ROMAIN ROLLAND: *Adieu to Gorky*

new Masses

JULY 14, 1936

15c

Police Terror in Harlem

From the Text of the Suppressed Report

Too Many Years of Grace

No. 1 Steel Truster

By ROBERT FORSYTHE

Who's Who in the Liberty League

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●

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The Communist Election Platform

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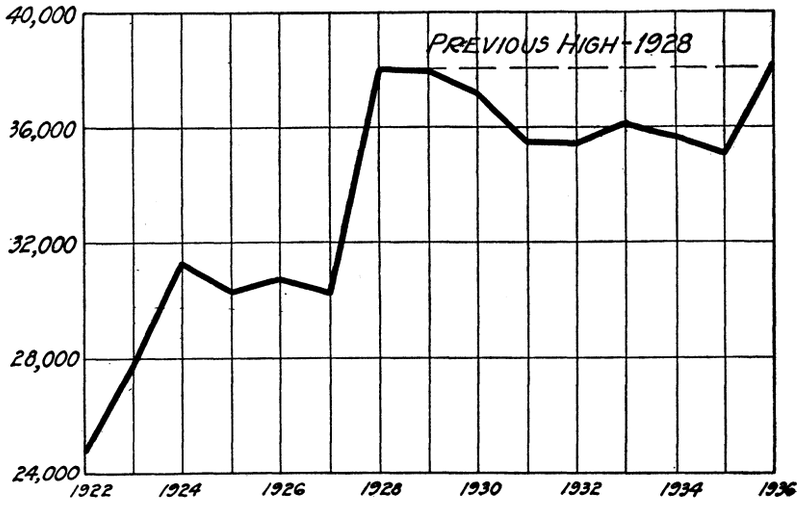

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New Masses

JULY 14, 1936

The Portent of Steel

JOHN L. LEWIS, energetic and astute chief of the miners and the powerful Committee for Industrial Organization, said this week of the drive to organize steel: "The miners' motive is not purely altruistic. It is a matter of self-protection as well. No union is safe while the great majority of the workers are unorganized."

In Lewis's statement lies an implication of historic importance. If no union of the present day is safe so long as steel remains unorganized, it is equally true that virtually no industry in America will long remain unorganized following a successful campaign in steel. A victory here will foreshadow a new birth of the American Federation of Labor. An organized steel industry, holding its ground against the attacks of the powerful forces of Liberty League reaction, *will mean the eventual organization of the majority of forty million toilers!*

The nature of the coming struggle was indicated this week, when, with the drive hardly under way, the American Iron and Steel Institute virtually declared a merciless war against the C.I.O. campaign. Brazenly flouting every vestige of democracy, the steel owners stated flatly that they would fight.

The history of unionism in this industry is strewn with the torn and bleeding bodies of courageous workers who dared face the Steel Trust. The owners have left a bloody trail up the years from Homestead, Pittsburgh, Farrell, and Ambridge, through Gary, Birmingham, and scores of other smoky iron towns.

But today, the steel masters are reckoning with an older, wiser and much stronger working class. Forty-four years ago dozens of workers died by the guns of hired thugs in the infamous Homestead massacre. On that same spot last Saturday, Pennsylvania's lieutenant-governor, Thomas Kennedy, who is also an official of the United Mine Workers, told more than 2,000 workers that whatever force was needed to organize the steel industry "from top to bottom" would be used. "If the steel magnates throw you out," said Kennedy, "you are entitled to and will receive State relief."

"WELL, WHOSE SECOND ARE YOU?" *Redfield*

Clearly there is a growing realization in the nation at large that the struggle against fascism can be undertaken seriously only when the defenders of democracy are organized into powerful industrial unions, and into a broad People's Front—the Farmer-Labor Party.

Forces, seen and unseen, motives, conscious and unconscious, are impelling the Lewis group into this historic struggle. And its outcome will profoundly affect the whole future course of the economic and political history of the country.

Independence Day, 1936

"RAIN likely here," said the New York Times on the Fourth of July. But the day was crystal clear from dawn to dusk. A capitalist-press misrepresentation.

Too bad it wasn't the only one. But as usual our anniversary of national freedom was monopolized, insofar as it was possible, by the enemies of the present-day freedom of the American people, and the true meaning of the day was distorted by their mouthings at "patriotic" meetings, in the press, and on the radio.

Chief among the distorters, of course, was the modern Benedict Arnold, William Randolph Hearst, who lately took occasion to attack Earl Browder, torchbearer of the spirit of the American Revolution, precisely because Browder was carrying on the spirit of '76—the spirit that says the American people will and must be free even if it takes a revolution to accomplish it.

But the distorters didn't entirely monopolize the day. On the contrary, the People's Committee against Hearst,

a subdivision of the American League against War and Fascism, made clear to hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers on the beaches at Coney Island, Rockaway, Brighton, and other harbor resorts that Independence Day stands for *freedom,* and that Hearst stands for *slavery* and toryism. A committee airplane swooped up and down the seashore trailing a huge streamer reading "TODAY IS ANTI-HEARST DAY"; a 50-foot cruiser rigged up as an enormous float churned by close to shore showing Hearst and Hitler as Siamese twins; from this boat was broadcast Senator Schwellenbach's famous speech against Hearst; from this boat the crowds of people on the beaches were led by loudspeaker in a mass song, "Don't Read Hearst"; they learned it quickly and came roaring in on the chorus. Thousands of anti-Hearst leaflets and postcards were sold throughout the city.

Thus Independence Day, 1936, marked the start of a national anti-Hearst drive through the medium of a People's Committee of remarkably broad composition—including progressives and radicals of every shade of opinion.

More power to it! Already over 100,000 postcards have been sold, protesting to merchants the presence of their advertising in the Hearst press; already over 300,000 anti-Hearst leaflets have been distributed; there are more than 700,000 members in the New York organizations sponsoring the committee; there are 114 New York trade unions on the list, with a membership of 198,000. And the rest of the country is joining in. With a beginning of this sort, Hearst will not find America a pushover for fascism.

In Defense of Children

FLOYD DELL, in his day an American Marxist critic of no mean endowment, wrote a book in the early twenties entitled *Were You Ever a Child?* It eloquently expressed the hope that a new social order might give every youngster a fair start in life. Since those days more and more Americans have come to look upon the Soviet Union as the pioneer of that new social order. Its extraordinary solicitude for children has won the sympathy and support of the best educators the world over.

This week the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has struck another blow in defense of the growing child. It has condemned as "unscientific, reactionary, anti-Marxist, fake technicians" a group of educators who introduced the "pseudo-science called pedology" into the Soviet schools.

The trouble with this pseudo-science, according to Walter Duranty's report of it in the Times, is that its exponents tried to run education on the lines of biosociology, juvenile conditionedness, inherited psychoneurotic tendencies and other such terms combined with an elaborate system of intelligence tests "not merely of infants of tender years but also of their bewildered parents and other relatives."

Those are big words and it's doubtful whether the "pedologists" themselves know what the terms actually stand for. But there is no doubt as to the results of the alleged panacea. Wherever the "pedologists" were in control, children and students generally were segregated into sections—those who were normal and those who were "difficult," "unsuccessful," "subnormal," and "ill-conditioned."

The Communist Party has condemned the pedologists for paralleling classes with special groups for alleged backward children who were "thus fatalistically condemned to a position of inferiority." This teaching method was compared with the Nazi theory of higher and lower races. The "pedologists" have been removed from authority everywhere. The "pedological" institutes, textbooks and system are to be completely abolished. Furthermore, the Soviet authorities have decreed that

> countless children thus unjustly branded as inferior through the failure of themselves or relatives to surmount nonsensical hocus-pocus tests be immediately restored to the regular schools and classes and finally, that the educational commissariats get a month in which to clean their house of pedology and make a report showing they have done so effectively.

The moral of this story, according to Walter Duranty, is that it is still another illustration of the Soviet "return to normal." But it seems to us that the moral is something else. It is rather that socialism does not tolerate any attempt to hamper man's start in life by fake intelligence tests (we have them in the United States, too) designed to segregate some children as incurably inferior to others.

The Pope's Encyclical

ABOUT six years ago an official of the Catholic Church in the United States wrote the famous Production Code which was adopted for the motion picture by the Hays office. Four years later at a meeting of bishops in Cincinnati the infamous Legion of Decency was born, and producers were scared into allowing the Hays office to set up the Catholic Joseph Breen as the official film censor at the source of production. This experiment evidently worked out to the Church's satisfaction; the Pope watched the work of the American hierarchy with a "vigilant eye."

Now the Vatican has issued the much-publicized Encyclical on Motion Pictures, announcing that the Catholic Church is ready to set up world-wide control of the motion-picture industry. The encyclical pointed out that it was "necessary to apply to the cinema a supreme rule which must direct and regulate the greatest of arts in order that it may not find itself in continual conflict with Christian morality or even simply with human morality based upon natural law." This sounds pretty, coming as it does from the Pope who blessed Mussolini's outrages against the Christians of Ethiopia.

His Holiness is amazed and pleased at the "marvelous progress of the motion picture art and industry," yet his Legion of Decency places a ban upon H. G. Wells' *Things to Come,* which predicted certain achievements of science in the future world and which was definitely anti-war. One has only to bring to mind the French film *Maria Chapdelain,* which was sponsored by the Catholic Church of France and which carried the reactionary message that nothing must change and that there must be no progress. Note, too, that the church's crusade against indecent films brought forth no protest against vile obscenities like *Red Salute* and *Riff Raff.*

The encyclical emphasizes that the "bishops of the United States are determined at all times and at all costs to safeguard the recreation of the people whatever form that recreation may take." We feel that the people can pretty well take care of their own recreation. Control of recreation should not be placed in the hands of an ecclesiastical hierarchy based upon a reactionary social order and rooted in private property.

The point of the papal letter is not the decency campaign but the official recognition by the highest office in the Catholic Church that "there exists today no means of influencing the masses more potent than the cinema." The organized workers in the trade unions and fraternal and cultural organizations are get-

ting the identical idea. And since the film is *the* mass art, it is rightfully theirs and not the property of the Catholic hierarchy.

Curbing the 200

CONSIDERABLE irony surrounds the demonstrations of the fascists around the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. They sing the *Marseillaise,* song of the French democratic revolution whose principles they seek to destroy. They shout "France for the French," when they mean France for the 200 families. They pay homage to the Unknown Soldier, son of the people whom the 200 families exploit and oppress.

But the highest point of irony is reached when the reactionary riot is broken up by the police, thanks to the existence of a People's Front government. The customary situation is reversed. The government, instead of dispersing workers' demonstrations, disperses the fascists. And no subterfuges are accepted. The Croix de Feu, dissolved by decree of the People's Front government, tries to create disturbances through the Ex-Servicemen's Association. The wolf is recognized through his sheep's clothing and driven off. This is possible only when all liberal, progressive, and revolutionary forces join hands against reaction and fascism.

New Deal "Protection"

THE Democrats at Philadelphia adopted a plank upholding labor's "right to collective bargaining and self-organization free from the interference of employers." It was a forthright bit of prose, but as organized seamen were quickly to learn, it was nothing more than that. Shortly before the adoption of the platform a Democratic Congress had rushed through a viciously anti-labor merchant marine bill over the protests of fifty thousand seamen. H.R.8597 provides that each seaman is to be furnished with a continuous discharge book to furnish a "certified record of service."

How the continuous discharge book will be used is made abundantly clear by Joseph B. Weaver, director of the Bureau of Marine Inspection and former official of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company. Asked about "radicalism in the merchant marine" in an interview for The Boston Globe, Weaver replied:

> The new legislation to deal with this menace is the most far-reaching of its kind ever put through and consists principally of the adoption of a continuous discharge book, which will be virtually a service record of every seaman and is patterned somewhat after a passport.
>
> A photograph will be part of the book, which will contain a full account of the man's work as well as notations that mark the owner as a breeder of dissatisfaction or a trouble maker.
>
> Shipmasters will retain these books, and they are to be turned over to the shipowner when the seaman is paid off or discharged with necessary notations entered in the presence of a United States Shipping Commissioner. Duplicates will be kept in Washington and, when a seaman leaves one vessel, his chances of signing on some other ship will depend almost entirely on this record. Under this system undesirables will be kept ashore and many cases of outbreaks among crews of American ships that have occurred recently will be avoided in the future.

The Seamen's Defense Committee offered a resolution at the convention condemning this weapon of discrimination, but the Democrats were too busy getting out a platform. In Washington President Roosevelt cheerfully affixed his signature to the fink book bill and departed for the convention city to war on "economic royalists."

To Bury, Not to Praise

READERS of THE NEW MASSES are entitled to take a slight bow. Last spring we asked for protests against two of the baldest reactionary measures ever offered in Congress—the Tydings-McCormack Bill and the Russell-Kramer Bill. The first of these measures would have had the effect of making it a crime to criticize the military; it would have meant prison to workers who appealed to the National Guard not to shoot strikers. The other, under the pretext of fighting Communism, would have treated as sedition any utterance distasteful to America's fascists.

The response was magnificent. Sixteen hundred letters and telegrams poured into this office and were relayed to Washington. Along with thousands of protests from other sources they succeeded in getting these fascist bills quickly and quietly interred.

Congressmen, for the most part, respond to two stimuli: orders from their party machine, under threat of withheld patronage, and pressure from their constituents. When the latter is sufficiently emphatic, it can take precedence over the machine. Senators and representatives do not answer all the protests and endorsements that pour into their offices, but they weigh them. Only a combination of vigilance and direct pressure can stave off future "sedition" bills.

New Masses

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Pianos and Poppycock

THE "exiles' return" is now virtually complete. Transition, once chief organ of the left bank writers in Paris, has come to America. The first native issue, edited from a New York office building, holds fast to the verbal mysticism to which its "revolution of the word" has brought it. It can serve still, as it has in the past, as an anthology of painful nonsense. At random the following were collected: "And yet only in Hungary is hair so passionate that a piano cools. In Boston, in America, what piano ever cooled what hair?" "Her aches of intense yearn." "Incest infects, incessant, insects." "For jactitation take jalap." "I like to compose my paintings from the leftovers of daily refuse."

Mr. Jolas declares editorially: "The meaning of the crisis lies deeper than the assumptions of an economic determinism would make us believe. It has no goal other than to help bring about the metaphysical revolution which alone can liquidate this materialist anthropology. In creative literature it . . . wants to substitute for the short story and the novel such forms as the modern magic tale, the myth, the legend, the dream, the saga, the folk tale." It is significant that amid the artificial dream-stuff that fills its pages only an actual dream, by a schizophrenic patient, apparently a victim of the Nazis, makes sense. It refers, directly, to Nazi persecution, and the chief symbol in it was the letter W, which as pronounced in German, is the same sound as the word "woe."

Bums' Rush at Geneva

THERE seems to be a natural affinity between fascism and hooliganism, something in the nature of the fascist movement which draws only on the most brutal instincts. Consider, for example, the conduct of the Italian journalists during the address of Haile Selassie before the League of Nations Assembly. Here was the dignified and tragic figure of the leader of an oppressed people ousted from his land by the overbearing might of Italian militarism. The delegates were embarrassed and uncomfortable, as well they might have been.

Not so the press representatives of Mussolini. To them the little Emperor's courageous appearance was the signal for jeers, catcalls, whistles, and prolonged booing. Never before had the representative of any State been subjected to personal abuse in the League Assembly. Nowhere, moreover, is it thinkable for members of the press even to take part in, much less to conduct, such a demonstration. Yet here were these leaders of Italian journalism—the editor of The Stampa of Turin, the press attaché of the Italian embassy in Vienna, correspondents of the leading Italian dailies—all howling like a Saturday night gang of drunks in a burlesque gallery.

There was only one thing to do. Sturdy Swiss gendarmes gripped the gentlemen of the Italian press by the scruff of the neck with one hand and by the seat of the trousers with the other and rushed them out of the building. The Emperor might have laughed aloud, but it is not recorded that he even smiled.

Adieu to Gorky

ROMAIN ROLLAND

THE sadness which seizes me on learning of the death of my dearest friend, my brother in arms, my comrade for twenty years, hardly makes it possible for me to make the sort of public speech that a statement to the press would call for. In this cruel hour of our separation, it is not the great man or the illustrious writer who becomes visible to me, it is not his vast life nor his powerful work; what I remember is the hour of another parting, at the Moscow railroad station, on a day in late July, 1935, his last look as it lives in my memory, his affectionate eyes, his deep warm voice, his vital handclasp, and with them, and expressed by them, that boundless vitality, which, like his native Volga, rolls through his sentences, a flood of ideas and images, and that young flame, that tireless ardor for the new world he helped to found, his immense goodness —and the sadness in its depth.

Yes, I should like to retreat, in order better to be with him in the eternal calm, where his great heart has entered.

But since I have no right to shrink into my pain and love, I would give to him, before you, a brief and passionate salute of homage and grief! I am one among millions for whom his death is the greatest bereavement of humanity since the death of Lenin.

He was the chief, the greatest of world artists of our time, who, after having toiled along the road of the proletarian revolution, brought to it their whole destiny, their prestige, and the riches of their experience—the man who, since his childhood, had felt the miseries and humiliations of the oppressed proletariat, the man who, like Dante, emerged from hell, but not alone, who brought with him his companions in torment, his comrades in salvation.

Never was there a great writer who played so lofty a role. He was the guardian of letters, arts, and sciences in the U.S.S.R., their guide, their conscientious master, their defender. The Soviet government, which honored him, drew much upon his powerful intelligence and his limitless devotion; its chiefs were among his intimate friends.

He dies at the exact hour when that work is accomplished which seals the Soviet victory—that extraordinary constitution, the freest and most human which any people has ever received, and to which his ideas had certainly contributed. (I heard him speak of it during the past year.)

Last night, I heard, with broken heart, over the radio from the Moscow station, the funeral music of Beethoven and the heavy words which announced Gorky's death. I felt myself in Moscow, among the millions of men and women tense with lamentation; my thoughts kept me there that night, attendant at the obsequies of my friend, at last asleep. For days I shall feel on my shoulders his coffin, of which I would have been one of the bearers had I been in Moscow.

Millions of us join hearts in sorrow, love, veneration. Of his honor, already memorialized in the great Soviet city named after him, the most beautiful and the holiest monument is in our hearts.

The Negro and the Parties

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

FIRST, exclusive publication of the sensational police activities section of the official Harlem report suppressed by Mayor LaGuardia appears elsewhere in this issue of THE NEW MASSES. This document has national significance, especially for the Negro people, since Harlem is thought of as being the "freest" Negro community in the United States. Just how miserable this "freedom" is, the suppressed report clearly shows.

The existence of these conditions under the LaGuardia administration throws open the whole question of the Negro policy of the Roosevelt regime.

In Baltimore last week Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior Ickes addressed an anniversary meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "Under our new conception of democracy," he told his audience, "the Negro will be given the chance to which he is entitled—not because he will be singled out for special consideration, but because he preeminently belongs to the class that the new democracy is designed especially to aid." Ickes conceded the oppression of Negroes in the United States, but admonished them "as a sincere friend to 'keep the faith.'"

For the Democratic Party to make so strong a bid for the good will of the Negroes is a rather new note. It is eloquent testimony to the pressure applied by numerous liberal and left-wing organizations at the convention for protection of the rights of the Negro people.

Nevertheless, the Negroes are likely to evaluate the Democratic bid at its true worth —which is not great. It comes, for one thing, too soon after a convention which sidestepped the advocacy of anti-lynching legislation, which witnessed the walkout of a United States Senator in protest against a prayer by a Negro minister, and which withdrew from a Negro delegate the privilege of seconding the Roosevelt nomination. It comes too soon after a Congressional session in which a Democratic majority, with no protest from Roosevelt, knifed the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynch bill. And finally, it comes from a political party which is responsible for the disfranchisement of thousands of American citizens in the South solely because they are black. There is far too much concrete and immediate work to be done in improving the position of the Negro for much stock to be put in idle promises.

Not for a moment is it to be inferred from this that the hope of the Negro lies in the Republican Party. The quadrennial lip service by the G.O.P. to the cause of Negro rights has become too transparent, too brazen, to take in any but the most deluded. Jim Crow dominated the Cleveland convention, which unseated most of the southern Negro delegations in favor of lily-whites. The Republican machines of several midwestern states are shot through with members of the Ku-Klux Black Legion.

