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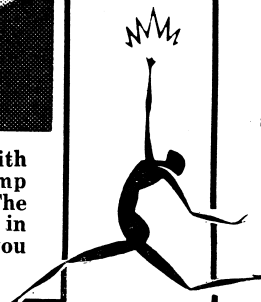
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| 98 | 99 | 102 | 103 | 104 | 105 | 106 | 109 | 110 | 111 | 114 | 115 | 116 | 117 |
| 119 | 121 | 123 | 124 | 129 | 131 | 133 | 135 | 137 | 138 | 142 | 145 | 146 | 147 |
| 148 | 149 | 151 | 152 | 153 | 154 | 156 | 157 | 160 | 161 | 163 | 165 | 166 | 167 |
| 170 | 172 | 173 | 174 | 176 | 177 | 179 | 184 | 185 | 186 | 189 | 190 | 191 | 193 |
| 198 | 199 | 200 | 201 | 202 | 203 | 204 | 205 | 206 | 207 | | | | |
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new Masses

OCTOBER 30, 1934

THESE are momentous days for the Socialist Party, although one would scarcely guess it from the looks of the New Leader. Tucked away on page 7 of the October 20 issue of the party's official organ, under a tiny headline, is the news which the New York Times thought worth two-thirds of a column of type: The Socialist Party membership, voting in a referendum on the Detroit Declaration of Principles, has approved it. The extreme right wing of the party, including most of the officialdom, has been fighting the declaration bitterly ever since its adoption by the Detroit convention. They have called it "Communism pure and simple." Of course it is nothing of the kind. The Detroit declaration is a shakily worded concession by certain "Left" Socialist Party leaders to the overwhelming pressure from the membership for a more militant stand by the party against bourgeois parliamentarianism and war. The vote in favor of the declaration—5,933 to 4,872—does not necessarily mean that the declaration was as far left as most of the Socialist Party membership wanted to go. It is at least an arguable proposition that a more straightforward statement would have enlisted even greater support, for it must be noted that fully a third of the membership didn't think the Detroit declaration worth voting on at all.

WILL 1919 repeat itself? The Left Wing movement in the Socialist Party had by then reached such strength that the party leaders decided on a *putsch*. On a technicality they "suspended" about two-thirds of the membership; and when the Emergency Convention of the Socialist Party met in Chicago that summer, the membership rolls showed a total of about 35,000, whereas a year before it had been approximately 105,000. Now the Old Guard in the Socialist Party is confronted with a membership unmistakably bent on taking the party into revolutionary channels. News from Europe, notably France (dealt with in this issue by Charles B. Strauss), shows what invincible strength lies in United Front. Will the Old Guard in the Socialist Party yield to this ever-rising demand



OUR ELECTION CARTOON

Limbach

from the members for revolutionary action? We doubt it. Such "Socialists" as Waldman and Solomon have too strong a relish for public office, which they have experienced, to stand by and let those rank-and-file leaders emerge who will be needed to put the Detroit Declaration of Principles into action, and to effect the United Front with the Communist Party in the fight against war and Fascism. What the form of obstruction will be remains to be seen—whether an attempt to invalidate the referendum, wholesale expulsions, a split in the party, or the departure of the Waldmans and Solomons, the Maurers and Kirkpatricks, to join the Blanshards and

the Sinclairs in more inviting political pastures, such as the Democratic Party. In the tiny item "announcing" the results of the referendum, the New Leader gives a very significant hint of what is going on inside the Socialist Party now. The announcement was held up for several days, it is stated, because of a motion in the National Executive Committee to keep the result "confidential." The reason: "Because of possible last minute campaign of misrepresentation in daily papers hurting chances of electing congressmen." The N.E.C. voted, however, to give out the result—and the New Leader, edited by James Oneal, extreme right winger, thereupon



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takes this, the most important story affecting the Socialist Party since 1919, and does its best to bury and conceal it! The Old Guard dies, but it doesn't surrender.

EARLY in the Roosevelt regime it was claimed that the government had moved from Washington to Wall Street. Last week Wall Street moved to Washington. The occasion was the 60th Annual Convention of the American Bankers Association. As the press put it, "There will be more important Wall Street bankers in Washington than in New York when President Roosevelt addresses the convention on Wednesday night." Even Morgan partners are attending this conference for the first time. There is surprisingly little concealment of the bankers' purposes and aims, or of the government's, for that matter. Marion Law, President of the Association, says that in no other time in our history "has there been the need of closer understanding between the Federal Government and the banks." It all began, according to Law, on September 30th when Roosevelt in his "fireside talk" said that the administration relied on "the driving power of individual initiative and fair private profit." Since then the bankers have been more optimistic than in years. Mr. Law reports that when bankers come away these days from White House conferences with the President they are smiling. Last week, in his speech at Roanoke, Roosevelt encouraged them still further. He said that the plight of the millions of unemployed must be corrected before all else, that this requires money, that the expenditure of money requires sound government credit, and that therefore we must not spend much Federal money, but keep peace, rather, with the bankers. The bankers were well pleased with these sentiments. Some of them have openly stated in Washington that they are opposed to government aid to the unemployed. Roosevelt will now try to make it appear that the government has gained a great victory over the bankers. In reality the bankers have taken more direct control of the government than before. The Wall Street oligarchy sits firmly in the White House. Roosevelt's "Driving the money-changers out of the temple" policy has ended where it began—in bringing them to Washington to take over the reins of government. But as Alexander Hamilton, greatest secretary of the treasury since Andy Mellon, said, in a capitalist society, "It is inconceivable that the wealthy should not rule."

THE export of scrap iron has become a major American industry. The United States shipped 900,000 tons of the metal the first nine months of 1934 as compared with 800,000 in the whole of 1933. Two-thirds of the total went to Japan. Scrap iron is converted into shrapnel. American imperialists are profitably involved in helping to arm one of their major potential enemies. On the one hand U. S. Steel and its industrial associates do not desire to arm their enemy, Japan, and on the other hand they do not want to lose profits. There is a solution to this contradiction: arm Japan, at a profit, but have Japan fight the U. S. S. R. As a result of such a war both these powers, the American imperialists hope, would be weakened. And Japan, under encouragement not only of the United States but also of Great Britain and Germany, proceeds to organize its war. Every day new reports come from the Far Eastern press—reports such as these: "According to messages from Kalgan and Jehol City, the number of Japanese 'tourists and travelers' in Inner Mongolia is rapidly increasing, most of them being known to be military officers in disguise." This particular dispatch states that the mission of these "travelers" is to study and map the topography of the Mongolian terrain in preparation for the war against the U. S. S. R.

JAPAN has recently established two wireless stations in Inner Mongolia. Seventy-two Japanese airplanes have just completed a tour of Manchuria. With its puppet Huang Fu on the Manchurian throne Japan directs North China activities according to its blueprints drawn up in the War Office. Japan now talks of "annexing Manchuria." This plan results, in part, from the economic weakening of Japan, its need for more war funds, and from the fact that, despite three years of military occupation of Manchuria and the establishment of the "Manchukuoan paradise" things are going badly there. Thousands of stores are headed for bankruptcy because of the desperate plight of the peasants, for whom Japanese imperialism has nothing but exploitation and bullets. It is an acknowledged fact that Japan controls no more than the big cities and railroads in Manchuria. The peasants, workers and city poor have formed a wall of steel against the Japanese from the very first days of their invasion. In Kirin province tens of thousands of peasants are armed and organized. They are offering fierce re-

sistance to the Japanese colonizing plans (i.e. expropriation of the Manchurian peasants). There are in Manchuria today, according to reliable figures, 350,000 Partisans. They are the basis for a movement similar to that which gave birth to Soviet China. Reliable reports have it that several divisions of a Red Army have been organized in Manchuria by the Partisans and that Soviets have been set up. These are a few indications of the national resentment against the Jap imperialists that is now sweeping Manchuria. These peasants are in the advance guard of the world proletariat in safeguarding the Soviet Union from attack by Japan. The war plans of the major imperialist powers may be impaled on the points of the Red Spears and other Partisan contingents battling the "Manchukuoan paradise."

WHEN Fred F. French built Knickerbocker Village with the eager collaboration of New York City and State authorities and with \$8,075,000 of Federal funds, he didn't count on a rent strike by the white collar workers and professionals who now occupy the buildings and are supposedly benefiting by French's widely ballyhooed "slum clearance" project. Nevertheless, some 600 of the tenants decided at a meeting the other night to pay no rent on Nov. 1 unless a long series of demands they have presented to the management is granted. The same demands, backed by petition of more than half the occupants of the buildings, were to be presented to Mayor LaGuardia and the State Housing Commission. Chief among the demands is that one month's rent be rebated to those who have suffered inconvenience and expense occasioned by their occupancy before the building was fit to move into. The companies put little funds of their own into the development of the project and in any case, the \$8,075,000 loaned by the R.F.C. will not be paid back by the French interests for about 40 years. (The loan is being amortized at the rate of 5 percent from the income of the building.) Thus while acquiring Knickerbocker Village at no expense, in the name of "slum clearance," Fred French is denying adequate treatment to his tenants in the name of "low-cost housing." What was not made clear at the meeting is that service and maintenance employees are being victimized in a far more drastic manner. Guards work 88 hours a week and get \$21.50. Women hired to clean the apartments prior to occupancy, got 15 cents an hour. Porters

working nine and ten hours a day, with no days off, get 25 cents an hour. These porters are used for doing painting and other skilled building trades work.

IT was a heartening spectacle, this meeting of middle-class householders shouting for a rent strike against the landlord corporation for fulfilment of all the flowery promises in the lease and in the renting prospectus. Probably few of those present reflected that in voting to strike they were availing themselves of the same weapon used time and again by their proletarian neighbors in the unimproved fire-trap dwellings of the vicinity, in far more bitter battles against rapacious landlordism. THE NEW MASSES hails the fight of the Knickerbocker Village dwellers. It is a just and necessary one. And perhaps the experience will give this large group of professionals, upper strata of the working-class, sympathy and a desire to assist in the life and death struggles of the masses of lower paid workers. We refer to the unemployed, for instance, who meet unarmed the clubbing police in their efforts to wring from government relief allowances sufficient to pay their rent, even in such fire-trap tenements as have not yet fallen within the profitable

scope of Fred F. French's "slum clearance" enterprises.

THE resignation of Lloyd K. Garrison, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board recalls his admission last September that there was no way of reconciling the N.R.A with its own decisions. Certainly some millions of American workingmen can attest to that. Particularly with the famous instance of the Houde Engineering Company of Buffalo as a case in point. To begin with, one must recall the Roosevelt "automobile settlement." Up to this point Section 7-A seemed to mean governmental endorsement of the right of collective bargaining. The Detroit automobile settlement officially endorsed the company union. Then the troubles began. The Labor Board had ruled that only the majority could negotiate. The Houde episode completely reversed that stand. Last March the workers of that company voted overwhelmingly for one union, flatly repudiating the company union. The Labor Board advised the Houde Company to "enter into negotiations and arrive at a collective agreement" with the workers' union. The company refused, citing Roosevelt's automobile ruling. The National Manu-

facturers' Association supported the company until "competent judicial authority has declared otherwise." The tangle went to the Compliance Division which arrived at the decision to withdraw the blue eagle from the Houde Company. But the company refused to surrender its eagle, a beautiful example of how the New Deal allows industry to "police itself." The owners cited decisions by Johnson, Richberg and Roosevelt against the National Labor Board. Garrison appealed to Attorney General Cummings. Mr. Cummings would do nothing because he thought the case would not "stick" in the courts. In spite of power supposedly granted the Attorney General to prosecute violations of Section 7-A as criminal violations, not one prosecution has occurred. There was the case of Harriman Mills in Tennessee; there was Weirton. And at the time Garrison resigned, the case of Ames Baldwin Wyoming Company of Parkersburg, W. Va., attained national prominence. Here another "union election" swindle was "ordered." The company, afraid of its very shadow, has asked the Federal Court to "restrain the government from enforcing the Board's ruling." No wonder the workers have dubbed the N.R.A. the National Run Around!

new Masses

VOL. XIII, No. 5

C O N T E N T S

OCTOBER 30, 1934

Editorial Comment	3	Solving the Jewish Problem	
The Week's Papers.....	5	Gregory Metlin	23
In Madrid.....	Alfred Hayes 6	Portraits Without Background	
Why We Vote Communist.....	8	Mary Tabor	23
Plotting the American Pogroms		Brief Review	23
5: Congressman McFadden, Jew-Baiter		Book Notes	24
and Crook.....	John L. Spivak 9	The John Reed Clubs Meet..	Orrick Johns 25
H. G. Wells and Stalin.....	Paul Salter 14	The All-America Ass.....	Robert Forsythe 27
Mosley: Lap-Dog of British Imperialism		The Theatre	
Harold Ward 15		The Kallikaks on 52nd Street	
Battle Lines in France..	Charles B. Strauss 17	Michael Blankfort	28
Correspondence	19	Music	
Review and Comment		Cosmopolitan Opera.....	Ashley Pettis 29
H. L. Mencken and Robert Herrick		A Town Hall Concert..	Max Margulis 29
Granville Hicks 20		Flaherty's <i>Man of Aran</i>	Brian O'Neill 29
Farrell Between Books		Between Ourselves.....	30
Herman Michelson 21		Drawings by	
Stiff White Collars.....	Obed Brooks 22	William Gropper, Boris Gorelick, B.	
		Limbach.	

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The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Steel companies prepare to slash wages. . . . Secretary of State Hull accuses foreign nations of "padding" tariffs hoping to drive sharper bargains later in reciprocity tariff negotiations. . . . Socialist Party referendum approves Detroit declaration, 5933 to 4872. . . . Treasury Department notifies 100 corporations they owe millions of dollars in fraudulently withheld taxes. . . . Japanese Cabinet upholds Army in move to reform administration of Manchukuo "by force if necessary."

Thursday—Aldermanic inquiry into New York relief expenditures gets under way as Mayor LaGuardia pushes his own "probe" independently. . . . Ninety Irish farmers refusing to pay land annuities in East Cork region arrested. . . . Senator Joseph T. Robinson returning from Germany where he talked with Hitler, asserts "Nazi oppression of Jews is waning" and Germany handled unemployment situation well. . . . American Inquiry Commission resumes sessions Nov. 14, delving into Reichstag fire and

Hitler "purge" evidence. . . . Representative McCormick, Congressional Committee head, declares that Ambassador Luther is violating laws by his Nazi activities. . . . Germany reports her exports to Palestine show 66 percent growth.

Friday—Richard Bruno Hauptmann extradited to New Jersey for trial in Lindbergh baby kidnaping. . . . Mexican Chamber of Deputies votes to deport all Roman Catholic Archbishops and bishops. . . . Roosevelt in Roanoke, Va. speech intimates veterans' bonus must wait while unemployment relief is being attended to. . . . General strike of silk and rayon workers in Northern New Jersey and New York planned for next week. . . . National Congress for Unemployment and Social Insurance called to convene in Washington January 5.

Saturday—Twenty airplanes take off in England-to-Australia aerial race. . . . House of Bishops of Protestant Episcopal Church adopts resolution to favor dissemination by doctors of birth-control information. . . . National Commander Hayes of American Legion in report to

Miami convention says Legion program "has dealt direct blows to radical, pacifist and Communist groups disseminating poisonous propaganda." . . . Seven European gold standard nations decide to continue existing parity. . . . Representative Dickstein fights to prevent Friends of New Germany from obtaining State charter in New York. . . . Yugoslav cabinet forced out by new dictator. . . . Grace V. Holes sues Upton Sinclair charging his EPIC plan was plagiarized from her.

Sunday—New York State reports it spent nearly half billion dollars on relief in 34 months. . . . Bank deposits are increasing, reports Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. . . . Admiral Byrd party in Antarctic discovers ice-covered plateau. . . . 100,000 made homeless by storm in Naga, P. I. . . . Munich demonstrations against Reich Bishop Mueller resumed in streets. . . . Steel ingot output is at 24 percent of capacity. . . . Former Mayor Nygard, of Crosby, Minn., Communist, is barred from ballot in 6th Congressional district. . . . Barre, Vt., holds its first Communist meeting.

Monday—"Pretty Boy" Floyd, gangster-killer, slain by Federal men in Ohio. . . . N.R.A. abandons efforts to restrict output. . . . C. W. A. Scott and T. Campbell Black, Englishmen, win London-to-Australia race in 71 hours. . . . Christian Rakowsky, Soviet delegate to World Red Cross Congress in Tokio, calls on Red Cross to fulfill its duty by working to prevent war. . . . Berlin begins drive to equip every home with bomb-proof cellar for protection during air raids. . . . Tom Mooney appeals to United States Supreme Court for right to appeal for freedom on habeas corpus writ.

Tuesday—International Labor Defense continues to push Scottsboro case appeals in United States Supreme Court. . . . Lieut. Agello in Italy sets new air-speed record flying 440 miles an hour. . . . To fill an unexpired term, expiring Jan. 3 (when Congress convenes) a Senator will be elected in Nebraska. Though he will never sit, he'll be paid \$1,666. . . . Mrs. Herrick, of N. Y. Regional Labor Board, declares under N.R.A. codes thousands of women do home work at less than 5 cents an hour.

In Madrid

ALFRED HAYES

All day we heard the machine-guns rattle
Cavalry detachments thunder artillery roll
Above the public buildings government planes
Went zooming into the provinces
Heavy with bombs.

We were alone in the house we avoided the public squares
Cooked breakfast I read Calderon waited
They were blowing up railway depots shooting gendarmes
People were lying in their own blood in the gutters.
In Asturias they said in whispers the arsenals
Captured We feared for our lives.

While we were waiting we were alone in the house
Madame and I firing began again in the street
Then shots rang out in the hallway Madame shrieked
I rushed to the door quaking as a grenade roared
He came bursting into the house face like a gay fury
Bolted and barricaded the door jumped to the window
Sighted along the barrel of his pistol shouted fired
And clicked the shell out of his gun A revolutionist, I thought.

What were we to do? I am a peaceful man never mix
In politics the madness that infuriates the people
And shoots gendarmes Does it matter who rules?
I wish a peaceful life safe from catastrophe
With no violent death shielded from anger
The heart like a warm clock ticking in cotton
The brain wearing mufflers and a pair of goloshes

And there he was shouting Viva and firing the gun hot
And the shots from the police splintered our fine mirror
Buried themselves in the good furniture My wife wept
I distracted hid behind the armchair
Until a bullet plowed paper from the wall behind
Then I fell flat on the floor waiting his death.

He swore terribly when he was hit
The shoulder gushed blood;
Ripped his shirt with his teeth
Stuffed it into the wound and fired again
For you Lerroux he said firing
For you Gil Robles he said firing
Here's one in the gut for the priests he said
And fired
And with the last shot he stood up shouting
LONG LIVE right in the window.

Afterward they threw his body
Into the street Madame shrieked constantly
I picked up the poor shattered mirror
Swept the floor washed out the bloodstains
Calmed Madame but my own nerves were too wrought
I am a peaceful man I wish a calm death
We are not rich people ourselves
Madame will have my insurance the funeral will be small
Why must they come dying in blood under our windows?
There is still firing HUSH MY DEAR they say
In Barcelona Asturias and in the hills.



SWEATSHOP

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Why We Vote Communist

THE NEW MASSES urges its readers to vote Communist in the forthcoming Congressional elections. It does so because the Communist platform is the only feasible one in this period of unparalleled national emergency—the only one predicated upon the needs of the masses of the American people.

Following are the eight demands of the Communist Party congressional election platform:

1. Against Roosevelt's "New Deal" attacks on the living standards of the toilers, against rising living costs resulting from monopoly and inflation, for higher wages, shorter hours, a shorter work-week, and improved living standards.

