

NEW

MASSSES

15 Cents

FEBRUARY 1930



T. KLEIN

ART YOUNG -- GOLD -- KALAR -- GROPPER -- NEARING -- DOS PASSOS

NEW

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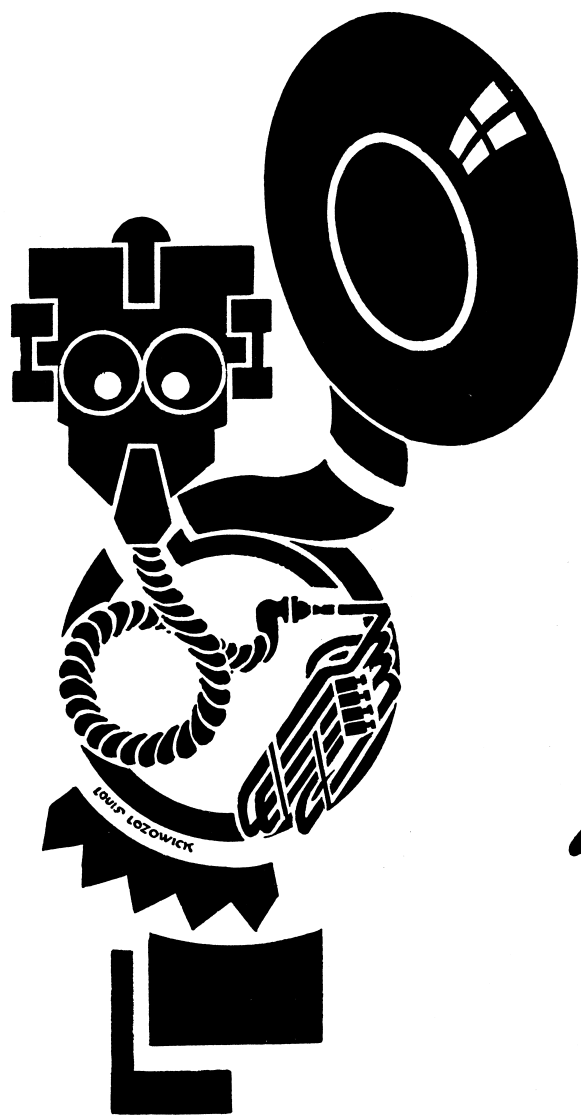
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NEW MASSES

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By **MICHAEL GOLD**

NOTES OF THE MONTH

The South—The American Communist movement has faults. It is easy to pick these out. Any tired, middle-aged sterile pessimist can always fluently reveal the faults of creative youth. But you never find the enemies of Communism looking for some of the virtues of the movement.

Let us name only one: the work among the Negroes. The Communist Party has done more in this direction during the past year than the Socialist Party ever did in 25 years of activity.

Even today the Socialist Party has a segregationist attitude toward the Negro. It will deny this, but we need only study its recent organization work in the South.

The Socialists carefully and opportunistically avoided all mention of the Negro problem in their textile unionizing. But the Communists faced the problem squarely and boldly—almost suicidally, some fainthearts believed. The Communists insisted that the Negroes be organized equally with the white workers. Events justified them. The white Southern textile workers, in a few months, learned the lesson of solidarity. They responded nobly when they understood. They came to realize for themselves that the segregation of Negro and white workers is one of the methods by which the textile tyranny oppresses the South.

I attended a session of the National Textile Workers' Union convention in Paterson last month. To my mind, it was the most significant gathering in America in the past ten years. For there was a solid block of Southern workers there—tall, raw-boned 100% Americans, many of whom five years ago were Ku Kluxers, but who now talked in their native American idiom the language of social revolution.

Southern labor has waked up. The strong, sombre giant, whom the American capitalists thought they would always be able to use the way the Czar used the Cossacks, has shaken off his chains of tradition. It is a major event in the social history of America.

The Knights of Labor could not do it. The A. F. of L. never tried to do it; the I. W. W. failed at it, the Socialist Party did not even dare to try it; it was the Communist organizers who went in and awoke the South.

How thrilling to hear these Southern delegates speak! Lanky, overalled, dignified, shaping their words carefully, something like Indians in their stoicism, only their eyes showing the deep fires within, one after the other got up to contribute testimony as to their devotion toward the new left-wing unionism that is sweeping the Southern mill-towns.

All of them pledged themselves to a square deal for the Negro

workers. "We need them; we can't have a union without them!" How strange to hear such words from the lips of white Southerners.

One young Georgian told how in his town, up to a year ago, no Negro dared walk on the sidewalks if a white man was there.

"That's all changed now, since the union's come to our town," said the delegate. "The Negroes are our union brothers."

Gastonia was a new Bunker Hill in American history. And Communists led the fight there—Communism is now a part of American history—it has at last struck its roots into the native soil.

Negro Literature—While on the subject, let us admit that we believe Carl Van Vechten the worst friend the Negro has ever had. This night-club rounder and white literary sophisticate was one of the first to take an interest in Negro writers in this country. He has thus influenced many of them. He has been the most evil influence.

Gin, jazz and sex—this is all that stirs him in our world, and he has imparted his tastes to the young Negro literatuers. He is a white literary bum, who has created a brood of Negro literary bums. So many of them are now wasting their splendid talents on the gutter-life side of Harlem.

What a crime against their race! This will lead the Negro nowhere. And what a slander against the majority of Negroes who must work so painfully in the mills, factories and farms of America. The Harlem cabaret no more represents the Negro mass than a pawnshop represents the Jew, or an opium den the struggling Chinese nation.

I have known quite a few Negro revolutionists. I have seen Negroes in strikes. There are depths, nobilities and emotions in this race that are yet unexpressed, and that will amaze the world when revealed.

I believe that Negro art and literature are only beginning. This cabaret obsession is but an infantile disease, a passing phase. There will be Negro Tolstoys, Gorkys and Walt Whitmans. The "spirituals" have promised it; the works of men like Frederick Douglass and Toussant L'Ouverture have shown the way.

Negroes are plowing into the revolutionary movement. It is the Negroes only remaining hope. And among these masses the Negro will at last find his true voice. It will be a voice of storm, beauty and pain, no saxophone clowning, but Beethoven's majesty and Wagner's might, sombre as night with the vast Negro suffering, but with red stars burning bright for revolt.

Self Criticism—Only the most hardy of organisms could stand self criticism that goes on in Communist Russia. Self-criticism is one of the chief factors in the proletarian efficiency. It is not the morbidity of a Dostoevsky, but the intense trial-and-error progress of a Pavlov. The pages of all the Soviet journals are filled with this self-criticism. It is part of the Communist heroism. It is their way of keeping constantly fit.

The Western world can't understand this kind of thing. It is as accustomed to official lying and optimism as it is to rain and wind. When the U. S. stock market crashes, and there are 5 million men out of work, Hoover sings a coloratura aria to Prosperity. All's well, he warbles blithely, and a host of lesser liars in official places repeat the strain. Our Presidents and Cabinet officers are nothing less than a choir of moist-eyed Poets. They make sweet sounds, but the words mean nothing.

But this is an old story. Capitalism is the great World Swindle, and no swindler can afford to examine himself too closely.

Lies, lies, lies! there simply is no truth to be found anywhere in America or Europe. Literature, science, journalism, politics, education—mostly lies told by cowards to dupes!

The simple, direct, truth-telling type of man is sure to be unpopular in this kind of civilization. He cannot flourish in any of the professions. He is lucky if he keeps out of jail. He is a misfit; truth is an "enemy alien" in America.

You cannot build a house on lies, you must work by a level and plumb-line. You cannot build a civilization on lies. Private property in natural resources and the tools of production is the basic lie on which the capitalist world is founded.

All the lesser lies are made necessary by this first great cause.

Soviet Russia has forever killed this great lie that a few men have the right to monopolize the land and the machine, thus keep their fellow-men in bondage.

And also, since she is surrounded by a world of murderous enemies, and every mistake is dangerous to her, Soviet Russia finds truth as necessary as bread.

It is a land struggling for truth. One feels it in the air. One sees it on the stage, and reads it in the books. The prevailing literary style in capitalism is based on indirection, suggestion, subtlety, evasion.

The Soviet style follows the straight line. It is direct, clear, and straightforward.

A few years ago I spent some months in Soviet Russia and breathed deeply and freely for the first time in my life. It is no Utopia, any more than Karl Marx was a superman.

But Marx's life was dedicated to a battle for truth, and Soviet Russia is the land where a new civilization is being built on truth.

Red Rust—Self-criticism has a positive social value within the Soviet Republic. It must and will go on, even if every newspaper vulture in Riga, Warsaw and Berlin turns it as a weapon against the Soviet. These precious cables of defamation that appear in the American sheets are mostly culled from Soviet journals, and colored up for propaganda purposes.

In its decade of systematic lying about Soviet Russia, the American press has certainly lost any claim it may have made to news impartiality. It has revealed itself for what it is—the lying-machine operated by American big business for propaganda purposes.

There is a new wave of self-criticism and self-satire in the literature of Soviet Russia. Some of the books, like *The Embezzlers* and the play, *Red Rust* have found their way into America and Europe.

They are being exploited as a means of anti-Soviet propaganda. The most startling example of this I have yet seen is the play, *Red Rust*, presented by the Theatre Guild in New York.

The play is an honest study of one of the brutal, bureaucratic



Drawn by Jacob Burck

types that emerge in every war and revolution. The play reveals the full foulness of this man, who is merely the Russian version of our own "Hard-Boiled Smith" and similar top sergeants of capitalism.

America never tries to expose its top-sergeants; it needs them.

It needs them in the Marine Corps to butcher Haitians and do all the other little chores of American Imperialism. And some of "our" intellectuals have begun to romanticize "our" Captain Flaggs and Sergeant Quirts; there is a crop of young hardboiled Kiplings coming along in "our" country.

Youth confusions and sex confusions are presented; the Nep danger, the bureaucratic danger, all the problems of ten years are telescoped into one devastating play.

It is exaggerated for effect, in the manner of a strong cartoon. But this hortatory exaggeration is not enough for the Theatre Guild. It adds its own bourgeois distortions and caricatures. It sneaks in such pictures as a file of pale Robot workers in gray marching under command. It shows another dreary line of proletarians carrying great burdens. It plays up the self-criticism and plays down the self-healing and blaze of Soviet idealism.

A producer can twist a play out of all semblance to its original intent. The Guild has done this, and *Red Rust* has a most counter-revolutionary effect.

No one except a White Guardist can be grateful to the Guild for this production. Let us hope they will import no more Russian plays to bolster up their dying institution. Let them continue presenting us with all the effete, sterile drawing-room comedies of the most passe Europeans. The pseudo-aristocratic is the Guild's proper metier.

Fascism—When Waldo Frank cast his mystical vote for the candidate of Theosophy and Gin, Al Smith—

When that gr-great philosopher and pooh-bah of pragmatism, John Dewey, led us toward the same Smithian consummation of his organic metaphysics—

When earlier in the comic history of American literature, Carl Sandburg wrote a "he-man, hairy-chested, red-blooded" ode to J. P. Morgan and the Allied armies—

When a lot of other stupid things like these happened, we were not too shaken. These people were only flesh and blood, after all; frail, quite fallible and frail.

But now with T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis out in the open for Fascism—

Now with St. Thomas Aquinas mounting the soap-box for a castor-oil government of blackshirts,

Now with two apostles of Oxford gentility, Catholic rationalism, Futurist geometrics and Greek classicism stepping down from the literary clouds to reveal bluntly that they want Mussolini's black-jack to rule the world—

We are a trifle surprised.

Where did we last hear that parrot who repeated:

"Art has nothing to do with politics!"

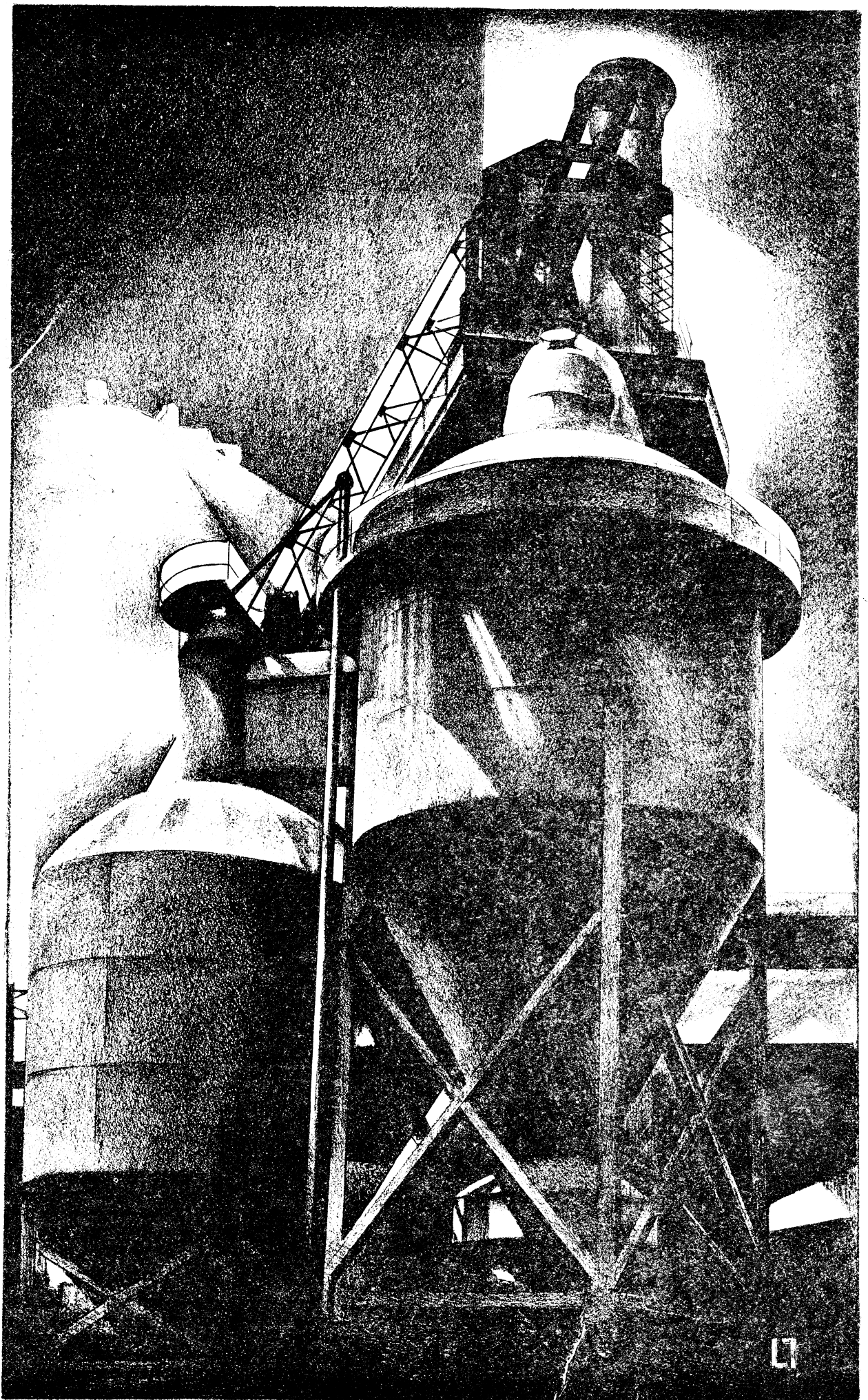
Mississippi Farmer

his hands
were low
lands
flooded and left dry:
so was his heart i
thought: so was his head:
so was his mind when he said
it aint no use complainin oh
sometimes cotton is, sometimes it aint:
plant, reap (maybe), plant, plant . . .

