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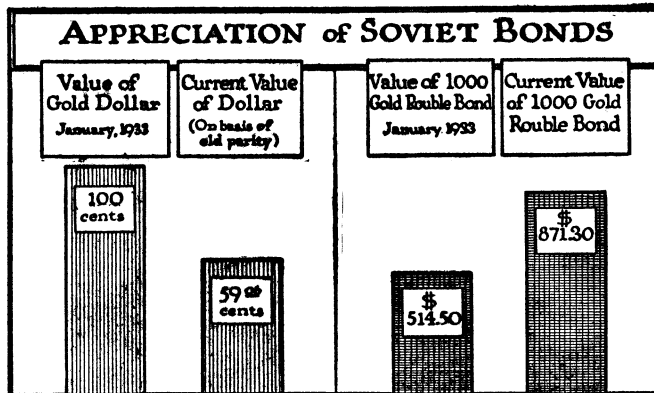
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JULY 3, 1934

THE Nazis seem to be at the end of their rope. Germany is facing economic ruin. Her financial structure is collapsing. The Reichsbank's gold reserve is nearing the vanishing point—down to 72 million marks and still declining. The Reich's foreign credits have dwindled down to zero. The mark is falling, and out-and-out inflation, despite Herr Schacht's assertions to the contrary, is imminent. Exports have reached an unprecedented low—January of this year showed for the first time in four years an unfavorable trade balance of \$5,500,000; February, \$8,750,000; April, \$32,754,000. Imports, due to the absence of gold, are speedily declining. Manufacturing industries, which depend largely on imported raw materials, are slowing down. Wages are falling—from 9 to 25 percent in different industries. The total national income has been falling—by 550,000,000 marks in the second half of 1933; the picture seems to be even more disastrous in 1934. The cost of living is precipitously mounting—15.2 percent in six months. In 1933 food consumption declined by one billion marks; the rate of decline in 1934 being greater than ever before. The same holds true of clothing and other necessities. Retail trade is swiftly contracting—in the first quarter of 1934 retail trade was 12.6 percent below that of 1933. Tax receipts are falling—in 1933 tax receipts were 20 percent lower than in 1932. Postal receipts are falling—100,000,000 marks in one year. Railway receipts are falling—19.1 percent less than the previous year. Steamship Line receipts are falling—The Hamburg-American Line Report, for instance, shows that "the aggregate passenger carrying of all lines operating in the North American, Canadian and North Pacific trades last year decreased 17.6 percent in the West-bound and 34.5 percent in the East-bound routes." The same is true of the other German lines. Customs receipts are falling—175,000,000 marks in one year. Unemployment is growing—"In Nazi Germany," reports Robert L. Baker in the July issue of the Current History, "six million people are not earning a livelihood or producing anything." Social services are decreasing—450 million marks in one year. The budget de-



THE SPIRIT OF N.R.A.

ficit is mounting — 1,800,000,000 in 1933; the figures for 1934 promise to be infinitely worse.

POLITICALLY, too, Hitlerism is proving a failure. Der Fuehrer's dream of a vast Aryan empire in the heart of Europe is fading. His unbridled ravings before he assumed power so antagonized the neighboring countries that all his subsequent peace protestations convinced no one. He left the league in a huff; he spurned the Soviet Union, casting covetous glances Eastward, toward the Ukraine; he aroused the suspicions of France, and Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, and Turkey and Rumania, and Jugoslavia, and even the otherwise sympathetic Italy. He brought Germany into a state of utter isolation. To rectify his errors, he had to sacrifice the dream of regaining the Polish corridor, a sacrifice which though it netted him a treaty with Poland has not succeeded in driving an effective wedge between Poland and France. He sacrificed the dream of Austria and all he gained was a promise from Mussolini to back him at Geneva. He launched a campaign of persecution and slander against the

Jews, and all he achieved was an international trade boycott which has cost Germany more in prestige and good will and trade than can as yet be calculated. He ranted about Aryan superiority, and by doing that he earned the undying hatred of millions of Slavs, Negroes, Mongolians the world over. Such have been the Nazis' triumphs on the stage of international politics. But their domestic political triumphs have been quite as imposing. Torn by a multitude of sharply conflicting economic, political, and religious interests, the exultantly heralded totalitarian state is showing symptoms of fatal weakness.

THE population is morosely indignant. The lower middle class, once Hitler's staunchest supporter, is bitterly disillusioned. The Nazi Promised Land seems more remote than ever. The impoverishment of the masses and the consequent lowering of their purchasing power have been seriously injuring small business, but Nazi promises to abolish big department stores and "to nationalize all businesses which have been up to the present formed into trusts" have not been fulfilled. With the contraction of



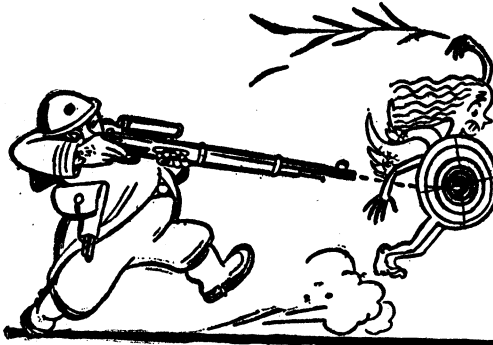
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industry and trade, the professionals—engineers, architects, technicians, accountants, lawyers, and other white collar elements—found their economic troubles greatly exaggerated and their Nazi ardor greatly dampened. The peasantry is also in grave distress, and this summer's drought does not add to its cheer. The promises of confiscation without compensation of land for communal purposes and of abolition of interest on land loans have remained promises. Meanwhile the German peasant has been ruined by the Nazi "hereditary homestead" law which forbids the owner to rent or sell or even mortgage his land, and which reintroduces into modern land relations the outworn principle of primogeniture. As a consequence, millions of younger sons of peasants have been left with no means of earning a livelihood on the land, and a recent decree even forbids them to seek employment in the urban districts, in industry. The deepest resentment, however, is manifested by the cheated and bludgeoned proletariat. The results of the recent factory elections to the Nazi "Confidence Councils" are ominous for Hitler: only 20 percent of the ballots cast were valid, the rest were deliberately defaced by the workers with all kinds of revolutionary anti-Nazi slogans and demands.

PRESSED from below, some of the Nazi leaders are forced to use "radical" phrases about a "second revolution" in order to forestall the day of reckoning. The game is to deceive the German masses that there exist degrees of difference in a fascist dictatorship: that it is not necessary to overthrow the whole bloody set-up and destroy its capitalist roots in order to be rid of Hitlerism. Hence they begin through von Papen and through the Kaiser at Doorn to prepare new forms of this dictatorship offering certain discontented sections of the middle class and persecuted religious groups certain concessions to join in the fight against the danger of a mass revolutionary armed overthrow. But even insincere use of "radical" phrases by the more demagogic Nazi henchmen causes the arch-reactionary Junkers and monarchists of the Hindenburg and von Papen type cold shivers of distrust. There are wheels within wheels. The Thyssens and Krupps can well look to their munition piles and bank accounts. Reports say that within the last three months there have been sixty mutinies among Hitler's



"Our Aim is Peace"—The Disarmament Conference.

Storm Troopers. The strife between the Stahlhelm and the Nazi Storm Troops has been sharpening. Also the Reichswehr, the regular German Army, seems to be hand in glove with the military monarchist clique and against the Storm Troops. Now more than ever before millions of Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are fighting Hitlerism in every possible fashion. The greatest threat to the Hitler regime comes of course from the Communists. Hitler's one-time boast that Marxism had been eradicated in Nazi Germany was somewhat premature. Executions, tortures, concentration camps, are proving futile. The Communist Party, the vanguard of the revolutionary German proletariat, is carrying on a valiant battle on an ever-widening front. When the history of this revolutionary period is written, the role of the German Communists will take first rank: despite whirlwinds of terrorism they have functioned doggedly, resourcefully, heroically, against every Nazi strategy. Not even the danger of death, even of torture, halted them.

ON June 22, the statistician, Roger W. Babson, laid before the general council of the Congregational and Christian Churches, in session at Oberlin, O., a report on church attendance. Since Jan 1, 1930, church attendance has been declining Sunday by Sunday, particularly in urban areas. In cities of 50,000 or more, Babson reported, during the fifth year of the final crisis of capitalism, average attendance had fallen by as much as 70 per cent. This was on June 22. Symptomatically, on June 26, a resolution was approved by a seminar on the social gospel, to be submitted to the general council—declaring against capitalism. The profit system must go, the resolution says, because it has shown itself hopelessly predatory, it makes war inevitable, and increasingly curtails the cultural and educational opportunities of our people. It must be replaced

by a "thoroughly planned and organized social economy." How the change will come about is not stated; the ministers carefully avoid any specific statement on the technique of revolution. In the final paragraph of the resolution it is simply urged that "the members of our fellowship increasingly seek to understand and cooperate with the forces and groups making for the above changes in our society." Nevertheless this is a startling pronouncement to lay before this council of churches; it took a catastrophic decline in church attendance, (and financial support) to convince the clergy that the church, true to its historic method in times of social upheaval, must make a violent "left" turn to try to win back its supporters.

COMMUNISTS are frequently attacked for seeking to take scientists from the laboratory to show them the social order in which they live. That this is hardly a fair statement of the case can be seen every time a scientist speaks on social matters. He is always a social being and is conscious of his social relationships. What the Communist believes is that the physical or biological scientist fails to apply the same critical techniques to social problems that he applies in his laboratory. Karl Compton, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has given the latest example of social blindness and class alignment on the part of an outstanding scientist. (Compton probably does not know that one of his early predecessors in the position of President of M.I.T. spent much of his time and energy refuting Marx, by showing that the laborer, instead of being exploited, is necessarily the most favored element in the productive process.) Compton has recently lectured on Science and Prosperity before the convention in California of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. This lecture seems designed to prove (1) that Roosevelt is the great scientist of society (before Roosevelt we had Hoover "the great engineer" in the White House) and (2) that science is going to make discoveries that will put everyone to work. The first point is argued from the second law of thermodynamics, which Compton innocently interprets as showing "that nature in all her aspects moves toward chaos unless directed by an intelligent hand. This is dangerously suggestive of the Hamiltonian theory that the rule of the chosen few gives order to society and the rule



“Our Aim is Peace”—The Disarmament Conference.

of the masses anarchy, not to mention the dichotomy of nature and "intelligence" it implies. Compton admits that "labor groups do not take kindly to the imposition of regulation from without," but then neither do the molecules of a gas, which he makes analogous to human beings, the molecules of society. Now this is not only crude and distorted scientific theory, but when carried out could lead only to Fascism in practice. Again we see that scientists are not without class-interests, and that under this last decadent stage of capitalism these interests, when they are not the interests of the proletariat, demand the grossest abuses of scientific principles as well as ignorance of all economic facts.

MOST heartening is the massing of farmers and workers behind the United Farmers League Convention held in Minneapolis June 24. Delegates from 18 states were present. Farmers from drought-stricken Wisconsin reported how the government is planning to use 400,000 cows as fertilizer while millions are starving. From Oregon where 443 farmers have joined U. F. L. recently, delegates told how the farmers were getting 15 cents a hundred for cucumbers which cost workers in Minneapolis 15 cents for 2. Illinois was

represented. On June 24, 200 Illinois farmers stopped a foreclosure sale. Delegates came with greetings from Indiana, where Al Tiala is being held in jail for having led 1,000 farmers against another forced sale. The report from South Dakota showed what the united front can do. In Sisseton, 17 farmers were arrested for their activities against insurance companies and banks. The farmers broke through one of the most vicious injunctions laid down in the history of this country. As a result of mass action, the United Farmers League is established more strongly in Roberts County, 250 farmers having joined it within the last couple of months. These farmers have rung the call for joint struggle with city workers for higher prices to farmers and against rises in food prices in the city. The delegates appealed to all old line farm organizations for a united front struggle for relief for the drought-stricken farmers. The Convention urged a special session of Congress for immediate and adequate cash relief to be paid directly to the farmers and for the adoption of the Farmers Emergency Relief Bill as proposed by the Communist Party. The Convention demanded that federal funds be used for relief, both for farmers and for agricultural work-

ers, rather than for crop destruction. This Convention demonstrated how the farm movement is breaking the fences of sectarianism in turning to the agricultural workers and the masses of farmers. The farmers are preparing for battle on a wider front. They will not allow themselves to be cut, burned, bunched and forked off the land by the hired men of Wall Street.

AMERICAN youth has taken its place in the forefront of the fight against Fascism and War. The stirring mass meeting which opened the Young Communist League convention turned St. Nicholas Arena into an armory into which young fighters were drawn from all parts of the country. Negro delegates from the Alabama Sharecroppers Union ("strong as a tree that stands by the water") young workers from bullet-torn Toledo, from the coal fields and steel shops, from the Pacific Coast longshoreman's strike. Gil Green, Y.C.L. secretary, reported an increase in membership of 100 percent—from 3,000 to 6,000—over the Sixth Convention, held 3 years ago. The reports of the young workers were characterized by straightforward language and the sternest and sharpest self-criticism in spite of the rapidly growing militancy of American youth as evidenced in the anti-war strikes in the schools and the work among the unemployed. Among the dramatic moments of the convention were the election of Ernst Thaelmann and the 9 Scottsboro boys to the praesidium and the reading of the roll of honor of those young workers who have fallen in the battle—Harry Simms, Joe York, Ronald Edwards, young Harlem Negro youth killed in fighting for relief in Cleveland. But the red flag does not hang half mast for long. The dead strengthen the hands of the living. The American youth realize in the words of Lenin, "These are war times. The youth decide the outcome of the struggle, both the student youth and still more the working youth."

"THERE isn't a capitalist in this county," says State's Attorney Hall, of Hillsboro, Ill., who is demanding full penalties for the 11 imprisoned leaders of Unemployed Councils arrested on May 31. Under the "Treason Codes Act," Section 265 of the Illinois Criminal Code, they were jailed for having led workers and farmers in successful relief demonstrations. When they met before the Hillsboro court-house

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E D I T O R S :

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the sheriff began the usual provocations, hurled tear gas bombs, attempted to deputize C.W.A. and P.W.A. workers, beat up men and women demonstrators and locked up the 11 leaders on charges of "overthrowing the government." A bail of \$88,000 cash has been demanded; habeas corpus writs refused. And unless enough mass pressure can force open the prison gates, the leaders will remain in jail until November when they face trial. Meanwhile both the sheriff and State's Attorney have requested the Unemployed Councils to repudiate the prisoners because they are Communists—all 12 branches have stood solidly behind their leaders. Rank and file members in over 30 locals of the American Federation of Labor and the Progressive Miners' of America have voted financial support and a campaign for freedom. Ten days ago a delegation of writers and artists from St. Louis traveled to Hillsboro to visit prisoner Jan Wittenber, Chicago artist, contributor to *THE NEW MASSES*. They learned that he had been subjected to brutal beatings by vigilantes while in the custody of the sheriff. Three of the leaders have gone on a hunger strike, protesting prison conditions. Under this sedition law passed in 1919 at the height of the last red scare, the 11 prisoners face a 10-year penitentiary sentence. Since the same law was passed in 33 other states, it is imperative that all allies of the workingclass mobilize against the Hillsboro frame-up and obtain the release of the imprisoned leaders. Protests should be sent at once to State Attorney Hall at Hillsboro and Governor Horner, Springfield, Illinois.

IN spite of all the bitter and cold criticism in capitalist papers and periodicals, revolutionary literature is in its spring time in the United States. Four or five of the best novels of the last year have been published by writers who have definitely gone left. But even more indicative of the turn is the steady improvement and increase of the little proletarian magazines flourishing all over the country. From the New York John Reed Club comes the third issue of *Partisan Review*—a provocative and varied collection of poetry, fiction, and criticism. *Left Front*, organ of the John Reed Clubs of the middle west, continues to publish, in addition to stories, poems and criticism, plays, drawings and sociological studies. *Partisan*, issued by the Los Angeles John Reed Club specializes

in reportage; *Blast* (New York) and *The Anvil* (edited by Jack Conroy, Moberly, Mo.) in proletarian short stories; *Dynamo* (New York) in poetry. From Philadelphia the John Reed Club issues *Left Review* (No. 3); from Grand Rapids, Mich., the *Cauldron*; from Boston, a new periodical is announced for fall publication. Although some of them are more successful than others in the selection of material, all of these periodicals show impressive vitality. But perhaps even more important is the fact that the little proletarian magazines as a whole exhibit a freshness and diversity of approach which promise a rich immediate future for revolutionary literature.

THE growing unity between workers and farmers is what sends the shivers through the bottom timbers of capitalism. It is no longer so easy to set the city milk consumer against the farmer by dinning into his ears that the farmer is responsible for the high cost of milk and other farm products. The price of milk is 13 cents a quart, but the vast majority of farmers still get 2 and 3 cents a quart, which is only about one-half of the cost of production. The United Farmers Protective Association of Pennsylvania, which is helping organize the Milk Conference, was the first farm organization to demand a decrease in the price of milk for the consumer while it fought for an increase for farmers. The work of this militant organization proves the tremendous value of the united front. The U.F.P.A. has distributed thousands of gallons of milk to the unemployed in eastern Pennsylvania. It helped the milk drivers in the fall strike of the Philadelphia truckmen. It was the spearhead of the victorious battle in Pennsylvania against Wallace's criminal plan to cut production of milk and jack up prices for the city masses. On the other hand, Unemployed Councils of cities like Allentown have helped with milk strikes and massed to fight sheriff sales. When some of the most militant of the Pennsylvania farmers were cut off from their markets by Philadelphia milk dealers, the workers of Philadelphia forced the milk dealers to drop the blacklist. Farmers are fast learning from the workers' tactics in the class struggle. In preparation for a milk strike last fall, the Pennsylvania farmers were studying Foster's *Strategy of the Steel Strike*. The first May Day celebration held in Doylestown, where the U.F.P.A. is strong, was attended by both farmers

and workers. This is the solidarity which is both heart and blood in the struggle.

THE New York Evening Journal recently ran a well-trumpeted daily series of articles on the schools, with the headline,— a streamer in large print across the top of the first page,— "Teachers' Struggle in School Crisis Told." The article admits that the teaching personnel is "seriously crippled in the name of 'economy,'" continues as follows:

Salaries are cut, and cut again with payless furloughs. New appointments are not made, because using "substitute" teachers saves money. Classes are overcrowded, because that's even cheaper than hiring a substitute teacher. Appropriations for services and supplies are slashed, so that the teachers must do their work with inadequate materials, or, as often happens, use their own money to supply deficiencies.

Along with the skimping goes the sniping—somebody forever popping up to blame the teachers. They are branded as "selfish" for protesting against more pay cuts. One eminent medical authority calls them "crackpots." An indignant he-man denounces the "socially unjust" practice of paying women teachers as much as men.

The Board of Aldermen wants to fire every teacher who commits the crime of living outside the five boroughs.

This is the admission that *THE NEW MASSES*, backing the militant teachers of New York in its recent articles on education under the crisis, has forced from the bourgeois press. . . . But this admission, printed in the first article, is put in general terms, and for the grievances thus acknowledged no solution is offered. The purpose of the articles is to attack the "Red School Drive," that is, to attack the teachers and students who have protested unbearable conditions and insist upon immediate changes. The courageous teachers, fighting for the right to live, were asked to sign an Ives Bill oath to support the government which is destroying their jobs and ruining the schools. These teachers and the students who work with them are slandered as "trouble-makers." "Superintendent of Schools, Harold G. Campbell," says the Journal, "*will recommend removal of teachers who persist in spreading Communistic doctrines in New York public schools,*"— which is simply a threat against teachers who object to conditions which the Journal articles admit exist.

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The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY—Eleven workers jailed in Hillsboro, Ill., for "conspiring against the Government" go on hunger strike against bad prison conditions. . . . Dimitroff sends appeal to American workers to fight for freedom of Ernst Thaelmann. . . . One shot in Mobile, Ala., longshoremen's strike. . . . Streetcar men and busmen, of South Bend, Ind., continue strike. . . . Cleaners and Dyers Association turns back its Blue Eagle to Gen. Johnson charging withdrawal of price control in industry showed "bad faith." . . . St. Louis Federal Court rules payment-in-gold clause in bonds is invalid. . . . Tobacco code fixing minimum wages from \$10 up, and forbidding tobacconists to give away more than one pack of matches with small unit sales, goes into effect. . . . Philadelphia naval aircraft factory to be enlarged at cost of \$2,700,000 to speed naval plane construction. . . . Gen. Pelham D. Glassford, Federal Mediator at Imperial Valley, admits offering \$25 if a San Diego hall were burned down so he could blame it "on the reds." . . . Kenneth Collins, department store executive, predicts inflation this summer. . . .

Thursday—Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union forces Labor Department to set day for hearing on steel strike situation. . . . On Presidential yacht in Thames River for Harvard-Yale Regatta, Roosevelt signs bill providing R.F.C. loans to closed banks and Railway Labor Bill. . . . Nine arrested following two anti-Nazi demonstrations to protest Hanfstaengl presence at Harvard. . . . To "solve" drought distress, federal agents urge moving farmers and livestock from stricken areas. . . . Secretary of Labor Perkins invokes new Labor Dispute Act seeking to break Pacific Coast longshoremen's strike. . . . Ten Army bombing planes will make mass flight from Washington to Fairbanks, Alaska, for "training" and to establish military aviation stations in Alaska. . . . Lockout of drivers may cause general cleaning and dying industry strike. . . . Kirbyville, Texas, mob lynches Sam Griggs, Negro, after he was seen walking with white woman. . . . R.F.C. industrial loans to be made only if borrowers do not patronize Ford and other non-N.R.A. manufacturers in mak-

ing purchasers. . . . K.K.K. openly resumes mobilization in Atlanta, Ga. . . . Lumber men in Longview, Wash., strike in sympathy with Pacific Coast longshoremen.

Friday—Federal Council of the Churches of Christ joins Catholics in drive to "clean up movies." . . . Harry M. Woodring, Assistant Secretary of War, likely to be called before House investigating committee on charge he dictated army surplus clothing contract especially favorable to purchaser. . . . Arrests continue in Jersey City furniture strike. . . . New securities law will benefit Wall Street and brokers, E. A. Pierce, broker, assures confreres. . . . Retail food prices up 12 percent from last year, Bureau of Labor Statistics concedes. . . . All shipping halted on Pacific Coast by longshoremen's and seamen's strike. . . .

Saturday—Bernard M. Baruch says profit incentive to war should be eliminated by "control of prices of munitions during war" . . . Roosevelt announces plans for national tour to "sell" New Deal to country . . . Clarence Darrow to issue third report on N.R.A. workings . . . Striking against prevailing 10-cent-an-hour wage for ten hour day, men and women mass-picket world's largest onion patch, 17,000 acres, at Ada, Ohio.

Sunday—Roosevelt orders \$150,000,000 out of appropriation of more than half a billion spent for drought relief. . . . General strike in Connecticut cotton, silk and rayon industry scheduled for July 5. . . . General strike in woolen and worsted industries scheduled for July 2. . . . Gustav Peck and Sidney Hillman, of Labor Advisory Board, accused of misleading labor for their own interest" by A. G. Silverman, chief statistician of the Board. . . . First "Choose a Career" conference to advise school and college graduates what profession to choose is announced for New York. . . . Eat only light foods on July 4, New York Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets advises. . . . There are still many places where relief orders for food are insufficient to maintain health, admits Homer Folks, State Charities Aid Association secretary. . . . Federal Reserve Bank statement says outstand-

ing development in industry is high rate of steel production during June.

Monday—Steel operations report shows drop from 56.1 percent output the previous week to 44.7 percent last week. . . . Harriman Hosiery Mills at Knoxville, Tenn., shut down after fighting Blue Eagle authorities over strike in their plant. . . . James J. Browne, former Brooklyn Park Commissioner, banked \$1,071,713 in 14 years during which his salary was \$103,528.83. . . . Now he seeks a city pension. . . . Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins declares 16,000,000 are now on relief and that relief should be put on a permanent basis. . . . Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union lays steel strike developments before Labor Department in Washington. . . . General electric and transportation strike called in Milwaukee. . . . United Farmers' League at Minneapolis convention takes up fight for drought relief. . . . Mother Bloor's trial on framed charges growing out of a strike demonstration at Loup City, Neb., set for Tuesday at Grand Island, Neb. . . .

Tuesday—Government order barring persons holding both Federal and political job doesn't worry Jim Farley, Postmaster General and chairman of the National Democratic Committee . . . As a "coincidence," Navy will hold a mass flight to Alaska at same time as Army . . . Corps of detectives guards expensive wedding presents for Vincent Astor and his bride-to-be Ellen Tuck French, at tea in latter's Newport home . . . Jack Johnson, former heavyweight boxing champion, gets K.K.K. threat at his New Jersey roadhouse . . . Ivy Lee to be called before Congressional Committee investigating Nazi propaganda in United States . . . Mother Bloor released on bond in Nebraska court . . . Milwaukee electric street carmen go on strike . . . Roosevelt invokes new Labor Disputes Act seeking to break Pacific Coast longshoremen's strike . . . New York Interborough Rapid Transit Company counsel admits arranging receivership for company . . . Resolution advocating abolition of profit system drawn up for presentation at General Council of the Christian and Congregational Churches' Seminar at Oberlin, Ohio . . .

Hanfny at Harvard

MERLE COLBY

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

I

I said, "Hitler, I want to go to my class day."

Hitler said, "What?"

I said, "Yes, my class day."

Hitler shrugged his shoulders and said, "All right."

—Hanfstaengl to Boston American reporter.

DR. ERNST FRANZ SEDGWICK HANFSTAENGL—"Putzy" to his classmates, "Hanfy" to newspaper readers, "Dr. Stoopnagle" to a worried Boston Globe photographer who had lost his assignment slip and forgotten the chief of the Nazi press bureau's name—did not enjoy his five days in Cambridge. "I can't mingle with my classmates," he complained. "I want to have a good time, but 'they' won't let me."

Members of the class of 1909 suddenly discovered that they couldn't recognize the majority of their classmates. At spreads in the Yard, luncheons in the Union, dinner-dances at the Copley Plaza, Charles Inches, chairman of the 1909 reunion committee, would be rudely shouldered aside as he reached for the lobster salad by a classmate who would murmur huskily, "Scuse me, buddy." William M. Rand, class treasurer, when marching with his class would be all but trampled by a phalanx of six-foot "classmates," all strangers to him, each uniformed like himself in white flannels and green-white-and-red tie and hat-band, each with a suspicious bulge on the hip.

It was Chief of Police John J. McBride's bright idea to disguise twenty cops as members of the class of 1909 to guard Hanfstaengl from attack by the "reds." In addition, a dozen plainclothesmen were sprinkled among the class. An extra detail of forty men armed with tear-gas bombs, machine-guns, and riot guns, was held on twenty-four-hour duty in old Station 1 near Harvard Square. There were also Federal secret service men, Department of Justice men, and the state police. Precautions did not end here. Two Jewish inspectors, Benjamin Goodman and William Goulston of the Boston Red Squad, were assigned to guard Nazi Hanfstaengl. And Charlie Apted, dean of the Harvard yard-cops, was officiously ready to ward off from "Putzy" classmates, strangers, and reporters.

"I am not afraid," the mammoth Nazi told reporters Tuesday morning, his blue eyes dull from over-indulgence in "the drink of heroes." "I am half American. I am more American than German. 'They' understand that, don't 'they?' Tell 'them' I admire Hitler like I admire Theodore Roosevelt. Hitler is the rough rider of Germany."

During his first day in Boston Hanfstaengl changed his place of residence three times. In order to attend his class reunion he used such devices as driving into Boston from the North Shore, sneaking through the back door of the

Statler Hotel, there to shift autos and drive to Cambridge by a roundabout route. When his car had almost arrived at Harvard Square Monday morning a motorcycle came shrieking up and its rider hastily whispered a message to Inspector Goodman. The Jewish Nazi-guard paled and instructed the chauffeur to drive several times around the block. The Yard had suddenly blossomed with anti-Nazi stickers. Under Charlie Apted's direction half a hundred workmen were removing them as rapidly as they could. Dr. Hanfstaengl should by no means enter the Yard until the last sticker was removed from Widener walls, Memorial portals, trees, fences, and windows.

The reactionary Harvard Crimson, an undergraduate daily, in an editorial had petitioned the University to grant Hanfstaengl an honorary degree. The stickers, signed by the Boston Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, sardonically took up this plea. "Give Hanfstaengl a degree," they urged. "Bachelor of Book-burning." "Master of Tortures." "Doctor of Sterilization."

The Memorial Service that afternoon passed off without incident. The great bell tolled as the names of Harvard 1909 dead were read. Hanfstaengl inclined his head. "I feel very sad," he said. "I knew most of them personally."

When he learned of Van Papen's speech Hanfstaengl appeared perturbed. He hurried to the Harvard Union, supposedly to put in a transatlantic call. In a phenomenally short time he returned, smiling broadly. "Everything's going to be all right," he announced, leaving his awed classmates to infer he had been talking with Der Fuehrer himself.

Rabbi Joseph S. Shubow, a writer for the Jewish Advocate, buttonholed Hanfstaengl. "Hitler says the Jewish question will soon be settled. How will it be settled? By exterminating the Jews?"

Hanfstaengl frowned. "I cannot discuss that. I am on vacation. I am with my old friends. It is not proper." His hand went toward the sagging pockets of his wrinkled alpaca coat, full of letters and telegrams protesting his presence at Harvard.

II

He defended himself admirably until they began to tickle him from behind.

—Boston Post, describing Hanfstaengl on Class Day.

The middle class of Boston, Cambridge, and the North Shore at first inclined to take Hanfstaengl seriously. They were ready to listen to a serious explanation of the aims of the Nazi government. They were even ready to be convinced.

But this man said, "Hitler? He's marvelous. Just marvelous." He said, "I'm an optimist and don't believe in war." He re-

peated the stale bromide, "Americans are like children." He called gin "the drink of heroes." With a straight face he made the statement that "there's no unemployment in Germany." Finally, he had clumsily attempted to bribe his way into the goodwill of Harvard by offering a \$1,000 scholarship—a stupid move when one remembered that Harvard had received this year over two and a half millions in outright gifts, and that the class of 1909 alone presented the University with a check for \$100,000.

So his classmates and North Shore folk generally decided that Hanfstaengl was "amusing," with the touch of contempt the adjective implies. Hanfy took the evaluation for ringing gold, beamed, expanded. He played Wagner, Chopin, Schubert on the piano: "Jazz I leave to Negroes," he said loftily. He romped at Class Day exercises in the Stadium, threw confetti, cheered himself hoarse at the Harvard-Yale ball game, ate ice-cream and lobster salad, drank the drink of heroes, and when laughed at roared goodnaturally, unsuspectingly back.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed unmarred for Hanfstaengl save for one small incident. Somewhere in the excitement of the day he lost his hat, a prized hat he had brought all the way from Munich. When it came time for him to leave Kirkland House at midnight Wednesday with his bodyguard the hat was still missing. Police calls went out. Passers-by were searched. In vain. Putzy went back to Beverly Farms without his hat.

The next day he learned that the hat had been returned—mailed direct to Herr Dr. Hanfstaengl, care of Chancellor Adolph Hitler, Berlin. On its crown was inscribed in Hebrew the eighth commandment: Thou shalt not kill.

III

Officer: Lady, have you got a permit? You can't speak without a permit, Lady.

Speaker: I am on Harvard property. President Conant of Harvard said this afternoon that whatever form of government rules the United States, Harvard will guarantee the right of free speech within its walls.

Officer: That don't mean nothing, Lady.

The most solemn event of the week—Harvard Alumni exercises in Sever quadrangle—began at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. Great care was taken that no untoward incident should mar a ceremony which had gone substantially unchanged for 299 years. Graduates were required to prove their identity at the gate and their names were ticked off in the Alumni Directory. Graduates' wives or mothers—one to each graduate—were admitted only on presentation of engraved invitations. On the raised platform, draped in red, were representatives of the University, of the Army and Navy, of Oxford and Cam-

bridge, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Governor Ely arrived in a blaze of glory, accompanied by his escort of dashing Lancers in their uniforms of red and blue. Present on the platform were President Conant, former President Abbot Lawrence Lowell, former Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams, Rear Admiral Hough, Bishop Lawrence, Rector Kinsolving of Trinity Church, the Harvard Corporation and the Board of Overseers. There were about 3,000 spectators, among whom sat a little apart on raised stands the ladies of the class of 1909.

Charles Francis Adams thanked God that here was one tradition in America which remained unchanged down the years. The music of an eighteenth-century drinking-song to which one Francis Scott Key had fitted pompous words was played. Governor Ely spoke confusedly for half an hour, declaring himself a "liberal" and speaking with unconscious humor of "the ultra-conservatives—I mean the socialists." The seventy-fourth Psalm, cast into wretched doggerel, was sung, the graduate's wife in the last row leading with an excellent bass. President Conant, a blond young man with a guileless prep-school face and a strong Yankee twang, announced that Harvard University, the richest in America, was now the richer by \$2,601,469.67. He spoke of "our social and economic unrest" and declared that whatever the form of government ruling the United States might be, Harvard would stand for freedom of speech and the right to the widest difference of opinion.

Just as the President made this statement, a cry went up from the stands occupied by the ladies of the class of 1909.