2. Against capitalist terror and the growing trend toward Fascism; against deportations and oppression of the foreign-born; against compulsory arbitration and company unions; against the use of troops in strikes; for the workers' right to join unions of their own choice, to strike, to picket, to demonstrate without restrictions; for the maintenance of all the civil and political rights of the masses.

3. For unemployment and social insurance at the expense of the employers and the state; for the Workers Unemployment Insurance Bill (H. R. 7598).

4. For the repeal of the Agricultural Adjustment Act; for emergency relief to the impoverished and drought-stricken farmers without restriction by the government or banks; exemption of impoverished farmers from taxation; cancellation of the debts of poor farmers; for the Farmers' Emergency Relief Bill.

5. Against Jim-Crowism and lynching; for equal rights for the Negroes and self-determination for the Black Belt; for the Negro Bill of Rights.

6. For the immediate payment of the veterans' back wages (bonus).

7. Against the sales tax; no taxes on persons, or their property, earning less than \$3,000 per year; steeply graduated and greatly increased taxation on the rich.

8. Against Roosevelt's war preparedness program; against imperialist war; for the defense of the U.S.S.R. and Soviet China.

These demands face the issues squarely; and the issues affect the security of life not only of the working-class, but of great sections of the middle-class. What have the Republican, Democratic, and Socialist parties to offer?

The Democratic Party, in the main solidly grouped about the program of President Roosevelt, has been in power

two years. We need not here go into detail concerning the objectives of the New Deal. Neither need we discuss here its monumental failure—on all points except the one of increasing corporation profits. We have examined the New Deal promises and its performance week after week. Roosevelt, in his most recent speech keynoting his party's strategy for the coming elections, reveals its desperation and bankruptcy. He now proposes the following measures to cope with unemployment and its relief, the major political problem of the day: (1) a new housing project and the creation of "subsistence homesteads"; (2) Unemployment insurance to be paid for primarily by the workers; (3) A new public works program with a drastic reduction in cash relief; (4) The extension of the Tennessee Valley project.

The last proposal can be disposed of at once. Like the earlier Muscle Shoals undertaking, its underlying purpose is the production of more nitrates and other war materials. It is a war preparation measure. Ostensibly the plan is to give jobs to the jobless and cut down electricity costs by relaying power. Actually it will give a relatively small number of jobs to those "on the inside," and the electric current may, or may not, reach the small home-owners faced with eviction.

The subsistence homesteads will permanently segregate unemployed families in remote districts to work out a slave existence. It will create more competition for impoverished farmers to meet. As to housing and slum clearance we are reminded of the three billion dollars that N.R.A. last year was supposed to spend for that purpose. A large portion of it went to the Army and Navy. If anything comes of this new housing proposal, it will be administered by the bankers for the big landlords and construction corporations controlled by them. The masses will get few jobs and no housing within their means.

As to jobless insurance. This is not the first time Roosevelt has promised unemployment insurance. It was one of his original planks. It has been conveniently forgotten. The present scheme throws the major burden upon the employed worker, both by taxing him at the market for necessities and at the source of the pay roll, from which the bosses will deduct their share of the ex-

pense. The new work program is another scheme to victimize the employed by "insurance" devices and new taxes. It will mean forced labor at pauper wages for the 16,000,000 unemployed. Meanwhile the A.A.A. program of crop and cattle destruction has not improved the lot of the farmers. It has resulted in more evictions, foreclosures and rural impoverishment than before.

The Republican party leadership has a simple purpose behind its denunciation of Roosevelt and the brain trust as bureaucrats and "radicals." The G. O. P. wants to put an end to even the inadequate relief now given the jobless. It wants these millions poured into the treasuries of monopoly capitalism to "prime the pump" of American economy. The Republicans are opposed to the New Deal at those points where they feel they—the major interests—have not received sufficient consideration from such a body as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Their differences with the Democratic Party, are on method; how best to shift the full burden of the crisis upon the great masses.

As for the Socialists: their campaign document, startling in its brevity, is most notable for its omissions. In advocating unemployment insurance, it calls vaguely for several provisions but it presents no specific legislative demands. It favors an "adequate program of unemployment relief," without stating where the money shall come from. Nowhere does it take a decisive stand against the threat of Fascism and war. The futility of the program amounts to a surrender to capitalist domination. The truth is their rejection of the only possible road to socialism—the road of revolutionary mass struggles as proposed by the Communist Party—inevitably keeps them bound to the fundamental policies of Roosevelt, of the capitalists.

Some readers of THE NEW MASSES undoubtedly in sympathy with the Communist program, nevertheless feel that voting today is useless. To these we say a vote for the Communist Party is not a "vote wasted." It is a vote registering their protest; it is a vote of struggle for their needs. A vote for a Communist candidate says that the oppressed and dispossessed are aware, that they use every means provided in capitalist society to protect their living standards and rights.

Plotting the American Pogroms

5. Congressman McFadden, Jew-Baiter and Crook

JOHN L. SPIVAK

ON MAY 29, 1933, much to the surprise of Republican leaders in Congress, Louis T. McFadden, of Pennsylvania, launched a vitriolic attack upon Jews from the floor of the House. It was the first time in American history that the Jewish race was attacked in halls dedicated to preserving racial and religious freedom.

The country was astounded. No one knew what was behind the amazing action of this man who had been a Congressman for almost twenty years. Efforts were made to expunge his speech from the record but he opposed this move. It was pointed out to him that his remarks were based upon the "Protocols of Zion" published in the Dearborn Independent, which had been exposed as forgeries and that Henry Ford, publisher of the Dearborn Independent, had publicly apologized for their appearance. McFadden, despite all this, persisted in disseminating his attack far and wide. He became the Congressional voice of "hate-the-Jew" propaganda. He, it seemed, was making public addresses from the floor of the House exactly along the line of the anti-Semitic propagandists' which were organized nationally by Col. Edwin Emerson, the notorious American Hitler agent. To the public at large it was incredible that a man who talked so

much about "Americanism" and "patriotism" could have anything to do with spreading race-hatred in this country.

Before the reader finishes this article he will understand the "Honorable" Representative McFadden's connections with organizations working hand in glove with secret German agents, as well as what I meant when I said McFadden is "just a plain crook." I shall present evidence to prove that his whole life has been one of conniving, crookedness and double-crossing.

It is necessary, for the reader to get a clear picture of his relationship with Nazi anti-Semitic propagandists, to review for a paragraph or two the facts already established in preceding articles of the series in THE NEW MASSES. I have already presented evidence to show that the secret espionage society, the Order of '76, was more than closely connected with German secret agents who are organizing on a national scale the "hate-the-Jew" creed. One of the members of the Order of '76, I pointed out, was Sidney Brooks of the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committee, who is in reality the son of the Hitler agent, Col. Edwin Emerson. The evidence showed that Brooks made secret trips to New York where he went to 17 Battery Place, the

offices of the German Consulate General in which his father had an office, that Brooks had made secret arrangements for Royal Scott Gulden, head of the Order of '76, to meet with William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts, so that the two organizations could merge. With the evidence already presented, we have a picture of the Silver Shirt leader, working with Gulden, who in turn is closely connected with secret German agents.

Let us now see if this Congressman from Pennsylvania, who took a solemn oath to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States, has any connection with these organizations working so closely with secret German agents.

Hitler came into power in the spring of 1933. Shortly thereafter German secret agents and propagandists started entering this country. Some of them were native Americans. The first mass outbreak of anti-Semitic propaganda engineered by Hitler agents came in the spring of 1933 — a period in which, strangely enough, we find Congressman McFadden rising in the halls of Congress to attack the Jews while ostensibly discussing a gold clause repeal resolution.

First, I offer evidence that Congressman Louis T. McFadden is working very closely with William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts and seems to be taking orders from him. On August 22, 1933, Pelley telegraphed McFadden to the latter's home in Canton, Pa. The telegram happened to deal with an N.R.A. question but the significance lies in the fact that Pelley of Asheville, N. C. did not ask one of his own Congressmen but went to one from Pennsylvania; the tone, too, of the telegram is interesting. There is no mark of courtesy apparent. It is the tone of a commander to a subordinate. "Answer at once," Pelley ordered. The telegram follows:

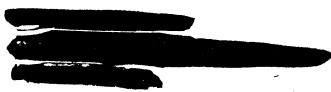
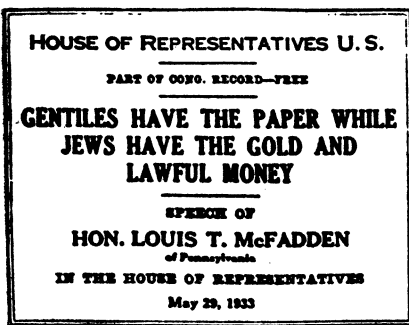
ASHEVILLE, NO. CAR.

HON. LOUIS MCFADDEN:
CANTON, PENN.

OUR PEOPLE REPORTING NRA OFFICIALS THREATENING TO CLOSE BUSINESS AND LEVYING FINE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WITH POSSIBILITY OF JAIL IF NOT COMPLIED WITH. DO YOU UNDERSTAND NRA TO BE A LAW THAT CAN BE THUS ENFORCED OR SHALL WE MAKE TEST CASE. SEND WORD AT ONCE COLLECT BY WESTERN UNION.

(Signed) PELLEY.

On the following day Congressman McFadden, who is supposed to be busy representing the people of his own district, telegraphed Pelley for instructions as to what to do. The telegram follows:



(Not printed at Government expense)

Congressional Record

SEVENTY-THIRD CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

In the United States Today, the Gentiles Have Slips of Paper While the Jews Have the Gold and Lawful Money

SPEECH OF
HON. LOUIS T. MCFADDEN
OF PENNSYLVANIA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Monday, May 29, 1933

Mr. MCFADDEN. Mr. Chairman, this repudiation bill is in direct opposition to the Democratic Party platform of 1932 under which Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President.

the child." So with these wreckers and violators of law and order in office. Mr. Chairman, I think it would be more orderly and less expensive and that it would tax the patience of the country less if Roosevelt sent his backers home to their chosen lairs in Wall Street and himself attended to his own executive business. If he has a yearning to be a legislator, let him resign his Executive office and get himself elected to Congress. He will be welcome here if the people send him to Congress, but he has no business to interfere with the deliberations of this House while he is acting as President of the United States.

Mr. Chairman, this repudiation bill was framed and brought here in the interest of the foreign debtors of the United States. Its aim is a cancellation of war debts by fraud and treachery toward the American people. It gives the foreign nations a way of making entirely fictitious payments

Evidence that Congressman McFadden's anti-Semitic speeches marked "Not printed at Government expense" were distributed wholesale throughout the country without paying postage.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY			
TELEGRAM RECEIVED BY TELEPHONE			
CHECK AND ACCOUNTING INFORMATION	ORIGIN FROM	DATE	FILE NO.
48/50 DL GE 2252 ✓		AUG 22	1024A
MON LOUIS MCFADDEN CANTON PENN OUR PEOPLE REPORTING NRA OFFICIALS THREATENING TO CLOSE BUSINESS AND LEVYING FINE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WITH POSSIBILITY OF JAIL IF NOT COMPLIED WITH DO YOU UNDERSTAND NRS TO BE A LAW THAT CAN BE THUS FORCED OR SHALL WE MAKE TEST CASE SEND WORD AT ONCE COLLECT BY WESTERNUNION PELLEY			

Evidence that William Dudley Pelley, head of the Silver Shirts, is issuing orders to Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania. The Silver Shirts merged with the secret espionage Order of '76 which is working closely with secret Nazi agents in this country.

CANTON, PA.

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY:
 CHARLOTTE ST. & SUNSET PARKWAY,
 ASHEVILLE, NO. CAR.
 MAGAZINE AND PERIODICAL INDUSTRY
 CODE AGREEMENT AUGUST FIFTH AL-
 THOUGH NRA WASHINGTON STATE
 THEY ALONE HAVE AUTHORITY MAKE
 SUCH STATEMENTS INDICATED BY
 YOU. ULTIMATELY PERSONS NOT COM-
 PLYING MAY BE SUBJECT FINE AND
 IMPRISONMENT UNDER LAW FOR IN-
 TERSTATE BUSINESS. DISPOSITION NOW
 TO GIVE EVERYONE AMPLE TIME CO-
 OPERATE. SHALL YOUR CASE BE MEN-
 TIONED.

(Signed) L. T. McFADDEN.

We thus see that Congressman McFadden is close to the Silver Shirts, obeying their orders to "answer at once" and asking Pelley for instructions as to what to do. The Silver Shirts, the reader should bear in mind, have since merged with the Order of '76, the secret espionage society having Hitler agents as members and working closely with secret German propagandists in this country. Let us now see if Congressman McFadden has any *direct* connection with this espionage order.

On July 7, 1933, this Congressman who swore to uphold the Constitution of the United States, recorded a secret conference in New York which Royal Scott Gulden, head of the espionage Order of '76, arranged. I quote the letter in full:

My dear Mr. Gulden:

I cannot begin to thank you for the opportunity which you gave me to meet with the group in New York which you called together. I shall hope that some good may have come from this meeting to your group. It was an inspiration to me, I can assure you, and I want you to know that I am deeply appreciative.

I am just in Washington for the day and expect to be at my home in Canton for the balance of the month where I am trying to get some very much needed rest. I shall be glad to hear from you any time.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) L. T. McFADDEN.

What this secret meeting which Gulden ar-

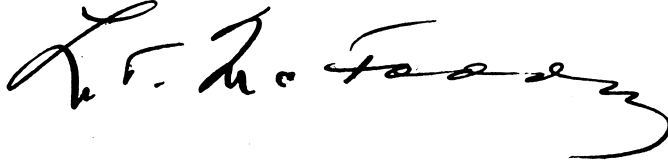
ranged was about, I do not know. I do know that it was held at the Union League Club where on former occasions Gulden had met secret Nazi agents.

Germany, because of the protests aroused in this country by her slaughtering and torturing of Jews, was very anxious to counteract Jewish as well as Gentile protests. The best counteraction was to carry the "hate-the-Jew" creed to the American Jew so that

American Jews would have their hands full with their own worries. It thus became important not only for the secret German agents to organize anti-Semitism on a national scale in this country but to disseminate the attack on the Jews made in Congress by McFadden. Let us see how this anti-Semitic propaganda was disseminated and whether there was any connection with organizations working hand in glove with secret German agents.

A member of Congress has the right to get copies of his speech printed by the Government to mail to his constituents and others. The Congress of the United States also gives the Representative the privilege of stamping his name on the envelope to avoid payment of postage. McFadden wanted to flood the United States with his attack on the Jews. The Government apparently would not print so many copies of his speech as he wanted so the speeches were printed at some one else's expense! Who paid for the printing I do not know, but McFadden's whole life, as I shall show in this article, has been such as to cast doubts about his paying for it. It has been McFadden's custom to "borrow" money, not to spend it.

This anti-Semitic speech, designed to arouse race hatred in the United States, is marked "Not printed at Government Expense" but countless thousands were mailed out at *Government expense!* The reader's attention is called to the illustration on page 9. Nor were these anti-Semitic speeches mailed to citi-

LOUIS T. MCFADDEN FIFTEENTH DISTRICT PENNSYLVANIA	CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WASHINGTON, D. C.
	Dictated July 7, 1933.
	Mr. Royal Scott Gulden, One East Fifty-third Street, New York, New York.
	My dear Mr. Gulden:
	I cannot begin to thank you for the opportunity which you gave me to meet with the group in New York which you called together. I shall hope that some good may have come from this meeting to your group. It was an inspiration to me, I can assure you, and I want you to know that I am deeply appreciative.
	I am just in Washington for the day and expect to be at my home in Canton for the balance of the month where I am trying to get some very much needed rest. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.
	Faithfully yours, 

Evidence of meetings between Congressman McFadden and Royal Scott Gulden, head of the anti-Semitic espionage Order of '76, and Gulden's colleagues. The meetings were arranged by Gulden.

zens directly by the Congressman. His office sent them out by the sack-load to the espionage Order of '76 which in turn mailed them—without paying postage—to carry on anti-Semitic propaganda. Sack-loads, too, were shipped to the head of the Crusader White Shirts espionage organization in Muscatine, Iowa, a gentleman who always places the Hitler swastika sign after his name signed to official letters.

As evidence that Congressman McFadden sent bundles of his race-hatred speeches to organizations working closely with secret Hitler agents, so that they could distribute the material without paying the government postage, I offer the letter dated September 28, 1933, sent to Royal Scott Gulden by Jane C. Bittner, McFadden's private secretary:

Dear Mr. Gulden:

Two mail sacks, one containing four bundles of five hundred speeches each and the other containing two bundles of five hundred speeches each, were sent to you this morning. I shall appreciate it if you will let me know when you receive them.

Also, please turn over to your postman the two mail sacks as they are the property of the U. S. Government.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JANE C. BITTNER,
Secretary.

The Order of '76 not only mailed copies to individuals but also shipped them out in bundles. Everyone was having a grand time with the government's postal facilities, since by using McFadden's name on the envelope one did not have to pay postage. It got so that vast quantities of the race-hatred speeches were returned to the Congressman, and he wrote a letter of caution. The letter, dated October 26, 1933, reads:

Dear Mr. Gulden:

Evidently some one is mailing out my speeches from New York unaddressed, as a great number of them are being returned to me here, indicating that they were mailed at Grand Central Station, New York. Possibly some one is tying them up in bundles with one address on the bundle and they get untied. I understand the Post Office is not authorized to accept packages in that manner. Maybe you can give me some light on this.

I am returning to my home and shall be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) L. T. MCFADDEN.

We now see the definite connection between this Congressman and a secret espionage organization which is working closely with Hitler anti-Semitic agents in this country. Let us now examine the envelope in which this amazing flood of "hate-the-Jew" propaganda was sent out—without paying the government for postage.

The envelope, in order to get the propaganda across as well as possible, carried the following legend:

"Gentiles have the paper while Jews have the gold and lawful money."

This legend, upon which he based his attack on the Jewish people, gives us the right to examine Congressman McFadden's past, to determine whether he has any evidence to sup-

September 28, 1933.

Mr. Royal Scott Gulden,
One Last 53 Street,
New York, New York.

Dear Mr. Gulden:

Two mail sacks, one containing four bundles of five hundred speeches each and the other containing two bundles of five hundred speeches each, were sent to you this morning. I shall appreciate it if you will let me know when you receive them.

Also, please turn over to your postman the two mail sacks as they are property of the U. S. Government.

Sincerely yours,

Jane C. Bittner
Secretary.

McFadden's secretary informs Royal Scott Gulden, head of the secret espionage Order of '76, that bundles of the anti-Semitic speeches made by the Congressman are being shipped to be remailed by Gulden, who is working with secret Hitler agents in this country.

port his assertion or whether, like so many dishonest people, he makes an accusation to stop a charge of exactly the same nature against himself. I shall now present evidence that Congressman McFadden is crooked and that in fact, his whole life has been devoted to getting "the gold and lawful money" while leaving both Jew and Gentile holding worthless paper.

There was a man named Pat Marr who had a wealth-producing oil corporation known as the Marr Oil Corporation. McFadden learned that this company was a money-maker. He became a director of the corporation and worked his way up to become Chairman of the Board—a job he held up to August 30, 1923. (I go this far back so as to show that Congressman McFadden's crookedness is not a recent aberration. I can go back still farther but the illustrations I shall offer will be sufficient.)