CHARLES HENRI FORD



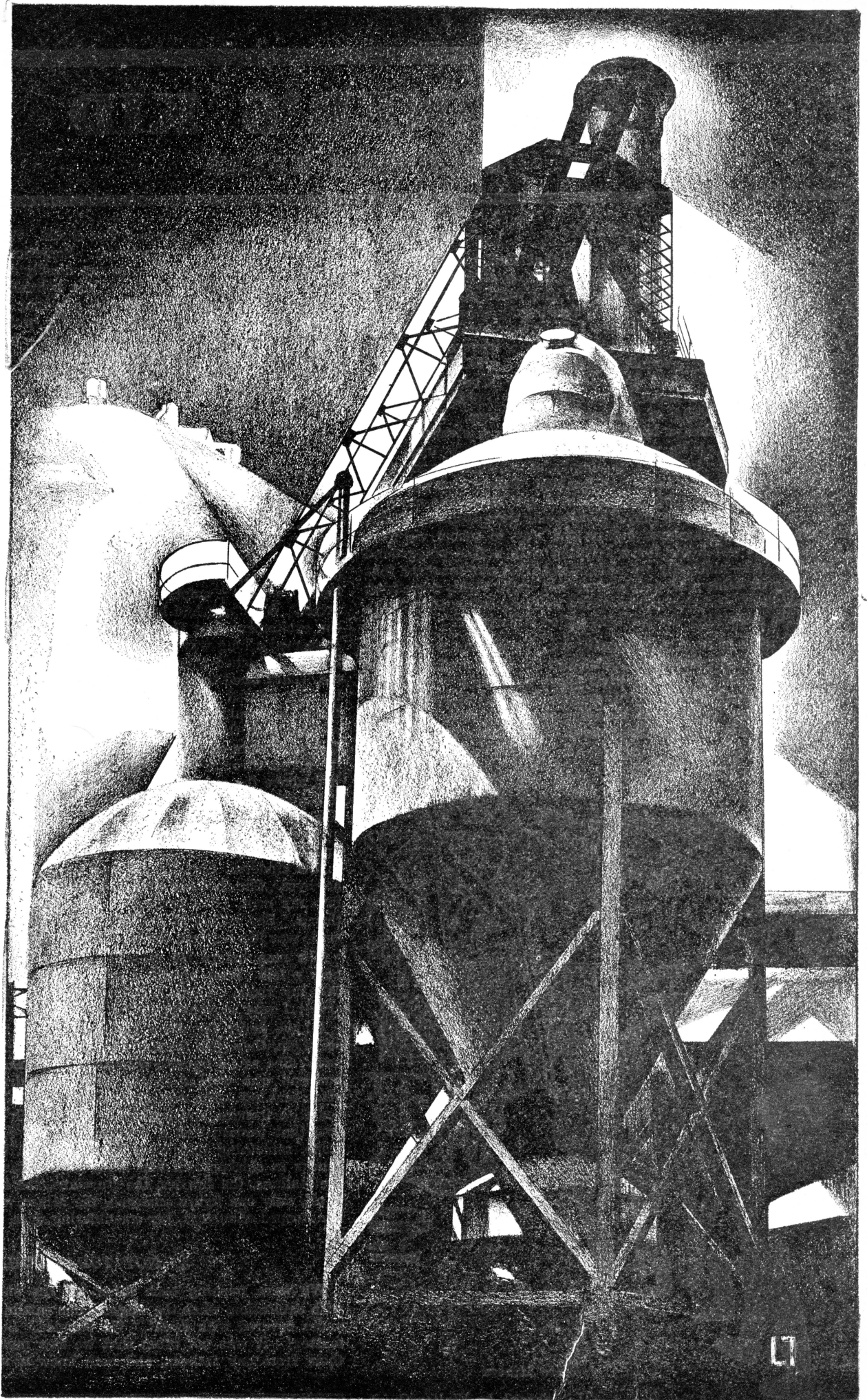
Drawn by Jacob Burck



**Industrial
Scenery —
New Jersey**

*Lithograph by
Louis Lozowick*





**Industrial
Scenery —
New Jersey**

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Louis Lozowick*



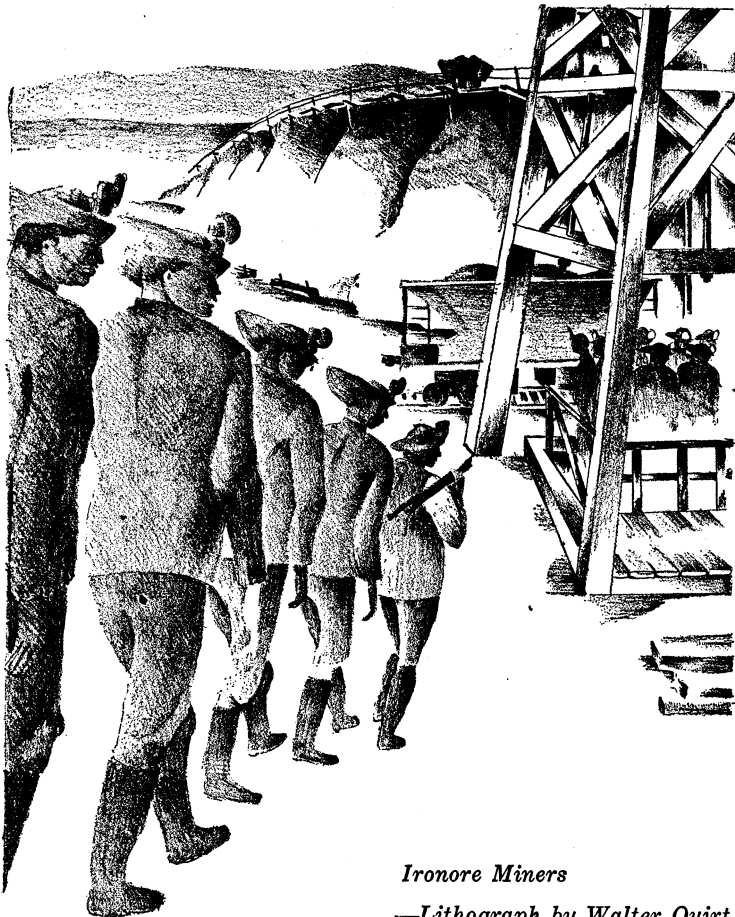
A MINER'S KID

By JOSEPH KALAR

1. CHALK

School was an adventure, something that took me away from home, out of chickentown and its shacks, into a different world, a different language, and a flag with red and white stripes which I was taught to love. I had a father, but hardly ever saw him in the morning, and seldom at night. I knew vaguely that in some way he had his share in the digging of the ironore piled into mountains of red on the ground, and young as I was, I understood quite well that he rode deep down into the earth on an elevator, and that he would come home for supper with his clothes smeared red and orange, smelling of dampness and ironore. He seemed strange, but kind—always he was thinking of us, stealing time-books for us in which he would draw pictures of the men with whom he worked, or bringing us chunks of strange ironore that looked like coal veined brilliantly with silver. School took me away from him. It seemed a long way to school, but there was much to look at, and many games to play. My friends were Italians, Finns, Austrians, Swedes, Russians, but on the way to school we were really one. We left home for a building with a fine playground and lots of sand—indirectly we understood from our teachers that in some way or other our people were not quite right, something to be ashamed of, and that school would make us better than them, make us into something the teachers called Americans.

The huge piles of ironore fascinated us. Very often we stopped on the sidewalk and gazed openmouthed at the little donkeyengines pushing small cars of ironore high above us; there would be a pause, the car would tilt forward, and an avalanche of red, yellow, and orange stones would come bounding down the steep slope. A few of the braver among us would sneak to the piles and pick small



Ironore Miners

—Lithograph by Walter Quirt

pieces of red ore. It made a fine chalk. We got free thick pencils at school, but we liked ore better. Sometimes the watchman would catch us, startle us, and as we ran nimbly away, would shout at us "Get the hell away from here, you bohunk bastards!" When we got to school we would waste a lot of paper drawing pictures of our uncles or fathers in a grotesque red. In a way, it was symbolic. Perhaps the very next day would bring our fathers home, crushed under ironore, their guts hanging bloodily over their trousertops, their whole bodies limply suggesting a caricature of the drawings we made at school. Ironore made our hands dirty, but it was a very good chalk.

2. A MINER'S WIFE

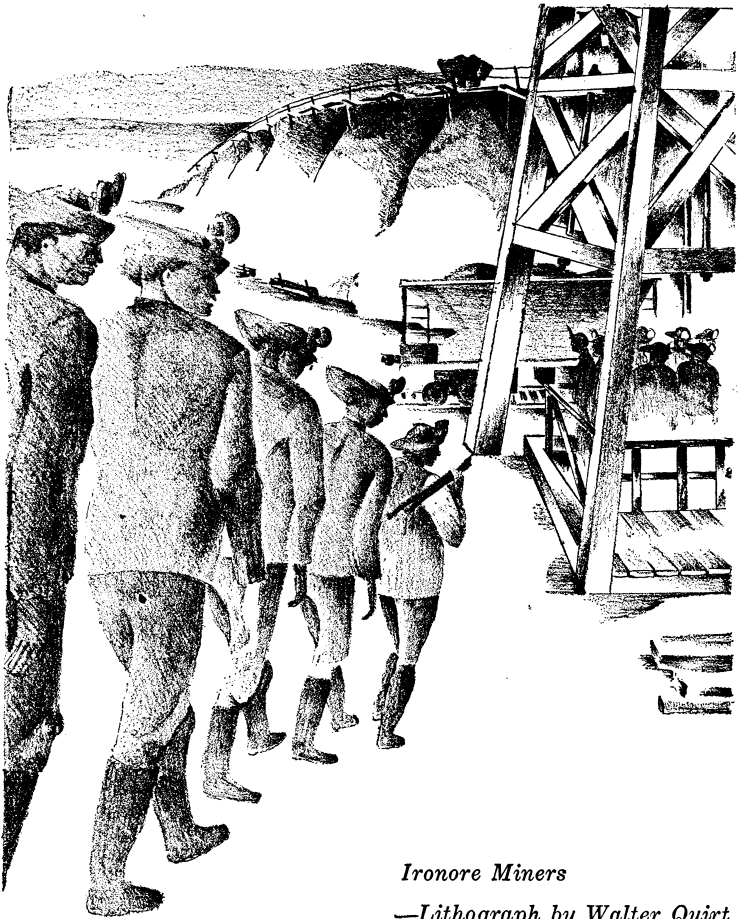
One fine afternoon, all the mothers in chickentown leaned on their picketfences in their kerchiefs, and talked rapidly and strangely. Men were running down the one crooked street toward the tracks. Kids followed. Pigeons fluttered in fright and did not coo. An ambulance hurtled down the street cutting the air like a knife with its sharp insistent siren. Our pigs squealed. A nervous oppressive fear unwound like thread from a spool, running from house to house, emptying people into front yards and into the street. A woman had been run over by a train! I trembled with the excitement that floated in the air, and nearly sobbed. I ran. It seemed a long way to the tracks and I was nearly out of breath before I reached them. A big crowd of people was there before me. They lined the fence that followed sewer creek and gazed widely with dilated eyes. I climbed the fence and braced myself on the wide shoulders of a man whose name I have forgotten. She was lying on the cinders, her face suddenly grown pale and drawn. Her eyes were closed, but one hand weakly grasped cinders to let them run through her fingers like sand. Her two legs were cut just above the ankles, one foot was lying near her hand, the other, still attached, was held only by a thin strip of skin. Blood welled like water from a spring. I could feel my heart pounding madly: my mouth had suddenly become dry. Warily her eyes opened and she stared unwaveringly at the sky. Her hand traced patterns in the cinders. She did not look at the people straining to catch her eyes. She shut her eyes and opened them again to look straight into my own. She smiled. I stared, fascinated, a lump in my throat. She looked at me, her eyes looked right through me, her smile was like a sob in the throat of a child.

The man before me crossed himself and moved so suddenly I nearly fell. I let myself down to the ground and ran home and into my room. There I fell on the bed and sobbed. It was so cruel; I was so young; and I could not understand.

