safe for capitalism for another decade or two; second, it would open up the delectable opportunity of dividing up the vast Soviet territories and of profiting at the expense of the Soviet masses. The beacon light of socialism would be extinguished and the imperialist hogs would be free to wallow in their own dirt.

Fortunately, the imperialist world is rent asunder by its own contradictions and its own jealousies. Fortunately, millions upon millions of workers and poor farmers and honest intellectuals in the capitalist countries are not going to yield to the blandishments of the imperialist masters. They are not blind; they are not insane. They fully understand that mankind's sole hope is the workers' and peasants' republics of the Soviet Union, and, despite vicious anti-Soviet propaganda, despite hysterical war cries, despite demagogic appeals to racial and religious prejudices, they will rise in solid phalanxes to the defense of their only real fatherland, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

In the words of Stalin: "It is hardly possible to doubt that this war will be a war most dangerous for the bourgeoisie. It will be most dangerous not only because the peoples of the U.S.S.R. will fight to a finish for the conquest of the revolution. It will be most dangerous for the bourgeoisie also because the war will take place not only on fronts, but

also in the rear of the enemy. The bourgeoisie should not doubt that numerous friends of the working class of the U.S.S.R. in Europe and Asia will strive to hit at the rear of their oppressors, who undertook a criminal war against the Fatherland of the workers of all countries. And let not the bourgeois gentlemen blame us if on the day following such a war they will miss some of their own governments which at present happily rule 'by Grace of God.' There has already been one such war against us. . . . It ended with the routing of interventionists from our country and the creation of revolutionary 'committees of action' in Europe. A second war on the U.S.S.R. will bring a complete defeat of the aggressors, revolutions in a number of countries in Europe and Asia, and the smashing of bourgeois landlord governments in those countries. Such are the war plans of embroiled bourgeois politicians. As you see they don't sparkle with wit or valor."

In these troubled, decisive days, the only country that stands steadfastly for peace is the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. It spares no efforts to maintain and preserve peaceful relation with all its neighbors. It wishes to attack no one. It wants no foreign lands. It absolutely wants no foreign markets, if such markets are to be obtained through the sacrifice of a single drop of worker and peasant blood. For over sixteen years the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union have borne the brunt of the world revolution. Through untold difficulties, they have triumphantly dem-

onstrated to the exploited peoples of the world that poverty, ignorance, greed, national hatreds, religious strife, the enslavement of man by man are evils not inherent in human society. They have been beset by enemies, maligned, provoked, and abused; but they have held faithfully to the helm of the revolution.

Comrades, friends, men, women, children, you who do not wish war, you who will be the first to be sacrificed to the

wolfish greed of world imperialism, you who will be crippled and orphaned and widowed for the enrichment of the masters, you who detest war, you who want peace and international coöperation—all of you honest decent human beings, rise to the defense of the Soviet Union. And together with your Soviet brothers see to it that the predatory imperialists keep "their swinish snouts out of the Soviet garden."

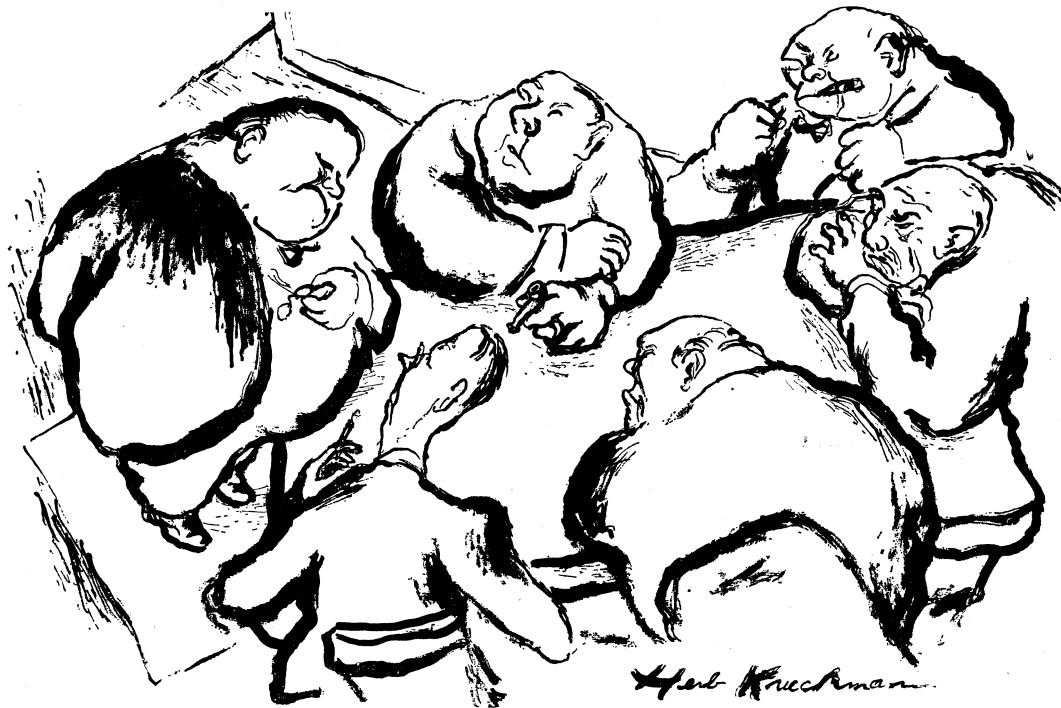
The Farmers Help Themselves

IN LINE with Roosevelt's "help" to the farmers, hundreds of farmers are being helped off the land. Declaring that the first mortgage "belongs to our wives and children," tens of thousands of farmers are ready to battle sheriffs and deputies in the fight against evictions and mortgage foreclosures. On January 20 a crowd of 1,000 farmers blocked a foreclosure sale at Warsaw, Indiana. Police reserves attacked the farmers by hurling tear gas bombs into the crowd. Alfred Tiala, National Secretary of the United Farmers League, his wife, Viola, and young Jesse Hann, farmer, were arrested. When the farmers angrily demanded their release, the sheriff promised to hold them "only ten minutes." Now they are charged with resisting an officer, and their bail has been set at the outrageous amount of \$30,000. Local politicians are working overtime in the attempt to keep the farmers from giv-

ing bail by yelling all over the country that "Tiala will skip out if you raise bail for him." The attack on the farmers and the jailing of their leaders has no more crushed the fight against mortgage foreclosures in Indiana than it did in other states. Latest reports indicate that the farmers will mass again on the same farm to fight the foreclosure.

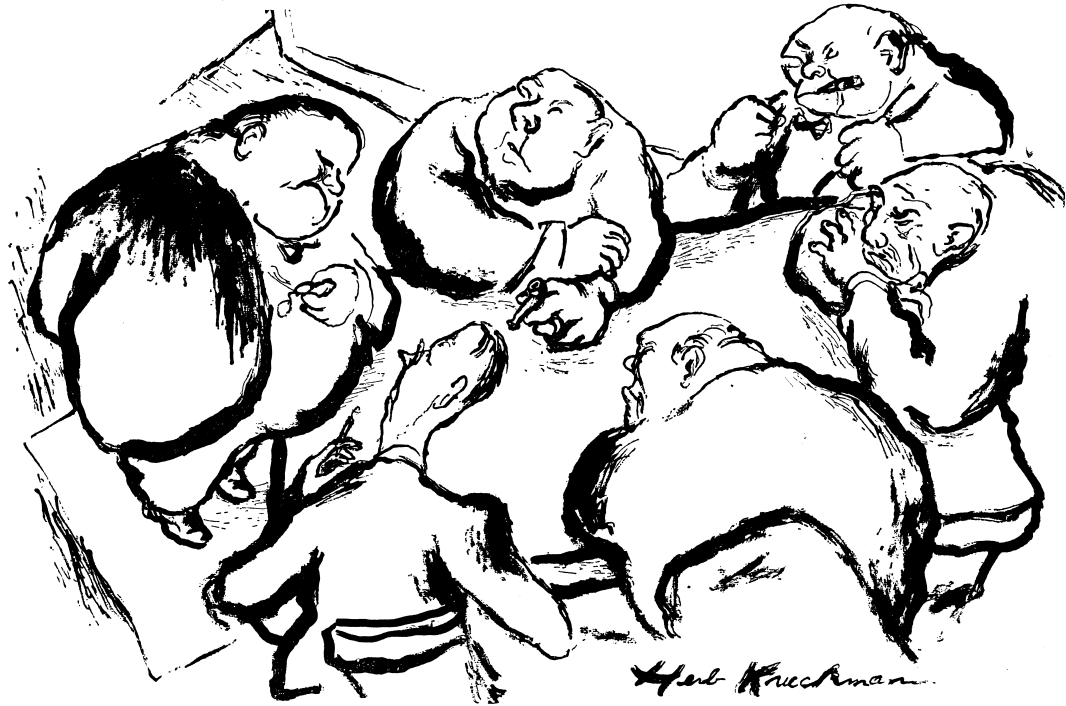
The small and middle farmers of Indiana can by their mass action force the passing of a bill suspending farm mortgage foreclosures the way their brothers in Iowa, Nebraska, and Minnesota have done. The tools of the banks, insurance companies, and implement companies, the ever-present sheriffs and police have done more than ever planned for. Now the Indiana farmers, who have been hitherto backward in the mass fight against evictions, foreclosures, higher farm prices, realize the necessity for a real fighting organization like the United Farmers League.

They are learning about the International Labor Defense which is fighting the frame-up in the Koscuisko county court Feb. 1. From the nation-wide protests being whipped across wires they are being encouraged by the mass pressure of numerous farm organizations headed by the Farmers National Committee of Action. The value of an honest militant farm paper is being demonstrated to them by the participation of the staff of the Farmers National Weekly in the fight for the immediate release of Alfred and Viola Tiala and Jesse Hann. The Indiana bankers and insurance companies can be shaken by this growing iron resistance. And the ruined and desperate Indiana farmers are ready to join with the thousands of farmers represented at the Farmers Second National Conference in Chicago in a program of action.



"BRAINS MUST DICTATE!"

Herb Kruckman



"BRAINS MUST DICTATE!"

Herb Kruckman

Herb Kruckman

"It Breaks Where It's Thin"

(But it's Thin All Over)

ILYA EHRENBURG

(Since this article was written France has reached "the gravest crisis since the early days of the republic." Riots, hand-to-hand combats and demonstrations following the Stavisky revelations have increased; and the army cannot cope with the riots if the police are outweighed. The Stavisky affair, which forced the fall of the Chautemps ministry, unleashed the popular discontent due to the acute economic situation. Unemployment has gained; civil employees are embittered by pay-cuts; the ten billion franc loan has had scant support; the foreign situation remains unsolved. More scandals threaten. There is talk of a Gallic strong man. Daladier's ministry is admittedly a stop-gap. And the riots and uprisings continue.—THE EDITORS)

PARIS.

THERE IS a Russian proverb: "It breaks where it's thin." But if the thing is thin throughout, where is the next hole scheduled to appear? Fearfully they pick up the telephone receiver or tear open a telegram. Once upon a time they were people with stable principles and inherited capital. They have long since become neurasthenics and fatalists.

It began this or that instant, for the tenth or hundredth time. In the southwest of France, in the little town of Bayonne, notable only for its arcades and chocolates, the Department of Justice had caused the arrest of a municipal official. How many such fine little towns are there in France and how many such equally fine officials! The news of Tissier's arrest was lost among husbands who shoot faithless wives and the pirouettes of the *café chantants*. A few days later the front pages of the newspapers carried the photographs of a suspicious looking dandy. He might have been a dancer, or the envoy of some South American Republic, or again, that very husband who but yesterday had done away with his fickle better half. But it turned out that the dandy was connected with some petty local affair. Under the photographs, figures began to flash. At first they spoke of sixty millions. On the 31st of December, glancing apprehensively at the approaching New Year, the Parisians were sharing with each other the

information that the "charming Sascha" stole 200 millions. On January 3rd the papers named the figure of 500 millions, and on January 4th it was established that the 500 millions were in reality 650 millions. Photographs of this dandy began to interest persons quite indifferent to masculine pulchritude.

The avalanche broke loose. Not only were the figures growing, but names were growing, too. At first the crook was simply a crook. The papers were noting with satisfaction that he was born not under the tender skies of France, but in some obscure village around Kiev. The crook was by no means called by his French name,—he was just Stavisky. This infused the French souls with a certain degree of peace and tranquillity. However, it soon developed that Stavisky was no one else but M. Alexandre. There came an awkward pause: M. Alexandre was well known to "all Paris." The pause was interrupted by someone's thin, shrill voice: it was the editor of *La Liberté*, crying vociferously: "Stop thief!" Mayor Garat, of Bayonne, was arrested. Dalimier, Member of the Cabinet, resigned. Deputy Bonnaure was deprived of his immunity rights. Camille Aymard continued howling: "Stop thief!" He was accusing Dalimier: the Cabinet Minister had recommended the credit currency of the Bayonne municipal pawnshop. During a search they found a ministerial order. It was written in the hand of Camille Aymard. Camille Aymard moved from the editor's office to jail. There he found himself in the company of several editors. The "right" faction cried that Stavisky was connected with the "radicals." The editor of the radical paper *Volenté* was, in fact, confined to jail. But in the next cell sat the editor of a paper of the "right"—*La Liberté*. Another editor, Paul Lévi, was summoned to the prosecutor's office. In the Chamber of Deputies they began calling out the names of various deputies and cabinet members. Little by little it developed that all those who were particularly out of luck were connected with the affair.

Not a few living Staviskys are now quite calmly expressing righteous indignation at the pranks and misdeeds of the charming but easy-going Sascha. Stavisky failed to cover up his Bayonne operations in time. He meant to get his affairs with his Hungarian magnates under way and supply Tissier with genuine government currency. But in his struggle with the banks, the banks won. The Bayonne hole was gaping wide and yesterday's protectors were whispering in poor Sascha's ear that the hole looked very much like a grave. Stavisky was no better and no worse than the others. In his documents it is stated: "Profession—financier." We know well just what this profession means. Stavisky was a man most loyally devoted to his business. In the course of his life he engaged in various activities. He was director of a theatre, "Folies-Marines." He also owned a bank. He glorified the stocks and bonds of artificial bouillon of the "Little Pot." He naturally hadn't passed up the motion-picture business. He was capable of combining international politics with the affairs of some remote municipal pawnshop. He loved girls and Hungarians. He was a forger of checks and a worshipper of art. He was the standard man of his time and his class.

Who does not know the instructive tale of the American newsboy who became a multi-millionaire? In 1917 Stavisky was tried for petty larceny. In 1932 he attended the diplomatic conferences at Strezia. He condescendingly furnished the diplomats with projects for financial and, of course, moral recuperation. Among his collaborators we find such ostentatious names as M. Dorn and M. De'Alsoa, the envoy of one of the South American Republics; M. Charles Vurtz, president of the state council; M. Bonnaure, deputy from Paris; M. de Fontaine, a French ambassador; M. Secsaldi, a former police prefect. He was a visitor at the Russian inn, the "Gold Fish" and listened affectedly to the songs of the gypsies. But he nevertheless preferred the Hungarians to the gypsies. The *chardasche*

(songs) stirred him to ecstasy. He was putting over deals with the Hungarian magnates. He knew how to move them with seven-figure numbers and with the breadth of his feelings. He had brought to Paris a Hungarian operetta and made its diva, Rita Georg, friend of his Hungarian backer, famous all over the world. Rita was playing *Katinka* and smiling at the Parisians. The charming Sascha figured fast: so many magnates, so many millions. . . . But while figuring he remembered his soul. He once remarked with deep emotion worthy of the Apostle Paul or Sir Henry: "I am not concerned with the improvement of horse breeds—my concern is with mankind." He was also concerned about Rita, the magnates, and the French journalists. He understood that the world was built on beauty. For the Budapest premiere of *Katinka* he had the theatre decorated with flowers. When he learned it was raining he immediately ordered awnings to be put up in front of the theatre to save the departing audience from getting wet. The premiere cost him two millions. He knew the relative value of figures and he understood that flowers sometimes turned into francs.