In Cleveland and in Philadelphia meager handfuls of Negroes were grudgingly admitted as a sop to the Negro vote, and treated with scorn once inside the convention halls. At the Ninth Convention of the Communist Party, by way of contrast, Negro and white delegates worked out their problems side by side, and Madison Square Garden rocked with the thunderous ovation to James W. Ford, the Party's Negro candidate for the vice-presidency.

And it was the official organ of the Communist Party, The Daily Worker, which succeeded in obtaining first, exclusive publication of four chapters of the suppressed Harlem report: on April 6, the chapter on health and hospitals; on July 2, the section on making a living; on July 3 the chapter on the public hearings; on July 6, Chapter IX, giving the commission's conclusions and recommendations.

THERE are several things worth remembering in connection with the whole Harlem situation: First, the Hearst papers were shouting at the time of the March 19, 1935, outbreaks that they were race riots organized and led by the Communist Party, but Chapter I of the commission's report says that the Communists "were not responsible for the disorders and attacks which were already in full swing. Already a tabloid in screaming headlines was telling the city that a race riot was going on. . . . They [the Communists] deserve more credit than any other element in Harlem for preventing a physical conflict between whites and blacks." And further, in Chapter II, on the public hearings, the report says:

> The charge has been brought against the Communists especially that they attempted to "steal the show" or used the public hearings as a platform to promulgate their doctrines.
>
> It was perfectly natural that the Communists should have utilized to the full the opportunity which the public hearings offered to act as the defenders of an oppressed minority. Not only did they play this role with consummate skill, and this assertion does not intend to imply any lack of sincerity, but the experienced and shrewd lawyers of the International Labor Defense translated the groping, and often incoherent, queries of the common man into clear, searching questions which prevented equivocation and subterfuge on the part of the witnesses. Moreover, it should be mentioned that the testimony on Harlem Hospital which Mr. James W. Ford had read before the Commission was, on the whole, a factual statement supported by statistics. In the final analysis, the main role which the Communists played at the public hearings was by no means that of professional agitators and propagandists; they only defined and gave direction to the often vague dissatisfactions of the people, and attempted to interpret injustices which were regarded merely as racial persecution as a phase of the general oppression of the submerged classes.

A comparison of the commission's conclusions with its recommendations, published in full, shows a strong persistence of liberal illusions as to how the situation in Harlem can be changed. For example, the police are expected to "reform" so that they will be the protectors, rather than the oppressors, of the Negro people. How great an illusion this is can be seen from the fact that the Negro police lieutenant, Battle, when he was fêted by the Elks last week, remarked: "We do not seek social equality."

But while the commission's own recommendations are full of illusions, its findings show that the people of Harlem are fast losing theirs:

> In spite of the helplessness which their poverty imposes on them, the citizens of Harlem are realizing more and more the power of their organized numbers. The outbreak of March nineteenth, while spontaneous and without leadership, is strengthening the belief that the solution of their problems lies in organized action.

Militant mass action of black and white together for the liberation of the Negro people and all others oppressed by the capitalist class is the historic position of the Communist Party —a position made clear in the ringing words of the Communist election platform for 1936:

> We demand that the Negro people be guaranteed complete equality, equal rights to jobs, equal pay for equal work, the full right to organize, vote, serve on juries, and hold public office. Segregation and discrimination against Negroes must be declared a crime. Heavy penalties must be established against mob rule, floggers, and kidnapers with the *death penalty for lynchers.* We demand the enforcement of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution.

IF sufficient popular pressure is brought to bear on the LaGuardia administration, it will be compelled to publish the Harlem report, long overdue. More than that, it must be compelled to carry out the recommendations of that report. For the authorities of the world's largest city to remain silent about the Harlem atrocities is a social crime which will not pass with impunity. The whole handling of the Harlem affair will only serve to increase the growing repugnance which liberal and progressive people, Negro and white alike, have begun to feel for the fake liberalism of mayors and presidents whose deeds contradict their words. There is no doubt that the shameful treatment of the Negro in Cleveland, Philadelphia, and New York will attract many voters this fall to the All People's Party in Harlem, to the Farmer-Labor Party in other sections of the country, and will increase the number of Negroes who will vote Communist.


JUDAS
30 PIECES OF SILVER
JUDAS ISCARIOT
THE ONLY ONE OF TWELVE DISCIPLES WHO HAD BUSINESS SENSE.
ERECTED BY
THE AMERICAN LIBERTY LEAGUE
Art Young

Who's Who in the Liberty League

AVERY WOOD

LAST week, around a directors' table in the elaborate sarcophagus known as the Empire State Building, the executive brethren of the American Liberty League met, attacked Jim Farley and the New Deal once again, then sounded off on their "nonpartisan" campaign to discredit Roosevelt and elect Alf M. Landon President.

"The League is not a political party nor is it interested in promoting the interests of any individual or any group." With this the executive committee, headed by Humanitarians Jouett Shouse (president), Grayson Stayton (secretary), Irénée du Pont, and Al Mallet-Prevost Murphy (treasurer), W. H. Smith violently agreed. "The League," they intoned as one, "will continue to carry forward in the most earnest manner possible its campaign of education . . . to condemn members of any party who seek . . . to pervert the American Constitutional System. . . ."

But inasmuch as the League brethren, despite their nonpartisan protestations, have been dropping thousand-dollar bills into the Republican collection plate, it will be useful herein to trace the League's short history, elucidate upon its educational activities, and attempt to evaluate its current significance on the fascist front.

The birth of the League resulted directly from an exchange of letters between Vice-president Robert Ruliph Morgan Carpenter of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., and du Pont Director John Jakob Raskob who is also a director of du Pont's Detroit property, General Motors.

"Ruly" Carpenter, who is a brother-in-law of President Pierre S. du Pont, wrote first. Citing the difficulty he had had in maintaining the serfdom of the Negro tenants on his farm in North Carolina, Mr. Carpenter suggested that Mr. Raskob, *"persona grata* in Washington, would do a lot of good" if he directly challenged the relief activities of the Roosevelt administration.

"Why," demanded the oligarchic Mr. Carpenter, "should a man of Roosevelt's education and birth . . . carry on a campaign to eliminate wealth? Who can possibly give employment to labor if wealthy men and capital are eliminated? Why should he lend his assistance to legislation publishing salaries of employes of certain corporations which can possibly have no effect except to prejudice certain classes?"

Quite frankly, Mr. Carpenter was scared and he wanted to know what Mr. Raskob would do about it.

Mr. Raskob wrote back that he knew of no one in a better position than "Ruly" Carpenter "to induce the du Pont and General Motors groups . . . to definitely organize to protect society from the suffering which is bound to endure if we allow communistic elements to lead the people. . . .

"The reason why I say you are in a peculiarly good position to do this is that you are wealthy enough not to have to depend on a job or a salary for a living and are in a position to talk directly with a group that controls a larger share of industry . . . than any other group in the United States. . . ."

A FEW weeks later, in the marble halls of J. P. Morgan's Union League Club, the du Pont coterie spawned its American Liberty League. At first there was talk of merely uniting with Grayson M.-P. Murphy's Crusaders, of which Murphy's partner, Fred G. Clark, is national commander. (Murphy and Clark, it will be remembered, are the two Wall Street brokers who attempted unsuccessfully to hire General Smedley D. Butler to lead a fascist march on Washington.) But a rift occurred: the New York tycoons were jealous of the middlewestern tycoons and the Pacific Coast tycoons were jealous of both. Upshot of it all was that the New York faction split to form the Liberty League, thus creating a savor of independence. But Liberty League members continued their financial support of the Crusaders individually.

Since then two years have passed, and the League is superficially still a mere cult of constitutionalism, boasting 25,000 members and avowedly controlling in excess of 3,000,000 reactionary votes. But it is far more than this: through interlocking membership and financing, it has become a virtual clearing house for every fascist clan now operating in the United States.

Solemnly dedicated to "defend and uphold the Constitution of the United States," to teach respect for the rights of property, and to defend its ownership "when required," are the following:

Coca-Cola's Chairman W. C. Bradley (who literally owns several Georgia counties, directs Bibb textile mills, Georgia Power Co., Central of Georgia Railroad, Gate City Cotton Mills); Pittsburgh Plate Glass's President Harold F. Pitcairn (also Autogiro Co. of America); U. S. Steel's Chairman James A. Farrell; Sun Oil Co.'s President J. Howard Pew (also of Sun Shipbuilding Co.); RCA's Chairman General James G. Harbord; Reading Co.'s Chairman E. T. Stotesbury (also a Drexel and Morgan partner); Montgomery Ward's Chairman Sewell L. Avery (also of U. S. Steel, Nash Motors, Chicago Daily News); American Smelting & Refining Co.'s Elihu Root, Jr.; General Foods' Colby M. Chester (also of Lehigh Valley Railroad); National Steel's Chairman Ernest T. Weir; H. J. Heinz Co.'s President Howard Heinz (also of Pennsylvania Railroad, Mellon National Bank); General Motors' President Alfred P. Sloan Jr. (also of Pullman Co., Johns-Manville, Revere Copper & Brass, and, of course, du Pont); International Shoe's Chairman Frank C. Rand (also of New York Central); Remington-Rand's Chairman James H. Rand, Jr.; Standard Oil of New Jersey's President Walter C. Teagle; eleven different du Ponts directing E. I. du Pont de Nemours, General Motors, Pennsylvania Railroad, and half the Morgan partners.

The whole list reads like—and, in fact, is—the Who's Who of American Capitalism. Every important corporation in the United States has its Liberty League member, even those corporations most enthusiastically in support of Roosevelt.

Industrial and trade organizations united with the League in its holy war against progress are: American Iron and Steel Institute, National Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, National Industrial Council, American Plan Association, National Industrial Conference Board, Automobile Manufacturers Association, National Metal Trades Association, National Retail Federation, National Foreign Trade Council, and a multitude of others.

IN the first eighteen months of its existence the League received $1,100,000 in contributions and spent a good deal more. Largest contributing groups were: du Pont family, $204,045; du Pont associates, $152,622; Pitcairn family, $100,250; Morgan associates, $68,226; Mellon associates, $60,752; Rockefeller associates, $49,852; E. F. Hutton associates, $40,671; Sun Oil Co., $37,260.

Before attempting to evaluate the League's significance on the front of fascism, it will be best to dispose of the overt fascist terror groups which the League has so far unofficially backed.

As is well known, the most important scorpion of American labor is Pittsburgh's Federal Laboratories, Inc., the agency which supplies gas, artillery, bombs, and spies to any organization, legal or illegal, that will pay a large enough price. So anti-social a record has this corporation made that even A.F. of L. President Green has openly attacked the Liberty League's support of it

as an "appeal to lawlessness on a nationwide scale."

The directors of Federal Laboratories are John W. Young, W. W. Groves, and Roy G. Bostwick. Mr. Bostwick is a law partner of the same Mr. Reed who was chairman of the League's subcommittee of lawyers which attacked the National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act. Mr. Groves is president of the Railway Audit & Inspection Bureau, the agency whose latest achievement was the breaking of the Greyhound bus strike. All three men are officers of Federal Laboratories' two subsidiaries, Central Industrial Service, and National Corporation Service. Some of the clients of these union-busting gangs are H. C. Frick Coke Co., Queens Power & Light Co., United Fruit Co., Wheeling Steel, Firestone, Goodrich, and General Tire. It is needless to mention that officers of all these corporations are active in the Liberty League.

Next in importance is the National Chamber of Commerce, which includes in its roster practically every member of the Liberty League. The sentiments and financing of both organizations may be considered identical. The Chamber's Committee for Combating Subversive Activities includes these Liberty League brethren: U. S. Steel's James A. Farrell, Standard Oil's Walter C. Teagle, and Morgan-lawyer Silas H. Strawn. The committee's monthly *Safeguards Against Subversive Activities* is probably the most highly developed reactionary paper currently published in the United States.

THEN there are the Murphy-Clark Crusaders, mentioned above, whose avowed program is to "preserve, protect and defend" the constitution and "a truly representative form of government." Actually, its program is fanatical and openly anti-semitic. The fact that its foremost contributors are the du Pont clan is interesting, not only because of their Liberty League connections, but also for a more personal reason. Pierre, Irénée, and Lammot are a quarter Jewish, by way of a Jewish grandmother; and though they have opposed the Liberty League's endorsement of anti-semitism, they seem to have no real objections to Jew-baiting *per se*. (The Union League Club, however, whose roster is predominantly Liberty Leaguish, has no such queasiness. Anti-semitic pamphlets of the grossest, most obscene nature have been passed out at at least one recent dinner.)

Another terrorist organization is the Sentinels of the Republic, and this too is financed by the Liberty League, and is also anti-semitic as well as anti-Negro. The Pitcairn tribe—Liberty Leaguers all—and Morgan partners Stotesbury and Lloyd are among the Sentinels' most esteemed sponsors. On the executive committee is the perennial patriot, J. Howard Pew, as well as General Harbord, of RCA.

BY far the most sensational of all the League's fantastic escapades was its "Grass Roots Democratic Convention," which took place last January in Macon, Georgia. The purpose was to endorse Governor Eugene Talmadge, the Nordic Neanderthal, as the anti-Roosevelt Democratic nominee for President. Sponsor was the Southern Committee for Upholding the Constitution, of which the Liberty League oil king, John H. Kirby, is president. The greatest part of its $14,000 slush fund came, as usual, from the du Pont brotherhood, John J. Raskob, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., Ogden Mills, Frank B. Kellogg, and last but quite significantly, John A. Neylan, who is general counsel for the Hearst papers.

THOUGH the Committee whooped it up about 10,000 "dirt farmer" delegates, only about 2,500 people appeared. Most of these were bedazzled crackers from the hills, sheriffs, Klansmen, and such Jeffersonian Democrats as Coca-Cola's W. C. Bradley, Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith (Huey Long's ex-stooge), and textile kings George Lanier and H. D. Pollard. Also present were assorted female Negrophobes from the Womens National Association for the Preservation of the White Race.

Main achievement of the convention was the cursing of all "niggers," the labeling of Roosevelt *et al* redundantly as "com-*mun*-ists," and the distribution of a sheet called The Georgian Women's World, containing pictures of Mrs. Roosevelt with two Negro "lovers" in tow. So pleased with this demonstration was the Liberty League that the Committee soon after received a $500 check from Henry du Pont, and $1,000 from Alfred P. Sloan.

As for the remaining fascist bodies, supported in greater or lesser degree by the Liberty League, they are too numerous for more than passing mention. They are: American Veterans Association, Minute Men, National Civic Federation, Women Investors of America, Order of American Patriots, League for Industrial Rights (headed by elevator-strike buster Walter Gordon Merritt), and Farmers Independence Council. The last named body was formed a year ago by the League's "agricultural consultant," Stanley F. Morse. Though the membership included the names of Lammot du Pont, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and J. Howard Pew, try as it might, the Black Committee on Lobbying could not discover a single farmer on its roster.

SO far, it must be admitted, the Liberty League is a long way from real fascist organization. Though it has become the central board of directors for most of the active fascist bodies, it still lacks adequate central direction. Liberty League members at present are united only on a single basic issue: their fanatical hatred for social progress. Though as members they profess to hate Roosevelt, many of them contribute not only to Republican war-chests but to the Democratic coffers as well. Though Walter Percy Chrysler gushes at the name of Roosevelt, at least one Chrysler director is a member of the League; though William Randolph Hearst hates Roosevelt and worships Hitler, Bancamerica's President A. P. Giannini, a Hearstling, supports Roosevelt; and though Hearst is not a member of the League himself, most of his lawyers and many of his other stooges are. The most that can be said for the League's effectiveness is that it has enabled America's oligarchy to fight Roosevelt publicly, while making it possible for some tycoons to support him. No wonder, therefore, that Roosevelt tends to capitulate to their wishes.

How long capital will continue to play both ends against the middle is impossible to foretell; but foreboding evil for the future are the inroads the Liberty League has made in the colleges, where forty student-faculty chapters have already been established. Less important, but still significant, are the 3,000,000 pamphlets the League had distributed by the first of this year and the 200,000 news stories and editorials its publicity releases had evoked in the reactionary press.

WHEN a ruler or ruling class faces revolt, said Aristotle, there is nothing to do but "invent terror." The Liberty League has already begun its inventions of terror, and its next step will of necessity be to seek a popular following. From the nucleus of bought professors it has begun to approach the students; through the medium of the American Manufacturers Association and the "Raskob Committee," Liberty League advertisers have begun to inject propaganda into their advertising; at the American Federation of Advertisers Convention last week, Bruce Barton outlined plans for subordinating industrial management to public relations, and for placing bought consumer officials on the boards of directors. The vicious circle has begun, behind the scenes of the League, to be sure, but organically connected to it.

As an example of the latest fascist trend, the Iron and Steel Institute's declaration of war on unionism may be cited. With Liberty Leaguers Farrell, Weir, and others in control of the Institute and its $5,000,000 anti-union budget, it is impossible for the League not to take an active part in the probable use of terror against the C.I.O. And with J. Carlisle MacDonald placed at the head of U. S. Steel's newly created public relations office, and the publication of its first house organ, United States Steel News, it is obvious that the workers' interests will be fought on these three fronts: physically, with Federal Laboratories' implements; psychologically, with a flood of threats; and industrially, with a vast campaign to stir up middle-class sentiment against trade-union organization.

Too Many Years of Grace

ROBERT FORSYTHE

IN the old days at Bethlehem they used to have the annual guillotine services, with assorted superintendents and vice-presidents losing their heads. Since no superintendent is ever loved by his workers, we got great satisfaction from the yearly decapitation. Men who had been earning large bonuses and settling down to a life of ease (their daughters at Vassar, sons at Yale, etc.) suddenly found themselves out of favor with Charley or Gene. We laughed, ha! ha! ha!—not realizing that we were laughing at ourselves.

What the supers were fired for was not getting out the tonnage, and getting out the tonnage meant that the boss had to be a slavedriver or he lost his head. The man who replaced him was certainly going to put the screws on, but in the relief of getting rid of one master we didn't bother worrying about his successor. That was the steel business all through: either hit the ball or get out. During the war you would have thought Bethlehem Steel was part of the front-line trenches. They had dispensaries and nurses and doctors all over the plant. Getting your hand cut was the simplest thing in the world; that was routine. The big kick was seeing the stretcher-bearers dragging the huskies out of the drop forge where the gas and heat had got them. Of course you were entitled to the service because you paid for it. Medical attention: it was taken out of your pay check every two weeks. No paternalism about it. You were a free American citizen. You paid for it and got it. If you happened to slip into a ladle, your family got the $500 without any further worry. There was nothing left to bury. If you only lost a leg, it might not be so simple because you would have to go on the waiting list for a gate-tender's job. There weren't so many gates.

EVEN then the place was being run by Eugene Grace. Charley Schwab was still active, but in the war he became a dollar-a-year man and ran the shipyards. Gene stayed right there and ran Bethlehem. He had been a second baseman up at Lehigh and had worked himself up from the bottom, having only such a slight assistance as comes to a young man who has been baseball captain and prominent around town. Gene is now president of the American and Steel Institute and has just been telling John L. Lewis and the others not to bother his boys at Bethlehem because they are very happy as they are and would not care for outside acquaintances. Very clubby, the steel workers. They love Homestead, they love Bethlehem, they love Youngstown and Gary. If they want anything all they have to do is to go in and see Gene and fix the thing up.

This is all very laughable to me because I know that Gene Grace is a louse. He'd cut your heart out as soon as look at you. Old Charley was (and is) the greatest hypocrite the world has ever known but he did have juice in the old days. He was a big handsome devil and could tell a good story and laugh and make you like him when you knew you should be hating him. Gene was more consistent. You took one look at him and hated him and never had any occasion to change your mind. I suppose I should give some sound reasons for hating Gene but I get tired of that nonsense. If you've ever worked at Bethlehem Steel, you hate him and that's the end of it. Charley used to make a big gesture occasionally. He'd give away $100,000 with the knowledge that he was later going to make a million from it. But at least he gave the $100,000. Not Gene, the little thin dried-up guy with the personality of a buggy whip, not Gene. Gene would make positive of the million but he would never give more than $500 to get it and that always with reservations. He'd give $500 if they could get nineteen other men also to give $500.