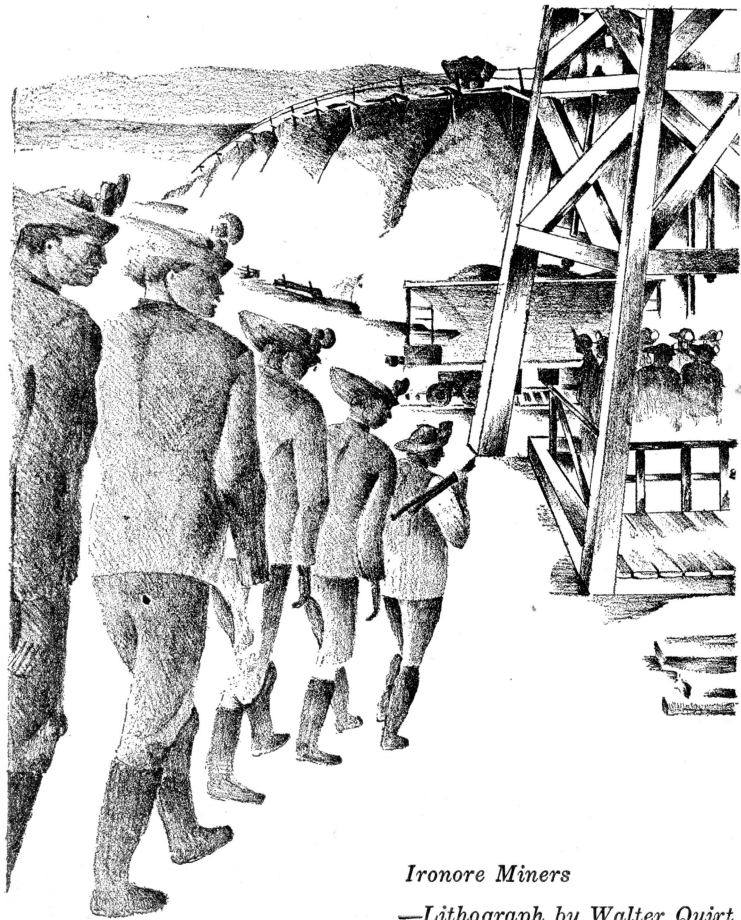
I have never forgotten her eyes nor her smile. Even today I see them, they give me courage, they help me to forget my loneliness. She was a miner's wife and poor. She was a bohunk with a husband who worked in the mines and drank heavily and very often beat her. She was a bohunk married to ironore. She got into bed with ironore, and ironore beat her with red fists. Suddenly I saw that ironore was a dragon, something more than inanimate stone, something that blew its pestilential breath into all of the shacks in chickentown and made as one the Slovenes, the Finns, the Italians, the Swedes, the Russians, the Serbs, and that out of it all, only one figure emerged, the *Miner*, with his ironore stink, his stooped shoulders, his smouldering eyes, and his hands. . .

3. NOT TODAY JOHN

We were pushing each other off the sidewalk and whooping with exultation, when the wagon came rattling by us, pulled by two mules covered with sweat. We stopped. Something must be the matter! It was not often that we saw mules: we only heard of them from our fathers, and both knew a miner who was called



Ironore Miners
—Lithograph by Walter Quirt



Ironore Miners
—Lithograph by Walter Quirt

"Mulish" John. But mules were as strange to us as fairytales. The mine with its complicated life, its explosions, and rats, and mules, and elevators, its sudden caveins, its terrible darkness, its toll in maimed lives, was as yet beyond our understanding. We came into contact with it only indirectly, our fathers brought the smell of it into the house, and we dimly understood that it was responsible for the days when no meat was on the table and cornmeal mush served for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The wagon and the mules: they were the *mine!* Breathlessly we looked. Two men were kneeling in the wagon, holding a third in their arms. The third man was groaning, his face drawn into a caricature of pain, his mouth working. The driver hit the mules on their rumps and they clumsily galloped away from us. We did not know what to think, we did not understand, but knew instinctively that it was again the mine that sat on red haunches like a Buddha dominating Eveleth with its red and orange excrement.

When we got home we understood. We had been sorry for the groaning man, but our fathers told us he was Wilson, the superintendent, and that it served the devil right! Wilson was a "white" man, an ominous symbol of power to the naive sentimental miners, as yet unable to distinguish between the individual and the Whole. An Italian had "got" him. This is the way it happened.

Day after day the Italian stood on the bridge over sewer creek waiting for Wilson. "Have you, maybe you have, job for me, hey?" he would ask.

"Not today, John," Wilson would say (all miners were John to him) "but tomorrow, for sure."

Day after day, not today, John, but tomorrow, for sure. And a worker in whom the yeast of hatred was fermenting, whose eyes smouldered with accumulated wrath, to whom Wilson was rapidly becoming a monster, symbol of all that was cruel in the world!

That day he had not cringed. He had waited until Wilson was on the bridge and barred his way. "Today, you give me job, hey?"

"Not today, John", Wilson began, but did not finish. The Italian pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired twice. My father said Wilson screamed like a drunken woman and would have fallen into sewer creek had not the railing of the bridge been just the right height.

They caught the Italian and brought him to jail. They locked him up and threw away the key. He was a wop. Wilson was a "white man". He didn't die. He had been shot in the legs. He limped for awhile and cursed at us as we followed him yowling like tomcats.

Not today, John, but tomorrow for sure. Finns, wops, bohunks, polacks, herringchokers, cousinjacks—not today, John, but tomorrow for sure.

4. DOG MEAT

I remember days when my mother would stand with hands on her hips, despair filming her eyes. Times were hard; I saw my father quite often, and many miners sat in their front yards reading *Glas Naroda*. Days limped by like starved bitches with tails between their legs; I had horrible nightmares of drowning in a huge cup of cornmeal mush; my mother was silent, and my father was gone everynight to the saloon and came home furtively late in the morning. Again the mine was to blame. The steamshovels were still, the donkeyengines did not puff anymore, and the rats became more numerous.

Finally my mother hit on an excellent idea. She called me to her one day and said, "Go up town and get some meat for the dog". I was puzzled. "But mother, we have no dog", I cried. "Never mind", she answered, "just do as I say. . . ."

I went up town to a butchershop and timidly asked for some meat for my dog. The butcher was a big fat man with a big black moustache—but he was kind, and smiled at me as he wrapped up the meat.

We had soup that day. My mother picked out the best pieces and threw away a few chunks that were turning black. The soup was very good and that night I prayed for the butcherman with the big black moustaches. We had soup very often after that. . .



Drawn by I. Klein.

What To Do With Coolidge—Put him in the Ford Museum of antiques.

Warriors No More

*How like a hill is the great communal house,
Color and stuff of earth! Built for the time
When alien Navajos harried the people of Taos
This was a fortress. No enemy could climb
Its buttresses, nor pierce its wall, nor rouse
Its sleeping women with flame. Impregnable hill—
The old men built it, the old women drouse
Upon its high, protected roof tops still.*

*No enemy could pierce it, yet it fell.
A fiercer conqueror than the Navajo,
With subtler medicine, imperial flag, church bell,
Ravaged this people. On the worn ladders go
The feet of warriors who know not war,
And women who bear warriors no more.*

MARGARET LARKIN.

Running Song

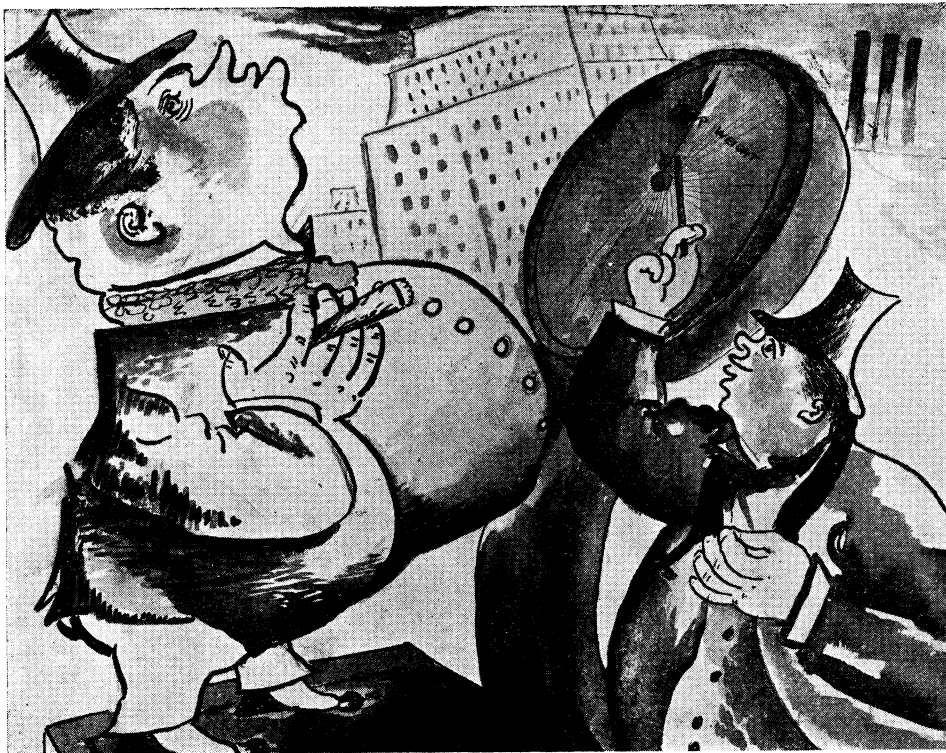
*At least the wind blows and is free
At least the electric locomotive sings
like a hummingbird
(though my toes are frozen and my hands are numb).
I have ridden blind baggage
taking the swelling rails
like the lope of a coyote
on a farflung desert plain.
Mountains rise up like imagery
of the blackfoot indians speaking of war
(who are peaceful, knowing only the elements
and strife for livelihood, poetry and being).
I am weary with clanging of bootleg mileage
but at night
At least the \$ signs are invisible,
blotting "god's" landscape.*

—NORMAN MACLEOD



Drawn by I. Klein.

What To Do With Coolidge—Put him in the Ford Museum of antiques.



—Drawn by Louis Rybak

FINANCIAL NEWS ITEM:—"After careful survey President Hoover announces that corporations are in good shape."

TWO PORTRAITS

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

BIG BILL

Big Bill Haywood

was born in 69 in a boardinghouse in Salt Lake City.

He was raised in Utah, got his schooling in Ophir a mining camp with shooting scrapes, faro Saturday nights, whiskey spilled on pokertables piled with new silver dollars.

When he was eleven his mother bound him out to a farmer, he ran away because the farmer lashed him with a whip. That was his first strike.

He lost an eye whittling a slingshot out of scruboak.

He worked for storekeepers, ran a fruitstand, ushered in the Salt Lake Theatre, was a messengerboy, bellhop at the Continental Hotel.

When he was fifteen

he went out to the mines in Humboldt County, Nevada,

his outfit was overalls, a jumper, a blue shirt, mining boots, two pair of blankets, a set of chessmen, boxinggloves and a big lunch of plum pudding his mother fixed for him.

When he married he went to live in Fort McDermitt built in the old days against the Indians, abandoned now that there was no more frontier;

There his wife bore their first baby without doctor or midwife. Bill cut the navel string, Bill buried the afterbirth, the child lived. Bill earned money as he could surveying, haying in Paradise Valley, breaking colts, riding a wide rangy country.

One night at Thompson's Mill a strange thing happened, he was one of five men who met by chance and stopped the night in the abandoned ranch. Each of them had lost an eye, they were the only oneeyed men in the county.

They lost the homestead, things went to pieces, his wife was sick, he had children to support. He went to work as a miner at Silver City.

At Silver City, Idaho, he joined the W.F.M., there he held his

first union office; he was delegate to the Silver City miners to the convention of the Western Federation of Miners held in Salt Lake City in '98.

From then on he was an organizer, a speaker, an exhorter, the wants of all the miners were his wants, he fought Coeur D'Alenes, Telluride, Cripple Creek.

Joined the Socialist Party, wrote and spoke through Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Montana, Colorado to miners striking for an eight hour day, better living, a share of the wealth they hacked out of the hills.

In Chicago in January 1905 a conference was called that met at the same hall in Lake Street where the Chicago anarchists had addressed meetings twenty years before.

William D. Haywood was permanent chairman. It was this conference that wrote the manifesto that brought into being the I. W. W.

When he got back to Denver he was kidnapped to Idaho and tried with Moyer and Pettibone for the murder of the shepherd-er Steuenberg, exgovernor of Idaho, blown up by a bomb in his own home.

When they were acquitted at Boise (Dar- row was their lawyer) Big Bill Haywood was known as a workingclass leader from coast to coast.

Now the wants of all the workers were his wants, he was the spokesman of the West, of the cowboys and the lumberjacks and the harvesthands and the miners.

(the steamdrill had thrown thousands of miners out of work; the steamdrill had thrown a scare into all the miners of the west).

The W. F. M. was going conservative. Haywood worked with the I.W.W. *Building a new society in the shell of the old* campaigned for Debs for President in 1908 on the Red Special. He was in on all the big strikes in the east where revolutionary spirit was growing, Lawrence, Patterson, the strike of the Minnesota ironworkers.

They went over with the A.E.F. to save the Morgan loans, to save Wilsonian Democracy, they stood at Napoleon's tomb and dreamed empire, they had champagne cocktails at the Ritz bar and slept with Russian Countesses in Montmartre and dreamed empire, all over the country at American legion posts and business men's luncheons it was worth money to make the eagle scream.

they lynched the pacifists and the proGermans and the wobblies and the reds and the bolsheviks.

Bill Haywood stood trial with the hundred and one at Chicago where Judge Landis the baseball czar

with the lack of formality of a traffic court

handed out his twenty year sentences and thirtythousand dollar fines.