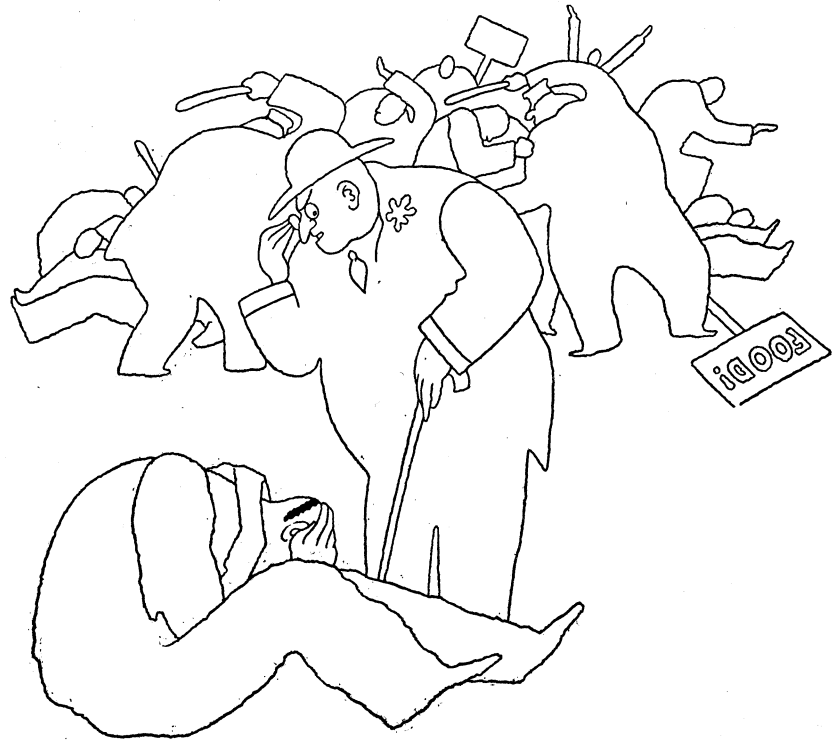
"Down with Hitler! We protest against the presence of the Nazi Hanfstaengl at Harvard! Free Ernst Thaelmann! The Nazis intend to butcher him without a fair trial!"

The Alumni exercises for the first time in almost 300 years came to an abrupt and bewildered halt. President Conant faltered, attempted to speak above the uproar. Graduates stood on chairs. "Sh-h-h-h-h!" rustled the indignant ladies of 1909.

Two pretty young girls had chained themselves securely to the handrail of the platform. They wore white dresses upon which had been embroidered in scarlet: "Free Thaelmann! Down with Hanfstaengl!" They continued to shriek anti-Nazi slogans as cops, plain-clothesmen, class marshals vainly attempted to silence or drag the girls away. Charles Francis Adams signalled the Alumni chorus to sing—sing anything. The chorus sang, but high above the harmony soared shouts of "Free Thaelmann! Free all Nazi political prisoners!"

It was fifteen minutes before the 1909 platform could be partly demolished and the chains removed. The girls were hustled into Robinson Hall, which forms part of Sever quadrangle. The august body proceeded—a little unsurely, a little apprehensively.

Dean Edgell was seen to hurry out of Robinson Hall, where he has his office and where the girls were detained, a brown paper parcel



"DID YOU TRY REASONING WITH THE OFFICER?"

Gardner Rea

contrasting oddly with his top hat and his frock coat. "Communists," he informed his classmates confidentially. He pointed to the parcel. "I thought I'd wrap up my silver and take it home, just to be sure."

The exercises came shakily to an end and graduates began to drift into the Union and toward Harvard Square. At four-thirty another girl wearing "Free Thaelmann" placards was discovered chained to the Harvard walls in front of the subway exit in Harvard Square. She spoke for over thirty minutes. When her voice gave out her place was taken by another speaker—a young man, then another, and another.

Police were taken wholly by surprise. It was fully forty minutes before the first police detail appeared. It tried in vain to wrench loose the chain which bound the speaker to Harvard wall. It retreated hastily before the threatening shouts and the mass determination of the growing crowd. Charlie Apted stood helplessly by, angry but genuinely frightened by the militant crowd. A young man suddenly appeared selling the *Daily Worker*. Leaflets fluttered from the air, stickers blossomed on Harvard walls, on the windshields of parked cars.

The crowd grew from a hundred to five hundred, to a thousand, two thousand. Traffic came to a complete standstill. Hundreds of homeward bound commuters were forced to sit in parked busses and streetcars and listen to speeches about Nazi Germany and growing Fascism under the N.R.A. Solid lines of cars blocked the street for five blocks in all directions.

Where were the squads of brave police? Where were the riot-guns and tear-gas bombs? Where, oh where was Hanfstaengl?

At last police reinforcements arrived—from three stations at once, patrol-wagon loads of them. Not until they outnumbered the demonstrators three to one did they dare cut the chains binding the speaker and make arrests. As each speaker was arrested another took his place. The speakers popped up in all directions and the police had to form flying wedges and drive their way through the turbulent and resentful crowd.

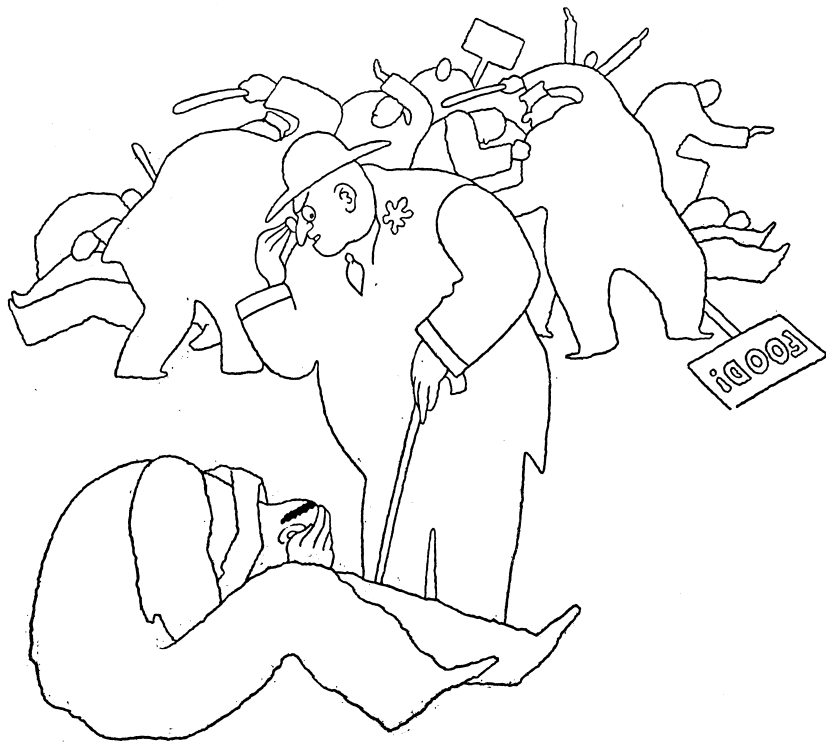
At the height of the excitement a speaker for the Marine Workers Industrial Union appeared on top of the subway rotunda, safely out of reach of police. When he had finished speaking he slid down a pole and dashed away to safety.

The demonstration was over as suddenly as it had begun. Demonstrators melted away. Riot calls had gone in, and load after load of reserves poured into Harvard Square, finding only a large bewildered crowd of commuters, the police themselves adding to the confusion.

Where was Hanfstaengl? Smuggled in and out of the Harvard Union during the demonstration in Sever quadrangle, then after a conference with police taken "to the home of a friend," says the *Post*. In Wadsworth House, within earshot of the demonstration, appearing "five minutes after the crowd had been cleared away," says the *Herald*. "When told the Square had been in chaos a few minutes previously because his presence in Cambridge was resented, he merely smiled; he said nothing."

Thus ended Dr. Hanfstaengl's five days at Harvard. He left for New Haven without having had a chance to exhibit the Nazi propaganda film which rumor said he had brought with him.

NEW MASSES



“DID YOU TRY REASONING WITH THE OFFICER?”

Gardner Rea

"Something to Eat"

JOHN L. SPIVAK

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THEY were going to have a meeting, these unemployed miners sitting around in their overalls on the sunny steps of the Sangamon County courthouse here, and an hour before it was scheduled to start about fifty of them were already here. There was nothing else to do, so they might just as well hang out around the courthouse. It was better than sitting at home looking at the pinched faces of your wife and children and know that there was not even a slice of pork left in the house and Mrs. Nannie Fain—she was in charge of the city relief—simply wouldn't give them enough to eat.

It was about Mrs. Fain that these men talked in low voices with wondering shakes of their heads.

"My wife come down here last week," said one young miner, his pale gray eyes staring at a tree's shadow flung across the walk, "and when she come home and told me what this woman said I near come down here and killed her."

The other miners in the group nodded their heads. They had heard of Mrs. Fain's doings before.

"What did she tell your wife?" I asked.

He looked at me steadily for a moment.

"Told her she was a good looking kid and for her to go hustling." There was a suppressed fury in his quiet voice as he said it. I looked at him incredulously.

"The woman in charge of relief here told her that?"

"And it wasn't the first time," a miner with a worn, lined face interrupted. There were blue powder marks over his right eye. "She told it to my daughter, too—right while her mother stood there. My wife and Helen—that's my girl—came down here two weeks ago. We was gettin' \$3.50 a week for relief for our whole family. That's me and my wife and two kids. Helen's 19 and hasn't had a job since she got out of school near three years ago. And this Mrs. Fain looks Helen over and says, 'You don't need no relief. A girl with a face and legs like yours could support the whole family herself. There's plenty girls making a living on the streets, and getting nice clothes, too.'

"My girl started to cry and her mother—"

He shook his head dejectedly and his voice trailed off into silence.

"What did your wife do?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "What could she do? She felt like killin' her, but she couldn't do nothin'. If she opened her mouth she'd get no relief at all and the kids got to eat."

Two motorcycle policemen drove up to the courthouse lawn, set in the heart of the town's business streets, and parking their motorcycles, took their stand on a corner. At the far end of the courthouse square two more motorcycle police arrived. A few minutes later they were joined by more police on motorcycles and on foot, broad-shouldered men in uniforms with tight sets to their mouths.

The courthouse was being surrounded by police.

"What sort of a meeting is this?"

"It ain't no meeting. It's a demonstration."

"Who called it?"

"Communists." He looked at me as he said this word. There was almost an aggressive air about him.

"Oh, Communists."

"Yeah, Communists." The voice had grown a little harder. After all, I was a stranger in their midst and maybe I didn't like Communists.

"Aren't they always causing trouble?"

"Maybe. I don't know. But they're the only ones who are trying to organize the unemployed around here to get a decent food supply and to get this woman out of her job."

"What have they got those cops there for?"

They looked at me almost pityingly.

"They always have cops when Communists call a demonstration."

"But why?" I persisted.

"I guess maybe in case we get tired of just askin' an' start takin'. I don't know why they got cops. But they always do."

More miners in blue overalls, most of them tall, rangy men from the Illinois coal fields kept drifting onto the lawn. Some sat on the steps, others on benches on the grass. Many came from the rear of the courthouse where, facing the lawn, were the Progressive Miners' headquarters. There must have been some two hundred coal diggers and a scattering of women in the crowd when the doors back of us opened and a stream of men issued, each wearing a white handkerchief tied around his left arm. All had belts under their civilian suits—broad khaki colored belts with brown holsters attached to them and ugly black butts of pistols sticking out of the holsters. Some of the deputies were coal diggers too, judging by the powder marks on their faces and hands. A few scattered over the lawn, but most of them stood on the steps that led to Sheriff Allan Cole's office.

"Forty of them," a miner said grimly. "And twenty cops."

"What do they expect—a revolution?" I laughed.

They shook their heads.

"They always get deputies and cops and guns when the Communists have a demonstration."

On the main street of the town, facing the courthouse steps, well dressed men and women stopped in front of the stores with their bright displays to stare curiously at the police and deputies with the pistol butts sticking out of their holsters.

Suddenly a trim little figure with gray hair and rimless glasses popped from behind the doors and looked over the scattered men and women on the lawn. He was pale and his 65 years had left their lines on his slight, nervous hands which he moved about constantly. Then he vanished behind the deputies as suddenly as he had appeared.

"That's Sheriff Cole," said one of the miners. "He said there ain't going to be no demonstration here today."

"I don't know why they got all these cops here now," said another miner. "The meetin' ain't scheduled to start for almost 40 minutes."

"Maybe they think we'll fool 'em and start earlier," one miner laughed.

"What's the meeting for?" I asked.

"We want something to eat," a miner said simply. "And we don't want a woman telling our wives and daughters to go on the street hustling if they want anything to eat!"

"Don't you miners have a union and can't the union do something about it?"

A tall, rangy man with a deeply lined face shook his head.

"The only union we got is the Progressive outside of the U.M.W. And Johnny Lewis ain't doing nothin' and the Progressives are doing just as much."

"Then why have two unions?"

"We used to be members of the U.M.W., but Johnny Lewis controlled this whole state by the gun, and we couldn't get what we wanted. So we backed Frank Farrington. We thought he was on the level; that he'd get us a living wage from the coal operators and then we discovered that Frank Farrington was on the payroll of the Peabody Coal Co. and we'd been sold out again. Then the Communists came along with their National Miners union and we joined that—must have been near 10,000 members,—"

He looked inquiringly at the others. They nodded their heads.

More men in overalls and thread-bare suits drifted onto the lawn. A woman with a baby carriage approached and I could see two of the motorcycle cops stop her, apparently trying to persuade her not to go in. She spoke

sharply to them and they turned away. She pushed the baby carriage towards a tree near the steps and stopped in its shade.

"What about the Progressives?" I asked.

"They ain't no better than the U.M.W. Everybody's looking out for a chance to get his share of the graft and the miners are left holding the bag."

One miner smiled grimly.

"They did a lot of talking about calling a strike at the Peabody mines, so a lot of National Guardsmen and deputy sheriffs with machine guns and riot guns stood around the mines and these men couldn't get near, so they got fancy and hired an airplane to fly over the mines and drop leaflets calling on us to go on strike.

"I know, because I was one of them that went. A lot of us quit and that was the end of that. We stood about and waited for someone to come and tell us what to do, to organize us and make our demands, but we never saw them again. All they did was fly over the mines and get us in trouble."

"But where they do work aren't things better than under the U.M.W.?"

They shook their heads.

"Ask Tim here," one of them said, motioning to a short, stocky miner with a red face and neck. "He's from the Southern fields."

Tim shook his head.

"I'm a Progressive—used to work in Pinkneyville. There was 250 of us there and we had an agreement for \$5 a day. But before we could get a car to load we had to buy a dollar bond from the mine. So we was really getting only \$4 a day. If you didn't buy the bond, you got no car to load, see? That's one way of not paying the contract scale. Other mines have other schemes. They're both no good—the Progressives and the U.M.W."

"Here's the Communists," a miner interrupted.

A small group of marchers approached, carrying banners demanding the removal of Mrs. Fain and denouncing the forced labor they are obliged to perform in return for the miserable relief allowance granted them. The motorcycle cops let them march onto the lawn and closed in.

The well dressed men and their women across the street who had been watching the hungry coal diggers and their wives stared curiously at the scene. Heads poked out of the courthouse's upper story windows and half a dozen pale-faced deputies joined those standing on the steps before the door. The deputies were obviously scared.

The coal diggers moved slowly towards the courthouse steps looking at the tall, strapping Amazon at the head of the marchers.

"That's Ann Morton," a miner said to me. "Coal miner's daughter."

There was a note of pride in his voice as he watched the 23-year-old girl. The pale-

faced deputies moved together to form a line blocking her entrance to the courthouse.

The nattily dressed old man with the gray hair and rimless glasses popped out again, this time so nervous and excited that his hands trembled as he waved them excitedly in the air.

"Fellow citizens!" he pleaded in a high quivering voice. "There's no meeting today. I'm asking you citizens to return to your homes—"

The coal miner's husky daughter took the steps two at a time, with the crowd surging behind her. There was a muttering behind among the blue-denimed, overalled men who had closed in on the deputies and the police. Their faces were grim, determined, lean with hunger.

The girl towered head and shoulders above the sheriff.

"You told us we could have a demonstration whenever we wanted it," she said loudly.

"You have no permit," the official returned excitedly.

"We tried for a week to get one, but you avoided us."

The Sheriff ignored her and turned to the crowd. "Citizens, there'll be no meeting—"

Ann Morton raised her arms and addressed the crowd:

"Fellow workers, the Sheriff says there'll be no meeting today. What do *you* say?"

"Put her under arrest!" the Sheriff shouted excitedly.

Two deputies seized her by the arms. A miner standing nearby hauled off and struck a deputy in the eye.

"Get your God damned hands off her!" he growled furiously.

Another deputy pulled a pistol and stuck it in the miner's ribs.

Others drew their guns. The crowd fell back.

The girl was pushed through the doors into the lobby of the courthouse while deputies with hands on their pistols stood guard. The police in uniform swarmed onto the courthouse steps and began dispersing the crowd.

"It's all over," they kept saying pleasantly. "Now everybody go home. Keep moving."

The miners dispersed, gathering again in little groups and talking in low voices among themselves. Several white-faced women talked excitedly among themselves.

"They're going to take her to jail," one said. "They'll get her out the back door."

Miners and their women moved to the rear of the courthouse, but the Sheriff and his deputies kept the girl in his office for more than a half hour while the crowd was scattered. Then two deputies, still holding the girl viciously by the arms, marched her through the rear entrance to the jail while a few miners watched angrily.

"Why don't we stop them from taking her to jail?" one woman demanded.

"Yeah, why not. You got no organization. If you try it alone, you'll get shot or go to jail, too."

"We oughtn't to let 'em get away with that. All she was trying to do was get us miners something to eat—us and our children."

The groups stood about, doing nothing—leaderless and helpless.

That night a protest meeting was called in a hall two blocks from the courthouse. There had been little time for announcements of the meeting, but even then some two hundred miners and their wives appeared.

There were several speakers who explained why Ann Morton was in jail for trying to get them something to eat. The audience shifted restlessly. A red-faced miner got up, his eyes blazing.

"I'm tellin' you that they'll keep puttin' Miss Morton and the rest of us in jail if we let 'em. I tell you that we got to be better organized. If we call another meetin' and they arrest one of our speakers, then we got to take our speaker away from them. And the only real way we can do it is by organizing."

"The next time they hit Ann Morton, we ought to be ready to hit 'em back," a tall miner said softly.

A young boy with a pale face rose from a bench in the rear of the hall.

"Ma'am, can I say somethin'?"

"Come right up," the speaker invited.

The boy walked to the little table and turned to the audience.

"I know him," a miner shouted. "That's Blondy Ryan. He was a deputy sheriff this afternoon."

A threatening murmur swept through the room.

"That's right," the boy said quietly. "I was a deputy sheriff and I've come up to apologize for being a deputy. I didn't know what it was all about. I ain't had a job since the C.W.A. stopped and I was told I could get four dollars by being a deputy at a Communist riot, so I went and was sworn in. But I didn't know that Miss Morton—that all she was trying to get us people something more to eat. No, sir, I didn't know that, so I come up to apologize."

He paused embarrassedly while the audience burst into a storm of hand clapping and cheers.

"Atta boy, Blondy!" the miner who had denounced him shouted.

The boy stood there twirling his hat in his hands.

"I just want to say one thing more," he added. "I ain't got no more to eat than you folks, but I'll go hungry before I spend them four dollars for myself. Ma'am," he turned to the speaker, "would you mind if I gave them four dollars to your unemployed organization? I'd sure feel a lot better if you'd let me."

Moley—Provocateur-in-Chief

II: Teaching the Tabloids How to Incite the Police

WILLIAM FRANCIS DUNNE

THE *big bankers* have sabotaged relief constantly and systematically. They have demanded and received the strongest guarantees for the principle and interest on the loans made to the city. They now inspire the publicity campaign to raise all transit fares two-fifths, two cents more per ride. They have held the threat of city bankruptcy and receivership over the heads of the population.

Not for one moment do the officials and publicists who call for more and more use of force against Communists and other leaders of the unemployed, more force against demonstrations of unemployed, think of stopping payments to bankers. But maiming, and even death is demanded as the penalty for the crime of being in the ranks of the unemployed millions, for being a leader of unemployed workers.

No bankers have been clubbed down in the streets by the long-suffering police whose nervousness is eased only by splitting the scalp of some unemployed demonstrator, by knocking down women and kicking them, by torturing arrested workers in police cells—all remedies used by the police, and an increased dosage of which is recommended by Today, by Mayor LaGuardia, General O'Ryan, the Daily Mirror, the Herald-Tribune and other papers.

Reduced relief for the unemployed—but a desperate scramble by officials to pay the bankers. More police violence against the unemployed and their chosen leaders—but courteous conferences with the bankers.

This is the policy for which the semi-official magazine of the Roosevelt regime and its editor Raymond Moley gave the cue:

The White House does not disdain assistance from the lower depths of journalism when it serves its purpose. There is a bond between the smug respectability of the editor of Today and the gutter vulgarity of the Daily Mirror that is cemented by their common contempt for the workers of the United States and their common hatred of the only party which represents and fights for the workers' interests—the Communist Party.

The only difference lies in the fact that Moley tries to hide his hatred and incitement to Fascist methods with hypocritical phrases, while the editor of the Daily Mirror makes no such effort. He is, however, able to find in the columns of Today material which he can quote almost verbatim and use for a text on which to hang a demand for "A war to extermination" against the Communists.

Not since what liberals are pleased to call "the hysteria of the war period" has a metropolitan paper dared to publish an appeal for

such unrestrained violence against members of the revolutionary party of the American working-class. But Moley, of the Roosevelt official family, gave the cue, as we have said. He places his stamp of approval on the Coleman article which begins:

"A woman shrieks, rolls over on the pavement, crying, 'He kicked me', and pointing at an amazed young policeman some distance away. Other women, young and old, and a few youths surround the officer. He waves his club. Someone in the crowd hits him. In a moment he's the center of a yelling mass . . . Fellow policemen come to his rescue . . . there are curses, the sound of heads being whacked and then the wail of a police siren on a riot squad car, bringing in its wake a huge crowd."

This is the Moley-Coleman description of a "Communist riot" starting.

Here is the Daily Mirror's lead to its editorial headed "*When Rats Are Gnawing*," published June 10th:

"A woman throws herself onto a crowded pavement. She lies there writhing and screaming. She shrieks something about being beaten up by cops. She may be a tool of Red leaders or an ignorant, poverty-stricken woman whose emotions have been aroused to the point of hysteria by Red agitators. Police pick her up and as gently as possible force her to leave the scene. It is the first time they have touched her. The Red leaders who planned and staged the disturbance have slipped quietly away."

Pedagogue and pupil—the highbrow Today and the lowbrow Mirror!

We wish to call special attention to the delightful sentence: "*Police pick her up and as gently as possible force her to leave the scene!*"

On May 27—the day after the publication of the issue of Today with which we are dealing—police, without warning, began clubbing a delegation of unemployed in the entrance to the City Relief Office located at 50 Lafayette Street. *They knocked down a woman, a Mrs. Lechay, and clubbed and kicked her while she was "writhing and screaming."* When her husband pleaded with them to desist, he was clubbed for good measure and both were arrested.

Reporters for the New York American and the News witnessed this police interpretation of assisting women "as gently as possible," and the ferocious clubbing of other members of the delegation. Both reporters made public statements. One said that the hallway of the building "looked like a slaughterhouse, like they had been butchering cattle." Walls and floors were covered with gouts and pools of blood.

The unemployed workers tried to defend themselves against the well-armed police.

They fought bravely. Many were terribly beaten.

Since that time fearless commanders of the police, like LaGuardia and Commissioner O'Ryan, have been trying to excuse their murderous methods by claiming that the police were attacked. The frail slats to which placards carried by the delegation were tacked, for purposes of police propaganda, were pictured as formidable bludgeons. The tacks became nails. Then followed the contemptible abuse by Mayor LaGuardia of John Gaynor and his fellow delegates when they asked permission to be present at the conference of the city officials with the bankers.

Were the cowardly brutalities cited above merely the acts and utterances of public officials on the verge of nervous prostration from arduous devotion to the service of the dear public? Hardly!

After the bloody attack on the demonstration in Lafayette Street, Relief Director Hodson wrote a letter to Police Commissioner O'Ryan commending him for the exemplary conduct of his police. The Daily Worker continued its exposure of the LaGuardia administration's policy solving the relief problem with police clubs.

In a series of articles in the New York Post by Eleonore Von Eltz, a trained social worker, employed for several months as a registrar of C.W.A. applicants and as supervisor of a group of C.W.A. recreation workers, the writer, living on relief at the time, made public an amazing collection of facts in connection with unemployment relief as conducted by the same city officials responsible for the police attacks, and the raising of the "Red Scare" in an attempt to conceal their guilt.

The Eltz articles by themselves are an unanswerable refutation of the Moley-Coleman-LaGuardia-O'Ryan-Daily Mirror claim that the unemployed are "incited" by Communists and that there is no reason except artificial agitation by the Communist Party and its press for organization and demonstrations of the unemployed. We quote:

"Whatever you choose to call it, the fact remains that a little oftener than every two-and-a-half days a man, a woman or a child literally starved to death in New York City in 1933."

"Is it possible that the relief workers, the jobless, who gather in Lafayette Street each Saturday to protest the city's system of giving relief—the 'Reds' and 'yellow dogs', as the police and our Mayor call them—have a real grievance?"

"I have received relief. I know. What happens when we apply for relief in crowded precinct offices?"

"The investigator comes—when she gets around to it. Sometimes she says, 'You've got expensive furniture; you can't get relief with furniture like that. Sell your couch, your washing machine, your radio.'

"Very often the stuff isn't paid for. The instalment dealers have first lien on it. But suppose it is owned outright.

"Have you ever tried to sell a second-hand radio, couch, bird cage? Have you tried it LATELY?"

"Among the 139 who died of hunger last year there may have been one or more who found that they could neither sell nor eat their radio.

"Sometimes the investigator says, 'You've got a dog. The Home Relief Bureau can't support pets'."

"About 160,000 of us are on *home relief today*. This will cost \$6,393,000 in June. But our number is mounting steadily—1,500 new applications are coming in each day."

"The increase is laid in part to C.W.A. layoffs; in part to the fact that business revival is not materializing as quickly as the nation hoped it would.

"People who *were* still living on their savings in April, when the C.W.A. went out of business, *now are destitute*.

"What do they get? Rent paid may run as low as \$2.35 a week for one or two persons; as high as \$4.05 a week for NINE OR MORE PERSONS, or \$5.75 in cases where bathroom and heat are also supplied."

"For food \$2.35 a week is allowed a single woman, \$2.55 a single man."

"Clothing, says the latest allowance sheet of the Home Relief Bureau, is allowed *only for members of the family who are working and bringing in cash*. An average monthly allowance for all needs of a family of four is \$42."

"Last year's deaths from hunger, those who dropped and died of starvation most frequently, it stated, were homeless men. Some 12,000 of such wanderers were registered last month at the General Registration Bureau."

"The city pays the army 40 cents per day per man for food and lodging. Meals are said to cost the Army 6 cents a piece per man, not allowing for the fact that the Army sometimes uses food which it receives as gifts in kind."

"Hundreds upon hundreds of those on relief are suffering from contact with investigators, who, to put it mildly, lack the qualifications for the work—investigators who got their jobs through personal or political pull and who took those jobs because the \$27.50 salary is the best money they can get."

"Relief workers and unemployed WANTED to tell Commissioner Hodson

about callous, grafting, inhuman investigators. *They were refused an audience. They were repeatedly refused admission to the Welfare offices at 50 Lafayette Street.*"

"Does the public realize that thousands of young people in this city never had a real job? Dan Donovan, high school graduate, 1930, said simply: 'There weren't any jobs. Just went bumming. Been in most states from here to the Coast.'"

"Graduates of Hunter and C. C. N. Y., emerging hopefully from school in pre-depression days have passed teachers' exams, taken their licenses, taught as substitutes—40 days, 100 days, some not at all."

"Men from the building trades, haggard from hunger and worry, registered in C.W.A. Now they are struggling to feed and shelter families on \$12 a week work relief."

"In some cases the taxpayers get their money's worth—and more. Alex Carter works in a public department at \$24 a week, preparing material formerly handled by a man at \$3,000 a year. Architects and technicians, who used to *earn thousands annually* and now work for the city at \$30 a week, also save money for the taxpayers. So do the artisans doing *skilled work in the parks, at laborers' wages.*"

"*The men who gather in Lafayette Street on Saturdays wanted to ask Commissioner Hodson about these and many other things. But he refused to listen to them. He still refuses. That's the reason for the disturbances. That's what 'All the shootin's for.'*"

According to the Daily Mirror, the Communists who organize workers to combat and better the shameful system of unemployment relief in the richest city of the richest country in the world, to *fix responsibility for and wipe out the miserable conditions* revealed in the above quotations, are worse than the lowest criminals. The Nazi note in its ravings is the result of its position as a defender of the system of capitalism in decay, coupled with its close connection with the underworld.

Communists, says the Mirror, "*act like the rats they are.*" "The Communists have a daily newspaper," the editorial continues, "The Daily Worker. It does its full share in stirring *passion and hatred* for constituted authority, *poisoning distressed minds with seditious doctrine*. When funds are running low, through appeals in this newspaper, and otherwise, new revenue in nickels, dimes and quarters is *wheedled out of poor people* who are led to believe that the way to relief lies in violence and overthrow of government."

Most certainly the Communist Party and its press tell the working-class that the only way for workers out of the crisis is the overthrow of the government of monopoly capital and the establishment of a workers' government. Most certainly it becomes clearer to in-

creasing numbers of workers each day of the crisis that capitalism maintains itself only by adding to the misery of the masses—that this is its basic contradiction and what makes it possible to prepare the working-class for the struggle for and conquest of power. It is the main task and the duty of the Communist Party to do this. It will not cease to be the revolutionary party of the working-class because the Mirror and Moley do not like it.

And ever larger numbers of workers will give nickels, dimes and quarters of their scanty funds to aid the Party and keep the Daily Worker going. *They know that the Astor millions are not behind the Daily Worker.*

Space does not permit us to quote the Mirror editorial in full, as we must give a little more attention to the statements of its co-worker Moley. We quote only the most delightful portions:

"They (Communists) are the *scum of the earth, fattening on human destitution and suffering. They are rats* gnawing at the foundation of the American social order, *scurrying away to their sewers at the approach of authority . . . Nothing is too vile* if they think it will help them in their efforts to bring violence and chaos out of human misery. Inflammatory talk against the government, vicious attacks on public officials, obscene cartoons, seditious literature scattered in public schools—these skulking rats will use anything that will serve to inflame or confuse the minds of good Americans who do not know which way to turn in their distress . . ."

"*Six thousand police are available for a war to exterminate them.* This is because *six thousand officers must have sleep* and another six thousand held (sic) in reserve for emergency. *There are 200,000 reds in New York.* . . . As things stand, the police can take care of the menace. *But they must act quickly and give no quarter. The time for forbearance has passed.*" (If there were 200,000 Communists in New York it would be the capitol of the Soviet Republic of the United States—unless we decided to move the capitol to Chicago. We also feel moved to remark that if a Communist state were confronted with a menace of the proportions pictured by the Mirror, it would not allow any of its military forces to sleep until the menace had been "liquidated.")

The editor of the Mirror is getting excited over a simple problem. He displays almost as little intelligence as his mentor Moley and his master Roosevelt. There is really nothing to get worried about. It is surprising that the easy solution of the problem of preventing the forcible overthrow of the existing American social order, of maintaining it intact, of satisfying the working-class and thereby eradicating Communism, sending the "skulking rats . . . scurrying away to their sewers," has not occurred to LaGuardia, who is irked by the activities of these "yellow dogs."

There is really nothing to it. All that is necessary is to put all the unemployed to work at high and ever increasing wages—thereby abolishing unemployment and creating an in-

exhaustible market for all commodities. As for the farmers, it is only necessary to close the gap between the price of what the farmer buys and what he sells, raise the standard of living of the whole toiling population so that there will be a continual demand for all the products the farmers can raise. No one to have land who does not work it himself, the title to be vested in the government. Raise the economic and social standards of the Negro people to that of the whites, wiping out all discrimination, allowing them the right of self-determination. Abolish all restrictions on the right of workers to organize in unions. Let all disputes between workers and employers over questions of wages, hours and working conditions be settled without the intervention of any department of the present government in any form—the victory to go to the side which can muster the most support. Allow no interference with the rights of free speech, press and assemblage for all supporters of these measures. Fix it so no one can live on the labor of others and so no one shall have a voice in government who does not perform useful work for a living except the aged, children and the sick and disabled.

These simple measures will solve the crisis for the great majority of the population of the United States. The minority would have to submit as the majority does now. As we said, these are all simple measures and easily understood by those who benefit by them.

Unfortunately for the Mirror, Moley and other staunch defenders of the Roosevelt program, and for the program itself, they are not in favor of such proposals. They prefer to denounce the Communist Party and incite Fascist violence against it and the working-class.

Moley begins by ridiculing the Communist Party because it has only 24,500 members. He does not ridicule the Socialist Party whose re-

cent convention showed it to have less than 16,000 members. On the contrary, he endorses the lying article by Coleman, the Socialist publicist. He accuses Earl Browder of making a pessimistic report to the Eighth C. P. Convention. This will give, at least to Communists, a fairly accurate estimate of the political discernment and honesty.

"Two out of every three members recruited vanish," says Moley. But they don't vanish from the ranks of the working-class. On the contrary, there has been created a large army of Communist sympathizers. Moley is welcome to this cold comfort.

It is necessary for Moley to ridicule the C.P. and attempt to minimize its influence since he is encouraging police attacks on Communists and workers who are believed to be influenced by Communists. He wants to show the brave guardians of law and order that in attacking Communists they are driving only against a weak and almost helpless enemy, a sect which has little, if any support, among American workers, both the employed and unemployed.

Police Commissioner O'Ryan was encouraged to extra efforts. The popular indignation that showed itself after the police attack on the unemployed demonstration at 50 Lafayette Street was merely the result of popular misunderstanding. The people were 100 percent back of the police but the Communists had lied to them. All that had to be done was to vilify the Communists, picture them as a small group of contemptible but loud-mouthed cowards, call for more violent treatment, and then the police could club to their hearts content without fear of encountering adverse popular criticism.

On June 11 O'Ryan issued a statement in the form of a reply to Hodson. It is a remarkable document. If what O'Ryan says is true—that "we have already placed on trial sev-

eral policemen for failure to use all the force at their disposal and necessary for the purpose of suppressing violence . . .", there are at least some cops who are not enthusiastic about clubbing and otherwise maltreating unemployed workers. Certainly there are many policemen whose relatives are unemployed and have been for years. There must be many police officers who have been for months the sole support of unemployed fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, etc.