There was another director on this corporation named Rottenberg. In August, 1923, Pat Marr, in conversation with Rottenberg, said he'd like to sell his corporation and sent Rottenberg to Washington, D. C. (where McFadden lived) to get the Congressman to go to New York and negotiate with a reliable oil company for the sale of the property. Pat Marr trusted McFadden and Rottenberg—after all, McFadden was "an honorable Congressman."

Rottenberg and McFadden tried to make

the deal with the Southern States Oil Corporation, through an official of the latter company named Ferris. Ferris told them the Southern States Oil Corporation was not willing to pay cash for the Marr Oil Company but would exchange its stock for the Marr company. Rottenberg objected to the proposition. Ferris thereupon suggested that if the deal were put through in exchanging the stock, the Southern States Oil Corporation would give McFadden and Rottenberg \$100,000 and an additional amount of 10,000 shares of Southern States stock over and above the number of shares they would get anyway.

McFadden, honorable Congressman from Pennsylvania, then went to Pat Marr and gave him a glowing account of Southern States Oil, urging him to take stock for his company, saying that he had known Ferris in Congress and that the man was absolutely honest. To make a long story short, Pat Marr was persuaded to sell his company for Southern States Oil stock. When McFadden and Rottenberg appeared for the bribe Ferris double-crossed them a little, saying that he did not have \$100,000 but would give them \$50,000. So the two boys took the \$50,000 and divided it between themselves as well as the shares.

McFadden quietly added the \$25,000 bribe to his income tax report! Pat Marr eventually was sent to prison for misusing the United States mails. When the former oil man got out he learned how he had been double-crossed

**SCHEDULE B. (a).
PERSONAL PROPERTY.**

		Dollars	Cents
a.—Cash on hand.	Bankers Trust Company, New York City, New York, Franklin National Bank, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, First National Bank, Canton, Pennsylvania,	10	34
	Interest in Claim or Judgment with George A. Carden, 43 Exchange Place, New York City, N.Y., against David Kel- lorn, of Los Angeles, California. Original interest was \$12,600.00, less any payments made.	12	19
			88
b.—Bills of exchange, promissory notes or security of any description (each to be set out sep- arately.)	Note of E. C. Hornburg, Atty Gen., Harrisville, N.H.	500	
	150 Shares National Phono. Manuf. Co. held by L.T. McFadden.	1	
	3500 Shares Southern States Oil Co. held by L.T. McFadden,	1	
	590 Shares Southern States Oil Co. held by Carder Green & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York City, N.Y.	1	
c.—Stock in in of of the	2500 Shares of Federated Radio Corporation Stock in business; also the entire assets of the McFadden Furniture Co. as disclosed by inventory and appraisal.	30,000	
d.—Household goods and furniture, household wearing apparel and ornaments of the person, viz:	Value shown in home as belonging to others. which in house belongs to others.		

Evidence from McFadden's own petition for bankruptcy that the stock of the National Phonograph Co. of Canton, Pa., on which he borrowed money from his own bank, is worthless; evidence that stock in the Southern States Oil Corp. (see article) was worthless though he borrowed thousands of dollars on it and evidence that 2,500 shares of the Federated Radio Corporation, 5,000 shares of which he tried to foist on the public for \$1,300,000, were worth only \$30,000.

by the Congressman from Pennsylvania and sued for the return of his company. It was then that the whole story of how Congressman Louis T. McFadden was bribed came out. In a decision rendered on this case March 24, 1931, Justice Cardozo, at present on the Supreme Court of the United States, said:

"At the outset Rottenberg and McFadden, the agents conducting the negotiations, gave notice to Ferris, the representative of Southern States, that they would expect 'to be taken care of' for their services in recommending the exchange. To this there was assent. They received a secret gratuity of \$50,000 in cash (\$25,000 each) and 7,039 shares in addition to the number due to them at the ratio of exchange made known to the others . . . Rottenberg and McFadden were parties to a fraudulent conspiracy."

Don't ask me why, with this evidence of bribery, Louis T. McFadden did not go to prison. I don't know. American politics works in strange ways.

Let us now go to another business deal or two of the honorable Congressman from Pennsylvania.

McFadden was and is always trying to get money. He doesn't give it. That is why I wonder who paid for the printing of the race-hatred speeches. However—

In March, 1926, Louis T. McFadden, Congressman from Pennsylvania, applied to the courts of New York for permission to sell \$1,300,000 worth of stocks of a new corporation known as the Federated Radio Corpora-

tion. A couple of brokers working with him had lots of nice certificates printed. They looked beautiful. The stock certificates were distributed to banks and brokerage houses ready to be sold to the suckers as soon as the word was received that the corporation could sell them.

New York, however, has an act prohibiting the sale of stocks under false and fraudulent representation. Albert Ottinger, Attorney General then of the State of New York, got a look at the sales prospectus, made a little investigation about the company and immediately went into court to stop the people from parting with \$1,300,000 for the "honorable" Louis T. McFadden. I won't bore the reader with great details. It is sufficient to say that the courts, after the Attorney General got through showing how false and fraudulent and misleading were the representations for this company's stocks, refused to let them be sold.

Now—on March 30, 1926—less than two weeks after he tried to sell this stock for \$1,300,000 McFadden filed a petition for bankruptcy in Canton, Pa. and in that petition he placed the value of the stock at \$60,000!

This petition of bankruptcy casts a sharp light on how Congressman McFadden got the money and left the suckers with the paper. It is interesting to examine it as document prepared by the man who was called a crook by a United States Supreme Court Justice.

McFadden has spent the major part of his life "borrowing" money. If he could not get it as a bribe he borrowed it from the people in his own home town. Let me illustrate.

McFadden, way back when he was a youngster and just starting out on his crooked path, was taken out of a store where he worked by a man who was attracted to his pleasant personality, and made cashier of the First National Bank of Canton, Pa. Before long, the cashier was president and biggest stockholder in the bank and his benefactor had advanced many thousands of dollars to him in return for—paper. McFadden, in the course of his striving for wealth, no matter how it was gotten, started a number of businesses. Starting businesses and getting people to invest in them was his specialty, besides posing as a great friend of the people.

We find, for instance, that he borrowed \$8,750 from the First National Bank of Canton, Pa. (his own bank—but the depositors' money). In return he gave as security 750 shares of stock of the Southern States Oil Corporation—the same stock he had been given as a bribe along with the \$25,000! We thus come to the conclusion that 750 shares of this stock is worth \$8,750.

When he went bankrupt, however, he listed among his "personal" property 3,500 shares of the same company's stock as being worth exactly \$1. And another 590 shares of the same stock held by his brokers as being worth exactly \$1.

In other words he had borrowed, of the people's money deposited in his bank, a sum far in excess of the value of the stock he gave as collateral!

It is in this application for bankruptcy that we find that he lists 2,500 shares of Federated

Radio Corporation of which 5,000 were issued, as valued at \$30,000—a slight difference between that and the \$1,300,000 he tried to get from the suckers, when he was stopped by the Attorney General of the State of New York.

Let us study this honorable Congressman's business dealing a little more. I do not want to bore the reader, who must by this time be convinced that the Congressman is crooked.

McFadden had a swell racket. He organized a company, took this company's stock and borrowed real cash from his bank—the people's money—and gave in return a piece of paper endorsed by himself.

Let me illustrate. He had the National Phonograph Co. of Canton, Pa. At different periods the National Phonograph Company (his own) borrowed money from the First National Bank of Canton (his bank but the people's money) and the only security the bank got was a note endorsed by McFadden! In this way McFadden got thousands upon thousands of dollars of his depositors' money from his bank and when he entered the petition for bankruptcy the depositors were left holding the McFadden signatures, but the money was gone!

I could go on like this almost indefinitely, but I think I have proved that McFadden had a habit of getting the money and leaving the paper with someone else. As a matter of fact, a study of McFadden's creditors who got stuck with the paper, shows a long list of Jews!

It did not matter at all to McFadden whether it was Jew or Gentile who got stuck trusting him. It did not even matter to him that those who got stuck were poor workers in his own home town to whom he owed one and two dollar debts! When he left the people holding the bag, he left them good and proper.

I do not know what the honorable Mr. McFadden's political future will be. I do know, and by now I hope a great many more people know, what his past and present are. Congressman McFadden is obviously a little nervous, not only about his rather shady past, but his present when he is in such intimate contact with organizations close to Hitler's secret agents in the United States. When I called on Gulden some weeks ago I told him that McFadden had taken a bribe and had been mixed up in other peculiar transactions. Gulden refused to believe it and said that he would write and ask Mr. McFadden about it and inform him that I intended to publish such charges.

When I called McFadden by long distance last week for an appointment he answered the phone himself.

"Spivak, eh? Well, I don't know where I'll be. I'll be out in the district campaigning so I won't be able to see you."

"But you have an itinerary. Certainly you must know where you'll be during the next few days."

"I don't know where I'll be," he repeated. "What is that you want to see me about?"

He had just thought to ask.

"THE NEW MASSES is running a series on anti-Semitism in the United States—"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"I'd like to interview you since you are the only one who brought up this subject in Congress—"

"That wouldn't do me any good—wouldn't do any good," he caught himself.

"There are also some very grave charges against you and I think you should have a chance to answer them—"

"Oh!" There was silence at the other end of the wire. Then, "I have nothing to say." His suavity was gone. The voice was hard, cold.

"I'll take a chance on finding you in the district. Suppose we make it Wednesday—"

"I don't know where I'll be. Good night."

The telephone clicked. The honorable Congressman had hung up.

Wednesday morning I appeared in the little town of Canton where the Congressman had conducted so many of his borrowings for his own companies from his own bank on his own signature. His wife did not know where he was and had no idea of where he could be. From other sources I learned that he was to be in Athens that night. When I got to Athens he had already spoken and left hastily. Inquiries in the adjoining town of Sayre, where his campaign manager happened to be, met with the information that the Congressman was gone—no one knew where. Right in the midst of a political campaign, a Congressman had vanished! For a while I thought seriously of reporting his disappearance to the police!

Despite all the precautions the Congressman had taken a man walked over to me in the

hotel where I was having a late lunch and whispered secretly:

"You looking for Louis McFadden?"

I nodded.

"He's apparently trying to avoid someone," he whispered through the corner of his mouth. "But you'll find him in Wayne county."

With that my mysterious informant vanished.

Wayne county was something like a hundred miles away—almost at the New York and New Jersey border and the farthest part of his district in that direction. It would take at least four hours driving to get there. I was tempted to leave immediately but wondered why I had been singled out for that bit of information and I telephoned to a man in Wayne county who would know if McFadden was expected that night. No, McFadden was not expected. As a matter of fact he knew that McFadden was to be in Towanda—not an hour's drive from Sayre—at six o'clock that night to see a man.

Why my mysterious informant wanted to get me off to the other end of McFadden's district, I do not know. At any rate I went to Towanda but by the time I got there the Congressman had just vanished again—this time into thin air. It was really funny—this vanishing Congressman who hopped from place to place like a flea, trying to escape answering questions.

Next week Mr. Spivak will present evidence to show that Ralph M. Easley of the National Civic Federation, the hundred percent patriotic organization of which Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, is acting president, has been secretly disseminating anti-Semitic propaganda, holding secret meetings to stop the Jewish boycott of German goods and secretly reporting on the progress of his activities to George Sylvester Viereck, paid Nazi agent.

SUGGESTIONS.		P. O. Rely Co., Law Blank Publishers, Pittsburgh, Pa. 152122		NOTE THESE REQUIREMENTS.	
Read all printed matter before commencing to fill blanks.				N. B.—State specifically these matters as to each creditor, or anything to the contrary:	
Give the correct names and residences of the creditors; this will save time and costs when application for discharge is made, as the names and addresses should be the same as in the record of claims proved heretofore, also when and where debt was contracted.		Schedule A. (3).		1. When and where contracted, and	
				2. nature and consideration of the debt, and	
				3. whether contracted to partner or joint contractor with any other person,	
				4. and if so, with whom?	
ACCOMMODATION PAPER.					
(N. B. The dates of the notes or bills, and when due, with the names and residences of drawers, makers or acceptors thereof, are to be set forth under the names of the holders; if the bankrupt be liable as drawer, maker, acceptor or endorser thereof, it is to be stated accordingly. If the names of the holders are not known, the name of the last holder known to the debtor should be stated, with his residence. Same particulars as to other commercial paper.)					
Reference to ledger or vouchers. Name of holder. Residence, (if known) that first must stand. Name and residence of person accommodated. Place where contracted. Whether or not partner or joint contractor or with any other person. If so, with whom.				AMOUNT.	
	Notes held by First National Bank, Canton, Pennsylvania,, made by L. T. McFadden, accommodation of National Phonograph Manufacturing Company, Canton, Pennsylvania, payable on Demand, for			\$4500	00
	(this claim also listed under "Schedule A.(3)				
	Note held by Orange National Bank, Troy, Pa., for \$1935.34, made by L. T. McFadden, Canton, Pa., and E. L. Lewis, LeRoy, Pa., given to take up old McMorney Construction Company, Canton, Pa., note, held by that Bank, on which the makers of this note were endorsers, each maker to assume his one-half of note.			966	67
	(this claim also listed under "Schedule A.(3) Unsecured Claims")				

Evidence from McFadden's own petition for bankruptcy that his own company borrowed the depositors' money from his own bank with only his own signature for collateral.

SUGGESTIONS.

Send all printed matter before commencing to fill blank.

Give the correct names and residences of the creditors; this will save time and costs when application for discharge is made, as the names and addresses should be the same as in the record of claims proved hereafter; also when and where debt was contracted

F. O. Naly Co., Law Blank Publishers, Pittsburgh, Pa.
122125

NOTE THESE REQUIREMENTS.

- N. B.—State specifically those matters as to each creditor, or anything to the contrary
1. When and where contracted, and
 2. nature and consideration of the debt, and
 3. whether contracted as partner or joint contractor with any other person,
 4. and if so, with whom?

Schedule A. (5).

ACCOMMODATION PAPER.

(N. B. The dates of the notes or bills, and when due, with the names and residences of drawers, makers or acceptors thereof, are to be set forth under the names of the holders; if the bankrupt be liable as drawer, maker, acceptor or endorser thereof, it is to be stated accordingly. If the names of the holders are not known, the name of the last holder known to the debtor should be stated, with his residence. Same particulars as to other commercial paper.)

Reference to ledger or voucher. Name of holder. Residence, (if unknown that fact must be stated.)— Name and residence of persons accommodated.— Place where contracted.— Whether or obligor was contractor or joint contractor or with any other person, and if so, with whom.	AMOUNT.	
	<p>Note held by First National Bank, Canton, Pennsylvania,, made by L. T. McFadden, accommodation of National Phenograph Manufacturing Company, Canton, Pennsylvania, payable on Demand, for (this claim also listed under "Schedule A. (3)</p> <p>Note held by Orange National Bank, Troy, Pa., for \$1935.34, made by L. T. McFadden, Canton, Pa., and E. L. Lewis, LeRoy, Pa., given to take up old McMerney Construction Company, Canton, Pa., note, held by that Bank, on which the makers of this note were endorsers, each maker to assume his one-half of note. (this claim also listed under "Schedule A. (3) Unsecured Claims ")</p>	<p>\$4500 00</p>

Evidence from McFadden's own petition for bankruptcy that his own company borrowed the depositors' money from his own bank with only his own signature for collateral.

H. G. Wells and Stalin

PAUL SALTER

“COME back in ten years and see what we have achieved,” were Lenin’s closing words in 1920 to H. G. Wells. The N.E.P. (New Economic Policy) had been created and had given way to the First Five Year Plan. The base had been laid in heavy industry for a socialist economy. The Soviet Union’s vast agricultural lands had been collectivized. The Second Five Year Plan was bringing floods of consumers’ goods to the masses of industrial workers and collective farmers. The world had been experiencing a great crisis. Germany had become Fascist. Austria had become Fascist. Fascist movements and tendencies were spreading in France, in England, and in the United States. The Socialist “peaceful revolution” was becoming everywhere discredited. Capitalist “democracy” was steadily giving way to capitalist terror. The Communist Parties of all countries were growing. Eighty million Chinese were under the Soviet flag. And Mr. Wells returned to Moscow. He was the same in 1934 as in 1920. He had learned nothing from all these symptoms of capitalism’s catastrophe, from the travail of a new world, a socialist world. He carried to Moscow with him the same old liberal ideas, the same bag of bourgeois intellectual tricks.

He had a long interview with Joseph Stalin. Wells told Stalin about America and the Roosevelt “New Deal.” In this Wells had hope. He looked to Washington rather than to Moscow for the creation of a planned economy. Anyway, was there not “an ideological similarity between Washington and Moscow?” Stalin was very patient with Wells, incredibly patient. And he talked with simple straightforwardness, like one worker to another. Like the red guards at the railway station John Reed described, Stalin tried to show Wells that there are two classes, the class of owners and the class of workers, and that there are two kinds of society today — capitalist society and socialist society. Stalin’s words ring true because they come from sound theory and a life of hard practice. As Stalin said, “I have some slight experiences in the field of struggle for socialism.”

Is America, like the Soviet Union, creating a planned economy, a Socialist economy? No, Stalin answered, the aim of the two countries is entirely different. America wants to get rid of the crisis, but without changing the economic basis of society. The Roosevelt regime is trying to reduce to a minimum the devastation and loss of the capitalist mode of economy, but without destroying that economy with its inherent contradictions. “Thus at best,” Stalin continued, “it won’t be a ques-

tion of reconstructing society or of destroying the old social order which gives rise to anarchy and crises, but of restricting certain undesirable sides of it, and limiting certain excesses.” Roosevelt and his followers may think that they are reorganizing society, but objectively the present capitalist basis of society is being preserved.

What does planned economy mean, what are its leading features? One is the abolition of unemployment. (Since this interview Roosevelt has said he would not tolerate the view that unemployment is a necessary evil.) But capitalists, Stalin told Wells, will never agree to abolish unemployment completely, for the simple reason that the “reserve army of the unemployed” is necessary to them. It puts pressure on the labor market to ensure low paid workers. Planned economy also “presupposes that output increases in those branches of industry whose products are particularly needed by the masses of the people.” But actually under capitalism capital gravitates to where the rate of profit is larger. Capitalists will not consent to a lower rate of profit for the public good.

Wells agreed to much of this but thought that if the government carries its planned economic policy into effect bit by bit the financial oligarchy will be destroyed. Then he spoke of socialism “in the Anglo-Saxon understanding of the word.” Perhaps he was referring to socialism as Ramsay MacDonald and the Labor Party understand it. In reality he means socialism as the British and American bourgeoisie understand it, rather than as the Anglo-Saxon worker understands it. For the Anglo-Saxon worker understands socialism in precisely the same way that any other worker understands it: as the abolition of private property in the instruments of production, the reorganization of society around the mass of producers. Stalin pointed out that Wells’ “socialism” would mean either mere restraint on the most unrestrained individual representatives of capitalist profit, or something that is completely unattainable by the Roosevelt or any other regime within the capitalist economic and political framework. “For Roosevelt doesn’t own the banks, industry, the big enterprises, the big farms. All this is private property.” Economy is not in his hands, in the hands of the bourgeois state. Rather is the state in the hands of capitalist economy. Its business is to maintain “order.” Stalin, of course, was thinking here of the Marxist-Leninist theory of the state as the executive committee of the capitalist class, as the organized power of the capitalist class whereby it maintains its rule through legal institutions and armed force. And he concluded that Roosevelt would not achieve the aim Wells

mentioned, “even if he has this aim.” It is to be noted that Stalin does not here discuss Roosevelt’s motives. While he could not doubt that Roosevelt was interested only in maintaining capitalist rule, he dismisses the question lightly *because it is unimportant*. He is not concerned with Roosevelt’s motives but with the objective consequences of his policy.