After two years in Leavenworth they let them bail out Big Bill, (he was fifty years old a heavy broken man), the war was over but they'd learned empire in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

The courts refused a new trial

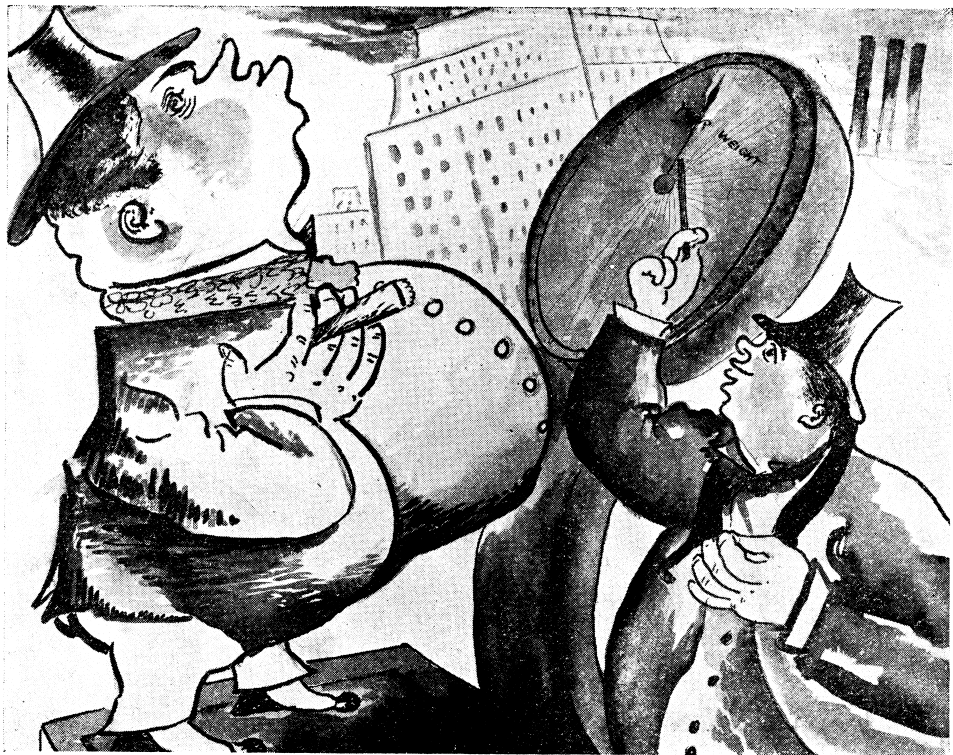
It was up to Haywood to jump his bail or to go back to prison for twenty years.

He was sick with diabetes, he had had a rough life, prison had broken down his health. Russia was a worker's republic; he went to Russia and was in Moscow a couple of years and died there and they burned his big broken hulk of a body and buried the ashes under the Kremlin wall.

PRINCE OF PEACE

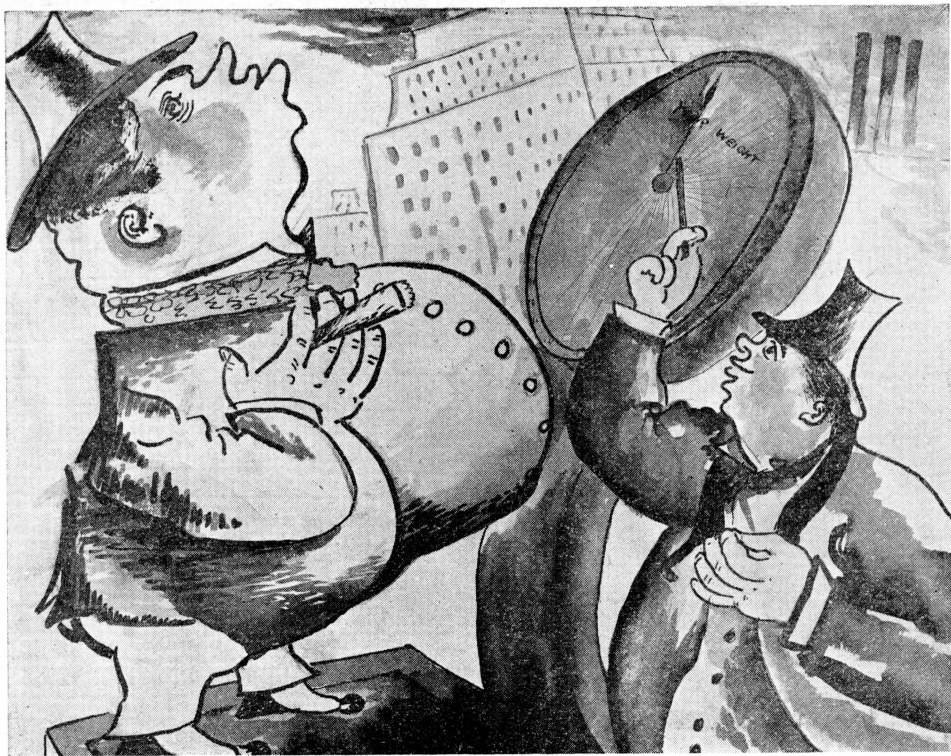
Andrew Carnegie

was born in Dumferline in Scotland came over to the States in an immigrant ship worked as bobinboy in a textile factory fired boilers



—Drawn by Louis Rybak

FINANCIAL NEWS ITEM:—“After careful survey President Hoover announces that corporations are in good shape.”



—Drawn by Louis Rybak

FINANCIAL NEWS ITEM:—“After careful survey President Hoover announces that corporations are in good shape.”

clerked in a bobbin factory at \$2.50 a week
 ran round Philadelphia with telegrams as a Western Union Messenger

learned the Morse code was telegraph operator on the Pensy lines

was a military telegraph operator in the Civil War and
 always saved his pay
 whenever he had a dollar he invested it.

Andrew Carnegie started out buying Adams Express and Pullman stock when they were in a slump

he had confidence in railroads
 he had confidence in communications
 he had confidence in transportation
 he believed in iron

Andrew Carnegie believed in iron built bridges Bessemer plants
 blast furnaces rolling mills

Andrew Carnegie believed in oil
 Andrew Carnegie believed in steel
 always saved his money
 whenever he had a million dollars he invested it
 Andrew Carnegie became the richest man in the world
 and died

Bessemer Duquesne Rankin Pittsburgh Bethlehem Gary
 Andrew Carnegie saved millions for peace
 and libraries and scientific institutes and endowments and thrift
 whenever he made a billion dollars he endowed an institution
 to promote universal peace
 always
 always
 except in time of war.

**Ramsay,
 the trusted Chauffeur, drives the
 King to the
 Conference**

Drawn by Wm. Gropper

"If from the ranks of our working class there could arise a Hungarian MacDonald, a Henderson or a Snowden, men of culture, knowledge, wise outlook and stable character, men at one with the nation in all our national sorrows, men filled with patriotic sentiment and determination, like these leaders of the English working class, then one need have no qualms in letting such men take part in the government."

—Admiral Horthy, Fascist Dictator of Hungary.



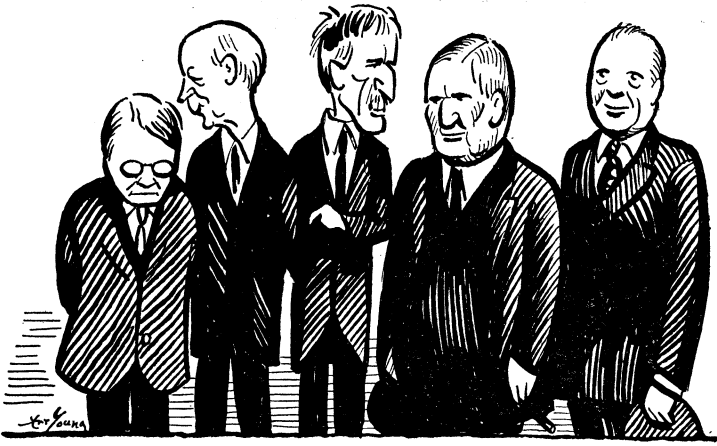
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Morrow, Adams, Stimson, Robinson, Reed.

Drawn by Art Young.

The American delegates to the Armament Conference, Limited.

ART YOUNG at the London Naval Conference

The NEW MASSES has received the following letter from its representative at the Armament Reduction Conference in London. It was written before the Grand Opening and therefore lacks accuracy in some details, but in the main it describes the present as well as other conferences of the kind held since the world war.—Editor.

LONDON—January 13—The Conference opened with a prayer, the same prayer used at the seventeen (or is it eighteen) other post-war parleys to discuss ways and means for limiting armaments and paving the way for permanent peace. O Lord! let this dignified and solemn conclave of righteous men bring peace to a war-weary world, etc. etc. etc.—Then King George himself endorses the meeting over the radio—solemnly uttering a few words, well chosen by somebody else.

It is rumored that Premier MacDonald will speak on peace at the evening session. A woman in the rear of the audience announces that she represents a Peace Party in the United States and wants to read a poem on peace.

Another woman tosses a white dove into the air. It sails over the assemblage and out of the window. The woman looks satisfied.

One delegate, who doesn't want to be quoted, tells me he has figured it out in dollars and cents and is convinced that war doesn't pay. If it did, he says he would be for it. Your correspondent can give only a general outline of the subjects to be discussed, parleyed, belabored and mooted.

The question of cruisers will be discussed at length—especially the length of the guns—and the length of time allowed backward nations before they decide to give up, in twenty-four hours or even sooner.

A cruiser is the cop of the sea. It's the big behaveboat. Behave or we'll blow you to hell.

Most important will be the debate: "When to stop building cruisers?" It is understood that the American delegates will insist on having as many as England has already built. This will precipitate an endless argument on the tariff, politics, commerce, parity—freedom of the seas and wind on the stomach.

The question of parity alone will take fully a week of earnest and laborious thinking. There is talk in the air of parity that is proportional and graduated. Sliding scale parity is preferred by some of the delegates:

I talked with a man high in the British Government Service, who has been thinking hard on this question of parity. He carries a map of the world with him that is all charted with convincing evidence that parity wont work.

"Parity nonsense!" he said to me, as we sat in the corridor of the Hotel Regent: "Look at the Orkney Islands!" said he pointing

to his map. "Got only one boat with an old machine gun on it—and there's Helligoland with good boats! Parity! Then there's Navesink, New Jersey in your own States."

"Yes," I said, "That's right"—Just then his wife stepped up and said it was time for him to go to bed.

The best minds of World Capitalism are anxious, tearfully anxious, to know if there is any way to save themselves during a wholesale chemical bombardment of the cities.

This discussion will take place mostly in secret.

Men of science will be consulted and implored to do something toward making safe those who are most fit to survive:—the capitalist. How else can another civilization get started if the capitalists are destroyed.

Some of the delegates frankly admit that laws to govern a war in the sky will not be observed.—Still they want some of the good old courtesies of legitimate combat restored. Above all they want the residential places of the best people made forbidden territory to a fleet of bombing airplanes. These commercialists are well satisfied with the experiments so far made with tear-gas in putting down strikers and upraisings of the workers—but they feel that its use may become wayward, lawless and dangerous to themselves.

The annihilating gases—phosgene, chlorine, mustard and prussic acid gas—are the principle concern of this conclave of the best minds from five nations of the world. It is plain that they want to make some concessions to the ethical and spiritual concept of humane and Christian warfare—that spirit so much invoked during the world-war.

In conversation with one of the chemical scientists of the conference he said he could produce a deadly gas, having a slight odor of peppermint—making it easier to breathe—but beyond that—he could not vouchsafe humane improvements.

In the manufacture of irritant or asphixiating gases, the conference will no doubt come to a dead-lock. But gases, will be discussed again at the next conference, which it is predicted will assemble only a few months after the present one has adjourned.

There is an humble looking man hanging around the press headquarters of the conference (Guess who it is?—Ed.) He has a policy of his own—a crudely expressed and inadequate program that he calls "Toward Peace"—Here are a few paragraphs copied from the first page of his pamphlet.

"Every nation with a navy ought to destroy three cruisers a year instead of building more.

Every tariff ought to be abolished.

Nations based on the capitalist-system are anti-social—they breed war." Down with them!

The delegates are the wise-men, this humble, ragged outsider is just "queer."

The queerer they are the wiser they seem to me.

ART YOUNG

INCIDENT IN A MINE TOWN

Yes, they'll bring up all the bodies eventually.

You can trust them: no efforts will be spared; every leg and arm will be recovered.

Each corpse will be pieced together as nearly as possible.

All the facilities of the morgue will be put at the disposal of the relatives and friends.

The company is doing all it can in the trying situation.

The president was deeply shaken when he heard the news.

Accidents will happen. Everybody takes a risk.

The board of directors has ordered a huge floral wreath for the funeral with a black-bordered card to be inscribed with an appropriate sentiment.

It will lend a touch of dignity to what might otherwise be a drab procession.

The president himself is in personal charge of all the arrangements.

The company has announced: the public will not suffer.

The mine will be set going again in the shortest possible time.

It will involve heavy expenses, but all efforts will be made to keep prices at a reasonable level.

* * *

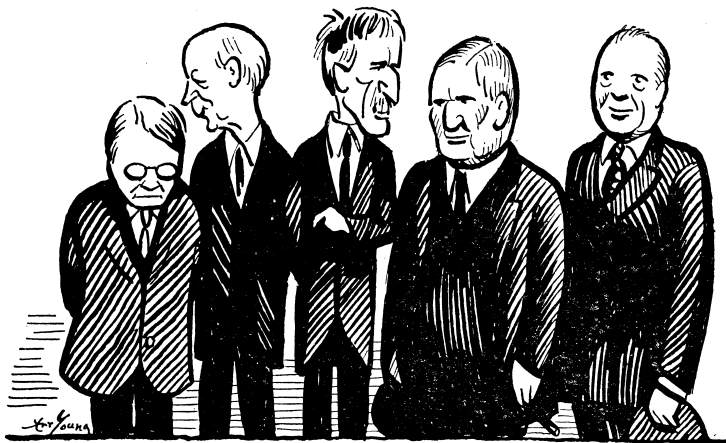
Fifty-nine miners are dead in Oklahoma.