He is head of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the big steel union of the owners, exactly the right man for the job. You couldn't imagine a man easier to hate. Bethlehem itself is a fairly good-sized town, but Gene owns it. He owns the Chamber of Commerce and Lehigh University and the churches. There was a preacher at the Presbyterian Church recently who spoke out of turn about the depression. From the reaction you would have thought he had denounced God. Being a union organizer around Bethlehem wouldn't be my idea of a good job. The steel works themselves look like an armed fortress. If the facts printed by The Indianapolis News about the artillery at Gary at the time of the threatened steel strike a year or so ago are only half true, the chances are that the steel barons have allowed some of the munitions they have made to stick to their fingers. At Bethlehem the steel company has a unit of the national guard for itself. Battery M, I think it is. I can remember them marching off to join Pershing's expedition against Villa. They were in the World War later and I don't suppose Gene has allowed a nice outfit like that to languish. In a pinch Lehigh University could always start sessions a bit earlier and give the R.O.T.C. boys an opportunity for active experience. Two years compulsory training at Lehigh, and scarcely a chance to use it.

WRITING about Gene Grace and Bethlehem Steel is simple because there is no possible chance of exaggerating. If the talk about the R.O.T.C. seems a bit wild, do not be so sure. When the fight gets tense, you are going to see some strange things. Remember that Gene Grace is czar of an empire. I don't know how many employees Bethlehem Steel has now in its various plants (Lackawanna, Johnstown, Steelton and others, as well as the parent plant at Bethlehem), but at Bethlehem alone during the war 30,000 men were employed. Figure that up in terms of families and see why the fight in steel is so important. Grace has been used to ruling that army with a firm hand. He runs the company union, cuts off the heads every year as usual, slices wages to fit the deficits, took bonuses in the millions ($1,600,000 in a single year of the depression) for himself and doesn't like interference.

The tone of the statement issued by the American Iron and Steel Institute against the plan for industrial unionism was intensely interesting to one who knew the steel towns. It was a compound of fear, disdain, and wounded arrogance. And behind it all was a threat of ruthlessness and terror. There was terror once before in Bethlehem, along about 1910. The Cossacks, the Pennsylvania State Police, rode women and children down on the sidewalks and killed them. There will be killing again if anybody tries to buck Eugene Grace and his gang.

He was making another statement on the Fourth of July. "We will use our resources to the best of our ability to protect you and your families from interference, intimidation and coercion from any source. . . . I do not have any thought that you desire any change in our present relationships. . . . My purpose is to assure you that we will assist you in every way to continue the present proved method of dealing with our mutual problems."

I USED to see those company-union representatives, generally foremen and most assuredly "right" guys in the eyes of Gene Grace. They would hold a meeting and send a man in to ask for better soap in the wash rooms. I imagine they even went through the motions in the worst days of the depression. I used to see salary checks in 1932-33. Two weeks' work . . .$1.92. Men who were crack machinists. If they averaged $12.50 a week, they were in the big-salary class.

I can imagine those company union stool-pigeons going in to see Gene in those days. "Mr. Grace," they would be saying, with

that look of worship and fear in their dog-like eyes. "We know that things are not going well with the company. Unless something happens soon, there will be little chance of your getting a bonus of $1,600,000 this year. In the circumstances we should like to do something for old Bethlehem. We want to ask your consent to take another 10 percent cut. We know this is the sixth cut, but please don't refuse us. . . ."

And the gracious consent of Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, one of the finest, most marvelous, most scintillating of American louses. . . ! I don't believe the workers, the workers of Bethlehem, will be grateful for Mr. Grace's solicitude. It seems a bit too much like the kindness of the keeper who offers you a night's lodging in the cage with the tiger.

Dirty Work in Camden

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

THE strike of 9,000 workers at the R.C.A.-Victor radio manufacturing plant at Camden, New Jersey, is a fight between a true workers' union and a company union, in its barest form. There is no evasion and no polite language about minorities and "the American plan." The Employes Committee Union outfit represents the company. Local 103, United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, represents the workers. For many months these two groups have been in active opposition, the company union many years old, the workers' union only one year old, dating from the time it made a closed shop of the big Philco plant, in Philadelphia.

While the company union issued press releases to J. David Stern's "liberal" Courier-Post, Camden's only paper, the workers' union organized the shop, won an overwhelming majority, entered negotiations for a closed shop, a 35-hour work week, a 20 percent wage increase, and paid vacations. When it received the usual runaround, it called the strike, and at the very peak of the radio manufacturing season 9,000 of the plant's 12,000 employes walked out. Of the remainder, 1,000 are highly skilled technicians who were not included in the strike call.

The second important thing about the strike is that, even though it has begun to organize steel, John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization is meeting here its first major test. The Electrical and Radio Workers Union is an industrial union; the strike embraces all the workers and all the diversified jobs in an exceedingly complex type of manufacturing. The C.I.O. has pledged all its resources to the strikers, and union leaders have been in constant touch with Lewis. In effect, it is his strike.

On the other hand, the opposition is also quite active. The radio workers' union is not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, but is independent. It therefore embraces crafts which would belong to the A.F. of L. Brotherhood of Electrical Workers—if the Brotherhood had ever deigned to organize them.

The third important element in the strike is the rôle of the government. Because of "well-known sympathy for and understanding of" labor, as the company proudly and feelingly announces, it has engaged as its "labor advisor" none other than General Hugh S. Johnson, of unhallowed memory. If anyone has wondered what has happened to Johnson since the Blue Eagle laid an egg, here is the answer—he has become a labor racketeer.

Whatever prestige Johnson possesses in the eyes of David Sarnoff, head of R.C.A., and Elmer T. Cunningham, president of the Camden plant, undoubtedly must arise from his former association with the government. His prestige with workers is, of course, nil. This former association is therefore being used deliberately to aid in breaking the strike.

BUT there is more concrete evidence of the Roosevelt administration's shabby rôle. William Kutzner, a radio union member, is in debt to the Home Owners Loan Corporation to the extent of a small mortgage on his home. He called at the Camden offices of the H.O.L.C. to say he could not pay his regular monthly instalment on the debt because he had joined the strike. He was immediately offered a job as strike-breaker at the same R.C.A. plant! Further, he was told the H.O.L.C. would foreclose on his home if he did not accept the job! Needless to say, he did not accept and properly reported the offer to the union.

The strike's fourth significance also has a governmental tinge. On the day that President Roosevelt signed a bill making it unlawful to move strikebreakers in interstate commerce (there's a slight catch to the bill—they must be guilty of interfering with picketing; "guard" duty does not count) the R.C.A.-Victor plant imported an additional 100 armed guards from New York, through the kind offices of the notorious Standard Industrial Service.

These "guards" immediately set to work breaking the picket lines, fomenting riots, attacking scabs, hurling stones and paint, and doing all the other little things they were paid to do.

The union, of course, immediately brought the matter to the attention of the Federal District Attorney, but meanwhile it set up

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

its own police force, ordered strict discipline for the picket lines, and patrolled the strike area. Considering that the Camden plant is several blocks long, and the streets surrounding it are constantly filled with thousands of persons milling about, this strike discipline is one of the greatest victories the union has ever won.

A fifth significant detail to be noted in passing is that while the strike call was, of course, the carefully thought out tactic of a well-disciplined and strong union, it was preceded by a series of spontaneous "sit-down" strikes, on the Akron and French models. This voluntary and collective action by workers, coming after a large number of folded-hands strikes at the Goodyear Rubber Company plant at Akron, may be the beginning of a new technique in our labor struggles.

Most amazing of all, and reserved for the select place of the climax, is a letter written by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and sent to all state federations of labor, city central labor unions, and federal labor unions. It bears the date, June 20, 1936, just three days before the Camden strike went into effect, and bears the unquestionable mark of solicitation from R.C.A. officials. The letter reminds the "dear sirs and brothers" to whom it is addressed that the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America is not affiliated with the A.F. of L. It reminds them that the A.F. of L. tried to split the radio workers' union into its component craft groups (if this had been done any sort of strike at R.C.A. would have been impossible) and failed.

"I am calling upon [you]," Green's letter then continues, "to refrain from giving aid and support to the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America or to respond to requests for official endorsement of this organization. Instead I ask [you] to comply fully with the decisions of the Executive Council regarding jurisdiction over those employed in radio and radio accessory manufacturing plants, and to give full and complete support to the Executive Council and to the American Federation of Labor."

Crowning irony follows. "You will be serving yourselves," the letter says, "and you will promote unity and solidarity among the organized workers of the country, and at the same time serve to maintain the standing, prestige and influence of the American Federation of Labor by carrying out the advice herein transmitted."

This is strikebreaking pure and simple. It must be noted that this letter was released to the press not by any state or city labor federation or union, but by the R.C.A.-Victor company. How it got into the company's hands presumably Mr. Green is best qualified to tell. He might also be able to explain how helping the company to break this strike promotes unity and solidarity among the organized workers of the country, or how—God save the mark!—it maintains the "standing, prestige and influence" of the A.F. of L.

In spite of President Green and his lieutenants, in spite of the company's official and unofficial strikebreakers, and in spite of J. David Stern's company-serving Courier-Post, the R.C.A.-Victor strike is well on the road to being won.

This is the height of their season. All the company officials need do is look across the river to the Philco plant. It saw the wisdom of settling with the union, and is working day and night turning out orders the R.C.A.-Victor plant cannot fill.

As for the union and its workers, they are supremely confident. They have Lewis and the C.I.O. behind them, and they can laugh at Brother Green. They are in the new stream of American labor progress.

PRESIDENT Green's remarkable letter can be explained by an even more remarkable story which was given to THE NEW MASSES by excellent sources. According to our informants, President Cunningham of the Camden plant, while being pressed for recognition of the independent union supported by Lewis, was visited by President Tracy of the A.F. of L. electrical brotherhood. Tracy offered a bold deal: recognize the electrical, the craft union, which had nothing organized for recognition, and there would be no more strike talk, not only in Camden but also in all other R.C.A. plants. About the same time President Green communicated with David Sarnoff, of N.B.C., emphasizing that the A.F. of L. had given sole jurisdiction over radio workers to the craft tinpins of the electricians' brotherhood.

Sarnoff got in touch with Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady. The latter confirmed the grant of jurisdiction, but reminded Sarnoff of a small fly in the ointment: there had been a test of Green's ukase in the Philco plant. It had been overwhelmingly rejected. That left Sarnoff to consider dealing with the independents, but with Cunningham insisting upon carrying through his deal with Tracy.

This also illuminates and heightens the import of the appearance of an A.F. of L. electrical brotherhood representative on the Camden scene, attacking the strike for the benefit of the newspapers, the company union, and, of course, the company. A.F. of L.'s President Green is a member of the Advisory Council of R.C.A.'s subsidiary, the National Broadcasting Company.

Youth Closes Ranks

ROGER CHASE

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We are those to whom the future of America belongs. We are those who will—who must—fashion this future. But we cannot live in tomorrow. We have come here these two days to deal with the present. For what we do today will determine the kind of future that is ours. Out of this congress will come the voice, the plea, the plans of young America.—From the report of William W. Hinckley, chairman of the American Youth Congress.

CLEVELAND is overrun, it is crawling with conventions. The Republican jamboree was only one of those at which the appeal to the young people of America drowned out all others. "Youth" ran the Republican Convention. Decrepit, reactionary "youth."

A reporter for a Cleveland newspaper, who covered both the Republican festival and the Third American Youth Congress here at the Cleveland Public Auditorium, remarks that the maturity of the 1300 delegates here assembled provided a startling contrast with the puerility which offered the Republican heelers their only legitimate claim to "youthfulness."

There has been little hell-raising at the Third American Youth Congress. Even during the address of Robert A. Taft, Republican favorite son, at Saturday's political symposium, there was only a trace of heckling, quickly shushed. Young people from twenty-eight states bore his inanities with stoic calm.

American youth of this generation has been prematurely sobered by its ordeals of the last seven years; it has lost much of its romanticism without losing hope. The Republicans, striving desperately to create enough artificial excitement to sweep a reactionary slate into power, stamp their feet, cavort. Young America, the locked-out generation, can cut the kid stuff and get down to business.

The New sense of power that dominates this Third American Youth Congress, it seems, derives from the fact that other sections of the American population, whom youth had far outdistanced on the road toward united social action, have themselves begun to get busy. The Congress has long recognized that youth cannot stand alone in its fight for peace, freedom, and progress. Since Hitler's rise to power in Germany, it has become one of the truisms of political thought that "youth movements" are likely to be fruitless and may become actually

dangerous. But the Youth Congress, with hundreds of thousands of young people behind it, has been forced to stand virtually alone.

Now all that is changed. New developments in the trade-union movement and the drive for a nationwide Farmer-Labor Party are going to bolster the American Youth Congress in championing the rights of a dispossessed generation.

There is a growing sentiment here that unless the C.I.O. and Farmer-Labor campaigns succeed, the major legislative fight of this Congress hasn't a chance. The Benson-Amlie American Youth Act was sold down the river this spring at the price of a $72,000,000 NYA appropriation. A powerful labor movement committed to independent political action, it is widely felt, can bring it back.

THE Congress opened Friday evening in the ballroom of the Public Auditorium, with addresses by twenty-odd youth leaders.

There was Martin Harvey, president of the Christian Youth Council of North America, representing seventy-one Protestant denominations solidly behind the American Youth Act. There was Eddie Mitchell, tousle-headed, 19-year-old organizer of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union. Ed Strong of the National Negro Congress. Waldo McNutt of the American League Against War and Fascism and former Youth Congress chairman. Rose Troiano, chairman of the national industrial council of the Young Women's Christian Association, which, with its 69,000 members, has affiliated to the Congress. Angelo Herndon, young Communist in the shadow of the chain gang, symbol of the heroism that is uniting black and white workers in the terror-ridden South. George Edwards, chairman of the American Student Union, who offered his organization's proposal that the annual Student Strike against War, which involved 500,000 young men and women last April 22, be broadened into a general and annual strike against the threat of war.

Present were delegates from those traditional blind-spots of progressivism, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee. Present were 130 representatives of eighty A.F. of L unions. Present were young Townsendites, sour on Lemke and the Union Party, strong for unions and unity.

There were hundreds who hitched to Cleveland, or rode the rods. From New York and California, Seattle and Baltimore, workshop and farm.

SATURDAY morning the Congress moved into a larger hall and Hinckley made his report. "We have had many counsellors to advise us," he said. "One voice has recently spoken to us saying: 'You have no jobs, you have no future, but be of good cheer. Soon those who have jobs will die and young people will take their places.'

"When we reject this deception, when we attempt to move on to new frontiers, we are assailed by harsh voices. . . .

"These are the voices of Morgan, du Pont, Hearst and the Liberty League. They insolently command us in their rage: 'If you don't like this country, go back where you came from.'

"Delegates of America assembled in our own Congress! Let us go back and see what is happening where we came from.

"You delegates from Arkansas! What is there back where you came from? Men and women flogged by night riders for the crime of organizing sharecroppers and tenant farmers.

"You delegates from Pittsburgh, from Youngstown, from Gary, from Baltimore, from mines and mills that mold the steel of the world! What is there where you came from? Arrogant and sinister preparations for war by the steel trusts against those who would better their conditions, charged barbed wire, encircling mills, open threats, armed, brutal guards."

Five millions in the army of unemployed youth with a half-million new recruits every year. Schools closed. Honest protest silenced. Relief cut off. Doors to the professions, to education, to social equality barred to Negroes.

"That is why we are here. We are sent by the young people of America to map out plans that will help secure jobs, freedom, and progress. When we have finished this work, then we will go back where we came from."

Congressman Stephen M. Young, Democratic backer of the Youth Act, said that with millions of young people out of work there is something more important than balancing the budget.

Someone suggested that the delegates sing "The Star Spangled Banner" or "America." Chairman Waldo McNutt tactfully chose "America." An officer of the local YMCA hailed the Youth Congress for its work in helping to bring about a society in which we could sing "America" without our fingers crossed.

It became known that the Euclid Hotel, where some fifty-odd delegates had intended to stay, was refusing to admit Negroes. Two hundred Youth Congress people picketed in the rain, with coat collars turned up and newspapers on bare heads.

IN the evening, the political symposium on "What My Party Offers to American Youth."

Stanley High, scheduled to speak for the Democrats, spoke for Roosevelt and apologized for his party. The New Deal had not, he said, furnished an adequate social-security program; there still wasn't adequate minimum-wage legislation. Roosevelt hadn't done much. He was moving slowly but he was moving in the direction Mr. High wanted to travel.

Robert A. Taft, local Republican favorite, meowed about the Communist New Deal, made it known that the recent Republican convention had been a truly representative gathering, urged youth to take the road of opportunity, the rags-to-riches road of free enterprise. What was good enough for grandpappy ought to be good enough for modern youth. There were a few explosions in the audience. It was a painful episode, but Mr. Taft was making his speech to the press, not the congress.

Earl Browder, presidential candidate of the Communist Party, got a good hand. "The young people of today," he declared, "are disillusioned before they reach maturity. Their generation cannot find its rightful place in society. Our social order long ago lost its youth and is now losing the faith of its young people who can find no place for themselves in decaying capitalism." But it was "more than satisfying to be able to note that in the United States, unlike what happened in other countries, fascist demagogues have made relatively fewer inroads among the youth than among the older generation."

Howard Y. Williams, secretary of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, got an ovation when he suggested the building of a national Farmer-Labor Party as an instrument for the passage of such bills as the Youth Act.

The Rev. Roy E. Burt, speaking for the Socialist Party, presented the Socialist point of view that the fundamental issue in the 1936 election campaign is not progress vs. reaction, but capitalism vs. socialism.

Real parliamentary excitement emerged Sunday when the Young Peoples Socialist League, together with the Trotskyites and the Lovestonites, sought to substitute for the Congress's Declaration of Rights of American Youth the Socialist Party's yes-and-then-again-no united-front program. This tiny dissident minority didn't have a chance.

Rose Troiano, of the YWCA, speaking for the majority, declared that "We believe the Declaration of Rights provides the means for unification of the broadest masses of American Youth in the fight for their immediate needs."

The Congress voted to solidify its unity organizationally and to bring the campaign for the Youth Act to a climax at inauguration time, when it promises to park a delegation of 10,000 on the White House doorstep.

President Roosevelt wired a message to Hinckley, greeting the Congress as "evidence of the fact that you who have come together to consider your mutual problems and those of the country as a whole, accept your responsibilities as citizens and welcome your opportunities as young people."

Young trade-unionists, students, religious leaders, are going back where they came from, conscious of the power unity has given them.

Police Terror in Harlem

From the Text of the Suppressed Official Report

On March 19, 1935, following a rumor that a boy had been killed as a consequence of a petty theft in a local chain store, Negro Harlem was gripped by a riot of terrifying proportions. In the course of this, several killings by police occurred. The feeling of Harlem residents was at fever pitch. Forced by the mass protests of Harlemites and workers and liberals throughout the city, Mayor LaGuardia appointed a special Negro and white commission to investigate the causes of the outbreak.

A year later, on April 3, 1936, the Commission turned in its report. Mayor LaGuardia has never made it public. Last week the commission went to him to ask him to release it. He has not done so.

THE NEW MASSES *herewith presents the first, exclusive publication of the part of the report relating to police activities in Harlem. Its content fully bears out the charges of brutality brought against the police by Harlemites prior to and during the flare-up of March 19, 1935. We urge our readers to write or telegraph to Mayor LaGuardia, demanding that he make public the full report of the commission immediately and carry its recommendations into effect.*—THE EDITORS.

CHAPTER VIII

[Sections 1 and 2, dealing with Juvenile Delinquency and Adult Delinquency, are omitted here for lack of space.]

3. The Police in Harlem

NOTHING revealed more strikingly the deep-seated resentment of the citizens of Harlem against exploitation and racial discrimination than their attitude toward the police when the latter were called to testify before the Commission. This resentment was not due solely to the killings that had dramatized the brutal behavior of the police. It was due in a large measure to such incidents as that related in the following letter to the Mayor:

—— West ——th Street,
N. Y. C., April 26th, 1935.

Mayor Fiorelli La Guardia,
City Hall, N. Y. C.
Your Honor:

I wish to respectfully call your attention to a very high handed act of the police of the 23rd precinct.

My wife and I occupy one room and kitchenette at the above address.