The O'Ryan statement is intended to discourage any interference of humane instincts or vestiges of class loyalty with the bloody job of clubbing the unemployed to keep them in their place. "It is not expected," said the Police Commissioner, "by the public nor is it expected by any city official so far as I know and certainly not by the Police Commissioner that policemen, when dealing with law breakers—be they demonstrators or otherwise—will permit themselves to be assaulted without employing all the force necessary to suppress violence and unlawful conduct."

O'Ryan carefully continues the Coleman and Moley myth of Communist-incited assaults on peaceful police officers. All that is necessary now is for a cop to pick out some demonstrator and slug him or her. If he hits back, or if some comrade comes to his rescue, the stage is set for a massacre. The police have been "provoked."

The Police Commissioner takes it upon himself to outlaw Communists—not especially because they "incite" violence, but because "at every opportunity the unemployed are exploited by Communist groups whose aims and ambitions are at variance with our American institutions and what they stand for." According to this, the only persons who have the right to organize unemployed workers, take part in or lead their struggles for better relief, are those who worship at the Shrine of the New Deal and such sacred American institutions as company unions, government organized destruction of food stuffs, the shooting down of striking, unarmed workers, the third degree for strike leaders; (as in the case of Patsy Augustine, of the Cafeteria Workers' Union, arrested on a trumped up charge and tortured for ten hours—hair pulled out, slugged, beaten with a hose, lighted matches thrown in his face, burned with cigarette butts by O'Ryan's and LaGuardia's provoked police).* The "provocation" in this instance was a strike which Judge Faber tried to smash by an injunction prohibiting members of the union from going within ten blocks of the struck restaurant and from even striking at all.

Such suppression and savagery used against workers and their leaders is the logical result of the policy for which Moley tries to give political and moral justification.

* Daily Worker for June 11th. N. Y. Times, World-Telegram, The Post for June 10th.

Pressure of space has compelled the division of this article into three sections. The final section will appear next week.—THE EDITORS.



PROVOKING THE POLICE

Jay Morgan



PROVOKING THE POLICE

Jay Morgan

Correspondence

"A Comrade-in-Arms"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Your announcement of the Quarterly reminds me that the weekly NEW MASSES is now six months old. I have followed your excellent publication during this period with much interest. I want at this time to congratulate the editors of the magazine for their product: with each issue the publication proves itself a strong comrade-in-arms of the revolutionary movement. These are months into which history crams years of epochal events. These events THE NEW MASSES has portrayed and analyzed for the white collar workers, the intellectuals, the strata of the middle class that have been thrown into the army of the dispossessed. THE NEW MASSES has in this short period won a place for itself in the regard of thousands: I understand it has almost trebled its circulation as compared with the monthly NEW MASSES.

Its possibilities are even greater. It is gratifying to see that the magazine does more than depict and expose capitalist decay: like a true revolutionary magazine it reaches out towards becoming a collective organizer welding the thousands of its readers as supporters and fighters in the revolutionary movement of which the proletariat is the vanguard.

EARL BROWDER.

Illinois Teachers' Crisis

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The schools of a wealthy Illinois city offer a striking contrast to Chicago, and the closed schools of Georgia, and Alabama. The teachers in this gold coast town north of Chicago have counted themselves among the educational aristocracy. Recent vivid letters present the chaotic economic and social conditions there.

"You ask about our situation here. For pay we get no cash, but warrants and coupons. Usually we are paid in coupon books from which we tear out 25c or a dollar to pay at stores. We can get only so much of each kind of coupon. For instance, at one time each teacher could have a \$5.00 coupon book of Sears, Roebuck, \$10.00 of Pennsylvania Oil, \$10.00 Sinclair Oil, \$20.00 National Tea, \$30.00 Armour.

"Any local store is supposed to accept Armour coupons; then the stores trade the coupons around and these stores that buy from Armour pay the certificates on their bills. Stores even say "Buy here. We accept Armour and will give change in cash." It is possible to buy a hat on Armour. But before every purchase we must take out our books and say "Will you accept this?" We are supposed to sell these books and in that way get cash for ourselves.

"We ask pupils and friends of the school to buy and great a-do is made to sell coupon books. The school got loaded with Balaban and Katz coupons so that each teacher was forced to accept at least \$5 worth and urged to take as much as possible. You should see the religious, patriotic zeal with which teachers boast of the number of movie coupons they have taken. They go to the movies as long as they can hold their eyes open. They put it up to students that if they are to be educated and maintain standards of citizenship it is their duty to buy Balaban and Katz movie coupons.

"No one wants warrants. They are down to about \$70.00, I hear. Of course, our pay was cut this year—and another big cut is to come for next year.

"There is only one subject at school—coupons. Every day a notice is posted telling how much each teacher may have of National Tea or Armour. Landlords do not want warrants and try to insist upon getting Standard Oil or Consumers. Teachers take their quotas and then trade around—a Standard Oil book for a Consumers, etc., with a drawing of Uncle Sam pointing sternly to say that if there is

to be education, pupils must buy—Balaban and Katz!

"Hornwinder and Wacks will buy warrants at market prices. Those I am about to receive are selling now: \$75, 70, and 87. We are charged to be loyal though and not sell ours; we are to keep them or to talk the matter over with the boss. If anyone sells them at a discount then that is acknowledging that they are not par. Of course, I do the loyal thing and keep all I get.

"This is like our very fine spirit that we hear so much about."

Chicago.

REX DAVID.

"Russian Nationalism"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

When Lenin was leading the fight for Communism and world revolution, he did some hard thinking, fought facts with facts and presented the world with lasting intellectual contributions as well as political accomplishments. But it seems to be the fate of his followers in the United States to substitute sentiment and eloquence for the thinking that was once in vogue. To be precise, I refer to the review by Corliss Lamont of my book, *The New Internationalism*, published in your issue of June 5.

Penetrating the eloquence of Mr. Lamont's criticism of my chapter on Socialist Internationalism, the only thing that could be called a fact which he uses in refutation, is the assertion that the success of Soviet economy is an "inspiration" to workers everywhere. Admitting that it is an inspiration to some workers, how does that refute the fact that the Comintern is controlled by Russia and is being used more and more to implement Russian Nationalist success?

Mr. Lamont leaves unmentioned Mr. Litvinoff's letters. He does not explain the absence of Congresses of the Third International since 1928. He avoids the part which the Comintern played in Hitler's success. Much less does he attempt to justify, even in eloquence, the events which have taken place since the book was written: the calling off, of the French Communists at the French government's demand, and the close Franco-Russian alliance, with the Russian bid for an invitation to join the League of Nations. Only the sentimental idealist can in the face of such facts pretend to see the Russians leading the proletariat of all countries to a world revolution.

Again Mr. Lamont writes . . . "that the intensified nationalism of recent years and the rise of Fascism and near-Fascism constitute the last desperate attempt of the capitalist class to save its system." Neglecting his prophecy that it is the "last" attempt, it nevertheless occurs to me to ask Mr. Lamont if he does not account for the nationalism in Soviet Russia as an attempt to save its system? It is just the fact that nationalism has been resorted to by Soviet Russia as well as by Nazi Germany that makes it unavoidable for a realist to see the next step in history as one dominated by intergovernmentalism and national planned economy.

Washington, D. C.

CLARK FOREMAN.

National Sabotage

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Apparently Mr. Foreman was so impressed by my "eloquence" that he neglected to note the array of facts and argument underlying it. Though in a rather short review I had space only to outline Mr. Foreman's position in general and to answer it in general, I did cite a number of important facts, most of which Mr. Foreman has chosen to ignore in his comment.

For example, I pointed out that so-called national planning in the United States and other capitalist countries was not solving the economic problems of

these nations, but was, among other things, leading to higher tariffs, increasingly bitter struggles for foreign markets, and a growing war danger. How Hitler's wonderful planning, of which Mr. Foreman is so enamored, is helping the economic situation in Germany has been well illustrated during the past few weeks by the Reich's suspension of all its foreign debts. What is going on in America, Italy and Germany is not real national planning, that is, constructive planning on behalf of the entire population. It is class planning and its object is to increase and preserve profits for the capitalist class while the masses of the people sink to a lower and lower standard of living. Though in the United States there are millions and millions of families without proper food and clothing, the Roosevelt administration ploughs under a fourth of the cotton acreage, restricts food production all along the line, and, in the words of Secretary Wallace, calls the recent drought a "blessing." This is not national planning, but national sabotage to effect a scarcity of goods so that capitalists can make a higher profit. And anyone, who like Mr. Foreman, claims that such capitalist "planning" is in essence the same as the socialist planning of Soviet Russia lacks, in my opinion, even an elementary understanding of what is going on in the world today.

With this part of Mr. Foreman's book in mind, it is easy to realize why I do not consider him exactly an expert on the Soviet Union and the world-wide communist movement. I am not aware of any facts that show that "the Comintern is controlled by Russia and is being used more and more to implement Russian nationalist success." Russian nationalism is, to my mind, pretty much a thing of the past. At the same time that Mr. Foreman blithely proclaims the collapse of socialist internationalism, the U.S.S.R. offers an excellent example of an actually existing socialist internationalism, with its 150 national and racial minorities working in peace and harmony and possessing both cultural and political autonomy.

As for the possibility of an understanding between the Soviet Union and France or of the Soviet Union's joining the League of Nations, I cannot for the life of me see why such steps mean the betrayal of the world revolution. Back in 1918 when the Germans were invading the new Soviet Republic, Lenin penned his famous memorandum: "Please add my vote in favor of the receipt of support and arms from the Anglo-French imperialist brigands." Perhaps in 1934, to stalemate Japan and Germany, the U.S.S.R. will do something similar to what Lenin recommended in a somewhat analogous situation. To take advantage of the contradictions of world capitalism would seem to be plain common sense on the part of socialist Russia. And to stand squarely and sincerely for international peace and to take constructive measures in that direction would also seem to be one of the first duties of a socialist state.

As for Mr. Litvinov's exchange of letters with President Roosevelt, I have not noticed that they have led to a change in the revolutionary policy of the Communist Party of America or of any other country. I do not know what Mr. Foreman means by "the calling off, of the French Communists at the French government's demand." I suppose, however, that the Comintern quite correctly would discourage premature working-class uprising in any country. As for the meetings of the Third International, Mr. Foreman was evidently not aware either when he wrote his book or his letter that the seventh Congress was to take place this coming July in Moscow. If he were able to attend this Congress, I think he might feel that he had been a bit premature in announcing the end of international socialism and the Comintern's lack of interest in world revolution.

CORLISS LAMONT.

CIVIL WAR IN AUSTRIA

ILYA EHRENBURG

IN 1928, one of the leaders of the Austrian Social-Democrats took me through the apartment houses built by the municipality of Vienna. The buildings were superb; they were spacious and full of light. Young trees, lawns and flower beds had been planted around them. I saw everything: the kindergartens, the baths, the cafés. Freed from the filthy hovels of old Vienna, workers' children were playing on the grass in the courtyards.

The buildings were named after men of whom the workers of all the world are proud: Karl Marx, Engels, Liebknecht. They were really complete cities in themselves, designed by the foremost architects of Europe. Tens of thousands of laborers and white-collar workers lived in them. When you looked at the apartment houses you almost forgot the truth—you almost forgot that the cafés on the Ringstrasse were packed with truculent officers; that fat bishops, waddling importantly in their purple robes, were demanding the extermination of the unholy; that Jewish bankers, remembering that there is but one God, were sending checks to the Christian-Socialists, who organized pogroms; that all Vienna was merely a trump card on a table and that the big gamblers — Italians, Germans, French, Czechs—were cheating, smiling, winning and losing. Yes, looking at the fountains near the Karl Marx Hof, at the library or the sports field, you could forget the cruel truth. And yet that truth was evident in every street. Near the gay fountain jobless men collapsed from hunger. The marks of the struggles of July, 1927, were still plainly visible on many walls.

I said to my companion: "You have indeed built fine houses. You have shown the world that the workers have infinitely more taste, that they have a much truer sense of the simple joy of living than the dubious aesthetes of the Ringstrasse. But don't you have the feeling

that you may have built on other people's land? Hasn't the experience of my country proved that the worker must pay with blood for every foot of earth he conquers? We have had to destroy much. But we have destroyed in order to build victoriously. You did not begin with guns, you began with rulers and levels. What will you finish with?" He smiled. "With the peaceful victory of Socialism. Don't forget that at the last elections 60 percent of the population of Vienna voted for us . . ."

I saw those beautiful houses again on a bitter day in February. A kindly snow had covered them as if to throw a veil over the craven work of man. But even with its mantle of snow the shell-holes gaped black, and the wrecked houses of Floridsdorf still exhaled an odor of fire. Here and there one saw bits of a sheet or handkerchief fluttering in windows—the white flags of surrender. Behind them one could picture brown splotches of dry blood. People talked to each other in low voices under the ruined walls. They said that there still were bodies there.

Over the roofs of the bombarded houses floated the green and white pennants of the Heimwehr. Below in the snow-covered ruins, beaten and wretched, women, children and old people wandered fearfully about. They did not dare return to their half-ruined and plundered dwellings. Helmeted policemen were halting passers-by, while the cowardly heroes of the Heimwehr skulked like jackals in the courtyards.

The Austrian Social-Democrats were not like their German brothers. Their military body, the Schutzbund, energetically built up a reserve of arms, but it was in preparation for suicide rather than for any strategic plan. With all their amassed strength they delayed the issue. They gladly accepted every day gained without realizing, however, that it was

their enemies who were gaining time. Step by step they retreated from their position, afraid to give fight.

The Fascists, inspired by the example of Germany, grew more and more aggressive and in March, they forced the government to disarm the Austrian workers. Once more the Social-Democrats gave in and the Fascists gratefully realized that they then had ballots and not bullets to contend with. As in the past, the Social-Democrats exhorted the workers to be patient. They no longer dreamed of the "peaceful victory of Socialism," nor even of a parliamentary majority. They wanted only one thing—the right to live.

Nevertheless, the workers grew restive. They did not understand the subtle tactics of their leaders. They wanted to fight, yet they were being taught only to retreat. Little by little they were inoculated with that fatalism which, though it often arouses heroism in an individual, indicates cowardice when it is the underlying philosophy of a class.

From the beginning of February the situation in Vienna had been so tense that when a car back-fired people in the street would stop short in their tracks, petrified with fear. Even the most timorous admitted that some dénouement was imminent.

The Social-Democratic leaders continued to hesitate but the government did not. Evidently it did not expect any resistance from the workers. Vice-Chancellor Fey, head of the police, breathed the spirit of the barracks. It was not battle he was preparing for, it was a punitive expedition. "By the end of next week," he announced, "Austria will be rid of all Marxists." The Heimwehr roughnecks swaggered in the cafés, telling everyone that they were looking forward to their job of raising hell in the workers' districts.

As an answer they expected only the time-honored formulas—"We protest against the

violation of the Constitution and are only yielding to force." They thought they would have to deal with one or two dozen municipal officers, not with the whole working-class.

Schmitz, Minister of Social Insurance, declared that all workers belonging to unions would be dismissed from the State factories. They were to be replaced by members of the Patriotic Front. The workers demanded a general strike. The leaders still vacillated. What did they hope for? More guns and ammunition? No, what interested them was the different tendencies of the Christian-Socialist Party. They continued to live in the world of parliamentary arithmetic—of ballots and resolutions. For them the most significant event of those days was the support of some members of the Christian-Socialist Left of the Social-Democratic resolutions. Meanwhile in the barracks the soldiers were oiling up their machine-guns, and smug Heimwehr men were telling their girls that, "It's going to be a tough week. We're going to clean up the Reds . . ."

While the chiefs of the Party were studying the factional struggles of the Christian-Socialists, the police were breaking down doors, tapping walls, investigating cellars and attics in a search for the workers' arms. Sometimes they found a few guns but they did not discover the real stores. But though the workers succeeded in saving their rifles and machine-guns, they lost during these few days three-fourths of their district leaders. The police arrested all the Schutzbund chiefs and all shop chairmen. These arrests decapitated the proletariat. The Unions and the Social-Democratic Party had trained the workers to strict party discipline but they had not educated them for individual activity. Each man was ready to obey, but rarely could anyone be found to step into the place of an arrested comrade or do anything on his own responsibility.

The arrests continued the whole week. Each day a new district lost its leader. Wherever workers gathered they asked in perplexity: "What are they waiting for? If the police pinch our Karl the boys won't know what to do . . ." The Party, meanwhile, kept silent and the next day the police arrested Karl. It was another bloodless victory. Each day marked a new defeat for the workers.

The workers of Vienna, Linz, Steyr and other industrial centers demanded decisive measures. The Social-Democratic leaders referred to the decision of the Central Committee, made that autumn, and continued to urge them to be calm.

The workers expected a call to arms on Sunday, February 12. But once again the leaders decided to wait. They were waiting for their interview with Chancellor Dollfuss and the provincial representatives. They looked for their salvation, not in workers' guns, but in the political sagacity of the little cast-iron chancellor.

The workers at Linz did not hide their indignation at the "cowardice of Vienna." The secretary of the Party Committee, Bernacek,

sent a letter to Vienna. He announced that five leading comrades, taking into consideration both the political situation and the workers' state of mind, had decided to resist the government. Bernacek said that if on Monday the police tried to enter the Workers' Club where arms were concealed, the workers would mobilize the Schutzbund. It is difficult to understand how a copy of this letter fell into the hands of the police. The government states that the copy was found in Bernacek's room. It is possible that Bernacek, who, like all the Austrian Social-Democratic leaders, was a tyro in the art of revolution, had really kept a copy of so important a document. At any rate the original of the letter reached Vienna on Sunday.

The Vienna leaders were panic-stricken. The hour of "armed defense" of which they had so often spoken was striking at last. The letter from Bernacek was the call to battle, and its only possible answer was the arming of the workers. But many of the leaders were peaceful bureaucrats, ready at any moment to wave the white flag even before the fight had begun. There were long discussions at the central meeting. The leaders decided to admonish the comrades in Linz for their breach of discipline, for they still expected results from the interview with Dollfuss and the provincial representatives. A telegram was sent to Linz saying Aunt Emma was sick. This was the agreed upon code that all direct action must be delayed. However, the telegram never reached Linz. It landed on Vice-Chancellor Fey's desk. Unlike the Social-Democratic leaders, the Vice-Chancellor decided not to wait.

The government now hastened to end the matter. The police announced that the majority of the leaders were under arrest. The Heimwehr men goaded Fey—they were burning to take up their welcome task. The Vice-Chancellor and Prince Starhemberg reminded the "Little Chancellor" more than once that Mussolini only approves of energetic men. The "Little Chancellor" became infatuated with this idea and strutted about like the "Little Corporal." Meanwhile the Vice-Chancellor had read the telegram about Aunt Emma's health and gave the final orders to the army.

Monday

MONDAY morning was cold in Vienna, with a heavy rain that began falling early in the day. As usual the workers hurried to work and at the municipal offices long lines of unemployed waited for the distribution of relief funds. It was an ordinary morning. Women hurried home with bread and milk. Occasionally plainclothesmen could be seen hustling along the street, evidently worried, but no one asked them to tell state secrets.

Meanwhile fighting had started in Linz. Everything took place as both the government and the workers had foreseen. Thirty policemen appeared at the Schiff House. They were

allowed to enter. Then the Schutzbund surrounded the house and disarmed the policemen. Troops with machine-guns arrived to aid the police. The siege of the Workers' Club began.

At Floridsdorf the workers were aroused. They wished to organize a protest strike. The day before the police had arrested a shop chairman of a Floridsdorf factory committee. The district had the reputation of belligerency. It had a population of nearly eighty thousand workers. At Floridsdorf the strike began spontaneously. The workers left the shops and demanded arms.

The report that riots were going on in Linz spread through Vienna. The Social-Democratic leaders could not keep pace with events. They held a meeting and decided at long last to declare a general strike, but the Floridsdorf workers had anticipated that decision. The Social-Democratic leaders gave way to the leaders of the insurgents, but the Party, which prided itself on its voting power, proved itself powerless in the struggle. Its leaders followed separate paths. Some were heroes, some peaceful bourgeois, others were traitors.

No one any longer remembered the Social-Democratic slogans. According to the instructions of the Party, the workers were to defend the Constitution and Democracy. However, it was not for the dubious pleasure of starving to death in the shadow of ballot boxes that the Austrian workers had taken up arms. The leaders of this so-called Workers' Party naively thought that they could send tens of thousands of workers under fire to establish a Left government which could appeal to foreign bayonets for protection. But the workers were fighting for their cause and their lives. They had not had time to draw up the program of their insurrection; they were too busy with other things. Like the Government, they realized that this was a battle where the dictatorship of the workers was the stake. And the drab flag of the Socialists thus became red again in the streets of Vienna—the workers' blood had dyed it crimson.

At ten o'clock in the morning the district organizers grasped the telephone. They sent a brief message—"Karl is sick!" This meant that a general strike was declared. In haste the police arrested all the leaders they could put their hands on. Troops were flung around the center of the city. The streets were filled with helmeted policemen, armed Heimwehr men, and members of the Patriotic Front. The police arrested all pedestrians, permitting only "well dressed" people to pass. Communication between the workers' districts and the business section was forbidden. The Government hastily organized the "Technical Aides," composed of patriotic engineers and professional strike-breakers.

Unused to undercover action, the leaders of the insurrection received orders by telephone, though at the central exchange the police were intercepting all calls. Many of the leaders had not spent the previous night at home, but in the morning they rushed back to their houses, some to procure documents, others



to see if their wives had been arrested. The police awaited them and one after another they were seized.

At eleven o'clock the district organizers began distributing rifles and ammunition to the workers.

Corpses were already lying in the streets of Linz. The workers were throwing hand-grenades among the soldiers. The battle proceeded with alternating success and failure. The ranks of the insurgents increased. Young men took the place of the dead; "Give us arms!" they cried. The commander of the Government troops gave the order for artillery fire.

In Vienna all was still calm. The soldiers stretched barbed-wire across the streets of the city proper. The Vice-Chancellor inspected the positions.

At eleven o'clock many leaders still did not know whether the order for the general strike had been issued. Toward eleven, one district organizer received news of what had happened at Linz. He ran immediately to his district leader. "Forty comrades have been killed at Linz. We must begin."

The central electric plant was the first in importance, and the organizer rushed there. "Empty the boilers!" he cried.

He went to work himself. Workers came to his assistance. The steam was released. The turbines in the engine room were sabotaged. The current ceased to flow. It was five minutes to twelve.

A few minutes later the police surrounded the plant, looking for the organizer, but he had had time to escape. Thanks to this clever

act of sabotage the plant could not function for twenty-four hours. This was the workers' first and perhaps only real success.

In many parts of the city the stores closed and the streets were deserted. At insurgents' headquarters everyone was feverishly awaiting news. But the telephone wasn't working and the districts were separated from each other by lines of soldiers. One of the leaders went to an observation post and brought back the first sad news, "The trains are still running!"

The railroad workers really saved the Government. They made it possible to transport troops rapidly from city to city and suppress the insurrection at Linz, Steyr, Bruck, and elsewhere. The railroad workers were discouraged by their defeat of the previous March. There were now expert strike-breakers and traitors of long experience among them.

Next to the railroad workers it was the printers who were mainly responsible for breaking the strike. They were neither Christian-Social members nor members of the Patriotic Front. All, nearly without exception, belonged to the Social-Democratic trade-union. But the printers, too, had been crushed in a recent strike. In April they had walked out in protest against the persecution of the working-class press. This strike had ended in failure. Now the printers held their "crust of bread" doubly dear. They also knew that unlike that of their brothers their crust was well buttered. They were the best paid of all the workers. In their hearts they sympathized with the insurgents, but they remained quietly at their linotypes and presses, setting

up printed attacks on the rebels—"Red assassins . . . Red criminals . . . Red riff-raff . . ." Once again they proved that to gain a victory good education and a trade-union charter are of little value, and that books and fine words are well nigh worthless too.

It is impossible to say that this insurrection of the Austrian workers was a failure. It ended in defeat, but it was a defeat in struggle, and such a defeat will always be followed by a final victory. The general strike, however, was a failure. History will establish the actual causes of that defeat. Undoubtedly an enormous rôle was played by unemployment and by a general reluctance to risk the "kiddies' bowl of soup."

Yet, there was courage in the hearts of the Viennese workers. At Floridsdorf all the workers except the railroad men struck en masse. The insurgents had forty machine-guns and more than three thousand rifles. They occupied the police stations and disarmed the police. The workers did not shoot a single one of their adversaries. Neither did they hold any hostages. They simply locked up the disarmed policemen who were not slow thereafter in showing the workers how Fascists usually repay so generous an act.

In the tenth district four hundred workers barricaded themselves in Goethe Hof. Machine-guns riddled them with bullets. Detachments of insurgents attempted a sortie out of Goethe Hof, hoping to establish a liaison with the twentieth district. In the twelfth the insurgents successfully took the offensive. At nine o'clock in the evening a regiment of infantry was sent against them. The insurgents





retreated in good order. In the twelfth district street fighting went on all day.

In Karl Marx Hof the insurgents had no machine-guns. At one of the windows four young workers responded to the machine-gun attack with rifles. A machine-gun was finally smuggled to them through the sewer main.

At Floridsdorf the Communist workers, having received arms and munitions, bombarded a detachment of police with hand grenades. They occupied one of the most important arteries of the district. They tied a red flag with sickle and hammer to a chimney flue. Under the flag lay a dead child, killed by the police.

From insurgents' headquarters motorcycle curriers were sent out to the cities in the provinces. At nightfall two of them came back. They reported that the fighting was still going on in Linz, that Bruck was in the hands of the workers, and that in Wiener-Neustadt, a large industrial town not far from Vienna, the terror-stricken Schutzbund commander had refused to distribute arms to his men.

Toward morning it was learned that the workers of Steyr had killed a director of the Steyrwerke (automobile and armaments factory) and had occupied the entire city. The Heimwehr chief, Prince Starhemberg, marched upon Steyr. The Heimwehr had chosen this little city, known among tourists for its picturesqueness and among statisticians for its high rate of mortality, unemployment, idiocy and suicide, for the scene of a punitive expedition.

In Vienna the artillery fire continued all night long. There was street fighting at Meidling. Women carried bread and munitions to the insurgents, shivering in the cold night. Their fingers were numb against the steel of the rifles. Floridsdorf was in the hands of the workers. Everywhere, barricades had been thrown up. The insurgents took turns sleeping for two hours, for in the morning they planned to capture the bridges over the Danube.

During the night a young Heimwehr boy slipped into the insurgents' barracks in the tenth district. The workers levelled their rifles. The boy cried "Stop!" and put up his hands. Then he said: "Kill me. I'm a traitor. I've gone over to the Heimwehr. They promised me food and shoes—for two years I'd been starving. Now they've told me to fire on you. But I can't do it. You'd better kill me."

It was rare to encounter any one over thirty among the insurgents. It was a revolt of youth. But there was an old carpenter with a white moustache in this squadron. He listened to the young boy and swore. Then he laughed and shook him gently by the shoulder. "Never mind. You have a gun. You know at whom you should fire."

The machine-guns clattered and rifle shots broke the rare silences, humanly, nervously, with sharp exclamations. The night seemed unbearably long. Then the grim dawn of the second day leaked through the murky darkness.

Tuesday

THE second day began gloomily. The insurgents felt themselves surrounded by indifference and fear. They wandered through the streets with their guns. They met their class brothers: the railroad workers, the printers, the street-car conductors. "Where are you going?" cried an insurgent to one of his friends. "Where am I going?" shouted the other in a voice loud enough to cover his shame, "Where do you think? By Christ, I'm going to work." In Goethe Hof the street-car conductors railed at the strikers. "Just on your account we can't get out of here. It's past five. Time to go to work . . ."

In front of the municipal relief stations the usual lines of unemployed were forming. Exhausted, demoralized, humiliated by long privations, they preferred to beg rather than to fight. All of them, both the jobless waiting for a handout and the laborers hurrying to their work, sympathized with the insurgents. But on that damp morning, wet through with rain, the insurgents felt themselves abandoned, if not betrayed. They felt that nothing separated them from the other workers: they belonged to the same unions, the same sprawling and formless party. But on that morning an unprecedented something had come between the vanguard of the working-class which was fighting to its last drop of blood and that dispersed, weaponless and uninspired mass which wished to live at any price.

On Tuesday the failure of the strike could be felt. An insurrection is never an integrated thing. It is not only a political idea but personal courage, too, which actually mans the guns. Twenty thousand Viennese workers took part in the struggle. Seven or eight thousand fought to the last cartridge. It would have been foolish to believe that the workers would take up arms by hundreds of thousands. But these hundreds of thousands could have made an impregnable defense. They could have paralyzed the life of the city by simply folding their arms. But the Social-Democrats failed to understand how to awaken revolutionary consciousness in the workers. How many times hadn't their leaders said: "Our Schutzbund is well organized and fully armed. In case of attack by the Fascists, it is the Schutzbund that will defend the workers." On one point only the Party leaders were right: they could count on the courage of the Schutzbund—the vanguard of the Austrian proletariat. Those who belonged to it were among the boldest and most revolutionary of the workers. In other countries they would have been Communists. But the mass of the workers observed "peaceful neutrality." To many of them the insurrection was simply a duel between the Government and the Schutzbund. They said that the Heimwehrmen were "dirty bastards" and the Schutzbundmen "swell guys," but while saying it they went peacefully to work.

On Monday the all-powerful Chancellor of Austria was obliged to have his proclamation

run off on a mimeograph; the Government had no press at its disposal, the power house having been besieged. Tuesday all the bourgeois papers appeared. In their columns slander was cunningly mixed with falsehood. The insurgents were called thieves and looters. The papers declared that all Austria was for Dollfuss and that only a few fanatics were still trying to resist.

The workers had no idea what was going on, even in the next district. The leaders of the insurrection never managed to publish one single bulletin. The besieged workers avidly listened for news from the radio. The Chancellor of Catholic Austria proved what a Jesuit education can do. On Tuesday the radio announced that the Social-Democratic leaders, Bauer and Deutsch, had fled abroad, though as a matter of fact the police were still looking for them in Vienna. It was also announced over the radio that Bruck and Steyr had been occupied by the Heimwehr. The workers of Bruck knew that as far as they were concerned the news was false, for they still had the city in their own hands. But they anxiously wondered if it might be true that Steyr had capitulated. The workers at Steyr asked each other: "Is it possible that Bruck has surrendered?" In such a way was false news employed to make a breach in walls which gunfire had been unable to break through.

Shortly after midday a violent conflict began in the sixteenth district. Counter-attacked by the workers, the Government troops yielded their position. The Vice-Chancellor ordered heavy artillery to the spot.

Guns began to thunder in different parts of the city. The houses under fire were crowded with inmates. In cellars, storerooms and dark corridors non-combatants cowered, men, women, and children.

During the night news spread that in the Karl Marx Hof, in one of the apartments a woman and her baby had been killed by a grenade.

The Vice-Chancellor, however, was interested in neither women nor children. Obviously, he was nervous. The infantry was demanding reinforcements. Diplomats were sending long telegrams to Paris and London. The insurgents refused to surrender to the Heimwehr. There had to be an end to all this. The clever Chancellor proposed an amnesty. The generals insisted on heavy artillery. The Vice-Chancellor, a practical man of action, decided in favor of guns. But he added to them leaflets with which airplanes bombarded the city.

The city heard the cannonade in bewilderment. The most ridiculous stories were circulated. Some said that the Heimwehr was fighting the Germans. Others stated that Czechoslovakian troops were marching on the capital. No one dreamed that artillery was being used against crowded apartment houses.

The correspondent of an English newspaper asked the authorities if it were true that whole districts of Vienna were under shell fire. They reassured the journalist that "only the workers' districts where there are no precious works

of art or ancient monuments are under fire. As for the civilian population, we have proposed to the insurgents that the women and children be evacuated. Only armed Marxists remain in the houses."

At one o'clock in the afternoon Reumann Hof capitulated. Some of the defenders escaped. The others were taken by the police. All this time Mateotti Hof was insistently calling for aid.

In the twelfth district two automobiles bearing a Red Cross flag appeared at insurgents' headquarters. The latter welcomed them, but the fake orderlies at once opened fire. The insurgents took one of the automobiles. At eleven o'clock an armored train was sent against them. A machine-gun battle began. The women ministered to the wounded, and the wounded stuck to their posts.

In the fifteenth district the workers defended the Ottakring Workers' Club. Artillery demolished the façade of the building. Troops occupied all the neighboring streets to cut off the insurgents' retreat. Corpses lay on the pavement near the Club; a little boy of seven or eight, a bearded old man, a woman. Late at night when all ammunition was exhausted the insurgents raised the white flag. Most of them were taken prisoner by the soldiers. A few of them managed to escape through the sewer. The dark sinuous city

under the banks and theatres, under the houses, became the last refuge of the hunted in their defeat. Thanks to the sewers of Vienna many defenders of the Ottakring Workers' Club escaped death.

Through the black canals daredevils brought provisions and munitions to the defenders of the Karl Marx Hof. Even when the whole city was in the hands of the Government troops a few insurgents still hid underground. The police noticed suspicious noises from below and sent men down at once. And then rifle shots rang out in the darkness. Underground, men pursued each other and tried in a last hand to hand fight to strangle their adversaries.

Floridsdorf still held out, and the workers even attempted an offensive. They occupied Garden City. At noon the Government troops attacked the fire station. The firemen were commanded by the youngest of all the insurgent leaders, Georg Weissel. They fought to the bitter end. At last the soldiers forced their way into the station. They took Weissel and sixty firemen prisoners. Several prisoners were beaten to death with rifle butts and bayonets.