Wells further developed his theory of “socialism in the Anglo-Saxon understanding of this word,” and brought up the question of the individual in his relation to society. Stalin seized upon this as a text and clearly pointed out that only a socialist society can give the fullest satisfaction to personal interests and safeguard the rights of separate persons. Then he went on to show that the problem was not one of the individual and society, as the bourgeois intellectual likes to conceive it, but one of the relation of classes. “Can you deny the contrast between classes, between the class of the wealthy, the class of capitalists, and the class of the toilers, of the proletarians?” This is the problem Roosevelt cannot solve. The reconciliation of these conflicting interests is impossible. Suppose, Stalin went on, Roosevelt did try to satisfy the interests of the proletariat at the expense of the capitalists? Why, the latter would replace him by another President. Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but the capitalists remain. Anyway, what about Fascists, Stalin asked Wells, what will you do with them. Then he delivered an excellent account of the Communists’ attitude towards violence.

Communists do not idealize the method of violence. But Communists don’t want to be caught unawares. They cannot calculate on the old world going from the stage by itself. They see that the old order is defending itself by force, and therefore Communists say to the working class: Be prepared to answer force by force. Do everything to prevent the old order from crushing you. Do not put fetters on the hands with which you will overthrow this system.

Wells had said that he considered “the idea of insurrection out of date.” The ruling system “will break down anyway.” Yes, Stalin reminded him, in England in the 17th century the system had broken down but a Cromwell was needed to finish it off. “The fact is that classes which must leave the historic stage are the last to be convinced that their role is finished.” They will take up arms and only an armed counter-force can dispatch them from the scene. “It seems to me, Mr. Wells,” Stalin pointedly remarked, “that you greatly underestimate the question of power.” Intentions, the best of intentions, are meaningless without power. The technical intelligentsia, for example, can be of the greatest service to mankind, or they can cause enormous harm.

By themselves they can do nothing. They must either support the existing rulers of society or support a class capable of seizing power. And the only class that can do this, that can make itself complete master for the building of socialism, is the working-class.

Stalin concluded by analyzing the three necessary requirements for the attainment of socialism. First is the class basis, the revolutionary working-class. Second is the Communist Party, necessary as an organizing and directing force for the proletarian revolution. Third is the seizure of power. "New power creates a new legality, a new order, which is a revolutionary order."

Thus Stalin spoke. Wells still had learned nothing. He said, "At the present time

throughout the world there are only two personalities whose every word is listened to by millions, you and Roosevelt." We will not quarrel with that. Wells, however, fails to see and to show which millions listen to these two leaders, these symbols of the enthusiastic creation of socialism and of moribund capitalism frantically striving to avert its doom. To Roosevelt listen the bourgeoisie, all those who have gained by capitalism and seek to preserve their rule and their profits, those who use Roosevelt as their puppet and will dispatch the man and resort to open Fascism when his methods fail. Millions of workers are still deceived by his honied words. But they are deceived only because he promises them that which is not in his power to give—employ-

ment, security, a decent human life. He must appear to voice the hopes of the workers and farmers to be listened to, to be tolerated, even for a moment. To Stalin listen the victorious workers and collective farmers of the Soviet Union, the hundreds of millions of oppressed peoples in the capitalist countries and their colonial vassals. In his words the exploited of the earth find voiced their own hopes and aspirations. He speaks to them of what they themselves desire and points the way for them to attain it. Stalin's voice is the voice of that great world proletarian class to which the future belongs. All this H. G. Wells does not understand. He is bourgeois to the core. But over his head Stalin spoke to the masses who will understand.

Mosley: Lap-Dog of British Imperialism

HAROLD WARD

EVERYBODY KNOWS by now—and John L. Spivak, America's ace-journalist, has been driving it home as a carpenter might hammer nails into a coffin—that Fascism, Wealth and the Best People go together. This is quite as it should be. For have not the Best People, after centuries of self-sacrificing effort—and with the unfailing support of gold, guns, greed and God—brought forth upon this earth a society in which bread lines shuffle darkly before glutted warehouses, banks, and arsenals? Who, if not they, can be counted upon to preserve a world so colorful, so rich in brilliant contrasts, so full of that "danger and play" eloquently celebrated by one of their unjustly neglected philosophers?

And Fascism looks after its own, as is but right at a time when loyalty to those who have is one of the few remaining marks of the true gentleman. Certainly it has no reason to be ashamed of its latest, most picturesque and romantic child, Sir Oswald Mosley: whose name, if we are to believe one of his latest stooges, "will not be second to either Mussolini or Hitler" in future histories of Europe. Thanks to a remarkable pamphlet entitled "Who Backs Mosley?" just published by the admirable Labor Research Department of London, we are now able to learn enough regarding this Little Lord Fauntleroy of British imperialism to make us blush for the plebeian origin of his Italian and British confrères.

It seems that the power, if not yet the glory, of the House of Mosley started back in 1596, when (quoting from *The Town Labourer* by the Hammonds) "a Mr. Oswald Mosley . . . bought the land on which Manchester now stands for £3,500. In 1846 the town of Manchester bought the manor and all the rights and incidents from Sir Oswald Mosley for £200,000. *The town could have acquired it*

in 1808 for £90,000" (Emphasis mine). With such a nest egg of solid gold to brood over it could not be long before the blue-blooded family had a try at producing a genius—or at least a national hero eager to save his country from something or other. This blessed event coincided with the birth of the present Oswald, whose early education at Winchester and the Royal Military College of Sandhurst showed him to be (it is a former classmate speaking) "precocious, impatient, full of contempt for most boys of his own age, and a complete hedonist" (A hedonist, in case you have forgotten, is a person who manages to eat other people's cakes and have his own). These qualities, so wonderfully suited to a future leader of men, were not allowed to languish in the hard school of adversity. The death of his grandfather in 1915 left him the richer by a personal fortune of £60,000, to which was added "the lion's share in land worth £247,000 in respect of settled land left by the late Baroness." Five years later Fortune—who, though not blind like Justice, is a trifle dumb—smiled again. Our *l'Aiglon* of a decrepit society married Lady Cynthia Curzon, a granddaughter of the Chicago millionaire, Levi Zeigler Leiter. This was in the august presence of four crowned heads and to the tune of another £28,000 a year income—none the less acceptable for being distinctly non-Aryan in origin. Sir Oswald, however, not to be outdone in tolerance by the Emperor Vespasian, will readily concede that "money does not smell."

By 1924 the gallant Oswald was fully launched on his political career: oddly enough, as a member of the Labor Party, to which he had deserted from the then unappreciative Conservatives. Socialism appeared to him a charming philosophy which not only made for "unselfish service" on the part of those who might lack a Baronet's advantages, but

frowned upon all ill-bred violence ("Labor doesn't intend to bring any sudden revolutionary changes"), increased the value of stocks, enjoyed the benefit of clergy—and even promoted brotherly love in the Army and Navy. As for Fascism, that horrid ghoul of Reaction—such a "frenzy of Continental hysterics" must by no means be permitted a foothold in democratic England: and the exasperated (or was it secretly jealous?) Mosley pointed with righteous scorn at Winston Churchill, "strutting in a borrowed shirt—a black shirt—which he had begged, borrowed or stolen from Signor Mussolini."

Defeated in his maiden campaign for election on the Labor ticket, Sir Oswald, accompanied by his wife, fortified himself by a grand luxury tour through India, Irak, Spain, Palestine, Egypt, the Riviera, America and Russia. Returning home our Rolls-Roisterer promptly set about acquiring "one of the most beautiful and ancient manor houses in all England," two new town houses in fashionable Smith Square, and a miscellaneous assortment of motor cars, servants, etc. Much of this was made possible by the considerate death of his father—who, however, once cynically remarked that Oswald "had never done an honest day's work in his life," and lacked the elementary courage to relinquish even some of his wealth (*not* just his income) to prove the sincerity of his so-called "convictions."

1926 found Mosley again preaching his upholstered brand of socialism—this time in the stark slums of Smethwick and with the generously bought support of the Smethwick Trades Council. However, despite his "old hired car," boarding house manners and heroic beer-drinking with the rabble, he was shouted down and the Labor Party was compelled in mere decency to repudiate his candidature. Four years later the iron Fascist hand in the velvet Liberal glove appeared in the famous "Memoran-

dum" which Mosley presented to the then Labor Government. This astounding piece of demagoguery proposed to salvage British capitalism by turning the unemployed loose on a variety of "public works" to be financed by a £200 million loan (interest charges on which, naturally, would be borne by them and their descendants, in the form of rising taxes and diminishing wages); and by setting up an Imports Control Board ingeniously designed to make British goods more costly at home than abroad.

Even the excessively craven Labor Government gagged at this. Mosley was forced to resign from the Cabinet and devise other, less public ways to express his bitter hatred of the proletariat, the class struggle and revolution in any genuinely creative form. Accordingly he laid elaborate plans to woo the Labor Party to a more "purified" Socialism—which in England is already so "pure" that the slightest contact with brute reality makes it shudder like a demi-vierge on the brink of mortal sin. The pamphlet tells how Mosley issued 250 invitations to key-men in the Labor and Trade Union movement "to discuss a proposal to start a new Socialist movement or group pledged to a form of economic nationalism." In this proposal appeared the first vague but unmistakable outlines of the Corporate State: all industries to be held as it were "in trust" by the Government, for the material benefit of the capitalist owners and the high moral good of the workers—concerning whom Mosley, as a full-fledged Fascist, was later to say that "material plenty produces physical enervation and weakness, just as, with the same opposing friction, adversity breeds character and struggle fertilizes virility."

This ruse also failed, and in 1931 the Labor Party—which, after all, has its own well-tryed and more discreet ways of delivering the masses up for slaughter—bounced Sir Oswald Mosley. The Baronet was in bed with pneumonia at the time, so that he was able to recover from two serious illnesses at once: the second being his morbid love for Socialism. "Anybody who declared that the Labor Party would introduce Socialism," he stated, with surprising insight, "was dishonest or stupid"; the Party had "grossly and shamefully betrayed its pledges." Brooding thus over his lost illusions in a sumptuous villa by the sea in Monaco, our "complete hedonist" experienced the great revelation which led to his concocting, with Dr. Robert Forgan, the witch's brew which presently was to become the British Union of Fascists.

In January, 1932, Mosley had an hour's discussion on shirts and fasces with Premier Mussolini; he had previously admired the swastika in Germany. British imperialism had at last found the leader who would support it to the bitter end—"as the rope supports a hanged man."

Socialism is dead—long live Fascism! Bluntly, in his Manual of Reaction, *The Greater Britain* Mosley celebrated the death of one enemy—and prepared for combat with an immeasurably stronger one. "When we

are confronted by red terror," warned this hero of Oxford, Olympia and Hyde Park, "we are certainly organized to meet force by force, and will always do our utmost to smash it." And again—conclusive retort to the petty-bourgeois argument that Fascism owes its grandeur and strength to a denial of class struggle; "In the final economic crisis . . . the eternal protagonists in the history of all modern crises must struggle for the mastery of the State. *Either Fascism or Communism emerges victorious.*" (My emphasis. Is it possible that Sir Oswald had dipped into an obscure little book written back in 1917 by an obscure little man baptized Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov, alias Nikolai Lenin, and had there learned that "the theory of the class struggle was not created by Marx but by the bourgeoisie before Marx and is, generally speaking, *acceptable to the bourgeoisie*"?)

Thoroughly acceptable, at any rate, did the British Union of Fascists prove to be among the Empire Builders of Downing Street, Mayfair and the City. As also to the somewhat sour skimmed milk of the intelligentsia. For, "in the black shirt" proclaimed the Leader, "all men are the same, whether they are millionaires or on the dole." Such a ringing defense of the democratic ideal merited encouragement from the wolves who were to be thus carefully reconciled with the sheep. There were, however, even stronger reasons for this encouragement: for it soon got about that the B. U. F. stood inflexibly for private ownership—and public violence camouflaged as "control"; for an economic nationalism supported by ruthless exploitation of colonial markets; for a financial system wholly under the dominance of predatory capital; for the transformation of diminishing wages into increasing profits, of restricted domestic production and foreign exports into higher prices, and of "redundant" enterprises into a closely-held network of corporations responsible to a National Investment Board representing only finance-capital and its small army of parasites. All of which, with true Fascist showmanship, is decked out in the shoddy glories of every cheap Utopia created by masters for the drugging of slaves—and defended by Pretorian Guards skilled in all the techniques of repression and terror.

Who backs Mosley? How is it that an organization so bitterly hated and so numerically weak (the B. U. F. claimed less than 18,000 dues-paying members in February, 1934) is able to do what it likes with a government whose formal protests merely disguise a systematic and growing encouragement? Partial, but very revealing answers to these questions are supplied by the Labor Research Department pamphlet.

It is asserted that generous financial assistance was—and possibly still is, given by:

Lord Inchcape, the shipping king. In addition to vast shipbuilding interests, this man is a director of about 24 companies, including five banking or insurance concerns (one being the powerful Westminster Bank). The suggestion that he aided Mosley with money has never been convincingly denied.

Sir William Morris (Lord Nuffield). Director of six British motor firms and of numerous Continental ones. Denies that he is *now* contributing to the B.U.F.

Courtauld's, the British textile and artificial silk colossus, also tries to whitewash itself, though its long record of exploitation and its fabulous wealth automatically throw it into Mosley's camp.

Sir A. V. Roe, one of the leaders of the flourishing British aircraft industry, may deny active support—but Mosley's equally active Air Defense units are not likely to antagonize such men.

Baron Tollemache, a confessed supporter of the Fascist movement, is connected with the Tollemache Breweries, and proprietor of nearly 36,000 acres of valuable land in Cheshire.

Viscount Rothermere—who, however, is still trying to make up his profound mind about Mosley and his program. This de luxe British edition of Hearst is chief proprietor of the Daily Mail, Mirror and Evening News; vice-chairman of Associated Newspapers, Inc.; president of the Anglo-Canadian Pulp & Paper Mills; a director of the British Columbia Power Corporation and the Daily Mail Trust. His experience as pre-war Director of the Royal Army Clothing Department, and as Air Minister in the last year of the War, further qualify him as a future propaganda expert for Adolf—pardon me, Oswald—Mosley's Totalitarian Empire under the Union Jack.

These are some of Mosley's angels—men who love "their" country so much that they would rather destroy it with fire and sword than see it actually being used and enjoyed by 45,000,000 Englishmen. But Fascism does not live by gold alone: blood, "brains" and "culture" are very necessary links between the check book at one end and the blackjack, glass-filled stocking and knuckle-duster at the other. These links are being generously supplied. And so we come to the "January Club." Inaugurated on New Year's day, 1934, this replica of the Berlin Herren Club which had so much to do with the triumph of Hitler has the definite object of forming a solid Black-shirt front. Its Chairman is Sir John Squire, editor of the London Mercury and one of the most offensive literary sycophants on the planet. Its assemblies—held usually at the Savoy or the Hotel Splendide, favored haunts of the Leader—are "distinguished by evening dress, wines, flowers and a general air of luxury." Distinguished also by the presence, among many others, of the following actual or potential supporters of the B. U. F.:

Colonel Lord Middleton, a director of numerous companies, owner of 15,000 acres of mineral lands in Nottinghamshire, and member of the Club Committee.

General Sir Hubert de la Poer Gough, K.C. V.O., etc., etc., Commander of the Fifth Army, 1916-18, Chief of Allied Mission to the Baltic, 1919 (Russian Intervention); Director of Siemens Bros., Caxton Electric Development, etc.

Air-Commander Chamier, late of the Indian Army, now aviation consultant to, and lately a director of, Vickers Aviation, Ltd.

Vincent C. Vickers, of Vickers, Ltd. and London Assurance Corporation.

Earl of Glasgow, brother to Sir John Inskip, the Attorney-General responsible for the infamous Sedition Bill now before Parliament.

Captain Liddell Hart, military critic and historian.

Mr. Ward Price, special correspondent of the Daily Mail and a director of Associated Newspapers and British Movietone News.

Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, a director of Handley-Page Aircraft, partner in the broker-

age firm of J. & H. Schrimageour—and Gentleman Usher in Ordinary to His Majesty the King.

Sir Charles Petrie, historian attached to the War Cabinet, 1918-19; author of *Mussolini* and *The Case for Monarchy*.

Hon F. J. Rennell Rodd, heir to Baron Rennell and a partner in *Morgan, Grenfell & Co.* Formerly Manager of the Bank of International Settlements (Geneva), and of the Intelligence Service in Italy and the ear East.

Mr. Ralph D. Blumenthal, former editor of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*; founder of the Anti-Socialist Union.

And so on. With such a galaxy of reactionary stars revolving around the still nebulous British Union of Fascists, it is only a question of time—aided by an entirely mistaken attitude of *laissez-faire* seasoned with

that wonderful narcotic, "British honor"—before England swings into the orbit of Mussolini, Hitler, Marshal Pilsudski and the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia. For all its tinsel trappings, raw demagogy, luxury banquets and sporadic outbreaks (fully protected by the police), the B. U. F. means business. That business—carried on with a calculating realism and an unflagging patience—has one clear-cut objective: the perpetuation, at whatever cost of social progress and human life, of British imperialism, of the dominance over world markets of British industrial power and British finance-capital. So far from being a fantastic, and somewhat tiresome young political Lochinvar, Sir Oswald Mosley, by virtue

of the gigantic material interests he represents, is the most ominously significant public character in England today. This fact is clearly known only to the Communist Party, whose German brothers, back in 1932, issued warning after warning that "a vote for Hindenburg is a vote for Hitler."

And Mosley understands this well. Ten years ago he saw the alternatives: "Two distinct and conflicting mentalities"—so the *Daily Herald* quoted him in 1924—"are preparing to battle for the mastery of the world—the mind of progress—the mind of reaction. . . ."

He has made only one—and fatal—mistake: by clothing Progress in a Blackshirt.

Battle-Lines in France

CHARLES B. STRAUSS

THE BULLETS that kill Louis Barthou drill their way into an already riddled international situation and make a vivid splatter in the dispatches, but within France itself a broader and deeper set of events is taking shape. Even the month's provincial elections, which show gains for the left and centre at the expense of the right, fail to be an adequate barometer of maturing storms.

Today all elements in France, except a portion of the bewildered lower middle-class which still places confidence in its misnamed Radical Socialist Party, look towards a show-down.

Jittery spokesman for the financial powers, Premier Doumergue stood before a microphone a few weeks ago and made his self-styled "supreme appeal" to the French people. First he pleaded for trust and faith and then he revealed his "intention to unite all parties within the government in a drive against the Socialists and the Communists, who have recently proclaimed a 'united front'." How this fire-side chat was received in the offices of the Cross of Fire your correspondent cannot state, although his guess is pretty good. But its reception among the workers of France can only have been of one kind. This we learned in Paris the previous week.

Three hours before the united front meeting of the Communist and Socialist parties of France and Italy, the well-groomed gentlemen of the right began to gather outside the Salle Bullier.

Gendarmes and many uniformed detachments from fascist organizations patrolled back and forth. On the other side of the narrow Rue Donfert-Rochereau about fifteen stocky men in black Sunday clothes stood with feet apart and waited. They did not seem eager to say who they were.

As dusk closed in, another sort of patrol appeared on the Rue Lafayette: Young Com-

munist in khaki shirts, Young Socialists in blue shirts, but all with the same red neckties. After them came 10,000 of the workers of Paris. They moved in slowly, metal workers, railroad workers, soldiers on leave, public service employes, *petits commerçants*, transport workers, shop girls. In the crowd were numerous dark faces of hunted Italian Communists and Socialists.