This fascinating swindler had made a thorough study of the people surrounding him. He understood how one can become a deputy, a cabinet minister, or even a dictator. Occupied in the brokerage business he never ceased to think about international politics. He had taken into account the lessons of Italy and Germany. He had a plan for saving France. He contemplated the liquidation of the brokerage scandal, not through the reimbursement for the stolen millions, but by means of a *coup d'état*. Stavisky understood that good national economy can make use of a fascist shirt. He found General Bardi de Fourtout and M. Henri Rossignol of the Legion of Former War Veterans. These men were brave, and were loyal to the ideas of Stavisky. He decided to lead the people of Paris in a march on the Chamber of Deputies with cries of—"Down with the Chamber! Long live Alexandre!" This sounds like an absurd anecdote, but it squares perfectly with the morals and ideas of our time. Why shouldn't charming Sascha, from an old Ukrainian village, have become a new Joan of Arc, a Gallic *führer*, and a Paris *Il Duce*. Stavisky was being admitted to international confer-

ences, to aristocratic salons, into ministerial cabinets. Only gambling houses refused him admission: the *croupiers* knew that he was a swindler and they politely hinted to the doorman: "Ask this gentleman to leave." Yes, only the gambling dives were still adhering to the old code of honor. Other institutions were a good deal more liberal. In the pocket of the incorrigible grand larceny criminal, Stavisky, was a card that had been issued to him by the main office of the Police Department. As is fitting to an experienced criminal, he was listed as a secret police agent. His co-workers were supplying him with forged passports. He had a record of three court convictions, but that did not interfere with his being at the head of large enterprises. When he grew tired of court trials, he began to dodge and fan away the judges as one does a swarm of pestering flies. He was booked to stand trial in 1927, but December of 1933 came around and his trial had still not taken place. His case was postponed nineteen times: his attorneys had been presenting medical certificates. Stavisky's attorneys were Chamber Deputies and his doctors were Sorbonne professors and court experts.

Stavisky had failed. He was advised to disappear. A secret police agent, Voix, came for him: Stavisky sat in an empty country house, amid snow, and waited. Voix traveled to Paris and carried on negotiations. The friends failed to agree. Then it suddenly developed that Stavisky was not an old criminal with a long police record, but a tender romanticist: he shot himself through the head. One thing is indisputable: the bullet really hit his forehead. The French read the news about the suicide with mirthful chuckles: they believed neither in Stavisky's romanticism nor in the clean hands of Voix. Two weeks had elapsed; Voix was arrested. To this remains to be added that the policeman who was detailed to arrest Stavisky and who found the fresh corpse is known at police headquarters under the nickname of "murderer." Even in this profession people sometimes have tell-tale pseudonyms.

Deputies have no pseudonyms. They are modestly called "representatives of the people." Deputy Bonnaure who went with Stavisky to Strezia, had during the election campaign covered the walls of Paris with posters. The posters read: "My program: Plenty of principles! Honesty above all!" Deputy Garat, the Mayor of Bayonne, Stav-

isky's partner in his stock-exchange manipulations, told his voters: "We are wrong to grant the right of credit operations to private persons; that function belongs to the government." Garat demonstrated his program in practice: charming Sascha proved to be the government. Through the medium of American films we know how gangsters quarrel when they can't divide the loot. The deputies of the "right" decided to become moralists. M. Andre Tardieu waxed indignant over Stavisky's pranks. The "radicals" shouted derisively. Everyone was found to have his own arguments, his own little sins, and his own recollections.

It breaks where it's thin. But it's thin, very thin all over. What difference does it make if today the break occurred just at this spot? . . . The defending attorney of Tissier declared with charming wit that Stavisky was not really a swindler. If he did issue currency in Bayonne, it was not a swindle, but just merely inflation. This is perfectly reasonable, and the whole crime of Stavisky consists only in that he happened to get a bad card. Had he won, he would now have been sitting, if not on the throne of a dictator, then in the armchair of one of his eminent friends, and he would, indeed, be very indignant at the baseness of some other, a second luckless Stavisky.

Doctor Marie relates that in September he was called in to Stavisky for a consultation. The doctor found that Stavisky displayed symptoms of mental disorder. As proof he cited Stavisky's statements: "There is no crisis. France has plenty of gold. You only have to know how to get it." Stavisky called this the "financial recuperation of the world," and Dr. Marie considered Stavisky as mentally unbalanced. The doctor was obviously a naïve pedant, and I am sincerely apprehensive for his fate. What will happen to this poor physician if they should take him to the Chamber of Deputies, to the sessions of international conferences, into the private offices of bank directors and trust manipulators? He would be sure to keep repeating ceaselessly: "Mentally unbalanced . . . isolate them . . . put them in strait-jackets . . . pour cold water over them!" As soon as not, the doctor himself may be removed further away, for the insane do not endure being reminded of their disease. They regard themselves as perfectly sane and the doctors and nurses, as unbalanced.

—Translated by S. G. Lensky.

Fine and Dandy

OTIS C. FERGUSON

I'M fine and DANdy, how'r yeeou?" George is hollering out of the inner office as I come through the door. I am fine and dandy. Out selling brushes all day — brushes for Fuller — and the backs of my knees still sore as I come in to the sales meeting, what with the big bag bumping on them upstairs and downstairs and I knuckling all the door panels: knock, knock, I yam (cheery cheery) the FUL-er man. And what is clumping around in the back of my head is not pep talks but: "Salling broshiz? I duh wan na broshiz?"

George does not know that, of course, for George is the section head, and full of animal spirits and company enthusiasm, and above all else very careful not to notice the lousy showing you make selling cleaning materials to people who don't use them, as why should they, over beyond Abingdon Square? The company's slogan is Fine and Dandy, which you carry printed in big letters on a card inside the bag, and so George is the Fine and Dandy man.

"Hey there, pal-l. Good day, huh? What yuh sell, huh?" he wants to know, bouncing out in his pink shirt and grabbing my arm.

"Very fine day, George," I say.

"Fine. Fine an—But what you sell, huh?" he says, smile still set.

"Toothbrushes, George," I tell him. "Buy them for luck myself. Send them to my dear aunt."

"What to hell's the matter withya . . . Aw you're selling, all right. He's *selling*, that boy," he says loudly, pointing at my ribs with his elbow, and I notice there is a new man. A queer new man with a white face, a sort of Jewish young man, his fingers very uneasy, feet like the new Fuller floor mop. George gets new men more easily these days, but they don't stick at all. Why should a man starve and carry a big bag up and down-stairs to boot? they ask themselves after a decent while. The ad in the paper says \$25 a week for two weeks. There's not 25 cents in it, naturally, but what the new man wants is the \$25. He's the sort of chap who might starve or something without it, I decide, and try not to think of him starving behind that white face with lines all around the mouth. Young chap, too.

There are quite a few men in the

salesroom, most of them very sullen. A few, though, a few happy chaps are shouting "*I'm* fine and DANdy, to-o-o," and grabbing each other's arms. They are quite good friends of George's, and able to sell brushes, which I would stake my life gives them no feeling of horror at all. I prospect them with awe and then I have another stare at the new man. Well, he'll get it all right; but . . .

"Come on, YOU GUYS, let's have some enthusiasm. BOY did I sell today . . . What? Me the manager selling. Hoh, BOY when a company race is on nothing hits me like selling the lovely little brushes. Nothing in Christ's lovely little world so help me Christ and pardon the French, huh? And say, can any of YOU GUYS sell like the manager, HUH? Kiblitz here says he can. KIBLITZ SAYS HE CAN. But boy will I take him over BOY WILL I. Put any money on him, now? COME ON, bozos, let's see y'money!" George has mounted a chair in front of the room. We are all lined up in rows, somewhat like a prayer meeting, and George is working himself up to a foam of challenge and exhortation, his face swelling red. The sales talk, that is to say, has started, and will be kept going for fifty minutes or so, George all the time up there, roaring and laughing and all at the top of his voice. We ought to be able to sell after that, surely.

All right YOU GUYS you don't look alive to ME. We're goin' to SING, get me? (Joe, pass the musics. Hoho, pass the musics, Joe) Come on now, what ya say, HUH? Are we Fine and Dandy, HUH?" The three selling salesmen get up from the front row and scream "Fine and Dandy, George" and sit down punching each other in the arms and by that time the music has been passed.

George is waving his arms. "All right now. BOY am I going to lead this thing off? Now y'all know how this is the Big Week for the Fuller Silver Jubilee Derby—the hawse race, boys, the hawse race—and are we goin' to take any second place for this office? Oho, are we goin' to finish? Will you look at what the company's done about it, got songs all printed out on cards for us! O I'm in love with a company does things like that for the men. BOY am I! All right, then, guys; first chorus on the

Fuller Jubilee Derby song . . . Whe-e-e. What's it say? Tune: Jingle Bells? Well we'll givum jingle bells all right come on now SING!

Fine and Dandy! Fine and Dandy!
Selling all the day!

(Come on come on in the back there: sing or we'll *mob* yuh. *Sing*)

We will win our district race
The good old Fuller way!

(Sing, you bastards!)

Sell in sets! Sell in sets!
Set a winning pace,
We will lead them in the eighth
Our horse will win first place!

"How's that HUH? how's that. Boy tha's inspiration—Whe-e-e. Secon' chorus now and put some *stuff* in it this time. If I can't *hear* yuh from here, I'll *drag* yuh up here."

So we sing a few more verses. Then we get pepped up other ways. I am wondering how the new man is taking it, but not looking at him. I am—how shall I confess it?—I am not particularly anxious to be seen.

"Right off the bat I want you guys to give this boy a big hand. Yessir an' he de-serves it. Y'know what he's doin', HUH? He's sellin' Rivington Street, what do yuh think about that, HUH? Secon' day out for him and he tells me he's going to make it *go*, what do yuh think of that." George is hitting the ball right along.

"Boy that's fine and dandy George," says Joe, "get him up there. We wanta speech."

"Speech! Speech! Speech! Whe-e-e . . ." scream the three other yesmen in the front row, leaping to their feet and shaking hands with each other. "Speech, speech, pal." With George and Joe, they haul the new man up by George's chair. "Old-timer," George says, shaking him by the shoulder, "we're proud of you and it is my belief you'll succeed. You've got *vision*, that's *my* goddam belief. What I call vision!"

The chap looks tired and sick. His face is working and he is trying to smile, and it is my belief he is afraid too, but would not say it. The light he is standing under is hard and flat, and the cigarette smoke in layers on the air makes him look something like a ghost. He ought to be got out of here, I say to myself, feeling cold sweat down my spine.

"Now, pal, you've been doing great work . . . O, they may not fall very fast the *first three days*, but you've got the

stuff and I can see you're no damn quitter. Now with your *vision*—"

The three are still bawling "Speech."

"Whatya say, old boy. Tell the guys what is your opinion of this big snappy company you b'long with—yes sir, BOY, look at that solid gold pin on your coat—bee-long; I tell you it's a great feelin'. What? Attaboy tell 'em." The chap turns half around to show us a tragic, foolish smile and then turns back to George. He says to him, very shaky: "I don't know about that . . . I—I guess I'll stick it out all right." He tries to get in with the swing of things: "I'll stick it out for that \$25 check, all right . . . I guess . . ." He sways a little and looks around frightened for a chair. Heat and smoke and the madhouse we keep are too much for him. Starving too

much for him. I try the old stuff of looking away, and it won't work. Jesus, he thinks they're going to give him 25 bucks! He doesn't know, he . . . I'll tell him; so help me Fuller I'll—Why he's got to *sell* enough to make that check, and he's working Rivington Street. I've got to—

George sees he is about to flop and gets him into a chair. "What's the matter old man? Stomach a little off, huh? I'll tell you what; you run along now, never mind hanging around. You go home and sleep and be up first thing in the morning to *SELL*—BOY, remember that ol' Derby!" He is working the chap over toward the door.

Just as soon as George stops yelling to him, I'll spill the works. Tell him to quit while he can. I make up my mind

how I'll say it, and tremble a little. George is leaving him. Now. Now I'll get up. George is already mounting the chair and waving his hand to the chap who is opening the office door, and I watch the both of them, stupid, and bolted to my chair, and sick. I'm no damn hero, but if it's the last thing I do I'll . . . Because it's just as good as killing him not to. And because.

"Come on YOU GUYS, we're killin' time. Let's get back into the ol' inspiration I WANNA HEAR Y'SING! Hey you guys, I said SING."

"Uh, good night, George," the chap says, and tries on his smile—which does the business for me. I start to my feet.

"Heyyy!" George is pumping his pink sleeves up and down, "Hey! now;"

Fine and Dandy! Fine and Dandy!
Selling all the day.

I shout or scream like a woman or perhaps I do not make any noise at all, I cannot tell. I try to say, "Hold on!" and I must look staring mad. George is pointing at me. "Attaboy, old-timer! Lead 'em off there. That's SPIRIT, that is. Come on, SING, you bastards!" The chap gives me an inquiring look as though he could see what I meant with those mild eyes of his, as though I could speak a word to him which would ring high and clear across the hubbub—as though, in fact, we were alone there (and it suddenly comes to me that we are, and that is why I've got to).

Then I see George, walking toward me, pointing and roaring and beating time violently with his head, big and purple and blatant with pep-notes. And without having anything to do with it, I flop down dead in my chair, limp as a snake. The room is bowling over and over with pep notes and I cannot get up again.

We like this contest stuff,
It makes our spirits bright—

The chap, leaning against the open door, shakes his head wondering and goes out . . . Our spirits bright OUR SPIRITS BRIGHT OUR—Well, what the hell, then. He has gone out. I am the Fuller man. What do I—well, I'm not working Rivington Street, and here is George, my big, goodnatured chief with his big mouth open. I open mine like a regular fellow. All the big mouths are open and the room rocks—

Oh—what—fun
It—is—to—win

(Now sing it out, you bastards)
A GOOD OLD FUL-LERR FIGHT!





SUCCESS STORY

William Gropper



SUCCESS STORY

William Gropper

Mr. Blanshard Yawns

SENDER GARLIN

To the New Masses:

Tell Mr. Garlin to please do his caricature of me out of his own imagination. Probably that would be equally accurate, whether he ever saw me or not.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL BLANSHARD,
Commissioner of Accounts.

FOR a while Mr. Blanshard's efficient suggestion intrigued me, but upon reflection, it occurred to me that I had ample facts at my disposal for the interview.

My researches were neither prolonged nor abstruse. I walked to my bookshelf and drew down a modest-appearing volume which sold originally at seventy-five cents. It is called *The Socialism of Our Times* and is a symposium based on a conference of the League for Industrial Democracy at Camp Tamiment in June, 1928. Thumbing over the table of contents I encountered a contribution by Paul Blanshard entitled *Facing the Class Struggle in America*. Recalling that Blanshard was now helping Mayor LaGuardia face enraged city employes who are protesting "payless furloughs," I turned to his essay. Time seemed to have made no difference. For, in his essay, as in his "confidential" letter of resignation from the Socialist Party (published in the *Daily Worker* on Jan. 13, 1934), I found answers to the questions which I had prepared for my interview with Commissioner Blanshard—answers which he was so diligent in evading when I sought to see him personally.

I was now fully prepared for my interview with the commissioner. First, however, there should be a few words of personal data on Blanshard the Man.

Mr. Blanshard was born in Fredericksburg, Ohio, in 1892. His father was a congregational minister there. Paul worked hard at his studies and graduated from high school after a while. Later, he liked Ann Arbor, and in 1914, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Michigan. In 1915 young Blanshard took a graduate course at Harvard. Here a Voice called him and during his off-hours he served as pastor of the Maverick Church in East Boston, a sort of a settlement house where the divinity boys practiced ministrations. But life called also. Young Blanshard forewent a promising career as a divine, and turned his face to the Labor Movement (Monday and Wednesday, at 3.30, six credits, two terms).

To equip himself for his career as a labor leader Blanshard worked for several weeks as a seam presser (*Labor's Who's Who*, published by Rand School), and then became an organizer for the Amalgamated Textile Workers of America, an organization of which the Rev. Abraham J. Muste was the head.

It was at this time that Blanshard got as close to the class struggle as he ever did in his life. He took his wife Julia by the hand and together they trundled a baby carriage bearing their child at the head of a picket line. Blanshard was arrested, but he got no opportunity to deepen his sociological insight by an actual jail term.