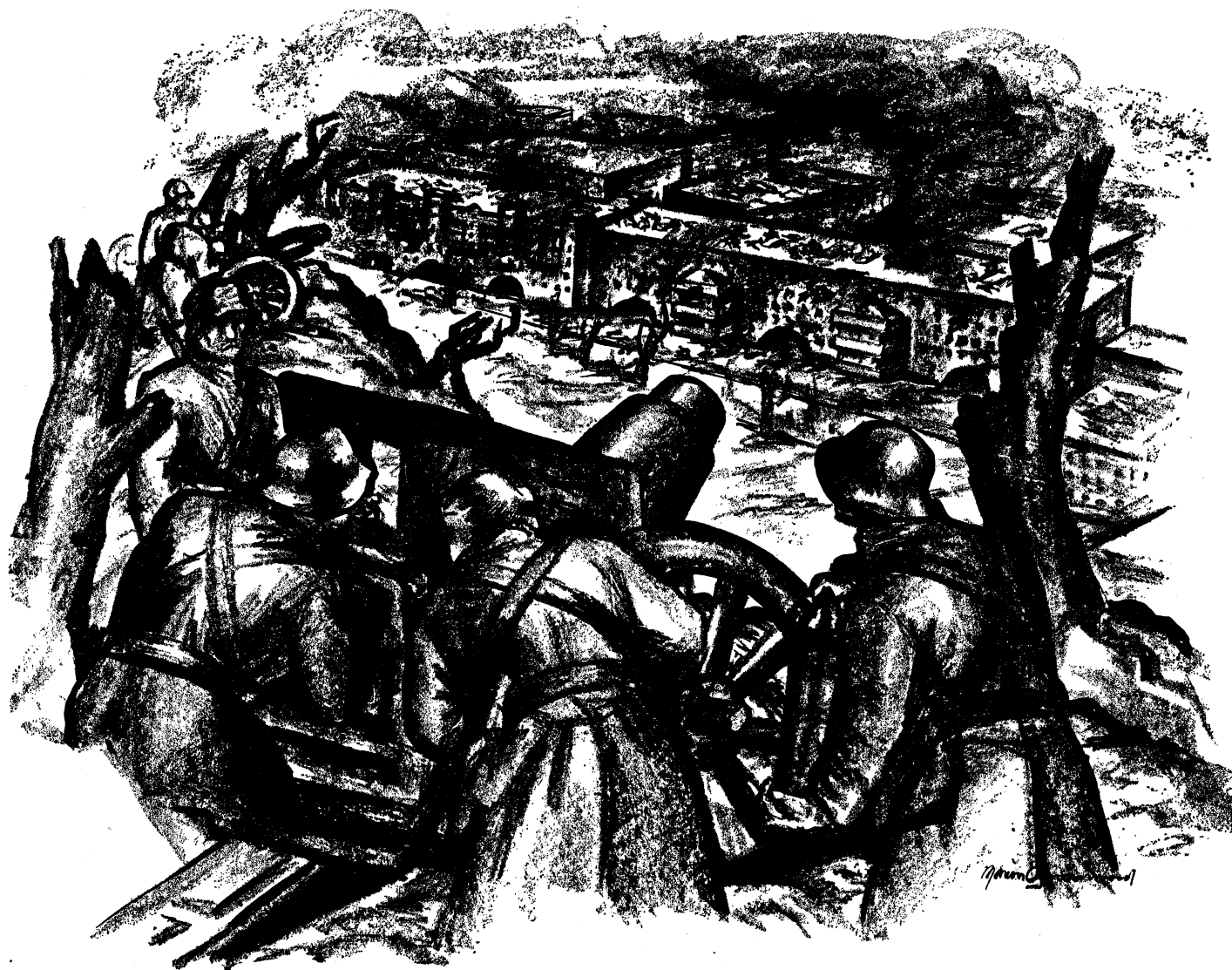
The surrender of the fire station was a bitter reverse for the front was now broken. The insurgents were completely on the defensive. For several hours Schlinger Hof was shelled by heavy artillery. But the guns were power-

less against the workers' courage. Finally the soldiers drove the women and children in front of the besieged house—they knew that the workers would not fire on their own families.

In Karl Marx Hof a shell hit the gas boiler. Gas spread through the whole building. The workers could hardly breathe. Yet they continued to fire. Two Government machine-guns, planted on Hohe-Warte, a neighboring hill, sprayed the windows with bullets. It is said that one of the guns was planted in the garden of a famous writer, an aesthete and a Catholic, Franz Werfel.

Frenzy now possessed the workers for they realized that the enemy was impregnable. Having inspected his position, the Vice-Chancellor gave the order to attack. The operation was directed by his right hand man, Major Wadel. The Vice-Chancellor was certain that the insurgents were demoralized. But machine-guns answered the offer of surrender. Major Wadel was seriously wounded. The insurgents repulsed the attack.

A messenger from Mateotti Hof was sent to the general headquarters of the insurgents saying, "We can't hold out any longer. Send us reinforcements." The general staff ordered the insurgents who were still holding out in Goethe Hof to slip to Mateotti Hof, but the runner was gravely wounded on the way back and never reached Goethe Hof.



Marion Greenwood



Marion Greenwood



Marion Greenwood

Complete confusion reigned at the workers' headquarters. On Monday the original plan of action had been discarded. Now the leaders had no plan whatsoever. Individual groups of workers advanced or fell back under the orders of their immediate superiors. Headquarters were in a district occupied by Government troops and there was no way of establishing a contact with the insurgents. Many district leaders were guilty of cowardice or stupidity. The Meidling leader refused to distribute arms to the workers. "I refuse to send men to the slaughter-house," he said. The Flötzersteing leader, although he had distributed arms, refused to act in concert with the other districts. The workers accordingly laid down their arms.

Toward evening of the second day the forces of the insurgents began to weaken. In the twentieth district all was quiet. In the twenty-first the artillery was bombarding Jedlese. The Danube bridges were protected by Government troops. In the sixteenth district the police had occupied Sandliten. In the nineteenth district the Karl Marx Hof alone held out. In the fifth the Heimwehr men raided the houses. No insurgent was left in the third district. In the twelfth were thirty trucks loaded with soldiers and machine-guns. No one doubted for a minute that the battle was completely lost, not one of the insurgents dreamed of surrender. A young worker of Goethe Hof said to his comrades, "The insurrection is over, but the revolution is only beginning. We must fight to the last cartridge."

In spite of the victories it had gained, the Government was having a difficult time of it. The officers of the various army divisions reported that their troops were exhausted and asked that they be replaced. Fresh troops had to be flung into the fight. The Heimwehr men acted like cowards. They hid behind the lines, performing such "special work" as raiding the workers' homes, finishing off the wounded or abusing the prisoners.

Meanwhile the Government had addressed an appeal to the workers filled with fake generosity. It promised to "pardon" all those who had been "duped." It pretended to be the workers' friends. "Remember what has happened to your German brothers. The Nazis will deprive you of your rights."

The Government then played its trump card. Korbelt, the Social-Democrat, the stool pigeon of the Austrian Secret Police, threw off his mask. He appeared before the Secretary of State, Karwinsky, and handed him a statement in which he resigned from the Social-Democratic party and denounced the members of his group for using force against the Government. We do not know how much Herr Karwinsky paid Korbelt for having composed this bit of lyricism. In spite of French loans, Austrian finance was in a very precarious position. However, it may be assumed that Korbelt was quite accommodating.

Korbelt's declaration was immediately broadcast and printed by tens of thousands for distribution throughout the city. Nevertheless,

it is very doubtful if even a hundred workers listened to the admonitions of this clumsy provocateur. All the sorting out had been done on Monday. Only those who were ready for death remained with the insurgents.

The insurgents still held out. Among them there were many unemployed. The Austrian Social-Democrats frequently tried to prove that the unemployed were unreliable. They described them as being demoralized and unfit for a struggle. Of course there were despondent ones among the Viennese unemployed, those who stood in the bread line while bullets were flying. But were there not cowards also among the workers who had been lucky enough to escape unemployment? Thousands of jobless workers fought in Vienna; perhaps the cruel lessons which capitalist society had taught them, the years of hunger and poverty and despair, kept their fleshless hands from laying down the rifles too promptly.

At nightfall the insurgents still held out in several apartments which the Government was demolishing with heavy artillery. The Vice-Chancellor turned the big guns on children. He bombarded bedrooms and kitchens as if they were veritable fortresses.

From within the houses the weary insurgents fired their last cartridges. Forty-eight hours without sleep. Forty-eight hours without food. Hastily bandaged wounds. Blood. Corpses. Corpses of women and children. Night and the harsh booming of artillery. The struggle was ended. A second epic began—the epic of death. Impossible now to believe in a miraculous salvation. What were these intrepid men defending? Their ruin? Their proletarian honor? Slogans long since forgotten? Or the victorious Revolution which they seemed to see somewhere ahead?

There is something symbolic and tragic in the picture of workers defending the thin walls of their homes against heavy artillery. For fifteen years the Social-Democrats had talked to the workers of "armed defense." With one hand they thrust aside the machine-guns, with the other they welcomed the "Little Chancellor." This was not subtle strategy on their part. It was weakness and lack of political self-confidence. In encouraging the workers to defend themselves they thought that the whole business merely meant a peaceful demonstration. But the affair ended with the bombardment of the Karl Marx Hof, the firing of Floridsdorf, and with brave men resisting heavy artillery with rifles.

Wednesday

ON Wednesday morning a storm descended on Austria. In the mountains it buried the last of the insurgents under snow. In Vienna it scattered the hair of murdered women and the white rags of surrender that fluttered above workers' apartments. But the human storm had stopped. A salvo of guns roared from time to time to remind Vienna

that several thousand men still refused to kneel before the magnanimous chancellor.

In the business section of the city, life, which the workers' anger had suspended for two long days, began again. The florists and jewelers reopened their shops. In the cafés the liberals of yesterday lauded the bravery of the Heimwehr and the nobility of Rome. Musical comedy fans asked anxiously: "Are the theatres really going to reopen?" Pretty women, the lovelight shining in their eyes, declared that "they all ought to be hung." Jewish bankers, having no confidence in the Christian sentiments of the Heimwehr men, wisely stayed at home. Nevertheless they sincerely rejoiced in the victories of Herr Fey—Austria had beaten the workers without having annoyed the "best people."

P——, on the editorial staff of the Neue Freie Presse and an incorrigible radical, upon arriving at the editorial offices said, "Well, isn't this a pretty mess! The workers have simply gone bugs. I hear that in Vienna alone a thousand were killed. It's unbelievable!" His friend, disconcerted, scowled at the journalist, but the latter seemed unmoved. He answered with the words of the song: "Vienna is still Vienna," and began to write his article on the "atrocities of the workers." Yes, their Vienna was still their Vienna.

Those who went to work that morning passed by dead bodies. Those who had been killed—insurgents and bystanders—still lay in the streets. In certain places the police had dragged the bodies out onto the sidewalk as an example. Near the Goethe Hof lay two young workers. Above their bodies the police had posted this sign: "Thank your leaders for this!"

During all Tuesday night the troops had fired on the Indianer Hof. No fighting insurgent was there, but the Vice-Chancellor who commanded the troops did not care to run any risk. He preferred to demolish the apartment house even though it was occupied by only a few families of workers. Toward morning a little old man decided to sacrifice himself for those who were still living. He ran toward the soldiers waving a towel tied to a broomstick. It was not until then that the victorious troops dared enter the house. The Vice-Chancellor, who had been decorated with the glorious Order of Maria Theresa, was not a little proud of this stunning victory. His underlings fed his pride with the suggestion that "from now on this apartment house shall be called 'Fey Hof.'" The Vice-Chancellor thanked them and accepted.

All morning the artillery continued to bombard the Karl Marx Hof. The insurgents were losing ground. Twelve workers covered the retreat. They had voluntarily offered themselves for this task—they wished to save their comrades' lives. There were twelve of them, and all twelve were killed. The troops occupied the Hof. Three hours later a group of insurgents drove the soldiers out of the house. But the troops, who had been reinforced, took possession of the court. Nowhere was the fight more bitter. On the stairways

the workers beat back the soldiers with rifle butts. The soldiers finished off the wounded with their bayonets. They climbed the stairs over the workers' bodies.

In the twelfth district three hundred insurgents fought back the soldiers. There was a fight in the freight depot with the trucks used as barricades. One comrade, shot through the stomach, fell to the ground. His friends tried to pick him up but he shouted: "Shoot, for God's sake shoot. What difference does it make where I die?" The fight lasted for three hours. At last, the insurgents' forces weakened and they retreated.

Goethe Hof still offered resistance. Heavy artillery had been placed along the banks of the Danube. More than a thousand people still remained in this large building, among them many children. They hid in the cellars. Some of them, mad with desperation, tried to flee from the building. But the Heimwehr occupied a convent opposite Goethe Hof, and fired with equal fury on men, women and children. Above the apartment house, police planes directed the artillery fire. At seven in the morning the troops sent an ultimatum to the insurgents to "surrender in an hour." The insurgents refused. From two o'clock until six the gunfire was infernal. Exploding shells started a blaze. Terrified women fled along the corridors. One of the insurgents upon seeing a child lying wounded, tore off his shirt and waved it from the window as a white flag. Then he shouted something—no one could make out his words in the thunder of exploding shells—and flung himself into the street.

Floridsdorf held out the longest. The insurgents were exhausted. Many of them had eaten nothing for three days. The unemployed had no money, but they did not raid a single shop, a single bakery. Fifty of them took up a collection to buy six loaves of bread to feed the whole group. Their threadbare coats were no protection against an icy wind.

At nine a. m. the Northern Railroad station was evacuated. The insurgents occupied Garden City. The artillery at once began to demolish the workers' quarters there and set fire to them. The insurgents, not wishing to see their brother workers left without a roof to shelter them, abandoned Garden City and retreated to Jedlese. The artillery, however, continued its work and the walls of the houses crumbled in flames.

The police raided the Floridsdorf buildings. They smashed up the furniture and abused the terrified women. They arrested the men, snarling, "You'll see something now, you dirty Reds!" Those whom the workers had disarmed and then freed on the first day of the insurrection were especially vehement. They searched for the "ringleaders." Finding one leader who only two days before had saved their lives, they immediately knocked him down and kicked him in the face.

One worker wandered about carrying a toy wooden horse which had belonged to his little boy. Hardly understanding the meaning of this gesture, he walked into the street, still holding the toy. It was the wooden horse



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that saved him. The soldiers, amazed, watched him wander unmolested through the ruins and among the corpses.

In one apartment a locksmith kept up the fire. The insurgents had left several guns in his room. Suddenly at a window he gave a little cry and fell to the floor. His wife, who had been hiding in the corridor, rushed screaming to him. The police tried to break down the barricaded door. The locksmith's three sons seized guns and began firing. The oldest son was sixteen, the youngest ten. The police fired several volleys through each window. When the door finally gave way the police found the sprawling bodies on the floor. The locksmith and two of his sons were dead, his wife and child dangerously wounded.

Seventy of the insurgents decided to fight their way to the Czechoslovak frontier. Police cars tore after them. Several times they had to fight on the road. The insurgents had neither bread nor water. They ate snow. Many of them could not bear it any longer and stayed back. The police who were pursuing them would finish off those who had fallen by the way. As night fell the workers went on without knowing what road they were taking. Then dawn came. They went still further. Ten or twenty of the fugitives fell. Above their heads flew a police plane.

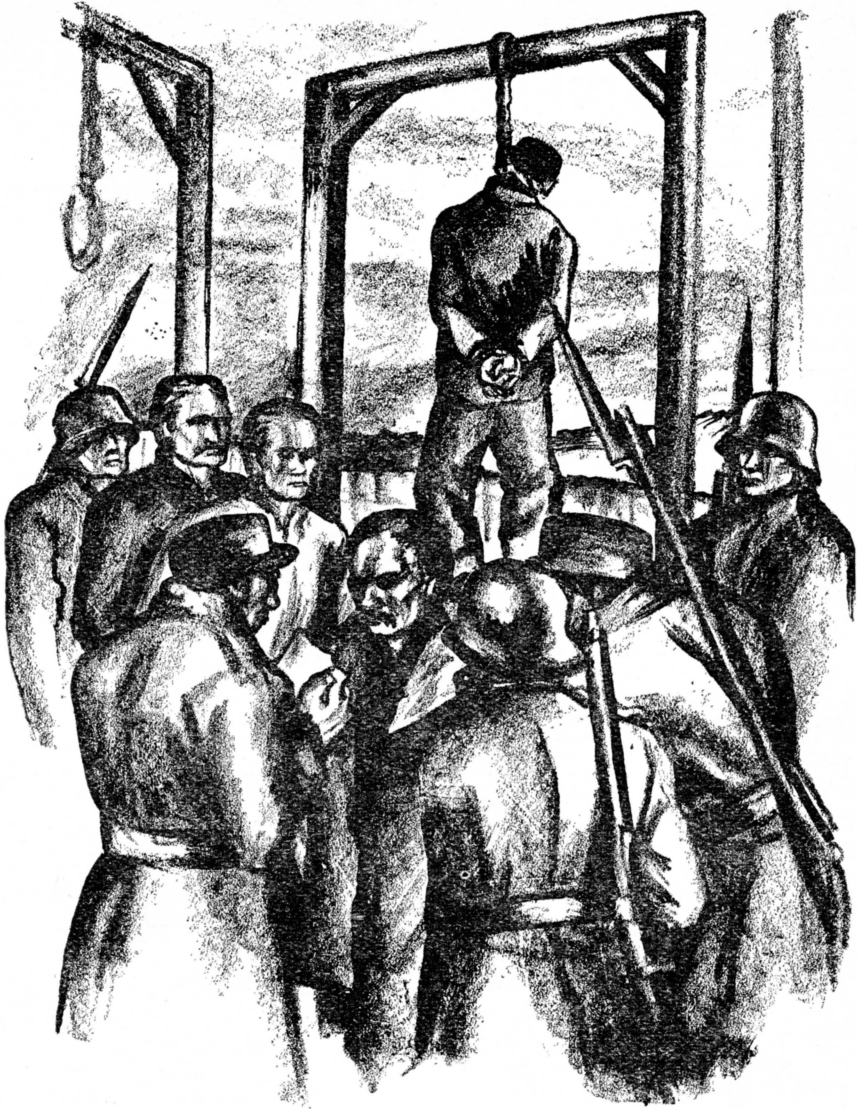
They were being fired on behind and before, to right and left. They stopped, their stiffened fingers grasping the trigger. A second night fell. Behind them the road was strewn with corpses. Suddenly they saw a railroad signal. They took aim and prepared to fire. But a voice rang out in the darkness. A man was talking to them in a foreign language, a Czech guard. They had covered eighty kilometers. Seventy had started out. Forty-seven reached the goal. The others had perished.

The Czechs disarmed the Schutzbundmen. In the morning the correspondent of a Prague newspaper came to see them. Simply and gravely they told him the story of the last five days. The correspondent cried: "You're heroes." The workers answered: "We only fought like the others." The journalist asked: "And now what are you going to do?" The forty-seven insurgents replied: "We would like to go to the Soviet Union."

The Vice-Chancellor worked with restless impatience. Though he had conquered the workers, other tasks called him. He still must take vengeance on "those villainous Reds." The heavy artillery was still roaring in Floridsdorf when they erected the gallows in the courtyard of the tribunal. The hangman of Vienna had been dispatched to Linz. Another had to be broken in and a member of



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the Patriotic Front was selected. Judges, however, were no trouble to find, there were a great plenty in Vienna.

The first to be tried was a jobless worker, Münchenreiter. During the battle near Reumann Hof, he had been wounded in the arm and thigh. A bullet had smashed one of his bones, and he had fallen unconscious. The police had picked him up and thrown him into a dark cell where he would occasionally regain consciousness from the terrible pain of his wounds. Though the prisoner had been arrested only two days before, the Vice-Chancellor would consider no delay and on Wednesday Münchenreiter was taken before the tribunal on a stretcher. His counsel was bold enough to demand a postponement on account of the grave wounds of the defendant. The judge replied that illness alone could constitute grounds for postponement. The court doctor declared that Münchenreiter was "fit to appear before the court." He was right, of course, for though Münchenreiter could not stand on his feet, indeed make a single movement, he still had a neck and, therefore, could be hanged. The judges solemnly settled themselves in their chairs. The presiding judge said, "Defendant, stand up!" Münchenreiter could not respond and the judge pretended not to notice it. Blood was still dripping from his wounds. Perhaps the smell of it reached the judges, the lawyers, the bright journalists in the rear who represented the "free press."

However, it did not seem to disturb them. They knew quite well why they were all there. Münchenreiter spoke with difficulty—he could not speak above a whisper for he had not the strength. "I did what I could," he murmured, "I fought. I am ready to die for the cause of the working-class." The judge made a gesture of impatience and read the sentence. "The accused is condemned to death by hanging." He held a whispered consultation with his clerk. Perhaps he was asking if the gallows were ready. He announced that Münchenreiter must be hanged in three hours. Then, having spoken, he majestically withdrew.

Münchenreiter was forty-five years old. He was a thin little man. On his face were traces of long years of privation. He knew in his own racked body what unemployment meant. He belonged to the "Left Opposition of the Social-Democrats," and the district leaders used to call him jokingly the "Bolshevik." When they dragged him to the gallows he gathered all his strength to shout: "You will not muzzle us for long. You'll be next! Long live the workers' government!" Next day the reporters wrote, "It cannot be denied that this assassin died bravely, but before dying he hurled Marxist insults at the spectators."

The Epic of Bruck

AT Bruck a thousand insurgents defended the hill which overlooks the city. The federal artillery had been stationed on the heights near a chapel. Wallisch decided to

attack the soldiers from the rear. Six hundred men remained on the hill and four hundred, under Wallisch, set out for the mountains. They dragged machine-guns and munitions up the slopes. They were without provisions. They reached an altitude of 4,600 feet, stumbling and struggling through deep drifts of snow. Wallisch's wife marched at his side. For eight hours they climbed without stopping. Ski troops were sent against them. They repulsed the attack. A storm came up. It was night, and still the insurgents pressed on.

During Wednesday night a messenger from the six hundred other workers reached them. He told them that the revolt had been broken and that the workers had gone home. He also told them that in Vienna, too, all was over. Wallisch spoke to his men: "Escape, all of you," he said. "If you are taken with me, no good will come of it." He bade farewell to his comrades and went his way. His wife followed him.

The government put a price of 5,000 kronen on Wallisch's head. This was a small part of those francs the French Radical-Socialists had furnished to Herr Dollfuss. The generous reward offered by the Austrian Government can be explained by the fame which surrounded Wallisch in all Styria. There they spoke of him not as a party bureaucrat but as a fearless defender of all the oppressed. His legend was like that of old songs in which brigands take vengeance upon the rich for the misery of the poor.

Wallisch wished to reach the Yugoslavian frontier. Some comrades got him an automobile. But a railroad worker was tempted by the 5,000 kronen. Who in all Styria did not know Wallisch? When he recognized the fugitive, the stool pigeon smiled happily—already he could see the roll of bills. He ran to the telephone and called the gendarmes.

When they tried Wallisch, the courtroom was like a fortress. The judges were obviously frightened. They had placed not only machine-guns but also heavy artillery at the door. Wallisch was led before them in chains. One of the eye-witnesses states that he said little in court. He simply stared fixedly at the judges and the judges averted their eyes. "Have you anything to add?" asked the President. Wallisch looked him straight in the eye and said: "I fought for the workers. You have caught me. You will hang me. I know what is to happen to me and we don't need to talk about it. But you, do you know what is in store for you when the workers are finally victorious?"

The sentence was to be executed within three hours—three painful hours for the judges, guards and the hangman. Why were they so terrified of this man in heavy chains? He was dragged to the gallows still shackled. He died firmly and simply.

The railroad worker wet his thumb and counted his roll of bills. He said to a friend: "I won a few kronen, just like in a lottery."

In all the cities and towns in Styria the workers muttered to each other: "They have hanged Wallisch." And how they uttered the

word "they" possibly might explain the shudder of dread which had seized the judges, the guards and the hangman as they waited for the final execution. The railroad man overheard a conversation between two railroad workers at the station and went white with fear. He buried his money. For nights he could not sleep. What followed? A worker killed him with a single shot exactly ten days after the execution of Koloman Wallisch.

Bourgeoisie as Winner

ON Thursday the fighting stopped. Pedestrians hastily provided themselves with the red and white insignia of the Patriotic Front. This was far from being a useless precaution. The police were arresting all suspects, taking them to the police station and manhandling them. Firing became more and more infrequent. The dead had been removed and the Government announced that in two days the theatres would reopen.

The Viennese spread rumors of frightful casualties. No one knew exactly how many had been killed. The Vice-Chancellor, with the true modesty of a great artist, declared that the government troops had not killed in all more than two hundred men. Even the French journalists did not believe this statement and officials found it wiser to answer all questions with a knowing smile. However, some gave the true story away. The Director of the morgue admitted that not less than six hundred corpses had passed through his building. A hospital doctor reported that eleven children had died of bullet wounds. The overseer of the Jewish cemetery stated that in the course of two days during the insurrection his workmen had dug not less than seventy graves. Moreover, many of the bodies had not been buried. A considerable number of private citizens saw policemen throw bodies into the Danube and the sewers. Many wives and mothers of the victims never could find out what had happened to the bodies of those dear to them. Some said they were in the cellars of the morgue, others that the corpses had been secretly buried in a common grave. The Vice-Chancellor had taken vengeance, even on the dead.

Several large halls were requisitioned to lodge the prisoners. Three thousand workers and employes were packed into the barracks with many women among them. The prisoners were given no food. From time to time they were systematically beaten. Certain Heimwehr men specialized in dislocating the jaws of prisoners. Others preferred to break ribs. But not only did the cowardly heroes of Prince Starhemberg torture the prisoners, the police, considering themselves noble heroes who had risked their lives, also insisted on sharing the sweets of victory. The torturers vied with each other.

The police brought in a seriously wounded man to the prison hospital. His name was Kohl. Cartridges were found in his pockets. The prison doctor said darkly, "There are not

enough beds." The policeman understood and finished off the wounded man on the spot.

The prisoners were forced to stand for several days as there was no place to lie down. One worker went mad from being tortured. When he was released he climbed up to the fifth floor of a house and leaped into space. One worker had an eye blinded.

Out of respect for the law, some of the workers were not beaten to death—they were hanged. Nevertheless the judges strove not to be outdone by the police, for they, too, were "relieving their stomachs." When the workers who defended Reumann Hof passed before the court, their faces swollen and discolored, one of the defendants remarked to the President, "Yes, like all the others, I was beaten up unmercifully." To this the judge, Herr Bayer, replied, "Well, I hope every blow found its mark."

The hangman knew no fatigue. Death sentences came one after another. Those convicted neither repented nor begged for mercy. When George Weissel, the leader of the firemen, appeared, the presiding judge, wishing to show that he, too, was capable of human feeling, said to an English journalist, "Weissel is really a hero . . ." Having made this remark, he chuckled contentedly, knowing full well that the hangman was already choosing a good strong rope for his hero.

Weissel was an engineer. Like Münichreiter he belonged to the Left Opposition of the Social-Democrats. He had connections with Communist workers. He was neither an orator nor a theoretician. He was a quiet, soft-spoken man who had had an unhappy childhood. He had educated himself bit by bit and had known poverty from his earliest years. No one among his comrades suspected that the soul of a hero dwelt in this timid engineer. Before the court he worried about one thing only—how could he save the firemen? Weissel declared that he

had forced the firemen to fight. "I threatened to kill them with my revolver if they didn't shoot." He did not think of himself. He knew very well what was in store for him. He declared very simply that he believed in the justice of his cause and in the ultimate victory of Socialism. He saved the lives of his comrades for the judges sentenced them to hard labor for life. As for Weissel, they handed him over to the hangman.

M. Horthy, the regent of Hungary, read with undisguised joy all the dispatches from Vienna. They made him feel young again. They recalled the unforgettable days when the magnates of Hungary settled accounts with the workers. M. Horthy decorated Vice-Chancellor Fey with Hungary's most distinguished order. This was of course a profoundly diplomatic act which emphasized the possibility of a close alliance between the two countries. It was also a mark of professional solidarity.

Herr Kupka, president of the S. P. C. A. in Vienna, called his annual general assembly. At this meeting it was decided to issue a series of postcards bearing the title, "The Dance Macabre." These cards were to mark the beginning of a campaign against bull fights and other forms of ill treatment of animals. After enlarging on the topic of the unfortunate bulls that meet a senseless death in Spain, the assembly decided to elect the humane Vice-Chancellor as honorary president of the society.

Impressive obsequies were given the forty-nine agents of the punitive expedition who had been killed. The embassies kept their flags at half-mast and the newspapers appeared in heavy mourning. Representatives of the government delivered touching speeches. The Vice-Chancellor thanked all those "who had prevented the establishment of a Soviet dictatorship in Central Europe." This speech was addressed to the dead police, the hard working

hangman and to the astute Italians, who, by sending armored trains, airplanes and tanks, had helped the Little Chancellor to defeat the Austrian workers.

Prince Starhemberg's men celebrated in the night clubs. One thing alone saddened them—they had no shirts. Don't take that literally of course. They had shirts and very fine ones too (the bourgeoisie always pays well for little services rendered) but the Heimwehr men had no shirts of a special color. Without such shirts it is a disgrace for self-respecting Fascists to appear in public. Black, brown and even blue were colors that were already in use. The shirtmakers, therefore, hurriedly began to manufacture thousands of green shirts.

Expensive limousines drew up before the destroyed houses and inquisitive dowagers who up to that time had never entered the working-class districts, inspected the ruins through lorgnettes. They were filled with compassion and pity for the police. "Would you believe it," they murmured, "the Marxists entrenched in these fortresses, fired upon innocent people...."

The Grand Rabbi of Austria, Herr David Feutchwang, ordered those bankers who observed the Law of Moses, first, to thank God for the victory which He had granted them over the workers, and second, to sign some checks for the families of the "fallen heroes" of the Government.

The Government was not content to destroy the trade-unions and cooperatives. On the list of organizations which were considered dangerous to the state were also The Workers' Football Club, The Workers' Chess Circle, The Workers' Choral Union and even The Society of Small Gardeners and Rabbit Raisers.

The Vice-Chancellor pointed out the necessity of purging the municipal buildings of all Marxist elements. It was decided to install the Heimwehr boys and strike-breakers of the Patriotic Front in the workers' houses.

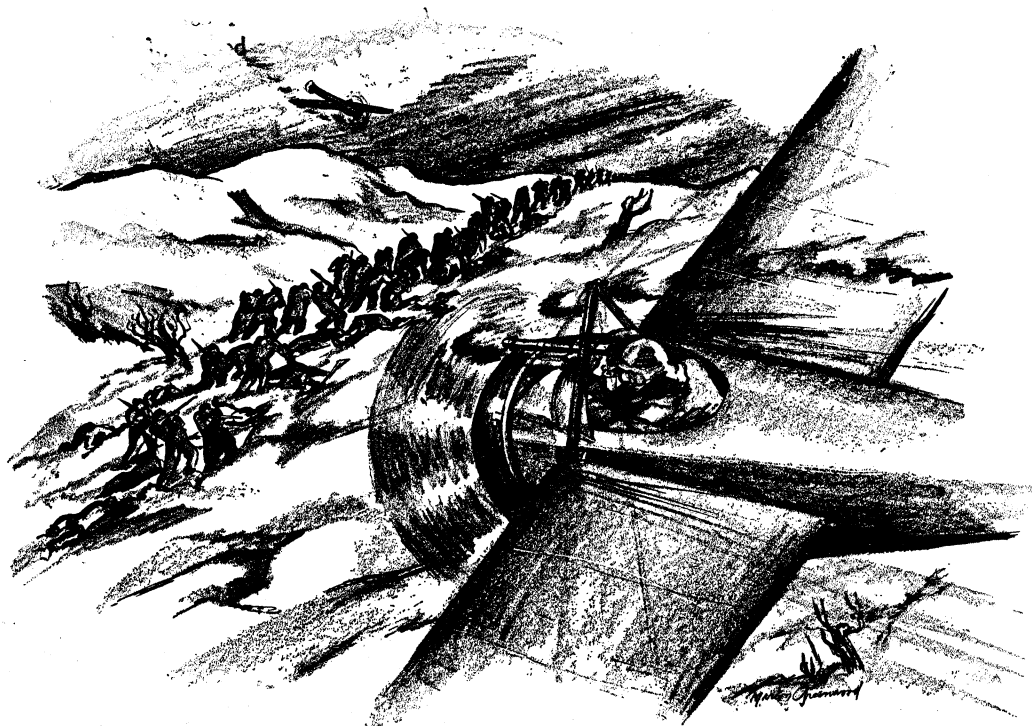
On Sunday, February 18, when the Viennese bourgeoisie was beginning to forget the recent scare, when the posters announcing a state of siege had been replaced by theatre advertisements—*A Ball at the Savoy*, *We Want Dreams* and *A Girl with Sex Appeal*, not far from Reumann Hof some workers met a detachment of Heimwehrmen. Shots rang out. A Heimwehrman fell.

This was the final echo of the February days.

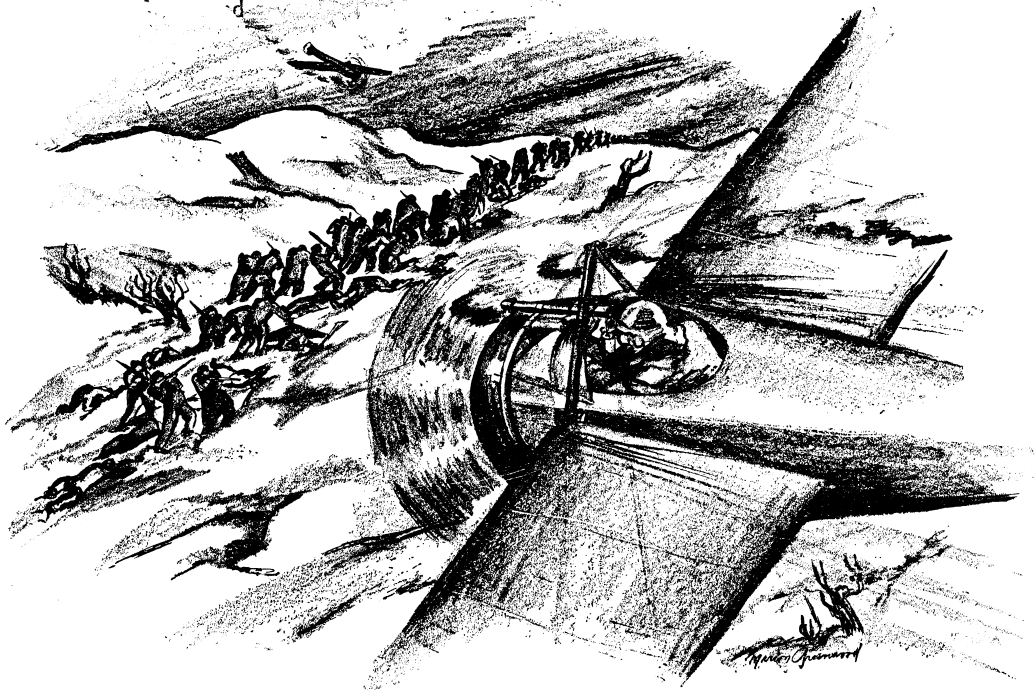
The Great Game

THE Little Chancellor can enjoy his triumph now. He has received money from the French and guns from the Italians. He has terrified the Jewish bankers by evoking the possibility of Anschluss. He has whetted the appetite of the nobles and the generals with the idea of a restoration: the two-headed eagle will rise from the ashes of Vienna. The Little Chancellor knew that his mercenaries would not betray him. The victory is his, and it will not be his fault if it is short-lived.