The hall was decorated like a Soviet congress, with red bunting and slogans, but the proof of what M. Doumergue has on his hands was not in the words on the wall. It was in the common militancy of these workers, Socialist and Communist, united in chants of "Free Thaelmann! Free Gramsci! The Soviets Everywhere!" and in the historic words of their leaders. The speeches of the Italian party representatives called forth chorus after chorus of the *Internationale*, of *Bandiera Rossa* and *Prenez Garde!* Amid tremendous hubbub Leon Blum took his place with Marcel Cachin on the platform. For the first time in fifteen years the leader of the French Socialist party stood beside the secretary of the Communist Party of France in a united front meeting. The audience waited eagerly for Blum's words.

The speeches of Chairman Farinet (Socialist) and of Marcel Cachin were brief and pointed. One sentence of Farinet's was greeted by tumult, "Unity of action will lead us to the final victory of the proletariat and to *vanquish Fascism we must go into the streets and drive it out!*"

The essential significance of these militant words from a Social Democrat who, with Blum, had long and viciously waged a campaign of hate against the Communist Party, were not lost on the workers. And Cachin briefly and powerfully carried this will for unity into the trade unions, hailing the words of Michaud (Socialist) who had called for a united Confederation of Trade Unions by

Christmas. Unity in meetings must be succeeded by broad unity in mass labor actions.

A week before, in a speech on the meaning of the U. S. S. R.'s entrance into the League of Nations, Blum had declared, "With discretion and in all friendship, we will triumph over our Communist comrades in our interpretation of this subject." Immediately Cachin had replied in a front-page article on the Soviet Union and on the application of the united front, brilliantly reiterating the Communist stand. Again there had been seething in the Socialist masses and again the rank and file had sat on Blum's chest and forced from him a revolutionary statement. For tonight when Blum spoke his words were such as to bring forth a rocking ovation:

"I know well that there is something which separates the Socialist Party from the Communist Party; without it, I should be of the same party as Cachin. But most things bring us together and I now believe that the main thing still separating us is the internal constitutional set-up of our parties. . . . The only way to victory is the organic unity of the proletariat. Furthermore, such unity is in the interest of the Soviet Union. And I affirm the desire of the Socialist Party to protect the U. S. S. R. in every way. The defense of the Soviet Union will be assured by the unity of the proletariat. And at this moment we are striving to set up an impassable barrier against Fascism."

Only in action will the workers test the words of Leon Blum. It was their mighty surge, as he admitted, which had led the Socialist Party to the Salle Bullier. The buddies of Colonel La Rocque who were standing outside must have felt embarrassed when the singing forces of unity poured from the hall, thousand after thousand, on their way back to the shops, the mills and the regiments.

Behind this indomitable trend lies the whole story of the French crisis. The market re-

mains stagnant while more and more of the population has been drawn into struggle by the efforts of the French ruling-class to reduce the cost of production and to increase the utilization of capital. Mass resistance has burst out in the army, in industry, in the farm towns and among public employees. Faced with failure, the bourgeois democrats now raise the cry of "Greater State Authority!" (Tardieu) and "Let us be strong and stay united!" (Contentot). General strike after general strike has weakened the hold of French imperialists in the colonies. Pétain is taking measures to "raise the morale" of the army.

Reservists returning from service come into the east station singing the *Internationale*. Political scandal after political scandal tests the patience of the masses.

Meanwhile the agrarian crisis drives down the salaries of the completely unprotected farm workers 20-40 percent in two years. For the small producers of wheat and wine, breaking even has become a fond memory. Up to July the official price of wheat was 115-130 francs per metric quintal; yet cultivators could not sell it for more than 80-90 francs and mass demonstrations this month indicate that there has been no improvement. Accompanying the perilously low returns, which drive thousands off mortgaged land, is the high price of flour (190 francs per metric quintal) and of bread (two francs a loaf). The difference goes to the big owners of grain elevators and to other middlemen.

The ravages of the industrial crisis have been no less painful. This year there are three million part-time employed. Forty-one percent of all French workers have not averaged a minimum of forty-eight hours work per week this year. In 1933 the factory jobless numbered 1,700,000 as compared with 600,000 in 1931; only one-half of the metal workers worked forty-eight hours per week; the miners earned just one-half as much as in a pre-crisis year. All this has come while wages for all French workers fell from 30 percent from 1930 to 1933. And Marquet has just sent to Doumergue a reminder that "We must expect, as in 1932, an important turn for the worse in unemployment in the course of the coming winter."

It is from this black soil that the political crisis has been growing. The situation is so clearly marked in all parts of France this month that the New York Herald Tribune's correspondent was moved to cable (Oct. 7):

"Week by week the political issue is becoming clearer. That issue constitutes a vital struggle for dominance between the champions of Marxian principles among the Socialists and Communists, and those reactionaries or conservatives whose ideology tends towards some type of Fascism, as the crisis deepens."

After failures in the previous year, the Communist Party advanced rapidly from the beginning of 1934. The level of its tactical leadership and of *L'Humanité*, its daily central organ, was raised ever higher until, on February 6 and the subsequent days, it was

able to put itself at the head of the rising of the broad masses against the Fascist danger and succeeded in bringing them on to the street.

The February days forced workers of all political creeds to ask themselves if they would submit to being the "third experience," after Italy and Germany.

By March 11, a national conference of the Socialist Party perforce adopted a program of collective action, "not to go beyond local boundaries." But on July 15 pressure within the ranks was so great that the Communist Party's unity proposals were accepted, 3,471 to 366. Vielle of the Gironde department expressed the sentiments of the Socialist leadership when he declared, "We do not want our party to resist a stream which represents an irresistible force in the working-class."

Two days after the pact was signed, 50,000 Communists and Socialists celebrated together at the grave of Jaurès in the Pantheon. The cry, "Les Soviets partout!" became the unanimous cry of the rank and file workers. The bourgeois newspapers devoted column after column to the new united front. The daily bulletin of the Comité des Forges called it "an alarming alliance." Since then the trade union unity movement has shown an accelerating advance; the problem has become the most pressing one to be taken up at each union convention. Already unity unions have passed the two hundred mark. When 120,000 workers demonstrated in Paris alone in support of *L'Humanité* last month, it was no wonder *Figaro* wrote, "It is now urgently necessary to put a stop to the advance of the Bolsheviks in this country." The organ of

the French General Staff and of the church militant backed this up with the resolution that "the united front must be smashed!" (*Echo de Paris*.)

How to smash it? Well, "Blue House" hums with activity. The Fascists drill with pistols under the eyes of the gendarmerie. The Cross of Fire conducts maneuvers regularly at Meaux and collects arms, openly preparing for civil war. While the Fascists drill, the police search incessantly for Communist arms which are not discovered because there are none to discover. Turning the government's demagoguery inside out, the Communist press displays brilliant journalism in exposing fascist preparations and calling upon the government to confiscate their arms and break up their brigand bands. In reply, and as a reward for killing eighteen workers since February, the government gives the Fascists places of honor in all official ceremonies. Foreign workers are being jailed and deported on pretexts. Guichard the police-commissioner is attempting unsuccessfully to drive the vendors of *L'Humanité* from the streets. And last month the Paris garrison was increased.

Against fascist attacks and the rapid fascistization within the National Government stand the politically organized workers of France, backed up more and more by the peasants, the petty-bourgeoisie, the intellectuals and the soldiers.

When Premier Doumergue plaintively cries into the microphone, "What possible interest could I have in deceiving you?" they know the answer. When Fascism takes a step towards power they are prepared to answer blow for blow.



"PRESIDENT URGES AID FOR CHARITIES"

Boris Gorelich



"PRESIDENT URGES AID FOR CHARITIES"

Boris Gorelich

Correspondence

Social Credit and the Jews

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In his review (Oct. 9) of Social Credit texts, Mr. Gillman, I notice, makes an effort to associate Social Credit with anti-Semitism. The quotations cited from C. H. Douglas do not substantiate his insinuation, and the following facts will suggest the degree of Mr. Gillman's irresponsibility in his conjecture. 1. The number of Jews active in the Social Credit movement here and overseas. 2. The favorable account of Social Credit in the Jewish press of New York. 3. The Silver Shirt attack last April on Social Credit as a Jewish plot. 4. The presence of the Rev. Michael Adler, representing the Chief Rabbi of London, on the General Council of the League to Abolish Poverty, an important Social Credit organization. 5. The efforts in train for several months to induce organized Jewry to declare itself against the Credit Monopoly. An apology from Mr. Gillman would be in order.

When Mr. Gillman makes me the sole backing for the American movement, he honors me too much and is unfair to many other workers for Social Credit whose names must be known to him if he follows economic discussion in the magazines. I would be proud to accept all the credit for the results achieved if I deserved it, but my role has been only a modest journalistic one. GORHAM MUNSON.

Reply by Joseph M. Gillman

TO THE NEW MASSES:

This is the passage in my review to which Mr. Munson takes violent exception:

As to the theory of social credit, one may judge it by an example of the historical perspectives of Major Douglas and by his theory of taxation.

Periodic economic crises, Major Douglas believes, are financial phenomena generated largely by Jewish bankers. "For instance, a serious depression stretched from the time of the Crusaders to the beginning of the Renaissance, and is explainable, I think, far better by the fact [1] that the English Nobles were all mortgaged to the Jews as a result of the Crusades, than in any other way." And again: "The 'Hungry Forties' were no more due to the Napoleonic Wars than the present industrial distress in this country [Great Britain] is due to the European War. They were due to the hold which financiers, such as the Rothschilds, obtained upon this country. . . ." For, Major Douglas reasons: "The characteristic of orthodox Finance is the centralization of Credit. I could, without much difficulty, prove to you that such a policy synthesizes every anti-Christian principle. The distribution of credit is its antithesis." (*The Manual*, pp. 42, 52.)

Thus, behind our hard times, lies the concentration of Credit, and behind that lurks the international Jew.

And on re-reading it, I cannot possibly see how anyone can accuse me of "insinuation," unless quoting an author can be called that. The English of Major Douglas seems perfectly clear. He explicitly makes several statements to the effects that Jewish bankers and money-lenders were largely, if not mainly, responsible for the economic crises following the Crusades, the Napoleonic Wars, and, by inference, the one in England of the early 1920's. I cited these statements as an "example of the historical perspectives of Major Douglas" in the course of building up my argument to prove the befuddlement of his economic theories. Nowhere do I do more than restate the quotation almost in his own words. Nowhere do I as much as mention the word "anti-Semitism." If into Major Douglas' theories of economic crises, as stated in his own words, Mr. Munson wishes to read anti-Semitic implications, it is his own free choice.

As to the second part of Mr. Munson's communication, is it not rather naive to attempt to prove Social Credit blameless of anti-Semitism by reference to the support given it by prominent Jews? That Jews support the movement, or its auxiliaries, no more removes any taint of anti-Semitism that one might attach to it, than nascent American Hitlerism can be exonerated on similar grounds. On this point I respectfully refer Mr. Munson to Mr. John L. Spivak's articles: "Plotting America's Pogroms" in *THE NEW MASSES*.

The thing that most amazes me in this matter of Social Credit is that some people with brains, to put it vulgarly, fall for such utter economic nonsense, such puerility. As if a hundred and fifty years of economic thought had never come to light. In the history of ideas, should the future chronicler happen to stumble upon it, Social Credit will stand as a unique example of the bankruptcy and confusion of the political and economic thinking of the would-be saviours of capitalism in the epoch of its decay. JOSEPH GILLMAN.

Harold Preece Protests

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The revelation that I am a Nazi is, to say the least, mildly surprising. I do own a moth-eaten brown suit, but Herr Hitler would probably not recognize it as official regalia. I am conscious that the embryo storm troopers of Texas will suffer acute hemorrhages when they learn, upon the word of Mr. Orrick Johns, that I am one of the boys. But until these embattled followers of Der Fuehrer develop enough cranial matter to get Mr. Johns' drift, I shall continue to stay out of dark alleys and faithfully look under my bed each night. Not long ago, these playful simians tried with might and main to incarcerate me in our pleasant state penitentiary because I investigated the case of a murdered comrade, upon assignment from The Southern Worker. One of them has told me personally that the time was coming when he would answer me with something else besides words.

Mr. Johns has produced some of the finest verse ever written by an American. He is one of the few older poets who has been able to shift his position from the meadow to the barricade. But in his comment upon my article, *Fascist Dialogue*, which appeared in the September issue of *The American Spectator*, he fails to show much critical ability. Fairness would have demanded that he read more of my article than the title, before classing it as "satire at the expense of the workers and destitute."

As a matter of fact, *Fascist Dialogue* is explicitly a satire upon the Fascists, a transcription of an illiterate, vicious conversation between three dressed-up thugs. When this article was written two years ago, it was read by several revolutionary writers, including Jack Conroy. None of these comrades drew the wretched inference that I was a Fascist because I satirized Fascists.

My record of activity in the Communist movement as writer, organizer and speaker constitute, to any honest person, sufficient refutation of Mr. Johns' insinuation. In this connection, I was appointed by the Party, two years ago, to direct the fight against a criminal syndicalism bill; and one of my latest essays is entitled *Fascism and the Negro*. If Mr. Johns wishes to investigate, he will discover that most of my work has appeared in revolutionary journals. Nor is it considered a crime, to my knowledge, for revolutionary writers to publish their ideas in the non-revolutionary press.

I am taking the liberty of reproducing two quotations from *Fascist Dialogue*. The reader may then judge for himself as to whether or not I am on the Thyssen payroll.

The local commander of the American Legion, unaware that he was speaking to a class-conscious

worker, reached across the desk and extracted my last cigarette from the crumpled package. His two compatriots nodded their heads in emphatic assent. A Mussolini or a Hitler! No hungry unemployed coming to the City Hall, where the commander has a fat job, and demanding food! No ragged malcontents to disturb the slumbers of bay-windowed reserve officers! The Black Flag of the Fascist pirates as a final alternative to the Red Flag of the revolutionary proletariat.

Three specimens of intellectual senescence sitting around an ornate office, scheming against the wretched dwellers of the hovels. Three exemplars of a patriotism whose boasted equality of opportunity does not extend to the residents of the river-front Hooverville, a stone's throw from Mr. Burton's window. Three little Tories wrapping flags about their ears to muffle the siren strains of rebellion.

If this be Fascism, then what is Revolution?

HAROLD PREECE.

Orrick Johns Replies

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I regret that I did not identify the Harold Preece who published in the *American Spectator* with the same writer who has contributed to *THE NEW MASSES* and other left-wing publications. Had I done so I should have devoted more space to him than a mere running mention—but I did read the story. Our Texas comrade writes well, but I think he made a mistake to submit his sketch to a publication that had already exposed its anti-working-class policy. In such pages Preece's story had an ambiguous ring. The whole question arises here as to whether writers loyal to the Communist movement should offer their work to publications definitely and viciously antagonistic to that movement. The effect is always to cloud the issue. Worse, it enables such publications to cover up their open hatred and misrepresentation by a pretense of impartiality. If such articles were written with unequivocal class-consciousness they would not be accepted.

ORRICK JOHNS.

Bloody Roumania

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia has again focused the attention of the world on the despotic regimes general in the Balkan states.

Following the bloody suppression of the widely spread railroad workers strike in February, 1933, when 416 workers were brutally murdered in Bucharest alone, a regime of terror was inaugurated in all Roumanian prisons. Most of the privileges granted the political prisoners as a result of years of struggle in which many lives of workers and revolutionary intellectuals were lost, have been abolished. Thousands of political prisoners are now incarcerated together with the most dangerous criminals. No attempt is made to isolate men suffering from contagious diseases (syphilis, tuberculosis, etc.). In one of the Transylvanian prisons, among 35 inmates of one cell, there are several syphilitics in the last stages of the disease. Most horrible conditions prevail in the prisons of Dobrudja, Bessarabia, and Bucovina. The health of many comrades in these prisons is seriously impaired. Almost all those who are released after serving their terms die from the diseases contracted in jails or developed as a result of medieval tortures by the Roumanian secret police. It seems that the government is determined to destroy all revolutionary workers and intellectuals.

It is the duty of the international proletariat to raise its protest against Roumania's regime of terror. Contributions should be addressed to the Provisional Committee for Aid of Victims of Terror in Roumania, (I.L.D. auspices), Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, New York City.

VICTOR GREGORY, Secretary.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

H. L. Mencken and Robert Herrick

THOSE of us who are interested in proletarian literature cannot fail to be pleased with the increasing attention that is paid to the subject in the bourgeois press. Two recent discussions are particularly enlightening, though for different reasons. One is Robert Herrick's *Writers in the Jungle* in the New Republic for October 17. The other is H. L. Mencken's *Illuminators of the Abyss* in the October 6 issue of the Saturday Review of Literature.

The editors of the Saturday Review have provided an uncommonly suitable setting for Mr. Mencken's dissertation. The issue of October 6 marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of the magazine, and the editors are apparently overwhelmed by the fact that, in this land of freedom, progress, and culture, a literary weekly has survived for a decade. Invited comments from twenty-six men and women of letters signalize this achievement. They range from the dismal taciturnity of Theodore Dreiser, who thinks it is probably a pretty good magazine, but almost never reads it, to the lush enthusiasm of the author of *Anthony Adverse*. They range also from the warmth of Christian Gauss, who congratulates the editors on having kept their heads in a "literary reign of terror," to the embarrassment of Michael Gold, who detects "a faint aura of Wall Street."

Most of the letters dwell on the fairness of the magazine. Sinclair Lewis is impressed with this, and Oswald Garrison Villard and Booth Tarkington and William Harlan Hale. The editors, too, it is obvious, are fairly well satisfied with themselves on this point. Dr. Canby modestly refers to the possession of this virtue in his editorial, and William Rose Benet disposes of Mike Gold's allegations with the information that editorial salaries are far from plutocratic. Surely it would be an unreasonable critic who could remain unconvinced by such testimony. But what of Mr. Mencken's article, which is given the leading position in this issue of issues?

Can we reconstruct the mental processes of the editors of the Saturday Review? Perhaps they realized that the rise of a proletarian literature is the most important cultural event of the past decade and saw that it was the obvious subject for the principal article of their anniversary issue. Their problem was then to discover the person best fitted to deal with this theme. The author should, one would say, have an understanding of economics, know all American work that lays claim to being proletarian, be aware of the operations of the proletarian dictatorship in the Soviet Union, and enjoy the respect of informed persons as a critic of insight and in-

tegrity. With these criteria in mind, they looked around and picked out—H. L. Mencken.

Perhaps I am wrong; perhaps that is not the way it was done; I insist, however, that that is how it should have been done. The Review's reputation for fairness and the editors' sense of responsibility to their readers demanded it. If they merely sought the somewhat bedimmed glory of Mr. Mencken's name, they were betraying their readers. If they wanted at all costs an attack on proletarian literature, what can be said of their claims to fairness?

But if they really considered what qualifications a writer on proletarian literature should have, why did they choose Mr. Mencken? His knowledge of economics is on a level with Herbert Hoover's, with whose views he substantially agrees. If he has ever read one proletarian novel, short story, or poem, there is not the slightest evidence of it in this article. What he knows about Russia he learned from reading, for review purposes, half a dozen discredited collections of scandals and lies. As for his standing as a critic—well, a man can't live forever on the strength of having discovered Theodore Dreiser.

Mr. Mencken's ideas about proletarian literature can be summarized even more briefly than Mike Gold summarized them in the Daily Worker for October 17. Gold generously listed nine points. I can discover only five: proletarian literature is dull; its novelists and poets have turned in disappointment to the revolution because they couldn't make the grade of the Cosmopolitan; its critics are "young men with a disinclination for steady jobs" and a desire to attract attention by shocking people; it relies on banal indecency; it is a fad, which started two or three years ago and will end in a year or two.