Death is a word. Death is not thinking or feeling any more. Death is something that happens at the bottom of a mineshaft.

Fifty-nine miners are dead in Oklahoma.

In Illinois 10,000 are striking for life.

A. B. MAGIL.



Morrow, Adams, Stimson, Robinson, Reed.

Drawn by Art Young.

The American delegates to the Armament Conference, Limited.



The Dishwasher—Drawn by Wm. Gropper.



STEEL — By ED FALKOWSKI

Uerdingen am Rhein—That patch of deep red quivering against the night sky is the Becker Stahlwerk by night. The ores, cooked inside the belly of its oven, have at last yielded their metal which pours in a hissing stream of hot gold into sandforms prepared for it. This happens every two and one half hours punctually, night and day. One can set one's clock by the "gush" which reddens the heavens with its glow, and throws paths of glittering rubies over the Rhine river flowing at its side.

The oven yields 14,000 tons each month. A few years ago it gave but half of this amount, but rationalization has been the magician here. One time a furnace was attended by 60 men. Only 30 are employed now on each shift, while the monthly output has been doubled.

In the entire steel plant 2170 men found jobs three years ago. Today scarcely 900 are employed, and of this comparative handful, compulsory holidays make further reductions.

The company has built a canteen for the men. It is famous for its generous glasses of beer, and cheap meals. But recent days have introduced stormy scenes into the canteen which the men use for protest meetings. Tired men sit before glasses of cool beer, too fatigued to make angry speeches. But the bitterness is all there, and when the Betriebs Rat announces the failure of his negotiations with the company, a grand hoot greets his explanations.

The meeting disperses amid general grumbling. The trouble is that at no time can the entire force meet: One shift is always at work, another in bed, leaving each shift shouting in a series of unsatisfactory meetings, wondering what "the other shift" thinks. For the furnaces must never go cold.

Red glows still illumine the late November skies of the Lower Rhine. One sees the flame, and knows the steel is hot. Not only inside the furnace, but inside the men who watch it.

RHYMES FOR CONTENTED WORKERS

Drawings by -- H. H. Knight
Verses by -- Canby Dunn

You're Indispensable

When you're chained to a desk after punching the pesky mechanical time-clock that won't make mistakes, And all morning you're busy deciphering dizzy production reports till your vacuum aches; And you've rushed out to lunch herded up with a bunch of contented co-workers who eat on the run, and you're on the job with a gulp and a sob and your jaws haven't stopped ere your work has begun with some dumb correspondence, invoices and bills; and you ball up the cost-sheets a-looking for lost sheets —you cannot relax as you've smoked all your "pills": When you face the Big Boss to account for a loss, and he says "We must stop this appalling disgrace," You could almost have kissed him for starting a system that puts every dammed little thing in its place. How your gratitude shakes you as soon as he makes you Assistant Director of one little job: The Czar of Addition—the Head of Division— distributing titles to every poor slob. You're indispensable now that your sensible chief has discovered your work to the firm: With ego inflated you eat up the hated (no longer) routine like fish at a worm. The scheme's pretty clever, for faster than ever You work till you haven't the leisure to hope That you'll still be alive if the time should arrive When they'll jack up not you but your pay envelope.

Bum! Bum! Bum!

*Bum! Bum! Bum!
Our conquering heroes come!
For smothering reason
And covering treason
There's nothing like beating a drum.
Boom! Boom! Boom!
You're invited to go to your doom
To protect our legations
In mutinous nations:
—We'll put a tin wreath
on your tomb.
Thump! Thump! Thump!
Their government's running a dump:
We'll nobly police it
Finance it and lease it
As long as a Lewis will pump.
Bam! Bam! Bam!
We're as spotless and mild
as a lamb:
Though reluctant to fight
We are sure we are right
For the Lord is on our side, Goddam!*

CANBY DUNN,







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CANBY DUNN.



The SHADOW on the MILL

By MARTIN RUSSAK

We live in the shadow of a fear. From youth to age no worker can escape the shadow of this fear. Under it life becomes precarious, happiness seems a momentary loan, and the very solidity of the life-giving mills assumes the proportions of dream.

This fear is the fear of unemployment. Over the complacency of long-standing labor it casts a chilling shadow. Like a remorseless spectre it pursues every worker, driving him unremittingly along the tether of toil, and robbing him of each successive meagre base upon which he endeavors to build his life. No man, however skilled and serviceable he be, is exempt from the spectre.

From the mills come all things: food, clothing, shelter; strength and fortune. The amplitudes of love and freedom are grants of possibility from the mills. Life itself and all the sinews of life are rewards of labor that men are permitted to perform. When that permission is withheld the channels of existence disappear.

A mill is a strange prison. The workers, who go and come at the command of the mill-whistles, often think they are free. The delusion of release that arises from passing out of a mill-gate after the day's toil is a strong delusion to tired eyes. A mill imprisons more effectively and more terribly than any stone walls and iron bars.

Incarceration in the mills is not the outcome of crime and conviction. It is the natural state of masses of humanity. It is the natural state of the workers. It is the condition of all who are born into the class of workers in a world where masters possess the mills and the looms in the mills and therefore the workers, whom bread—sometimes known as fate—has fastened to the mills with perdurable chains.

For a mill is not merely a place of manufacture. A mill is above all a place where workers and all their generations are made slaves to the will of the masters and overlords for continued masterhood and overlordship. This is why a mill is more effective than an actual prison. It does not simply confine. It makes slaves of its victims. It makes slaves that breed fresh ranks of slaves.

Much more than the master's wealth and power is manufactured by the workers in a mill. Dark and poisonous by-products, the creation of prisons, are generated by every turn of a wheel. Hunger and fear cruelty and violence, drive them to the mills every morning, keep them at work, dictate their moods and thoughts. Desperate men and women, this silent horde that throngs in and out of the mill-gates! There is nothing soft and refined in these lives. Each one is stripped to the fundamental brutality of primitive needs and governed by the ruthless passions of self-preservation.

In the darkness before dawn only the homeless wind will be abroad in the frozen street. All night he has prowled, sleepless, shuddering snow and growling, all night, in the alleys of the town. Behind the thin walls of their tenements the workers begrudgingly awake. In the windows lights blink weakly. For a short while the streets hum with the bustle of many hurrying feet. Then a mill whistle bellows hoarsely and balefully; the great chorus of a hundred mill-whistles fills the air; and at once the streets are still and empty in the glittering sunlight of earliest morning.

Nor, obscure behind the looms and machines, do they receive the dead peace of stupefying toil. Those mills are haunted by spectres. Nothing is secure—neither health, youth, strength, nor the heavy moments of work. And over the mills, over the whole town, broods eternally the dread spectre of unemployment, driving a chill into every worker's heart, and casting over each act and motion of life the shadow of death itself.

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MOVIES

By
EMJO BASSHE

Fragment of An Empire—A Sovkino Production. Distributed in the U. S. A. by the Amkino Corporation. Director: Frederick Ermler. Scenario: M. Vinogradsky and F. Ermler. Photography: Evgeni Eney. At the Cameo Theatre.

Within the last twelve years the Soviet Union has produced many films of all varieties. It has done this in spite of the fact that the market for Soviet films has been limited . . . limited because every government agency shakes to its foundations whenever it hears the word Soviet. These films are either censored or banned completely. Whereas any picture made in this glorious land of the free and the brave has as its market the whole world (with American consuls as sales agents), the Soviet films have to be satisfied with little theatres in large cities where there is certain to be a large enough public for them or slumber in a storage vault.

And yet the Soviet Union keeps on making films which by their sheer power of imagination, beauty, grandeur and understanding mankind best whatever any other country has done in the same or in a longer period of time. If this sounds like a sales talk all the better. If this sounds like chauvinism . . . well I've seen several films made in Hollywood . . . and the least said about them the better.

Fragment of an Empire shows that the cinema artists of the Soviet Union are never satisfied with just one technique, with one theme or a single triumph. They keep on experimenting, creating, discovering. The acting, the direction, the lighting and the whole production shows the tremendous progress that is being made over there.

Unlike most Soviet films where the mass predominates this is a story of an individual . . . versus the story of war and the Revolution. War. Worker against worker. Uniformed Russian worker against uniformed German worker. Staff Headquarters, vodka and a group of Russian Junker-officers. Schnapps and a group of German-Junkers. The battlefield is quiet. Lull in murder. A notion. A whim. The Junkers from both camps think as one: (when it comes to the shedding of Workers blood they are always as one): wouldn't it be nice if:—a Russian and a German soldier were to meet in the middle of "No Man's Land" and fight it out as the knights of old did? How about it? Let's have some fun. Bayonet to bayonet. One shaped this way; the other a little differently. Then remember your training. Shove it in with one thrust then pull it out quickly. If it does not come out turn it to the left then to the right and then pull out centre. Fun for us at last. More vodka. More Schnapps. Bosje Czara Chrani. Deutschland Uber Alles.

But the soldiers refuse to kill each other. War is not vaudeville, gentlemen. This is not our turn. They fraternize. The officers are aghast. Cannons are levelled against them. The earth heaves. The German worker soldier is killed, the Russian worker is stunned.

The story of the dead is the story of the past. This is a story of an individual and the future. Our worker loses his memory. His past becomes a blank. The present is the past standing still. For his mind now is the mind of a child. The was is over. Revolution. Russia is the Soviet Union. But our worker is hidden away in a little railroad town doing odd jobs at the station. Trains come in. He peers through the windows: The face of a woman—familiar—perhaps his wife. But he is a child now. Some one throws an empty cigarette box on the floor. He picks it up and forgets the woman. But before he put on a uniform he was a worker. His hands are



Musical clown—Lithograph by A. Z. Kruse

THEATRE

By
HAROLD HICKERSON

searching always. A spool of cotton. A sewing machine: thus he begins to reassemble the past thread by thread. The war cross . . . the German soldier . . . a skirmish . . . dead soldiers whiteguardists . . . and time passes.

Little by little he reshapes his past and begins to function anew. Moscow. Not the same Moscow he left—a new world. Friendly people: his own. Life and spirit everywhere. He tries to adjust himself but at first finds it difficult. He is working in a textile mill . . . suddenly he demands to see the "owner." The workers are kind to this Rip Van Winkle and the story of the Revolution is told to him. Not in words but in cinema language. Machines of iron and steel in toil, in all shapes and forms straining in perfect rhythm, flowing in motion bodies entwined for a moment sculptor-
esque before them. Smoke and sweat, boiler rooms, factories, oil, wheels, screaming whistles. Machines parts of them elbows hands feet of machines girders rising to a new sky and always over and above them the master of the machine is outlined strong and perfect in quiet control of everything: the worker.

Understanding dawns upon the worker who lost his memory and he becomes part and parcel of the new life.

Whoever sees the picture cannot fail to understand.

EMJO BASSHE.

The Theatre Guild in presenting the Guild Studio in *Red Rust*, by V. Kirchon and A. Ouspensky, at the Martin Beck Theatre, paused long enough in its quest of dramatic material, to produce a play quite different from the sex phantasies and pseudo-scientific anti-machine dramas that have graced its prospering stage these last half dozen years. True, the burden of this venture was thrown upon the junior organization. Why? Was it because the parent organization was afraid of violating the holy canons of Art?

Indeed, despite the general excellence and fervor of the production, the influence of diletantism is already discernable. It is indicated by a shifting of emphasis from the all important political significance of the drama, to its not so important sex problem. Furthermore, the intent of the play is marred not only by the injection of faulty symbols but by the omission of an entire scene. It may be of interest to note here that the title *Red Rust* is, whether wilfully or not, a misrepresentation. In a letter written by Ouspensky to *Monde*, he has the following to say:

"It is fortunate that in Paris this drama carries its correct title, *La Rouille* (Rust). It is actually played in Germany under the title *Roter Rost*, (Red Rust). An entirely false meaning! In London, it was entitled, *Red Rust*. We protested, but in vain."

Red Rust suggests rust that has formed upon the body of Russia as a result of the Revolution. *Rust* without qualification, undoubtedly means the corruption of old Russia which the Revolution inherited.

The play as given at the Martin Beck is in three acts and nine scenes. The action revolves around a simple triangle theme, melodramatically treated.

In its fabric there is humor, satire and pathos, but above all, there is such an exhilarating clash of wills at grips with social problems that the triteness of the story is overlooked. Footlights are annihilated. One is drawn by a centripetal force into a seething maelstrom of debate. In this respect it bears a resemblance to *Lower Depths*, with this difference, that in *Rust* men and women are fighting in the open against doubt and corruption, a mass emerging from the social pollution of centuries; whereas in Gor-



Musical clown—Lithograph by A. Z. Kruse



Musical clown—Lithograph by A. Z. Kruse

ki's play, they are submerged in that pollution, futilely remonstrating against a hopeless fate.

If one wishes to consider the characters in a play as symbols, and I believe this to be the correct method of approach to social dramas at least, the significance of the protagonists in *Rust* is not difficult to comprehend. Nina is Russia; Terekhine is bureaucracy, abuse of power, and corruption; Feodor is the new force, unleashed in Russia, making for socialization, and the elimination of corruption.

One of the gentlemen who writes reviews for a capitalist paper, saw in *Rust* young Russians confused after their disappointment in the Revolution's not ushering in the millenium. What a distortion! When the play was written, several years ago, the Communists of Russia were confronted with this question—shall we go forward or shall we sacrifice our Revolution upon the altar of lethargy, doubt and defeatism? There could be but one answer. *Rust* gives that answer. It reflects the struggle of that period and proves the necessity for the new advance. In doing this the authors spare no one. If a play written in this country contained an equal amount of criticism of American institutions, it certainly would not reach Boston or Detroit.