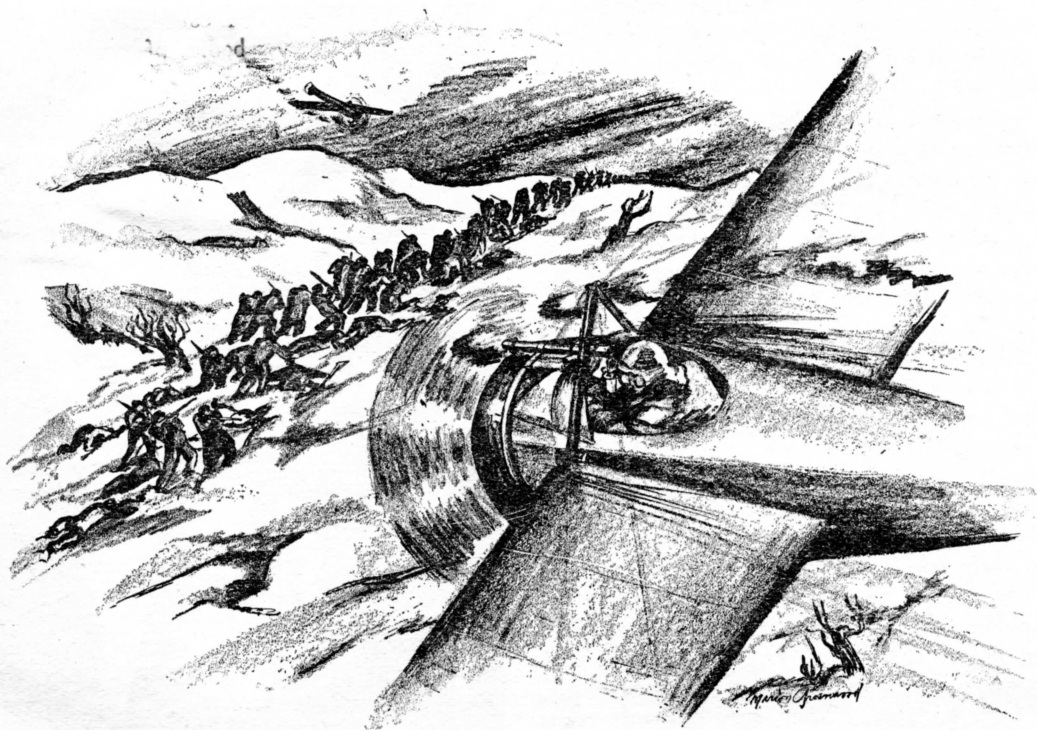
News of Austria again fills the newspaper



Marion Greenwood



Marion Greenwood



Marion Greenwood

columns. And yet Austria is not a player, but a card to be played. It is not the rôle of a card to speak, much less to act. It must remain on the table and enjoy only one privilege—that of passing from one hand to another. After Dollfuss' victory over the workers, Austria, as a country, definitely ceased to exist. It is now only a base for operations, something like a new Sarajevo. War, which has long been wandering about Europe like a lost soul, seems finally to have chosen this unfortunate country.

The German Fascists have ultimately settled their accounts with the Jewish dentists, the undesirable pastors and the liberal stage-managers. They have nothing else to do in their own country. They cannot, of course, build, work or educate themselves. They must sing war songs and smash windows. They know that without this belligerency they would prove themselves only second-rate clowns. But where can they find work for those millions who have been begging for work for so long? On all sides the frontiers are well guarded. They dare not make war yet, but they won't wait much longer. What will they do? . . . Well, there is still Austria.

They were overjoyed while "Millimeter-nich" was shooting down workers. Experienced demagogues, they appreciated at once the advantages of a game in which others did their dirty work. They would enter a land already purified of Marxism, and be greeted, not as hangmen, but as liberators. They counted on the workers' hatred of Dollfuss and considered the game won.

Many Heimwehr chiefs supported an Anschluss with the "Third Reich." Discussions began. The German newspapers grew indignant over Dollfuss' "ferocity." The German diplomats smiled upon the Vice-Chancellor and Starhemberg. Everything seemed well greased; the chief of the National Socialists was already preparing to leave Munich for Vienna.

However, another player was not dozing. The black shirts might fraternize with the brown on the basis of their lofty ideology; for castor oil and concentration camps, the Lipari Islands and Göring's torture chambers, are identical. But when these two boon companions found themselves confronted by the same piece of cake they suddenly forgot all about their great moral relationship and began slinging mud at each other.

Several months previously the newspapers had announced that the Fascists intended to found their International. One has heard of many strange societies. One knows by what powerful professional ethics the different thieves' associations are bound together. One can organize associations of beggars, card-sharpers, prostitutes who will agree to share the "spheres of influence." But it is impossible to found a Fascist International.

The only emotional value of Fascism is the "dream of empire," or in simpler terms the desire to seize your neighbor's land. Two Fascisms side by side mean war. Having stolen the words "Revolution" and "Socialism" from the workers, they believed they could

appropriate the word "International." How did their Fascist International end? With a few trips to Munich and Rome and soon after with the quarrel over Austria.

After patting the Little Chancellor on the back, Italy decided that her hour had come. If the Germans invaded the North Tyrol perhaps they might begin glancing to the South. The climate down there is excellent, and, what is more, many of the people speak German—though under their breath. In such a way the plan for the restoration of Austria-Hungary was born. France and the Little Entente opposed it. The Czechs and Serbs began to talk of mobilization. The German Fascists suddenly became wildly republican. The word "Hapsburg" threw them into a frenzy. Rome, after studying the layout, decided to play a waiting game. At once Hitlerite bombs burst in the streets of Austrian cities.

The French and the Czechs realized that they were empty-handed. For a moment they wanted to climb on somebody's band-wagon. But they were left out. Everyone thought they would play the *Radetzky March*. But they were justly wary of the sharper with the little square moustache. Consequently they are prepared to swallow the bitter Anschluss pill—they want to estrange the two big gamblers.

And that is how they bluff and swap cards while the game goes on. The croupier cries: "The stake is Austria." Somewhere, it is true, there is a country called "Austria," and workers, human beings, live in it, crushed, enslaved, unhappy. They do not know their sweat and blood is only one card on the green table of the great powers.

Beginning a New Chapter

THE civil war is not over in Austria. The workers have only lost the first battle. They were brave beyond doubt, but they lacked a real fighting organization, bold leaders, political wisdom and strategy. Social-Democratic leaders are correct when they admit that the battle was forced upon them against their will. They were ready to capitulate. They wished to save their chevrons, not their weapons: they wanted the continued right to call themselves Social-Democrats in a Fascist state; a right that Dollfuss refused them. And it was then that the Social-Democrats had only one choice—they must either prostrate themselves like their German colleagues or defend themselves.

I know that many Social-Democrats showed real courage during the February days. They were not afraid of death—they were afraid of victory. When they took up arms the whole world realized that they were only trained to keep the party books and vote in Parliament. They had dynamite but they could not make up their minds to blow up railroad bridges. They refused to requisition food for the insurgents. They did not even occupy a printing shop. They well knew the hatred and ferocity of their enemies, but they even failed to hold hostages. They were not only tyros

on a battlefield, they were sworn pacifists, Tolstoians, vegetarians, whose job suddenly became that of grenade throwers and staff generals. Though all of the Social-Democrats who took part in the insurrection saved their personal honor, they could not with all their courage preserve the honor of their party. The Floridsdorf workers who escaped over the Czechoslovakian frontier were Social-Democrats. They announced their desire to go to the Soviet Union. Three days of real warfare had changed their political opinions. Fey's big guns and the bewildered Social-Democratic leaders had done more for them than any book or pamphlet. The path of the Austrian workers was mapped out for them.

The blood of the insurgents was not spent in vain. For the workers of the whole world the Austrian February days are the beginning of a new chapter. When the German proletariat, worn out by long years of famine, by the dissipation of its energy in too frequent skirmishes and the treachery of its different Loebes, retreated even before it had tried its strength, the whole working-class world passed through a difficult trial. Everywhere the Fascists were taking the offensive. They felt themselves masters of the situation and did not believe a counter-offensive was possible. The workers had need of a superb example, an epic struggle, an act of romantic heroism. They had need of a reminder that workers can fight one against ten, that they can attack the enemy position and die as the Commune died or win as Moscow won. Twelve workers in the Karl Marx Hof died covering a retreat. Many hundreds of Austrian workers perished, but their deaths left open the possibility of an offensive. The engineer, Georg Weissel, the leader of the Floridsdorf firemen, cried as they led him to the gallows: "Long live the Revolution! Long live the Soviet Union!"





Arenal

Book Supplement

AUTHORS' FIELD DAY

A Symposium on Marxist Criticism

The editors of THE NEW MASSES wrote to more than thirty authors whose books had been reviewed in the magazine asking them whether the criticism of their work in THE NEW MASSES has helped them and also what they expected from Marxist criticism. We print below all the answers received in time for publication. Some of them, however, which exceeded the number of words assigned, have been abridged. At the conclusion of the symposium there is a general editorial comment, together with replies from two reviewers.

Erskine Caldwell

IN SO many words, my complaint against criticism, both revolutionary and static, is that it is about 90 percent soap-suds. All reviewers, as a body, tend to soft-soap the reader, the author, or themselves. The result is a bowlful of lather as full of air, hot or cold according to their political status, as the great out-of-doors. Reading is an experience. I don't see how in the long run anything else can be claimed for it. And if reading is an experience, then it seems to me that the reviewer should report its effect upon him and its probable effect upon the average reader. If a book fails to create an experience, its failure lies not in its technical form, but in its emotional appeal.

It may seem that this is exactly what reviewers are doing. But as a hardened reviewer, I don't think so. My mouth is full of suds and my head swims in a sea of soap-bubbles. A Marxist critic can work up just as much lather from a cake of soap as a capitalist reviewer.

NEW MASSES reviewers are already two steps ahead of the field, in that they have achieved a clear-cut view of economic life and that they have at their finger-tips the inspired power to give old words new meanings. Let all of us, critics and would-be critics, throw away the cake of soft-soap. If the book is fine, let's not shampoo the author, but give his creation its due; and likewise if it is terrible, let's not fill our own ears with lather, but bury the book so deep even the worms can't reach it.

Robert Cantwell

I HAVEN'T been conscious of any great assistance from the criticism of my work in THE NEW MASSES. Nor from the criticism of the work of other writers. I was disappointed in the review of *The Land of Plenty*; I had expected a political analysis of the book and the comments made on it were distinguished by their vagueness. *The Land of Plenty* is, quite simply, a work of propaganda. Some of the problems raised in it seem to me to deserve a critical discussion. In one section of the story, for instance, the workers take possession of the factory in spite of a police guard thrown around it. It seemed to me that this seizure of the factory developed naturally out of the situation that had been built up to that point. But when I came to write of the actual details of the seizure I ran into some new problems I had not thought of before—I tried to imagine what would actually happen, in the sort of community I pictured, when the workers entered the factories, what new factors entered a strike situation, what advantages were gained, what new hazards were encountered. It seemed to me too that the problem was important, one the working-class of this country must some day face. When I came to write this, as I say, I was stopped; I couldn't imagine clearly what would happen, and the novel suffers as a result. But I wanted at least to state the problem, in the hope that it might be discussed, critically, that the imaginations of others might be directed to envisioning it more clearly than I could. Perhaps this answers your question of what I expect from the critics. If the limitations of my picture of this event were clearly established, somebody else might be helped to imagine comparable events more concretely. And that seems to me to be a great part of our task as novelists and critics: we can work out, in our own imaginations, some of the problems the working-class must face in actuality; we can fight out on paper some of the real battles that are coming, and so be a little better prepared for them. If we can visualize them concretely, in detail, the terrible costs of progress may be a little reduced.

Why not? Does this kind of criticism seem too detailed and technical? If it seems so, think of the space you wasted in those prolonged, careful, elaborate—and absolutely meaningless—discussions of the difference between the "simple" and the "collective" novel—for instance. If necessary, let the organizers review the strike novels occasionally, and give them space to say what they really think. Let the revolutionary poets, once in awhile, review books on international politics; let the Marxian economists review books of revolutionary verse. But above all stop those hair-splitting analyses of problems that nobody but the critic ever worries about, and get the discussions down to earth.

Jack Conroy

I HAVE been asked to say what I think of the critical policy of THE NEW MASSES and specifically what I think of the criticism of *The Disinherited*. There were minor points in Mike Gold's review that struck me as fallacious, but I am sure that I have been helped by the criticism. I have a sensitive nose for malicious carping, but I could find none of it in Mike's review. Mike was re-affirming that faith in proletarian writers which he held steadfastly when proletarian literature was a laughing stock for all the Olympian critics who have at last been forced to recognize its existence. Max Eastman, in the course of a diatribe against THE NEW MASSES in the current *Modern Monthly*, indignantly cries: "Gold believes that anything written by a ditch-digger or an elevator boy has some inherent excellence, whether the man happens to be able to write or not. He agrees with the Russian, Pletnev, who wanted to base the Institute of Proletarian Culture on the proposition that 'the proletarian artist will be at once an artist and a worker.'"

Horrors! How could anybody be a *bona fide*, 18 carat "artist" and at the same time a worker? We are seeing a re-evaluation of artistic values, and the conception of an "artist" as an exotic creature remote from the everyday affairs of the working class is one illusion THE NEW MASSES is effectually shattering, and this accounts for the singular

fury with which the magazine is being attacked by "artists" unwilling to descend from their lofty pedestals atop the Sacred Grove to mingle with the sweaty, vulgar workers. If Mike Gold never writes another word of criticism, he has earned the gratitude of proletarian writers and readers for his dogged insistence that there is an "inherent excellence" in the writing of workers who feel deeply and portray as best they can, even if crudely, the vital things about their existence. The stale Bohemian writer, recognizing the vigor of the new proletarian literature, sadly contemplates his own wilted creative phallus, and howls that the Goddess of Pure Art is being raped by a barbarian.

Margaret Cheney Dawson

I CAN definitely say that the criticism of my book in *THE NEW MASSES* has helped me, though perhaps less by convincing me of the particular point it attacked than by suggesting a fundamental lack in the whole school of writing to which the book belonged. Your critic complained that, whereas I had done a fair enough job in depicting the futility of the sexual mores of bourgeois intellectuals, I had not shown any connection between this side of their lives and the confusion, emptiness and essential vulgarity of their professional activities. At first it seemed to me that the critic was making the mistake (a frequent one, I believe, in Marxian criticism) of trying to force all materials into a certain mould, and of insisting that every social issue be made explicit to an artificial degree. However, I agree that an author who touches a social question at any angle must have a lively awareness, and must make his readers aware, of the related angles. For failure to do this, the whole school of introspective writing may be fairly indicted. I should not again attempt to draw any scene or tackle any problem without giving my work more body, making it in itself a more coherent statement, and trying to give it a valid relation to its chosen background.

From the Marxian critics, I should want a criticism on just such points. My idea of the function of Marxian criticism is that it should separate the organic from the inorganic in literature—i.e. that it should examine all kinds of writing to discover which elements in it have a life nourished by vital forces, which are sterile repetitions of stuff that once was significant but has now reached the limit of its development, and which are simply devoid of roots, native or borrowed. A number of extraordinarily stupid judgments come from the confusion of these categories, I feel, as when a work that was a healthy growth in a previous period is criticised for its limitations in regard to our own age; or when a book is taken to have no roots, and no serious implications, because these are not exposed in a certain dogmatically defined manner. The opposite seems also to be true of many critics who believe themselves to be literary Marxists—the material counts with them for every-

thing. Such critics do not admit that good material badly handled is dead matter, a piece of pedantry that brings the functioning of the critical intelligence to a dead stop right there.

Obviously these stupidities are not inherent in the Marxian approach, and at their worst, they are a hundred times outweighed by the senselessness of the art for art's sake school, or the no-propaganda-in-art cry. I believe that Marxian criticism is that to which we must turn for any comment that has more validity than the expression of a mere personal preference.

Edward Dahlberg

IN 1926 Mike Gold listed a number of Marxist critics who had the insight and the equipment to examine and evaluate revolutionary novels and poems, but who, up till then, had made no marked impression upon readers or writers. Among them were Max Eastman and Joe Freeman. It is 1934 and what Mike Gold said then still holds. Max Eastman is a renegade; Joe Freeman is a brilliant raconteur and rewrite man. The business of Marxist criticism has fallen into other hands. Joshua Kunitz, our most able critic, who has genuine warmth and sympathy with the problems of the revolutionary writer, has, unfortunately, confined himself to Soviet literature. Granville Hicks has done some pioneering work, but he promiscuously lumps names together, and makes no graduated distinctions between writers, except political ones.

The problems confronting the poet and the novelist, the creative dilemma and the very processes involved in writing, he is either not interested in or does not comprehend. There is still much of the humanist and the theocratic New Englander in his temper. Sometimes one actually gets the impression that Hicks dislikes good writing, and that the nuances and pigments of prose are, if not offensive to him, altogether baroque. Often the reader feels that Hicks would like to annihilate several centuries of sensibilities and start anew. Some of our other critics are vivisectionists and internes who use poems and novels as cadavers. They recall the incident of the comrade who was constantly repeating, "I am only a simple worker, I don't understand literature," but who immediately proceeded to slay every writer, poet and book in sight.

Aside from this our movement should have the greatest culture of our times and the services of the most brilliant pens. And we should therefore be exceedingly wary of "comradely criticism" of writers sympathetic to the revolution and a too devastating analysis of those novelists who are beginning to cast oblique glances at the Communist Party. Unfortunately, five hundred words can in no sense be more than a fractional statement of Marxist criticism. And this should be accepted as an epistle and not as a picture of the entire scene. Doubtless the cumulative effect of all the statements in the symposium will be much nearer the truth than this.

Vardis Fisher

ANY author must discover, it seems to me, that his point of view, as well as the points of view of those who praise or damn him, rests chiefly on prejudice. Reading what critics have to say of my books becomes for me a study in distortions and an attempt to see my own more clearly as they antagonize those of another. With the Marxian point of view, nevertheless, I have a deep but quite unreasonable sympathy; for I see our present difficulties not as class struggle at all but as that combination of greed, superstition and fear which still bedevils us. My sympathy is further unreasonable because I object to Marxian criticism for precisely the same reasons that I object to any doctrine that refuses to see in rapacity and exploitation the vicious and inevitable result of that superficial idealism which it supports. The self-defeated ideology of Trotsky shows at its most hopeless extreme the notion that a social state can be founded upon principles to which humanity has never in any degree been educated; and all the more when, as now, we make progress more difficult by investing ourselves with virtues which in fact we do not possess and which history nowhere affirms. I should like a body of criticism, both social and literary, which would make self-knowledge and not self-evasion its bedrock and that would find anyone both deluded and dangerous who attacks persons instead of traditions and ideas. We need to make ruthless application of the scientific point of view to ourselves. But Marxian criticism as I see it still descends to the childishness of personal attack; still clings to a body of stupid tradition concerning heroes and villains; and still rests its whole ideology upon the assumption that human beings are what most unmistakably they are not. And while I am not sure that its adolescent idealism does me any good, I do find in it both earnestness and vitality; and that is a hell of a lot more than I can say for certain Olympian and empty aestheticism that still endures in and around New York.

James T. Farrell

NEW MASSES criticisms of my work have never raised challenging issues that warrant reply. I think that *THE NEW MASSES* can be most serviceable to writers by presenting a continuous body of soundly conceived reviews and criticisms which will seek both to enlarge the public for relevant works of merit, and to develop in this public an increasingly more exacting and critical set of reading habits.

Critics face the primary task of clarifying their orientation. This problem can be generalized in the statement that critics must organize and inter-relate their conceptions of literature, both as an art and as an instrument of social control. Such an exercise would permit them to formulate a cohesive foundation of principles and hypotheses, and there would be less irrationalism in their work.

One still feels that they often blindly snatch at explanations and reasons to explain their appreciations. Likewise, there have been occasions where critics, intending to offer an interpretation of the social backgrounds of American literature have recited a few sociopolitical and economic commonplaces, married these commonplaces to literary works, and produced pieces on the intellectual level of the newspapers and popular histories. Likewise, have they solved gratuitous problems. Thus, they have illustrated what themes that generalization, "the proletarian author," may utilize, and what books will or will not stimulate him. They bid fair to endow "the proletarian author" with the same kind of irrelevancy that now enshrouds "the economic man" of classical economy. Although critics have been broader in their appreciations since the inauguration of the weekly *NEW MASSES*, they are still not free from the vice of revolutionary snobbery. This vice is largely the product of a hypostasized conception of social classes, built upon the obvious of definitions and the perceptions of the most unmistakably and easily revealed phenomena of class struggle. By freeing themselves from this vice, and by eschewing gratuities, they can concentrate on one of their most important problems. Literary traditions, no more than the principles of science, are the property of one class. One critical problem is that of perceiving qualities of human use and worth in books and literary traditions which can be carried over into a new class system without any essential loss of their worth and use.

Critics have praised dreary writing, largely, it seems, because of the author's revolutionary subject matter or his good intentions. If authors must be praised for their revolutionary good intentions, I would suggest a division of function. Besides reviews and criticisms, let there be a new department created under the title of Department of Professional Encouragement.

Virgil Geddes

Literary critics, of course, are notoriously neglectful of books of plays and dramatic criticism. They know practically nothing of what goes on in the theatre and for the most part are unable to judge a play in print from the level of literature. They will review a volume like Dos Passos's *Three Plays*, to be sure, but because Dos Passos is a novelist, not because his plays are or are not important. Scores of inferior novels, books of poetry, etc., are reviewed each week in our journals, but plays have to make three times as much noise in the world even to be considered on their merits.

The dramatist, then, as far as criticism on his work is concerned, is neither helped nor hindered from the critical and literary press—he is simply left in the dark and neglected. This is less true of our revolutionary magazines, because revolutionaries have a higher regard for the theatre as a social value. But even here this condition has not been entirely

remedied. The superior attitude toward dramatic writing has not yet been overcome.

I suggest, then, a consideration of playwrights as writers. On the revolutionary side during the past year there has been, I believe, as much good work done in the play form as in the novel and in poetry. Its quality, its reach and its contemporary interest compare well with the work of other writers.

You ask: "What do you expect from Marxian critics?"

So far, Marxian analysis has been valuable to me in a broad and general way rather than in any specific sense. It has given me a broader historical consciousness, without which no writer can develop and mature. There has been little change in my writings since the recent and more concentrated spread of the Marxian viewpoint in America. A look at my past work shows me that for many years it has been developing in the direction which Marxian analysis stands for and encourages.

I am for criticism with virus and a revolutionary bias: they give it effect, value and result. The application of strict Marxian criticism to literature, however, tends to be more of a criticism on a work rather than of it. There should be more interest in men and their work for what they are than for what they are not.

Robert Gessner

I HAVE not thought it the function of a writer to pen elaborate criticisms to his critics, a "bourgeois habit" which creates and maintains the circulation of those incestuous organs you see in the Greenwich Village bookshops. Why then am I as a revolutionary writer criticizing a revolutionary critic? Because we revolutionaries have in common an interest which transcends any aesthetic quibbling; we are interested, or should be if we are at all revolutionary, in perfecting our writing as a force aiding the proletariat in a Communist revolution.

What kind of criticism then should a revolutionary writer expect from a revolutionary magazine? His work should be given the closest scrutiny from the point of view of Marxism-Leninism as to its value for the proletariat in formulating and intensifying their movement toward rebellion. What criticism did my poem *Upsurge* get from one of the editors of *THE NEW MASSES*? Simply an aesthetic analysis. This revolutionary critic concerned himself solely with image and diction, complaining that "the imagery lacks inevitability; sometimes it is frankly questionable . . . occasionally . . . unpleasantly superfluous . . . overlong stretches of violent language." Such phrases are more at home in a Village sheet, or in company with the aesthetic critic of the Nation, who was so "astonished" that *Upsurge* was a "book," "not a poem or a series of poems." Aesthetics may be important, but the editor of the revolutionary *NEW MASSES* should not give only aesthetic criticism; and from that standard alone take a superior attitude of condemnation through faint praise,

labeling *Upsurge* "a valiant attempt." The same holds for Alfred Hayes' review in the *Daily Worker*, when he complained of my violent language, punctuation and reference to lice. Lice, as Michael Gold long pointed out, means poverty; it may be too bad for aesthetic reasons, but in proletarian poetry poverty cannot be ignored. However, no so-called revolutionary critic has yet criticized *Upsurge* as to its revolutionary intent.

Consequently I can't say that the criticisms to date of my work in *THE NEW MASSES* has helped me (letters from un-aesthetic, class-conscious workers have), because it has not been revolutionary criticism based on Marxism-Leninism. Instead it has been superficial aestheticism derived from bourgeois hang-overs. Earl Browder in the first quarterly issue called attention to such treatment of Gellert's lithographs. For how much longer will such criticism continue to contradict the columns of a revolutionary magazine devoted to the proletarian revolution?

Lauren Gilfillan

THE review in *THE NEW MASSES* helped—but slightly. I sense a one-sided understanding.

I am glad when people say my book has significance, but the book is printed and past mending.

Adverse criticism and comparison should be stimulating. But I was disappointed. However: the reviewer explains my position relative to a "cutie" hanging about the outskirts of strike activities. I had hoped that the intelligent reader would be aware of my awareness, i. e., that I was treating myself objectively as a "Smith College girl." Personalities should be left out of literary criticisms. I had thought the reader would realize and accept the conscious limitations of my book. There were not to be "further steps." The book stops at a certain point and there it is. Books should be taken for what they are and judged for their worth. In this book my only thesis was humanity itself—the incredible conditions under which humans can still exist.

I want to understand and consider Marxian critics as I wish them to understand and consider me. I am American bourgeois, traditionally white-collar, not a foreigner.

I feel, as Mr. Kallet says, that "Marxists have never mastered the mechanics of American mass opinion." I feel that perhaps I am more in sympathy with the masses than Marxists I have met. I am even better able perhaps to speak the language of the American masses than my comrade associates. Therefore I reject their ignorant patronage as they resent mine.

I believe in the "predestined victory of the proletariat," but I feel that America will not soon call itself proletariat. It is a foreign word.

Marxism to me is one of a group of philosophies with the same ultimate end. But it

seems most workable and practical for the masses, and therefore I prefer it. I do not feel myself "above the battle." I am fighting for life itself. Why should I "come humbly?" I prefer pride—mankind's rightful heritage, and I will fight for it. I will not "try hard to be revolutionary." I am revolutionary. But Communism is not the only kind of revolution. Have you ever read Bellamy? He shows how the masses can rise without conventional revolution.

What was it Lenin said about "the infantile sickness of left Communism?" I should recommend for the Marxists less awkwardness, more manners—more polishing of the diamond. The good things of the past should not be thrown away. To be steely-strong and steely-flexible.

Also don't despise humor. You know, laughter is next to still waters.

Josephine Herbst

THE first half of Granville Hicks' review of *Pity Is Not Enough* was taken up with a discussion of the probable conflicts in my different personal attitudes in writing the book. Its purpose was apparently to show that the material was not relevant. All this labor was given to attack one of the first historical native novels that attempted a realistic portrayal of the past. For James T. Farrell, Horace Gregory and Edwin Seaver, to mention only three left-wing critics who reviewed the book in other places, *Pity Is Not Enough* was obviously written to explain our American present. Nowhere in Hicks' review does he seem to gather the significance of this story that deals with the defeat of rugged individualism at the hands of the capitalistic system. The story is about one of the thousands of eager men who did not succeed in our era of expansion that piled up the great fortunes. That the system, not color blindness, or frustrated love or inherited syphilis is the cause of the failure is clear on every page. To whom is such a book not relevant? Has that class completely disappeared like the dodo bird or is it still with us convinced that "a little capital" may even get it out of the depression. They are still with us or the Communist Party would be millions strong. Their fate still needs interpretation.

But my chief shaft against the type of criticism my book has drawn upon it in THE NEW MASSES refers to a later article dealing with the historical novel in which *Pity Is Not Enough* is given one disparaging line. Here was a book that in the earlier review Granville Hicks even, termed important and resourceful and rich and yet such are the exigencies of the critical life that nothing survives but the faint words that the book is not relevant. The old bogey raises its head and it is all that it does raise. In that article, only the negative phases of historical treatment are presented with any conviction. Cather and Wilder are dragged in for what they are not, but where is Tolstoy's *War and Peace*? Where is Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of*

Courage. And if I may say so modestly, where is my own book that does *not* present a flattering dreamlike picture of the past which the critic so lustily deploras. I have been left out in very good company. But what is important to point out is the contradiction in Granville Hicks' assigning me to the irrelevant heap at the same time that he makes continual references to novelists who can have no importance to any vital writer today. Cather and Wilder merely clutter up the picture, what they have to give can be gotten from better sources, and in fact Hicks only refers to them for what they *cannot* give. As for Henry James, the mere mention of his name assumes the presence and importance of a class for whom *Pity Is Not Enough* cannot possibly be irrelevant. And we come to the chief contradiction in Hicks' critical method. Hicks might assume that only an audience strictly proletarian was of value. He does not so assume as he quite obviously writes for the same people as I, those border people who are falling by the wayside and whose tragic background *Pity Is Not Enough* took such pains to reveal. He is directing his energies, as his references imply, to the middle class, the lower middle class, the intellectuals, those people so beautifully designated as swamp people who in the final disintegration have no place of their own, who must throw their forces with the proletariat or perish. The question simply is, are these people worth writing about and for? Hicks thinks so, for himself; for me, a creative writer, apparently there is another measuring rod.

Granville Hicks' attitude toward the historical novel as revealed in his article shows he knows too little about it. No one can hand out themes for any creative writing but to hand out the Chartist Revolt, the French Revolution and the Paris Commune to writers in this country who have marvelous material like gold nuggets lying all around them, is the most completely revealing irrelevancy I ever saw and it makes me wonder if Hicks and I understand the same thing by that word.

Criticism should broaden the base of creative writing, not narrow it. It is a pretty general flaw with NEW MASSES criticism, and Hicks is by no means the only one guilty, that it is niggardly and patronizing. I want robust enjoyment of writing again.

John Howard Lawson

I HAVE already expressed rather fully my own specific reaction to a review of my work in THE NEW MASSES. When I objected to Mike Gold's critique of my plays on the ground that it was an "unbalanced attack and failure to weigh tendencies," some of my friends wrongly assumed that I expected Marxian criticism to be mild, tepid and unemotional—to maintain the sort of fake-alooftness which is one of the pretenses of liberals! Obviously, such a notion would be completely alien to the nature of proletarian criticism, which must be alive with the passion of genuine partisanship.

My special interest lies in the field of the theater. In looking over THE NEW MASSES since January, I find the dramatic reviews have been somewhat irregular, and neither as incisive nor as scientific as one might wish. By far the best theatrical review is Mike Gold's brilliant write-up of "Stevadore," which combines great and stirring enthusiasm with a clear study of the play. The very intensity of the critic's feeling, the fulness and depth of the emotion aroused, add to his awareness of faults.

In the field of book-reviews (and particularly in dealing with the bourgeois novel), I find a tendency toward vagueness and lack of punch. Most of the bourgeois novels published at the present time are rather alike in their quality of frustration, cynicism and aesthetic smartness. However, I think our critics have a way of being too conventional and general in describing this frustration. For instance, the reviews of *Out of Life* by Myron Brinig, *An Altar in the Fields* by Ludwig Lewisohn, *Tender is the Night* by Scott Fitzgerald, *The Unpossessed* by Tess Slesinger—these reviews, and those of other novels of the same style, are completely sound—but the news that another writer of fiction has written *another* story of middle class decay is not especially revealing or important. If these books are worth reviewing at all, it seems to me necessary to go a little deeper into the particular content of the author's point of view—to isolate the particular germ of frustration, to show the author's *special* relation to bourgeois currents of thought. Such an analysis (of novels which have enough stuff in them to be worth analysing) might be of considerable historical value.