That is all he says, absolutely all. It is unnecessary to refute him, for he offers no evidence. And it would be futile to abuse him. The Sage of Baltimore, bereft of the following he once had, is naturally turning to un-

principled slander and violent denunciation in the vain attempt to recapture a little of the acclaim that formerly rewarded his every word. But he has lost his old flair for vituperation, and his style, which once ranked him near the top of living American humorists, has become labored and sluggish. The old dog can't learn new tricks, and he seems a little senile in his performance of the old ones. We have nothing to be concerned about, though it does seem to me that Dr. Canby and his colleagues might have the matter a little on their consciences.

The sad collapse of Mr. Mencken makes the vitality of Robert Herrick seem almost miraculous, for Mr. Herrick, after all, was writing novels when the Sage was in grammar school. Never so widely acclaimed as other muckraking novelists, he went on, year after year, piecing together his record of American life in the era of monopoly capitalism. He has not always seen clearly, but he has never deliberately shut his eyes, and, as the New Republic piece shows, they are still open. The article is an intelligent and sympathetic account of certain proletarian novels, notably *The Disinherited*, *The Shadow Before*, *The Land of Plenty*, and *The Foundry*. Mr. Herrick understands very well what the authors of these books are trying to do and why they want to do it. So far as I know, there is no other discussion of proletarian literature by a critic uncommitted to revolution so consistently perceptive and so nearly just.

There is one contention of Mr. Herrick's with which I would quarrel. He says that these novelists do not show that employers are as much "conditioned" as workers. The proletarian novelist should, he tells us, be guided by "a tragic conviction that the social system is writing its own doom, and his part is merely to record the steps." "The creative writer at least," he concludes, "is not under the compulsion of political exigencies, of expediency or partisanship. He is free—it is his supreme function to exercise such freedom—to rise beyond the turmoil and the strife, to see *all* the human elements in the social complex."

We know, of course, that the social system

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is writing its own doom, but only in the sense that it is creating the forces that will overthrow it. Capitalism will collapse only when it is destroyed. This is not some mechanical process that the writer can study from the outside; it is a conflict of active forces, and the writer is part of one force or the other. The writer cannot rise beyond the turmoil, for it is all-inclusive. He can no more be outside the class struggle than he can be outside the operations of the law of gravitation. He can, of course, vacillate, lending his strength now to this side and now to that, but that is a very different thing from the objectivity Mr. Herrick desires.

The impossibility of impartiality does not mean that the author cannot see all the human elements; it merely means that he must see them from one point of view or the other. Perhaps Herrick is right in saying that as yet proletarian novelists have not portrayed fully enough the lives and minds of the employers. They ought, certainly, to do so, for they can give the reality of the class struggle in no other way. But from what point of view shall they examine these elements? Take MacMahon in *The Land of Plenty*, for example. Cantwell may not reveal him fully enough, but any further revelation would be

valueless unless it were from the same point of view. Even if he were to show MacMahon as he appears to men of his own class, he would have to evaluate the judgment of that class in terms of the attitudes of the working class. And after all the essential truth about MacMahon is that he is mean and narrow in his relations with his employes, as any employer has to be, and his meanness and narrowness carry over into his domestic life. Cantwell sees this essential truth because he looks at MacMahon through the eyes of the workers. He could not see it in any other way.

The great weakness of Mr. Herrick's own novels is, I believe, that he has sincerely striven for this impartiality he recommends to others, and it happens to be an illusion. Jumping from one side of the barricades to the other does not conduce to power of conviction, singleness of purpose, and unity of conception—virtues to be found in most great literature. But my recognition of his faults is accompanied by admiration for his virtues, and my quarrel with his theories does not diminish my respect for the man. I cordially recommend his article to the attention of the editors of the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Farrell Between Books

CALICO SHOES and Other Stories. By James T. Farrell. *Vanguard*. \$2.50.

THIS book will neither add to Farrell's reputation nor detract from it—much. His position in the front rank of American writers rests securely on *Young Lonigan*, *Gashouse McGinty* and *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*.

Farrell has dug deep in these three books. He has excavated in his memory to find his own truth about the life he once lived, the truth as he remembered it about the worker, the backward, unclass-conscious worker, caught in the gears of the industrial machine, and twisted sometimes out of all human shape; about the lower middle class, the "lace-curtain Irish" whose mothers' fondest dream is to have one son a priest; and of those dangerous mavericks of the industrial roundup, those potential candidates for Nazi uniforms and whips, the drugstore cowboys and incipient gangsters, the chasers and bruisers whose completest portrait is the phrase, "lumpen-proletariat." Farrell has spaded away layer after layer of bourgeois reticence and concealment, of romantic lies and snuffling sentimentality. The South Side of Chicago has become a different and a realer place, since he reconstructed it. To anyone who grew up in a working class district in a big city, whether Chicago, New York, or elsewhere, the sights and sounds that Farrell reported with such veracity and power were instantly recognizable. The thing that was not quite clear in any of the books, was Farrell's own viewpoint, what he thought about it all.

His first allegiance was to the truth, the objective, inescapable and uncolored truth, as he saw it; and he saw the whole scene, the workers and the straw bosses, the politicians, the storekeepers, the whores and the priests, all with pretty much the same eye. Thus, we got representative figures on both sides of that class struggle which was always going on throughout the lives of all the South Side—but we got no class struggle; we got workers in every kind of economic stress and disaster, but we got no working class; workingmen rebelling bitterly against circumstances, whether a particularly vicious boss or the settling in their district of other workers who happened to be Negroes—but no working class movement.

A striking instance may be cited. One of the major themes in *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* is race prejudice. The Negroes are coming into the South Side, pushing the Irish out. There have been riots, the great race riots of 1919. Farrell walks completely around the riots, opening the chapter after they are all over. Perhaps it is not fair criticism to object to a book because of what is not in it; but fair or not, it remains an illuminating point about Farrell's attitude toward his work. It may be that he saw and can remember no actual rioting; then here is where the creative artist, the proletarian writer dealing with a section of the life he remembers, where that part was involved with a major historical event, has to stop simply remembering, and start thinking. Farrell, writing a day-by-day diary of Chicago, at that time, could have written precisely the sort of

book *The Young Manhood* is. Farrell writing now, with all that has happened since to illuminate and clarify the issues involved in the race riots of 1919, could not afford to leave out so much.

Calico Shoes, containing short stories written from 1928 to 1934, offers further testimony to Farrell's gifts of observation, his ear for the rhythms of workers' speech, his grasp of technical problems in varied forms of short fiction—and his remoteness from the revolutionary working class movement.

Of the sixteen stories collected here, one, *The Scarecrow*, was published recently in *THE NEW MASSES* under the title *Children of the Twilight*. Another, *The Buddies*, appeared in *Dynamo*. We may as well admit at once that *Dynamo* got hold of the better story. *The Buddies* is the only story in the book which shows a definite pre-occupation with the lives of workers, as workers. It touches briefly on a desperately important problem of the American working class movement, the labor racketeer. By no means explicit, but within its limitations informative and convincing, it shows what may pass for a rank and file movement achieving the beginnings of organization in a large express company, and the ruthless suppression of *The Buddies* by the company, working together with the gunman-controlled union. This is Farrell writing for once in a way about workers in the mass. The mass, as he tells it, is easily, all too easily, defeated by the strategically placed bosses and their colleague, the crooked labor official; and nothing but a futile resentment remains. But here Farrell has at least indicated an awareness of the living springs of class consciousness and class action.

As for *The Scarecrow*: Written in 1930 and dealing with a crowd of lower middle class high school kids with pre-crisis ideas of "life," mostly obtained by looking through the peep-holes of speakeasies, the story is a bitter and hopeless picture of the savage jungle that children grow up in in capitalist America. *THE NEW MASSES* tried to indicate the intent of the story by the title, *Children of the Twilight*; a date, placing it in its "prosperity" setting, probably would have helped to clarify the purpose in printing the story. Furthermore, it makes considerable difference where a story appears; presented in a revolutionary magazine, Farrell's story was one document of the American scene among many others, most of them with a direct revolutionary content. But in *Calico Shoes* it appears in a different setting. Printed together with stories of homosexuals, of decaying old women, of dumb, beaten old men, and frustrated adolescence, the story merely adds to the weight of the emphasis that Farrell thus far has thrown so heavily on the side of the exceptional, the bizarre, and the defeated aspects of American life.

In this book of three hundred pages, *The Buddies* occupies ten. It may perhaps be contended that in an average worker's life the times when he is in direct conflict with the employer would total up to a period relatively

as small; workers are not always on strike, always being beaten up by thugs. And from such a standpoint Farrell may be said to have measured out a fair portion of revolutionary seasoning in his work. But the forces that every now and then bring his class interests to a violent conflict with the boss's, are in action all the time, shaping and driving the worker; they are both the earth he walks on and the air he breathes. The writer that Farrell means to be one day will walk with the worker on his class-divided earth, and breathe his air, and battle with him. Up to now Farrell has been functioning on a level a

little above the earth; he has gained a greater freedom of theme, and has not yet found a firm footing.

There is to be another Lonigan book, completing the trilogy; and after that, according to a disturbing report, Farrell plans to begin to lead up to a revolutionary book through a long succession of novels which may run to the staggering number of twenty-five volumes. If he carries out any such plan, Farrell will have chosen to watch the historic moment go by, in order to sit down at leisure long afterward and write history.

HERMAN MICHELSON.

Stiff White Collars

THE PROUD AND THE MEEK, by Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

AFTER the lovers, the murderer, the intellectuals and business conspirators, Jules Romains finally reaches the proletariat (or the Meek!) in the latter half of the third volume of his long and pretentious social novel. Those who thought this might be the touchstone—is he Fascist?—may perhaps be disappointed. But it is a clearly indicative treatment, and can be supplemented by a volume of essays, *Problèmes Européens*, which he published in 1933 to be read between volumes two and three of *Men of Good Will*. The opinions there expressed put him in the large class of passive intellectual revolutionaries who rapidly succumb to practical considerations and a swelling love for the middle classes, not the middle classes as rentiers and exploiters, but the middle classes conceived as engineers, functionaries, professionals, the heroes of H. G. Wells and Stuart Chase.

The semi-Marxist governments of Central Europe, Romains says, favored the proletariat to the prejudice of these groups. As a result, the "cadres" revolted, as in Italy earlier, and suppressed the proletariat, and could do so because they were more aggressive and able. "These proletarians, who are heroic soldiers when a 'bourgeois' officer commands them, these Communists whose brothers died by the thousands at Verdun for a cause which was not their own, and which they have violently disavowed, have let their own home, Liebknecht House, be taken without a struggle." The Russian Revolution he does not find relevant because there was not in Russia a strong industrial middle class. Marxist theory he attacks as an out-moded crystallization. One of the great "disgraces" of the twentieth century was the replacement of idealist socialism "of French origin," typified by Jaures, by Marxian scientific socialism. Romains would create, using the present society as a base, a social unity preserving liberty, and a hierarchy "not based on money." That is the calibre of his thought.

In *The Proud and the Meek*, it is easy to see the reflection of these opinions. May first, 1909, is so presented through the eyes of the Superb that it seems to contrast sabotage,

slackness, surly and impotent rebellion on the part of the workers, with the energy and creativeness of their masters. When Haverkamp faces some of his men who have raised a red flag, reasons with them calmly and promises them a drink, the red flag comes down as soon as he goes. One of the group of entrepreneurs worries a little about low wages, but the others look hopefully toward the time when a mailed fist in power will crush agitators.

The section *The Meek* does present poverty in terms of workers' experience of it, but uses as its central figure, significantly, a small boy. (Later in the work, of course, he may grow up.) And this boy suffers because his father, a skilled worker, having been fired after a dispute with his boss, is too proud to make it up with him, or, becoming more and more "unreasonable," to take the humbler jobs found for him by the kindly priest and schoolmaster. The only class-conscious workers we meet are two older men more and more seduced by the little comforts of their lives, until one, having made a slip in a political conversation, closes a chapter by reflecting: "With all my fine belongings, and with the standard of living to which I've grown accustomed, it's natural that every now and then my mind should work along middle-class lines." For social criticism we must go to the priest, Abbe Jeanne, who identifies himself with the Meek, and the scholar Jerphanion, who decides to join the Socialist Party after a walk through a district full of the ugly, the dirty and diseased.

The most memorable passages of this volume reveal a very different kind of degradation in the adultery and pregnancy of the Comtesse de Champcerais, her visits to an herbalist and a fortune teller, and her secret abortion during feudal festivities at her husband's chateau, with Sammeceaud, the oil magnate, doing the very dirty work of nurse. But Romains shows more characteristic power in developing the careers of Haverkamp and Gurau. Haverkamp, the young man on the make of the earlier volumes, has become the agent of a secret group buying up Catholic properties sold after the Church-State split. For a working front, he gets them to finance a resort at a medicinal spring he has stumbled

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on. Gurau, rising rapidly in politics, editing a paper controlled by the oil ring, begins to make overtures to the working-class Syndicalists, dreaming of a "functional" syndicalist government. Romaines has a remarkable feeling for the development of organization and intrigue, detail by detail. And with it, apparent contempt for theory, and for the masses.

For that reason, Romaines seems a much more representative bourgeois writer than Proust and Joyce and Mann, although they express much more profoundly the culmination and decay of nineteenth century culture. But their isolation, passivity and hyper-sensitiveness, their preoccupation with sickness and the night mind, are not the qualities of the

bourgeois leaders and groups opposing the workers in class struggles. If they were, there would be no struggles. The active sections of the upper-bourgeoisie show, instead, brutality, fear, duplicity, a mixture of blindness and shrewdness, some sense of tactics and organization, and considerable energy. These traits Romaines catches extremely well. A direct Fascist culture cannot be, because Fascism has no valid theory, and represents no true shift in class forces. But we do seem to be getting in *Men of Good Will*, whatever Romaines' position is, an important and imaginatively, at least, sympathetic account of the final resistance of bourgeois democracy.

OBED BROOKS.

Solving the Jewish Problem

WHERE THE GHETTO ENDS: JEWS IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by Leon Dennen. Alfred H. King. \$2.50.

THAT the Marxian point of view gives the writer a deep insight into the political, social and economic forces of life is once more proven by Leon Dennen's *Where the Ghetto Ends*. It gives the book direction along which the narrative gusto and literary skill of the author, drives the book with dynamic force to clear conclusions.

It is the order of the day to expose and unmask the "scientific," "naturalistic" and "biological" theories of "inferior races." Dennen's exposition has the titanic laboratory of the U. S. S. R. for its workshop.

While Fascist charlatans and sadists of all countries attempt, by means of "laboratory experiments" to manipulate theories whose aim is to divide the working-class, divert their attention from their misery and thereby preserve the crumbling capitalist order, in Russia, the classic land of pogroms and persecutions, the Jew has at last achieved his liberation. While in Germany, Poland, Rumania and other capitalist countries the Jew is steadily being driven to despair, in Soviet Russia under the guidance and with the assistance of the Soviet Government, his history is one of progress and growth. This, as Dennen points out, is true not only of the Jews but also of the other numerous national minorities: Ukrainian, Georgians, White Russians, etc. who were once imprisoned in the Czarist "dungeon of nations."

Because of his intimate knowledge of life in Russia before and after the Revolution, the author can reinforce what the capitalist would prefer to forget, the inhumanity and corruption of pre-revolutionary Russia. With deft strokes he paints the brutality of the Czars' patriots, the terror and persecution as well as the endless humiliation, shame, fear and agony of the multitude of Jews under their heels. Against the background of Old Russia he portrays the cultural achievements of the Jews in the Soviet Union and gives meaning and significance to the Soviet theory of self-determination for national minorities. He presents "a

realistic portrait not only of the new-born Jewish peasant tilling the soil in the Steppes of the Crimea and the birth of a new Jewish art and literature but, in contrast, the *luftmensch* still homeless in the ghettos of Poland and Germany.

Dennen's narrative is artistic reporting. He vividly portrays the life of the Jews in the Soviet Union, Germany and Poland.

Where the Ghetto Ends is a collection of sketches organically united by one idea and purpose and although vastly different as to style, technique and contents it reminds one of Louis Adamic's *The Native's Return*. But what a different native's return! Adamic returned as a hero, to a land diseased by Fascism; Leon Dennen returned to a land renaissance under a revolutionary Socialist order. The book is full of fascinating historical and statistical data and is well illustrated. The style is such that it permits the author to blend artistic types with philosophic discussions on art, literature, theatre and education.

The human types of this new society Dennen paints realistically. Some of these types still live in the past; others live in the present and build the future. With saddened scorn he portrays the empty lives of those who cling to the past; with unbounded love and reverence he cheers those who are paving the road to a new and better world.

It is unfortunate, however, that Dennen underestimates the role played by the revolutionary Jewish masses during the period of 1905-1917. In his desire, no doubt, to prove to the anti-Semites that the revolution in Russia was the creation of the Russian workers and not of the Jews, as the popular myth runs, he fails to show the important part that was taken by Jewish workers and intellectuals in the Russian revolutions. Being a Marxist, however, Dennen does not fail to realize that the "eternal" Jewish problem is part and parcel of the class struggle and that only in a Communist society can it actually be solved. No matter whether he portrays Jewish types (Chaskin, Nachman the chicken expert, Leha Botnic, Osman Dobra, Tartar Jew, etc.) or surveys the life of the Jewish youth, its theatre and literature, he views it all as a

tiny wheel in the enormous Soviet machine.

The readers of *THE NEW MASSES* will find the book stirring and informative, in its own field the most readable presentation in English, and in the general field of books about Russia, one of the most interesting.

GREGORY METLIN.

Portraits Without Backgrounds

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WRITERS, by Virginia Moore. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

If all the seventeen women, whose emotional lives Miss Moore briefly outlines in this book, had been as remote from the world of reality as Emily Dickinson and Saint Teresa, it would be easy to dismiss it as a collection of sensitive little semi-critical essays on love and literature. And it would be useless to point out—short of a detailed essay on romantic biography—that the author has made no attempt to etch her characters against their economic background. It happens, however, that several of these distinguished women were aware of their class loyalties, and at the same time were influenced by the economic thought of their day. But Miss Moore, concerned only with the effect on literature of their various passions earthly or religious, makes no such distinction. George Eliot, for instance, lived in revolt against middle-class tradition, although her point of view was bourgeois when she wrote of working-class people; and through her association with Lewes and his circle she was steeped in social and political theories. Yet to Miss Moore she appears principally as an avenging literary fury, bent on punishing her heroines for the sins of the flesh which she herself had committed. Alice Meynell, like Edith Wharton, consciously laced a rather fine talent into the stays of aristocratic aloofness; and Miss Moore only wonders in passing why that talent was stifled. Even Elizabeth Barrett Browning, of whose verse Miss Moore makes a shrewd partial estimate, wrote about the horrors of child labor.

The romantic temper of Miss Moore's own writing would indicate both that she is innocent of critical theories based on an economic interpretation of history and literature, and that she would be incapable of adapting herself to any such theory. What, she will undoubtedly ask, is the use of enquiring into the social background of Sappho or Elinor Wylie or that volatile young Russian noblewoman Marie Bashkirtseff? And why be concerned that among the distinguished women writers there is none of real working-class origin or sympathy? The second question has already had a partial answer in the Marxist explanation of the economic position of women. The first will probably have to wait for post-revolutionary antiquarians. MARY TABOR.

Brief Review

HORIZONS OF DEATH, by Norman Macleod. Parnassus Press. \$1.75.