It is to be considered as a propaganda play. The authors did not present both sides of the argument "fairly" as another critic put it. There was only one side to take and they took it. A poet in the drama says "We are lice crawling upon Russia." A well chosen metaphor! But the lice were bourgeois lice and the Revolution and the building up of Communism a delousing process.

Herbert J. Biberman, who played Terkine, appeared in the dual role of actor and director. Both tasks he performed equally well. He was supported by a cast of swashbuckling young rough-necks whose enthusiastic acting was refreshing to one accustomed to the pallor of most Broadway productions. Franchot Tone as Feodor; Ruth Chorpenning as a peasant woman; Lee Strasberg as "Pimples" a comic; and Luther Adler as a student, were outstanding.

Now for some of the false notes. In the second act, there is a procession of peasants carrying sacks of grain while the action is taking place in the students room. These peasants are represented as beasts of burden, an altogether unnecessary accent. But I suppose it is good theatre. Again, there is a scene laid in the Red Square in Moscow. Terekhine is leading a group of workers who are garbed in uniforms for all the world like those worn by our own subway guards. They appear on the stage in single file like mechanical dolls, to pay homage to Lenin in his tomb. This tomb, by the way, which is visible throughout the course of the play, casts an ominous shadow upon the action, a device not used in the original presentation in Moscow. It seemed to signify that now the leader is dead, the cause is lost.

The omission referred to earlier is a restaurant scene in which immediately, in the eyes of a Soviet audience, stamps him a rascal. This omission was somewhat atoned for, by ending the play with the singing of the *International*, also absent from the Moscow production.

HAROLD HICKERSON.

The Actors

Revolt of the Actors, by Alfred Harding. William Morrow and Co. \$3.50

Not so very long ago actors were considered as so much dirt and theatrical managers took their turns in kicking them about—as is always the case when workers are unorganized. When you remember that such types as William Brady, the Harris', the Shuberts and other graduates of the pugilistic or real estate market were amongst the managers you do not have to use all of your imagination to picture the situation that prevailed at that time.

Some of the conditions under which the actors worked would do credit to the Southern mill owners. They were hired and fired at will. They rehearsed five, ten, twenty weeks and even longer without pay and often played a few nights. (One actor rehearsed fifty seven weeks and played twenty two!) Salaries were paid

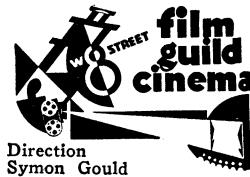
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"RED RUST"

by Kirchon & Ouspensky

Translated by Frank and Virginia Vernon

"An absorbing human document... Here is dark and chaotic and fascinating ground... one of the Guild's most interesting experiments." —Robert Littell, *World*.

"'Red Rust' must interest you... I grew excited... a bitter, hoarsely melodramatic tragedy of a world daubed in red... drama reduced to its harshest elements... I found myself fighting it... and then being grateful for the sweat and bruises. It is the first play since 'Processional' that has warmed the last flakes of red in my veins." —Gilbert Gabriel, *American*

"'Red Rust' is one of the most vivid and authentic social documents that has come out of Russia." —John Mason Brown, *Post*

"One of the most interesting plays now to be seen in the city's theatres." —Richard Lockridge, *Sun*

MARTIN BECK THEATRE

Evenings 8:40—Matinees Thursday & Saturday at 2:40

sometimes—when the managers got around to it. Backstage conditions were worse than terrible. Dressing rooms were poorly heated, badly lit, there was no water, no closet space, no air. (Papa Capitalist Government was around to look things over O yes! A theatre manager and a Public Health officer were found to be one and the same person!)

Then came a rumbling . . . louder and louder . . . and finally the Actors Strike.

The Revolt of the Actors by Alfred Harding tells the whole story of these revolting actors before, during and after the strike. The prettiest strike in history it was called and it certainly was one of the most dramatic—as it should have been—with all its elements of comedy, tragedy and farce. The managers and some of the actors too raised the cry of treason. They shouted about "Art" and the dignity of the profession. Think of it: actors striking just like common working men! The glorious traditions of the theatre thrown to the gutter! They threatened to leave the theatre. Cohan was going to take a job as an elevator boy. Sam Harris voiced the general feeling of the managers when he said: "We're going to open again but we'll take our time about it." While the pope of all that's tawdry and cheap on Broadway none other than the darling of the college professors Rev. David Belasco uttered this very Biblical phrase: "If necessary we will starve the actors out."

But the strike went on just the same. Chorus girls, leading men, stars, "matinee idols" and just plain actors fought on like veterans. New York, Boston, Chicago wherever there was a theatre the fight was on. The usual traitors appeared, the dainty and easily bruised hams who profited through their close association with the managers at the expense of the rank and file of the theatrical profession; the legally minded thespians who suddenly remembered that actors must abide by contracts made at the mercy of the managers. But these desertions meant nothing and were swept aside by the remarkable demonstration on the part of the great mass of actors who had made up their minds to fight and fight to win.

And as everybody knows they did win. And the theatre was not destroyed but profited by it. And Cohan is not running an elevator. And the actors were not starved out—the managers were. And the managers did not take their time about reopening the theatres—in fact they were in a great hurry to do so.

But now Equity is in a graver position than it has been since the strike. Although it has built up a fine organization and a steady membership the movies and the talkies are working havoc with all its plans for the future. They are permitting the film magnates to entrench themselves while Equity is kindergartening at the A. F. of L.—a school where misleaders of labor find every opportunity to exercise their intimitable theories of defeatism.

The Revolt of the Actors is as fascinating as any good book of fiction. The many reference notes and indexes never disturb the flow of the narrative and the style is excellent journalism plus a keen understanding of the theatre and its problems.

EMJO BASSHE.

Cheri, by Colette, Charles and Albert Boni. \$2.50.

This affair heaves up a story about a half dozen tarts aged from seventy-two (no kidding) down to the heroine who is forty nine, has a fortune, servants and "a jovial belly". The hero is a gigolo worth his weight in horse-radish or poison ivy. What they do with and to this great man is put down without benefit of humor, decency or talent.

The value of this opus is about five cents—as paper. If the methodists or baptists of Boston or (Little Old) New York suppress it its value will go right up and the six hundred thousand booksellers of the country will make some extra money for the collection box which in turn will raise the value of . . . glory be to*** (censored by the editor).

ALBERT GILMAN.

New Masses Complete Sets

We still have on hand a few sets of the NEW MASSES attractively bound. First two years, (May 1926-April 1928) — \$7.50

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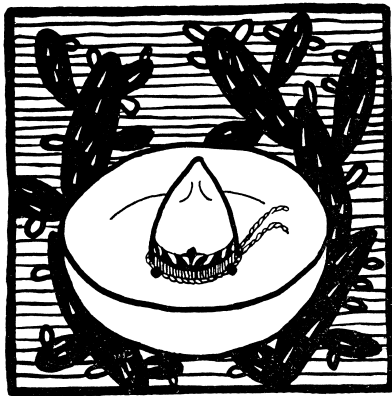
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BOOKS

REVIEWED BY:

Scott Nearing

Bernard Smith

Bennett Stevens

Kenneth Fearing

Lies and Hate In Education—by Mark Starr. Hogarth Press (London) \$ 1.25

The New Education In The Soviet Republic—by Albert P. Pinkevitch—The John Day Co. \$ 4.00

The New Education In The German Republic—by Thos. Alexander & Beryl Parker—The John Day Co. \$4.00

Schools have become one of the most powerful agencies in the direction of public thought. A few years ago, only the children of the ruling classes went to school. Even to-day, in many parts of the world, book learning is the right of the rulers, but in the centres of industry and trade literacy is in great demand, and there the children of the masses are schooled.

Schooled For What?

The answer depends upon the character of the ruling class. Capitalists use the schools to make efficient, obedient, useful workers and soldiers. Organized workers and farmers use the schools to liberate the bodies of their children.

All members of teachers' unions, should put on their shopping lists Mark Starr's *Lies and Hate in Education*. Never was a stronger argument planned for the participation of the teacher, side by side with other workers, in the class struggle.

Mark Starr is not arguing for a Teachers' Union. He is simply trying to demonstrate the completeness with which the ruling class in the principle countries of Europe, is using the schools as hate factories, in preparation for the next war. But before you get through reading the book, you will be more than convinced that the time has come for action among school teachers.

Unfortunately, there is in the book no general section on the situation in the United States. (Some American educator who is not too dependent upon the continuance of his job should tackle this work) But Mark Starr does enough.

Britain is treated in greatest detail. The teaching of patriotism; the mis-rendering of history; class bias; military pomp and display; "Empire Day" and other similar propaganda, tending to instill into the children a love of conquest and exploitation, all come in for treatment, and for illustration in the wealth of special instances that are brought forward to support the argument of the book.

The same lines of teaching are shown to exist in France and in Central Europe. As Mark Starr shows, this is not education, in any ultimate sense. It is merely the preparation of the masses to serve the interests of the ruling class.

There is a chapter on Russian education that deals with the efforts that are being made in the Soviet Union to "promote the all-round development of an individual who shall be healthy, strong, active, courageous, independent in thought and action, with a many sided culture." The contrast between these Soviet educational methods and those of the western European capitalist nations are sharp indeed.

Two parallel books have been issued by the John Day Company. One is called *The New Education in the Soviet Republic*. The author is the President of the Second Moscow University, Albert Pinkevitch. The other book, *The New Education in the German Republic* was written by two Americans: Thomas Alexander and Beryl Parker.

Professor Pinkevitch writes with authority. Pedagogy is his department. His familiarity with educational literature and educational procedure appears on every page.

The important aspect of the book is not the knowledge that the author has but the system that he is describing. Soviet Education is a new-born thing,—vital, energized, driving toward its goal. It is this growing organism that Professor Pinkevitch is describing.

First comes the theory of Soviet education—rooted largely in the work recently done by Pavlov and other psychologists. Then there is a long section devoted to the organization and activity of the Soviet schools.

"That the Soviet school is a school of activity is indisputable," Dr. Pinkevitch writes. But the quality of this activity is a matter of great importance. "The characteristic feature of the Soviet school is that it is directed toward the solution of life problems". Detailed descriptions follow, familiarizing the reader with the technical means that are used to bring Soviet children into close touch with the life that surrounds them. Professor George S. Counts, who has edited the work for the American reader notes the very important steps that the Soviet schools have made in their handling of the educational problem. "We may not accept the answers which they have given", he writes of the Russians, "but we cannot refuse to give some of our best thought to doing for our society what Russian educators have done and are doing for theirs".

Professor Counts does not say whether he believes that the American schools will ever catch up with the Soviet schools while capitalist imperialism holds its grip on the country. But Professor John Dewey did return from his study of Soviet education with the prediction that only under a co-operative form of society could education be kept in intimate touch with life.

Pinkevitch has a great theme, and he has prepared a work that should be carefully read by every man and woman who professes an interest in education. Soviet education provides what Professor Counts calls "an intellectual challenge" that no wide-awake educator may ignore.

The German Revolution, like the Revolution in Russia has had some effect on the schools. The authors of *The New Education in the German Republic* are able to point to certain results, but in order to emphasize the innovations they are compelled to turn to certain experimental schools, many of which were in existence before the revolution, or else they turn to Hamburg, a great commercial centre where the demand of the German bourgeoisie was early met by educational reforms. German schools under the Republic are more liberal, in some ways, than they were under the monarchy. Discipline is somewhat relaxed. There is a larger measure of freedom for the individual teacher. German youth, particularly in the years immediately after the Revolution, demanded and took a wider range of liberty than they had ever hoped to enjoy under the new system. There the story ends.

Unlike the Russian schools, the schools of post-war Germany have not come under the control of a new class. The same business-class influences that held Germany in their grip before the Revolution are still sitting tight. Names differ a little. There are Social Democratic trimmings, but the centre of power remains where it was. Furthermore, it is the children of the business and professional classes, not, as in the Soviet Union, the children of workers and farmers, who enjoy the best educational opportunities.

Mark Starr paints a grim picture of the British schools under capitalist imperialism. Alexander and Parker tell of a school system in capitalist-socialist Germany that has made a few hesitating steps in advance since the Revolution of 1918. It is in the Soviet schools, as described by Pinkevitch that there are the signs of real changes—changes that will give the world a generation of humans active, courageous, independent in thought and action, with a many-sided culture."

SCOTT NEARING.

Negro Literature

An Anthology of American Negro Literature. Edited by V. F. Calverton. Modern Library. \$0.95.

When the publication of this volume was announced by the Modern Library I anticipated, rather gloomily, one of those dull, dreary-merely competent miscellanies which good writers compose once in a while to help make both ends meet. I was distressed at the thought of Calverton doing that sort of thing with Negro writing because I am too deeply interested in the literary work of American Negroes, value it too highly, to be tolerant of an uninspired collection of unrelated odd pieces. Fortunately, my fears prove to have been ill founded. Calverton has done a splendid job in view of the space to which he was limited.

In his comprehensive introduction the editor explains the unique nature of Negro art in terms of his original social life. "The social background of Negro life," he says, "in itself was sufficient to inspire an art of no ordinary character. Indeed, the very fact that the Negro, by the nature of his environment, was deprived of education, prevented his art from ever becoming imitative. Even where he adopted the white man's substance, as in the case of religion, he never adopted his forms. He gave to whatever he took a new style and a new interpretation. . . As a result, his art is, as is all art that springs from the people, artless art, and in that sense is the most genuine art of the world."

Later Calverton amplifies his analysis by explaining: "In a subtle way, Negro art and literature in America have had an economic origin. All that is original in Negro folk-lore, or singular in Negro spirituals or Blues, can be traced to the economic institution of slavery and its influence upon the Negro soul. The Negro lived in America as a slave for over two hundred and forty years. He was forced by the system of slavery into habits of life and forms of behavior that inevitably drove him in the direction of emotional escape and religious delirium. . ."