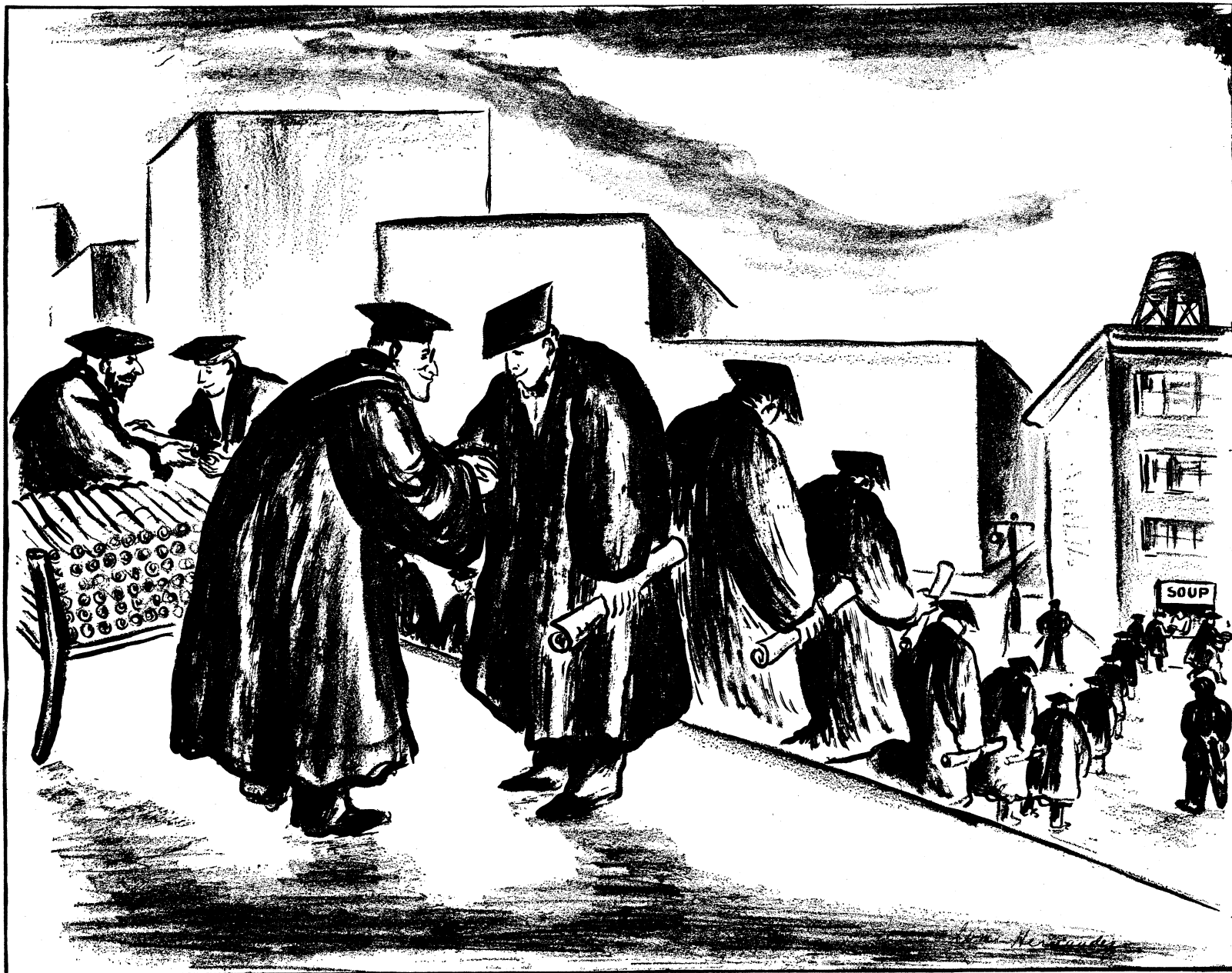
Henry Hart

I ASSUME this discussion is to be confined to what an author thinks of the critic who reviewed his book in THE NEW MASSES.

Anyone who believes capitalism is criminally anti-social and can be extirpated only by revolution, is *ipso facto* obligated to bury personal irritation for the good of the cause. Bury is perhaps all it is humanly possible to do, that is, of course, if your book got a sock in the eye or a tap on the nose.

The latter, I think (Mr. Seaver may have intended otherwise), is all my book got, and my irritation undoubtedly has its inception in my pathetic wish that Mr. Seaver had urged every comrade to read it and treasure it as a classic. My rationalization of the irritation, however, took the following form.

I felt it was irrelevant to deplore my not having dealt with the class struggle *per se* when my theme was the depiction of the futility of the individual will to power in a corrupt society. I felt that my book, in illuminating the mechanism by which democracy was transformed into a plutocracy that has been fascist since the Civil War, had considerable social significance and a whole lot to say that readers of THE NEW MASSES could read with profit and, I would like to believe, with enjoyment.



William Hernandez

My rationalized irritation, therefore, assumes the guise of an attack on the method, the tactic, of book reviewing in a radical periodical. I arrive at this contention: that the pre-Revolution struggle must be conducted on all fronts and converts won by many means, and that all honest books presenting life as it actually is (to do this the author must necessarily be aware of and concern himself with the all-pervasive corruption of capitalism) should not be indicted under the blanket diagnosis of class-consciousness deficiency. Blanket diagnoses are always lazy.

On the general thesis of social versus aesthetic criticism, I think there can no longer be disagreement. Everyone believes, or should, that such archetypal concepts as pure beauty and similar frames of reference are adolescent and unworthy of anyone who loves life. The value of the kind of criticism *THE NEW MASSES* prints is to be found chiefly, I think, in its influence upon critics in the capitalist press and upon the capitalist publishers. With both of these animals I have had, and have, considerable to do, and I think I can testify that day-dreaming and romancing in both re-

viewing and publishing are perceptibly decreasing with an ever increasing velocity. To have instilled *any* awareness of the actual world into some critics and some publishers justifies any moment of uncompromising insistence upon the class aspects of literature.

In the end, I think, it comes down to this: it is better to be brave and overemphatic than to be safe and on-the-other-hand. So my deepest feeling is that *THE NEW MASSES* critics should hew to the Party line and let the chips fall where they may.

Myra Page

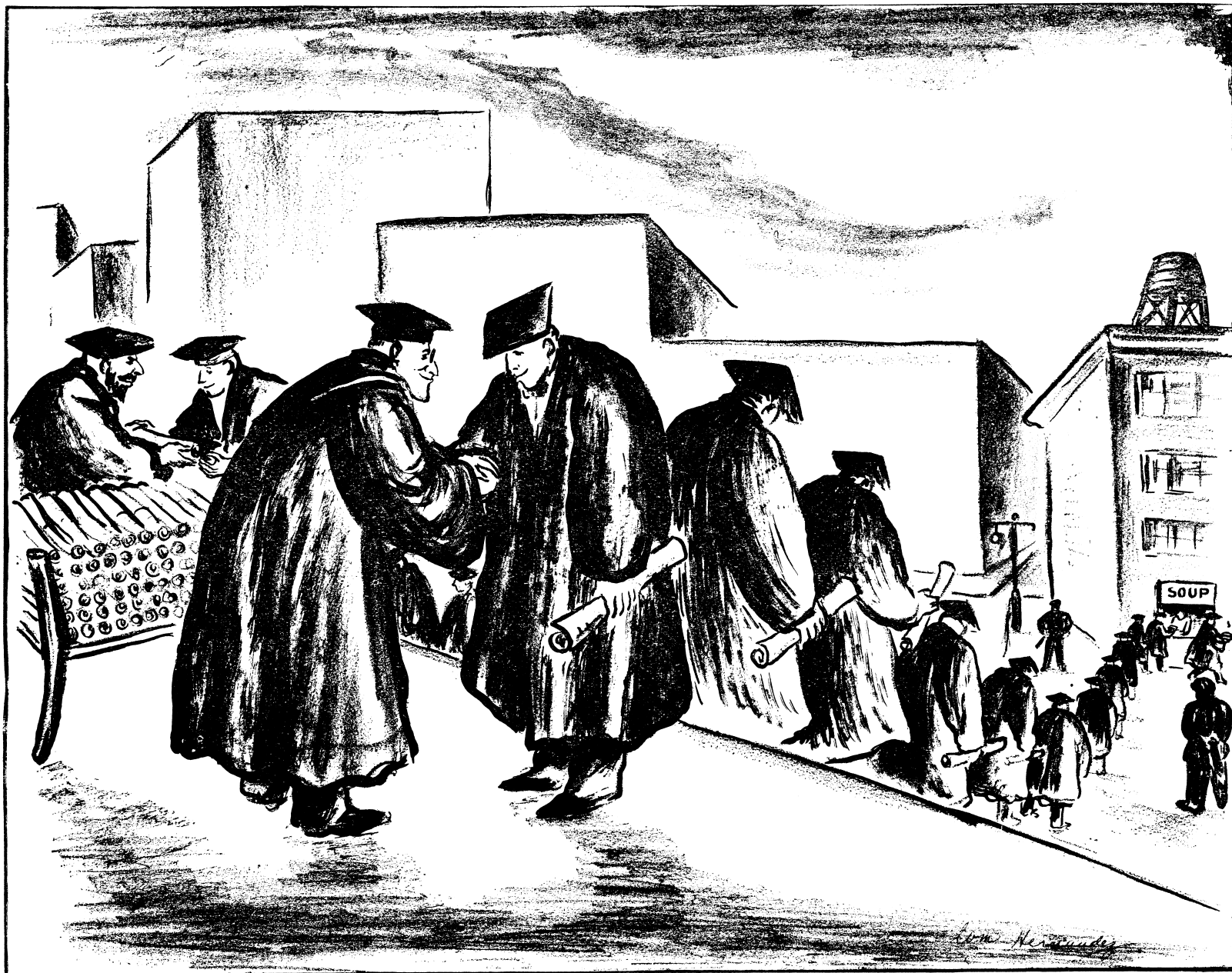
I'VE no interest in putting our critics on the spot. My quarrel is, we're getting too little of the real stuff.

Most writers feel as I do—our revolutionary literature is in need of a mature, well-grounded criticism. We want the help in mastering our craft which this could give. But standards come high. For critics, as writers. From a Marxian critic I expect some measure at least of what I found in Luna-

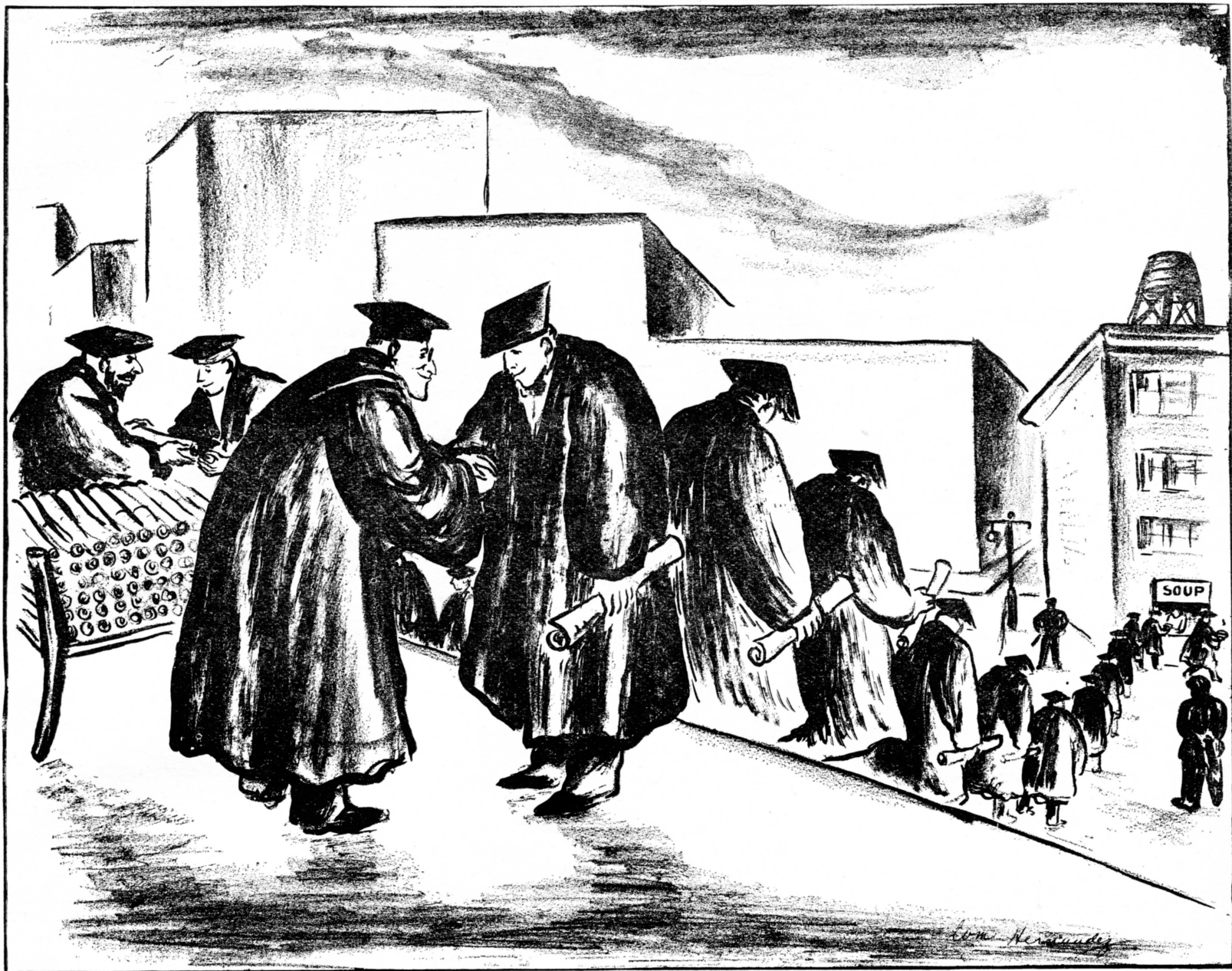
charsky's articles on Gorky, in Lenin's "Tolstoy as a Mirror of the Revolution." The literary method Marx and Engels developed in their correspondence with LaSalle, Minnie Kautsky, and other writers.

We can't expect our critics to be Marx or Lenin (nor writers, Shakespeare). We can expect a firm grasp on the method they use. That our critic knows his stuff. Literature and what makes literature. This means, in the first place, socially estimating a writer and his work. Placing both in dynamic and class perspective. And a critical dialectical analysis of his images, methods, composition.

This social and class approach is what differentiates Marxian from bourgeois critics. Many of our critics, however, have freed themselves only in part from the old bourgeois methods and approach in which they've been schooled. (Like to illustrate. Can't. That outrageous 500 word limit.) "Art is a Weapon," they repeat, but in practice, forget. That they're not in the classroom or salon, but speaking for and to a class fighting to destroy and rebuild the world. A class for whom books are necessarily a weapon. In-



William Hernandez
William Hernandez



stead, their first concern remains (as with Gellert's critic) "What's wrong with this picture?" "Is it *really* good art?"—and sometimes with spleen-venting, strutting their stuff. They pettifog, get things out of focus.

The series on "Revolution and the Novel!" was a pioneering attempt. Stimulating in spots, but a strange mixture of English Lit courses and Marxian treatment.

In Reply to Authors

WE BELIEVE that these letters will interest readers of the magazine, and we trust that they will prove of value to its reviewers. We do wish, however, that we could set beside them the dozens of letters that we have received from readers in appreciation and praise of particular reviews and of the review section in general. We are glad that we decided to give the authors their day in court, but we are not convinced that they have said the final word.

It will be observed that most of the contributors to this symposium have paid more attention to the first question that was asked them than they have to the second. This is not unnatural, but it is not precisely fair, for it assumes that the critic's primary aim is to help the author. But the critic is, after all, chiefly responsible to the readers, and his influence on writers is often most effective when it is indirect. His function is much more nearly described in a sentence in James T. Farrell's letter: "I think that THE NEW MASSES can be most serviceable to writers by presenting a continuous body of soundly conceived reviews and criticisms which will seek both to enlarge the public for relevant works of merit, and to develop in this public an increasingly more exacting and critical set of reading habits."

But Farrell—not surprisingly, of course, in view of the limitations on his space—does not explain what he means by "soundly conceived" or "relevant works of merit," nor does he define the particular public for which THE NEW MASSES reviewers are trying to write. And it is precisely on these points that difficulties arise. The kind of impressionism that Erskine Caldwell demands is not enough. On the contrary, the great strength of NEW MASSES criticism is, as Margaret Cheney Dawson says, that it "has more validity than the expression of a mere personal responsibility." After all, revolutionary criticism, quite as much as revolutionary fiction, is a weapon in the class struggle, and every reviewer must take this into consideration, not only in estimating the particular book he happens to be criticizing, but also in planning the effect his review is to make on readers of THE NEW MASSES. He is speaking for a class and in the interests of a class, and there is no place in his work for irresponsible individualism.

Obviously the task of THE NEW MASSES critics is difficult. We know how often reviewers—our reviewers included—give the impression that they regard themselves as the

I'm for stiff criticism. Stiff self-criticism, too. We writers can take it. Even like it. We want to master our job, grow. But we expect our critics to draw us nearer to our readers, not the reverse—and to approach us with that warm acceptance of "Ours," criticizing in a spirit and manner that will send us back to our desks, eager to tackle our next and bigger job.

sacred priests of some mystic cult and that they look upon their dicta as inspired and unquestionable. It will, we believe, do them good to learn what the authors they criticize think about them. But it occurs to us that the authors, when they turn critics, as most of them at some time or other do, prove no more satisfactory to their victims, and we wonder why they do not learn from this. Moreover, as an examination of the letters shows, writers want very different things from critics, and it would be altogether impossible to satisfy them all. There are more and greater problems than some of these writers realize, and they can be solved only if authors and critics work together.

If time had permitted, we should have turned each letter over to the reviewer concerned. As it is, we have only been able to invite replies from the two members of our own staff who happen to be named, and these replies are printed below. If other reviewers wish to make some response, our columns are, of course, open to them. And we should be very glad to hear what the Average Reader thinks of both our authors and our critics.

THE EDITORS.

Since several of the foregoing letters refer explicitly to reviews I wrote, and since some of the references seem to me unfair, I am glad to have this occasion to reply. Robert Cantwell says that "*The Land of Plenty* is, quite simply, a work of propaganda." I do not know what he means, and I doubt if he does. I reviewed it as a serious attempt to portray the lives of representative factory workers. For what seemed to me good reasons, I had to review it briefly. I indicated Cantwell's success in describing factory life and the states of mind it breeds, and I spoke of the conclusion as weak. That this defect is due to a breakdown of imagination, in itself the result of inexperience, Cantwell correctly realizes. But it does not seem to me that he raises the problem cogently enough for his novel to deserve the political discussion he demands. It strikes me, indeed, that to publish what one recognizes as a faulty novel in order to stimulate political discussion is a curious procedure, and I wonder if it is not an idea that has occurred to Cantwell after the event. If Cantwell saw so clearly that he needed that sort of criticism, I do not see why he did not turn over the draft of his book to one of the experts of the T.U.U.L. A

reviewer naturally has to select among the many comments that he might make. Under some circumstances he might well find himself compelled to treat strike strategy. But *The Land of Plenty* seems to me so remote from fundamental issues in its portrayal of the strike that almost any critic would feel that there were much more important points for him to treat even if he had considerably more space at his disposal than I did.

As for Josephine Herbst, it seems to me that she completely distorts the issue. I did not say that the material of her novel was irrelevant; that would be foolish. I said that she very imperfectly perceives and conveys its relevance. I may be wrong, but that is the issue, and on that issue she says nothing new.

Edward Dahlberg's statements that I make "no graduated distinctions between writers, except political ones," and that "one actually gets the impression that Hicks dislikes good writing," are as ridiculous as they are bad-tempered and deserve no comment. I am, however, genuinely sorry that some of the writers found nothing of value in my series on *Revolution and the Novel*. It was frankly experimental and, I had thought, judging from a certain number of letters, not wholly unsuccessful. That my approach was rather artificial and schematic I knew, and I regretted that it had to be, but I thought I had qualified my categories strongly enough and explained my method clearly enough to offset this fault. It occurs to me that authors might approach the reading of critical articles with the same patience and attention and willingness to cope with difficulties that they demand from the reviewers of their books.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Upon rereading my review of *Upsurge*, I find Gessner's complaints are based on a hypothesis grievously removed from the facts. He claims that I offered "simply an aesthetic analysis." An examination shows that less than half of my review was devoted to aesthetic analysis, the rest to the book's revolutionary content and "revolutionary intent"—all of which Gessner claims I did not do.

A revolutionary critic faced with a book like *Upsurge* neglects his duty if he does not try to analyze its failings. The denigration of aesthetic analysis as "superficial aestheticism derived from bourgeois hang-overs" and the implication that aesthetic analysis contradicts the growth of revolutionary literature are not merely absurdities but dangers. Fortunately most American revolutionary writers appreciate the importance of aesthetic problems "in perfecting our writing as a force aiding the proletariat in a Communist revolution." Indeed, the revolutionary movement has a right to demand the highest standards of art. It is hard to believe, therefore, that Gessner's comment raises any real problem of Marxist criticism—particularly in view of his having written me that my criticism of *Upsurge* was "the most intelligent" which he had seen.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Three English Radical Poets

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

DURING the last three or four years three radical poets have come into prominence in England. These three poets, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, and Cecil Day-Lewis, are alike in one respect, which puts them into sharp and perhaps unfortunate contrast with American revolutionary writers. They are from the aristocracy. They are Oxford graduates who, sensing the sterility of their class and accustomed to think of their class as synonymous with England, have become despondent over the disorder and lack of promise in their lives, and have turned to Communism as a way out. Since they had found their pessimism increased by its representation in *The Waste Land*, they were at first hailed by T. S. Eliot as a new group, of promise at least in poetry. But though they had borrowed somewhat from Eliot for the technique of their poetry, they have developed ideologically in an opposite direction. While their logic has led them to Communism as the theoretical solution for the ill-functioning of modern society, the athletic tradition of Oxford playing fields (which T. S. Eliot missed) has caused them to idealize the healthy nerves and sturdy physique of the working man. But this admiration, the genuine, has been too romantic, too much from the outside looking down, and too much limited to this one quality of the proletariat. With the possible exception of Lewis, they can scarcely be said to have allied themselves with the proletariat as a class, and they have directed their writing to their fellow intellectuals. Doubtless they are not at the end of their development and should not be criticized for what is for them the inevitable beginning. Their problem has been first of all a personal one, to straighten out their own inner discords by allying themselves with some external strength and order. And it is in the light of this present and necessary limitation that their work should be approached.

Of the three it is not surprising that the one who is still the most confused, who has come least far, is the one who is the most widely read. A poet's reputation in modern society continues to be made by bourgeois readers, and bourgeois readers will naturally prefer the poet who reflects their own vacillations from liberalism to pessimism. One looks in vain, I think, for a true progression in Stephen Spender towards a radical position. The first poem in his only published volume sets the tone. It is a sportsmanlike farewell to the aristocratic tradition. "This aristocrat, superb of all instinct, Had paced the enormous cloud, almost had won War on the sun; Till now, like Icarus mid-ocean-drowned, Hands, wings, are found." But though the day of the aristocrat is done, not a little of his deceptive idealism

remains in Spender, and is merely transferred to the proletariat. The poet seeks to escape pessimism by discovering the old aristocratic virtues in the lower classes, and especially, it should be noted, in their leaders. The great man in one of his most characteristic poems, like his old-time aristocrats, Spender describes as born of the sun, travelling a short while towards the sun, and leaving the vivid air signed with their honor. Now in all likelihood, honor can be translated into a Communist virtue, though it will remain a term of dangerous connotations, but what shall one say of a Communist leader who, like Shelley, abandons the materialism of earth to travel towards the sun even in a metaphor. Shelley is in fact a profound influence upon Spender, only it is a Shelley whose conception of love has become less platonic under the influence of Lawrence and of Whitman. The craving for the love of those who are stronger than he, is the most valid among the motives that have led Spender into radicalism. "An 'I,'" he writes, "can never be a great man." Introspective egoism ends in the desire for suicide. But finding no aristocrats to embrace, Spender offers himself to the embrace of the proletariat. Unlike Whitman, his is the passive rôle. The affinity of "Oh young men, oh young comrades" is with Shelley's *West Wind* rather than Whitman's cosmic egoism. The poem is an appeal to others, the stronger than he, whom he therefore loves. These he approaches less hysterically than Shelley precisely because he has no intention, feels no capacity, for becoming a man of action himself. He belongs not only to a decaying class, but half the time, like Lawrence, he is convinced, to a lost generation. And when he is not buoyed up by a love that is always at bottom a personal affair, he reverts towards his original pessimism.

The city builds its horror in my brain,
This writing is my only wings away.

There is the urge, it is true, survival of interest in these able-bodied proletarians, pulling the other way. He will not escape into the beauty of traditional art and life, finding no consolation there for poverty seen in railway halls and on the crowded pavements. And in his thirty-third poem he is strictly Marxian. Capitalistic war carries the flame of its own destruction, promotes the emerging revolution. "Our program, like it, yet opposite; Death to the killers bringing light to life." Yet we can never count on Spender. The vital forces he feels in the present are all individual. He senses no hopeful conjunction of them, no mass solidarity, only the mass weakness of despair and poverty. When he is conscious of the power of the radical workers, it is para-

doxically, when in the sad tone of elegy he describes them returning from a Red funeral. He states their present hope, but he cannot share it. His proletarian sympathy is an escape into an imaginary future, which this hopeless present is good only to breed.

Oh comrades, let not those who follow after
—The beautiful generation that shall spring from
our sides
Let not them wonder how after the failure of
banks
The failure of cathedrals and the declared
insanity of our rulers
We lacked the Spring-like resources of the tiger
Or of plants who strike out new roots to gushing
waters.
But through torn-down portions of old fabric let
their eyes
Watch the admiring dawn explode like a shell
Around us, dazing us with its light like snow.

Now I think it no anomaly that this uncertain propagandist should also be the weakest technically of these three revolutionary poets. His vacillation as to when a revolution is worth fighting for, as to who is fit to do the fighting, his vacillation between a realistic despondency and an idealistic conception of love that would be as vague as Buchmanism if it were not for the Whitmanian infusion of personal sensuality: just as this vacillation is knit up with an emotional oscillation between optimism and pessimism, so technically Spender's poetry is a confusion. And the technical confusion is equally agreeable to the educated English reader. Spender in an essay has complained that the English audience wishes only the familiar cadences and metaphors in its poetry. But he has himself satisfied this demand to the full. On the technical side he is only another cultivated English poet, whose assorted recollections of the ways of writing of earlier poets set up in the cultivated reader the established responses. All the more skillful, because quite unconscious, such poetry has its conservative pull into the past that often disarms if it does not belie its meaning. And in Spender the reminiscences of Whitman and Lawrence occasionally, but more often the elegiac tone of Milton and Shelley's cheerful flight into the sun are so interwoven that the reader scarcely recognizes in the smoothly turned cadences either the ideational content or the insufficient rhetoric of its expression. It is no novelty in metaphor to speak of the pulsing arteries of towns. The line, "for ever to blow upon the lips of their loved friends," begins as pure Keats and ends as poor Shelley. "Well-fed, well-lit, well-spoken men are these. With bronze-faced sons, and happy in their daughters," is a couplet reading like a standard translation of Greek epic. But I am more concerned to show how such a technique is in

its poetic way a "misleader," since it sets up a pretense of esthetic activity, but in reality only awakens a generalized emotional pattern already existing in the bourgeois reader and distracts him thus from recognizing the ambiguity of its meaning. The following lines are certainly, for all their brave sound, inadequate as an account of the way in which a revolution should appeal to a revolutionary poet:

through torn-down portions of old fabric let
their eyes
Watch the admiring dawn explode like a shell
Around us, dazing us with its light like snow.

The passive position of watching the dawn is hardly fitting to the revolutionary; nor should the dawn daze like snow those who under self-discipline have known what to expect and are ready for the next move. A revolution is not to be described in the terms appropriate to Dante's mystic union with God. But perhaps most significant of the poetic habit of Spender is his pretentiousness or mere carelessness in adopting the technical cliché that produces an appearance of intricate thought by the transfer of the adjective "admiring" from the observer to the observed. Uncertainty of attitude is always accompanied by vagueness of expression. And the one is as displeasing to the critic as the other to the philosopher. When the style of a poet is not the adequate indispensable vehicle for the communication of meaning, it becomes as thoroughly a distraction from the insufficiency of the meaning as the irrelevant vituperance of a Socialist orator from the plain point at issue in a debate. Unfortunately there are those who desire to be distracted. But just as a training in logic cannot fail to arouse some suspicion in the one case, a training in the nature of good art makes one at least uneasy in the presence of the other.

I do not come away from reading Auden with similar reservations. Here there is no oscillation between nostalgia for the aristocratic past and a blind grasp after some future state of Communism. Auden is at once less sensitive and less confused. But if the esthetic and ideational confusion of Spender has dissipated his sensitivity, the robust temperament of Auden, less involved in a poetic tradition, has the more readily assimilated the vocabulary and the cadences of modern poetry. Even when under the influence of *The Waste Land* in his early volume *The Orators*, his cynicism lacked both the morbidity of Spender's and the cold hatred of Eliot's. This burlesque intermixture of narrative, of lyric and epigram, owes to Eliot its method of juxtaposing two statements into a union of the irrelevant and the ridiculous. Both works are bitter commentaries upon the utter disorder of modern life and thought. But the difference in title of the two works reveals the approaching cleavage between their authors. For Auden's title suggests a definite explanation for the waste land of contemporary society. It is not in the lack of a dominating religion, a dominating aristocracy, as Eliot has since come to believe, but in the universal cant masquing

our immense activity and supported precisely by the vestiges of a once dormant religion and aristocracy. The headmaster's address for a prize day insidiously under cover of a quotation from Dante promotes the very vices it warns against. The war diary satirizes not only innumerable aspects of the Great War but also the ancient literary tradition that has accompanied and justified war throughout history. The epitaph,

His collar was spotless, he talked very well;
He spoke of our homes and duty, and we fell.

not only mocks the hypocrisy of declared purpose in war; it is also a satire on the Greek grave inscription, dripping with patriotism. In the epigram, "Three kinds of enemy eye—the lobster—the boot-button—the submarine," Auden parodies the scientific precision and inhumanity of the army airman. But he is also giving vent to a quite personal love of grotesque associations. He exposes the mechanical efficiency of the army mentality. Before the attack the airman's admonition to his diary is: to get the life of Count Zeppelin, to destroy all letters, and to take deep breathing exercises instead of smoking. War with its indifference to the values of peace-time existence becomes a form of insanity with a deadly insufficient tyrannous logic of its own. But behind all its excess lies a purpose that is utterly selfish and unfortunately quite sane. Many of Auden's terms have double meaning, and here the hidden meaning is that the chief enemy is at home, the sane and protected director of the general insanity. "Three signs of an enemy country—licensed hours—a national art—nursery schools." Auden does not yet perceive this enemy to be chiefly the capitalist. He is still obsessed by one aspect of capitalism, its unctuous Victorian morality. Hence the book is for Auden transitional, expressing a type of revolt now being submerged in more basic problems. Only in certain of the six odes at the end do these basic causes behind the cant show through, in the fourth, a political ode to the son of a fellow poet, Auden says plainly that what must be rejected is not simply war. It is the upper classes, a crumbling social system now desperate; it is the false radicals, the MacDonalds, the Mosleyites, and the Independent Labour Party. But it is above all the rejection of the fear to advance towards a new system that will "illumine and not kill."

As the Epilogue shows by its allegorical form, Auden has not yet made his own union of courage and conviction. Nor ought we expect from an Oxford-bred poet, apparently of a family of Welsh squires, an untroubled acceptance of the radical program. He, too, sometimes fears (as in a poem appropriately published in *The New Republic*) that he belongs to a lost generation. But his temper is not normally elegiac. He is too vigorous and pagan to remain for long inactive. He must throw his abundant energy in some positive direction. His disposition shares the personal recklessness of the cavalier, whilst his clear head drives his energy into the disciplined

channel of Marxian philosophy. If Auden objects to Fascism, it is not that he objects to aristocratic assurance, but that finding none of it in the aristocracy, he is determined to seek out the class that can share it with him.

Shut up talking, charming in the best suits to
be had in town.

Lecturing on navigation while the ship is going
down.

If we really want to live, we'd better start at
once to try;

If we don't, it doesn't matter, but we'd better
start to die.

Auden rejects his own class with a disdainful impatience that dissolves his poetry into jingle. But he would take with him into the new activity all those whom he has loved. For him, like Spender, the love of humanity is only the necessary correlative of what begins as personal friendship.

we know that love
Needs more than the admiring excitement of
union,

Needs death, death of the grain, our death,
Death of the old gang; would leave them
In sullen valley where is made no friend.

But Auden's expansive temperament leads him to dwell in the larger relationship, to recognize that the old self must die out of its old environment and be reborn in conscious union with the virile solidarity of the proletariat. Here its essential strength meets its natural reinforcement. But the affinity which Auden thus recognizes has not yet become a real union in his poetry.

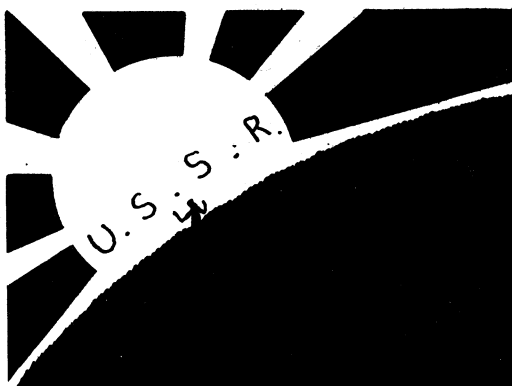
Since Auden's urge is always to lose self in the broader social movement, his most characteristic work has been in dramatic form. *Paid on Both Sides* he calls a charade. It is, I should say, an attempt to vivify the waste and barbarism of capitalistic competition by personifying it. In real life between the bourgeois or the intellectual and the actual working of the capitalistic system stands the impersonal appearance, the huge impersonal organization of the system itself. If instead of viewing in the abstract two cartels employing various kinds of subterfuge and of direct violence to gain their end of profits and then viewing in complete detachment the manner of life made possible for those who get these profits, a dramatist wishes by a short cut to bring home the relationship, what method could be more vivid than picturing the family life of the capitalist in conjunction with his business methods? He has only to assume the old situation when the owner lived near his mill and add to it the methods of violence practised under its modern expansion. The capitalist is then clearly disclosed as a feudal brigand in constant guerilla warfare upon his neighboring capitalistic opponents. The irony of the situation becomes the more vivid since its protagonists are unconscious of it. A baby is born into the capitalistic family while reports of the progress of the counter-attack upon a neighboring gang flow in to distract attention. And at the end a younger son migrates to the colonies to symbolize the development of imperialistic capitalism. The op-

portunity for fantastic contrast is great, and Auden has pursued it into the very nature of his style, which, now reminiscent of the medieval ballad, now of the abrupt epic swing of Old English poetry, deepens the ironic innuendo to the point where only the sophisticated reader can enjoy it. *The Dance of Death* is more fit for actual dramatic production because its style is as that of a comic opera. The allegory is simple and consistent throughout. The dancer, who is death, is also capitalism, which is therefore defined as having the seeds of death within it. The play represents the Marxian understanding of the present moment in world history, in which the most orthodox Marxian could find no flaw except one. The death of capitalism is not accompanied and promoted by any conscious and accelerating mass pressure. Its theoretic deficiency is that of the intellectualistic, deterministic approach. But granted this limitation, the humor of its situations and its parodies of familiar songs and social attitudes make it a most cheerful interlude in the serious reality of the social situation. Despite the fact that its setting is entirely English, it might easily be produced in vacation camps or convalescent homes patronized by American radicals. There the antics and fallacies of social fascist misleaders could be laughed at, and the demoralization of the bourgeoisie at the dancer's final collapse viewed simply as dialectic prophecy.