Macleod was for several years a contributing editor to the monthly *NEW MASSES* and

is now among the permanent listed contributors to *International Literature*. Some of his poems in such magazines have been clear in notation, firm in direction, and simple in their eloquence. We remember *Cotton Pickers from Alabama* (*Left*, No. 2, 1931) which, after a quiet threat to expropriate the absentee masters, ends on the explanation: "Their cotton has been no feather bed for our toil." We recall his four *Communications from the Revolution* (*NEW MASSES*, Dec., 1931), in which the last poem, *Mill Workers*, ends:

We did not have time to think
Of our exploitation except on Sunday, but then
We met like workers to organize a strike
Like men.

But for some non-apparent reason Macleod chose not to include these and similar poems in his first book, *Horizons of Death*. The volume is "Dedicated to a Bitter Age" (perhaps he means to his bitter past or to the bitter present of the unoriented intellectual and artist) and the poems are appropriate to the dedication. Two impressions emerge from careful perusal of the book: that MacLeod is sad and that he is affected by Navajo settings. His continuous vagueness of imagery, however, prevents us from perceiving what stirs his thin emotion. Sometimes we find reflections of the cultural antagonism between city and country: Macleod doesn't like machines, for now that airplanes and radiograms fill the air "Not even a bluebird can venture forth without fear of being electrocuted." And as for the horrible "python" subway. . . . Sometimes he records experiences like reaping oats, picking huckleberries, or working in railroad yards, but he never generalizes the experience and his bare notation is not even relieved by the vividness of image that could endow it with surface importance. Were it not for his known work outside of this book, one would say that he is merely ignorant of causes and implications. Since that cannot be true, however, one can merely regret that Macleod chose to give permanent form to the shoddy work he published in a score of little magazines and neglected the poems, superior both technically and intellectually, that constitute his only claim to attention.

DISLOYALTY IN THE CONFEDERACY, by Georgia Lee Tatum. *University of N. C. Press. Chapel Hill.*

Many readers of school histories, both North and South, still believe that during the Civil War every man, woman and child below the Mason and Dixon line stood solidly and uncomplainingly behind Jeff Davis. In this well-documented little book Miss Tatum reveals that there was a great deal of opposition, some of it organized and armed, to the Confederate leaders and policies. Though most of this opposition was found in the mountainous (non-slave holding sections), it is surprising to find that there was so much opposition among the lower classes in every section against the war. In the mountain sections from the very first a majority of the in-

habitants were in sympathy with the union because they regarded the interests of the slave owners to be hostile to their own welfare. In the other sections opposition grew with autocratic draft laws which left loopholes for the escape of the land and slave owners and with tax and confiscation laws which put a disproportionate burden on the poor. Then there were the general hardships of war and by 1863, a conviction of the hopelessness of the Confederate cause.

The book is rich in stories of direct action—bread riots of women and children in nearly every state; mutinies of soldiers; armed resistance to the draft and other laws.

MEDICINE MAN IN CHINA, by A. Gervais. *Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.75.*

Writers should organize in protest against scientists trying to be literary. They are exactly like aging spinsters trying to act cute. M. Gervais, a French doctor, is not however merely trivial in manner, he chooses inconsequential things to write about and when he stumbles upon a serious matter succeeds in reducing it to triviality. He has the superior imperialist Western attitude toward the Chinese. Soviet China is ignored. The following sentence is typical:

Bandits were being shot almost every day in the fields of Si-Men—thank God!—cadavers were not lacking in Chengtu.

Reading such a book, in which China is contemptuously buried in its "mystery," makes one realize all the more how important and valuable Agnes Smedley's books are. To her there is no "Oriental mystery." She has come close to the Chinese people and their problems and she can therefore bring them close to us.

Book Notes

AFTER the war, when the horny goats of the Anti-Vice Society butted James Branch Cabell into near immortality, publishers discovered profits in being attacked, and tried to provoke surviving Puritans into putting up bans on their books. If a public library in Hoboken took a tale off its open shelves its publishers yammered their indignation in book notes and paid ads; but the mourning choruses became too unwieldy. The bait lost its freshness. And Boston and Canada, and Washington, D. C. have, for several seasons, banned books without the public minding or the publishers squeezing out one crocodile tear. One publishing house, however, considers the time ripe to revive the racket. They are circulating their indignation over the fact that *Hand Made Lady* by Roswell Williams has been banned in Canada. We know of course that we are playing into the publisher's hands by giving them this publicity. But when a capitalist publisher plays into our hands by furnishing us with so characteristically perfumed an example of capitalist exploitational hypocrisy it would be rank

ingratitude on our part not to make a return.

Some time ago in an article in *Publishers' Weekly*, a publisher confessed that many important works of scholarship, and even of general information, were not being produced because the publishing industry could not stand the cost. He suggested that this sort of publishing should be done on subsidy, and through the agency of the already subsidized university publishing houses. He admitted the danger of original thinking being suppressed under such conditions but said the suppression was virtually in effect already since the commercial houses were not doing that sort of publishing anyway. Looking over the historical and scientific works produced this season is a depressing proof of this point. So much for capitalism's responsibility to culture!

This is especially evident in the field of poetry. The number of volumes of poetry offered this season by the regular trade publishers can be counted on one's fingers. Even in prosperous times poetry was published as "window-dressing," something to give a cultural look to a catalog. The average volume sold 200 to 300 copies, and to the sensitive poet the process of publishing it was more like a funeral than a debut. Compare this with conditions in Soviet Russia where that once inevitable adjective "starving" is no longer linked to the noun "poet" and the average sale of a volume of poems is 20,000 copies.

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The John Reed Clubs Meet

ORRICK JOHNS

YOUNG writers from the industrial Lake region, the northern wheat belt and Missouri valley where farmers are starving and battling, from New York and the Eastern Textile strike fields spoke to an overflowing audience of Chicago intellectuals last month. They brought something new, vital, revolutionary. They crystallized the struggles of their territories. They were carriers of a fresh culture, young but bursting for outlets. And here they had an outlet; here they fraternized with others who shared their assurance of a proletarian world coming to birth. The audience, half standing, listened to the end. Some of the questions they too had been asking were being answered. This was the great significance of the Second National Conference of the John Reed Clubs; that it represented a high level of revolutionary consciousness; that it was made up of new writers and artists just beginning to be heard; and these writers and artists had created—since the last conference—their own periodicals and mediums through which they could be heard. The conference was important in quality. In numbers, we cannot say it was adequate, that the forty-odd delegates from a membership of some 1,200 really represent the widespread and vital ferment of our times. The old-timers, the pioneers of revolutionary literature and art, the personalities made known by *THE MASSES* during the 'twenties—these missed the opportunity to meet the talented younger crowd. Where were these people? we asked. Again, where were the new novelists and playwrights who have been swept into the current of proletarian literature in the years of the crisis, produced work that has confounded the bourgeois critics, and bombed both the public and the popular writers out of their complacency. Some were there, but these gaps and weak links in the national unity we must record. We must also record that the obstacles to drawing in broader forces can be and are being removed by normal expansion, and by raising our whole program to a higher level.

One of the "old *NEW MASSES* writers" who did appear was A. B. Magil, now of the Detroit club. Magil said he remembered "back in 1927," when there was no revolutionary cultural movement in America. He reported a conversation he had with Ludwig Renn, the famous German author (who is today in one of Hitler's dungeons, if he is still alive). It was at the Kharkov writers' congress in 1930. When Magil expressed his discouragement at the slow growth of revolutionary literature in America, Renn cheered him by saying, "Three years ago in Germany we had nearly nothing of the sort. Wait three years. You will see in that time a real awakening of revolutionary art and literature

in America." Magil pointed to evidence that this prophecy was being fulfilled.

But Magil went on to say that "writers and artists tend inevitably to fall behind the main stream of the revolutionary struggle. We fall back into sectarianism, leftism, rightism—the last bourgeois hangovers." The members of the various commissions of delegates had for two days been wrestling with just these problems, and they knew that this diagnosis was correct. Magil brought up another point which, in the opinion of many, indicates a weakness in the fiction content of the leftwing publications. He said, "The worker-writers are the buried treasure hidden away by centuries of capitalism. To reach them, to help them find themselves is our task. We must organize on a broader scale. We must make cultural ideas accessible to millions. In the Soviet Union and in Germany these ideas were made accessible to millions."

When we come to analyze the shortcomings disclosed by the conference, we are forced to the conclusions that these shortcomings are the result of rapid and spontaneous growth. They are an indication of the stepping-up of the movement; but they also show that we must adopt bolder measures to accomplish two definite ends: First, to keep pace with the radicalization of all classes of intellectuals and creative workers; second, to help the normal development of all the crafts into their own channels. The specific problems are: narrowness, leftism; lack of clarity on the role of the John Reed Clubs; the presence in them of heterogeneous elements; the neglect of the economic demands of cultural workers on the one hand, and on the other the complete absorption of creative workers in Artists' Unions, Artists' Equities and trade union work; the degeneration of meetings into business meetings and factional arguments; the lack of broad national leadership. Steps were taken by the conference to clarify these problems, and to meet them, not by rigid methods, but by opening new outlets for expansion.

What concrete accomplishments did the 1934 conference present? First of all, the appearance of sturdy and promising publications. These are *Left Front*, *Left Review*, *Leftward of Boston*, the *Cauldron of Grand Rapids*, *Blast*, *Dynamo*, the *Anvil*, *Partisan Review*, organ of the John Reed Club of New York, the *Partisan*, of Hollywood, temporarily suspended during the terror. The small club of Hartford, Conn., under the editorship of Miriam Clark and Ethel Lauler, is putting out an excellent mimeograph monthly, *The Hammer*. All of these publications are less than two years old. Most of them have sprung up during the past year. Wallace Phelps, one of the editors of *Partisan Review*, ably analyzed the leftwing periodicals of the

conference. He pointed out that the capitalist magazines were attempting to enter their field and imitate them for purposes of popular distortion.

The most vital contributions to the discussion came from the Middle West. In this respect the conference showed that the John Reed Club had gained vigorous new personalities, men and women who were writing, painting, drawing, and reporting the labor war, who were not afraid of downright criticism. Meridel Le Sueur of Minneapolis looked the equal of her strike story, *I Was Marching* (published in *THE NEW MASSES*, Sept. 18). She perfectly represented the young generation of a line of pioneers. But this generation is conscious of the illusions, of the lost dream of its marching ancestors. It goes forward to new ground-breaking achievements, in which the workers will lead. Meridel Le Sueur spoke of the spiritual death, the cultural anaesthesia which gripped the western middle class under the raids of the robber barons and the frenzy for profits. She made a moving plea for sensitiveness, feeling, living characters in the literature of the movement. Jack Conroy, of Moberly, Missouri, editor of *The Anvil*, gave a critical discussion of recent proletarian novels. Here was the new man, the agrarian-industrial Ulysses of brutalized roadlife in America, the worker who learned Latin and mathematics by himself to enter the university, who wrote and wrote for years in obscurity, who corresponds with everybody and reads everything. It is no wonder that he was fearless, that he smashed through the polite timidities and said his say. Joe Jones, son of a one-armed house painter of St. Louis, himself member of a house painters' local, big, rangy, swift and swift-thinking, who almost alone of the P.W.A.P. in St. Louis challenged the opportunist trickery of the Museum-boss administrators, and who carries on an unemployed art class, in a room of the old Court-house wrested from the authorities. Jack Balch, once a welter-weight kid, at \$10 a knockout, with memories of Limehouse and Constantinople in his wandering life, still a kid but publishing powerful and individual stories in many small publications—whose peppery but humorous talk brightened the conference. There was Dick Wright, Negro poet, impressive for his quiet gravity, a day-to-day worker for the John Reed Club of Chicago, who nevertheless finds time to write and to serve as an editor on *Left Front*. His poems have appeared in *THE NEW MASSES*. Paul Romaine, of Milwaukee, representing the emigrant stock of the north, reserved, forceful, clear-headed, a writer at home in the proletarian field. There was Alfred Hayes, dark, Dantean, witty, conscious to imperiousness that he personifies a new sort of "young

generation," the lyric poet of the New York working class, of the strike front, the writer of sketches that bite into the memory. And others, many others, whose solidarity on basic questions put to rout the idea that writers and artists must be temperamental porcupines and can't live in organization.

And among the artists there was Gilbert Rocke, who, like Jones, conducted a struggle against the P.W.A.P. in Chicago, and organized an effective penetration in the Artists' Equity. Boris Gorelik described the growth of the Artists' Union of New York to 650 members, an organization that commands the recognition of the art-powers in the East. And Maurice Merlin, of Chicago, on fire with the necessity for better printing, better layout in workers' publications.

The Chicago artists' section prepared for the conference a portfolio of graphic art by fourteen of its members. The idea was taken up by other clubs, and these portfolios will be supplied to mass organizations, workers' homes, workers' centers and art-students at nominal cost. The artists represented were M. Topchevsky, Groth, Rocke, Pillin, R. Newton, Eve Teitel, Jastrohoff, A. Topchevsky, Merlin, Siporin, Eleanor Swimmer, Cheskin, L. Weiner, and Jan Wittenber.

We had reports from members of the clubs who had been victims of fascist terror. Notably Jan Wittenber told the story of the Hillsboro imprisonments for criminal syndicalism, and outlined the struggle against criminal syndicalist laws. Joe North brought greetings from THE NEW MASSES' staff, and reported on the progress of the weekly NEW MASSES.

Alexander Trachtenberg greeted the conference in the name of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and summarized the discussion with bolshevist incisiveness and humor. His talk heartened and stirred the delegates. He reminded his hearers that they were engaged in a world revolutionary movement. He said that a small but disciplined conference took on more importance today, because the period is more important, "a period of larger strikes and more intensified class battles." He repeated what Karl Radek had said at the Soviet Writers Congress: In the period of the Great War the famous writers covered up the real imperialist purposes of the war; in the period of the October Revolution the established writers lied about the Revolution, they said it was a mere riot, or hadn't taken place at all! In the period of Fascism the bourgeois writers are attempting to interpret Fascism as a heroic national movement. But the workers had swept away these lies; they saw that the Soviet Union was a living fact; they unmasked the misrepresentations. Today they were fighting Fascism and Imperialist War. Trachtenberg pointed out that it was the opportunity of revolutionary writers and artists to give the lie to the false fronts of the bourgeois propagandists for capitalism.

He made it clear that there could be no opposition between the intellectuals of our movement and the party organizers. Mem-

bers of the John Reed Clubs must be able to define the role of the club and to raise these questions in discussion with party leaders if confusion arises. The purpose of the John Reed Clubs is to win writers and artists to the revolution. The duty of political leaders is to help them carry out this purpose. The party in no way wishes to interfere with the free exercise of talents, or to absorb talented people in other work, and any cultural organization which fails to observe this is taking the wrong line. Let the writers and artists co-operate with us, said Comrade Trachtenberg, by doing their best work. We also want great books, great painting, great originality in the cause of revolution.

The conference initiated a primary task which aroused widespread enthusiasm. It was proposed by Trachtenberg, and unanimously

endorsed by the conference, that the John Reed Clubs should bend every effort to hold a National Writers' Congress at some time within the next eight months. The newly elected National Committee was instructed to take ample time, and to prepare in the broadest possible way for such a Congress of anti-fascist writers throughout the country. In the light of a gathering of this magnitude, sectarian tendencies will vanish, and a basis will be formed for a higher type of writers' organization, to be followed by a similar action uniting American artists. Such a mobilization will strike a blow at the growing fascist enemy, the rapidly developing White Guard and fascist criticism, and the Roosevelt-fostered national-chauvinist art, and will organize American revolutionary culture against the imperialist war plans.

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on
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Benefit Macaulay Strikers

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on
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ROBERT FORSYTHE

FOR A LONG TIME I have been treasuring the first line of a short story which was to begin in this fashion: "From a strictly Marxian point of view, Mr. Arbuthnot was an ass." It seemed to me that this was sufficiently striking to gain the reader's attention and even had about it the depth of feeling requisite for great art, but I was never able to think of anything to follow it. By chance I am now able to complete the tale, which turns out to be an article rather than a work of fiction. The beginning now goes: "From a strictly Marxian point of view, Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, is an ass and from any point of view he is no bargain."

I don't know the general procedure in such matters but I use the words ass and fool charily, reserving them strictly for those individuals who have won the distinction through achievement. As in other fields, I am afraid that the standards have not been kept high but I can say in all truthfulness that it required a fine performance on the part of Dr. Robinson before I could recognize him as belonging to the club. The episode of the umbrella was very good and I wavered but still I felt that something more was needed. In the interim Dr. Robinson had made several speeches which might be regarded as indications of his merit but I found I was blessed with a resistance which was beginning to frighten me.

What finally broke me down was a concatenation of events. There was first the anti-Fascist outbreak and the utterance of the magic word "guttersnipes," but the clincher came in a field nearer my interests—to wit, literature. You are entitled to share my amazement when, upon going to the newsstand for my monthly copy of True Story Magazine, I found Dr. Robinson's article, *Those Who Conquer*, leading the issue.

Unless you understand my feeling about True Story, you will be unable to realize the impression this made upon me. The appearance of Dr. Robinson's words in the Yale Review might be accepted as a testimonial to his erudition, but the accolade of Bernarr Macfadden could only be regarded as an indication of his humanity and his sex appeal. I am sorry to say that Mr. Macfadden was not featuring Dr. Robinson on the cover, which was given over to *My Own Love Trap—Kate Pullman Reveals America's Strangest Romance*, but he was on page 6 directly following Home Problems Forum and Camay Soap.

Dr. Robinson, realizing the competition he was facing, approached his work without hesitation. His first words were as follows:

The room, cool and quiet, invites the mind to serene reflection, keeps it in touch with all the accumulated good of the past and challenges it to high resolve for the days to come. The atmosphere, like that of an old monastery, tends to free the thoughts from the distractions of the hustling, transitory world, so that they may be concentrated upon abstract principles and eternal ideas.

The article on the page facing Dr. Robinson's article was entitled *Stranger Than Fiction*, and this seemed in a way symbolical, but it was followed almost immediately by *I Wrecked Four Lives*, which almost got me away from Dr. Robinson entirely. The caption, which accompanied the photograph of a gentleman who was kissing a lady in a highly attractive manner, read: "Love can exalt, inspire, purify and redeem. Happiness, serenity, joy, ecstasy—all are within its reach. But this young man discovered that love, when its fundamental laws are violated, can destroy—yes, even kill!"

When I dragged myself back to Dr. Robinson I found he was expressing almost the same sentiments, but in a more subdued way. It seemed that the doctor loved his pupils very much, but some of his pupils did not love the doctor, and he was afraid nothing worthy could come without love. Since this is almost completely the philosophy of Mr. Macfadden, I feel that Dr. Robinson has every right to be hurt by his absence from the cover, but I am sure that no considerations of the sort are likely to annoy the doctor in his monastery. While he may upon occasion dash through an open field with his umbrella poised for assault, this can be set down to the reaction from his monastic surroundings. There have been attempts to indict the doctor for his impulsiveness, but surely there are moments when even the most ascetic feel the urge for playfulness.

The doctor was telling the story of a young man who had not profited from the College of the City of New York in a manner fitting either to its austerity or to his ability. It seems he was radical. The doctor was quite nice about it. "The young man was a radical who, in generous impulsiveness, and possibly because of a desire to stand in the spotlight, sought to solve social problems, the very nature of which he did not understand." In some way the student escaped Dean Gotschall and graduated. That was years ago, said the doctor, but recently he came back to the monastery and the doctor looked at him sorrowfully. What had happened to our confident firebrand? "Organizations in which he tried to be a power had rejected him." In view of the Trotskyists this seemed far-fetched, but the doctor is well acquainted with organizations and there is no reason why we should question him. "He struggled, married before he had a steady income, struggled again, had

children, and continued to struggle." Strictly speaking, this is heresy in True Story because marriage ends all difficulties, but Dr. Robinson is a man who will brook no interference even from Mr. Macfadden, and in addition a struggle by a radical is not a struggle; it is a form of retribution, upon which the True Story circulation depends.