This is a penetrating and sympathetic analysis. By means of this broad, lucid interpretation of the roots, Calverton is later able to explain reasonably the resultant blossoms. The whole introduction is one of the best essays on Negro literature I have yet seen, although Calverton's prose style is, as ever, a little cumbersome.

It is amazing how much material he was able to include in the volume and how broad its scope. It is, in its way, a masterpiece of compression. Divided into sections described loosely as fiction, poetry, spirituals, blues, labor songs and essays, the book covers practically the entire history of Negro writing, and while no single category is satisfyingly complete, no important item is omitted. Such distinguished names as Walter White, Claude McKay, Eric Walrond, Jean Toomer, Langston Hughes and James Weldon Johnson are represented as well as those anonymous geniuses who created "Deep River", "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", and "Water Boy".

In brief, Calverton's anthology is an unusually fine volume, welcome to all who (and who does not?) appreciate the work of America's Negro authors. Aside from its intelligent, informative introduction, it bears abundant evidence of thoughtful and conscientious editing.

BERNARD SMITH

A Professor Won't Behave

The Fine Art of Reading, by Robert E. Rogers. The Stratford Co. \$2.50.

It is Prof. Rogers' thesis in *The Fine Art of Reading* that "there are no absolute values in literature," and proceeding from this he points out and attempts to argue away the various preconceptions, in the critic or student or average reader, that narrow or blunt his appreciation of reading. The chief bogey man is, of course, the moral insistence of the average American. Next to that, "innocence of experience."

The book is a chatty re-statement of commonplace truths, and

"Bishop Brown's BAD BOOKS"

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225 thousandth, paper bound, 247 pages; twenty-five cents.

*"Like a brilliant meteor crossing
a dark sky, it held me tight."*

My Heresy

This is an autobiography published by the John Day Company, New York; second printing, cloth bound, 273 pages; price \$2.00. "The most important book of the year 1926." Professor John Dewey honored it with a review in which he called Bishop Brown a Fundamental-Modernist and credited him with discovering how educated people can still remain in or come into the churches and join in the worship while openly rejecting all supernaturalism.

The Bankruptcy of Christian Supernaturalism

Five volumes, paper bound, 256 pages each; twenty-five cents per volume.

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Vol. I - The Trial

It is an a b c introduction to science, history, philosophy and sociology. "Its chapter, *What is the Matter with the Churches*, is worth ten times the price of the book. The opening and concluding chapters are perfectly fascinating to me and my fellow convicts in this penitentiary. As a whole it is an unanswerable reply to the House of Bishops."

Vol. II - The Sciences

Just off the press

In his preface the "bad heretic" bishop says, I have done all within my power to make this book well worth while simply as a course of instruction in the sciences. He might have added; but, anyhow, I have succeeded in making the theology of the "good orthodox" bishops so utterly ridiculous as to make them laughing-stocks when they preach it.

The worst of this series of five "bad books" are yet to come at intervals of six months, in the volumes on History, Philosophy and Sociology. But the openminded will find all the books of

"Episcopus in partibus Bolshevikium et Infidelium"

to be worth their weight in gold as educators—
volume two doubly so.

Send fifty cents in two cent stamps for the three twenty-five cent books.

This remittance will also pay a year's subscription to the bishop's new quarterly magazine, *HERESY*, each number of which will contain one of his "bad" lectures on some great subject. No. I—*The Negro Problem*.

THE BRADFORD-BROWN EDUCATIONAL CO.
Galion, Ohio

Prof. Rogers is relentlessly tolerant of all kinds of writing and writers. It should engross any adolescent above the average in intelligence, and might even influence the taste of one adult citizen in ten thousand. Needless to say, it would have no effect whatever upon professional critics, publishers, editors, or any other class of semi-literates, where effect is most needed. Prof. Rogers has written what his own publishers fondly hope is a "shocker." In fact, the book is a class-room shocker, by a rising young artist in academic shocking. Prof. Rogers rocked the nation with his address at the Bookseller's Convention, turned it upside down with his address to the graduating Tech class advising students to become snobs and marry their bosses' daughters, blew it to smithereens when he announced that women were unfit as teachers of the young. About *The Fine Art of Reading* it is safe to make no prediction; perhaps it will even break a window in the Bronx.

KENNETH FEARING.

Sex Education

The Riddle of Sex; The Medical and Social Aspects of Sex Love and Marriage, by Joseph Tenenbaum, M.D. Macaulay. \$3.50.

Our Changing Human Nature, by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Macaulay. \$3.50.

Sex obscurantism fostered and maintained by reactionary churches and imperialist states is being assailed more vigorously and successfully than ever before in the United States. It is approximately one hundred years since John Stuart Mill was arrested for distributing pamphlets on sex and birth control to the workers of England. The Mary Ware Dennett case and the raid on the New York Birth Control Clinic give the impression that little progress has been made since that time in the struggle for the diffusion of sex knowledge. But while in the former instance, the early sex education movement was completely suppressed by coercive state power, the recent cases have raised a storm of protest that has strengthened the cause of the advocates of sex education for the masses. The social and economic changes of contemporary times with the growing economic emancipation of women and the decline of religious influence, give more fertile soil for such a movement. Furthermore, medical science has now more to give than mere pious advice and pedantic phrases, for the last twenty years have marked stupendous progress in scientific knowledge of sex and its processes of normal and abnormal functioning. It is no longer a matter of substituting one irrational sanction for another; ignorance and taboo can now be challenged with knowledge. The two books under review are aspects of the new campaign for sex enlightenment.

Tenenbaum's book is for the most part written with liberal sanity and without evasion. Only occasionally does it lapse into the traditional sentimentality that made the *What Every Boy Should Know* literature on sex so vapid and silly. There are, however, some surprisingly conservative reactions dispersed throughout the book and some inexcusable errors. Among the latter is the treatment of "insanity" as an inherited trait and the repetition of Carr-Saunders puerile and statistically absurd contention that the proportion between hereditary influences and environmental influences on the development of an individual is on the ratio of nine to one in favor of heredity. The author deserves commendation for his defense of abortion, which most American and English writers in this field still condemn.

Schmalhausen presents a miscellany of sophisticated reactions to life and literature. He makes some discerning strictures of orthodox psychoanalysts as one of their rebellious intellectual offspring and some consummately clever, even if questionable, interpretations of the contemporary sex scene. But his contributions must be excavated from pretentious bombast, phrase mongering, unrestrained garrulity and almost preposterous egocentricities. That he is not incorrigible is indicated by his substantial and penetrating essay entitled the "Immorality of Conventional Morals."

BENNETT STEVENS.

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A comprehensive anthology that presents a striking picture of the intellectual development of the American negro. The volume contains short stories, significant excerpts from novels, essays, spirituals, poetry, and blues, and includes contributions by Booker T. Washington, Walter White, Claude McKay, Jean Toomer, Eric Walrond, Countee Cullen, and others. No. 163

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WORKERS' ART

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

Workers' Photo Exhibit

The Fourth Annual Photo Exhibit of the Japanese Workers Camera Club held at their headquarters at No. 7 East 14 Street, December 25 to January 11, was attended by 500 people. There were 55 photographs on exhibition, contributed by 20 worker photographers, members of the New York and California workers camera clubs.

The New York artists contributed photographs mainly concerned with proletarian life and the class struggle. They picture scenes of May Day, demonstrations of food workers, laborers at construction work, a shoemaker at work, a factory, fishermen, etc. Class consciousness is the theme of photographs bearing the titles: "Sabotage," "Movement," "Workers," "Speed-up," "Exploitation," "Red Day", "Mobilization to Work", etc.

The camera artists of California relaxing under a more gentle climate (?) are represented by photographs picturing scenes of water, storm, the changing seasons of the year, and nature in its variety of moods. One of the photographers even probes abstractions with photos called "line study", "design" and "still life".

The Workers Camera Club of New York is a group consisting of about 52 members. Y. Chiba is treasurer and F. Kitamura is secretary. The club meets one evening a week to study and criticize one another's work. Twice a year they gather their latest photos for exhibition to which no entrance fee is charged.

Only one of the members is a professional photographer. All the other photographers earn their living as food workers; in restaurants, and housework. They have all learned the art of photography in this country.

Their spacious headquarters is fully equipped with a dark room, filming room, developing room and enlarging room, and all the materials used in the different processes of photography. The club also owns a moving picture projector and screen.

The club was started five years ago by a group of eight people who were interested in photography as an art medium and decided to work together to develop it. When later they found they also had a mutual interest in the revolutionary labor movement, their activities were reorganized to include class struggle propaganda, through the work they were engaged in. The club wants to enlarge its membership and invites any one who is interested in photography to join.

New York, N. Y.

FRANCES STRAUSS.

John Reed Club Art Exhibit

Editor *New Masses*:

For the first time in the United States a travelling art exhibition has been arranged especially for workers. The exhibition has been assembled by the revolutionary artists of the John Reed Club of New York, whose work it represents. The first showing of the drawings, paintings and lithographs selected will be at the Borough Park Workers' Club, 1373 Forty-third Street, Brooklyn, during the week of January 16-24. On January 28 the show will be moved to the Brownsville Youth Center, where it will remain until February 8. On February 11 it will be taken to the Williamsburg Workers' Club, 68 Wiffle Street, Brooklyn.

Further showings have already been arranged for the Downtown Workers' Club, 35 East Second Street, New York City, and at the Bronx Workers' Club, 1472 Boston Road. Other showings will be arranged with interested workers' groups.

In connection with the exhibitions the John Reed Club has arranged open symposiums on the subject of modern and revolutionary art. The first of these will be held at the Borough Park Workers' Club on Saturday evening, January 16. It will be led by Louis Lozowick.

JOHN REED CLUB, Press Committee.



Greetings From Japan—A poster drawn specially as a greeting to American workers by a member of the Art Group of NAPF, the revolutionary cultural organization of Japan. The top lines read: "Workers of the World Unite!" The lower line: "Across the Pacific To The Comrades in the United States!"

New Masses:

During the past two years mass pageants, including dance groups, were presented at the Lenin Memorial Meeting and the *Freiheit* Jubilee at Madison Square Garden. The dancers who participated had no previous training with the exception of a small number from the *Freiheit* Dramatic Studio (Artef), who were the backbone of the group.

This led to the formation several months ago of the Workers Dance Group (Red Dancers), a permanent organization whose sole purpose it is to serve the revolutionary movement by using the dance as a medium to further inspire the worker to greater militancy in the class struggle.

The group consists of forty dancers, mostly young women. More men are wanted. The requirements are a good form and a sense of rhythm. Dues are \$1.00 a month. Until we secure our own headquarters we will be meeting at the Workers Center, 26 Union Square, Room 402, every Saturday afternoon at 2.30 for regular class work, and on Wednesday evenings at 6.30 for rehearsals. The workers Dance Group is affiliated with the Workers Dramatic Council.

Our first Get-To-Gether for our friends will take place on Saturday evening, February 8th at 106 East 14th Street, Admission only 35 c. We promise an interesting evening of entertainment and dancing.

At present we are busy preparing for *The Belt Goes Red*, a mass pageant which will be presented at the Lenin Memorial Meeting at Madison Square Garden on January 22nd.

WORKERS DANCE GROUP (Red Dancers)

New York, N. Y.

Edith Segal, Director

万国の労働者
 !よせ結團



海を越へて
 !在米の同志へ

Greetings From Japan—A poster drawn specially as a greeting to American workers by a member of the Art Group of NAPF, the revolutionary cultural organization of Japan. The top lines read: "Workers of the World Unite!" The lower line: "Across the Pacific To The Comrades in the United States!"

労働者の世界
 !よせ結団



海を越へて
 !へ志同の米在

Greetings From Japan—A poster drawn specially as a greeting to American workers by a member of the Art Group of NAPF, the revolutionary cultural organization of Japan. The top lines read: "Workers of the World Unite!" The lower line: "Across the Pacific To The Comrades in the United States!"

On New Program for Writers

Dear Gold:

The professional writers today are busily administering dope or, when they are less brazenly on the job as intellectual prostitutes, singing the swan song of their class. The workers must create their own art and literature. They are doing so. Proletarian culture is the yea-saying, vital culture today rising with the rise of class-consciousness of the proletariat.

But the worker is not the creature of some particular industry. He is no less a worker because he gets laid off from his job to drive a truck. To paint a significant picture or write a strong poem he does not need to know much about any specific industry. Even if he sticks on the same job for many years, he probably won't write a report on shop conditions in poetic form and if he does, it probably won't be poetry. The poems he writes are far more apt to be about the scene outside the factory window or something that happens when he's off the job—more likely than not some aspect of those biological compulsions at which you sneer.

Most workers hate their jobs and all that's connected with them. They want to get away from it all, forget it. This is even truer when the workers are artists or poets. Poetry springs out of a thwarted desire. Therefore, most poetry by workers does not and will not under capitalism deal soberly with the details of their jobs. Nor need it in order to be revolutionary.

Workers are more stirred to revolt by something lyrical, even romantic. What group of poems has been read and repeated more widely by class-conscious workers or has played a more helpful part in agitation than the I.W.W. song book? (By the way, I'm prouder to be represented in that book than in any highbrow anthology that includes my work.) I've read often enough to class-conscious proletarian audiences to know that a poem with rhyme and rhythm, emotional appeal and drama, gets across a vast deal better than crude free verse, especially the kind of free verse you prefer to publish.

Your plan is splendid advice to young middle-class intellectuals. It would furnish exactly the discipline and knowledge they need if they want to be of service in the social revolution. But how many of them do and how reliable would they be? But the workers are *already* in industry. They have plenty of exploitation, thank you. There's no reason for them to become specialists in the processes of some industry or the lives of the workers in it if their contribution is to be creative and cultural rather than reportorial.