On Tuesday morning, April 16th, 1935, between 10 and eleven o'clock A.M., The superintendent of the house rapped at my door. Upon opening it I was confronted by three men. (men in civilian clothes) who the superintendent said were policemen. He explained that the men were searching the house, for what he did not know.

The men entered the room, and proceeded to search without showing shields or search warrant. I asked twice of two of the men what was the reason for such action. I received no answer from any of them.

My dresser drawers were thoroughly gone into, dresser cover even being raised. My bed came in for similar search, covers were dragged off and mattress overturned. Suit case under my bed was brought up and searched. My over coat hanging on the door was gone over and into. My china closet was opened and glass ware examined. After this startling act the men left my room, still without saying a word.

Now Mr. Mayor, we are a law abiding, honest, Christian couple, having never run afoul of law and order. This police action has caused us quite a little worry, especially as there is no assurance that it will not happen again.

We have brought this incident to your attention, feeling that you will have the matter looked into, and that you will advise us as to our next step in the matter.

Respectfully yours,
———— ————.

One might be inclined to believe that the incident was false or at least exaggerated, had not policemen themselves testified at the hearings that they entered the homes of Negro citizens without a warrant and searched them at will. The case of Robert Patterson, a Negro, which was heard before the Commission, offers an excellent example of the behavior of the police in Harlem.

The records of the Police Department show that on May 5th an anonymous telephone call was received stating that this man was wanted in Philadelphia on the charge of murder and that he had concealed weapons in his house. Several hours later two detectives entered Patterson's home without a warrant, routed him out of bed, searched for concealed weapons, found none and brought him to the police station. Patterson stated that he had come from Philadelphia, that he had known the man he was accused of murdering, that the deceased had died in Harlem Hospital in New York and that he had been released after an earlier inquiry into the same matter. Still the police did not release him but communicated with the Philadelphia police who then asked for his fingerprints. After they were received in Philadelphia, the police there declared that Patterson was not wanted as there was no record of any such murder. After two days in jail, Patterson was released.

Thus it appears that the police arrested an innocent man on an anonymous complaint, in spite of the fact that the law requires that a citizen be not arrested, when charged with a felony, without a warrant or unless the arresting officer has definite knowledge that a felony has been committed and reasonable cause to believe that the person charged or suspected committed the felony. In this case the police went beyond the law in arresting Patterson and searching his home, for the detectives had neither the warrant nor the knowledge required by the statute. The Commission asked Inspector Di Martini, Lieutenant Battle and the detective who made the arrest for their interpretation of the law. It was not in accord with the statute and the Commission felt that the large audience was justified in shouting that the law is not being applied in connection with the arrests of Negroes.

The insecurity of the individual in Harlem against police aggression is one of the most potent causes for the existing hostility to authority. One of the excuses which the police offer for illegal searches of persons and their property is the quest for policy slips. We have already shown above that 2,089 or 31.9 percent of the arrests in Harlem during the first six months of 1935 were for this offense. After a witness had testified before the Commission that his home had been subjected to illegal search for policy slips, more than twenty-five people indicated in response to a question by the Commission, that they had been subjected to search for policy slips, only one admitting that he had had policy slips in his possession. Another occasion that often affords the police of Harlem an excuse for invading the personal rights of its citizens is when white and colored people are seen consorting together. Although the police are especially likely to interfere if a colored man is with a white woman, one witness testified before the Commission that he was arrested and taken to the police station because he was walking with a colored woman. He was held for a time until he could prove to the officer that he was a colored man! Moreover, it was brought out by white witnesses, who were arrested during the riot, that the police attempted to impress upon them by words and acts of brutality that whites were not to associate with "the black bastards in Harlem."

In the chapter on the outbreak of March nineteenth, reference has already been made to the inexcusable killing of Lloyd Hobbs and the attempt of the police to justify the killing by making the boy appear as a burglar escaping with his loot. In the Hobbs case, it is significant that in the police records as given to one of our investigators there was no reference to loot having been found on the boy. However, a subsequent inspection of the police record revealed that a statement had evidently been added later. Another instance of police brutality, which occurred just six days prior to the outbreak of March nineteenth and aroused considerable resentment against the police of Harlem, was the Aiken case.

Thomas Aiken, a young Negro, 28 years of age, and who came from a respectable family,

was standing in a bread line in the 369th Infantry Armory Building on March 13, 1935. He had gone to the Armory in order to get a "free" meal because, being unemployed, he did not want to depend entirely upon his relatives and friends. When Mr. Aiken got in line at about 10:30 in the morning, there were about 150 men ahead of him. At about 1:30 in the afternoon, when the line had reached the point where he would have soon received his food, he was shoved a bit out of line by other men who had placed themselves in line. At this point, two policemen, namely David Egan and Eugene Cahill, came to him and, with abusive language, told him to go to the end of the line which now had increased to about 800 men. Aiken protested, stating that he was out of line due to the constant pushing by the men and that he had a right to remain where he was, having been in line since 10:30 in the morning. With this protest, he was labeled a "smart nigger" and immediately was set upon by the two police officers who were assisted by another white man, known as "Cap," who is in charge of feeding the men who come to the Armory. Aiken was first struck in the mouth by a blunt instrument, and as a means of protecting his face, he threw up his hands. Someone from the rear struck him on the head and again he was struck in the face and in the left eye. At this point, he fell to the floor unconscious, and he lay there nearly 30 minutes. Finally he was dragged across the armory floor, and the policemen put in a call for the patrol wagon. Aiken states that he could hear the policeman telling the ambulance surgeon to clean the blood from the face in order that he could be taken to the police station. The doctor is reported to have stated that the man (Aiken) was in a serious condition, which necessitated his being taken to the hospital. Aiken was placed in the ambulance and taken to Harlem Hospital, where he was admitted as a prisoner and received emergency treatment. The admitting physician diagnosed the injuries as being "traumatic rupture of the left eyeball."

When the arresting officer became aware of the serious results of his brutality, he created a defense for his actions by charging Aiken "with wilfully and wrongfully striking an officer on the left side of face with clenched fist." Aiken was confined as a prisoner at Harlem Hospital where an operation was performed to save his injured eye. On March 20th, when the physicians thought his condition had improved sufficiently to permit him to be moved, he was transferred to the prison ward of Bellevue Hospital. There another attempt was made to save his eye, which finally had to be taken out.

On April 10th Aiken was discharged to the 12th District Court, where he was arraigned before a magistrate on a charge of felonious assault preferred by the arresting officer, and the bail was set at $500, which was later reduced to $25, and the case was adjourned until April 23rd. The case was adjourned on several occasions after the above date by request of the arresting officer, who was represented by Assistant District Attorney Leo, assisted by the officer's personal counsel. At another hearing before Magistrate Kross, sitting in the 7th district court, it was found that the corroboration of the officer's testimony made a prima facie case, and with no other alternative, the judge sent the case to the grand jury.

On April 20th, the Subcommittee on Crime of the Commission convened to hear testimony regarding the Aiken case. After Mr. Aiken testified, the chairman of the Subcommittee asked Patrolman David Egan if he wished to testify. He replied by stating, "I do not wish to testify. Whatever testimony I would give would defeat the ends of justice." Patrolman Eugene Cahill was asked if he wanted to testify. He replied by repeating word for word the statement made by his fellow officer. It was obvious that the two policemen had rehearsed their answers, although it was doubtful whether they could have told what was meant by their statements. These officers were backed in their refusal to testify by a letter from the District Attorney, William C. Dodge, addressed to the Police Commissioner.

When we consider the part which the Medical Superintendent of Harlem Hospital played in the defense of the brutality of the policemen in the Aiken case, it will help to show why the residents of Harlem have so little faith in that institution. Since Patrolman Egan had claimed in court that he had suffered a laceration of the mouth and several of his teeth had been knocked out, a diligent search of the records of Harlem Hospital was made. Although no record was found of a policeman's having been treated, *nevertheless, the Medical Superintendent stated that he had given the policeman involved a statement to the effect that he had been treated at the hospital!* Thus it is apparent that an official in one of the most important institutions in Harlem is willing to assist policemen in their efforts to justify their brutality toward Negroes.

Another case of alleged police brutality, occurring a few days after the outbreak of March nineteenth, was brought to the attention of the Commission. This case involved Patrolman Zabutinski who, in August, 1934, had shot and killed a sixteen [year] old Puerto Rican boy because he ran, after being surprised in an act of burglary. Patrolman Zabutinski was called about four o'clock on the morning of March 23, 1935, to arrest one Edward Laurie, a Negro 32 years of age, who was charged with disorderly conduct by a Negro manager of a restaurant on Lenox Avenue. Evidence was presented to show that Laurie had been drinking and that he struck the policeman a slight blow. Patrolman Zabutinski struck him in return with such violence as to knock Laurie to the sidewalk, fracturing his skull so badly that he died in the hospital fifty minutes later. Even if the story of the officer is accepted as entirely true, it is obvious that he was in no jeopardy whatever, and that Laurie was unsteady on his feet and was totally unarmed. Here then was a case in which good police work, such as pinioning the man's arms and leading him away, would have prevented a killing and thereby not offered further confirmation of the belief of the majority of the Negro citizens of Harlem that the life of a Negro is cheap in the estimation of the police.

The cases which have been cited here indicate to what extent the police of Harlem invade the rights of Negro citizens. This invasion of the rights of Negro citizens involves interference in the association of whites and Negroes, searching of homes without a warrant and the detention of innocent men in jail, and even the mutilation and killing of persons upon slight provocation. Of course, in fairness to the police it should be stated that there are many conscientious and humane policemen who are not guilty of these offenses against the citizens of Harlem. Yet, inasmuch as the Police Department seems to make little effort to discipline policemen guilty of these offenses but either hides behind such subterfuges as the exoneration given by grand juries or actually justifies the infringement of the rights of Harlem's citizens, then the Police Department as a whole must accept the onus of these charges. For example, in response to a letter from the chairman of the Subcommittee on Crime and the Police of the Mayor's Commission setting forth these complaints against the police of Harlem, the Police Commissioner, Louis J. Valentine, maintained that there was no reason for disciplinary action against the police, stated the action of the grand jury without comment in each of the cases, and even justified the action of the police in the Patterson case!

Such attempts on the part of the police officials to justify the brutality and aggression of the police only encourages disrespect for authority in general and antagonism toward the police as representatives of law. The citizens of Harlem understand that the invasion of their rights and the slight regard that is shown for their lives is due not only to the fact that they are Negroes but also to the fact that they are poor and propertyless and therefore defenseless. When one of the policemen was asked if he would have acted toward the citizens on Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue as he had acted toward those in Harlem, he hesitated, stammered, and finally gave no answer. But in spite of the helplessness which their poverty imposes upon them, the citizens of Harlem are realizing more and more the power of their organized numbers. The outbreak of March nineteenth, though spontaneous and without leadership, is strengthening the belief that the solution of their problems lies in organized action. Police aggressions and brutalities more than any other factor weld the people together against those responsible for their ills.

This naturally creates a dangerous situation in Harlem in that an act of brutality or aggression on the part of the police may at any time act as a spark to set off an explosion which will have more serious consequences than the outbreak of March nineteenth. Therefore, it is clearly the responsibility of the police to act in such a way as to win the confidence of the citizens of Harlem and to prove themselves the guardians of the rights and safety of the community rather than its enemies and oppressors.

"Free, Prosperous, Happy . . ."

The Text of the Communist Election Platform

THE American people today face the greatest crisis since the Civil War. Extreme reaction threatens the country, driving towards fascism and a new World War.

To meet this danger to our liberties and welfare, we must unite our ranks. In common action we must go forward to overcome this crisis in an American way, in the spirit of 1776, in the interests of our people and of our country.

The collapse of the Hoover-Republican prosperity destroyed our boasted American standards of living. The New Deal failed to protect and restore our living standards. American capitalism is unable to provide the American people with the simple necessities of life.

Over 12,000,000 able-bodied and willing workers are without jobs. For a majority of these there is no hope of jobs. The income of the working people has been cut in half. Half our farmers have lost their land. They are being converted into a pauperized peasantry. Millions of young people face a future without hope, with no prospect of ever being able to establish a home or rear a family. The Negro people suffer doubly. Most exploited of working people, they are also victims of jim-crowism and lynching. They are denied the right to live as human beings. Civil rights are being systematically attacked and curtailed. The Supreme Court has usurped the power of Congress. It is destroying all labor and social legislation.

Reactionary forces, roused and organized by Hearst and the Liberty League, are striving to seize the government fully. They want to saddle the entire burden of the crisis upon the people, to establish a fascist regime and move toward war on the side of Hitler, the butcher of the German people and the chief maker of war.

The peace, freedom, and security of the people are at stake. Democracy or fascism, progress or reaction—this is the central issue of 1936.

The Political Alignments

At the head of the camp of reaction stands the Republican Party—the party of Wall Street, the party of the banks and monopolies. Landon and Knox are supported by the barons of steel, oil, auto and munitions; by Morgan, the du Ponts, and by that arch enemy of all decency, William Randolph Hearst. They are the candidates of the Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Bankers Association, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the Ku-Klux Klan, and the Black Legion.

Roosevelt is bitterly attacked by the camp of reaction. But he does not fight back these attacks. Roosevelt compromises. He grants but small concessions to the working people while making big concessions to Hearst, to Wall Street, to the reactionaries.

The working people must organize themselves *independently,* under their own banner, with their own leadership and program. They must organize a great Farmer-Labor Party to fight for and establish a People's Government —a government of, for, and by the people. They must unite the forces of progress against the forces of reaction.

The secretly formed Union Party of Lemke and Coughlin is not the new party for which the people are looking. It is the creature of Landon, Hearst, and the Liberty League. Under cover of radical-sounding words, its program contains essentially the same proposals as the Republican platform. It is deceiving its followers. It is the tool of the reactionaries.

But a real people's party is arising. Organized by the workers and farmers themselves, the Farmer-Labor Party is growing in the majority of states. Unable to put up a presidential ticket this year, it is organizing on a national scale. It fights for local, state, and congressional offices. It is the most hopeful sign in American political life. It is cooperating with the powerful trade unions in the new Labor's Non-Partisan League against the Republicans. It will undoubtedly be a major contender in the presidential elections of 1940. The Communist Party unconditionally supports the building of the Farmer-Labor Party. It pledges itself to work to bring the trade unions and all progressive forces into its ranks. The Socialist Party, on a national scale, is withholding its cooperation with all other groups. It conducts a harmful policy of isolation. It gives little help to the people's struggle against reaction. We appeal to the Socialist Party to change its course. We urge it to unite with us and the mass of the toilers against reaction.

In this situation the Communist Party comes forward with its own presidential ticket and its own platform. It enters the campaign to defend and promote the unity of the working people. It pledges to fight for their interests, to defeat the reactionaries, to build the Farmer-Labor Party, and finally, to win the masses to the banner of socialism. The chief aim of the Communist Party today is to defeat the Landon-Hearst-Liberty-League reaction—to defeat the forces of Wall Street.

The Planks

The Communist Party and its candidates stand on the following platform which expresses the immediate interests of the majority of the population of our country:

I. *Put America back to work—provide jobs and a living wage for all.*

Open the closed factories—we need all that our industries can produce. If the private employers will not or cannot do so, then the government must open and operate the factories, mills, and mines for the benefit of the people.

Industry and the productive powers of our nation must be used to give every working man and woman a real, American standard of living, with a maximum annual wage guaranteed by law.

We demand equal opportunity for women in industry and all spheres of life. We favor legislative measures for the improvement of the wages and working conditions of women.

We demand a thirty-hour week without reduction in earnings, at trade union rates and conditions, in private industry and on public works.

We oppose the present railroad consolidation policy which results in the discharge of hundreds of thousands of workers.

We demand higher wages and vacations with pay. We demand the abolition of the wage differential between the North and the South.

II. *Provide unemployment insurance, old age pensions, and social security for all.*

It is the obligation of the American government to establish an adequate system of social insurance for the unemployed, the aged, the disabled, and the sick, as provided in the Frazier-Lundeen Bill. This bill provides compensation to all unemployed without exception, and pensions for the aged from sixty years, at rates equal to former earnings, but in no case less than $15 per week. Make the Frazier-Lundeen Bill the law of the land!

We favor a federal system of maternity and health insurance.

We stand for adequate relief standards for all unemployed. We demand a stop to all relief cuts. The Federal Government must continue and extend the W.P.A. We favor an extensive Federal Works Program, to provide housing at low rentals, schools, hospitals, health and recreational facilities, as provided for in the proposed six billion dollar appropriation of the Marcantonio Relief Standards Bill.

We support the demands of the veterans for uniform pension laws and for adequate hospitalization.

III. *Save the young generation!*

Our country can and must provide opportunity, education and work for the youth of America. These demands of the young people as embodied in the American Youth Act—the

Benson-Amlie Bill—must be enacted into law. This bill provides for jobs, educational opportunities and vocational training for all youth between the ages of 16 and 25.

The National Youth Administration budget must be maintained and enlarged. Military training in the C.C.C. and schools must be abolished. Free education and financial assistance to the youth and the children must be guaranteed by both Federal and State appropriations.

Child labor must be once and for all abolished and made unconstitutional.

IV. *Free the farmers from debts, unbearable tax returns and foreclosures. Guarantee the land to those who till the soil.*

We declare that the American government is obligated to save the American farmers from distress and ruin, to guarantee the farmers and tenants their inalienable rights to possession of their land, their homes and chattels. We demand for this purpose the immediate refinancing of the farmers' debts with government loans at nominal interest.

We demand a stop to evictions and foreclosures and a long-term moratorium on all needy farmers' debts and that measures be taken to provide land for the landless farmers.

We favor immediate relief to the drought-stricken farmers by the government. We favor a graduated land tax to prevent the accumulation of large land holdings in the hands of the insurance companies, private and government banks, and other absentee owners.

We favor exemption from taxation of small operating farmers and farm cooperatives.

We are unalterably opposed to the policy of crop destruction and curtailment.

We support government regulation of farm prices with the aim of guaranteeing to the farmer his cost of production. We urge scientific soil conservation under supervision of the elected representatives of farmers' organizations with compensation to farmer-owners and tenants for loss of income.

V. *The rich hold the wealth of our country—make the rich pay.*

We demand that social and labor legislation shall be financed and the budget balanced by taxation upon the rich. We are opposed to the sales tax in any form, including processing taxes, and call for their immediate repeal. The main source of government finance must be a system of sharply graduated taxation upon incomes of over $5,000 a year, upon corporate profits and surpluses, as well as taxation upon the present tax-exempt securities and large gifts and inheritances. People of small income, small property and home owners must be protected against foreclosures and seizures and from burdensome taxes and high interest rates.

We are unconditionally opposed to inflationary policies which bring catastrophe and ruin to the workers, farmers, and middle classes, and enrich the speculators.

We favor nationalization of the entire banking system.

VI. *Defend and extend democratic rights and civil liberties! Curb the Supreme Court!*

We support a constitutional amendment to put an end to the dictatorial and usurped powers of the Supreme Court. We demand further that Congress immediately reassert its constitutional powers to enact social and labor legislation and to curb the Supreme Court usurpation.

We champion the unrestricted freedom of speech, press, radio, and assembly and the right to organize and strike. We call upon the people to safeguard these traditional liberties.

We stand for Federal legislation which will establish labor's full right to collective bargaining, which will outlaw the company unions, the spy and stool-pigeon systems, and all other coercion by employers. We demand heavy penalties and imprisonment for employers guilty of discharging workers for union or political activities.

We demand the abolition of poll taxes and all other limitations on the right to vote.

We demand the release of political prisoners among whom Tom Mooney, Angelo Herndon, and the Scottsboro boys are but the outstanding examples. The infamous policy of deportation of foreign-born workers must be stopped. The traditional American right of asylum for political refugees must be re-established. Anti-semitic propaganda must be prohibited by law.

VII. *Full rights for the Negro people.*

We demand that the Negro people be guaranteed complete equality, equal rights to jobs, equal pay for equal work, the full right to organize, vote, serve on juries, and hold public office. Segregation and discrimination against Negroes must be declared a crime. Heavy penalties must be established against mob rule, floggers, and kidnappers, with the *death penalty for lynchers.* We demand the enforcement of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments to the Constitution.