Brought to the forefront by this bold thrust at Monopoly Capitalism, Blanshard became General Organizer and Educational Director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. He soon tired of this strenuous activity, however, and began conducting student tours to England with the idea of Broadening the Mind by Travel and at the same time proving how very polite were British labor leaders like Frank Hodges.

This activity produced a creative surge in Blanshard and he wrote, in 1923, *An Outline of the British Labor Movement*, which even to this day is looked upon with respect by the instructors in the Bryn Mawr Summer School.

A nostalgia for the campus life prompted Blanshard, some time later, to become a field organizer for the Socialist-controlled League for Industrial Democracy. This job he held for several years, meanwhile serving as associate editor of the *Nation* and *The World Tomorrow*.

As an aide-de-camp of the Rev. Norman Thomas, Blanshard later took an active part in various Socialist municipal campaigns. Sensing the box-office value of being a crusader for Clean Government, Blanshard helped organize the City Affairs Committee, and became its secretary.

Just before the last New York municipal election, Blanshard resigned from the Socialist Party and joined the LaGuardia "fusion" forces. For services rendered, Blanshard was recently appointed Commissioner of Accounts.

Now for the interview:

Q. Mr. Blanshard, I understand that you are to receive \$15,000 per year as Commissioner of Accounts. Do you contemplate contributing any portion of that sum to support the struggles of the unemployed?

A. The amount of plunder which Americans are wresting from nature is greater year by year. The workers tend to overlook the injustice of the distribution of the plunder so long as their share is increasing.

Q. Now, Commissioner, as a former outstanding leader of the American Socialist Party, what help do you expect to gain in your present work—that is, as Commissioner of Accounts—from your studies of Marxism?

A. I confess that discussions of socialist theory have always been a dreadful bore to me because most people who discuss socialist theory put so much emphasis upon agreement or disagreement with authority.

Q. Mr. Blanshard, does this conform to Karl Marx's analysis?

A. My answer to such questions is usually to yawn.

Mr. Blanshard thereupon yawned.

Q. Doesn't your inclination to yawn, at the mention of Karl Marx have something in common with your eagerness to serve in the La Guardia administration, Mr. Blanshard?

The Commissioner yawned again.

Q. Mr. Blanshard, just why did you resign from the Socialist Party after so many years of activity in the Sunnyside (L. I.) local?

A. What should a man do when, after fifteen years of work in the Socialist movement, he reaches the conclusion that the Socialist Party as a political movement is hopeless?

Q. So you think the Socialists are done for, eh?

A. Roosevelt with his program of managed capitalism has taken the initiative away from us in immediate economic change, and the Socialist International has lost prestige so completely in Europe that it is a positive disadvantage for an American party to be connected with it.

Q. Mr. Blanshard, are you in favor of liquidating the Socialist Party—as we Communists would say?

A. Bernard Shaw once remarked that one of our greatest human weaknesses is our unwillingness to scrap an institution when once it has outlived its usefulness. It seems to me that that applies with equal force to the Social-Democratic Party of Germany and the Socialist Party of the United States.

Q. Mr. Blanshard, do you still have this conviction in the face of the election of Mr. Jasper McLevy as mayor of Bridgeport and the continuance in office of your old friend, Dan Hoan of Milwaukee?

A. The bald truth is that although the party has been in existence for a generation it has almost no hold on the American working class and it is weaker than it was twenty years ago. It has no unsubsidized English press and not enough money to hire half a dozen workers in its national office.

Q. If that is such a prime consideration, Mr. Blanshard, why did you not think of turning to the Communist Party? The Communist Party of the U. S. has 23,000 members who pay dues every week of 2 percent of their income and actively lead mass organizations embracing 500,000 members. I understand that it has a newspaper press of 220,000 circulation in twenty-two languages, of which nine are daily papers, including the *Daily Worker*, the only English language workers' paper in America; the Communist Party prints books and pamphlets which circulate every year in millions of copies.

A. The man who urges the American

working class to stand for the dictatorship of the proletariat at the present moment is giving the most bitter reactionaries of the upper class pretext for violence, suppression and dictatorship.

Q. So you think, therefore, that the violence of the ruling class against the workers is a result of the workers' resistance to exploitation? Would you then urge them to avoid this reactionary violence by yielding meekly to capitalist exploitation—thus giving the capitalist class "no pretext for violence"?

Mr. Blanshard yawned again.

Q. James Oneal, the editor of the New Leader, official organ of the Socialist Party—writing in the Jan. 6th issue of the paper—said that "nothing so injures a Socialist organization as desertion . . . by one who has been trusted by the members and who had become more or less conspicuous in its activities. Our resentment becomes more keen when the renegade obtains a well-paid appointment from the enemy." Mr. Blanshard, do you really think that this statement signifies the end of your connection with the Socialist Party?

A. I hope that my altered judgments concerning political technique will not affect my warm friendships in the movement.

Q. What is your attitude toward the growing class conflict in America between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie—as reflected in the recent wave of strikes of miners, steel workers, farmers, etc.?

A. The bourgeoisie and the proletariat of America are not facing each other *consciously* as two warring classes. They are psychologically fraternizing across the battle line on a good part of the fighting front. And you will admit that it is hard to bombard the enemy effectively when part of your forces don't know that there has been a declaration of war.

(Did he ever hear of the fraternization of Pennsylvania miners with the machine-gunners of the Pennsylvania state militia or the constabulary? Or the fraternization of the striking farmers of Iowa with the national guard and hired deputies? Or the fraternization of 10,000,000 oppressed Negroes with lynch gangs?)

Q. Don't you think, Mr. Blanshard, that the Communist Manifesto, for example, and the principles laid down therein, have real relevancy at the present time?

A. The Communist Manifesto described the class armies drawn up into two hostile camps like the Philistines and Israelites. The actual struggle in America is a cross between a riot, a day on the stock exchange, and the Chinese revolution.

(Chinese Revolution: 60,000,000 peasants organized under Soviets, with landlord rule exterminated. Chiang Kai Shek terror, aided by Roosevelt government subsidies. . . . Slaughter of 100,000 Chinese peasants by beheading in public squares during six-month period. . . . Paul and Gertrude Ruegg tortured in Nanking dungeon. . . . Chinese Red Army defeats sixth anti-Red onslaught despite

American, British and Japanese warships in Yangtze River. . . .)

Q. Is it true that Socialists still look to Marx's analysis of capitalism for guidance?

A. What do I care about what Karl Marx said . . . or how Edouard Bernstein shaved off a limb or a branch there. Modern socialism does not depend upon Karl Marx any more than modern Christianity depends upon Jesus. When the fundamentalists of Georgia want to lynch a Negro they do it in the name of Jesus: when the Bolsheviks of Russia want to get some more grain out of the peasants, they do it in the name of Marx.

Q. So you think that the actions of a Georgia lynch mob are similar to the action of the Soviet Government on the state and collective farmers of the U.S.S.R.?

The Commissioner shook my hand and said something about it being nice to have met me impersonally.

I walked out of the Municipal Building, crossed City Hall park, and on my way to the

subway I bought a copy of the New York Herald-Tribune (Jan. 30). My eye fell upon this news item on Page 1: "ROOSEVELT, 52 TODAY, IS GREETED BY MAYOR FOR CITY'S '7 MILLION.'" The lead of the story said:

Birthday greetings were sent to President Roosevelt yesterday by Mayor F. H. La Guardia and other city officials on behalf of "seven million more New Yorkers." The telegram from City Hall wished for the President not only many happy returns, but "more power to you," and promised to follow his leadership.

Among the "other city officials" who signed the telegram urging "more power" to the N.R.A.-war president was Mr. Paul Blanshard, Commissioner of Accounts.

(At the risk of emphasizing the obvious, it is necessary to point out that every quotation ascribed to Mr. Blanshard in the foregoing is taken verbatim from his published writings, including his "confidential" letter of resignation from the Socialist Party—THE EDITORS.)

Lewis Sits on the Lid

JACK STACHEL

INDIANAPOLIS—Convention Hall.

FOR the first time in the history of the United Mine Workers of America a representative of the coal operators spoke at their convention: he was the guest of John L. Lewis. The phrase "common interests" of the coal miners and the operators was dinned into the ears of the 1,500 delegates, about 400 of whom were rank-and-filers from hitherto unorganized fields: Southern West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee. They did not know Lewis' record and the thoughts in their heads at the sight of a coal operator on the platform will undoubtedly be crystallized into action when the agreements transpire April 1st and the coal code does nothing to alleviate unemployment, low wages, bad conditions, company feudal tyranny and the host of daily ills the miners suffer.

The thirty-third constitutional convention of the U.M.W.A. is of greatest concern to all workers and those interested in the labor movement. The U.M.W.A. is the largest union of the A. F. of L. in an industry which typifies more than any other both the general crisis of capitalism and the persistence and depth of the present economic crisis. The miners are a cross-section of the composition of the nation's working-class, with its large strata of native born white, Negro and foreign born. The convention uncovered the attitude of the government, and various sections of the ruling-class toward labor and labor organizations. The inter-play was evident of those elements that realize the necessity for close collaboration with the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, and those proponents of company unions who oppose the recognition of the U.M.W.A.

The officials' theme at the convention was that of class-collaboration and denial of the class struggle. Lewis praised his coal operator guest and the latter praised Lewis as "the greatest leader of labor in the country." The report of the union officials delineated the anti-working-class policies of the leaders. No mention of the heroic strikes of the past year, or those raging now in Indiana, the very state the convention is taking place. Silence on the Anthracite strike and that at Brownsville, Pa. Instead there were paeans of praise for the National Recovery Act, for the Roosevelt administration and for the operators.

One delegate, John Fernari, of Pennsylvania, who rose to criticize the report for failing to mention the strikes was quickly silenced by the machine steam roller. For speaking out of line he was later unseated by the credentials committee.

Another fact obvious to observers was the desire of Lewis to avoid like the devil the mention of the struggle in the "captive" mines where the steel trust-controlled operators refused to recognize the U.M.W.A. The reason? The Lewis machine broke the strike for recognition by ordering the miners back to work, repeating 1922's history in Fayette county.

That the Lewis machine is able to carry its policies at Indianapolis does not mean opposition is lacking. Certainly it does not follow that the masses of miners back home in the coal-patches approve of these policies. The recent strikes of the miners present quite a different view of the situation. But if proof was lacking it is furnished in the resolutions with which the locals flooded the convention. Of some four hundred or more

printed, fully 80 percent can be classified as anti-administration.

Of the 400 resolutions printed almost 100 aim to curb the appointive powers of the officials. Dozens of resolutions are against self-perpetuation in office. Others demand elections of all officials. Some fifty resolutions demand reduction in officials' salaries: all of which prove a lack of confidence in the Lewis leadership and the various District leaderships, not alone on the "inner" union questions. They indicate a lack of confidence in the Lewis policy of class collaboration.

The small, but organized opposition within the convention, that stands completely on the platform of the left wing, presented all the most important proposals in the interests of the miners. Paul Bohus of Ohio and John F. Sloan of Illinois were the leaders of this group. The left wing succeeded in raising discussion on a number of outstanding questions which created panic on the platform: for instance, John Fernari, of Pennsylvania who, as mentioned, raised the question of the failure to report on the strike struggles. The next question was the resolution of the Coaldale, Pa., local demanding support for the unconditional right to strike.

Lewis tried to skirt the issues raised in the resolution, and the speech of Bohus depicting the N.R.A. as a strikebreaker and excoriating the role of the U.M.W.A. leadership in putting over the no-strike clause in the miners' code and agreement. Some 200 delegates of the 1,500 remained seated on the standing vote for the substitute and some twenty-five delegates had the courage—and it took courage—to stand up in opposition to the substitute despite the Lewis strong-arm men who occupied strategic positions throughout the convention floor.

The question precipitating the most violent discussion arose on the issue that the appointive powers of the officials be abolished and that all defeated officials be ineligible for appointment to other jobs, and who must go back to the mines for at least one year. At once hundreds of hands went up to speak in favor of the resolution. The bureaucrats, fearing the possibility of going back to the mines, were really in panic. This was reflected in the Indianapolis Star which stated under a big headline "Miners Fight Inner Office 'Ring'" that "a possible defeat for the administration was averted, however, when the resolution which caused the argument was referred to the constitution committee for consideration." This resolution was introduced by the Westville local of which both Sloan and the militant Negro miner Noel are members. Yes—the machine averted possible defeat by postponing action on the resolution. But it is scheduled to arise again under the report of the constitution committee. Both sides are preparing for the time when it comes up. In speaking of both sides here, we mean the Lewis machine on the one hand, and on the other, the conscious militant, left wing forces. For a principal feature of this convention as differentiated from the past is the fact that the inner

clique-and-sham fights of the Walkers, Edmondsons and their like no longer exist. The machine is more united than ever. The reason? The growing revolt of the rank and file and the emergence for the first time in a long period of a genuine left wing opposition.

It is already safe to assume that, on the whole, the convention will pass the Lewis policies. The reader may ask how is this possible considering the mood of the miners as shown by the strike struggles and reflected in the anti-administration resolutions. Some are tempted to answer that it is a packed convention. Undoubtedly there is some truth in this but not the whole truth. In the main the representation consists perhaps more so than ever of sincere and fighting miners, a very large number of young miners and about seventy to eighty Negro miners. Perhaps this complicates the problem still more in the readers' mind. But there is an explanation. Of the 1,500 delegates one may reckon on some 200 paid officials, hard boiled old bureaucrats. An equal number can be classified as "machine men" some of whom there are in every union and local of the U.M.W.A. Of the rest 800 delegates vote with the machine on most questions. These 800 delegates are honest fighting miners. At least half of these 800 come from the newly organized fields of Southern West Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Tennessee, etc. They are at a convention for the first time and Lewis is a stranger to them. They have had no contact with the left wing. They are discovering things for the first time at this convention: beginning to open their eyes. The remainder of the Lewis support comprises miners from all over the country especially from the anthracite, the soft coal fields of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, etc., including a large number of young miners attending a convention for the first time. Some come from locals that have passed militant and anti-administration resolutions. But these delegates "go along" at the convention. The remainder of the delegates, some 200 or more, are generally consciously opposed to the Lewis machine and its policies but are often intimidated due to the lack of organization of the oppositional forces at the convention. So far only a couple of dozen have organizational connections as an opposition here. This is due to the fact that the left wing has only recently begun serious work within the U.M.W.A. But little work was done to prepare the miners for the convention. Hence the result at the convention. Were there an organized opposition of at least 100 (and it was possible with better organization and on time) they could have constituted a serious challenge to the Lewis machine.

For above all there is emerging a genuine left wing under the leadership of the Communist Party which knows what it wants and how to get it. The resolution adopted by the Communist Party mining conference in Pittsburgh a few weeks ago laid down a clear program for the development of the struggles of the miners, and for the preparation for the April 1 expiration of the agreements.

The Hotel

JEREMIAH

THERE was a roar of voices in strike headquarters, up the narrow flight of stairs. As you went in a bulletin board met you, on which were chalked the hours when the employees of various big hotels were having their shop meetings: Roosevelt to meet at 5; St. Moritz, 6, all the elegant hotels of New York were having meetings.

It was hard to get through the crowd. There was that hopeful excitement in the air that occurs when a mass of workers have streamed out on strike, and have at last, by striking, made vocal long suffered grievances. On one side was a big hall, on the other the office. A string of people were lined up at three windows. Cooks, waiters, hotel workers, taking out their membership cards.

"We've taken in 1,000 memberships today," someone told me.

It was getting to be near five o'clock, the moment when, if there was no response from the employers, the general strike was to be called. There was a babel of many languages. One heard Italian, French, German. The suave waiters of the fashionable hotels were off duty. Their suaveness was laid aside. Their deference had been taken off with their aprons when they went on strike—tired of seeing the luxury of New York pass continually before their eyes, while they worked long hours for small wages, sometimes for no wages at all, sometimes paying for their jobs and getting only what tips they might.

There had been a dramatic scene in the Waldorf-Astoria two days before. For many years Andre Fournigalt had been employed as sous-chef at the Waldorf-Astoria. For months past he has been an active member in the Hotel union. This is the real reason he was fired. The alleged reason is his services "were no longer satisfactory."

The firing of the sous-chef was a signal for long awaited revolt.