However attractive to the politically minded the work of Auden, to the literary critic, the poetry of Day Lewis must seem more satisfying. Technically he combines what is good in Spender and Auden without repeating their weaknesses. He is as sensitive to English literary tradition as Spender, but he has borrowed from nearer sources and has better assimilated them into his own poetic fibre. He is more capable of a good poetic cadence and a clear poetic image than Auden. But at the same time he has a strength and an optimism that never wavers into irresolution and self-pity. And like Auden, he has developed both poetically and politically in a consistent direction. Every poet's growth into Communism is today by an individual path. Each starts from the point of the compass where circumstance has placed him; then finds himself propelled into political radicalism by the understanding his poetic sense of form gives him of the actual conditions under which he and his contemporaries express their lives. Lewis began as a poet of nature in the blithesome tradition of Keats and Meredith and more remotely still, of Marvell.

Our joy was but a gusty thing
Without sinew or wit,
An infant fly-away; but now
We make a man of it.

Radicalism interfered to make a man also out of this care-free poetic style. It did not wipe out his whole past experience, his established predilections, but only matured them by affording a satisfactory focus. But it is not enough to say of Lewis (as one might hazard



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of Auden) that a vivid sense of joy in living made Lewis a Communist because, incapable of a shift into decadence, he could discover no alternative source of optimism. As Lewis drew closer to the world about him, radicalism only brought uppermost another English poet of nature to define his style and attitude. And this poet, strangely enough, was Gerard Manley Hopkins.

Passion has grown full man by his first birthday,
Running across the bean-fields in a south wind,
Fording the river mouth to feel the tide-race—
Child's play that was, though proof of our
possessions.

Stylistically this quotation is Hopkins diluted by the earlier Marvell influence: fewer telescoped metaphors, fewer Bacchic and Choriambic feet, but a similar conscious use of alliteration and economy of adjectives and participles, of merely grammatical elements. But to an esthetician the importance of this literary influence is that it is, in this case paradoxically, another example of the correspondence between a poet's meaning and his prosody. It is evident that Hopkins, who was a Catholic priest, and Lewis, who is a Communist sympathizer, do not meet at these points. Where they do meet is in a similar basic attitude. Their ideologies, though different by themselves, are but different inferences from a similar attitude towards nature. For Hopkins Catholicism was fundamentally a natural religion, its supernatural rites and beliefs only the supplement and steadier to a natural Wordsworthian morality, to the discipline and obedience the seasons exact from all peasants. In a similar way Communism for Lewis is only an extension, a superstructure upon a natural system of scientific law. It is the latest and now-compelled assistant to natural law, which is for him the foundation of economic law. He sees the Marxian law of history in the intimate terms of poetic description of natural phenomena.

Beauty breaks ground, O, in strange places
Seen after cloud-burst down the bone-dry water
courses,
In Texas a great gusher, a grain-
Elevator in the Ukraine plain;
To a new generation turn new faces.

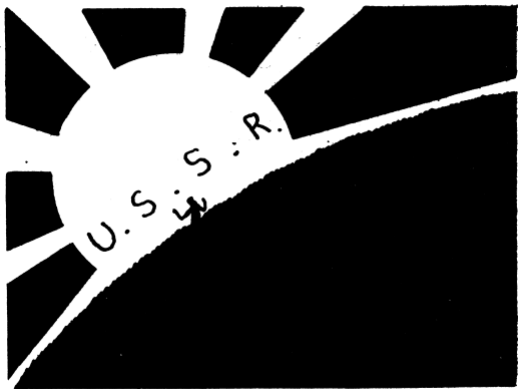
Industrialism, economic order, to Lewis is not a violation of natural beauty, but a new and beautiful cooperation, under the law of

history, between earth and human activity.

This same love of nature accounts for the symbolism in the title of his *Magnetic Mountain*. In this poem, the best probably of Communist poetry that has yet been written for an audience of intellectuals, the magnetic mountain is the absolute of Marxian philosophy. It symbolizes the classless society, the universal soviet that shall be the human race, towards which we are drawn by the irresistible flow of history as to a magnet under the cooperation of our own desire, the urge of our iron-like nature. That this objective is an absolute, Lewis has no doubt.

Near that miraculous mountain
Compass and clock must fail
For space stands on its head there
And time chases its tail.

But it is an absolute which functions solely in the world of sensory experience, as Lewis says, "riveting sky to earth." It is free from Spender's taint of Platonism. In the confidence of this objective Lewis calls upon his generation to take heart. Without any consciousness of class distinctions, he bids his readers cease from their capitalistic delusions and follow frankly by what may seem an almost mad break with the past the course dictated by the virile demand for constructive activity and fraternal joy in action of what is to Lewis the undegenerated nature of man. Marxism is for him the next stage in the development of Rousseauism. It is Romantic naturalism developed under the pressure of an industrialized society. But there are obstructions to this new union of cheerful energy and clear logic. The second and third sections of the poem are as detailed and trenchant a satire as the most dialectic radical could wish of the two orders of temptation in the way of English Communism. First stand in opposition the defendants of the old order: the individualistic squire who for generations has believed his own will to be natural law; the aristocratic imperialist who justifies by imposing codes of English law upon backward nations, his conquest of them for his own profit; the Christian who is a little down-hearted and petulant since his support of the powers that he has met with so trifling a return in loyalty to the old faith; and finally the utilitarian philosopher who makes a principle of never confessing to look beyond his nose, and fails to see that his doctrine of the immediate advantage is only from the Marxian viewpoint the doctrine of the lesser evil; indeed, this last defendant is perhaps rather the typical Englishman who has glorified the practice of muddling through and does not yet see that it is now failing to bring the hoped-for results. The second order of temptations is from within, psychological: the appeal of sensuality that distracts from social problems and saps vitality; the appeal of romance, the living under delusion promoted by conservative education, sensational newspapers, misleading and corrupting advertisements; the irrelevancy of the scientist or technocrat, who, ignorant of economics and philosophy, appends a mystic God



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to his researches; and last of all, what must have been the greatest of tempters to Lewis himself, the old tradition of English romantic naturalism, now become advocate of the return to an agrarian culture. These temptations are met and argued away; and the final section of the poem is in the technical Greek sense a paean to the accomplishment of the revolution. The train reaches its destination and the riders alight to take their place in the construction of the classless society under proletarian guidance. Lewis therefore is the only

one of these three poets who senses the strategic office of the proletariat in revolutionary action. And his conviction is the deeper in that he is never attracted (as so many American writers have been) merely by the crude exterior sometimes found in the working-class, but ignoring mere description goes directly to what in old language would be called its spiritual power. Successful in their revolution, Lewis and his fellow radicals, in the final poem of *The Magnetic Mountain*, sing a work song as they join in the comradesly com-

petition of establishing the material base of the classless society. The technique of Gerard Manley Hopkins shares the exultation.

Beckon O beacon, and O sun be soon!
Hollo, bells, over a melting earth!
Let man be many and his sons all sane,
Fearless with fellows, handsome by the hearth.
Break from your trance; start dancing now in
town,
And, fences down, the ploughing match with
mate.
This is your day: so turn, my comrades, turn
Like infants' eyes like sunflowers to the light.

The Quarter's Books in Review

The Robber Barons, by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3. An exciting dramatization of the growth of American capitalism and the rapacities of American capitalists.

Collected Poems, by William Carlos Williams. Objectivist Press. \$2. The illuminating, though generally unsatisfying, achievements of an imagist.

I Went to Pit College, by Lauren Gilfillan. Viking Press. \$2.50. What Lauren learned and didn't learn—to no small extent the latter.

The Shadow Before, by William Rollins, Jr. McBride. \$2.50. A fine strike novel; required reading for the quarter.

The War for the Land in Ireland, by Brian O'Neill. International Publishers, \$1.50. An able and important Marxist analysis, well up on the required list for serious students.

In All Countries, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50. Sketches by a talented reporter, most of them good.

On the Shore, by Albert Halper. Viking Press.

\$2. Sketches of Chicago, some with considerable insight and feeling.

The Land of Plenty, by Robert Cantwell. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50. A brilliant and authentic picture of factory life—more evidence of the progress of proletarian literature.

Women Who Work, by Grace Hutchins. International Publishers. \$2. On the required list for everyone who reads THE NEW MASSES. A most important contribution to the understanding of the American labor movement.

Driving Axle, by V. Ilyenkov. International Publishers. \$1. A vigorous novel of socialist construction.

Do We Want Fascism? by Carmen Haider. John Day Co. \$2. An academic and sometimes confused but substantially useful analysis of Fascism at home and abroad.

Out of Chaos, by Ilya Ehrenbourg. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50. One of the finest of Soviet novels, one that everybody ought to read.

Industrialized Russia, by Alcan Hirsch. Chem-

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MEYER SCHAPIRO

MR. MUMFORD'S book¹ may be summarized in the simple formula—up to now we have been slaves or victims of the machine, let us now be its master. His position is humanitarian technocracy brought up to date by Marxist slogans. These slogans, however, are merely attached to the humanitarian argument; they play no active part in the interpretation of the history of technics or in the final chapters on how the machine is to be mastered.

In the account of the rise of technology—which includes many eloquent passages on materials and techniques and on the unhappy effects of industry on human life and the landscape—there is no consistent statement of the relation of technics to the classes and the economy of each period; nor a clear and sustained discussion of the genesis and consequence of crucial inventions in terms of problems of industry and the market at the moment. Instead, Mr. Mumford resorts to an atomistic inventory, based on a wide rather than deep reading, referring technics to diverse and apparently unrelated causes.

He describes changes in the conception of time and space as crucial for technics, but these changes seem to take place automatically and *in vacuo*. He stresses the doubtful influence of monastic bell-ringing and orderly religious services on capitalistic efficiency and inventiveness, but fails to observe that the Eastern monasteries which had a similar regard for liturgical order, had no such effect on Byzantine technology. In the same way he exaggerates the role of luxury and large standing armies in the rise of technology, neglecting the analogies of the Eastern despotisms, where, with different class structures and different modes of production, luxury and war had little of the effects he imagines in the West. But such an obvious effect of the luxury of the 17th and 18th centuries as the stimulation of colonial trade he ignores almost entirely.

For Mr. Mumford "there is no necessary connection between modern technics and modern capitalism," merely an historical association, the two developing side by side. Capitalism influenced only the "style" of the machine, its "bigness." He seems to explain machines as a kind of metaphysical-moral necessity, and, after the fashion of Waldo Frank, writes that "mechanical invention, even more than science, was the answer to a dwindling faith and faltering life-impulse." And to explain the transition from mediæval to modern thought, he tells us that "by a slow natural process the world of nature broke in upon the mediæval dream of hell, paradise and eternity," without reference to the activity of men themselves, the changes in the structure

of feudal society, the rise of free towns, the growing strength of the artisan and merchant classes. The church ideas no longer "fitted life." Not only is the change misunderstood, but its effects on art and religion are presented in a moralistic spirit, from the viewpoint of a 20th century humanitarian sentimentality. "As the world of perception grew in importance, the inner world of feeling became more and more impotent." This statement, like another—that the scientific interests of the Renaissance were highly unfavorable to art—is contradicted by the poetry, the music and the painting of this period.

Mr. Mumford ridicules Spengler's explanation of technical progress by "the inner drive of the Faustian soul," but is Mr. Mumford much more enlightening when he writes that the early machines "were wind-blown seeds from other cultures," and that "perhaps, precisely because they had *not* originated in Western Europe and had no natural enemies there, they grew as rapidly and gigantically as the Canadian thistle when it made its way onto the South American pampas"? Or when he tries to explain English leadership in invention during the 18th century by "England's original backwardness"? He himself is guilty of such spenglerisms and mystical profundities as: "glass had a profound effect upon the development of the personality: indeed, it helped to alter the very concept of the self" or "the mine is nothing less in fact than the concrete model of the conceptual world which was built up by the physicists of the 17th century,"—a dark, colorless, tasteless, perfumeless, shapeless world, with "masses and lumps of ore, . . . matter in its least organized form."

The substitution of vague psychological theories for observation of social and economic facts is especially apparent in Mr. Mumford's frequent references to war. I pass over his doubtful effort (after Sombart) to explain the rise of capitalist industrialism by the military organization and expenditures of the 16th and 17th centuries, for these owe their character to the social framework and the mode of production of the time, which already include the capitalist tendencies in question. But I must cite such typically pacifist sentences as "war is plainly a specialized perversion of conflict, bequeathed perhaps by the more predatory hunting groups . . . war indicates a throwback to an infantile psychal pattern on the part of a people who can no longer stand the exacting strain of life in groups; . . . imperialism, militarism, servility . . . are . . . underlying human elements awakened into stertorous [1] activity by the very victory of the machine as an absolute and non-conditioned force in human life," or his belief that the evils of industrialism are partly attributable to the fact that the psychology of militarism "presided

over the birth of the modern form of the machine."

The weaknesses of Mr. Mumford as an historian of technics and civilization cannot be separated from his social and economic views which are stated towards the end of this book. The historical chapters are the documentation and argument of his social position. Just as technology in the past was presented as an independently evolving force, stimulated by religion, moral ideas, philosophies of science, and merely curtailed or diverted by such negative accidents as capitalism and class interests, so to-day technics, aided by the "general resurgence of the organic" manifested in the love of outdoor life, nudism, sports, garden cities, etc., is itself gradually generating a socialist society. Because modern industry produces standardized goods, he naively infers that modern technics is abolishing class distinctions. The evils of industrialism are constantly referred to the stupidity or malice of individuals, and the "responsibility" is laid at the feet of society as a whole, of that mythical, homogeneous public, for whom Mr. Mumford uses the humanitarian "we" typical of reformist writers. "We have left to the untutored egoisms of mankind the control of the gigantic powers and engines technics has conjured into existence. In advancing too swiftly and heedlessly along the line of mechanical improvement we have failed to assimilate the machine."

If Mr. Mumford finally admits that a socialist society cannot be won without a struggle, it is an admission concealed within balanced sentences which give a greater importance to utopian rather than immediate goals. "The victory over the possessing classes is not the goal of this struggle; . . . the struggle for power is a futile one, no matter who is victorious, unless it is directed by the will-to-function." Hence he recommends to the workers that they first develop technical and managerial talent. But he then opposes "class domination . . . whether that class be aristocratic or proletarian" because such domination "is technically and socially inefficient." He therefore opposes the very seizure of power he has advocated the moment before. He even implies that a gradual transition to socialism is possible in pointing, like the liberal sponsors of the N.R.A., to such socialistic tendencies as cartels and codes and reformist housing projects, within contemporary capitalism. Mr. Mumford seems to have in mind a technocratic transition effected by the middle class, inspired by the logic of technical efficiency. For he criticizes Marx for having failed to see the growing strength of the middle class and of nationalism, and the implications of power production. But Mr. Mumford is silent on the condition of this very middle

¹ Technics and Civilization, by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.50.

class during the present crisis, and makes no effort to evaluate its interests and tendencies, or the relation of war to working-class revolution.

His goal, he tells us, is "basic communism," the communism of Plato and More, and the American, Bellamy, not the antiquated, vulgar, red communism of Marx and Lenin. The chief difference is that under basic communism everyone will have a small fixed income, like widows, orphans and poets under capitalism, whether one works or not. "To make the worker's share in production the sole basis for his claim to a livelihood—as was done by Marx in the labor theory of value—is, as power production approaches perfection, to cut the ground from under his feet." Mr. Mumford is afraid that under plain communism most people would have to starve, since there would not be enough work to go around. He evidently has not read Marx's *Critique of the Gotha Program*, and is ignorant of the

slogan "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." His basic communism recalls the "true socialism" of the 1840's, that humanitarian petty-bourgeois socialism, which thought it spoke for all mankind when it expressed with a vague sentimentality the interests of a weak and ineffective class. He assures us that "here and there we have established the beginnings of basic communism in the provision of water and education and books." Water and education and books, these are the living samples of socialism Mr. Mumford offers to his largely unemployed public; on the more tangible and vital movement toward socialism in Russia he has little to say beyond regrets for Russian inefficiency and "militarism." His "basic communism" like the "true socialism" of the last century is more reactionary than Mr. Mumford imagines, and can become part of a repressive, even fascist, movement. For in avoiding a sharp and forthright statement of im-

mediate goals, a clear definition of opposed interests, in favor of vague generalities and pious hopes, in deriving his goal from general moral considerations and an abstract technics, he lends his willing or unwilling support to those who mislead the workers and the middle class by empty radical slogans. He does not know how his sentimental appreciations operate in practice; and in several places hails as socialist symptoms, forms and interests which might just as well make for fascism. He approves the cult of machine forms in art as a guarantee of a socialist efficiency and a sober culture, but in listing the chief protagonists of this movement, he forgets the most vociferous and sterile, the Italian Futurists who claim for themselves the invention of Fascism. Neither socialism nor fascism is latent in the machine. It is the will and interest and power of the classes that control the machine, which determine the one direction or the other.

The Lost Generation

BERNARD SMITH

IN THIS book¹ Malcolm Cowley has written a spiritual biography of the contemporary writers whom Gertrude Stein once named "the lost generation." We used to speak of them as "the young writers," but they are now forty or near it, and there are obvious symptoms of middle-age in their work. They are emphatically not "the youth," even though they are still unwilling to regard themselves as mature or to accept the responsibilities of maturity.

They were "graduated from college, or might have been graduated, between 1916, roughly, and 1922." Among them were (it is best to speak in the past tense, for they have lost something of their unity) F. Scott Fitzgerald, E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, Glenway Wescott, Ernest Hemingway, Louis Bromfield, Hart Crane, William Faulkner, the *Broom-Scission* crowd—Josephson, Burke, and Cowley himself—and that gang of triflers, poseurs, and incompetents who hung around the cafés of the Left Bank and sprawled over the pages of *transition*. Their temper, their mood, their apprehension of the *Zeitgeist*, are perhaps best expressed in two novels: Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*, which pinned them in their adolescence as one might pin a butterfly to a mat, and Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, which put them down for all to see (and to be sorry for and to be envious of) in the flush of their self-awareness and self-confidence.

Now this group had a peculiar justification for regarding itself as a literary generation. Cowley maintains that unlike earlier American

writers they were almost entirely untouched by sectional or geographical influences; the influence of *time*—of the period in which they grew up—"seemed temporarily more important than that of class or locality." He remarks, moreover, upon the similarity of their experiences and their attitudes, which bound them together at least in their own eyes. But there is additional evidence of their being a distinct and individual generation, and of this Cowley does not speak: they were only remotely connected to their immediate predecessors; they were not a direct outgrowth, a mere continuation, of the literary movement that was dominant when they first became articulate.

Let me amplify this. From Howells, Garland, and Frank Norris to Dreiser, Lewis, and Upton Sinclair—in short, from the end of the nineteenth century to the years just after the World War—the history of American literature presented a logical form. Its developments were consecutive and predictable. They were principally developments in realism or social consciousness—or both, for they were not unrelated. If this be acknowledged, then it is futile even to speculate on how much these men who came up after the war had in common with Floyd Dell or Willa Cather, with Masters, Anderson, or Sandburg. The younger generation had apparently not only assimilated the moral victories, the technical advances, and the intellectual adventures of their elders, but had come to take all these things for granted and become preoccupied with emotions and problems that were either wholly novel in America or extant long before. To illustrate: they seemed at times closer to

Crane or Bierce than to Masters or Dreiser. They were more interested in Henry James than in Henry Mencken.

We must not push this analysis too far—for the analogies are in many ways superficial—but it is clear, I think, that the men who came of age in Mr. Harding's administration were in certain respects more at ease with the dissident artists of the closing decades of the nineteenth century than with those who flourished in the Roosevelt-Wilson era. The cause of this, I think, is that the young men detected an identity of mood in some of their grandfathers—in those, for example, whom I named above. The latter, too, although for different reasons, were "lost." The fathers of this new generation, on the other hand, were very much at home in their country and their time, however much they may have fought against some of the nation's characteristics and however ardently they might have wished to reform others. The grandfathers of whom I speak were outspoken pessimists or completely absorbed in their craft; so were the youth of whom I speak. The middle generation had a "purpose" in life and a sociological adjustment to make.

I have not yet seen a convincing explanation of why the post-Civil War period produced so many homeless and unhappy poets and novelists. Josephson attempted it, bravely, in his *Portrait of the Artist as American*, but his basic generalizations were open to so many exceptions that they seemed finally to be altogether without reality. But Cowley, I think, has been successful in his task. He has really been able to expose the nature of these "lost generationers" of ours. He has made us feel,

¹ *Exile's Return*, by Malcolm Cowley. Norton. \$3.

to begin with, that they were in fact a homogeneous group, and not simply an accidental fraternity of men who happened to be of about the same age and situated in approximately the same locale. He has given us some understanding of their common character and he has described sensitively and persuasively, if not with definitive accuracy, the conditions that produced them. The result is a valuable book, for nowhere else can the critic find a more revealing, although implicit rather than explicit, statement of the ideological rôle that these writers (who are now prominent and influential) have played in the past and are likely to play in the future.

Cowley opens his book with a discussion of their origins. They were "lost" first of all, he says, because they were "uprooted, schooled away, almost wrenched away, from [their] attachment to any region or tradition." They were the children of middle-class homes, born and brought up in regions and circumstances which had previously acted as identifications; it had meant something concrete and recognizable to be a New Englander, or a Southerner, or a Mid-Westerner of the professional or property-owning class. But these young men, at the very moment that they were ready to become the citizens of a particular locality and the inheritors of a specific way of life, were shipped away to large universities where they were stripped of their cultural idiosyncrasies—of their identities, in other words—and given nothing in return. They were merely exposed to the sick, shapeless, half-antiquated, rootless, pseudo-international culture of the bourgeoisie. They reached manhood without a realistic philosophy, without palpable ideals, without any conception of a nourishing, purposeful way of life. Then came 1917, and they were lost now because their training, says Cowley, had prepared them for another world than existed after the war—and the war prepared them for nothing. He would have been more accurate if he had said that they had been trained for no world at all, and the war and the years after demanded some sort of intelligence, if only a purely selfish one. Certainly the Harding era found them helpless. They could neither stomach the crassness and vulgarity of Babbitry triumphant, nor could they fight against it. The war had disillusioned them of their faith in the copy-book maxims, and they had not been taught, or could not learn, another faith.

So after the war many of them chose to live in exile—and then they were truly "lost." It is mainly with this phase of their life that Cowley deals. He has insight and he is honest; he blends rather well his sympathy and his irony. Yet I suspect that even he is not entirely aware of all the shadows and tones of the picture he has drawn. It is not a lovely picture. They invaded Paris and did not become Frenchmen. They settled in Majorca and remained tourists. They wandered through Spain and saw only the cattle. Whenever they went they missed the people and overlooked the civilization, for their eyes, dimmed a little by the tears of alcohol and



BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, 1927

Mabel Dwight (Weyhe Galleries)

self-pity, were only for one another. They were snobs: they cultivated the primitive and the sophisticated, the too-obvious and the too-esoteric. They wanted the income of a broker without the dirty work of getting it. They detached themselves from society and despised society for not appreciating and supporting them. They were anarchists, they postured, they played juvenile tricks and said juvenile things. History was being made all around them; a world was collapsing and a new world growing; but they saw nothing, because they were too busy being sorry for themselves and simultaneously feeling superior to those who were not with them. . . . That is the picture, and a more damning one I have never seen.

Their one virtue was that they expressed themselves admirably. Six years ago I pointed out in these pages that in general they were divided into two psychological schools: the psychoanalysts and the behaviorists; the worshippers of the secret ego and the worshippers of the overtly muscular; those who believed only in the validity of their private emotions and distrusted the material and the active, and those who believed only in acts and matter and distrusted the spiritual and emotional. I intimated then that each was a repudiation of one-half of the immutable structure of the human being and of human society, and that each was therefore abnormal and decadent. I failed, however, to point out that *both* were absorbed in pain, horror, frustration, madness, and defeat, and that their contemplation of these darker facets of life was an indulgence for its own sake. It was not the first instance in western literature of artists surrendering to sorrow; there was the age of Werther. But then the artists lamented and hoped, while now they were pleased with their melancholy

and expected nothing to change. They said as much, over and over again, in memorable prose and verse, vividly, directly, and rather loudly. Some of them whimpered like frightened nuns, while others tried to look like "strong, silent men." But in whatever form they expressed themselves—and the forms were diverse and interesting—the spirit was the same.

For many the sweetly sad holiday is over. Some became successful, married, got children, and settled down. Some went broke and had to get jobs. Some ultimately became bitter, exhausted all the possibilities of their game, and killed themselves. Such a one was Harry Crosby, a fourth-rate writer who happened to be marvelously clairvoyant about himself. Cowley's chapter on him is moving, exciting, and illuminating. It tells almost the entire story. Finally a few of the group—the more intelligent?—realized what it was all about and began to investigate their world and their epoch, and slowly, painfully, they discovered aims and dignity. Where are they now? Those who are still exiles at heart are still detached from the arena of actualities: they have buried themselves on farms in New Jersey and Connecticut. Others are nothing more than citizens: they have "adjusted" themselves. The happier few are at hand: they are trying to function in politics, in criticism, in journalism.

Cowley's story ends at this point. He suggests that the increasing intensity of the class struggle is the force that is now bringing these writers into the open air and he hopes that they will join the side of the workers. It is, of course, excellent advice even from the point of view of art alone, for of this whole generation the man who has accomplished most and



BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, 1927

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has written the most lasting works of literature is John Dos Passos—and he was the first (and perhaps still the only one) of them to desert the Village and the Left Bank and go over to the revolutionary movement. Can anyone doubt that this act and his subsequent experience have enriched and deepened his art and given it substance and meaning? Compare *Manhattan Transfer* with *1919*, or *The Garbage Man* with *Fortune Heights*. If others of the group will follow him, they will

no doubt contribute something of value to the movement and they will be amply rewarded. I need hardly quote Shaw's famous remark about what socialism did to him.

But that remains to be proved. I do not know how many will follow Dos Passos. After all, "the lost generation" was essentially individualistic and leisure-class. Old habits of thought are not easily discarded. Sociologically they represent the collapse of the intellectual middle-classes — of that section of the bour-

geoisie that gave birth to and carried on the genteel tradition until its decline and disappearance in a world of corporative finance, internationalism, and imperialism. I shall not be surprised if some of them turn up as fascists. Those who do go to the left must be prepared for calumny, they must sacrifice, and they must have humility. They cannot flirt; they cannot be bohemians. They must accept responsibilities; the time of experimentation, of playing, is ended.

The Bright Flame of Revolution

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

ONCE a Chinese friend read to me a letter from his father, who had at one time been a revolutionist. The man was old and tired. He had become a Buddhist. He declared that he had found the truth in the Buddhist classics.

Another Chinese friend told me of an uncle, who had been one of Sun Yat Sen's devoted followers until the death of the leader. Then he had found money, mysteriously, to install a courtesan in a house, and playing with this woman, gambling and smoking opium, his days dribbled away.

Another old revolutionist I heard of, shocked by the decay of its revolutionary spirit and the treacheries of the Kuomintang, hanged himself.

Reading Agnes Smedley's books and her stories of the Chinese Soviets, of the Chinese Red Armies, and of the underground work of the Communist Party in Shanghai and other cities, one realized, however, that the defeated revolutionary movements of the past, in China, for all their debris of escapist, decadents and suicides, were not without results. As the 1905 revolution in Russia, which in the years immediately followed its failure sought diversion for its defeated energies in mysticism, Pan-Slavism, and the eroticism of Artzibasheff, yet preserved enough revolutionary vigor to mould the revolutionary leaders and heroes of 1917, so the Chinese Revolution, begun in 1912 and defeated a year later by the treachery of Yuan Shih Kai, to whom Sun Yat Sen had surrendered the presidency in obedience to the unrevolutionary Chinese spirit of compromise, kept through this and subsequent defeats, the discipline that was to build Soviet China, its red armies, and its heroic revolutionary party. There were to be after the first defeat more uprisings and betrayals and defeats, but after each, the revolution was to become sterner, more realistic, more disciplined.

Through the pages of the autobiography¹ of

Tan Shih-Hua we get a sight of these crests and abysses of the uncompleted Chinese Revolution; and we get it all the more firmly through its rich setting of Chinese life.

Bourgeois publicists, like Nathaniel Pfeffer, can say, despairingly, that what is happening in China is the collapse of a civilization, and mourn its perishing dainties like the bric-a-brac collector in Russia who risked his life to protect porcelain dolls. Reading *A Chinese Testament* we cannot feel such a ridiculous, anti-quarian despair. Civilizations are human products. When a civilization is the work of decadent men it is decadent; when it is the work of energetic, devoted, large-lived men, it reflects their energy and bigness. To the mourners like Pfeffer, the disappearing past means the end; to realists, watching the new life, there is the thrill of watching a great beginning.

In *A Chinese Testament* the Old China and the New China are held up in contrast. We see the old poet scholar uncle with all his snobbery and peevishness and idle hanging-around, set alongside Tan's revolutionary father, a lieutenant of Sun Yat Sen, strong, active, unsentimental, and eager to have Chinese students become engineers, chemists, and technicians to build the New China.

The Old China that we see is helpless, and, except to an infinitesimal minority of exquisite, useless. It is impotent to lift the masses of the Chinese people from the lowest living levels in the world. Many of its institutions are definitely harmful. Its family system has given security at the cost of virtual imprisonment. Its marriages with their ordeal of ceremonies have been perversions of nature. The neuroses of Chinese civilization are, chiefly, the unhealthy attitude between the sexes and the compulsions placed upon children to serve the old. The exploitation of the female and the child by the adult male has never been so complete as in Chinese civilization; and it has worked infinite harm. We receive powerful sensations of the neuroticisms of Chinese life in Tan Shih-Hua's autobiography, while in Tan's description of their disintegration under the blows of revolutionary

agitation and example the myth of Oriental changelessness is laughed away.

More interesting, however, than anything else in the book is the account of the march of the revolution. Both in its triumphs and in its defeats it came to Tan's door because his father was one of its leaders. It remains, however, in the background. During its main events Tan was a child. The revolution comes into more distinct reality when Tan himself becomes one of the leaders of the student movement. The student movement has since slackened and degenerated. But among the rickshaw coolies and other peasants and laborers whom the students organized and propounded the inspiring words of revolution were not lost.

Tan's story ends after a few years of study in Russia. Tretiakov, who took down his narrative, has lost sight of him for two years. Where is he now? Has he made his way into Soviet China, where the individual disappears in the great, bright flame of collective action? Has he quit the revolution, prematurely aged in the terrific struggle to destroy, at one time, the Middle Ages, capitalism—decaying in China, like a dead foetus before it has been born—and all the might of western imperialism? Or has he given his life among the hundreds of thousands who, in teeming China, teeming with martyrs, die almost unnoticed in the bloody pageant of the reactionary Nanking rule?

As written down by Tretiakov, his story is fascinating. It has unusual and delectable literary qualities. It is tersely written. And its rhetoric, especially its similes and metaphors are refreshing. It is good to read the metaphors of another race and understand again the magnificent sensory awareness of human beings. Out of the differences of their lives they are able to give us images and visions of our common world which startle us with their penetration and their new values.

But that is a minor offering. More important is the fact that in this book we are given a sharp, inspiring glance into one of the most active fronts of the present-day world revolution.

¹ *A Chinese Testament: The Autobiography of Tan Shih-Hua, as told to S. Tretiakov.* Simon and Schuster. \$3.

Philistine's Progress

GRANVILLE HICKS

NO DOUBT it was the Hollywood success of *The Invisible Man* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau* that inspired the reprinting of these seven scientific romances,¹ written by Mr. Wells between 1895 and 1906. They are mildly interesting in themselves, and they are very instructive because so much of the later Wells is in them. Not only do these novels suggest the ideas around which his hundred and more books have been built; they employ the methods that he has used in his subsequent and superficially very different types of fiction. "In all this type of story," he says in his preface to this volume, "the living interest lies in their non-fantastic elements and not in the invention itself. . . . The thing that makes such imaginations interesting is their translation into commonplace terms and a rigid exclusion of other marvels from the story." In other words, what gives these fantasies such interest as they have is a vivid, superficial, journalism realism, very similar to what we find in *Tono-Bungay*, *Mr. Polly*, and *Kipps*. As in Dickens, who has influenced Wells, and in Sinclair Lewis, whom he has influenced, this realism is often heightened to the point of caricature, and it affords the reader a pleasant combination of surprise and recognition.

But it is with Mr. Wells' ideas that we are primarily concerned. It has not, I think, been observed that the type of literature represented in this volume belongs to a much wider genre, a genre very common in England in the nineties. It was in the eighties and nineties that English writers began to revolt against the solid bourgeois smugness that had been induced by so many years of prosperity. That

this prosperity was based on exploitation at home and abroad seldom struck these writers; they were much more concerned with its psychological effect on the kind of persons they knew. So they began to *épâter les bourgeois*—to use the phrase that was invented to describe a similar but much earlier movement in France. It was the period, remember, of the Yellow Book, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, and Baron Corvo. They were poseurs, of course, though some of them were much more than that, but the important thing is that English writers, who had previously either completely conformed to middle-class standards or tried seriously to modify them, now felt it was their supreme duty to defy those standards and shock the men and women who held them. Thus they expressed, without knowing it, both their unhappiness and their helplessness.