VIII. *Keep America out of war by keeping war out of the world.*

We declare that peace must be maintained and defended at all costs. We declare in favor of strengthening all measures for collective security. We favor effective financial and economic measures to this end by the League of Nations, against Hitler Germany, Italian Fascism and Japanese imperialism. These measures shall be supported by the United States Government.

We consider the expenditure of billions for armaments and war preparations unnecessary and provocative, contributing to the danger of a new world war. Instead of ever-greater armaments, we believe that the United States should develop an American peace policy in close collaboration with the Soviet Union, based on complete prohibition of the sale or delivery of goods, or the granting of loans to nations engaged in a foreign war contrary to the provisions of the Kellogg Peace Pact. The huge funds now spent for armaments should be turned to the support of the suffering people.

We demand the nationalization of the entire munitions industry. We demand an end to American intervention in the internal affairs of the Latin-American countries and the Philippines. We demand the strict non-recognition of the Japanese conquests in Manchuria and China, and of Italian conquest of Ethiopia. We support the Puerto Rican demand for independence. We support the complete independence and self-determination of all oppressed nations.

The Need for Unity

This platform represents the life needs of the majority of workers, farmers, and middle classes today. These demands can be won even under the present capitalist system. This is being conclusively proven by the victories of the People's Front in France. We appeal to all members of the American Federation of Labor and farm organizations, to our comrades in the Socialist Party, to all who toil with hand or brain, Negro and white, to unite in a determined fight to achieve the demands of the people and to beat back the sinister forces of reaction.

The fight for those demands will organize and strengthen the people. It will give them deeper political experience and understanding. It will prepare them for the great decisions to come when it will be necessary to move forward to socialism.

Today the immediate issue is democracy or fascism. But the consistent fight for democracy in the conditions of declining capitalism will finally bring us to the necessary choice of the socialist path.

Our land is the richest in the world. It has the largest and most skilled working class. Everything is present to provide a rich and cultured life for the whole population. Yet millions starve. The whole nation suffers, because capitalism is breaking down, because profits are the first law and are put above human needs—and the capitalist rulers are turning to fascism and war.

The Communist Party prepares the people to bring an end to this crucifixion of humanity. Our economy must be taken from the incompetent and greedy hands of Wall Street. It must be made the common property of the whole people. It must be operated fully for the benefit of all who work. This will be socialism. Only when socialism will be established, as today in the Soviet Union, will there be no crisis, no poverty, no unemployment—but abundance and security for all, with the gates of progress open to humanity.

Reactionaries of all shades cry out against socialism. They say it is revolutionary. True, the change to socialism will be revolutionary, but since when is revolution un-American? On the contrary, revolution is the proudest tradition of our people, who have always been among the most revolutionary peoples of the world.

Communism is twentieth-century Americanism. The Communist Party continues the traditions of 1776, of the birth of our country: of the revolutionary Lincoln, who led the historic struggle that preserved our nation. In the greater crisis of today only the Communist Party shows a way to a better life now, and to the future of peace, freedom, and security for all.

By supporting, working with, and voting for the Communist Party in the November elections; by organizing the mass production industries into powerful industrial unions, in a United American Federation of Labor; by independent political action and by building the American People's Front—the Farmer-Labor Party—the toilers of America can best fight for the realization of their aims in 1936.

Forward to a progressive, free, prosperous and happy America!

VOTE COMMUNIST!

Poland—Then and Now

JOSHUA KUNITZ

NIEGORELOIE, on the Soviet side of the Russian-Polish border, is unrecognizable. The gloomy old shack of a customs house I had seen back in 1929 and 1931 is gone. It has given place to a magnificently austere and spacious white building, containing a beautiful restaurant and buffet, a fine book and magazine stand, and a cheerful, conveniently arranged room for the examination of baggage. On the walls, in all languages, glitters goldenly the slogan: "Workers of the World, Unite!"

The people, too, have changed. The officials and guards look bright; their uniforms are snappy. They go about their business without the old fuss and noise—a quiet, dignified, efficient, courteous lot. The woman customs official examining my baggage asks whether I have any Soviet money. I have 24 rubles. She advises me to leave the money and collect it on the way back. The sum is too trifling to bother with. I spend it all on several boxes of cigarettes and "Mishkas," delicious, if rather expensive, chocolate candies.

When I come back with my purchases, the porter, a middle-aged peasant, presents me with a bill: eight kopecks per package—four packages, three rubles and twenty kopecks. I am annoyed; I had just spent my last kopeck. I have to go back to the buffet, return some cigarettes and get four rubles, which I give the porter. He hands me eighty kopecks change. I tell him to keep the change, but he puts it on the bag and, thanking me, walks off.

The customs officials examining the liberal old lady's baggage see two dilapidated and not very artistic ikons. While they furtively exchange amused smiles over the lady's "bargain," I am reminded of a characteristic episode. In Samara last summer, some of my tourists spied near the pier a vendor of *lapti* (bast shoes worn by the peasants in the old days and now rarely if ever seen). They bought a few pairs as souvenirs. When they came back to the boat the Russians were peeved. *Lapti* have become symbols of the poverty and degradation of the past. The fact that the Americans, of all things bought *lapti* to take back with them to America stirred up no end of comment and resentment. The people began to suspect us of being inimical to the Soviets. "They'll take those *lapti* back to America as samples of what we wear in the Soviet Union," grumbled our fellow passengers.

"Tell me, are your tourists really as stupid as this provocative act would seem to indicate?" inquired one of the Russians. I had to assure him that he was taking the thing much too seriously, that my tourists were an exceptionally intelligent and sympathetic lot, that they never for a moment thought of the *lapti* as symbols of contemporary, socialist, Soviet Russia. But it took a few hours before the resentment completely subsided. Another passenger, a worker on vacation, taking a trip down the Volga and back, remarked: "What really matters is not so much the *lapti* they will bring back to America in their hands, but the *lapti* they will carry back in their heads."

THE Polish side of the border. We are now in the world of capitalism. Things have certainly changed here since 1931. The pained surprise with which the Polish customs officials go through my heavy basket of food—fruit, candy, meats, and wine sufficient for the whole journey—tells the whole story.

Poetic justice. In Stolpce, the restaurant and the heavily laden buffet are all aglitter, ready to receive the Russians and the foreign tourists who have just come from Niegoreloie. The fat proprietor stands at the entrance, looking sadly at the bustling crowd of tourists. Back of him the tall tuxedoed waiters loom forlornly. "Forty minutes' wait," the proprietor reiterates suavely; "plenty of time for a good meal." The passengers pay no heed. With a touch of desperation and still more suavity, the proprietor tries out his foreign languages. He makes his announcement in French, German, English, Russian. No response. Not even one customer! Pathetic. . . .

It wasn't like this a few years ago. I remember in 1929, and again in 1931, I crossed the very same border. Then the travelers from the Soviet Union did not have to wait for invitations. Like locusts they would swoop down upon the restaurant, devouring everything in sight. Never had rolls and coffee and steak and vegetables and fruits tasted so delicious as they tasted in Stolpce after a protracted stay in the Soviet Union!

The Poles thought they were smart when they had put up this magnificent station and restaurant on the Soviet border. Striking contrast. Excellent propaganda. But as my little Russian-Polish-French-Portuguese-Algerian-Jewish traveling companion remarks, *"Rira bien qui rira le dernier"*—"He laughs best who laughs last."

WE are approaching Baranovichi. Familiar landscape, familiar scenes. Here I was born, here I spent the early days of my childhood. Here I experienced the first fear of a pogrom, my first beating as a Jew. Here in the old Jewish cemetery my father is buried. My heart beats a little faster. I have an impulse to get off, stroll through the old streets, peer into faces, recognize friends, relive my childhood. Then I remember my "homecoming" in 1931, and the impulse, so powerful a minute ago, suddenly dies.

I remember my visit to my Uncle Abraham, the poor, woebegone, wrinkled, grey, fussy, timorous Jew of the Polish ghetto. I see the dingy stooping wooden house, the four daughters sitting at the four windows, staring listlessly into the deserted street. "These maidens are like a great hump on my back," complains my uncle, looking ingratiatingly into my eyes. "They sit here on my back doing nothing. And what can they do, I ask you? They can do nothing. There is nothing to do. Husbands, you say? . . . But where is the money? Where is the money to come from?"

I feel that my uncle is approaching a delicate subject. He is grasping at the hope that I am an American millionaire, a relative visiting the old folks, who is just waiting for the appropriate moment to pull out his fat wallet to shower heaps of dollars, dollars, dollars into his lap. I feel like an imposter. But I haven't the nerve to interrupt him. "Who, I ask, will take a girl without a dowry? Nobody. And can you blame them? You can't make a living on love and good looks. A young man must have something to start with. A couple of hundred dollars . . ."

The critical moment is approaching. I interrupt my uncle's complaints, telling him that life in America, too, is not so sweet. That we have a crisis, unemployment. That I myself have no money either, that I am a

revolutionary writer, that this is not a very lucrative kind of work. But I see that my uncle doesn't understand, doesn't believe. His eyes grow cold and glassy. He keeps on mumbling, "just a couple of hundred dollars, and all the three of them would be off my back . . . just a couple of hundred dollars. . . ."

Still, the sense of kinship and hospitality triumphs. My old aunt and the four daughters are busy setting the table, running in and out of the kitchen. There is whispering, embarrassment, and more whispering. I realize that there is not enough money in the house to serve a meal. I do not know how to help them out of their trouble. "Let's have a feast!" I exclaim. "Let's have some wine and vodka. That'll be my treat!" My relatives object. But when I pull out three dollars—a veritable fortune, considering the low prices in Poland—all resistance is broken. In the kitchen there is again whispering, consultation, interrupted by happy chuckling. There will be money for a couple of weeks. . . .

I SLEEP in the more spacious home of another relative. Early, about seven o'clock, my uncle comes to fetch me. He looks terribly worried. I see he wants to say something, but he does not know how to begin.

I come to his rescue: "Well, what is it, uncle? Out with it." The old man looks absolutely crushed. He begins with a caressing diminutive of my Jewish name, and stops. Then:

"Son," he says, "the news that a relative of ours has come from America has spread all over the town. And this morning all the creditors are in the house waiting to be paid."

Poor uncle! Despite his disappointment he is really fond of me, and really glad to see his favorite sister's son! And now he is being penalized for my visit. On the other hand, I too am worried. I have practically no surplus money to take me back to America. Full of misgivings, I ask my uncle how much money he needs to get rid of all his creditors. Suppose he says a hundred dollars, or even fifty dollars. I will be forced to refuse. The uncle's long hesitation, his worried look and diffidence, make me even more worried. Finally, in a most apologetic voice he moans out, "About four dollars."

I remember that visit to Baranovichi in 1931. The ancient, dilapidated synagogues. The pale little Jewish children with their greasy skullcaps and curling side locks, the sad-looking storekeepers standing idly in front of their shops, waiting for customers that never come, the melancholy Jewish young men who have nothing to do but twirl their canes, tell smutty jokes, curse their fate, and wait for a girl with a decent dowry. I remember the fear with which they spoke of the Polish officials, their hatred of the Polish tax collectors. The smell of the middle ages, of the ghetto. No, I do not want to tarry here even one unnecessary moment. . . .

By the time the train reaches Slonim, our coupé is filled. First to enter is a young Pole, well-dressed, handsome, a student, obviously the son of a Polish landlord, returning from his Easter vacation to the university in Warsaw. Then the tall, black-bearded, black-coated, black-hatted Jew. Massive, dignified, powerful, sensual looking. He has a heap of baggage. His appearance and the group of fat Jews who saw him off suggest his important social status. He is either the rich man of the town or a rabbi. From the young woman who got on at the same station I later learned that he is a rabbi, going to a rabbinical post somewhere in Africa. Then there is the smooth-shaven, bald-headed, middle-aged Jew, whose threadbare clothes are so carefully mended, brushed, and pressed that I am certain the man was once rich and is now trying to hide his poverty even from himself. A tape measure is peeking out of his pocket, and whenever we pass woods or rivers with floating rafts he evinces a special interest. I judge him to be a lumber merchant whose business is going to pieces. (Under the czar, export of lumber to Germany and other European lands had been in Jewish hands. Now, with the connivance of their government, the Poles are gradually pushing the Jews out of this business. Jewish lumber merchants are rapidly becoming a rare species.) There is also another Jew, about thirty—leather jacket, Polish newspaper in his pocket; he looks modern, emancipated. The last to enter is a young army man. His uniform is so gaudy that he looks more like a hero from an *opéra bouffe* than a warrior called upon to protect Europe from the advance of Bolshevik "barbarism." His entrance causes a little flurry. The Jews squeeze together to make a place for him. He pays no attention to the Jews, doesn't thank them for their courtesy, doesn't accept the place they make for him. He hangs his coat on a hook and struts outside.

"An important officer?" I inquire.

"What kind of important officer is he? He is just one rank above an ordinary soldier. But he holds himself like a general," explains the lumber merchant quietly, seeing by my clothes and baggage that I am a foreigner.

SLONIM! The city of my youth. My father's family lived here for generations —a family once well-known in these parts for its wealth and learning. I too spent several glorious years here in the high school. In this city I first felt the tremors of love; I was first touched by the flame of the revolution. Here, in the home of an army officer, Adamovich, a Pole, Semeniako, a Russian, and I, a Jew—all youngsters in our early teens—would meet secretly and read and discuss prohibited pamphlets and books. One of the books—how absurd it seems now!—was a biography of George Washington against the background of the American Revolution. The book had been suppressed by the czar's censor and our pleasure at reading it was all the keener. Later, during the war, The New York Tribune, in a series called *Enemies Within,* mentioned my name among the enemies who were active in an anti-war organization known as the Federated League for Democracy. Still later Mrs. Dilling listed me among the "dangerous Reds." Still later the Hearst press mentioned me with ten others as Reds who are connected with the International Bureau of Revolutionary Writers. What a delicious paradox! Since it was the life of George Washington and the history of the American Revolution that I secretly read as a youngster in Slonim which had a great deal to do with molding my revolutionary character and sympathies, haven't I the right to claim that spiritually I am a genuine son of the American Revolution?

As the train rumbles over the bridge under which many years ago I used to go fishing and swimming, a host of familiar loved faces rushes past my mind's eye—boys and girls, schoolmates, playmates. Where are they now? Adamovich is dead—he fell in the World War defending a czarist regime which he had learned to hate from his early childhood. Semeniako is dead—he was killed in the Civil War fighting Wrangel. Yakimovsky is dead—he had been a Social Revolutionist and was shot down after the October revolution when the Social Revolutionists led a demonstration in Leningrad against the Bolsheviks. Udinovsky and Likhter are dead. They died in the Ukraine fighting against the revolution. Vernikovsky is a Zionist; he is in Palestine—a business man. Bogatin, a hero of the Civil War, is now a big man in the Red Army. Boiarsky, a faker from childhood, became a tremendously rich man during the NEP—he is now exiled to Solovky. Malakhovsky served for years in the Red Army, the Cheka, and the OGPU —he is now an important official in the Commissariat of Agriculture. Kogon, a brilliant student and marvelous singer, runs a laundry in Los Angeles. His brother, Yakov, is the representative of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in the North Caucasus. Narbut is a rich potbellied real-estate operator and clothier in New York. Halperin, until the advent of Hitler, was a captain of industry in Germany; I don't know what has happened to him since. Yodis, a Pole, is an engineer in Leningrad, an active Communist. Virtually not one person of my generation, it seems, has remained in Slonim. War, revolution, and civil war have tossed them to all corners of the globe. The best of them had fought in the Red Armies building socialism and are now in the U.S.S.R. With my friends gone, Slonim has no attraction for me. I watch the city roll past me without the slightest longing or regret.

I PULL out the Izvestia and Pravda that I bought this morning at Niegoreloie. On the front page of Izvestia there is an excellent picture of a group of Soviet sailors from the Far East, delegates to the Young Communist League Congress, all decorated with

the Order of Lenin. Their healthy, laughing faces act like a magnet. While I try to concentrate on the editorial, I feel all eyes in the coupé fixed on the paper. The man opposite me, the lumber merchant, cranes his neck trying to read. The woman by my side reads the headlines in a subdued voice for the benefit of the rabbi. Inconspicuously I adjust my paper so that my neighbors can read it without too much inconvenience. But my pleasure is slightly marred by a peculiar twitch of conscience. From my past experience I know that the Polish customs officials do not allow any printed Soviet matter to cross the border. In order not to complicate things I am ordinarily very careful not to carry with me any literature out of the Soviet Union. I had really intended to leave these papers in the Soviet train, but they were tucked away in my coat pocket and I had forgotten all about them until I went for my cigarettes, after we left Slonim. Now that the papers were with me, I naturally felt like reading them, perfectly oblivious to the fact that most people in this section of Poland are former Russian subjects who know the Russian language. Thus, I was really innocent of any malice aforethought. My guilt began only with the moment I adjusted my paper for the convenience of my neighbors. And—every psychologist will bear me out—once one starts out on the road of crime, he is lured on and on. He suffers, his conscience tortures him, but he does it just the same. . . .

When I get tired of holding up the papers I lay them aside. Immediately the rabbi—the rabbi!—asks to be allowed to look at the papers. He reads intently, column after column; but his face is expressionless, and I cannot make out his reactions.

In the meanwhile, the lumber merchant tries to strike up conversation. "I see you are coming from Soviet Russia?"

To allay all possible suspicion, I hasten to inform him that I am a correspondent for an American publication, omitting of course to mention the character of the publication.

The fact that I am well dressed, and that my bags are beautifully decorated with labels of the French Line, adds verisimilitude to my statement.

"You seem to speak Russian very well."

"I was born in Russian Poland. I come from these very parts—Baranovichi. I studied in Slonim. Most of my father's family lived in Slonim."

There is a scarcely perceptible, but nonetheless very real warmth of kinship established. The lumber merchant and the young woman both come from Slonim.

They inquire about my name. The name makes no impression. I repeat, "Kunitz, Kunitz. Some of my relatives still live in Slonim."

"Kunitz? Yes, yes, there is a Kunitz, an old man, Matvey Issakovich, he used to be a Russian teacher in the old days. Yes, there is a Kunitz. I don't know him very well. All I know is that his eldest son had gone away with the Bolsheviks, and that his younger son had struck a policeman some time ago and was put in jail for two years. He is out now. I see him around, out of work, doing odd jobs, carrying water, lumber. . . ."