Suddenly at 7 p.m., the peak of the dining hour, waiters vanished from the Sert room with its huge paintings; there were no waiters in the other restaurants of the Waldorf. Meantime, in the kitchen, the cooks and the helpers were standing with their arms folded, confronting the great Oscar and the great Mr. Boomer. The dining rooms folded up, the patrons left, the lights went out.

Half cooked dishes sizzled on stoves. Dishes ready to serve began to cool, with no one to serve them. Bus-boys and waiters trooped from dining rooms to join the quiescent cooks. Groups of determined men stood around the kitchen, waiting. There had been food prepared for three big dinners. Beside the head chefs and the waiter-captains there was no one left who would serve them.

Oscar Tchirsky went up to the kitchen on the eighteenth floor, where the cooks, the bus-boys and the waiters were assembled.

Workers Revolt

KELLY

"Come on," he cried. "Three big dinners have to be served. Who's going to work? Anyone willing to work step over to my side. The rest get out."

A handful stepped over to Oscar's side of the room. Two policemen came stalking in. The rest of the workers—the whole service staff 600 strong—quietly and firmly withdrew. The three great dinners were served by hurriedly summoned scabs and some of the head people.

Meantime, other hotels had walked out. Waiters and other hotel help flocked in such numbers to headquarters that the meeting hall could not contain them. They extended clear out into the street. They blocked traffic. Other meeting halls had to be hired.

During the meetings three thousand members of the union waved their hands in the air in a viva voce ballot. They acclaimed the general strike resolution with shouts.

The demands of the strikers were: 1, recognition of the union; 2, a 40-hour week; 3, a \$20 wage, and 4, improved conditions of labor.

The A.F. of L. leaders played the part of strike breakers. "As usual," one of the cooks' helpers remarked grimly. It was engaged in swearing out injunctions against the striking hotel workers. They had applied for a court order to restrain the strikers from picketing.

The food workers explained that the Geneva Association, an old-line restaurant and hotel employees' benevolent association, acting together with others—including chefs, headwaiters and bell captains—were trying to break the strike. These old-line "benevolent societies" are affiliated in a federation of Hotel and Restaurant Guilds.

"These are no better than a company

union," the workers will tell you. "Look at this—" and they showed a telegram which had been sent to a member of the union by the Federation of Hotel Guilds: "Urgently request you report to Waldorf immediately. Attempted strike has failed and your job is at stake. Full protection."

The answer of the strikers to this and other strike breaking maneuvers was a vigorous demonstration of 200 marchers against the Geneva Association's quarters.

This was on Thursday. On Friday as five o'clock approached the feeling of tenseness grew in the strike headquarters. Here as one chatted with the members one could learn the



"GRUB, BOYS! THE SCABS
ARE COMING!"

ROTARY CLUB - WALDORF ASTORIA

Reginald Marsh

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grievances back of the general strike resolution. One could learn how wages had actually been reduced since the N.R.A. had come into effect. The kitchen maids' \$13 minimum had remained, but other categories of workers had been reduced. Kitchen forces had been lessened with increased hours. One learned of the various grafts in the getting of jobs—the notorious Chef's Club, for instance, to which other members had to pay tribute or lose their jobs; the phoney collections taken for alleged "benevolent" purposes; long hours, passed in ill-ventilated subterranean kitchens, these abuses piled one on top of another. The code had only sharpened the workers' resistance, for of all the bad codes the Restaurant and Hotel codes are among the worst.

Now it was close to five, when the employers' answer was to be expected. Excitement grew; more people came in, more cards were taken out. Someone came through shouting:

"Everybody in the big hall! Everybody in the big hall, please!" And there was a surge of the crowd into the big hall. The chairs were all taken. Workers crowded the back of the hall. Kitchen helpers and chefs mingled with experienced waiters from the greatest hotels in New York. There were few women, and these were received with greetings.

"They'll come later; they must come," one of the French waiters said to me. An organizer addressed the meeting.

"This is no time for a speech," he said. "No answer has come. The general strike is declared!" A buzz of excitement greeted this.

The picketing hotel workers encircled the huge Waldorf-Astoria, through whose vast spaces I walked for the first time. It was a place hard to make out, and then its evident ancestry came to me. Undoubtedly it was the child of the Grand Central Station and the Ile de France. Not a hotel, exactly; rather a happy hunting ground for such persons as the Mdivanis and the spurious Mike Romanoff—who, in point of fact, at that moment came in, making his way past the many dicks who stood around watching the guests.

That the strike hadn't spread to the other departments of the Waldorf was obvious. It has, however, at this writing, spread to include forty-one hotels in its scope.

The hotel employers and the press of course minimize the movement. At this writing it is too early to say whether the primary objects of the strike will be achieved. It is certain to me it is the most potent movement of the hotel workers since 1918.

But the hotel owners use every means at their disposal to smash the strike. The following note on the letterhead of the Hotel Montclair is illuminating. Dated Jan. 26, it was addressed to a Mr. J. Dictrow, of the Academy Employment Agency at 1251 Sixth Avenue.

Gentlemen: Permit me to thank you for the service you rendered me in connection with breaking the recent strike of the restaurant and kitchen forces in this hotel. You did a good

job—helped us out considerably. If at any time I can help you, in any way, I shall be glad to do what I can to assist.

Open strikebreaking is one danger. Another and a greater danger is the refusal of the leaders of the Amalgamated Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union to accept the proffers of a united front with other organizations. This is the gravest blow to the possibilities of success. The day before the general strike was called, a committee of fifty strikers, chosen at a mass meeting of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, Local 119 of the Food Workers Industrial Union, marched to the Amalgamated headquarters and called for unity. B. J. Fields, organizer for the Amalgamated, delivered a diatribe against Local 119, whose members he characterized as "splitters." Before the committee could reply, the lights were switched off, and Fields abandoned the hall.

Ben Gitlow, who some years ago deserted the Communist ranks and is now one of the leaders of the Amalgamated, raised the cry "Communists!" in the best Hamilton Fish style, stating that the latter were "trying to capture" the strike. No association with the "Communists at the head of the Food Workers Industrial Union!" he cried, for that would "cause public opinion to go against us, and the N.R.A. would be against us."

The F.W.I.U. has, since the beginning of the strike, hammered away for a united front. "Only unity can win the general strike," say their leaflets, handed out in thousands before the city's hotels. The strikers of Hotel New Yorker and the General Strike Committee of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union met and a decision was reached to join forces with the Amalgamated. They declared the necessity to "spread the strike to all hotels and to bring out the workers in all departments of the struck hotels." The need for "united militant mass picket lines, united mass demonstrations" to force the owners' association to grant the demands was stressed.

The left wing union (the F.W.I.U.) "decided to establish this necessary unity in spite of the opposition" of the Amalgamated leadership which has consistently turned down such proposals. Six hundred strikers at Bryant Hall, under leadership of the F.W.I.U., marched to the Madison Square Garden mass meeting Wednesday night, Jan. 31, and pleaded for common struggle: the welding together of all the rank and file in joint strike action—those of the A. F. of L., the Amalgamated and the F.W.I.U.

Mr. Fields, the Amalgamated leader, has appealed to Mrs. Eleanor M. Herrick, chairman of the Regional Labor Board, for negotiations. The latter refused. Then Fields in turn rejected the proposal of the workers for mass demonstrations at the Regional Labor Board headquarters to enforce negotiations with the bosses—negotiations carried on by means of a broad rank and file committee. But negotiations without the spread of the strike will be of as much avail as those during the Weirton, Budd, Philadelphia Rapid

Transit, Edgewater and Chester Ford strikes. The result in the latter cases was to call off the strike while the Regional Labor Board pondered the merits of the case—and the workers are back on the job, defeated, soldout.

Friday, Feb. 1, uncovered the following development: the leadership of the Amalgamated had sent out feelers to the hotel owners requesting settlement on the following basis:

1. No decrease in wages—the same scale that existed at the strike's outbreak.
2. No increase in hours.
3. Recognition of the Amalgamated Union.

This is a complete turn-about-face, abandonment of the original demands of the strikers who had specifically raised economic demands for a forty-hour week and a \$20-a-week wage. Having refused joint action proffered by the industrial union—and the proposal that all forces spread the strike—the Amalgamated leaders are now ready to settle on terms which mean one thing—recognition of the Amalgamated. The F.W.I.U. calls for increases in pay worked out by the strikers themselves in each shop—for a decrease in the outrageously long hours and for recognition of any union for which the majority of workers in their respective shops vote. (Among the hotels striking under the F.W.I.U. are the New Yorker, the Park Central, Alamac and the Taft. The Hyde Park has settled, the workers winning substantial increase in pay and recognition of the Union. The Maison Royale and the Bijou have also settled on terms advantageous to the F.W.I.U. strikers)

By abandoning the demand for the increase in wages the leaders of the Amalgamated permit the continuation of the present hopelessly inadequate wages. In the Park Central Hotel, for instance, waiters labor for no pay the first week, but receive the munificent sum of fifty to sixty cents a day in tips. They are later given fifty cents a day wages, and sometimes forced to do the work of the porters, who are dispensed with. In the banquet department of the same hotel, waiters received seventy-five cents a day, and only part of the tips intended for them, since the manager, a Mr. Smith, receives the tip money first and then "distributes" it among "the boys."

A settlement on the Amalgamated terms would leave the striking waiters with their long hours. At the Hotel Taft they reported work from 6:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. with no time for lunch. One striker declared he had lost twelve pounds in three weeks. It is generally known that twelve hours per day is the usual schedule of hours for room service waiters.

The strike continues—but unless unity is achieved the hotel workers trudging up and down the sidewalks of New York, their strike signs on their backs, will lose out. They face the police, the bitter winter weather, the strike-breakers, with heroic courage; but their disunity may defeat them. And then the starched shirts and silk-hatted guests at the Waldorf-Astoria can order their meals in peace once more.

Rose Water for a Sewer

DANIEL ALLEN

A REFORM administration does not confine itself just to saving the city's money for its banker-creditors through wage cuts to its employees. It has a legacy of muck to be raked. It gets itself photographed the first day in office—brisk, clear-eyed, already at work and it isn't even ten o'clock! There is swing and decision in its movements. The muck is, of course, old muck, hardened into its niches, rake-proof.

Welfare Island is an old story. Former Commissioner of Correction Patterson now tells us things became bad only after he had gone. But Dr. Louis Berg, visiting physician at the prison for the last four years, has all along found "evidence of shocking depravity, thievery and rule by hardened criminals."

Not so long ago E. R. Cass of the Prison Association of New York, made an effort to interest Commissioner Cahill, Edward J. Flynn appointee, in prison reform. He must have succeeded better than he knew: Cahill did nothing at the time but is today being headlined as having been about to begin when Mayor O'Brien removed him from office for coming out for McKee. He had been indignantly aware of conditions, knew of interference from "small-time" politicians whose names he can not now recall, but is sure he never heard of Tammany district leaders around the place.

It was he who would not act on the Matthews murder charges in the Daily Worker; his investigation of this, too, must have been under way when he was removed from office. His predecessor, Robert L. Tudor, has not yet been heard from. He will have a hard time explaining away his order to an overzealous Deputy Commissioner, Joseph F. Fishman, the penologist, to "stay out of the institutions." The report of a study of conditions in the prison had been submitted to Fishman by Harry M. Shulman, associate of ex-Brain Trust Moley, and had been passed on to his superiors; it has only now been made public. This is characteristic. All of the reform talk has been strictly *entre nous*, quiet, domestically within the party; hadn't we better do something before we are beaten to it? Thus Cass to Cahill: "Whatever delay is tolerated now will simply add to the volume of the final explosion." District Attorney Dodge would like the present investigation to have as decent a regard for privacy. He reckons without the needs of the reform administration; it thrives on newspapers.

The raid was well staged. The new commissioner, Austin H. MacCormick, just plain Spike to his fellow Bowdoin alumni, had the newspapermen over on another matter. On the Island all prisoners had been locked into their cells on his telephone orders. A prisoner, he said, was unaccounted for and there had

to be a checkup. This was a ruse to prevent suspicion. MacCormick took possession of the Island and divided it among the members of the raiding squad.

Two gangs have had the run of the island. The Italian mob was led by Joie Rao, a Dutch Shultz henchman, the intended victim of the Harlem baby massacre a few years ago. He was committed for extortion on Feb. 19, 1932, for a term of six months to three years. Eddie Cleary, "Wolf" to his intimates, leads the Irish mob. He has been in for coercion since Nov. 30 of the same year. These two had sectioned off the prison, delegating captains to the several districts, all on the Tammany plan. They and their lieutenants have occupied suites in the prison hospital, keeping out the sick. They have lived well, dined out of a full larder, stocked with delicacies and generous quantities of the ordinary foods, leaving almost nothing to the regular mess halls.

The main business has been narcotics. The indiscriminate commingling of prisoners (lip-sticked homosexuals are numerous and unsegregated) has made it an easy matter to develop and spread the dope habit. Advertising clears the way, as in more legitimate business. Here business has flourished right through the depression. There are many ingenious devices for bringing in the narcotics: the pigeons, the greeting kiss of a visitor, bundles flung from Queensboro Bridge. Visitors to the big shots have come and gone as they pleased; rank and file prisoners had to purchase passes from Rao. Gambling games were sponsored and the district captains took their cut. At three every afternoon the guards withdrew to permit a half hour of marketing: food, drugs, drink, were dispensed at high prices. Business can not be without finance: Whitey Miller would lend out \$2 and had to be paid \$3 after next visiting day. Labor was rented out: a drug addict, low in funds, would apply to the "Board of Directors," which received applications also from the Help Wanted people. When there was trouble among the men the Warden consulted Rao who always set things right again. In the issue of paroles, too, Rao had to have his say.

Back of the prison organization has been the Tammany to which the reformers have gone with their pleas. Respectfully the newspapers have hinted of an unseemly community of interests between Rao and an unnameable Tammany higher-up. Up to Wednesday, Jan. 31, when silence seemed no longer possible, only the New York Evening Post had named him: James Hines. A thorough investigation is promised. How thorough it will actually turn out is, of course, a question of politics. Will the mess be cleaned up? There are doubts from those who ought to know:

"There's no man on this side of China," says Mr. Fishman, "who can keep narcotics at a minimum on Welfare Island." And as for gangster domination of the prison, "there is not a warden in the United States who does not do it; if he says he doesn't he's either a liar or a fool."

When Mr. MacCormick took office he was given a complete report of conditions on the island. He had, too, detailed recommendations for reform. The raid, as such, was unnecessary. It should, as Mr. Fishman points out, have been no surprise to the department that when homosexuals are committed to a prison they remain homosexuals, that they continue an unmasculine fondness for rouge, mascara and lingerie. That dope fiends will go to great lengths to get dope. That gangster rule is occasionally accompanied by rough stuff. That prisoners have knives. That politicians will pull strings.

An instance of how much can be expected in actual reform is the way so little has been made of the prison's forced labor system. What are the Commissioner's intentions? It is not as though he had to go down to the island to find out about it; the department's files contained all this information. In the conspiracy of surprise and moral indignation, as before in the conspiracy of silence, the newspapers have had their part. There has been no hint, for example, of previous reform efforts; it would not do to permit cynical comparisons. Reform must be taken seriously. For by no means can it be the system, in this case the prison system, which is wrong; evils have unfortunately set in, as they occasionally will, man being man; surface evils which an "honest" administration can be trusted to eradicate. The honest administration is as good as its word, it scrapes away industriously at the surface, leaving the structure intact. Yesterday's gangsters are stuck into cells. Yesterday's warden is fired. And the way is paved for the reform administration of tomorrow.

In the meantime there are headlines. Anybody who ever had any connection with the prison is out for his share of them. Dr. Louis Berg, for example, has been hailed as the author of a book, *Prison Doctor*, which is supposed to have revealed the newly discovered prison conditions years ago. When the book appeared it was, as a matter of fact, taken up as a realistic study in fictional form. Confronted with it, however, by the then Deputy Commissioner Joseph F. Fishman, he contended that it was nothing more than a work of fiction. He signed a statement to this effect. And now he has come forward as having told all when silence would have been more expedient. For his courage he has been rewarded with the Head Physicianship of the prison. The press knows all this, it has seen the signed statement, but nothing has been said about it. All deference to today's reform administration.