What the members of your John Reed club and others like them need most is the time to get rested and then to master the medium in which they are going to express themselves and, inevitably their class. For if they are to advance the revolutionary movement they must be able to communicate to their fellow workers what they have to say.

Fraternally,

RALPH CHEYNEY



Second Annual
DANCE
of the



OFFICE WORKERS UNION

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Dr. B. W. BARKAS, Director

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Which offers more to the workers of the world?

COMMUNISM, or SOCIALISM, or CAPITALISM ?

Scott

NEARING says Communism
Noted Sociologist and Lecturer

Fenner

BROCKWAY says Socialism
Brilliant Labor Member of British Parliament

Prof. Edwin R. A.

SELIGMAN says Capitalism
Foremost Economist, Columbia University

Chairmen, SAMUEL UNTERMYER and ROGER N. BALDWIN

RESOLVED:

That Capitalism offers more to workers of the World than Socialism or Communism.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1930

8:30 P. M.

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February 28

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LETTERS FROM READERS

A Lumberjack on Art

Dear *Masses* Editor:

Some readers criticise your literary contributions, but I recognize them as of more value and originality, more realistic, than your illustrative productions.

Yesterday I bought my January copy and I noticed "Woodman" by A.Z. Kruse is not drawn by a woodman. The log is higher than woodman's knees by more than two feet. For that thick tree, no less than a five foot saw is used and often a six-foot crosscut when sawing alone. Therefore, the "woodman" stands much too close to perform his task, as the end will shimmy and warp the cut, making sawing difficult. Ordinary cordwood is about 16 inches in length and in Kruse's picture, the cut coming off is no wider than the saw, probably around six inches. Wood for toothpicks? Perspective?

I have worked in the woods of Washington, Oregon, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Have organized the lumberjacks into the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union and know something of the game. There are real lumberjack artists who can furnish you with true stuff: Swanson, George Williamson (former sec. L.W.I.U.) and others, now at work in the lumber industry. There is no affectation to their work and the *actual* workers immediately see themselves portrayed.

HAROLD ROLAND JOHNSON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Duponts and Prohibition

Dear Michael Gold:

Prohibition of your "Notes of the Month", January *New Masses*, is well done. But there is more behind this "give-us-a-good-drink-campaign" than a resentful cry for a lost personal liberty.

Some of last year's events:

March 4th, 1928 Herbert Hoover inaugurated president of the U.S.

Some days later General Motors stock reached its highest point.

Duponts, heaviest stockholders sold out.

Publisher Hearst offers an award of \$25,000 for a suitable plan to substitute for the Volstead Act.

About June 15th, Detroit newspapers announced in big headlines "Du Ponts give \$100,000 to the American Anti-Prohibition League."

In the June 2nd issue *Time*, the weekly news magazine, announced that Du Ponts had purchased 51% of the Eastern Industrial Alcohol Corporation, acquired control of the Kentucky Industrial Alcohol Corporation, and merged these interests with the Western Industrial Alcohol Corporation.

Some time later newspapers announced that our supply of alcohol (medical, of course) was nearly exhausted, whereupon, Andy Mellon authorized thirty-seven big distilleries to resume operations.

Hypothetically summing-up the matter:

Du Ponts, after exploiting ten years of the nation's auto obsession, concluded that the "morons" had about tired out on "anti-freeze solutions" and "making grades in high". True to a family tradition of pioneering, using governments, and doing things big, they are preparing for the next big stunt—*The National Drunk*; they're letting the Menckens and Brouns make the nation thirsty; they're making the liquor to quench the thirst; when everything is all ready to be served they'll have Uncle Sam pound the gong. A measure of American freedom will have been restored—of course the Republican Party will get the credit but Du Ponts seem to profit from a certain Persian philosopher who said: "Get the cash and let the credit go." In other words, the Volstead Act ought soon be in the discard, leaving the Brouns and Menckens nothing to write about anymore. Too bad!

Yours for the social revolution.

C. HALL

Arno, Missouri

From Egypt

Dear Comrades:

The article of your "verbose" Joseph North, "College Men and Men" interested me very much and gave me a great deal of pleasure in spite of what the honorable Mr. Foster might think of college men, whom we generally consider here the intellectuals. The fight against this prestige of the American college men is neither a joke nor a madness, but on the contrary is an *imperious necessity*.

I read the *New Masses* with great pleasure. It is one of the most interesting magazines in the world. You have a tremendous amount of labor still to accomplish in the United States. There are millions of workers who have not as yet been touched by revolutionary propaganda. But the American working class will do the greatest of all things: it will overthrow its own bourgeoisie.

Greetings to all our American comrades and above everything else to those of Gastonia and long life to the *New Masses*.

A FRENCH SAILOR

Port Said, Egypt

Harold Hickerson—co-author of the famous play *Gods of the Lightning*, makes his first appearance in the *New Masses*. He lives in New York.

William Gropper—has illustrated the new novel by Jim Tully, *Shadows of Men*. He is at work on a story of his own life in drawings for fall publication.

Ed Falkowski—young Pennsylvania miner, has just left Germany for Soviet Russia. He will spend a few months at work in Russian mines.



Norman Macleod was born in Salem, Oregon in 1906. Educated in the universities of Arkansas, Arizona, Iowa and New Mexico. He has been lumberworker in Montana, teamster in Utah, hardware clerk, construction rock-checker, custodian of the Petrified Forest National Monument in Arizona, and hobo on every railroad in the west. He has contributed to *Contemporary Verse*, *Frontier*, and many other publications. He has edited two poetry magazines and in now editor of *Morada* in Albuquerque, New Mexico. His work is included in *Unrest—Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*, 1929, *Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse* 1928-1929 and other anthologies. He is a contributing editor to the *New Masses*.

In This Issue

Walter Quirt—is a proletarian artist who makes his first appearance in the *New Masses*. He was raised on the ironrange of northern Michigan. He was art instructor in Milwaukee, Wis. and is now working in New Hampshire.

John Dos Passos—contributes to this issue a part of his new novel *The 42nd Parallel*. An installment ("American Portraits") appeared in the January issue of *New Masses*.

H. H. Knight—born 1890 at Nottingham, England. Served in the British Army during the World War. Arrived in New York 1923. Work has been used in *Life*, *New Yorker*, *Herald-Tribune* and most of the other newspapers and magazines from time to time. First appearance in *New Masses*.

Canby Dunn—is a New York advertising man. For sufficiently obvious reasons Mr. Dunn desires to let it go at that. The only gratuitous (and rather superfluous) information he will add is the assurance that he did not write *The Man Nobody Knows*.

Joseph Kalar—a young proletarian writer, is a greenlumber checker in Minnesota.

Art Young—well known artist-writer, has reported activities both in Congress and in Hell. He figured the Naval Disarmament Conference fell in his line. He tells the whole story of his activities in *On My Way* the most delightful autobiography in years.

NEW MASSES



Norman Macleod was born in Salem, Oregon in 1906. Educated in the universities of Arkansas, Arizona, Iowa and New Mexico. He has been lumberworker in Montana, teamster in Utah, hardware clerk, construction rock-checker, custodian of the Petrified Forest National Monument in Arizona, and hobo on every railroad in the west. He has contributed to *Contemporary Verse*, *Frontier*, and many other publications. He has edited two poetry magazines and is now editor of *Morada* in Albuquerque, New Mexico. His work is included in *Unrest—Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*, 1929, *Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse 1928-1929* and other anthologies. He is a contributing editor to the *New Masses*.

From a London Worker

Dear *New Masses*:

I have been for some time a regular reader of your magazine. I thought that I knew just how the working class were getting along in America, but I've been to a lecture and I've found out that I'm wrong.

J. J. Mallon esq. M. A., gave a lecture recently on his American tour, and I've discovered a few things that I've never heard before. In case you don't know, the Reverend J. J. Mallon is the warden of Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel which is the headquarters of the Workers Educational Association. This firm, the W. E. A., is out to spread Culture among the working class. Hard working, long suffering, deeply smitten reformers come down from Oxford and Cambridge, and teach the workers to appreciate the vital things of life.

Elocution is a pet subject, and the people that attend Toynbee for a couple of years, can say "rally" so well that one can guess easily from the context that it represents the sound of "really", and "yes" whenever it emerges, is pronounced to rhyme exactly with "gas". More remarkable still is the speed with which the cultured proletarian learns how to wipe his nose in the best Oxford fashion, without wetting his moustache. The study of French is earnestly encouraged. How the docker's heart must swell with pride when he has learned to say "Yes I have had no dinner today" in French.

However the vicar of Toynbee spoke about America. There are no slums he said, at least he did not notice any, and as for ragged men, there were none, at least, they were not so ragged as those in London. In New York, a decent house painter won't look at less than \$150 a week, and every skilled worker earns at least \$60 a week and drives to the factory in his car. The man with whom he was staying, was hunting for a domestic servant, and when at last he found one she was engaged at about ten dollars a day. This servant had two automobiles of her own, quite the usual thing.

The Wall Street crash, he said, was a fleabite. America could lose twenty times the cash and never miss it. When questioned he said that the *American Mercury* existed only to scarify the people. That the dreadful revelations published by papa Mencken were largely exaggerated. When told that people in the garment industry were earning twenty dollars a week in New York, he was shocked. He said he did not believe it because he had investigated the conditions and found that the garment industry was one of the most flourishing and best paid in America.

You low down Yankee bums. What the hell makes you give us dope of yours about Starvation and Slavery? After all you're not expected to know, you're only in the middle of it, the best view is got in perspective by the onlooker. Starvation, Slavery, Bull! Mallon found out the real truth in the six months odd he was in the 'States, and to make the achievement more remarkable he was in bed with double pneumonia four or five weeks. Shows you what the Higher Education can do, but then you mustn't forget that Mallon is a Master of Arts. Question, what Arts?.

SIMEON BLUMENFELD

London, England

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Japanese Fairy Tale Writers

Our Dear Comrades:

It is with pleasure that we have finally come in contact with such a publication in the United States as the *New Masses*.

All members of our group, *Shiuko-dowa-sakka-domei* (the association of the progressive fairy tale writers) have been anxious to secure such a contact for some time.

We want also to correspond with any other American groups who are working in the revolutionary cultural field.

Our association has been founded since September of last year. We have made rapid progress. Our monthly magazine *Dowa-Undo* ("Movement for stories for workers Children") is constantly attacked by the bourgeois Japanese government. Two issues have been suppressed. But we continue in the struggle.

Please write to us and accept greetings for all American workers from the comrades of Japan.

ICHIRO TADA

Tokyo, Japan

From a Japanese Student

Dear Comrade Gold:

I have seen many of your poems reprinted in *Senki* (The Banner). Yesterday I came upon the *New Masses* at a bookstore here. There I saw "The Story of Ella May". It has also appeared in *Senki* in a translation from a Japanese comrade in America. The workers and peasants of Japan are watching the struggle of their comrades in Gast-

onia. Ella May will not be forgotten in Japan.

I am a student of Tokyo Imperial University. I hate it. It is an organ of the bourgeoisie and I see the only hope is in the proletarian movement. I am now studying Kant's principles of bourgeois esthetics. I see that we must build up the principles of proletarian esthetics. So I am also reading Plechanov.

We are interested in the work that is being done in America in the field of workers art. We send greetings to the group in Philadelphia, whose letter of Sophia Fuman we saw in the November issue, and to the comrades in the John Reed Club.

With Fraternal Greetings,

TADAO SASAKI

Tokyo, Japan

From Norway

Dear *New Masses*:

From a friend of mine I received some numbers of the *New Masses*... I wish to tell you that I like the magazine very well. I am sure that the stories from the labor struggle in U.S. will catch the attention of many workers here in Norway too. Therefore I ask your permission to translate to Norwegian some of these stories and articles.

I have asked my brother who is working in N. Y. to subscribe to the *New Masses* for me immediately. I will also, when writing to other of my comrades in the U.S. recommend they subscribe to it instead of some of these vile bourgeois magazines which overflow the homes of many of my countrymen in the U.S.

I hope the *New Masses* will grow and get many subscribers among the workers in U.S., and I am also sure the *New Masses* always will keep its revolutionary spirit.

Yours really for the revolution

ANDERS ANDERSON.

Knardalsland, Porsgrunn, Norge

From France

Dear Comrades:

We are sending you the first volume of our collection "Our Poets" which contains Revolutionary Poems by Pushkin. The second volume of this collection will be devoted to poems of American workingmen. Part of these poems will be taken from the *New Masses*.

We are convinced not only that you will make no objection in this but also that you will be glad to know that this moving expression of workers life in America, about which so many illusions are current in France, is being made known abroad.

We call your attention in particular to the French publication *Bad Times* which will appear in 1930, and whose program is in many respects that of the *New Masses*.

With Fraternal Greetings

N. GUTERMAN

Paris, France.

EXHIBITION

of *New Masses* Artists
in New York City

William Gropper—is showing a series of new drawings of Soviet Russia at the Murai Gallery, 47 W. 52 St. The same exhibit includes the sculpture of

Minna Harkavy—proletarian sculptress and member of the John Reed Club.

Gan Kolski—will have an exhibit of woodcuts and lithographs at Macy's Art Gallery, 34 & Broadway beginning February 15. Some of his recent work in the *New Masses* is included.

Wanda Gag—is showing water colors, drawings and prints at the Weyhe Galleries, 794 Lexington Ave. January 13 to February 1.

John Reed Club Art Exhibit—to be shown at 5 workers' clubs includes, painting, lithographs, drawings, watercolors, sculpture, etc, by Lozowick, Gropper, Matulka, Burck, Burliuk, Ellis, Ishigaki, Harkavy, Klein, Kolski, Matulka, Pass, Refregier, Rybak, Siegel, Solataroff and others. (Date and place on Workers Art Page in this issue.)



Drawn by William Siegel

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