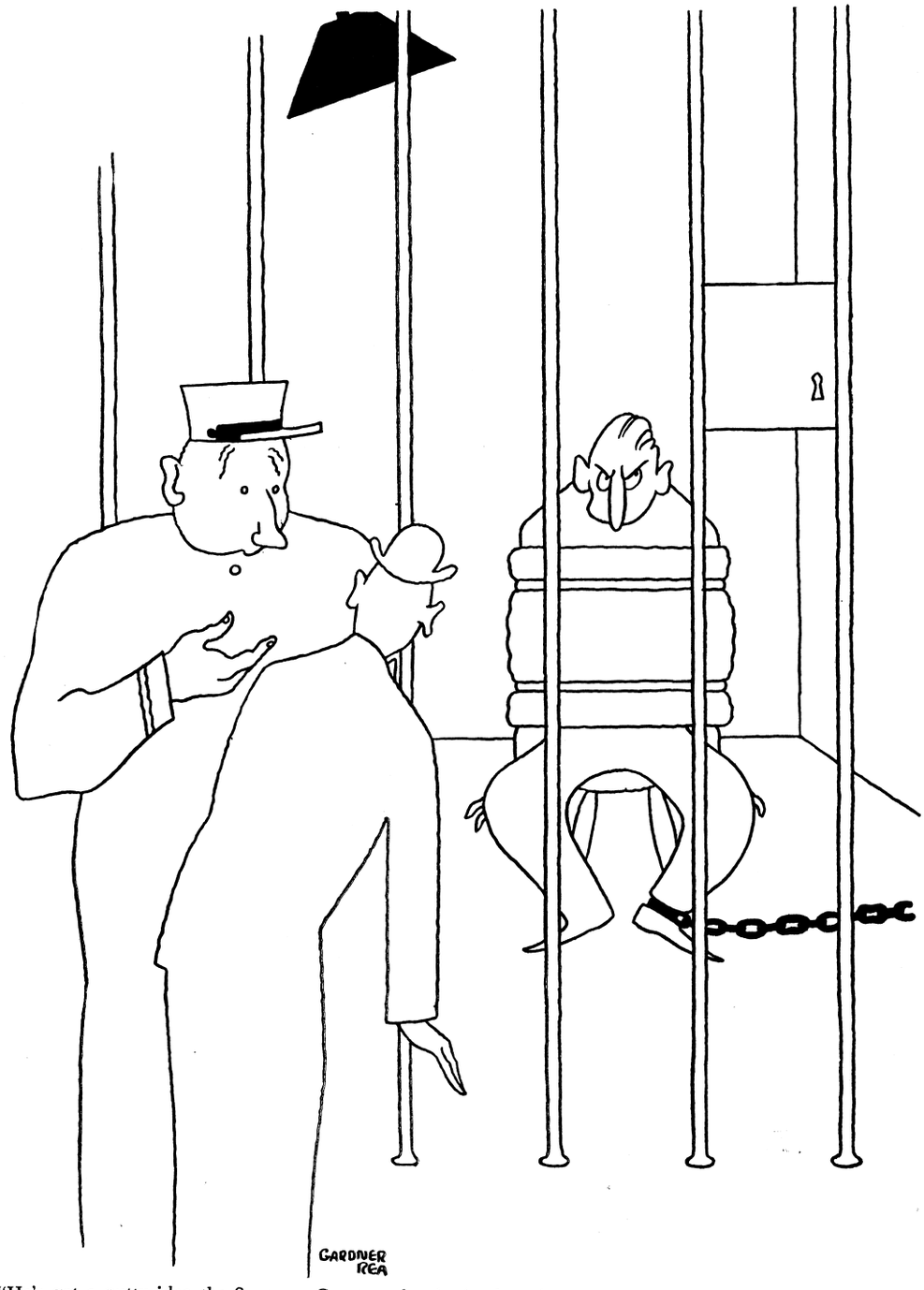
It happens that several days before I left the Soviet Union I had heard of Monia's tribulation from Venia, his older brother, who is now one of the five state prosecutors in Moscow.

When I knew Venia in school he was the pampered son of a rather prosperous father, as remote from the revolution as is the average American D.A.R. It was the war that taught him a lesson. With the outbreak of the Revolution he helped the Bolsheviks smuggle arms, without joining the Bolshevik Party. Later he was put in jail by the Poles, where he was mercilessly beaten, his teeth knocked out. He left the prison a year later, in his early twenties, but quite grey and toothless; he was a convinced and intransigent Bolshevik. He stole across the border, joined the Party, worked in the Cheka and then in the OGPU. Sweet tempered, extremely fond of children, gay, laughing, Venia is ruthless when confronted with an enemy of the Revolution. I do not tell any of this to my traveling companions. Most casually, I remark:

"A water carrier? Well, his brother, you know, is quite a big shot in Moscow—in the political department, a state prosecutor."

This bit of information, the contrast in the careers of the two brothers, makes a tremendous impression. Even the rabbi's bushy eyebrow is slightly raised in surprise. But he soon recovers his poise. *"A goldene medine"* (a golden land), he remarks sarcastically, returning the carefully folded papers.

I am not quite certain whether his sarcasm is directed at the Soviet Union or at Poland.



"He's got a nutty idea the Supreme Court oughta be in there instead of him." *Gardner Rea*

Our Readers' Forum

Another View on "Mr. Deeds"

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town is in town now all over the country. Millions are seeing it and maybe something is trickling into their consciousness about the plight of the unemployed. Your reviewer gave it a sensible review. Back in the old sectarian days your reviewer, most likely, would have panned it because the film didn't end with the farmless farmers organizing to take the land instead of gratefully accepting it as a gift from Mr. Deeds. He would have dismissed the charm of the directing and the deftness of the writing as mere siren's makeup; and its sympathetic attitude to the jobless as just another siren song to lure the audience into a mental shipwreck. I, for one, am happy that the reviewer is through with that sort of formalistic tommyrot.

But the reviewer, in welcoming it, skated around the fact that the film is based on an idea which most of the millions in its deservedly large audience will walk away with as a solution of their economic problems. In terms of this story this solution is not inartistic. It is dealing with Mr. Deeds' problem, which is: "What can a sensitive young heir do who feels bad about having unearned millions laid in his lap and finds himself beset with backslappers, phonies, stools, and legal crooks and highwaymen?" What he does is perhaps as good a personal solution as any; but the trouble lies in the fact that the personal solution becomes a social solution too in the complex interrelation of the picture and its audience, and in the projected outlooks upon life that it affords. Here is where the Marxist critic must do his duty. Without denying one atom of its technical grace and skill, the Marxist critic has the duty to point out that, while the film's solution for the conscientious young heir is all right, and while it may even help out the several thousand farmers who may have a few years of grace before the banks and the middlemen strip them again, as a social solution it is farcical; viewed as such, its solution falls accurately within its character of a screen farce—a highly intelligent screen farce. In other words, it is precisely the Marxist critic who can keep it from being sentimentally exaggerated from farce film into a social preachment.

STEPHEN DUBINSKI.

Peonage in New York

I am one of four employes discharged for union activity by S. Liebovitz & Sons, Inc., a shirt manufacturing concern at 75 Leonard Street, New York. There are several interesting facts in this case which I and the other discharged employes feel the public should be acquainted with.

The employers, Mr. Abraham Liebovitz, Mr. Harry Liebovitz and Mr. E. J. Liebovitz, declare themselves to be liberal and to be vitally interested in ameliorating the lot of Jews. They are actively engaged in the affairs of various Jewish charitable societies and are members of the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, the Jewish Educational Association, the United Palestine Appeal, and the Zionist Organization of America, certainly an impressive list. In addition to their active participation in these societies, the Liebovitzes are also large contributors to any number of Jewish groups. They especially give large donations to the Federation of Jewish Charities.

Their philanthropy, however, is not confined to mere charity. They are responsible for the existence of a virtual "company town," like those in the coal fields, in New York. The firm owns and operates two tenement houses on the lower East Side. People working in S. Liebovitz & Sons are approached and asked to take apartments in these houses. Refusal carries with it the menace of loss of job. Another policy pursued is that of giving jobs in the offices of S. Liebovitz & Sons to prospective tenants. As a result at least half the occupants of these two houses hold jobs in the Liebovitz office and are held in a condition of almost complete slavery. Any attempt on the part of these tenants to move means an immediate loss of job. One such case has recently come up. A man who has been employed by S. Liebovitz & Sons for thirty years and who has resided in one of the tenements for fifteen or twenty years found it imperative to move because of his wife's ill health. Upon the first attempt to move he was threatened with a reduction of salary. Upon the second attempt both he and his daughter were threatened with complete dismissal. The man did not move and is still living in the tenement.

But as philanthropic as the Liebovitzes are, they are equally anti-labor. Four employes working for the concern from two to eight years, and admittedly competent and efficient, were literally hurled out of the place without any previous notice, the moment the employers learned they were members of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers & Accountants Union of the A. F. of L. The employers have since tried to evade the entire issue of unionism by offering the most flimsy and ludicrous of excuses for the dismissals. They say we were fired for "good cause," for "slandering," and other like reasons. But the statements given to us at the time of our dismissal are damning evidence and amply corroborate the truth. One girl was asked if she was "trying to form a union," another was told that she had "ideas" displeasing to the firm. Another young man was told that he was fired for "committing acts comparable to treason to the government," and still another of the employes was given the blunt statement that she was "no longer wanted as an individual." Furthermore, after our discharge, several people working in the plant were questioned about meetings of our union group and were admonished to keep away from future meetings. There can certainly be no doubt as to the reason for our discharge.

To fair-minded people the high-handed and arbitrary attitude which these employers have evinced toward unionization of their office is certainly disconcerting, to say the least. For us the anti-labor policy of the Liebovitzes has been more than disconcerting. It has involved us in an important labor dispute and a fierce battle for reinstatement. We believe that your readers can help us considerably by mailing letters to the firm protesting our dismissal for union activity.

ONE OF THE DISCHARGED EMPLOYES.

W.P.A. Discrimination

A blacklist is haunting the architects and engineers employed by the Parks Department of New York City.

At a project union meeting, in view of the repeated refusals of the Parks Department officials to see the representatives of the union on the questions of impending layoffs, general wagecuts, etc., a half-day protest was voted.

Ten active union members were summarily dismissed by Mr. Latham, chief parks engineer, during a sit-down protest strike of more than 200 men. These included all the executive committee members of the union. Mr. Latham walked into the office during the protest, flanked on each side by a trusted stoolpigeon and the aforementioned blacklist. He tried to intimidate the men, and failing in this he chose the ten leaders, including Jules Korchein, secretary of the Federation of Architects and and Engineers. As he left he called back to Korchein: "Have I got them all yet?"

We have tried to present our case to the authorities of the Parks Department and the W.P.A., but so far we have not been able to get any satisfactory results on our reinstatement. We have finally arranged a W.P.A. appeals board hearing. Here the strength of our case will depend on the pressure that is put on the W.P.A. officials. The men in the office are intimidated by their supervisors, and many fear they will lose their jobs if they are active in our behalf.

We have enlisted the support of trade unions, the American Civil Liberties Union, and Representative Vito Marcantonio in our fight for the right to organize unions on the W.P.A. and the right to use our union to carry out protest actions for our demands.

We urge individuals and organizations to send protests on this case to Mr. Ridder, at 111 Eighth Avenue, Mr. Latham and Mr. Moses, Arsenal, Central Park, and Mr. Hopkins, W.P.A. administrator, Washington, D. C.

Funds are badly needed to carry out publicity and other work. They may be sent to Jules Korchein, Committee on Reinstatement, 119 E. 18th St.

COMMITTEE ON REINSTATEMENT,
Jules Korchein, Secretary.

Road-Showing "Let Freedom Ring"

A group from the Actors Repertory Company, which produced Albert Bein's *Let Freedom Ring* and is now producing *Bury the Dead* in New York City, is planning to take *Let Freedom Ring* on a tour through the textile towns this summer. The tour is being arranged under the auspices of a committee headed by Francis Gorman, Mother Bloor, Will Geer, and Albert Bein and will produce this splendid play under the auspices of local trade unions for the low admission price of 25 cents and 50 cents to workers in Danbury, Lawrence, Passaic, Paterson, etc.

Unfortunately the *Let Freedom Ring* Touring Company is very short of funds and is desperately in need of immediate assistance. The New Theatre League appeals to the readers of your paper to send in contributions at once to aid the *Let Freedom Ring* Touring Company to bring Albert Bein's play to the masses of textile workers. Believing that this cause is worthy of generous support and urging your readers to act at once, I am,

MARK MARVIN,
National Secretary.

P. S.—Make all checks payable to Mark Marvin, c/o the New Theatre League, Box 300, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

On Hicks's "John Reed"

Granville Hicks has called my attention to possible misinterpretations which may arise from that part of my review of *John Reed* which deals with Hicks's statement that to Americans the speeches of Bukharin, Reinstein, Radek, Murphy, and Rosmer seemed "hard and impersonal." Hicks based that statement on the written testimony of Clare Sheridan, Alexander Berkman, and Emma Goldman, and on additional testimony by Wilfred Humphries, as indicated in the notes to the biography. He also wants to make it clear that he does not believe that between John Reed's death and the arrival of recent recruits to left-wing literature there was a hiatus. I am glad to make both corections. In the case of the "hard and impersonal" speeches, however, I am inclined to discount the testimony of Clare Sheridan, Emma Goldman, and Alexander Berkman in view of their well-known attitudes toward Bolsheviks.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Ford Backing Black Legion?

To me, here in Detroit, Spivak on the Black Legion is light compared to the darkness of Hearst's Detroit Times. The Detroit Jewish Chronicle believes Henry Ford is backing the Legion, though they don't mention his name. His K.K.K. and Hitler connections were also spoken of in the June 27 issue of the paper. The Chronicle is conservative; Ludwig Lewisohn is in it.

ESSAY KAY.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

In Defense of James Farrell

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER'S recent review of James T. Farrell's *A Note On Literary Criticism* points out that Mr. Farrell seems to be at some pains to dissociate his critical theories from the body of ideas known as Marxism. This is true, and yet perhaps it ought not to be said without qualification. Unqualified, the statement contributes to a danger that is already real enough, the danger that Mr. Farrell's theories may be discredited just because he holds them.

This is a danger for which Farrell is himself in no small measure responsible. In the course of his book he misrepresents the opinions of half a dozen revolutionary critics. Not only does he, as Schneider points out, ignore the historical context of the articles and books he quotes; not only does he wrench his quotations from the surroundings that explain them; he performs obvious feats of distortion in the face and eyes of his readers.

It is, therefore, easy to conclude that Mr. Farrell's theories are as untenable as his polemics are unscrupulous. But we must not be too hasty. We must not be deceived, either by Mr. Farrell's methods of literary warfare or by the praise the book has had in anti-revolutionary quarters. The anti-Marxists are applauding Mr. Farrell, not for his ideas, which very possibly they do not understand, but for his attacks on specific Marxist critics. Even the editors of the Catholic Book Club, though they too have had the advantage of a parochial-school education, are taken in by Mr. Farrell's abuse of his comrades in the revolutionary movement. But revolutionaries must keep their thinking straight.

There are not many ideas in the book, and it will not take us long to run through them. Mr. Farrell begins by saying, "I think that literature must be viewed both as a branch of the fine arts and as an instrument of social influence." He goes on to explain that, "for purposes of intellectual convenience," we "may divide human experience into two generalized categories: the esthetic and the functional, the subjective and the objective." The former "deals with the pleasure, value, and elations which we derive from things, from qualities, and from intellectual, emotional, and physiological states as ends in themselves"; the latter "with objects and actions in terms of their use-value."

This means that literature is both pleasurable and useful. The statement cannot be questioned if the adjectives are satisfactorily defined. Does Mr. Farrell, one has to ask, conceive of usefulness in too narrow terms? The answer is no. He says, for example, that "living literature . . . cuts beneath stereotyped feelings and crystallized thoughts, furnishing the material from which extended feelings and added thought are developed. It is one of the agents serving to work out within the individual consciousness the twin processes of growth and decay in a way corresponding to the objective working-out of these processes in society." And so the passage goes on, quite an eloquent passage, not altogether precise, perhaps, but on the right track.

And what of pleasure? Mr. Farrell introduces this aspect of literary experience so portentously that at first one fears he is going to exaggerate its importance. But not at all. When he speaks of the Humanists, he says they were guilty of functional dualism, which means that they ignored the pleasure element in literature. He does not, however, rest there; he goes on, like any sensible person, to show that their philosophical and sociological ideas were reactionary and untenable. More than that, he quotes approvingly from Chernishevski: "Only subject matter worthy of the attention of thoughtful man can save art from the reproach that it is the empty amusement which it all too frequently is." If literature that gives pleasure but has no use is to be condemned in this way, then we need have no fear that Mr. Farrell is exaggerating the importance of the pleasurable element. Rather he is in danger of becoming a Puritan.

He does not even maintain that the amount of pleasure one gets from a book can be regarded as a standard of judgment. He tells us that he likes both *Alice in Wonderland* and *The Remembrance of Things Past,* and goes on: "I should not be able to present any measurement or standard of feeling and experience to prove that Proust affords me a more enjoyable experience than *Alice in Wonderland* does. All he asks is "at least passing acknowledgment" of the "refreshment-value" of literature. This is certainly not an exorbitant demand, and, though it may be questioned whether Mr. Farrell does justice to the pleasurable element in literature, he cannot be accused of overrating it.

His second contention is that some literature of the past has value in the present, both esthetic value—as he, for some strange reason, calls the pleasurable aspect of the literary experience—and use value. Here, if anywhere, one would expect an un-Marxian concept, the concept of absolute, universal human values. But Mr. Farrell is no believer in the absolute. He contents himself with saying what dozens of Marxists have said before him, namely, that "there is a relative objective validity to some works of formal art." Any two Marxists might disagree forever as to what is valid, and why, in some particular piece of literature, but they would never think of denying that its value can survive the period and the class for which it was written.

His third counterclaim is a quotation from Marx: "It is well known that certain periods of highest development in art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with its material basis and the material structure of its organization." This quotation has proven a stumbling-block to certain critics who have overlooked its too obvious implications: first, that in certain periods art *does* stand in direct connection with the general development of society; second, that it always stands in an indirect connection. Mr. Farrell does not clearly recognize the first of these implications, but he does not deny the possibility of a direct relationship, and he is well aware of the indirect connection. His understanding of these relationships might not always be dependable, but in theory he recognizes them.

We must hurry on. Mr. Farrell says that a book is not necessarily altogether bad because it was written by a bourgeois, and that a good revolutionary novel can be written about an individual. If there is anything un-Marxist about these two statements, he deviates in the best of company. He does not like the slogan, "All art is propaganda," but all he asks is to be allowed to substitute the phrase, "Literature is an instrument of social influence." Permission to do this will, I am sure, be granted by unanimous consent. He says that a novel of decay—such, I presume, as *Studs Lonigan*—may be revolutionary. His reasoning will, I think, convince anyone who was not previously convinced.

And that is all. Observe that I do not say Mr. Farrell's discussion of literary criticism is clear, comprehensive, or original. These adjectives do not apply. The discussion is so beclouded by Farrell's personal grudges and his elementary confusions that, as has been noted, it has been loudly welcomed by anti-Marxists. It fails, moreover, to deal incisively with a single one of the problems it raises. In its treatment of the connection between literature and social development it largely disregards the knowledge of social forces that has been given by the Marxian analysis of class alignments. Its examination of the qualities that give literature "relative objective validity" is superficial and unrevealing. Even the distinction between pleasure-value and use-value is no contribution to criticism because Mr. Farrell does not treat the close relationship between pleasure and use. It may be doubted, indeed, if there is any point at which *A Note on Literary Criticism* is genuinely valuable. But we must be careful not to assume that, because the book is an inadequate statement of Marxism, its central ideas are anti-Marxist. Mr. Farrell has built badly, but it is on a Marxist foundation. This we must recognize, for the sake not of the book, but of Marxism.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Science and Society

MEN OF SCIENCE, by J. G. Crowther. W. W. Norton Co. $3.50.
SOVIET SCIENCE, by J. G. Crowther. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

ONE HUNDRED and thirty-four years ago a brilliant young chemist stood on the platform of the Royal Institution which had been established in London by that Yankee royalist, Benjamin Thompson, better known to posterity as Count Rumford. Presently the learned auditors who had come to hear the twenty-three-year-old Humphry Davy discourse on the wonders of the new science of chemistry stirred a little uncomfortably in their chairs. For Davy was saying:

> The unequal division of property and labour, the difference of rank and condition amongst mankind, are the sources of power in civilized life, its moving causes, and even its very soul!

Proceeding, with the courage and logic of his youth, Davy went on to analyze the place of science in human life:

> it has bestowed upon [man] powers which may almost be called creative; *which have enabled him to modify and change the beings surrounding him,* and by his experiments to interrogate nature with power, *not simply as a scholar, passive and seeking only to understand her operations, but rather as a master, active with his own instruments.*

Take note of the words which I have italicized—and compare with them the very famous eleventh "Thesis on Feuerbach" which was written forty-three years *later* by a certain Karl Marx. "The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world in various ways; the point, however, is to *change* it."

A history of nineteenth-century British science, written by a man who has also given us a remarkable picture of what twentieth-century science can do, and is doing, in the new Soviet society which has abolished "the unequal division of property and labour"—such a history is outlined for us in the first of Mr. Crowther's fascinating volumes.

Men of Science is an attempt to view the lives and achievements of five of the most celebrated scientists of the past century against their socio-economic background. Mr. Crowther (whose Marxist attitude has been strengthened by numerous visits to the Soviet Union) regards it as significant that these five men—Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, James Prescott Joule, William Thompson, and James Clerk Maxwell—"should have lived in one country during one century, and in that country where the industrial revolution had started, and achieved its first triumphs." That Davy's special interest was chemistry ceases to be a mere accident when we realize (as Davy himself fully realized) that the *principles* of chemical action were closely bound up with the rapid development of British industry and the need for improving the techniques of agriculture and food supply. From the illuminating chapter on Faraday the reader can obtain not only a good account of the technical aspects of the new electrical science but also an excellent analysis of the man's personal characteristics and of the stupendous economic potentialities of his discoveries. We are shown the close connection between Joule's researches on heat and the development of engineering; William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) elaborates on the theory of heat and the conservation of energy, to the benefit of "the economic structure of capitalism" which "could not be operated without an exact knowledge of the equivalence of different forms of energy." As for the profound mathematical genius of Clerk Maxwell: its ultimate justification is shown to be in the union of mathematical theory and thermodynamic (or electro-magnetic) practice.