There will be headlines and more headlines. And then no more headlines until an explosion is again due, and new reforms. One political machine is not the cure for another.

America, America!

A Mass Recital by Alfred Kreyborg

(Characters: Part I: Soap-box orator. Part II: Rich kids,
Jack and Jill. Part III: Poor couple, Jim and Jane.)

I

What have you done with all your gold,
America, America?

What have you bought and calmly sold
of human flesh and misery;

what has it cost the growing poor
to earn their cornered liberty:
The right to live awhile and wed,
the right to share a loaf of bread,
the right to one dark room and bed,
the right to love before they're dead,
and all the children comforted—

Why are the children thin and cold,
America?

What is it makes the young grow old,
America:

The young who marry young, grow old,
caught in a daily strangle-hold:

The man in a ditch, the woman a witch
who swings a broom and makes a room
shine as if the room were rich—
only to drop her hands and weep
as she sees her husband creep,
every muscle uninspired,
hired brain and body tired,
up the stair, up the stair—
every step a deadly echo:
"I've been fired, fired."

What is it makes her run to him,
drag him in, what's left of him,
hug and kiss him back to life?
Doesn't she need him as well,
weary of the wifely hell
of doing things she's had to do
to make one stipend carry two,
and carry three and drag on four?—
(God help them if there are more!)

Ah, but how she needs the man!
Now he's holding her and she
smiles upon him dreamily:
He is up where he belongs,
mumbling silly things and songs
as the morrow in their lives
gathers hope and love revives.

Shake them, wake them, make them rise,
America, America,
ere the animal arise,
and the phallus and the womb
one more child of theirs entomb!
They were careless once before—
twice before—slam the door—

Thank you for that shutter, Wind—
that was harsh and kind of you—
the poor are never blind to you—
Slam the shutter—that'll do!

What is it makes the pair go pale,
America, America?

Why has their home become a jail
where the wolves of poverty
wall them in and lose the key—
What have they done—what crime is theirs—
what do they see that makes them look,
look as if their lives were done,
lives the pair have scarce begun?

And what is the line along the street,
a line a million lines repeat,
where the most heroic feet
join the zeros and the mob
looking for a little job
good enough—my god how good
if it buy their women food!
What in god's name can it be,
America, America,
has robbed them of their liberty?

II

What do I see go rolling by,
America, O land of mine,
racing along and joy skyhigh,
boys and girls and all skyhigh,
everyone drunk with youthful health,
bedizened and mad with Daddy's wealth,
sailing along in a blinding car,
making the earth a dancing star,
rending the day from moon to sun,
their dizzy hearts a barrel of fun
that doesn't give a damn for what we are,
doesn't give a damn for what you are,
O land of mine,
so long as they can sail and kiss,
drink and kiss, kiss and love,
the girl below, the boy above,
drunk with each other
and drunk for awhile
mile after mile,
earth and air and underground
where nobody dies while they're around!

Ah what a joy-ride, boy-ride, girl-ride,
girl-wide boy-ride,
world-wide joy-ride!

Nothing in the world to worry about,
the old Harry's in and the old Harry's out,
nothing in the world to be sorry about—

"Who the hell cares what Mother'll say?—"
"Daddy's got a bank and the bank will pay—"
"Jesus Christ, I could almost pray—
Never knew a girl could be so gay!"
"Never knew a boy, Jack—" "Never knew a dame
Who'd go the whole hog and then not blame—"
"I shoulda worn a wedding ring—"
"Cut out the giggling—get up and sing—"
"Turn on the radio—let's us dance—"
"What have I done with my silly pants?"
"My, you're naughty—my dress is gone—"

"Why not dance in what you've got on?"
 "Turn on the light, Jack—isn't it late?"
 "Long after daylight—half past eight."
 "Mother'll throw a fit—" "And Dad.
 We'd have been good if we hadn't had—"
 "Let's have another drink—" "Let's have two—"
 "I never knew what a drink could do—"
 "I never knew a girl I'd just met—"
 "A boy in respectable evening dress—"
 'Could bow like an iceberg and then let—"
 "You do what you did—" "I did?" "Yes."
 "What did I do that you didn't do?"
 "Come a little closer and I'll tell you."
 "Jill—you're a lady—don't lie on your back—"
 "And you're no gentleman—Jack—oh Jack!"

III

"What have you got for dinner, Honey?"
 "Yesterday's soup—I'm out o' money—"
 (America, America.)
 "What'll we do when the rent comes round?"
 "Butter's gone up ten cents a pound."
 "I've been all over—no job in sight."
 "Jim—you were awfully late tonight."
 "Every bone o' mine's done in—"
 "Sit down now an' let's begin."
 "Jane, I'm too tired—can't eat a mite—"
 "Jim, you're trembling—an' oh so white!"
 "I'd like to lay right down an' die—"
 "Don't wake the kids—you'll make 'em cry."
 "I don't deserve a woman like you."
 "Don't say that after all you've been through—"
 "I'm not through yet—tomorrow I—
 Christ Almighty!—" "Jim, don't cry—
 Sit a little closer—poor old dear—"
 "You're tired too—" "Not while you're near."
 "Blow out the lamp—I love the dark—"
 (America.)
 "Remember how we first met in the park—"
 (America?)
 "I sat beside you—" "An' I beside you—"
 "An' you began—" "You began, Howdoyou do?"
 "Jane, you were flirting—" "No, you were—"
 "Well, I was lonely—" "So was I, sir."
 "You looked so cold there, sitting alone—
 An' when I sat down you looked like a stone."
 "It's not for a girl to encourage a man—"
 "You coulda got up when I began—"
 "I hadn't the strength or will, I suppose."
 "An' how long we sat there nobody knows."
 "It seems like a hundred years ago—"
 (America)—
 "More than a thousand years and oh—"
 "You kissed me before you knew my name—"
 "An' you never stopped me—did you, Jane?"
 "We got married an' the Five an' Ten—"
 "Sold us a load o' funny stuff when
 I had a job—" "An' I had one too—"
 "An' we were so young an' happy you—"
 "You, Jim—" "You, Jane—" "You an' I—" "Yes—"
 "Jumped aboard a crazy express—"
 "An' kids came out of our happiness!"
 "Christ, I could smash such a lousy town—"
 (America!)
 "Don't get up, Jim—come back, sit down!"
 "Look at me, Jane—do I look like a slob?—
 I tried an' I tried—not a goddamn job."
 "Be patient, Honey—don't get the blues—"

Hundreds an' thousands are in our shoes."
 "Where's all the money gone—who's to blame—"
 (America?)—"Yes, who's to blame?"
 "Who owns the earth an' what have we got?
 What right have they to make us rot?"
 "Please don't cry, dear—" "I'm not cryin'—
 I'm sick an' tired o' seein' you tryin'
 To make one meal last a week or two—"
 "Don't you know I'm in love yith you?"
 "Don't tell me that—" "But I will, I do—"
 "You're tearin' my heart out—" "I don't care—
 I work as you work, fair an' square."
 "Work as I work?—I don't do a thing
 But try great bastards, king after king,
 Who tell me the whole wide world is poor,
 Act down an' out an' show me the door.
 Who wants a handout?—I wanta work—
 There's not a job on earth I'd shirk.
 Bring back my slavery—let me earn
 Enough to come home an' see you turn
 With the light of old—the light that stops—
 Turns to other things—an' then drops!"

"Never mind, Jim—tomorrow I'll
 Hunt for a job—" "Like hell you will!"
 "Jim, what's the matter?—don't look that way—
 You look as if—" "Will you be still?"
 "You'll wake the kids, dear—what did I say?"
 "Hell with the kids—to hell with it all—"
 "Honey—you're crazy—Honey—" "Don't bawl!"
 "I'm not bawlin'—please come to bed—"
 "Not on your life—I'd sooner drop dead."
 "Jim—God in heaven—" "I've had my fill—"
 "You haven't eaten the soup or bread—"
 "Say one more word about bread an' I'll kill—"
 "Jim—let go o' me—what did I do?"
 "One more word an' I'm through—through."
 "Honey—I'm sorry—I musta meant—"
 "Butter's gone up—we can't raise the rent—"
 "No, Jim, never—I never said that—"
 "Christ, how I hate this lousy flat—
 The table an' chairs—the sink an' stove—"
 "Jim—come back—you no longer love—"
 "Say one more word about love an' I'll—"
 "Take to the streets!" "Like hell you will!"

"Oh but we're mad, we're raving mad!"
 "Ah my poor darling!" "My starvin' lad!"
 "How could I turn on my girl, an' knife—"
 "Jim—you still love me—" "Love you for life!"
 "Somebody—somebody—" "Send us a job—"
 "Down on your knees, Jim—send us a job—"
 "Down on your knees, Jane—I've never prayed—"
 "Don't turn to God, Jim—I am afraid."
 "Where is your hand, Jane—hold me tight—"
 "Christ, save my lover—so thin an' white—"
 "Jane—what makes you shiver so cold?—"
 "What have they done with all the gold?"
 "Jane—they're killing you—where have you gone?"
 "Jim—they're killing you—what have we done?"
 "Why can't they give us a bite to live?"
 "The right to earn a loaf o' bread?"
 "The right to love before we're dead?—"
 "An' our poor children comforted?"
 "Up on your feet, Jane—up again now!
 Now we'll start fighting—" "How, dear, how?"
 "Tomorrow I'll tear down the whole damn sky!"
 "An' we'll run beside you—the children an' I!"
 "Tomorrow we'll start all over and ah—"
 "Die if we have to—" (America)!

Letters from America

Get off the Earth

Dear Editor:

JIM SHINN worked for nine years as painter in Birmingham, Alabama. He saved up enough money to buy a farm, paying \$4,000 in cash and assuming a \$1,250 mortgage held by the Federal Land Bank. The mules, tools and supplies necessary to start farming were obtained in 1928 from a local supply merchant. Including 10 percent interest, this put Jim \$1,800 in debt to the merchant, who took a chattel mortgage on the equipment and a second mortgage on the land. In the fall of '29 Jim paid back \$1,500 of this. The next year's supplies amounted to \$500, thus leaving Jim \$800 in debt to the merchant.

That year, 1930, the crop failed because of drought. By selling what he could and turning over the five bales of cotton which he had made on 40 acres, Jim managed to pay the merchant \$300. At first the merchant promised to "carry" him for the rest. But then, as Jim said, he "jumped through the loop-hole of bankruptcy and sent down to get my car, my mules, my tools, my hogs, my cows, my corn, and everything I had in the world but my wife and ten children, leaving me stranded in the country."

After that Jim couldn't pay interest to the Land Bank. Up to that time, however, he had already paid \$600 in interest and part principal on the \$1,250 mortgage (not to mention the \$4,000 cash which he paid for the farm). In May, 1932, the Land Bank foreclosed on Jim, but allowed him to rent the farm the rest of the year, since he had already planted a crop. His debt to the Land Bank was \$1,300 at the time of foreclosure and, as the Bank figured it, \$1,800 at the time of eviction.

Under the New Deal Jim tried to redeem his home through the refinancing scheme, but was turned down because he didn't have the twenty-six dollars in cash for an appraisal fee. Here are the letters Jim wrote the bank, and the bank's replies. ADDISON T. CUTLER.

The Bank to Jim

Mr. J. T. Shinn,
Warrior, Ala.

Dear Sir:

You are hereby notified to quit and deliver up possession of the following described real property situated partly in Jefferson County, Alabama and partly in Blount County, which you now occupy as tenant of the Federal Land Bank of New Orleans:

The northeast quarter of the northwest quarter and the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter, and the north half of the northwest quarter, and the north half of the south half of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter, all in section 7, to township 14, range 3 west, containing

110 acres more or less, situated partly in Jefferson County and partly in Blount County, Alabama,

before January 1st, 1933. Your lease will not be renewed for another year and possession is demanded by January 1st, 1933. This will be your notice to vacate before that time.

THE FEDERAL LAND BANK
OF NEW ORLEANS

Birmingham, Ala., December 21, 1932.

Jim to the Bank

The Federal Land Bank
Gentleman:

In reconidration of my Loan & Home if you will rember 2 years ago when i was strangled to Death by griffith & Warn at Hancerville, ala, i tried to get you to foreclose your note. At that time i was in Position to refinince my Loan. But you wouldn't Do it. But last May you Did foreclose which i recknoise and later when you asked me to Pay rent i Did agree and Payed same. Now about the 1st of nov. '32 your field man cam to see me and asked me to make a Prapersion Which i Did and he said he thought it was reassemble and thought you would accept it. Now I have Been waiting all this time for you to send the Papers up here and close the Deal with me. But instead on the 28th of Dec. your man give me a notice to vacate the Propety By the 31st of Dec. Now you Know at this time of the year that a Place is hard to find. Now gentlemen, i give 4 thousand Dollars for this Place and when times was normal i made my Payments and give you no trouble. But you know that conditions is not normal now. But rember in taking my Home away from me under thes conditions your taking my lifes Earnings and surely it ain't your Pleasure to through my little children out in the road with nowhere to go. i feel that if you could except my Propertion that from now on I could meet my oblaation and give you no more trouble. But if it is not Pasable for you to let this cup Pass, in the name of Humaty give me a resemble time to find me some Place to go.

J. T. Shinn

January 3, 1933.

The Bank to Jim

Mr. J. T. Shinn

Dear Sir:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of recent date, in which you state that you would like for the Bank to allow you to remain on the above property for 1933, or if the Bank will not do that, to let you remain on it until you can find some other place to go.

All information in the files of the Bank on this property indicate that you are not farming the property, and have not farm-

ed it properly in the past. For this reason the Bank would not be agreeable to allowing you to remain on the property as it is much preferred that we sell the place to someone else, or find someone who is in position to operate the entire place and pay a reasonable rent for its use and occupancy.

We are sorry that we cannot accede to your request to allow you to remain on the place, and we must insist that you vacate this property immediately, as was requested by our Field Representative, Mr. E. C. Wiginton, in his letter to you dated December 21st, 1932.

THE FEDERAL LAND BANK
OF NEW ORLEANS

January 6, 1933.

Jim to the Bank

The Federal Land Bank

Dear Mr. White

In answer to yours of the 6th, in all the information in the files on me and my Home i Dont sopose you found one Word in my Behalf or my tryals and tribulations and struggles that i have Had trying to meet my obligations and save my home. But god says Blessed is man when all men speek Evel of him. Now i am in Position to cultivate and farm this Entire Place this year and make some improvements and am willing to agree to any resemble proposition that you will make in Buying my Home Back. i did offer to pay all the Entrest and 100 one Hundred Dollars on the Principle next fall. Can fix matters to that effect now. i don't Know how you feel towards the under Dog. i always had a semperthy for Him and if i couldn't Help him i wouldn't Bite him. Now you are in Position to give me another chance and rember god says the meashure you meet out will Be meeted Back to you. My little children a few years ago was Probably like yours now, tucked away in a nice home and no wolf standing in the Door to drive them in the cold with no Place to go. But now they are down in their rags and through there mouth Peace they are Pleading for Mercy or that justice might Be tempered wth mercy.

January 10, 1933.

J. T. Shinn

The Bank to Jim

Mr. J. T. Shinn

Dear Sir:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of Jan. 10th in which you requested the Bank allow you to remain on the above property during the 1933 crop year.

Prior to the foreclosure of the loan, you were given every opportunity to put the loan in good standing and to pay up the delinquent items, but this you failed to do.

After foreclosure, you would only agree to pay four bushels of corn for 1932.

We regret that we can not allow you to remain on this property and we must insist that you vacate immediately.

LAND DEPARTMENT

January 13, 1933.

Correspondence

Murder Under Mendieta

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The government of Mendieta—the government of national reactionary concentration, was just one day old when the strike of 25,000 medical workers broke. It immediately issued orders to the police to open the drug stores by force and prosecute doctors on strike. The result was not long in forthcoming. In rushing to close down a drug store opened by a scab druggist, Dr. Jose Elias Borge Carrera, a member of the leading strike committee and a doctor of the Emergency Hospital of Havana, was shot and killed, by the scab. Within twenty minutes young workers burned down the drug store and nearly killed the scab and his assistant. The scab's wife, Prof. Bustillo of the National University, is said to have fired some of the shots.