In contrast with the young radical were various students who had not been concerned about social matters, but understood trigonometry with a finality which entitled them to build bridges in places where no bridge had ever been built before and in truth in places where nobody wanted a bridge built. Even to this day they are building bridges, according to Dr. Robinson, being young men filled with a zeal for bridge building and little daunted by the difficulties of finance. All the young men need, according to Dr. Robinson, is a river and lack of interference from a sheriff, and before you can say Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, President of the College of the City of New York, you'll have a bridge.

In some quarters there is a resentment against Dr. Robinson which I am unable to understand. From my point of view he is invaluable, whether in his monastery or on the campus among his beloved students. Out at the stadium Benny Friedman is building a football team which is intended to be a credit to the institution. The difficulties here are harder to surmount than bridge building and the chances of success are not promising. Mr. Friedman may work with his backfield for years without developing a first rate ace, but in Dr. Robinson the college has a man who with only a little development will undoubtedly become an All-America ass. His reputation locally is without a blemish. In a field which is over-crowded with talent, Dr. Robinson has easily achieved first place. His blocking is good, he has no superior at being in the wrong place at the wrong time and in a crisis he can absolutely be counted upon to do the silly thing. His start was slow and it was felt for a long time that he was not going to grow in a way calculated to bring a glow of pride to all City College graduates, but in the past several years he has come along at a great rate. We are prepared to say that with any break at all, Dr. Robinson will assume his rightful place among the leaders of the nation. It was felt for a time that his local reputation might be endangered by the upsurge of Mr. La Guardia with his magnificent "yellow dogs," but the Italians are evidently not to be counted upon for staying powers. Mr. La Guardia may be a good man for a short dash, but day in and day out Dr. Robinson has no superior. We scarcely see how he can be ignored when the All-America team is selected.

My office symbolizes the College of the City of New York as a continuing educational force. Its massive Gothic architecture suggests permanence, strength, beauty and spiritual aspiration.

The Theatre

The Kallikaks on 52nd Street

THE THEATRE GUILD'S seventeenth season was opened with slightly less than fanfare in the person of James Bridie's play, *A Sleeping Clergyman*. Mr. Bridie is really a Dr. Mavor, a practising physician in Glasgow, Scotland. For that reason alone, you will find me no carping critic on the score of the play's authenticity. If, however, I call it a formless piece spotted with dullness, you'll know I speak out of no professional jealousy.

Way back in the '60s, a promising medico, Charles Cameron (Glenn Anders), with strong signs of dementia praecox, crossed his tubercular and otherwise abnormal seed with that of a mildly loose lady of society. Out of their union emerged a very loose lady who crossed her seed, sub rosa, with that of a promising medico and in the end poisoned him. Out of their union (this doesn't go on forever) came forth twins. Both descendants, Charles Cameron II (Glenn Anders) and Hope Cameron (Ruth Gordon), were slightly askew too, but fortunately for their friends and lovers, their abnormalities were utilized by society for its betterment. Hope became a high official in the League of Nations, and Charles II saved the world from a horrible disease, for unto the third generation the Camerons were medicos.

It is obvious even from the slight synopsis just given that the Camerons were upperclass Kallikaks, but I don't mean to labor this point inasmuch as the author, himself, has done nothing to further the thesis that with the introduction of upperclass blood the Cameron insanity became socially useful. This would be unfair to Mr. Bridie and his producers. But does the play say anything else? Decidedly: The sins of the fathers . . .? or, (if you prefer) blood won't always tell? or, genius and insanity are often inseparable? Take your choice. Each thesis is equally important and equally trite. And each is equally without fundamental meaning in the theatre, for while the theatre can make use of the laboratory to advance its own purposes, it can never be used by the laboratory and made subordinate to it, if it is to remain good theatre.

A Sleeping Clergyman is an untheatrical piece despite its melodrama. It is diffuse and devoid of any clearly stated conflicts. And most of its characters, with the exception of the part played by Ernest Thesiger, an Englishman new to our shores, are skimpy cut-outs. This observation is most emphatically corroborated whenever Glenn Anders and Ruth Gordon are at their best, for then you realize that they are acting. At those moments, you apologize to your neighbor and search under your seat for the *characters* they are supposed to be. This is said not as criticism of the actors, but of the playwright.

After seeing a number of plays, one right after another, generalizations begin to grow on you. This year there seems to be something unusually fishy about many of the new concoctions brought to view.

A Sleeping Clergyman is a serious play; so is *Merrily We Roll Along*. *Lost Horizons* (St. James Theatre) is another example of a play with an idea. Is it possible that Broadway is going intellectual?

The three plays mentioned above not only have ideas but they attempt to treat them in an unusual way. The Bridie piece contains two prologues, one before each of its two acts. In it a couple of gossips are discussing the Cameron family. The prologues are entirely gratuitous, and the only conclusion I can draw is that they were there for effect. The Kauf-

man play unrolls backwards. *Lost Horizons*, a scattered and inferior tract against suicide, takes place either in heaven or in a projection of what might have been had Janet Evans (Jane Wyatt) decided to go to Kansas City instead of shooting herself.

Something must be wrong somewhere if playwrights are going to find refuge in novelty. For that's exactly what they are doing. Can it be because their themes are so trite that they hope to beguile with strangeness of technique? Or is it because our playwrights feel that the theatre cannot exist with profound themes, and they are afraid of touching those that are dynamite or (ssh) even anti-capitalist? I leave it to the reader to decide. As for myself, I watch the playwrights march in to the theatre with a volume of Omar Khayyam on one hand, and Plato and Darwin in the other. I sit in awe of their profound statements. (Suicide is wrong! Youth loses its ideals! Bad blood sometimes gets better!) And I say, if this is Broadway's best, how about a nice, hot burlesque show?

MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

Music

Cosmopolitan Opera

OPERA PERFORMANCES, including many works unfamiliar to present-day music lovers of New York at popular prices. There are certain inequalities in casting, staging, etc., but the same may be said of the expensive Metropolitan. And at the Hippodrome, those occupying the cheapest seats can see the stage, without craning their necks from a giddy height.

The performance of Moussorgsky's magnificent *Boris Godounoff* in Russian, with the assistance of the "Art of Musical Russia, Inc." (although the promised scenery of Boris Anisfeld did not materialize), was effective and adequate.

The most notable appearance so far has been that of the superlative artist, Sigrid Onegin. Years ago, when she made a few—very few—appearances at the Metropolitan, Krehbiel, "dean" of critics, said he only had one objection to her, i.e., "that she was too good for the Metropolitan." We realized, in her

appearance in Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*, what music lovers have missed in not having heard Onegin in her extensive operatic repertoire all these years. With her grasp of style, opulence of voice and unsurpassed *legato*, she moved a vast audience to a frenzy of acclaim. Especially remarkable was her singing of the "Printemps" aria in the first act. Its seductive quality made understandable Samson's becoming so completely beguiled by her wiles, although an evidently unrehearsed detail—and one surely unforeseen by Saint-Saëns—was a moment of embarrassment in the boudoir love scene, when *Samson* (Pasquale Ferrara) became enmeshed in *Delilah's* gorgeous red wig.

Saint-Saëns, a supreme craftsman of musical composition, never permitted the flight of his spirit to carry him away from the accepted standards and conventions of the operatic forms of the French and Italian opera of the bourgeoisie of the 19th century. It is seldom that the history of music reveals such a master of his craft, writing in practically all

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forms, who had so little of the spirit of innovation, of the revolutionary, as Saint-Saëns. He utilized, with unerring skill, the most "successful" traditions of the operatic composers of his and preceding periods, but frequently succeeded in writing exceedingly dull, stodgy music. He achieves unity of form and content only in the amorous moments, of which there are many. Mme. Onegin's portrayal of their erotic quality was completely realized.

The *tableaux* of the opera were very effective, as well as the singing of the chorus. The other principals were painfully overshadowed by Mme. Onegin. **ASHLEY PETTIS.**

A Town Hall Program

BLANCA RENARD, a young Chilean pianist, gave a program composed primarily of minor pieces at Town Hall, Oct. 19. The main item was The Sonata in F. minor Opus 5, by Brahms. The focus of this thoroughly romantic composition is a slow movement to which Brahms affixed the motto: "The twilight gathers, the moonlight shines, while heaven combines with earth in love, and holds her in blessed embrace."

The remainder of the program, except for two Chopin pieces, consisted of dance forms.

Unfortunately, the performance was consistently marred by technical flaws. Although Miss Renard played the Brahms Sonata interestingly, her *fortes* were always jumbled, and her rapid passages blatantly uneven. The Chopin Berceuse and Ballade in Ab Major were heavy and wooden. The more superficial pieces, the Spanish dances by Granados and De Falla, and the roaring Tarantella by Castelnuovo Tedesco received full justice. Other pieces were the Händel Chaconne in G minor and Beethoven Rondo in B major.

Miss Renard received her training in Berlin, where she was originally sent on a scholarship awarded by her native Chilean government. She has been invited by Dr. Hans Kindler to appear as soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington during the present season. **MAX MARGULIS.**

Flaherty's "Man of Aran"

DUBLIN.

ROBERT FLAHERTY'S new film, *Man of Aran* [Criterion] has evoked the unanimous adulation of the bourgeois critics in Europe. Few films have been so praised. To a Marxist the reasons are quite clear. Here is a film to which the cultured bourgeoisie, ashamed of the productions of Hollywood, can give the cachet of a "work of art," yet a film patently in accord with the prevailing ideology of the capitalist class, and, unlike the indubitable screen masterpieces of the Soviet Union, not in the least dangerous socially.

Man of Aran (British Gaumont) shows that harshness, strength and struggle can yet be distilled into a pastoral; that Robert Flaherty, for all that "realism" which bourgeois critics see in him, remains one of Zola's "impenitent romantics," ever in quest of Arcadia.

Off the west coast of Ireland are the three islands of Aran—Inishmore, Inishmaan and Inishere. For two years Flaherty worked here, making friends with the people, selecting his cast from them instead of using professional actors, and the result is his new film. There is little story in *Man of Aran*. Tiger King and Maggie Dirrane are man and wife; little Michaelleen is their son. Only this one family comes within the range of the camera lens, save for glimpses of Patch Ruadh (Red Beard), the old seanchaidhe (story-teller) and of the boat crews putting out from the shore. We see Tiger King caulking his boat or breaking the rock to lay his hand-made farm, Maggie Dirrane collecting soil in a basket from the crevices of the rocks or dragging sodden seaweed from the shore, Michaelleen helping where he can or fishing from the top of a cliff. The climax is the battle of Tiger King and his curragh (canvas boat) crew to capture a huge shark in order to boil down its liver

and have lamp-oil for the winter nights.

There is a deal of powerful photography. Unquestionably Flaherty is a superb cameraman. The surge and swirl of the sea; the battering of the great breakers against the island so that the spume licks up scores of feet to the anxious watchers on the cliff top; the virility of Tiger King and the madonna-like features of Maggie Dirrane—these are limned in magnificent shots. But Flaherty's technical dexterity only underlines the basic falsity of the film.

In what does this falsity consist? In this: in Flaherty's deliberate portrayal of the islanders as primitives, twentieth century Neanderthals, cut off from all social relations, aloof from the social forces of modern capitalist society, and with Nature as their only enemy. In actuality, the Aran people are as closely bound to capitalism and its problems as the Dublin or Belfast proletarians.

Why are the Aranmen pent-up on their rocky islands? Because British imperialism has laid waste the Irish countryside and given it over to bullocks and sheep; because capitalism holds the land from the Irish country people. The Aran folk were not exempt from the historic land struggles in Ireland. They came, hundreds of them in their currachs, to answer the call for help of the Connemara peasantry, during the famous "Battle of Currae" in the Land League days. In later times they met evicting bailiffs and police with rocks and boulders and drove them back over the cliffs. And all through the decades, imperialist-made (i.e., socially-created, not primitive) hunger has exiled the youngsters to America.

Flaherty can be excused for avoiding these

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memories, this historical background. A more important thing is his conscious anachronisms. In the film, the men fish for sharks and the impression is given that shark-fishing is their ordinary occupation. Aranmen do not hunt sharks at all! It is herring and mackerel that they fish for, and their catches are sold on the mainland. In other words, their life is a constant *market relation*. And the collapse of market prices of fish, together with the inability of their out-of-date currachs to compete against the French and Scottish steam trawlers that fish the Irish waters, is making their livelihood more and more hazardous.

It is many years since Aranmen sought sharks' livers for lamp-oil. Today they buy kerosene from the mainland. Again, Carlyle's "cash nexus." (There is even a malicious rumor that Flaherty had to teach the islanders how to use the harpoon; they had forgotten the art.)

Flaherty's *Man of Aran* is a Robinson Crusoe. He and his family stand alone on the island skyline. We gather that he has no relations with human kind even on the island. This is a travesty of reality. Inishmore itself has a population of some 2,500 and possesses a public house; there are over 3,000 persons on the three islands. A steamer calls regularly. The people have to buy things; they have to pay rates to the Galway local authorities for the upkeep of roads, the county mental asylum, etc. They have *ceilidhe* (dances and sing-songs); they discuss politics and the world with degrees of sharpness; they go to mass; the priest takes his tithe from them and strives to keep their minds captive. But of all this, of the warm human relationships that are the outstanding feature of island life, there is no hint in Flaherty's film. In short, he has portrayed not the real *Man of Aran*, but the Robinson Crusoe of his own creation, as much the product of the studio as if Tiger King lived normally in a palace on Beverley Hill.

Petit bourgeois critics are enamoured of this "realistic study" of "primitive life," where economic crisis, class struggle and other bothersome phenomena are not. The Marxian critic will not blame Flaherty for fleeing to

the edge of the world in order to escape capitalism. He will indict him, however, for pretending that he has succeeded, or can succeed in this Quixotism. And that is what he does in *Man of Aran*, a celluloid peer of the literary navel-contemplations that are now being penned by world-weary Montparnassians, whose impeccable style, or even word-genius, no one will deny.

It is a continuation of his earlier films, *Nanook* and *Moana*. In *Moana* he went to the South Seas to paint an idyl devoid of the booze, bibles, slave-labor and syphilis of the trader and missionary. But workers forgave the self-deception, recognized his genius and looked for something better next time. Because of this *Man of Aran* is all the more disappointing. Instead of advance there is retreat to "pure documentation" that is not even veracious; instead of his camera moving towards the wide sweep of a Pudovkin or an Eisenstein, it develops even more acute myo-

pia. It is not, of course, that Flaherty fails thus deliberately; the core of the failure is that he is still content to attempt to produce "things of beauty" within the bounds set by the celluloid kings. He does not see that there is no good whelp from a bad bitch; that only the smothering of his ability can result. Yet it is because of the incorrectness of his approach to it, his refusal to portray a "story," that *Man of Aran* is almost completely lacking in dynamic power, that it has even agonizingly static moments, despite the brilliant patches already described.

It is stated that Flaherty intends to visit the Soviet Union. He will see them there making films of places and peoples much further from the world's track than Aran, yet glowing with the stuff and blood of life. It is to be hoped that the experience will teach him to avoid his past errors, for he could be a fellow-traveler of standing and worth.

BRIAN O'NEILL.

Between Ourselves

A COMMITTEE of volunteers is being organized to engage directly in the advertising and promotion work of THE NEW MASSES. The work will be to prepare ad layouts, write copy and prepare publicity material, such as leaflets, posters, etc. Any of our friends who are experienced along these lines, or who can do technical work, such as typing and stenography, are urged to get in touch with Evelyn Schloss at this office, 31 East 27th Street. Telephone Caledonia 5-3076.

The John Reed Club of New York is having a special meeting Monday night, October 29, for the benefit of the Macaulay strikers. John L. Spivak will speak on "Shady Doings in the Red Cross." The preceding night, Alexander Trachtenberg, representing the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Orrick Johns and William Siegel, representing the John Reed Club, will speak on the John Reed Club national conference and the problems of

revolutionary literature. The time is 8:30 for both lectures, and the place the John Reed Club, 430 Sixth Avenue.

The name of the artist whose drawing appeared on page 21 of last week's issue was inadvertently omitted. He is Emerson Evans.

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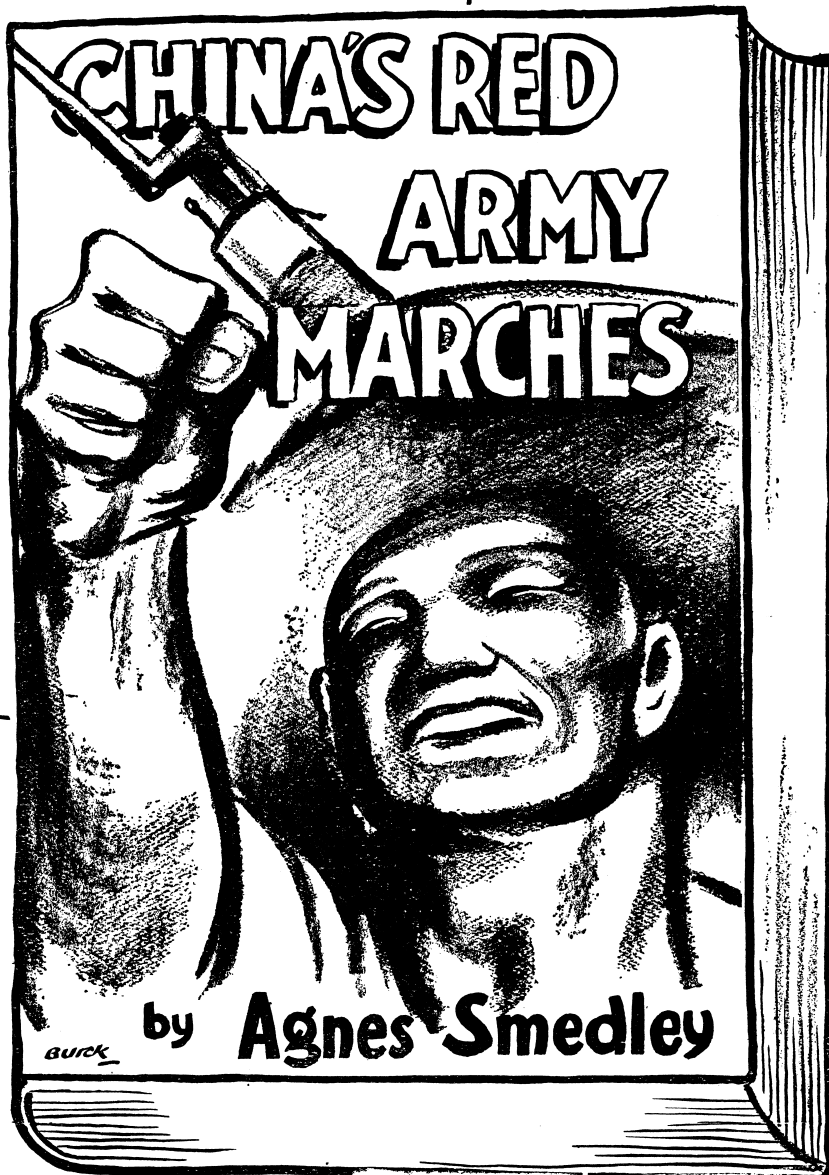
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