Turning to the volume on *Soviet Science* is like shaking hands with a Prometheus freed at last of its chains. Although (with the exception of some forty pages on "Theory and Organization") the greater part of this book is descriptive and sometimes excessively technical, no one who reads it can escape the impression of tremendous intellectual powers seeking, through the dialectic of science, to "reforge" the world in terms of the needs of those millions who actually create social wealth. Here, in the four great fields of Physics, Chemistry, Applied Science and Biology, is a panorama of organized collective planning for the future which, until the October Revolution, remained but a dream in the writings of philosophers from Plato to Edward Bellamy. The range—if not always the quality—of the achievements so conscientiously described by Mr. Crowther is breathtaking, nor does his book leave much room for the usual bourgeois criticism that in the Soviet Union science is "regimented." When—as happened during the sessions of the Fifteenth International Congress of Physiology held last Summer in Leningrad and Moscow—delegations of scientists are questioned by street-car motormen and greeted by the cheering shouts of Red Army men, the question, "What kind of civilization will profit most from science?" is forthwith answered. It is the answer to be found on the title-page of the Webbs' great work: *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?*—but without the final note of interrogation.

HAROLD WARD.

Power and Grace

SUMMER WILL SHOW, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking Press. $2.50.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER has by this time an audience quite her own, acquired since her first novel, *Lolly Willowes,* was published and acclaimed exactly a decade ago. With it and the two novels that followed, *Mr. Fortune's Maggot* and *The True Heart,* her three volumes of verse and one of short stories, she has won the unstinted praise of such American reviewers as Louis Kronenberger, Elinor Wylie, Louis Untermeyer, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, etc. The tone of the praise, indeed, and the source from which it has come have occasionally been of a kind to provoke suspicion, as when Christopher Morley, for example, burbles of "a remarkable little novel . . . pure humor. . . ."

Miss Warner will no doubt find her old audience waiting for *Summer Will Show;* but just what the reaction of that audience is likely to be is something of a question. The publisher's jacket-writer, I note, is duly cautious. This, we learn, is a work "that displays more concern for complicated human relationships, it goes far beyond her earlier books in the seriousness of its theme." It probably would not do, of course, to admit on the jacket that Miss Warner has, quite seriously and with no little emotional and artistic effect, discovered that the way out of those same "complicated human relationships" is the simple path of humanity, the only one visible in the world today, that of Communism.

The reviewers, too, I notice, do not quite know what to do with the book. It is like being handed a cup of very hot tea in the drawing-room without a saucer in which to put it down. And so, we are bound to hear a lot of talk about a "period comedy," a "comedy of manners," and all that sort of thing. But the fact remains: the tea's very hot, and there isn't any saucer.

The truth of the matter is, Miss Warner, who must be having a quiet laugh over it all, has presented her critics with a critical poser. A nicely pigeonholed "light touch" writer comes through with a novel which, while ostensibly, but only ostensibly, cast in her old bright mold of bouncing gayety, is in its deep underlying implications just about as "light" as the proverbial ton of bricks.

It would be a mistake, however, to suggest that humor is wholly absent. There is the description of God as "not an honest British pugilist," the swift denudation of the "liberal" British ruling clawss contained in: "the rational humanitarianism which forbids that any race should toil as slaves when they would toil more readily as servants"; the characterization of the Church of England curate: "like some moral vinaigrette, he had but to be filled by a Bishop, introduced, unstoppered, and gently waved about the room, to diffuse a refreshing atmosphere." However, one doesn't hear the "period comedy" reviewers tee-heeing over these little sparks of humor. Nor such a bit of dialogue as this:

"When my dear father lost his estates in 1792 his first cry was, 'Now I can do nothing for my poor peasants!'"

"But his peasants were poor?"

No, this is not precisely the sort of thing one had expected of the "light touch school" in the past.

What enables Miss Warner's 1936 review-

ers to save their faces, to an extent, is the fact that the author has chosen to lay her scene in the mid-nineteenth century, with the Revolution of '48 as her centralizing theme. But outside of the horse conveyances inevitably referred to now and then and a somewhat mannered opening page or two, in addition to the historic events involved, you'd hardly ever guess it. There are no striven-for, hoop-skirt effects, and only once or twice do the smelling-salts make their appearance. In spirit and idiom, the book has the hard, firm reality of today, which was, as it happens, that of 1848 as well—the universal reality of an enslaved humanity at bloody grips with its masters.

Incidentally, *Summer Will Show* has a number of unusually fine characterizations. It is significant that the most conventional of them, that of an unconventional dowager, is the one to have caught the fancy of Miss Warner's past admirers.

Something has been said above of a problem in criticism afforded by this novel. It is just that. It is, moreover, a problem of which any but the true Marxist critic, with that deepening of life and art which is afforded by the materialistic dialectic, is more than likely to make a botch, particularly with regard to Miss Warner's form. In any event, the author has shown that it is not impossible to write a good Marxist novel even in the "light touch" genre. It is, to repeat, a question of the dialectical deepening of form.

The heart of the matter is that worthwhile writers of today in whatever field can no longer remain indifferent to the great call of the age: *the call of the human.* Miss Warner at the same time brings with her a keen intelligence. She does not leap in with any romantic distortions. Her Communism of 1848 is sound and documented; and one is pretty sure that this is true of her politics as of 1936. She goes on creating her own world, as every artist does, a world that may seem a bit unreal at first acquaintance, but which possesses—once more, we may repeat it—that deepened reality that every work of fiction must have, if it is to be a faithful reflection of life. And within her own cosmogony, she is flawless always. SAMUEL PUTNAM.

The Gentle Art of Pamphleteering

OUR GOVERNMENT—FOR SPOILS OR SERVICE? by Ayers Brinser. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 3, 10 cents. Public Affairs Committee, Washington, D. C.

THEY HATE ROOSEVELT, by Marquis W. Childs. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.

LABOR AND THE NEW DEAL, by Louis Stark. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 2. 10 cents.

AMERICANISM, WHAT IS IT?, by Cyrus Leroy Baldridge. Farrar & Rinehart. 35 cents.

EVERY great social crisis in this country has brought forth its pamphleteers. In *The Rise of American Civilization,* for example, the Beards recall that "a hundred thousand copies of Thomas Paine's first pamphlet calling for independence were sold while the issue was fresh from the press."

The wide use of pamphleteering is understandable. Pamphlets are less costly, handier and more likely to reach the masses than books. The Abolitionists of slavery days and later the Populists both employed pamphleteering. The pre-war Socialist movement likewise made broad and effective use of it.

Pamphleteering, then, is distinctly in the American tradition. And the left-wing labor movement has to a considerable extent taken it over. So much so, that through pamphlets such as A. B. Magil's *The Truth About Father Coughlin,* it has succeeded in reaching the masses to a greater extent than through any of its other printed mediums. Notable contributions in this field have been made by the Workers Library Publishers and the International Pamphlets, the latter series prepared under direction of Labor Research Association.

By 1933 or so, there had in fact been such a resurgence of pamphleteering even by non-labor publishers such as John Day, that Amy Loveman devoted an essay to the subject in the *Saturday Review of Literature.* She did not, however, make mention of those published by Workers Library and International Pamphlets. Since then, other groups both conservative and liberal, including the National Economy League, the American Liberty League, the Public Affairs Committee, the Chemical Foundation, etc., have taken to issuing pamphlets for the dissemination of *their* propaganda.

The above commentary is by way of prefacing some remarks on four recent pamphlets from non-labor sources. Although probably not written with the current presidential campaign in mind, all four have a distinct bearing on it.

For example, listening to one of Alf Landon's three pre-convention speeches over the radio, the writer was struck by his emphasis on the "partisanship" in the Roosevelt regime's administration of relief. I have since seen editorials in Hearst's New York American and in other reactionary papers repeating this charge and lauding Landon for making it. The criticism boils down to this: Roosevelt has appointed Democrats as administrators! As if Republican administrations had appointed other than Republicans!

This policy of the ruling party's "rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies," to paraphrase the official A.F. of L. slogan, is nothing more than the old spoils system which has flourished equally under Republicans and Democrats. In the United States it is almost as old as capitalist government itself, a fact made abundantly clear in *Our Government—For Spoils or Service?* a pamphlet written from a liberal viewpoint, and giving a historical sketch of the spoils system. The demagogic Republican charge against the New Dealers is made because *They Hate Roosevelt,* as Marquis W. Childs, Washington correspondent of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, puts it.

Childs relates a number of instances known to him and others he has heard of, which show the widespread existence of this temper among the "two percent." The "majority (of this class) who rail against the President," he points out, "have to a large extent had their incomes restored and their bank balances replenished" under Roosevelt. And, as "the New Dealers themselves have been at pains to point out, taxes on the rich have not been materially increased." Contrasting the substantial increase in corporation profits with the A.F. of L.'s reported less than two percent increase in the real wages of wage earners during 1935, Childs reports that to "a man who has watched the Washington wheels go round year after year the loud cursing of the gentlemen in the upper brackets appears to have little relation to anything the present occupant of the White House has thus far done." ("Or will do," we might add.) Foreign observers are in agreement that they "are unable to see in anything the President has done thus far cause for such an extraordinary clamor." As a matter of fact, this outcry of certain Wall Street interests has blinded many in the ranks of labor and the middle class to the fact that several Morgan partners and such big business men as Walter Chrysler and others are still Roosevelt supporters. This attitude, on the part of Labor's Non-Partisan League, as well as on the part of the "two percent,"

> quite ignores the fact, of course, that under Roosevelt the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has poured out hundreds of million of dollars to sustain the credit of large corporations, banks, railroads, insurance companies, thereby saving the fortunes of the officers and principal stockholders of those corporations . . . That one of the President's closest friends, Vincent Astor, is one of the wealthiest individuals in the country. And, more important, it ignores the desire of the President, made evident in many ways but particularly in the almost wistful hopes for cooperation thrown out from time to time, to regain the esteem of his class and kind.

Why then do *They Hate Roosevelt?* Although the author effectively poses the question, in this writer's opinion his attempted psychological explanation does not suffice. Perhaps one answer lies in Louis Stark's *Labor and the New Deal* which tells of the strike struggles and battles for union when workers took seriously the paper promises of Section 7a of the N.I.R.A. Because the workers took seriously these demagogic declarations and increased their union strength, the Wall Street interests are no longer faced with the same open shop haven they had in the 1922-1930 period. This, then, is one of the reasons why *They Hate Roosevelt.* On the other hand, as The New York Times labor writer, Stark, shows, there has been a tremendous growth in company unions and

the workers have been given the run-around by the various labor boards to which they have appealed. Although Stark's story of how these boards have operated against labor is not anywhere as devastating as that told in Labor Research Association's *Labor Fact Book III,* yet one is able to get a glimpse of the picture.

Americanism: What is it?, dedicated "To American Youth," is the document which so scandalized the "royal family" of the American Legion and the Hearst newspapers. For it breaks with the so-called Americanism of the top leaders of the Legion who define *Americanism* "for the narrow and special interests of their own selfish crowd."

Prepared for the use of the Americanism Committee of the New York County American Legion, this little booklet has found it necessary to affirm such fundamental rights as freedom of speech and to declare that "The freedom of teachers to teach facts without bias and of scholars to learn facts without bias must never cease." In the face of the top Legionnaires' reactionary policies, it has been necessary to call to their attention the fact that Americanism guarantees to radicals "Freedom of speech . . . as well as for ourselves," and that "we must not attempt to abuse or silence them." This is truly symptomatic of the rank-and-file sentiment in the Legion, the revolt against its past domination by the "royal family."

HY KRAVIF.

The Worker as Conqueror

PELLE, THE CONQUEROR, by Martin Anderson Nexo. Four volumes in one. Peter Smith, publisher. List price, $3.50. *Issued to Book Union subscribers,* $2.10.

GORKY gone—Barbusse gone!—the remaining outstanding figure of world literature among those who might be called founders of revolutionary fiction, is Martin Anderson Nexo. It was not an unmixed misfortune that when the Book Union examined publication lists for June it could find no current literary item to pair with the Labor Fact Book, which it had decided to offer to its subscribers, and turned to a one-volume edition of Nexo's masterpiece, *Pelle, the Conqueror,* originally issued in four volumes.

In her recent book, *Creative America,* Miss Mary van Kleeck substitutes for the term "worker," the term "creator," and what she makes factually clear, to establish her point, through statistics, Nexo has made clear through his lusty, warm presentation of working-class life. In it is a creativeness that shows itself not alone in the production of goods, but in what the working-class mind and will can manage to make, in spite of misery and withheld opportunity, of the constricted world they live in. Here, in the story of a Danish working-class leader, born the son of workers and educated in workshops, are shown all the elements of the worker's creativeness, the skill of his hands, the warmth of his family life, and his own created institutions, labor unions and cooperatives, conceived by his mind and carried out by his determination, self-sacrifice, and courage.

In itself, *Pelle, the Conqueror,* in the fresh and vital fullness of its panorama, answers most of the criticism leveled against the proletarian novel, of which it probably remains the as yet unsurpassed masterpiece. It has a sensitive and vivid awareness of the beauty of the world of nature; it is psychologically acute; its story, except for some lapses into the prophetic toward the end, evolves from its own material of character and situation, and not from preconceived ideological patterns. Above all, it is free from didactics and moralizing, never grim, never obtrusively purposeful. It is always vigorous, joyous, proud. It has the elation that so many proletarian writers, preoccupied with the miseries of the working class and still thinking of it in terms of the historically defeated class, fail to give—that elation which Nexo sounded in the very title itself—Pelle—the worker—the Conqueror.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Poet's Progress

THANKSGIVING BEFORE NOVEMBER, by Norman Macleod, New York, Parnassus Press. $2.

IN *Thanksgiving Before November,* his second collection of poems, Norman Macleod has made tremendous advances over his first volume, *Horizons of Death.* However, his motion forward has been a hesitant and jerky one. This book is divided into three sections: (1) Early Battle Cry, (2) Footnote to These Days, and (3) Communications from the Revolution.

The first section is by far superior to the other two. This is due primarily to the fact that Macleod is at home. He speaks of the things he knows. One poem in particular, "Young Manhood in Idaho," stands out. In it Macleod has done more than write a poem. He has made clear to his readers what "Young Manhood in Idaho" is like. In the second section an alarming confession is made: that is, that the poet is a pessimist. This is not a revolutionary poet writing:

> We go with echoes
> Of Opium in our brains, seeking oblivion,
> Conscious of guilt—that we too
> Are betrayers—
> Sick by the stream
> That are ways for the watercress,
> Raking the radiance of sky for some one comet
> Or star—frogs croaking hoarse in the swamps—
> Calling all of it lonely.

Nor is this the speech of a revolutionist:

> We could only relate
> The years with a century's horizon,
> And rust with epics abeyed
> In the knowledge of light.

Nor this:

> Time before
> And time comes after:
> Death is its dedication.
> And though it and I
> Have never been comrades,
> I cherish its body in my brains.

One cannot help but notice the frequency of the words "death" or "dead." Nor can a revolutionary poet declare, "As I am tethered to the walls of my past," and let it carry the despairing meaning Macleod gives it. However, in the third section one feels that Macleod has produced several poems of effective social and revolutionary content. If they are not wholly successful the reason is probably due to two factors. One, that he is not too familiar with the subjects, and secondly, because of the weighted use of his similes. In "Revolutionary Photodynamic," however, he has justified this section. It is a beautiful revolutionary poem, hitting home consistently, carrying out the desire and intent of the author to align himself with the revolutionary proletariat. In this there is promise for Macleod as a revolutionary poet. Certainly revolutionary poetry could well use his sense of the beautiful, his apt phrasing, which clearly mark him today as a real poet.

MAURICE GATES.

Brief Reviews

PROGRESS AND POWER, by Carl L. Becker, Stanford University Press. $1.50. Professor Becker may be remembered by some of our readers as one of the historians who worked with George Creel's Committee on Public (Mis) Information during the last War. An able historian and a writer of considerable ability, he here develops a philosophy of history in which the idea of Progress is associated with the development of our technical powers in the conquest of nature. Social progress and material power are presented as reciprocals one of the other: a point of view which still leaves it open to deny the primacy of the latter. However unintentionally, Professor Becker thus plays into the hands of an abstract idealist philosophy whose "greatest good" is the Intelligence.

H. W.

SURPLUS PROPHETS. Anonymous. Viking. $1. This anthology of juxtaposed pronouncements of Hoover, Landon, Al Smith, Liberty Leaguers, Raskob, various Senators, J. P. Morgan and Hearst, is intended to speak for itself. We see that all these folks have changed their minds frequently—that Smith, for instance, agreed with Hearst in welcoming recognition of Soviet Russia—once upon a time. But the quotations, considering what might have been chosen from those wise lips, are not impressively arranged. One is painfully aware that the publication's sole purpose is to justify the New Deal. The last page contains the only editorial comment, by way of conclusion: although the Liberty League speaks of increasing national depression, this is the

Total Market Value of Listed Stocks
March, 1933 ..... $19,914,893,399
March, 1936 ..... $51,667,867,515

So what? How much of the latter figure includes your holdings, dear readers?

TONY CLARK.

The Case for Modern Music

SOMETHING began to happen in music around the turn of the century. It was a revolution; an "art revolution." Artists are the ornaments of a society; in another sense they are its vanguard, its bloodhounds; for the most part caged, or let loose only to trail insurgents and rebels, they have been known to turn on the guards themselves, track down the unintended real criminal, smell out the true direction. An acute sense of smell doesn't always obey orders; sometimes it simply follows its nose. The musical revolution of 1890-1910 had both good and bad elements. But make no mistake about it; it was a reflection and a prophecy.

It had three aspects: technical, esthetic, social. The three were independent, they also dovetailed. On all three counts the decline of certain values and the rise of new ones were plain. On the technical side music underwent definite changes: syntax and grammar became altered, tonality was dissolved, harmonic procedures were both enriched and telescoped, rhythm was reborn, the art of instrumentation was extended and sharpened. It didn't all happen overnight; both the decadence and the new vitality were contained within the traditional technical system; you can say that inherent contradictions caused the collapse of the system, and forced out the new thing. Esthetically there was a tie-up with other arts, which were having similar revolutions: Cézanne, Whitman, Wedekind, Rodin; later Picasso, Brancusi, Joyce, Corbusier, Eliot. Everywhere you looked you found drastic things like death and birth, rather than growth; the impressive swan-song and the childish barbaric yawp; the question instead of the statement; explosions. Looking back, one sees that disorder, breakup, negativism were the chief signs of the period. It couldn't have been otherwise. Remember what had become of the powerful majestic romanticism born with Beethoven: the deliriums of the Post-Wagnerians; the overblown war-lord-boss-hero music of Richard Strauss; the smug-to-drunken poetic flights of Scriabin; the metaphysics and unction and gross "charm" of the lesser lights; the whole "dream-mood" and "expensive-flattery" quality a capitalist society turning imperialist demanded of its music. It is too much to say that the new men sought deliberately and fundamentally to battle the whole conception. They were still the "art-for-art's-sake" boys, they didn't see much beyond their artistic revolution. They flayed Philistinism; they had a healthy revulsion against pomposity, against the "soul," against the grand manner; and they had a dim vision of something beyond the confines of the dear dead world the masters wished to keep them in. Their music fell into new ills; it went idiosyncratic and eccentric; each composer worked out his own peculiar idiom, surrounded himself with a clique of admirers, aped his patron's "rugged individualism" with an "ivory tower." Esthetics went on a tear, theories were a penny a handful. Destruction became an end in itself in the soft brain of Marinetti, futurist composer and noise-maker, now the darling of Mussolini's Academy. But there were the others, the bloodhounds; Debussy, Satie, Bartók, the early Ravel, Schoenberg, the early Stravinsky were all groping for a new speech, because they had begun to feel there was something new to say.