Dr. Borge was a member of the Communist Party of Cuba and had been exiled to France for his revolutionary struggle against Machado. He just recently returned to Havana. His death had an immediate and spontaneous reaction. Over 10,000 people, mostly workers, filed by his bier at the headquarters of the Medical Federation. The University Students called a forty-eight hour protest strike. His funeral is set for today and at least 20,000 are expected.

The roots of the strike lie in a struggle begun two years ago by a group of doctors in the Spanish Fraternal Societies' Hospitals. Then the Spanish bourgeoisie (mostly merchants) secured the aid of Machado and smashed the strike, placing scabs in the hospitals. Many doctors were arrested and cast in prison. As soon as Machado fell, the doctors and medical employees began to organize once more and presented demands for the unionization of the whole "industry." On the whole, the organization activity was divided into two fields—the first being in the hands of the petty bourgeoisie—doctors, nurses, dentists, druggists, and the second in the hands of the National Labor Confederation of Cuba which organized the hospital employees—waiters, cooks, guards, etc., etc.

The assassination of Dr. Borge spurred the whole movement onward. The government, faced by determination of the masses, had to withdraw all terror decrees against them and went so far as to allow an open Communist Party demonstration in memory of Lenin today. The petty bourgeois masses which were vacillating, have seen in practice that the Communists, even in this field, are the best fighters. Dozens and hundreds of doctors and other intellectuals have expressed themselves for the first time in favor of the revolutionary way out of the crisis—the agrarian and anti-imperialist revolution.

Havana. R. G.

They Don't Dare Forecast

TO THE NEW MASSES:

During the Christmas holiday, there occurred in Philadelphia a foregathering of the few American professional economists who have not yet found a place in the councils in Washington. For fear that it would bore the readers of the NEW MASSES, were I to retell most of what I heard there, I decided to repeat the essence of the three major speeches delivered at the last, the banquet, session. In the past ten years or so, the topic of this last session was "A Forecast for—", the coming year. This time the topic was, "An Evaluation of 1933"—the bourgeois economists have learned! They would not forecast.

The first speaker was Col. Leonard P. Ayers, the man who contributed to the making of the World Safe for Democracy, by drawing charts and graphs of the number of workers that were killed, maimed and "missing" during the war that was to end wars. Col. Ayers is now Dr. Ayers, statistician-economist and vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Co. He said:

The Washington Administration has succeeded in raising the emotional support of the American people. A highly centralized paternalistic, philanthropic government has bought public sympathy with public works, with a works dole. But it thereby dissipates existing public wealth and prevents the accumulation of new wealth. The productiveness of the P.W.A. may be characterized by the dispatch in Washington recently sent from its Ohio Administration: "Send us new leaves, those you have sent us are all worn away from raking."

David Friday—a liberal economist discovered by the *New Republic* about ten years ago; formerly economic adviser to Mellon's Treasury; now economist for an investment trust said that what was needed to save us from the crisis was confidence; what was needed to instil confidence was government credit; what is needed to stabilize government credit was confidence. And that is that.

Then came Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to Secretary Wallace and the A.A.A.: The A.A.A. is O. K. It has raised the purchasing power of the farmer 50 to 60 percent—true, at the expense of the city toiler. This, of course, means new demands for rising wages, and prices.

And so American economists and statisticians and the Olympians from Washington dispersed until the next Christmas holidays.

One Who Used to be One of Them

J. D.

When Auto Workers Should Strike

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I note that in one of your editorial comments in the NEW MASSES of Jan. 23 you give a tip to automobile workers to do their striking in the months of November and December. You're all wrong as far as the mass of production workers in the auto industry are concerned. These are the very months when tens of thousands of them are laid off and many factories shut down entirely. You can't strike when the workers are outside the shops.

However, you're correct—partly—in regard to the tool and die-makers. October, November and December are the months when they are working, getting out the dies for the new models. The tool and die-makers' strike, which cost the manufacturers so much by holding up the production of dies for the new models, started Sept. 22 and lasted for about six weeks. In its early stages there were still many production workers employed and there was a good opportunity to spread the walkout into a general strike of all automobile workers. However, the officials of the Mechanics Educational Society of America, an independent craft union of tool and diemakers, opposed unity with the production workers and finally led the strike up a blind alley. As a result, though the tool and diemakers' strike did great damage to the automobile manufacturers, it won only minor improvements for the strikers in some of the smaller shops, while the conditions in the large auto plants were left unchanged.

The Auto Workers Union, affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, is the oldest union in the automobile industry and the only one that is organized on an industrial basis and on class struggle principles. It is the only auto union that publishes a regular organ, the Auto Workers News, which appears every two weeks and is, incidentally, one of the oldest militant trade union papers in the country. Residents of Detroit who want to find out more about the union and its official organ, should apply at 4210 Woodward Avenue, room 15, Detroit. Or better still, come to our concert and dance Saturday evening, Feb. 10, at Finnish Hall, 5969 14th Street, near McGraw. The John Reed Club of Detroit is going to participate in the program.

Detroit.

A. B. MAGIL.

Caldwell in Danger

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I never saw a copy of your paper, and I do not remember of hearing of this man Caldwell before, but I am taking the liberty to send you a clipping from this morning's Constitution.

The Constitution tells us that Louisville, County seat of Jefferson, was at one time the Capitol of the state. It should also tell us that Louisville was at one time a great slave trade center, that the old slave market with its auction block, still stands in the public square, preserved and protected as if it was some holy shrine.

The Solicitor-General thinks that Caldwell does not know anything about these killings, but I think that Caldwell does not know his own people. And my guess is that if he sticks to his post, and continues to fight, something will happen to him.

All of the officials admit that these people were killed, but they say that it is "nothing out of the ordinary," and this is the "god's truth." It is a regular thing, too common for any special notice. Not in Jefferson County alone, not only in Georgia, but wherever the Negro forms any considerable percentage of the population, and whenever he is bold enough to stand up for his own rights. As for the poorer class of whites, when their interests clash with that of the "Bosses," or if they demand their rights, their treatment is not much better.

Yours very truly,

Atlanta.

X. Y. Z.

P. S. If you wish to print any part of this letter, *don't print my name*, for I am in no position to be hounded around by the protectors of our "grand institutions."

For the Scottsboro Boys

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Hearing on the motion to reverse the Scottsboro verdicts has been postponed until Feb. 24, when our attorney, Osmund K. Fraenkel, will appear before Judge W. W. Callahan at Decatur. In the meantime we are concentrating our efforts on: (1) the formation of a tremendous international protest campaign, and (2) a fund-raising drive to defray the considerable expenses already incurred in legal and mass activities on behalf of the Scottsboro boys. All contributions should be sent to Room 430, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

LOUIS COLMAN,
for the International Labor Defense.

The CONTRIBUTORS

ILYA EHRENBURG is a noted Soviet writer. His latest book, *Der Zweite Tag*, is available in German; among his other books, *Julio Jernito* and *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, have been translated into English.

OTIS C. FERGUSON is appearing in the NEW MASSES for the first time.

SENDER GARLIN is on the staff of the Daily Worker.

JACK STACHEL is acting secretary of the Trade Union Unity League.

ALFRED KREYMBORG'S new play *Money in Love* is in rehearsal at the Repertory Playhouse Associates.

MYRA PAGE'S first novel was *Gathering Storm*, and she has just completed a second one about Americans in the Soviet Union.

JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO is now finishing his murals at Dartmouth.

REGINALD MARSH painter and etcher, exhibits regularly in New York galleries.

Russia's Friends Meet

MYRA PAGE

THE unique value of the first convention of the Friends of the Soviet Union, held in New York Jan. 26-28, lies in the fact that it represented and mobilized to a rather wide extent the significant turn in American opinion toward the U.S.S.R., and the tremendously broadened sympathy for the workers' republic.

As an organization whose membership is open to all real friends of the workers' republic, whether they be workers, farmers or from the middle class, and whether they voted for Roosevelt, Hoover, Thomas, or Foster, its base is as broad as the very sincere friendship that exists for the Soviet Union throughout America today. In this sense, the representation at the convention could have been far wider than it was. Instead of 118 delegates from the trade unions, composing about one-eighth of the nearly one thousand delegates, there might have been four times this number, especially more from basic industries. The relatively few Negroes among the delegates bore witness to the general neglect on the part of the F.S.U. in bringing the truth to the 13,000,000 of oppressed American Negroes about the one land where all peoples are equal and free. This defect incidentally was criticized by several delegates, and plans made for its correction, as well as for strengthening its base among the industrial workers.

However, in spite of any criticisms that may be made, this first nation-wide gathering of workers, farmers and intellectuals delegated by their organizations to pledge support for the Soviet Union, stands out as a political event of first rank.

After all the slander and threats by the Greens and Wolls of American Federation of Labor officialdom against the first workers' republic and any organization friendly toward it, some thirty-eight delegates from A. F. of L. locals broke through the bureaucratic machine to attend; while another thirteen were elected by members of the left wing or opposition movement within the A. F. of L. Independent unions sent another twenty-five delegates, often over the direct opposition of their leaders, while the remaining forty-two delegates came from unions affiliated to the revolutionary Trade Union Unity League. As Thomas Slavins, delegate from the International Association of Machinists local in Newport, R. I., said, "It is wrong to think that rank and file A.F. of L.'ers are not interested in Russia. They are. More than that, they will fight to defend it. Our union succeeded in having the Newport Central Labor Union pass resolutions in favor of recognition some years ago, and they never went back on it."

In face of the letter sent out by the New York City executive committee of the Socialist Party, refusing all cooperation with the F.S.U.

and warning all its local branches to do likewise, seven Socialist Party locals sent delegates in order to give it their wholehearted support.

One of the highlights of the convention was its genuinely united front character. No one could fairly accuse this of being a paper or show-window united front. The sincere passion of a Katherine Lewis, organizer of the Holyoke Socialist Party local and sent as its delegate, brought forth response throughout the large hall as she declared, "I and my comrades in the Socialist Party locals know that the rank and file members of this party are sincere in their socialist convictions and ready to do everything possible to protect the land of socialism, the Soviet Union. My comrades and I know that some of the officials of the Socialist Party are not true friends of the workers' republic. There were some who tried to prevent us from coming here. We came anyway. And I and the other Socialists at this convention call on our comrades in the locals throughout the country to join with us in proving ourselves honest friends of Socialism and its homeland, the U.S.S.R."

Nor was there any doubting the working class fervor of Paul Wicks, railroad worker and member of the Massachusetts Socialist Party State Executive, delegate from the Greenfield, Mass., Unemployed League, when he said, "We, Socialist comrades and Communist comrades, must and will stand together in defense of our common fatherland, the Soviet Union, carrying on the traditions of Eugene V. Debs, whose militancy is our most precious heritage."

Corliss Lamont, whose speech to the convention was broadcast over a nation-wide hookup, declared, "All of us can remember very easily the days when we used to spend three-fourths of our time working and debat-

ing and fighting for the recognition of Russia. Happily those days are over. But this victory does not mean that there is to be any let down in our energies. . . . Rather, it means for the first time in sixteen years we are really free to do the job we ought to do, and that is to educate the American people about what is going on in Russia, and to counteract many untruths about that great country which are still so prevalent." This radio speech has already brought in over 100 applicants for membership.

Of the 931 delegates, 598, or about two-thirds, were not members of any political party. Five were Democrats, two Republicans, one a Fusionist, sixteen Socialists, 258 Communists, and twenty-nine members of the Young Communist League. Mass and fraternal organizations, workers' clubs and language groups elected over 600 of the delegates, the unions 118, farmers' organizations ten, unemployed councils eleven, with only thirty sent directly by political organizations, including delegates from Socialist and Communist units, two from a Democratic Club, and four from the League for Independent Political Action.

Throughout the sessions there was evident a sharp sense of the rapid approach of momentous events. Delegate after delegate voiced this, each in his own way. It was clear that these more than nine hundred men and women delegates knew that the present international situation is a powder keg that may explode at any moment, and that powerful interests both near and far are intriguing behind the scenes, egging on Japan and Hitler to launch the attack on the U.S.S.R. It was this daily emergency, and their grim determination to do all within their power to prevent such an attack that had brought these delegates together, and sent them home determined to translate into action the decisions of the convention which if carried out will result in an organization capable of effective defense of the first workers' republic.

H. W. L. Dana expressed this determination in his speech closing the convention. He said: "This has been a splendid assembly, a stirring convention, a wonderful demonstration of solidarity and friendship for the U.S.S.R. But its degree of success cannot now be measured. It will only be after the thousand delegates have returned home to their various organizations, it will only be after months have passed, that we can estimate whether or not the high enthusiasm shown here, the excellent plans and resolutions adopted, have been translated into action, in the building of an organization capable of fulfilling its historic task of defending the great achievements of the Soviet people. Long live the Soviet Union!"



"NOW THAT REMINDS ME—"

Adolf Dehn



Adolf Dehn's

"NOW THAT REMINDS ME—"

Adolf Dehn

B o o k s

A Nest of Reviewers

A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK, by Sean O'Faolain. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE chorus of praise for Sean O'Faolain's *A Nest of Simple Folk* has been extraordinary, especially when one considers what the reviewers have praised and what they have not. Perhaps the most amazing review of all was J. Donald Adams' in the Sunday Times. Mr. Adams ended his little piece with the inspired suggestion that Marxist critics ought to read O'Faolain's book in order to realize that their talk about proletarian literature was misguided. This, as Robert Cantwell has pointed out, would be magnificently impudent if it were not so obviously stupid, for O'Faolain, in Cantwell's phrase, "is nothing if he is not a poet of the revolution."

Cantwell is, of course, quite right, and it is illuminating to ponder on the insensitivity or the prejudice that led to the reviewers' failure to perceive or unwillingness to admit this simple fact. The novel is primarily the story of Leo Foxe-Donnel, but it is also the story of three generations of the Irish and of three attempts at revolt. In the first part Leo, ruined financially and morally by his family's desire to ape the British squirarchy, throws himself into the Fenian movement of 1867. Jailed for ten years, he is finally released and enjoys for a time, during the era of Parnell, a taste of public esteem. But hard times come, and, after a vain struggle against eviction, he loses his estate—to his avaricious brother—and goes to Rathkeale. Once more he joins the movement of revolt, this time in alliance with his illegitimate son, Johnno, is betrayed by his nephew, Johnny Hussey, a policeman, and spends five years in jail. Again he moves, this time to Dublin; again he is drawn into rebellion; again he is betrayed; and he dies on Easter Monday, 1916.

This is by no means all the story, but it is unmistakably the novel's central theme. Built around this theme are many effective evocations of Irish character and Irish life. Leo shares the first part with his mother, and the opening scene, in which she forces her dying husband to write his will, is perhaps the finest in the book. The whole of Book I, with its portrayal of the struggle between English and Irish, between town and city, between the old gentry and the new capitalistic landlords, is an admirable example of the way in which complex social forces may be revealed in the attitudes and actions of such simple folk as the book deals with. In the second and third parts Leo divides the reader's interest with Johnny Hussey, who is from one point of view an admirable and substantial supporter of law and order, and from another—which

is obviously O'Faolain's—a blackguard and a spy. Superficially, the victory on that bloody Monday is with Sergeant Hussey, but his son turns in disgust against him just as the book ends. Thus the revolutionary motif, furnishing the novel's climax, gives it its unity.

Cantwell is fully justified in calling this a revolutionary novel, but I think he has not been careful enough—either in his Sean O'Faolain review or in his recent article on Joyce—to distinguish among revolutionary traditions and aims. Today the vital revolutionary force in Ireland is the radicalized working class, which has been repeatedly betrayed by the bourgeois nationalists. O'Faolain's sympathies, however, seem to lie with the nineteenth century form of nationalism. Perhaps that is why he is so much more successful in Book I in evoking the actual social forces that are expressed in Leo Foxe-Donnel's actions. In '67 the agrarian nationalist movement was, as Marx pointed out, truly revolutionary, and O'Faolain not only reveals the bases of that movement but effectively recreates the emotions that attended it. He is nowhere near so successful in his accounts of later revolts, and his characters move merely on the margin, so far as the reader can judge, of the 1916 rebellion.