It seems a little difficult to make Wells fit into this picture. On the one hand, his seriousness of purpose and his realistic method seem to raise him above all the art-for-art's-sakers; on the other hand, he was always, as Lenin was to observe, a good deal of a Philistine. But nevertheless we find him saying: "*The Island of Dr. Moreau* is an exercise in youthful blasphemy . . . *The War of the Worlds* like *The Time Machine* was another assault on human self-satisfaction." And *The Invisible Man*, *The First Men in the Moon*, and *The Food of the Gods* are quite as obviously intended to reveal what Wells calls the "hideous grimace" of the universe and to raise disturbing doubts about the future of the race. It is probably true that these books were, from this point of view, failures, that they merely amused the complacent British bourgeois, but it seems to me that, so far as Wells had a serious purpose, it was deliberately to affront and distress his middle-class contemporaries, quite as deliberately as if he had walked down Pall Mall with a lily in his hand.

The only exception to the general rule among these seven stories is *The Tail of the Comet*, the latest of them all. By the time he wrote this Wells had entered a new phase, and this is one of the first of his Utopian and "constructive" works. It follows *Anticipations* by several years and, if I remember correctly, just precedes *Tono-Bungay*. The smugness of the British bourgeoisie had been pretty well dispelled by 1906: the Boer War, colonial revolts, the approaching war with Germany, and the rise of the Labor Party had seen to that. It no longer seemed so necessary to sting and harry the bourgeois; moreover, the diminution of their strength had made it possible to hope for a more fundamental attack on them. Wells, in common with many other writers, now turned to the making of designs



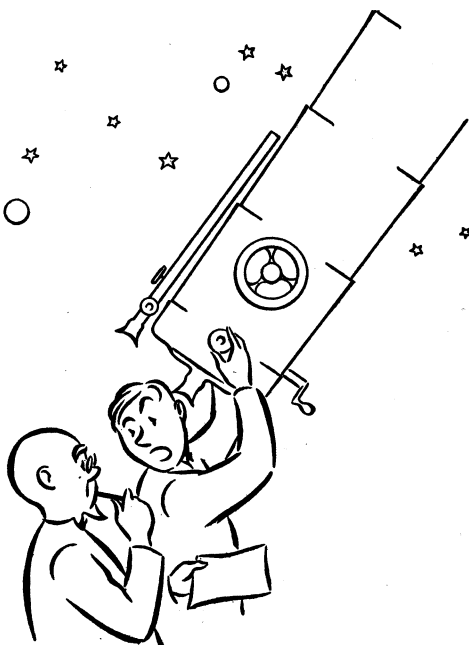
JOHNSON

for a new society. This has, of course, been his principal concern down to the present time.

It is significant that in *The Tail of the Comet* the transformation of society comes through the dissemination of a mysterious gas which works the moral regeneration of mankind. That is most typical of Wells, who has always been seeking for some miraculous means of achieving the Utopia he desires. Never, so far as I know, has he granted that a revolution could come—much less, must come—through the overthrow of the existing state by the working-class. In his most recent book, *The Shape of Things to Come*, it is the aviators who, in the latter part of the twentieth century, save civilization. That is, indeed, the most common method: some group of scientists or technicians perform the miracle. Occasionally, as in *The World of William Clissold*, faith is pinned in the capitalists themselves. Wells has imagined all sorts of dictators, committees, intrigues, religions; new Machiavellis, researches magnificent; anything but a working-class revolution.

Wells came from far enough down in the bourgeois scale to see the rottenness of the capitalist system, and the perception was strengthened by a scientific education. At the same time he was incapable of trusting in or allying himself with the working-class. As a result he has never been able to find a theory of society that could long satisfy him. He has leaped so rapidly, indeed, from theory to theory that his avoidance of a genuine revolutionary position comes to appear little short of pathological. Yet, despite all his Philistinism, he has never been able to reconcile himself completely and permanently to capitalism. His scores of books indicate how very uncomfortable he is between the horns of that dilemma.

¹ Seven Famous Novels, by H. G. Wells. Knopf. \$2.75.



Johnson

"It's the real thing, Mr. Millikan. Shall I wire the New York Times?"

The Great Dreamer

COLSTON E. WARNE

“PRIVATE property was the original source of freedom. It is still its main bulwark,” concludes Mr. Lippmann in this series of lectures delivered at Harvard last month.¹ “Where men have yielded without serious resistance to the tyranny of new dictators, it is because they have lacked property. They dared not resist because resistance meant destitution.” What is needed, says he, is to turn the insecure proletarians into smug, middle-class folk-people who may be “bourgeois and dull” but who “live and let live” and “have hold of the substance of liberty and . . . cling to it.” This policy “is frankly and unashamedly middle-class in its ideal.” “It is a project to make the mass of people independent of the state: that they may be free citizens, who need not be fed by the government, who have no impelling reason to exploit the government, who cannot be bribed, who cannot be coerced, who have no fear of the state and expect no favors. For their livelihood and personal security rest upon private property and vested rights, not upon the acts of officials.”

And how to secure such a blissful state? Why, of course we must use the “compensated economy,” the method of “free collectivism” which “does not as yet have a spectacular name, a great dialectical apparatus, a magniloquent philosophy, perfervid oratory or mass emotion,” but which is the experimental social control method of English-speaking peoples. It is not communist, not fascist, “but the product of their own experience and their own genius.”

The government, it seems, is to “redress the balance of private actions by compensating public actions.” This has, he argues, been done for years in the attempt to prevent fraud and equalize bargaining power. But, to date, the regulation has been negative. Now positive action is essential. It is folly to pass regulatory laws “to control the rhythm of capitalism.” Instead the government must, through its executive branch, “mobilize collective resources to . . . balance, equalize, neutralize, offset, correct the private judgments of masses of individuals.” This seems a large order. But, we are assured, it “is not spun out of abstract theory.” Through public works, taxation, banking control, and public utility regulation, a brake or a stimulus may be applied to the business situation. Even international trade is to be controlled through tariff and capital export adjustments.

Then, too, industry is to be decentralized, and an “enlightened” land utilization policy adopted to “open up many new opportunities.” Education is tentatively suggested for the specialized and deracinated city dweller. But

most of all, the state is to give the “right of access to remunerative work” through its public works projects, at wages “adequate for a bare but self-respecting existence.” The scale must be set low enough for the worker so that “he is provoked to look for private employment, or to go pioneering on his own initiative for a higher standard of life.”

This type of collective social policy “is indigenous to free nations with a highly developed capitalist economy.” “One might as well go to Massachusetts to study the habits of the palm tree as go to Russia to learn about the prospects of modern capitalism or to Central Europe to learn about the evolution of representative government.” Russian planning has been in a situation of scarcity; the range of consumer choices “would baffle to the point of absolute confusion anyone who undertook to deal through a centralized plan with the American economy as an integrated enterprise.”

Fascism? Indeed, this suggestion isn’t fas-

cialist! We are not to have a dictatorship. The executive is merely to assume the initiative in proposing fiscal measures to the legislature and in directing the operations of the “compensated economy.” “Public authority has to be reasonably independent of transient opinion and organized pressure.” We are not going to have intense nationalism. We are only going to regulate exports through a “flexible” tariff and a regulation of capital flows. We are not to be taught an exaggerated patriotism. Not at all. Still, “the Constitution is undoubtedly the greatest attempt ever made consciously by men to render popular rule safe for the nation as a whole, the local community, and the individual.” And, too, the plutocracy is to be conquered, not by “vindictive and punitive” policies, for such a course “does not make the mass of people any more secure” but “it may and usually does interrupt production and trade.” We must attach the people to the soil and abandon urban specialization. That, too, is not fascism. It is all a compensated economy.

However you figure this out, you may rest assured that Mr. Lippmann’s private economy was a well compensated one when he set forth these words of wisdom for the edification of the scholars of Harvard University.

“But It’s Thin All Over”

MURRAY GODWIN

THIS BOOK¹ is one of the smoothest jobs produced by the surviving editors of the publishing racket’s smoothest big business magazine. It kind of skates right along through the mazes of eleven mastodonic agglomerations of technics, plants, finance and production figures, market and transport terrain, prospectus and personnel. It cuts not a few cute capers as it covers the route, and where the ice is particularly damn thin it does a fairly slick job of diverting attention to the scenery and away from the cracks.

Not away from the wisecracks, however. For example, get a load of these chapter titles: “U. S. Rubber—The Corporation that Believes in Inflation” (not afflatus but flatulence is the source of that breezy bit); “Continental Can—The Corporation that Ties the Can to Culinary Troubles” (the can would have been a grand place to put that one, too); “Air Reduction—The Corporation that Makes a Flame Hotter than Hell” (ultimately to be domiciled in its famous rivals’ territory, if it only knew); “National Steel—The Corporation that Sits on Its Sources of Supply” (which fails to distinguish it from a number of others); “Pittsburgh Plate Glass—The Corporation that Has Transparent Motives” (suffering sawhorses!); “National Biscuit—

The Corporation that Had to Rise to Make the Dough.” But this goes on for a long time, and the whole list might get tiresome.

Anyway, if you are middling bright and not too tired, you cannot help noticing from the text that, though where it will break is problematic at the moment, the structure of American incorporated capital is thin all over. International Harvester has \$15 million in its reserve and \$120 million outstanding in debts, of which \$40 million is owed by domestic farmers and of which, this writer guesses, most of the rest is bet on the proposition that a Blue Eagle with a millstone around its neck and the pip will fly home from Atlantis with a crop full of gold. U.S. Rubber, depending on Lastex to support its dragging rear, will have to get Lastex money legalized to stretch its liquid assets into a satisfactory lifeline. To break even, Ford must sell 50,000 units a month and keep the workers producing under the gun at all times; unexpectedly the gun is bound to be joggled. National Steel has had to resort to outright fascism to maintain its profit in depression years. Johns-Manville, once supreme in the insulation field, has suddenly begun to lose business to a compact, featherweight insulation system marketed under the approving eye of the aluminum trust; in the great naval and railroad fields its product is doomed already. . . . You don’t have to be a political or economic wizard to

¹ The Method of Freedom, by Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

¹ Understanding the Big Corporations, by the editors of Fortune. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$3.

read the cards. Too many of the corporations described are banking their futures on the N.R.A. program of price-raising, production and crop reduction—concomitants as far as International Harvester is concerned—union smashing and wage cuts. The near future will see fewer corporations and more deserted plants, while the plants that are occupied will

be infested thickly by the N.R.A. progeny, gunmen and stool pigeons elbowing the half-starved operatives.

Messrs. the editors have used less aurora borealis and more pastel in picturing the wage gougers and stock jugglers who operate American Shakedown, Inc., in its various phases. Business giants no longer, as in the twenties,

keep one imperial eye on the smallest details of forty production plants, while crying over a memory portrait of Mother with the other. Mainly they are formidable and picturesque, but not obtrusively dynamic or snuffing. It is dubious, however, that any of them have it in them to develop into useful citizens of a workers' republic.

The Sympathies of Malraux

ALFRED H. HIRSCH

ON HIS death-bed in March, 1925, Sun Yat Sen, leader of the Chinese Kuomintang (Nationalist) Party, wrote to the Communist International as follows: "I leave behind me a party which, as I always hoped, will be allied with you in the task of liberating China and other suppressed people from the yoke of imperialism . . . I therefore charge my party to maintain permanent contact with you . . ."

This great Chinese leader was to be succeeded by Chiang Kai-shek, who, in 1927, betrayed China's people to the gold of the imperialists.

Malraux himself was active in the revolutionary struggles in China in 1925 and again in 1927 and it is with the stirring days of the first half of 1927 that *Man's Fate*¹ deals. The various class conflicts, the activities of foreign powers with stakes in China, their utter disregard for the welfare of the Chinese, who seem to be outsiders in their own country, are among the salient points brought out.

"Only the way in which man discovers himself or his greatness interests me," Malraux recently told a young French student.—A hinge on which all his literary works hang.

Malraux went to China in 1924, at the age of 23, to continue his studies in archaeology. But events led him into work bearing on the future rather than the past. The Communist forces at Canton, together with the still militant Kuomintang of 1925, were centered around a year's strike in Hong Kong, a strike which cost the English traders millions. Malraux became active in support of the Communists.

In 1928 he wrote of these days in *The Conquerors*. Garine, director of propaganda of the Kuomintang, and the principal character, says of himself: "At bottom I'm a gambler." Malraux adds: "He was one of those for whom the revolutionary spirit can only be born at the time of a budding revolution."

Next comes *The Royal Road* (1930): two Frenchmen, satiated with civilization and the *vie mondaine* which had been theirs, set out to filch the statued remains of inner French

Indo-China, a land unpenetrated by the French conquerors. With their works of art they bring back news not lacking in interest to the French government whose solicitous care of Indo-China welcomes archaeological thefts especially when their discovery involves information on market possibilities for French products.

Man's Fate, which appeared in 1933 and won the French equivalent of the Pulitzer prize, the Prix Goncourt, brings the author back to the revolution after his lapse into descriptions of vandalism, a departure and return which is not as amazing as at first appears.

Still obsessed with the problems of individuals, Malraux here treats of the heroics of the revolution rather than of the revolution itself. As 1933,² a French fascist weekly, points out in a review: there are no political nor social conclusions. (Lord forbid! Save us from these tiresome 'class-conscious' monstrosities!) Malraux, the French nationalist critic continues, uses the revolution in order to give his characters a chance to act, to express their individuality. On the scene of revolution, the intellectual (and all Malraux's characters are intellectuals) can realize his potentialities, live. Such reasoning, while not entirely fair to Malraux, who went to Germany with André Gide on behalf of Dimitroff, among many other similar activities, yet gives a hint of why this book was awarded the coveted Goncourt prize.

Malraux's protagonists are sympathetic to

¹ 1933. December 13, 1933. See articles by Thierry-Maulnier and François de Roux.

the ultimate aims of Communism according to their own lights. Not a single one of them has arrived at this point by nature, *i.e.*, by way of the belly. Che'en, for example, whose thoughts and activities open the book as he stands in the room of a sleeping man whom he must assassinate in order to get papers exchangeable for munitions just arrived in the Shanghai harbor, ruminates on his self-effacement before the revolution.

The life of Kyo, the real hero of the book, "had a meaning . . . to give to each of these men whom famine, at this very moment, was killing off like a slow plague, the sense of his own dignity." Further along, his father, defeated in spirit through the death of his son at the hands of the Chinese reactionaries, and becoming once more a professor of Western Art in Japan, says: "Kyo's death is not only grief, not only change—it is . . . a metamorphosis. I have never loved the world overmuch: it was Kyo who attached me to men, it was through him that they existed for me . . . Marxism has ceased to live in me. In Kyo's eyes it was a will, wasn't it? But in mine, it is a fatality . . . since Kyo died, I am indifferent to death. I am freed (freed! . . .) both from death and from life."

Much is missing in this book, and above all, the revolution itself. Where are the underfed coolies—small, panting, sweaty, as they strain every puny muscle to pull a load? (Coolies are cheaper than horses.) Where are the peasants, taxed to the breaking point, yet fleeing from forced conscription? Where are the women of the poor, sold into prostitution by

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¹ *Man's Fate*, by André Malraux, translated by Haakon M. Chevallier. Smith and Haas. \$2.50.

their parents from dire necessity? Where are the struggles towards emancipation of those who can stand such burdens no longer?

And where are the workers, whose conditions are such that the principal *revolutionary* demands of the fourth Congress of the All-Chinese Trade Unions in 1927 were confined to: a ten hour maximum day, twenty-four hours of consecutive rest each week, abolition of apprenticeship under the age of 13, complete freedom for the apprentice except during

hours of work? Where, too, are their demonstrations, their picket lines, set up in the face of the guns of England, France, Japan, and the United States?

There is hardly a glimpse of all this and without it the relationships between Malraux's characters are only psychological ones, arbitrarily conceived and unrelated to the real causes of the Chinese revolutionary awakening. The world of this book is not above the revolution; but it is apart from it.

Yet, groping, searching themselves, in terms of individual, subjective, reactions, these men, and Malraux with them, know that the revolution will live. They see in it growth, development, vitality and here they themselves flower. Yes, they are with us, Malraux is with us, but neither they, nor he, know the reason why.

The translation, as even the few quotations above may indicate, is literal to the point of stiffness, at times even at the expense of clarity.

A Kind Word for Hollywood

ROBERT FORSYTHE

IT SEEMS preposterous to say that a picture like *Fog Over Frisco* is Hollywood at its best but for several reasons it happens to be the truth. The film has no particular significance as art but Hollywood in a general way has even less importance in the same field. Strictly speaking, there is no philosophy behind Hollywood. More than that, there are no ideas. What it has in quantities is "showmanship," that ingredient which is treasured by the gentlemen who watch the box office seismographs, but the ideas expressed in American films are almost without exception such cheap ideas that they must pass as notions or curious habits of mind. The industry is a gigantic propaganda factory for every feeble and vicious and half-false way of life but even in this it has to do with the third-rate falsehood when the first-rate would do as well and even sell better.

And yet I can find kind things to say about the artists working in Hollywood and I can become enthusiastic about the sheer technical miracles they perform. I get tired using the word Hollywood as an expression of contempt and in my persistent optimism I go to each new picture with the hope that this is one which can be enjoyed without those inner cringes which result from contact with human minds engaged in the business of thwarting themselves. For that reason it is not *Cavalcade* or *The House of Rothschild* or *Little Man, What Now?* which make me realize the worth of Hollywood but such productions as *It Happened One Night* and *Fog Over Frisco*.

The technical brilliance of the studios is beyond belief. Even with the counting room censors hanging over their shoulders, there are fine directors and fine writers. As for camera men and lighting experts and sound technicians, nothing on earth has ever compared with them. And since even films which in their inception are banal and vicious—vicious not only because they have a definitely dishonest purpose but because the creators are deliberately sabotaging their own intellect in fashioning them—because even these films, I say, can use the aids of technical skill, we get a succession of pictures which are bearable solely

because of the high competence of the production. In ideas these same films could never hope to interest anybody beyond the age of eleven in intelligence.

I go to this length in explanation because I get heartily tired of referring to Hollywood as if it were something which automatically needed to be sneered at, as indeed it does. It is when you see *Fog Over Frisco* (which is no great shakes as a film and I don't want you to rush off to the nearest theater with that in mind) that you realize what can be done by the excellent people of Beverly Hills and Santa Monica when they let themselves go. It is a mystery melodrama and nobody will ever list it among the triumphs of the screen but it reveals those qualities of pace and velocity and sharpness which make the Hollywood product acceptable even when the shallow content of ideas prompts you to scream. Since it makes no pretense of being a Super-Super-Magnificent, it was a treat to my sore eyes and tortured ears. The direction is firm, the photography is superb and the dialogue is right. The script calls for none of the fake sentiment and none of the county court house elaborateness which passes in the film colony as "class" and the result is something honest and exciting.

The pictures in the last three months have been bad. There are times when it doesn't seem possible that human beings can have ideas so perverted and dishonest and plainly stupid as appear on the screen. I know that writers go West with idealistic notions of bringing brains to the films but I am just as firmly convinced that the majority begin to think of pictures in terms of the "people" the minute they pass Albuquerque on the way to Los Angeles. Just as reporters unconsciously assume the mental habits of the publisher even when he makes no demands on them, screen writers and directors have a mystical but ever pervading feeling of the needs of the box office. What they seem to forget is that an honest emotion can be as exciting as a phoney one.

It seems to me that the best of recent pictures was *It Happened One Night*. It was far superior to such great opuses as *Viva Villa*

and the *House of Rothschild*. It was directed by Frank Capra and they tell me Frank Capra has never had a failure. This may be attributed to the fact that he is in control of his productions from the first detail to the last fadeout. He picks his story, takes his time and invariably turns out something that can be sat through with pleasure. I don't vouch for his entire output but I know that *It Happened One Night* was something to revive your faith in a medium which could belong among the great arts. It was a not overly intricate tale of a girl who ran away from her father because he didn't want her to marry a bum who at the same time happened to be a heroic aviator. She travels by bus from Jacksonville to New York and for freshness of treatment and humor of presentation, we have had nothing to equal it in a long time.

Viva Villa was a disappointment to me not only because it manhandled Mexican history in an entirely needless way and because it ended on the customary fanfare for the happy land Mexico now is under its fine rule by Calles, the dictator, but because it practically ruined Wallace Beery, who, up to this point, had been my hero. Beery played Villa as if he were half Sentimental Tommy and the other half Charles Ray in *Schooldays*. According to the Ben Hecht version, Villa is a man who is called in from the street every night at nine o'clock by his wife; whenever he thinks of his idol, Madero, tears come into his eyes; on all other occasions he is a bumpkin. John Reed in his book on Mexico told of Villa receiving the medal for his achievements.

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"That little thing," says Pancho, "what the hell—"

But the real Pancho was not smiling; he was insulted that they had tried to reward him with a pathetic little bauble like that. Beery gives no faintest notion of the real Pancho Villa. I am only too sad to echo the feeling of Helen Brown Norden, noted in *Vanity Fair*, that Mr. Beery has become Peter Pan and is going to slay us with whimsy.

As I have observed in these pages, the Jews are short-sighted if they do not have the *House of Rothschild* stopped by injunction. It could not be any better anti-Semitic propaganda if it were directed by Herr Goebbels. The fact that it was made by Hollywood Jews with the possible impression they were doing something for their people—or at least the box office—is all the more pathetic. Mr. Arliss gives his usual snuff and ruffles performance.

The stars generally have not had good sledding. John Barrymore, the refugee from Broadway, did his customary profile study in *Twentieth Century* and Greta Garbo played in something I can't remember and Joan Crawford should have taken action against the people who cast her in *Sadie McKee*. The new Marlene Dietrich film seems so bad they are afraid to release it. Elizabeth Bergner, the German star, was very good in *Catherine the Great* but she has no s. a. and the chances are that Hollywood will give her the parts which otherwise would fall to Marie Dressler.

But technically, as I have hinted, it has been a good period. This entire article is my way of saying that Soviet America will have good cinema productions. The skill and competence are there and we can even count on the brains which are now not permitted to function. I think it is a mistake to indict Hollywood as a nation. The pathetic quality you find in talking with a Hollywood actor or director is symptomatic of the disease that is wearing him away. They work wonders within the small framework allowed them but their path is always plain before them. First they become unhappy and then cynical and then resigned. If you can visualize the difference in their work which would come even with the profit motive removed under present conditions, you will get some idea of the release to their spirits and energies which will come with Revolution. The first effects will be grotesque and you can bank on it. Since the only release they can imagine now is the opportunity to experiment with cinema forms, the initial attempts under a workers' government will be an explosion of dadaism fit to frighten the world. They have been suppressed so long under capitalism and forced to operate by subterfuge if they acted at all that they will never think of doing a simple honest film but will be consumed with the ambition to succeed in the plans they had dreamed about under Mr. Zukor and Reverend Will Hays.

You see something of that now in the failure of such films as *Outward Bound* and *Death Takes a Holiday*. This is held to be a test that what audiences want is *Stand Up and Cheer* and *Gabriel Over the White*

House. This is comparable to saying that the failure of Christopher Morley's last book is proof that America is not interested in literature. When they can't make honest films, they escape into fantasy. By doing that they seek to avoid the difficulties of censorship, audience reaction and the gentlemen in the Chase National Bank. What they really do is ruin themselves with the very people they're endeavoring to impress: the producers. When they don't reach an audience, they have nothing in reserve to withstand the arguments of the bankers. The stage people have gone through the same experience. If they had ideas, they tried for years to get them across by offering them in sugar-coated doses to the Broadway public. When they failed, they said the American audience didn't want the real meat of life. Then the Theatre Union came along and gave it to New York straight and made a great success of it.

I have never been able to understand the reasoning of people who prefer compromise to truth. They have some mysterious notion

that the truth is uninteresting. The reverse of course is more generally true. Especially is it true in drama. When the real people of Hollywood don't fight for the chance of making an honest picture, they play directly into the hands of their enemies.

But I'm beginning to sermonize and that was not my intention. What I started out to do was say a kind word for Hollywood because I know there are dozens of actors and writers and directors out there who know that the game is up. If there is any health, honesty and vigor to be hoped for in cinema art it is in a new revolutionary approach. Which means, simply, a new common sense approach. We want them on our side when the proper time comes and we assure them that only by thinking clearly about these things now can they hope to save their integrity in the intervening period. If in the meantime they can turn out just one picture which has anything to say and say it in words of more than one syllable, they will have one grateful follower at least.

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Between Ourselves

MARION GREENWOOD, whose illustrations for *Civil War in Austria* appear in this issue, was a New York portrait painter before she went to Mexico to paint frescoes. Her proletarian frescoes were done for the University of San Hidalgo de Michoacan, Morelia. She will return to Mexico this fall to work with a group of young revolutionary artists to execute frescoes in the civic center Mercado del Carmen in Mexico City.

We have Sylvia Glass to thank for helping us out on the translation of Ilya Ehrenbourg's masterly report.

Colston E. Warne, who reviews Walter Lippmann in this issue, is professor of economics at Amherst College.

We regret that several contributions to our symposium on Marxist criticism arrived too late for publication in this issue. Sometime within the next few weeks we shall publish these commentaries by Albert Halper, Arnold Armstrong, Langston Hughes, Ella Winter, Edwin Seaver, etc.

Merle Colby is a member of the Harvard class of 1924 and was a witness of the events he narrates in *Hanfy at Harvard*. He is the author of two novels, *All Ye People* (1931) and *New Road* (1933).

THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau will furnish speakers for camps or even for groups within a summer resort. As most of our speakers are in and around New York we must concentrate on near-by camps. Readers interested in this project who are going to such camps or resorts are asked to write this office for detailed information.

Mother Bloor, who as we go to press has just been released on bail in Grand Island, Neb., on charges of inciting to riot, wrote to us from her prison cell, while awaiting a hearing. She is over 72 years old.

"Today for the first time I received some literature," she wrote, in her tenth day in jail. "In the pile was a stray copy of THE NEW MASSES. Can you imagine my joy? It was like having John Spivak, Bill Browder, or some of the others of 'my boys' coming in to this attic room of mine. Fortunately, I have a cheerful little 'room-mate,' wife of the colored youth organizer of Unemployed, who is 'downstairs' in the same Jail House.

"Here's how we were arrested: Out under the trees toiling farmers, no crops, on account of the drought, facing the complicated edicts of the 'brain-trust'—their wives and children—truckloads of workers from far and near—the girl leader of the girls, tall, beautiful in her young earnest demands for just a little

life. 'I got \$1.90 last week—had to pay \$2.25 for board, room, etc. How can I go on that way? I have no folks.' When a scrawled message was handed to the chairman 'All Grand Island people must be out of Loup City by five o'clock' signed 'Respectable Citizens' a pioneer of 12 years took the stand and said, 'They call us outsiders and tell us to leave town. I think we will leave just when we want to leave.' His mother, who had worked in a creamery in Grand Island picking chickens, had told of the same bad conditions there (It is one of the same chain of creameries all N.R.A.) One of our comrade's girls got 75 cents for a full week's work just before I came to this Jail House because I dared to protest about the conditions these girls suffer. Then when a mob of thugs, poolroom toughs, attacked the meeting, shouting, 'Kill the Nigger,' 'Get Smith' (he had organized the girls into a Union at their request). When they knocked the women right and left—I was protected by a big tree which hit me first—when I saw these thugs striking our unarmed workers and farmers with gas pipes, brass knuckles, black jacks, etc., it was sure good to see the farmers and workers stand their ground and fight with their bare fists for the right of assemblage and free speech.

"Later on while I was being arraigned in Loup City, Court House and the sheriff was telling his troubles to the State Deputy and Grand Island Sheriff talking loud for my benefit. He said: 'We'll see whether they will stop me putting over foreclosure sales or not! Why, they actually have in their program 'cancellation of all farm debts.' The other law enforcers almost shed tears of sympathy and reiterated over and over to me. 'We'll see whether you outsiders can come and tell us how to run our business or not.'

"But they told the sheriff of Sherman County that he would have been justified in shooting our farmers and workers down. In other words, telling him he should shoot down our constitutional rights, and establish his rule.

"Just to sit here and think back just one year! How our farmers have grown in intelligence, courage and solidarity, ready to unite with the workers to conquer, not only their own abject slavery, but from reaching out to help the entire working class to getting rid of the cause, of all their mutual troubles, capitalism. They now see the vision of the New Day when the workers and farmers shall rule the land. When not one man or woman shall be homeless—or one hungry child cry vainly for food."

Numerous inquiries are coming into this office from writers in all sections of the country, regarding the prize contest for a proletarian novel which THE NEW MASSES is conducting together with The John Day Com-

any, publishers. Some of the inquirers having missed the original full announcement of the contest in our June 5 issue, we reprint the rules and several paragraphs from that issue:

1. All manuscripts must be submitted by April 1, 1935.

2. Each manuscript must be signed with a pseudonym; accompanying each manuscript there must be a sealed envelope with the pseudonym on the outside and the author's real name and address inside.

3. All novels submitted must be in the English language, must be typed, and must be not less than 60,000 words.

4. All novels submitted must deal with the American proletariat.

5. All manuscripts entered in the contest are also offered to The John Day Company for publication, terms to be arranged between the author and The John Day Company, and any author under contract to another publisher must obtain a release before entering the contest.

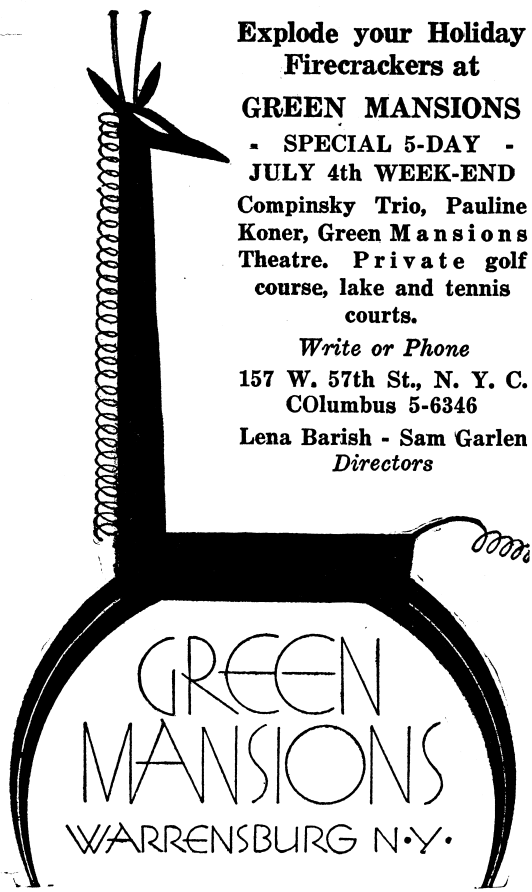
6. The decision of the five judges will be by majority vote. The judges reserve the right to reject all manuscripts.

7. The prize of \$750 will be paid to the author of the winning novel upon his signing of a standard Authors' League contract with The John Day Company, which will publish the novel. The prize will be in addition to all royalties.

The judges of the contest are Granville Hicks, literary editor of THE NEW MASSES; William F. Dunne, working class leader and former editor of the Daily Worker; Alan Calmer, national secretary of the John Reed Clubs of the United States; Richard J. Walsh, president of The John Day Company; and Critchell Rimington, vice-president and associate editor of The John Day Company.

Those manuscripts that are regarded as definitely unsuitable will be returned as promptly as possible after they are received. Manuscripts held for final consideration will be returned when the results of the contest are announced. Unless directed to do otherwise, THE NEW MASSES will return manuscripts by express collect.

Any novel dealing with any section of the American working class may be submitted in this contest. For the purposes of the contest it is not sufficient that the novel be written from the point of view of the proletariat; it must actually be concerned with the proletariat. The term proletariat, however, is defined in its broadest sense, to include, for example, the poorer farmers, the unemployed, and even the lower fringes of the petty bourgeoisie as well as industrial workers. The characters, moreover, need not all be drawn from the working class so long as the book is primarily concerned with working-class life.



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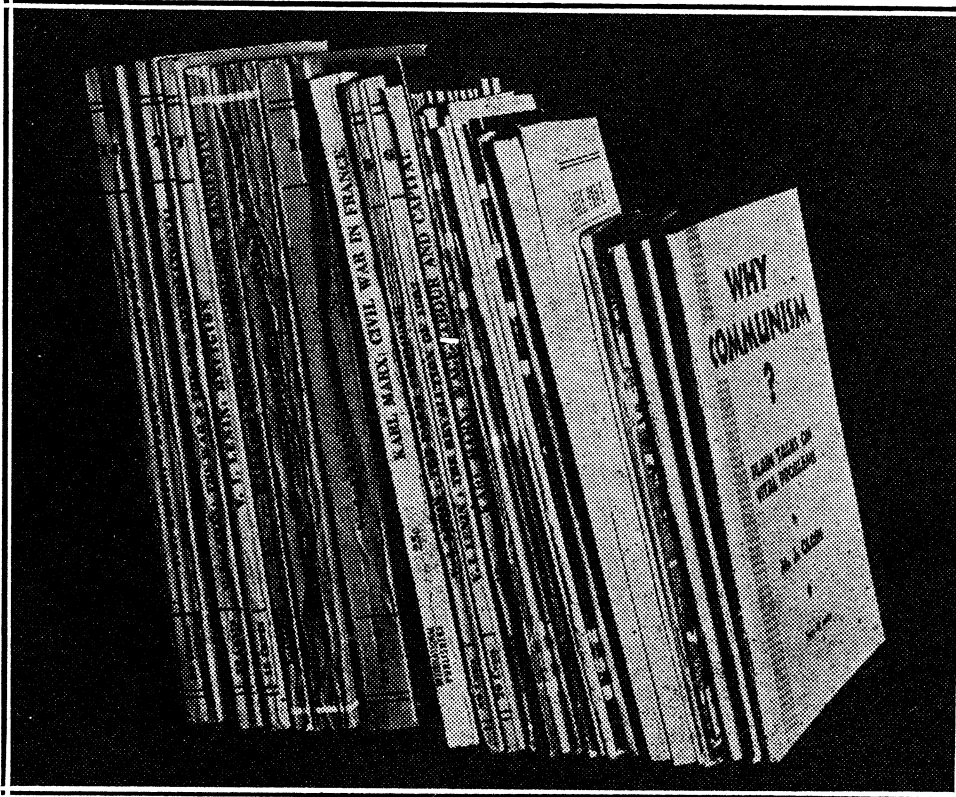
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