What then happened to their revolution? The term "Modern Music" today conjures up a picture of alien unreferable sounds, called "discordant," with obscure enigmatic meanings, called "meaningless"; rare and distrustful performances in quarter-filled halls; dull, nervous, gloomy atmosphere, bored disparate applause; little excited clubs and societies, all ladies and lions, fomenting some concerts and many teas; composers who are either long-haired Baudelairean throwbacks or smart well-dressed businessmen; "experiments"; reviewers who flounder and beg the question, or plunge in with abandon and an almost uncanny ignorance. What is the reason for this picture?

Here is where the social aspect comes in. "There was something new to say." Society, privileged society, did not wish anything new to be said, or even thought or surmised. It didn't matter that many things in the new music were a faithful reflection of the society itself; or rather, it mattered a great deal. Schoenberg wrote *Pierrot Lunaire,* a masterpiece in the spirit of fantasy; but instead of the languorous or gushing or thrilling fantasy that might have been expected, full of plaster-of-Paris pixies and ogres, he wrote something devastating, horrible, neurotic, sick, grimacing, hysterical. He knew what he was writing; it was the truth about the dreams of humanity in a world of war and violence. The unendurable truth; the masters listened, shivered, and said "no!"

The riot that took place in Paris at the premiere of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in 1913 was no accident or mere gesture. The music broke the bounds of decorum; it dared, in a high place, among genteel surroundings, to expose lust and wantonness and bestiality to the auditors; Caliban saw himself in the mirror, and yelled for the militia.

Both *Pierrot* and the *Sacre* are supposedly accepted today—it was all so long ago; but how often are they heard? Stravinsky is now treated as the good gray composer of *L'Oiseau de Feu* and *Petrouchka,* a fairy-story and a puppet-show. Schoenberg has been efficiently suppressed, neatly buried; the Schoenbergian silence is deafening.

Other new works, the movement as a whole, fought a constant fight with a reactionary society and reactionary musicians. Wherever possible the "crazy" or "insincere" or "difficult" or "dangerous" or "subversive" music was crushed; or it was forced through pressure into conventional and innocuous molds. We now have something that passes for "Modern Music" and yet offends nobody, something that lets the leisure-class eat us and have us too. Do I have to mention the *Bolero* of Ravel? This choice opium-package was not smuggled in; we got it at the hands of Toscanini and the Philharmonic. It is a piece whose vulgarity and cheapness are consummate; a Bolero to end all Boleros. It goes directly about its business, aiming for the portal area; if we like we are soon dizzy and swimming in a lascivious aphrodisiac current, getting hotter by the minute. Modernism has here the function of a cosmetic. The work is dolled up with new chords, new orchestral effects, and a bright up-to-date sophistication. To anyone with ordinary sensitiveness to music the monotony and flatness of the tinseled *Bolero* are fearful; and even high society couldn't keep it from finding its level almost instantly in the night-clubs and movie-shorts. There is also the *Pines of Rome* of Respighi, another smash hit and example of the well-known sell-out. And there are others, sufficiently remote from reality, or "abstract," or "colorful"—all cut to fit the ears of the overfed. That anything exists at all of the original impulse is a wonder. It is because of the courage of the few who held on; also to some individual patrons who possessed a genuine and impartial interest in the progress of the art; also to some snobs who were an inevitable part of a society of classes, and who insisted on being several steps ahead of everybody else. For the last group, anything went so long as it was new.

MARC BLITZSTEIN.

Politics on the Air

THE biggest thing in radio shows for the month of June was provided by the national conventions at Cleveland and Philadelphia. The networks were generous with their time and hired staffs of notorious reactionaries to interpret this pair of political circuses for the folks at home. Unfortunately the public appears to have been less than completely appreciative of this demonstration of radio in the nation's service. According to statistics issued by Cooperative Analysis of Broadcasting, about 21 percent of the set owners they interviewed reported hearing the Republican keynote speech, and about 23 percent reported that they listened to Senator Barkley's address to the Democrats. About 10 percent said they heard the G.O.P. opening ceremonies and only 5 percent admitted to listening to the Democrats' opening.

These percentages must be contrasted with the reports of the same analysis of attention to the broadcast of the Louis-Schmeling fight. They report that 57 percent of the set owners interviewed reported hearing the fight, and 88 percent of the sets reported in use that night were tuned in for the fight. In other words, far more radio listeners heard about the rights that traveled with the speed of a Buick than had the patience to listen to the oratory that moved with the speed of a snail.

This public inattention, while perfectly understandable, is unfortunate. Close attention to the broadcasting from the conventions might have done much toward disgusting the American people with politics as practised by the two major parties. Conventions, of course, have become mere show windows for the display of party harmony and enthusiasm. The famous smoke-filled rooms in which the realities of American politics are handled have grown more important than ever since radio has invaded the convention halls. The microphones have wiped out the last possibility of deliberation or debate on the convention floor. The politicians dare offer the radio listeners nothing more controversial than set oratory and staged demonstrations.

THE broadcasting from Cleveland and Philadelphia was low in entertainment value, but the funniest microphone moment of the year was provided by "Dog Food" Dickinson, Republican senator from Iowa. After John D. M. Hamilton made his nominating speech and read the Landon telegram that pledged protection for the workers against union organizers, H. V. Kaltenborn took advantage of the time devoted to demonstration and brought Senator Dickinson to the CBS microphone. The build-up was good. Mr. Kaltenborn declared that the senator was at his side ready to comment on the Landon telegram.

"The Landon telegram," said the senator, as soon as the mike was his, "has just been delivered and read to the convention. This demonstration for Landon is tremendous."

That was everything that the Senator from Iowa had to say. That was his statesmanlike comment on the Landon telegram. It was the perfect exhibition of what happens to a politician when he is confronted with the job of talking to the whole country on a tender subject without time for the preparation of delicate evasions.

Otherwise the conventions were dull, with even the announcers and commentators occasionally betraying their own boredom. On the whole, radio favored the Republicans. The broadcasters preserved their famous appearance of political neutrality, but they never missed an opportunity for insinuation or intimation. From Cleveland they were full of the young westerners who had taken control of the party, full of the routing of the conservative old guard. Mr. Hamilton was the young warrior from the West whose courage was not daunted by a shaving cut on his chin. They pictured him as a political virgin, a brave young knight newly come to the battle and winning against all opposition by his honesty and integrity. That, of course, is the official Republican myth, a myth which makes no mention of William Randolph Hearst, the Liberty League, or John Hamilton's reactionary political record.

THE broadcasters, however, when they came to Philadelphia, showed no such eager naïveté, no such willingness to accept the Democratic myths. There they made much of the fact that the convention was Farley managed and White House directed, that the platform was Roosevelt dictated. There their pretended naïveté took the form of seeming to be ignorant of the fact that it is customary for the predetermined candidate to have an important voice in the shaping of the promises he is to make to the citizenry. They chose to regard this practice as something completely new and completely nefarious.

The networks disclaim political partisanship, but their choice of notorious reactionaries to serve them as commentators was obviously dictated by their natural economic bias. It is not difficult to guess at NBC's attitude toward a collective bargaining plank when you remember NBC's intimate connection with RCA and the strike at Camden. CBS and the WOR-Mutual chain, however, competed with the national networks in the effort to make the Republicans seem like statesmen and the Democrats like politicians. Since their treatment of the Philadelphia convention required less deception, they did a much more successful job of pointing out the Democratic faults than of suggesting the Republican virtues. In their treatment of the conventions they went a long way toward reproducing the Republican newspapers, and with good reason, since most of their commentators were writers for those very papers. The political bias of the newspapers, however, is fairly open and publicly avowed. The readers have a basis on which some allowances for prejudice might be made. Too many people, though, believe radio's protestations of impartiality and they are less likely to make the necessary mental reservations.

The networks, of course, did not turn their impressive battalions of commentators loose on the convention of the Communist Party. The Republicans and the Democrats, however, have much to learn from the Communists along the lines of efficient and effective use of radio time. There has never been anything on American radio so impressive as the handling of the applause at the convention in Madison Square Garden. In Cleveland and Philadelphia there had been unrestrained noise and nonsense. In New York the volume of the applause and its abrupt stopping were more eloquent than any half-hour demonstrations measured on decibel machines. The radio listeners were given a splendid example of a combination of enthusiasm and intelligence unique in American political life. There was one convention to which delegates came to deliberate and approve. To Cleveland and Philadelphia, so far as the radio audience could detect, the delegates came to scream.

R. PETERS.

Phonographs and Radios

Another survey of phonographs is in order because of the arrival of summer and the vast improvement in the latest models. Still the cheapest dependable machine is the Bloomfield, which sells for $30 without a top, $5 more with a top and a lock. Some of its features have been improved since the last report. Its eight-inch speaker, three-tube amplifier, magnetic pick-up and sturdy motor give it a clear, unwavering tone, of greater fidelity than some of its more expensive competitors. But it is not an object of beauty.

Next in price is the new Magnavox, which was a most pleasant surprise to me. The smaller model, a portable, has good tone, light weight, an excellent speaker and amplifier, and an improved motor. It sells for about $45, and is easily comparable with the small portable Ansley at a slightly more expensive price. The best Magnavox, however, is the $58 "Concerto," housed in a fairly attractive cabinet, and producing excellent tone at all volume levels because of a crystal pick-up, a very fine speaker, and one of the most efficient motors I have yet found in a small set. Magnavox also makes a phonograph attachment for the radio, with the same pick-up and motor that is used in its biggest set, selling for $22. It is preferable to the Victor because of the weight of the pick-up on the record, and to the Ansley because of its much lower price. And of course there's that R.C.A.-Victor strike.

The Ansley portable straight phonograph, which sells for $69.50, is still an excellent machine. Engineers still question the stability of crystal pick-ups in the presence of humidity and extreme heat, although Ansley claims its wax-sealed unit is not affected by weather conditions. The sponge-mounting of the Ansley reproducing arm is not permanent, and the free movement of the arm produces occasional wavering in tone.

The tone of the Marconiphone, Liberty and Portomatic portables usually does not meet the requirements of modern symphonic recording. Most of these models include radio, but if a combination is desired the Ansley is recommended.

Avowal

The rain, soft falling, tinkles like glass—
pebbles, silvering, sound and surface,
the liquid of its precedence.
Walking through the rain
and the rain sound
how can I know this only
one season timed in epoch?

The earth, silvered and dripping,
holds me its people.
I see them walking, naked and drenched,
hungry and crying, "Food! . . . Where
is the food of this great abundant earth?
Shelter! We are cold and we need
shelter, naked and we need
cover for shivering flesh."

This is a time of hunger
mocking a fertile season.
There is no Messiah: no manna
will come from heaven; there is only
the fertile earth, our words
our hands and unity.

Over the tomes and from screeching
factory windows the word is this:
Bread is beyond the barricades.

I hear the rain, soft-falling; the fierce,
the hungry, the hard and angry
cry for bread;
and I know there is a time when singing
only of sound and the rain
is a great renunciation.

W. D. TROWBRIDGE.

Third Avenue L

Shuttling through light and open in air
In rapid succession, cross section reveals
The familiar rooms:
Where sit the idle, cramped over papers
And yesterday's headlines.
The tired smiling men in brown bedrooms
Smoking a thin dream,
Dreaming beyond this hour, evening and sleep
Without rest, blossoming beyond room
And street leveling to carts and tracks
without end.

CARL FOX.

Alarum

When sharp the known alarum
Our way to take the hills
We will be burned by daily suns
And steeled by present wills.

For, son, there is no shorter route
Than forging link by link;
It is the fool that starts to shoot
Before he stops to think.

Then learn your masters with your arm,
Your fighting with your head;
There is no bourgeois will get harm
From men too early dead.

JOHN MALTA.

The Screen

Paramount and Pinkerton

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

PARAMOUNT Studios have begun to make a film about the life of Allan Pinkerton of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, the most notorious band of strikebreakers and stoolpigeons in the history of the country. From all evidences the film that Paramount intends to make is one that will reveal Pinkerton not as an enemy of labor, but as a hero of capital, the fellow who pursued outlaws who held up trains, as well as "tramps and Communists" who precipitated strikes and riots among railroad and mine workers. Edward Arnold, well known for his performances in *Sutter's Gold* and *Diamond Jim Brady,* has been selected to play the part of Pinkerton. The film is being produced for Paramount by B. P. Schulberg, one of the most lavish of Hollywood impresarios. Schulberg, who is receptive to every idea that brings in the shekels, can be counted upon to make an unusual picture about Pinkerton, which means of course an unusual anti-labor picture.

Paramount's film naturally will be based on the experiences and writings of Allan Pinkerton, the same Pinkerton who back in 1878 was so far in advance of his time that he could outsmart William Randolph Hearst in 1936 with the charming bit of Red-baiting nonsense:

"We have among us a pernicious communistic spirit which is demoralizing workingmen, continually creating a deeper and more intense antagonism between labor and capital and so embittering naturally restless elements against the better elements of society that it must be crushed out completely or we will be compelled to submit to greater excesses and more overwhelming disasters in the near future."

If readers of THE NEW MASSES think that Hearst is original when he raves about agents of Moscow in the ranks of labor, let them take another guess, because back in the 1870's Pinkerton spoke alarmingly of "agents of the Paris Commune" in the railway brotherhoods and trainmen's unions. Pinkerton made a special study of the Commune and came to the conclusion that "incendiarism, robbery and murder were its constant practices." Later, when he was asked to give his opinion of the Knights of Labor, forerunner of the American Federation of Labor, he earnestly stated it was an "amalgam of the Paris Commune and the Molly McGuires."

This is the man whom Paramount expects to glorify on the screen, one of labor's greatest enemies who for years after the Civil War was "busily employed by great railway manufacturers and other corporations for the purpose of bringing the leaders and instigators" of the Molly McGuires, the great Railway Strikes of 1877, the Homestead Strike, Haymarket, "to the punishment they so richly deserve." Pinkerton served his masters well. They rewarded him by making him first chief of the United States Secret Service. It is my opinion that if this film ever gets a hearing, Allan Pinkerton will once more be rewarded, but this time he will get his just deserts from picketers and demonstrators.

PARAMOUNT will deserve all the notoriety it will undoubtedly get if it goes through with this shameful glorification of a vicious enemy of labor who characterized strikers as "Negroes, half-grown boys, dirty disgusting tramps, and Communists" and who wrote of the Trainmen's Union that its "organizers were the least reliable, most worthless, less capable and most reckless trainmen" as well as "confirmed tramps, disgusting drunkards, miserable communistic outcasts."

The film is expected to be completed some time in the fall. Friends of labor are urged to write to B. P. Schulberg, Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California, condemning the undertaking as inimical to the interests of the American people. It is quite possible that mass pressure will compel the producers to discontinue this film about a man who, toward the end of his career, wrote that "it is the Communists the world over who are at the bottom of all these troubles. They were the real causes of the 1877 strikes and their prompt and utter extermination in this and in all other countries is the only method of removing a constant menace and peril to government and society." The prompt and complete extermination of the film *Pinkerton* by mass protest is the order of the day.

DAVID PLATT.

Current Films

San Francisco (M.G.M.—Capitol): Ever since *The Thin Man* there has been a tendency among film critics to cultivate a W. S. Van Dyke cult. And Metro takes advantage of the cult to make it a myth. Consequently they spend more money on his films and endow them with famous stars and plenty of "production value." This perpetuates the myth that every Van Dyke film is a great one. However, except for the sequence that depicts the famous Frisco earthquake (which Van Dyke didn't do anyway) this film is a very ordinary Barbary Coast with operatic interludes. Van Dyke's greatest asset is his recognition of the most popular form of hokum: the romantic tale of love against a background of danger. When combined with a real event, like the earthquake, this romance becomes a full-fledged pseudo-epic of civic and eccelesiastical proportions. I should like to pay tribute to the craftsman who turned out the "earthquake" sequence, but the producers won't tell who he is. It is a beautiful and terrifying bit of cinema. Spencer Tracy as the hard-

boiled Barbary Coast preacher contributes a magnificent performance.

White Angel (Warner Bros.—Strand): Cashing in on the prestige of their *Louis Pasteur,* the producers make another attempt to repeat their earlier success with the story of that eminent Victorian, Florence Nightingale. The film is so busy trying to prove the great nurse a supernatural creature that it forgets to create a splendid human being. There is, in addition, too much ecstasy about the magnificence of Queen Victoria and not enough drama. The real film about nurses and nursing is still to be made.

The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century—Music Hall): The newest Shirley Temple offering from the ancient Mary Pickford vehicle. Even though the story has been brought up to date it is still the fairy tale the title suggests. Neither better nor worse than other Shirley Temple films.

I Stand Condemned (London Films—Rivoli): An English version of an emigré play about pre-revolutionary Russia originally and nostalgically called *Moscow Nights.* It is a weak spy story and boasts of a "liberal" nobleman who simply detests war-profiteers. Directed by Anthony Asquith, who was responsible for two very interesting films: *A Cottage on Dartmoor* and *Battle of Gallipoli.* Although Mr. Asquith has an interesting cinematic approach, as is evident in certain cutting and a feeling for exterior photography, he can't direct actors. Consequently the presence of that skillful French actor, Harry Baur, doesn't help the film any.

PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

MARGUERITE YOUNG, well-known political corespondent, is touring the steel towns and will bring first-hand news of the big drive to our readers.

Avery Wood is the pseudonym of a New York journalist whose job allows him to see the reactionary setup from the inside.

The surprising Mr. Forsythe, in his piece on Eugene Grace, reveals himself before the astonished world as a former steel worker.

Alexander Kendrick is a Philadelphia newspaper man and has been on the spot in Camden, watching the situation for us.

Roger Chase was editor of The Columbia Spectator and is a leading member of the American Student Union.

The Polish travel sketches of Joshua Kunitz are the fifth in his current series, which was originally scheduled to consist of four articles.

We know you will be as glad as we are to see in our columns again Redfield, Art Young, and Gardner Rea. Darryl Frederick is a welcome newcomer to our pages.

Readers are herewith notified that J. Yaeger is no longer authorized to represent THE NEW MASSES as a subscription solicitor or in any other capacity.

Marc Blitzstein will continue to write on music in these pages.

Romain Rolland must have a warm spot in his heart for his NEW MASSES readers. A boat that sailed immediately following the news of the death of Gorky brought to us Rolland's memoir of his friend.

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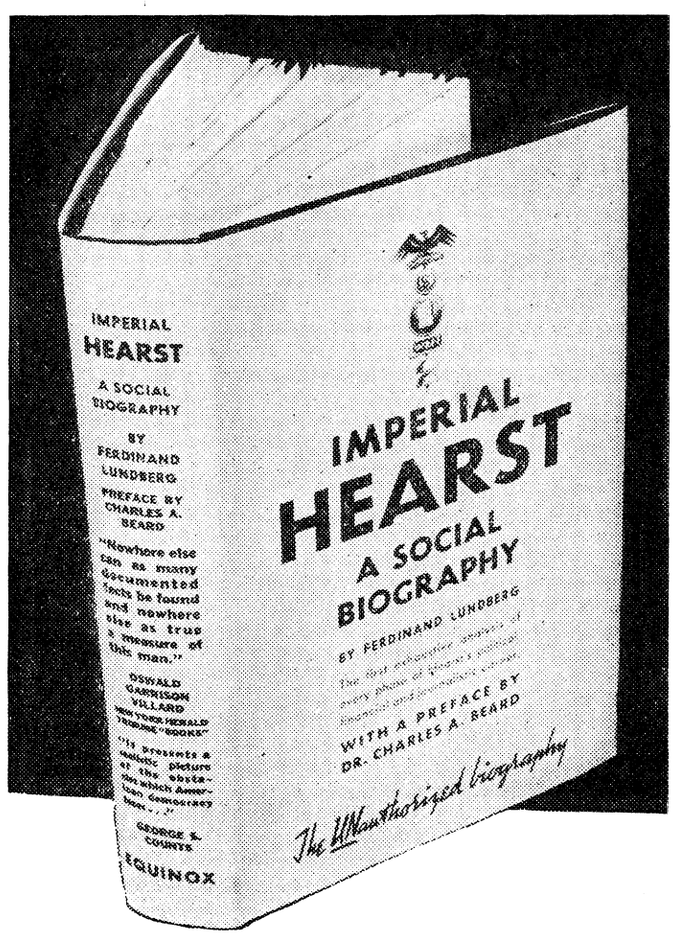

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