It seems to me also that the reviewers, Cantwell among them, have exaggerated the values for O'Faolain of the literary tradition of which he is heir. The peculiar position of Irish writers, poised, as it were, between two languages, has made them uncommonly conscious of linguistic problems. Ever since Synge returned from his exile, the authors of Ireland have been trying to invent a language of their own. Not unnaturally this effort has resulted in a deepening of sensibility as well as an improvement of expression. But too often this sensibility has been operative only under rather special circumstances. It has resulted in the amazingly complete expression of certain kinds of experience, but these experiences have often been relatively unimportant. The worst example of misdirected sensibility is Francis Stuart, but Joyce is not wholly free from guilt, and O'Faolain illustrates how easily such delicacy can degenerate into mere decorative facility. Cantwell, it is true, points out the dangers of such a gift for creating atmosphere, but he seems unaware of the extent to which the virtues and defects of O'Faolain's style spring from the same sources.

Thus we come back to Mr. Adams of the Times. There are two questions I should like to raise. First, are any of the genuine virtues of *A Nest of Simple Folk* incompatible with a thoroughly (i.e., a Marxian, a Communist) revolutionary attitude? The answer is no. The variety of scenes and characters, the sureness of characterization, the

effectiveness of the human revelation of social forces, all these are virtues that would be hailed by the Marxian critics, who have repeatedly lamented the absence of such qualities in various proletarian novels. The second question is this: are there any virtues lacking in *A Nest of Simple Folk* that a truly revolutionary attitude might have supplied? The two preceding paragraphs suggest the answer: a clearer and more sustained understanding of the play of social forces and a more determined avoidance of mere embroidery would make this the great novel that the critics call it; and these are precisely the virtues with which Communism could endow an author.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Go to Hell with Art Young

ART YOUNG'S INFERNO, published by Delphic Studios, N. Y. \$5.

Since Mark Twain, have there been many clearer notes expressed of the basic American folk-mind than may be found in the drawings of Art Young? All the virtues and faults of the American people are contained in these shrewd scratchings of a master-pen: the credulity, the good-natured humor, the scorn for windbags, political and ecclesiastical, a sort of generous gambling spirit, an instinctive hatred of injustice, a simplicity and homely barnyard greatness.

It is significant that Abraham Lincoln still lives more deeply in the heart of the American people than any other president. All that is good, all that is fundamentally revolutionary in America, responds to that image of a gaunt, witty, plebian philosopher, who though historically a waverer and compromiser, never quite forgot that it was Labor that had built America, and not the dollar-mad vandals of capitalism.

Art Young carries over into the modern social revolution this native tradition of a cornfed socialism that extends from Father Abraham down through Mark Twain, and Bob Ingersoll, Walt Whitman, Thomas Nast, Edward Bellamy, Brann the Iconoclast, Ryan Walker, Carl Sandburg, the old Appeal to Reason and Eugene V. Debs.

It was a socialism that often went off the deep end into ineffective bathos, but at other times attained the strength and inevitability of all living things with roots in the soil. It is a power that is being lost, somehow; perhaps the skyscraper, the aeroplane, and the immensity of monopoly-capitalism in its fascist imperialist stage have forever changed the tempo of political life, and laid different and sterner demands on those who fight against the mounting horror of an insane and futile system.

Yet, I for one, believe that any young revolutionary trade unionist has a great deal to learn by studying the life of Gene Debs, just as any young Communist artist may gain immensely by studying the work of Art Young, who is still, after forty years of activity, a master propagandist of the American revolution.

Few intellectuals, by taking thought, can acquire such sensitive relation to the unwritten lore of the masses. It is instructive to observe, for instance, with what wit and strategy Art Young has conducted a flank attack on the profiteers of religion. Growing up in the atmosphere of the first Darwinian controversy, Art pierced to the heart of it all, even as a young man. Religion was another of the capitalist methods of policing the mind of workers and farmers, and keeping them humping. Religion was based on fear, and little else. Just as on earth, the masses had been taught the fear that chaos and hunger might follow if they shook off Andy Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, just so had they been persuaded that if they rebelled a monstrous pit of hell awaited them in eternity. It was one of the most useful lies ever invented by a master-class, and many wage-slaves, Art Young observed, fought bitterly against those who tried to liberate them from this fear.

There was no use trying to deprive these dupes of their marvelous future in Hell. It would be better, Art decided, to accept the reality of their Hell and make a visit there. Perhaps a report on conditions, an exposure such as the muckrakers were making of American politics at the time, would influence some of the patriots of Hell. So in 1892, Art Young found an entrance to Hell in Chicago, went all the way down, looked around, interviewed the King, and returned to tell all. He discovered, he says, that the ancient abyss was becoming industrialized. "Slowly, the old King had managed to build a few railroads, coal chutes, elevators running from one circle down to another, and everywhere I saw machines built for particular kinds of punishment."

Art warned the old King then that some of the big capitalists might band together when they got to Hell, form a trust, grab all the successful enterprises and crowd Satan to the wall. But the King dismissed the warning as absurd.

Art revisited him briefly in 1900, disguised as an old-fashioned minister named the Reverend Hiprah Hunt, who was grateful to find Satan still secure on his throne, and the Region an even worse place than he had expected.

Now in 1933, Art Young has paid his latest visit to Hell. And what he finds there is an amazing scoop fully reported in this big book of superb drawings and text.

Satan was forced to abdicate somewhere in 1904, Art says, and Hell is now ruled by the bankers and the newly organized Chambers of Commerce, under a constitution written by their corporation lawyers, a Supreme Court of their own selection, and an All Hell Congress that represents their interests.

Satan still is called King by the simple natives, and has a few honorary show-titles, but the ruling financiers privately call him the bell-hop, the rubber stamp, or just plain Sate. "Thus has proud Lucifer fallen,"—to business-fascism.

Art pictures and describes the old native in-



ART YOUNG

Jose Clemente Orozco

habitants; the Imps of worry, hypocrisy, bluff, vulgarity, hurry, and chance. They met him at the entrance to Hell, over the massive gates of which was a great Rotary sign: "You are now entering Hell. Welcome." Art met a wealthy friend, fortunately, and was able to do a little sightseeing. "But most sinners are immediately hurried into the heat and smell—to look for friends who will give them advice, and to hunt for jobs." (Sounds like Ellis Island.)

Art draws a road map of the Region, with its pipe lines for oil, looney islands, airport stations, sanitariums, football stadiums, and other modern developments going ninety miles down.

He faithfully describes it all in pictures, some of which have the dark diabolic power and imagination of Gustav Doré, one of Art's masters, others the prairie mother-wit that Art Young learned from nobody but himself.

Here are some of the spicy epigrammatic notes Art jotted down under his sketches of Hell:

"When he has anything to sell, the Hellion tries to get a high price for it—just as high as he thinks the customer will pay. At the same time all Hellions complain incessantly about high prices—the high prices that others demand.

"The Cheerupists: their philosophy can be reduced to this: to be continually worried, browbeaten, hounded, tortured and stewed in the Infernal fires is good for the soul. The more severe the punishment, the more beautiful will be the soul."

"The Depression: Prominent Hellions invariably told me it was unfortunate that I was investigating the region while business was still suffering from a slight depression—that I ought to see it in full-blast prosperity. All

were agreed, however, that Hell was fundamentally sound and confidence was being restored. The depression was psychological."

"How to Keep Fit: Avoid sudden shocks. Be calm—take things easy. Don't hurry. Go on long vacations. Don't get angry. Anger poisons the system. Look at the lovely side of Hell."

"Time is Money and No Loafing signs are seen everywhere in Hell."

"Most Hellions get angry at individuals, not at Hell as a whole."

"Can one hope that the ruling Hellions will have a change of heart when only a few are capable of a change of thought?"

"Children are reared in this nether region, and of course they learn to be little Devils and soon develop into real Hellions. But you read interviews in the press with wise magistrates about youthful criminals and are told that the home influence and particularly mothers are to blame for the wickedness of their children."

And there is a lot more. But I think it must be clear by now to every reader of this review that Art Young is describing American capitalism in 1934 when he is pretending to describe Hell. I feel guilty as all Hell in this inadequate report I have made on the book. How can one convey the force and humor of Art's drawings? They are the principal portion of this satire, and are among the best things Art has done in his long lifetime.

I am as personally fond of Art Young as the ten thousand others of his friends, but to me Art Young's drawings are not merely whimsies by another comic artist for the banal American funny weeklies. Going through the capitalist Hell with him, I am shaken with horror and indignation. Only a great imaginative artist could illuminate so plainly the truth we are prone to forget: that we are living in Hell. War is hell. Peace is hell. Everyday life under capitalism is hell. There is no compromising with such a system—it is Hell, and must be destroyed. Art Young can rouse these feelings in any American mind, and I wish more of us could learn to be as effective.

MICHAEL GOLD.

Whose American Wealth?

THE MEASUREMENT OF AMERICAN WEALTH, by Robert R. Doane. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

How is the wealth of Henry Ford measured? The sales value of his lands, buildings, equipment, supplies, bank accounts, and accounts receivable are added up; his debts deducted; and the result is the net worth of Henry Ford in terms of dollars. That is precisely the kind of job Mr. Doane did in estimating the wealth in the United States. *The Measurement of American Wealth* is a job in accounting, but not economics.

The accounting method of the book is glorified by trimming with theory. On the



ART YOUNG

Jose Clemente Orozco

first page the author gives his moral approval to the present order. "Under the existing scheme of things," he states, "the fundamental concept underlying all economic effort is the attainment of well being through . . . a sufficiency of goods and services for the population . . ." Ricardo's economics "remain the basis of modern economic thinking" for Doane, even though they have been discredited by their failure to explain the recurrent economic breakdowns. And he is inclined to think that the present crisis is an "incidental phenomena accompanying the cyclical movement of the modern economy during the (present) three-quarter century transition period. . . ."

It is this kind of economic thinking that leads Mr. Doane to say that, in the distribution of the national income, the "consumer has benefited at the expense of private enterprise," that "profits and losses . . . cannot escape a balance," that "the total annual income of an economy is always spent at once," and that "the actual effect upon the volume of current monetary income of all debt transactions is neutral." These quotations are intended, of course, to give the impression that the nation is a commercial concern and as long as the wealth is here everything is hunky dory. The conclusion is inevitable that the maldistribution of annual income to the disadvantage of workers and farmers has no ill effect upon the productive and distributive processes of the country, and that there was no huge surplus of goods in 1929. It does not take an expert to see that there is something basically wrong with such assumptions.

Mr. Doane has not hesitated to use findings of doubtful merit to fit his theories. Still it is possible, by correction and re-interpretation, to gather some highly interesting information from it. In 1890 one-fifth of the profit-making wealth was in the control of corporations; in 1932 corporations controlled three-fourths. Illegitimate exploitation, such as frauds, narcotic traffic, racketeering, etc., grew from 1.1 billion dollars in 1910 to 6.4 billion in 1929. Out of the farmers' income of 6 billion dollars in 1932 nearly 1 billion dollars was paid out merely for interest. The growth of exploitation in a few important items from 1910 to 1929 follow: rent on land, from 2 billion to 9.5 billion dollars; interest, from 2.2 to 9.7 billion; profits, from 4.7 to 16.3 billions. On the face of these easily recognized forms of exploitation the workers and farmers were done out of 35 billion dollars of their total production of 90 billion dollars in 1929.

But what the book omits is almost as important as what it includes. The 90 billion dollars' worth of production in 1929 represents the productive capacity under a capitalist order. A casual run through census data indicates that about thirteen million out of forty-eight million "gainfully employed" were busy in the exploitation of workers and farmers, or performing socially unnecessary work, such as advertising. The very first attempt at organized economy in Russia resulted in an increase in national income of 218 percent

between the years of 1928 and 1932. Furthermore, the book does not show that in 1932 the labor resources were used at about one-half their normal capacity and equipment at about one-third.

A new type of steam automobile that would cut costs and operation by half, providing greater power and ease of operation, would draw the full consideration of every engineer immediately. But the significance of Soviet economics is met with averted face by "recognized" economists. And down to his last sentence, Doane, dissatisfied with his failure to explain the phenomena of crisis, sits pattering around with columns of receipts, expenditures, capital, corporation assets . . . groping for an elusive key to the puzzle.

CHARLES D. FLETCHER.

The End of O'Neill

DAYS WITHOUT END, by Eugene O'Neill. Random House. \$2.50.

Eugene O'Neill's latest piece is not a drama in any sense of the word, but a flat, hackneyed story, in effect little more than an anecdote, told in its notes without emotion or thematic power.

John Loving has two selves—John and Loving (amazing discovery). John and Loving talk to each other and to others. This two-man-being is writing a novel, the plot of which he tells to his wife and to Father Baird. It is about a man who is unfaithful to his wife, and the wife recognizes herself and this husband of hers, John Loving. She runs out into the rainy night, contracts pneumonia, and nearly dies. John repents and he and Loving (the sinister, cynical self) enter a church, where Loving dies as John finds redemption before the Cross. In the presence of Father Baird, John Loving ends as one man.

Equally naïve and uninspired is the dialogue, and unbelievably ignorant are the comments meant for thought. Never skillful at handling ideas, O'Neill in the past has relied mainly on the surge of emotion which he himself felt for his subject, and at times he has been able to convey a good part of this to his audience. *Days Without End*, however, has the brittle, cold, melodramatic effects of his most frantic efforts. Here he has lost both the ability to convince by ideas and passion for his theme. And the reason is not far to seek.

Overlooking all the violent theatricality of O'Neill's many plays, underneath there was the sense of their author seeking for emotional certainty. Being unable to accept the formal solutions he found around him he often gave in his plays a strong feeling of rebellion and discontent with the arrangements of life. Now suddenly in *Days Without End* he meekly surrenders. And the result is another play far from the warm and vital issues of our time, a play which grows progressively muddled from act to act, weaker and more infantile. "The End of the End" is the title of the fourth act,

and it is the most prophetic utterance in what is termed "a modern miracle play."

If we are to accept the play for what it is, with all its deadly earnestness, then O'Neill has chosen to die with the dying. Neuroticism, despair, self-deception, and the crumbs of hope held out by priests and empty rhetoric, O'Neill here affirms as the way of life. And the false finality of this play is that he accepts them so supinely, seemingly unaware that these elements no longer contain material except for brilliant, incisive satire and instructive social exposure. It finds him seeking refuge in mysticism, the tailor-made solutions of the church, even in words.

Ever since *All God's Chillun Got Wings* and *The Hairy Ape*, the only plays in which O'Neill got very far left, he has been moving steadily and despairingly to the right. Almost every play he has written in recent years is an illustration of how in one manner or another he has snatched at this and that subject and form in an effort to save his dramatically disintegrating self. All this has been experimental, not in the way of a creator struggling for new forms with which to express life, but in the way of a crippled man fighting for crutches and attempting to will life into dead burdens. In *Ah! Wilderness* he dropped into a meaningless, air-pocket condition which only in derision could be called comedy. *Days Without End* is further confused, ragged and disorganized, and has value merely as an example of a wrong direction in playwriting.

To find a playwright in O'Neill's position, in what should be his mature years, and especially in a time such as ours which calls for sharp and clear dramatic interpretations, worrying over religion to the extent of going by way of the cross and dealing in such pseudo-subjects as dual personalities, is more than disappointing: it relieves him of further serious consideration as a dramatic writer. This play shows well the torturous conflicts which befall writers of O'Neill's ambition when they fail to understand their social responsibilities as creators. The drama of the present, as well as of the future, lies closer to our lives. It lies in an interpretation of man's dramatic struggle to put to work in the world his Marxian knowledge, his social love and philosophy, and his deep belief in a world of new cultural values.

VIRGIL GEDDES.

Brief Review

DARK METROPOLIS, by Jacob Hauser. B. C. Hagglund, publisher, 25c.

Trying to adapt the imagery of the romantic poets to his own impressions of city streets, Hauser achieves, for the most part, a bastard kind of poetry that one hopes he will outgrow. The most effective poem is "Pegasus in Pound," in which he surrenders to his romantic mood, and perhaps the least effective poems are those in which he is most consciously revolutionary. Perhaps real poetry will grow out of his conflict, but it has not yet emerged.

In the Money

How Much Is a Dollar?

DEVALUATION of the dollar to 50 or 60 cents does not mean its purchasing power will be reduced in that proportion. Not immediately. Money, as Marx told us, must be something more than a measure of value; it must also serve as a medium of exchange and a means of payment. And if a dollar is to measure half as much as it did before, more dollars will have to circulate in some form or other. In default of such additional circulating media, government fiat will be powerless to shorten the dollar yardstick for commodities, regardless of the quantum of precious metal it is supposed to represent. The significance of Roosevelt's devaluation act is as a declaration of intention to inflate the currency.

Of course he has been moving in that direction for some time; witness his gold buying and foreign exchange policies. As soon as the dollar is devaluated the government expects to secure a profit of at least \$2,666,666,666 by taking over the \$3,500,000,000 gold now in the hands of the federal reserve banks. The only way in which that gold can yield a profit is by note inflation against it.

Now for the first time the N.R.A. codes are revealed as a straightjacketing of the working class in connection with the prospect of *successively* rising prices. The Roosevelt recovery program is a program for "restoration of profits" through lowering "relative costs"—principally wages.

Inflation will victimize workers, salaried employees, people of low income generally. The big *rentiers* will be able to take care of themselves handsomely through speculation. How far will inflation go? It is impossible to say now. The mounting government debt, and the unwillingness of the government to tax the rich, suggest the ultimate likelihood of inflation that could not be controlled. Two bets were made on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange last week that within three years the dollar will command a value of less than five cents. I tell this merely by way of reporting but it is worth pondering over.

That Federal Reserve Gold

Newspaper stories have given some people the notion that in taking over all the gold in the federal reserve banks on a discount basis the government would be committing some act of expropriation. That is a misconception, boldly stimulated, in line with other efforts to give a certain "radical" aura to Roosevelt's reactionary policies. The government does not expropriate bankers. The profit on the gold would not belong to the stockholders of the banks under any circumstances. The federal reserve act provides specifically that all federal reserve profits over and above the regular six per cent cumulative dividend requirement shall accrue to the treasury of the United

States. It further provides that all profits derived by the United States from federal reserve banks shall "be used to supplement the gold reserve held against outstanding United States notes, or shall be applied to the reduction of the outstanding bonded indebtedness of the United States under regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury."

"Camco"

The little story I am about to tell deals with flotation of securities but it is not offered simply to feed the wrath of outraged security holders. I would not tell it at all if it did not expose the moralizing hypocrisy of an entire capitalist regime. Let me begin by reminding you of the adage that there is no honor among thieves. Thievery of course is nowhere more prevalent than in the flotation

of securities. So insistent has been the hue and cry from suckers who were gypped through misleading security advertisements of corporations, both large and small, that at the last session of Congress President Roosevelt himself formulated the provisions of an "air-tight" Securities Act.

During the preparatory hearings the President gave out statements day after day denouncing as "an insult to contemporary morality" those corporations whose security offerings made extravagant claims, concealed information as to option agreements, neglected to give actual income or balance sheet figures, etc. On all the front pages of the country he proclaimed the Rooseveltian doctrine of "*caveat venditor*," let the seller beware. And the act was passed.

Shortly thereafter a leading financial publication began to assemble a list of misleading circulars that had been issued during recent years, with the idea of printing it and showing investors that none of the respectables of capitalism was involved. To keep the list very small only the most notorious examples were considered, those which were already known to every dabbler in Wall Street. I was told that the list would be headed by the Consolidated Automatic Merchandising Corp., referred to in Wall Street as "CAMCO."

CAMCO is a comparatively small company which has operated at a loss every year since its formation. Its common and preferred stock was offered publicly by F. J. Lisman & Co. in August, 1928, together with predictions that profits would soon exceed \$18,000,000 a year. The official advertising circular gave a false impression of existing contracts, did not mention outstanding options against the stock, offered no late income figures, did not mention what price was paid for acquired properties. In short, a perfect "horrible example."

But the list of horrible examples was never published. I wondered why. Only the other day I had my answer. An acquaintance, who is librarian for a large Wall Street brokerage firm happened to mention that his office possessed one of the five or six original CAMCO circulars known to be in existence, all the others having been gathered up and destroyed. He let me have a look at the circular; apparently I had overlooked something before. A glance told me what it was. The board of directors. With my friend's permission I copied down the names of the directors precisely as the circular gave them. Here they are:

Albert C. Allen
Robert E. Allen
Albert M. Chambers
A. Granat
F. J. Lisman
Saunders Norvell
Stanley Nowak
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
A. J. Sack
Joseph J. Schermack
Nathan A. Smyth
Robert P. Sniffen.

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Kabat



Music

Salomé—Restored

THE memory of the first performance of *Salomé* in America, at the Metropolitan Opera, twenty-seven years ago, had so far lost its poignancy, that a revival of this work was possible at the Metropolitan this season.

The printed record of this first American performance of *Salomé* shows a horrified, though probably fascinated public. But the pressure of the indignant pastor of J. Pierpont Morgan, combined with the influence of leading critics, especially of H. E. Krehbiel, then dean of American critics, resulted in the immediate withdrawal of the work from the Metropolitan until this year.

Probably not realizing the clearer perspective in which this work would be held in 1934, due to the very different inter-linking social and esthetic standards of this era compared with those of 1907, the Metropolitan in the current production eliminated all those features which had previously outraged the exquisite sensibilities of the governing powers of the opera.

The libretto of *Salomé*, taken from Oscar Wilde's drama of the same name, is derived from the biblical account of the beheading of John the Baptist (found in St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. John) by Herod, Tetrarch of Judea, at the behest of Salomé, daughter of Herod's wife, Herodias. Herodias had previously been the wife of Herod's elder brother Philip, and his marriage to his brother's widow was, according to the standards of that day, incestuous. John the Baptist having denounced this marriage publicly, had incurred the disfavor of Herodias, and she seized the moment of her daughter Salomé's conquest of Herod, through her alluring dancing, to influence Salomé to demand the head of John the Baptist as a reward, Herod having promised he would grant her any favor she might ask—if only she would dance for him.

Wilde, influenced by other writers since the time of the biblical recording, including Flaubert, and by the exotic style of the Song of Solomon, probably felt that the indirect psychological influence of Salomé's mother in demanding the head of John the Baptist through fear of his influence against her, was too far removed from the consciousness of his reading public and the theatre, as well as for his peculiar genius, for the making of a "successful" drama. So in the opera of *Salomé*, we have a subject of direct appeal to the intuitive understanding of all humanity, sufficiently twisted in its final denouement to stir the innermost depths of Wilde's undeniably great but decadent genius. Hence, in the drama, which becomes the basis of the opera *Salomé*, we are confronted by the very direct problem of Salomé demanding the head of John the Baptist, so that his lips, which he had denied her in life, might be hers, even in death. The

distortion of the original story is complete, and was made for the sole purpose of furnishing Wilde with a vehicle for his twisted genius, which possesses to an extraordinary degree those elements which we have come to believe constitute "decadence." Even the diabolically assumed style of the "Song of Solomon," is pursued and developed with a self-conscious cleverness which robs the most eloquent moment of its sincerity, at the same time, with uncanny skill, creating a mood of Oriental sensuousness almost unparalleled in modern writing.

The music of Strauss produces a far different effect today than it did upon earlier hearing. My first experience with this opera was a performance, before the World War, at the "Royal" Opera in Munich. Strauss' operas, including *Salomé*, were then new to the public, and the principal effect upon auditors was one of puzzlement, amazement: the result of an unheard-of volume of sound from an augmented orchestra, dramatic effects from both orchestra and singers which constituted a new experience. How different all this sounds today! Modern orchestral onslaughts no longer astound the listener, so that he for the moment is robbed of his critical faculties. The music, written, it is needless to say, with consummate technical skill, strikes one as being amazingly suited to the movement and moods of the libretto, and in dramatic moments at least, of enhancing—or rather "building up"—the effect of the emotions portrayed. But it now seems evident that, as one listens with clearer faculties than heretofore, that this music is largely a result of skillfully manipulated and controlled formulae, which with endless repetition seem assumed and eventually "mannered." The dramatic effects many times appear superficially grandiose, pompous,

and dynamic to a degree which rants and screams. Strauss loves to startle by external gorgeousness and virtuoso instrumentation, and in the last analysis fails to move by depth and intensity of inner musical purpose and inspiration. The long drawn out moments of exotic, ecstatic feeling, in which Wilde was influenced by the "Song of Solomon," while they, to all ostensible purposes, seem to attain the requisite, authentic sensuousness, pall by the intrinsic banality and sugary quality of the ideas. How all this "bigger and better" Wagner which Strauss endeavors to create reeks of the philosophy of pre-war German bourgeois imperialism! One can imagine how flattered old Kaiser Wilhelm was in listening to this opera. Herod, the Tetrarch, was after all, only indirectly responsible for the beheading of John the Baptist. It was the age-old story of "*cherchez la femme*"—and when it was all over, he could ease his conscience by commanding his soldiers to destroy Salomé. The King could do no wrong!

In the present production at the Metropolitan, all realistic effects are carefully avoided, so that the *Salomé* which "went out like a lion" years ago, "came back like a lamb"—which some had predicted. The chief deficiency in the staging seems to be the weakness in the presentation of the scene of Herod's feast. The Metropolitan might do well to study "tableaux" as presented at the Bolshoi Opera, Moscow. The various details and groupings are insufficiently realistic and significant—the whole lacks perspective.

The scenes which, in retrospect as well as

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LECTURE

HARRY MARTELL, Research Group Pierre Degeyter Club, instructor Workers School will talk on "PROLETARIAN MUSIC—the MUSIC OF THE NORMAL GENIUS"—discussion. Friday, Feb. 9th—8:15 P. M.

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from recorded accounts, seem to have made the most memorable appeal, were so "toned down," that the most squeamish might remain after the performance's final curtain, to await innumerable appearances of the defunct Salomé, arisen in the person of Goeta Ljunberg. The famous dance of the "Seven Veils," which Mme. Ljunberg assures us was intended by Strauss to be done in pantomime, although earlier performances under his direction do not bear out this contention, was done in a series of posturings which, if they had the reputed effect upon Herod, show him to have been, indeed, in his dotage. After the final veil (No. 7) was removed, Mme. Ljunberg, completely clothed, was revealed as a somewhat too corpulent lady for the virgin prin-

cess we have been led to believe Salomé to be. The singing was adequate at all times, the orchestra under Bodanzky perfectly controlled and some of the blatancy of the exaggerated effects held in check. The final scene, Salomé with the head of John the Baptist, done in nocturnal light, as befits the requirements of the drama, was performed in such an unrealistic manner as to make one wonder why Herod commanded his soldiers to fall upon the wicked Salomé. The head, upon a silver charger, presumably, might have been anything whatsoever—even a dried fish! So *Salomé*, robbed of its sting, is restored to the Metropolitan for what seems to be an indefinite stay.

ASHLEY PETTIS.

The Screen

THE anti-war film at the Acme Theatre, *Hell on Earth*, brings a lyric poetry and a wholesome appreciation of human beings to the screen. The film is the first work of the director, Victor Trivas, and, though one can sense a groping and fumbling with both the theme and the technique, the film remains a rare, honest work that should not be missed. A colorful musical accompaniment scored by Hans Eisler, composer of *Comintern* and sound director for *Kuhle Wampe*, and an unaffected photography reminiscent of the powerful newsreel quality of *Kameradschaft*, *Kuhle Wampe*, and *Comrades of 1918*, help distinguish the film.

Hell on Earth tells the story of five men, an Englishman, a German, a Negro, a Frenchman, and a Jew, living their separate lives in different parts of the world. Unknown to each other they live the measured course of their separate worlds only to be torn from their roots and thrust into the common madness and misery of the war. Each comes in his own way, from the wife recently delivered of child, from the happy-go-lucky and thoughtless pleasures of flirtation and courtship, from the honeymoon in a humble tailor shop, from the song and dance turns in a Montmartre cabaret, from the workbench and the simple joys of family life, to find themselves together seeking refuge in a dugout in No Man's Land. The Negro, who speaks all their languages, binds them together and they realize there is no enmity between themselves — the common soldiers. They march out, destroying the barbed-wire entanglements that block their path. They loom large against the horizon in their common pledge to struggle against war.

The opening sequences, which establish these five men in their five little worlds, have been subtly created and they are rich in fresh and restrained characterizations. A solid and organic patterns marks the film and Trivas is revealed as a tender lyric poet sensible to the humble and ordinary things of daily life.

When the director leaves these little worlds and turns his attention to the war and to his pacifist thesis his drama fails. The dramatic conflict so essential to the development of his story, so necessary to sustain the attention and emotion of the spectator, fails to come through. Instead, we find his patterns disintegrating and resulting in diffuse and formless sequences. The sensitive and imaginative particulars of the earlier episodes give way to a theatrical and sophomoric rhetoric and symbolism.

Hell on Earth, fails to sustain an even and coherent dramatic texture because of the confused thinking and vague rebellion that represent the pacifist rejection of war. So long as Trivas will see the origin of war in ignorance and language barriers alone, so long as he will not disclose those social groups and interests that deliberately provoke war to fortify their class position, he will be unable to create a dramatic work. Drama implies conflict and this conflict must be disclosed as a struggle between opposed forces and interests. When Trivas gives us five men thrown together in a dugout and opposes to them a vague and undefined external hostility the sequences are bound to become diffuse and formless. He is forced to fall back upon an inept and theatrical symbolism. The artist for whom the struggle against war is at one with the truth of existing social relationships and forces alone can create an integrated anti-war film. He can find implicit in life all that he will have to disclose. The vagueness and confusion of pacifism, on the other hand, forces the artist into the un-integrated and bald didacticism that is to be found in *Hell on Earth*, *Comrades of 1918* reflected the same predicament. It, too, was a film rich in particulars. However, when it tried to explain the war in pacifist terms it was forced to resort to an external and didactic statement. The Soviet film *Patriots*, on the other hand, did not fall into the less effective form of the bald didactic statement. Because it understood the origins and forces of war it could succeed in creating its theme

as implicit in life. It remains one of the most monumental films to have been made and has not been equalled by any other war film.

A disturbing dissonance exists between the two sections of *Hell on Earth* and for us it can be a valuable object lesson on the text—ideology determines the limitations and horizons in form and craft. Though the film is an inadequate condemnation of war its indictment is sincere. If only for the excellent music and the earlier sequences *Hell on Earth* should not be missed.

NATHAN ADLER.

Other Current Films

Massacre—Richard Barthelmess. A middle-of-the-road-liberal expose of the exploitation and oppression of the American Indian by business interests. Inadequate documentation. Fair entertainment.

Fugitive Lovers—Robert Montgomery. The Grand Hotel theme on a transcontinental bus. Hokum slickly directed, creates suspense.

Cross Country Cruise—Lew Ayres, June Knight. The bus cycle, too. Dull.

I Am Suzanne—Lillian Harvey, Piccoli Marionettes. A sprightly musical comedy with a freshness of an ancient formula.

Eight Girls in a Boat—A Hollywood *Maedchen in Uniform* vulgarized the Hollywood way.

Candelight—Paul Lukas, Elissa Landi. A farce on mistaken identities with the theme that the classes can always be distinguished from the masses.

Queen Christine—Greta Garbo. History renovated to fit a star. Directed by the sophomoric and lush Mamoulian.

I Was a Spy—Conrad Veidt, Herbert Marshall. A pro-war film made more dangerous because of its competent workmanship and entertaining qualities.

American Madness was mistakenly credited to the director Gregory La Cava in last week's issue. Frank Capra was responsible for the film.

Announcements

A play on the Scottsboro case, *They Shall Not Die*, by John Wexley, is now being rehearsed by the Theatre Guild.

"Communism versus Fascism" will be debated by Clarence Hathaway, editor of the Daily Worker, and Lawrence Denis, editor of the Awakener, on March 4, 3 p. m., at Mecca Temple (55th St., between 6th and 7th Avenue, New York). Dennis is a former liberal now turned Fascist. The Press League and The NEW MASSES arranged the debate.

Sergei and Marie Radamsky will present a program of Soviet Songs, Feb. 3rd, at the New School, 66 West 12th St., for the benefit of Section 2 of the Communist Party. Robert Minor will speak. Tickets are on sale at the Daily Worker office and at Section 2, 56 West 25th St.

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