

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

MARCH 22, 1935



CAMP CORCORAN
10 POEMS BY MARIE DE L. WELCH

WHY THEY ARE SO DUMB
BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

MUSIC

THEATERS

BOOKS

LINCOLN STEFFENS' COLUMN

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VOL. II NO. 12

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PACIFIC WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM, by W. K. Bassett. The editor found he didn't have room for the installment this week and took it upon himself to leave it out. It will be printed next week and continue thereafter.

CARAVAN, by Dr. D. T. MacDougal. A sugar-coated scientific capsule on how we are always going places.

REVOLT OF THE WEST. More kernels of the nut we are shortly going to have to crack.

REVIEW of John Cowper Powys' Autobiography, by Sara Bard Field.

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ROBERT BRIFFAULT is one of the great minds of our time. He is one of the few outstanding thinkers of the Western world who have had the courage to examine the fundamental ideas and traditions of our culture and to report honestly what they found. He alone among the anthropologists has had the integrity to prefer truth to academic honors and the rewards of conformism. Hated and feared by professorial anthropologists in America and on the Continent, he has made a greater contribution to anthropological and sociological thought than any other living writer. His books—*Psyche's Lamp*, *Rational Evolution*, *The Mothers*, *Breakdown*, and others—have been source material for some of our most substantial younger writers. The first volume of his novel, *Europa*, which is being published by Scribner's, is soon to appear. He is at present living in Paris.

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

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NOTES AND COMMENT

CORRECTION—Neil McAllister arrived in California a short time previous to fifteen years ago and although he drove a whisky wagon in Sacramento before he entered politics, he was not violating the constitution of the United States when he did so.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT's title to his inestimably fine essay in this issue of PACIFIC WEEKLY was "The Economic Determination of Intelligence". We have delightedly changed it, without his permission, but anticipating it, to "Why They Are So Dumb". We have to be a little clever, ourselves, to feel a bit more worthy of Mr. Briffault's consideration of us.

ARTHUR BRISBANE starts his column in the *Examiner* Tuesday with a San Francisco date-line and says he sees in the west a confused mind toward the activities of Mr. Hitler. Then he writes: "No official would commit political suicide by dragging or pushing this country into war, and if any official were so foolish he would soon hear from the people. *Thanks, but we do not care to go.*"

Mr. Brisbane is so naive. No official would have to "drag or push" this country into a war. All he would have to do would be to hint war and then try to hold the country back from it. Mr. Brisbane's memory is short, or he thinks that the American people have become more intelligent in the space of eighteen years, which we doubt. Woodrow Wilson got several million votes and the election on the shibboleth: "He kept us out of war", and then in a few months everybody was running around looking for a uniform and a gun.

In one column, occasionally, Mr. Brisbane talks against war, and the rest of his Hearst newspaper is filled with propaganda driving us into it.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR George J. Hatfield is running around the state of California being very silly and at the same time proving himself a menace to the traditional American system of public school education. He is being aided and abetted, in fact, instigated in this by the American Legion which in itself is rather a silly organization and also, a menace

without doubt to public education.

On his "Americanism" swing around the state, Mr. Hatfield visited Carmel last Friday night at a meeting instigated by Byington Ford, 13th district chairman of the American Legion on subversive activities.

All in all, the meeting was highly absurd and contributed not one thought or one word of help in the solution of the social and economic problems which oppress the people of this country today. Mr. Hatfield devoted his talk to telling the adults and school children there what a menace the success of the Soviet government in Russia is to the traditions and ideals of America, as though we could eat and live on the traditions of America, just as though they were something that operate to the welfare and betterment of the human race without any help or direction or the use of occasional common-sense.

The rest of the meeting was devoted to patriotic airs by an army band, the recitation of the preamble to the Constitution by members of the American Legion, the singing of "Onward America", "America the Beautiful" and "The Star-Spangled Banner"; presentation of a flag, and a general hurrah-boys-for-us and nobody-can-tell-us-anything atmosphere throughout.

Mr. Ford, who scoots around looking for subversive activities, made several bright remarks, so typical of him. He said:

The Legion is against communism, not because it is an economic theory but because it advocates overthrow of of this government. Communism and revolution are one. Therefore the Legion stands against communism.

He said it was amusing to note that every time a communist found his activities checked he cried "Fascism", and stated the Legion was as much opposed to fascism as communism, and for the same reason, since each sought its ends by force and violence. "There is a broad middle path—the path of democracy, rule of the majority—which can be followed toward true American ideals."

Mr. Ford consistently forgets that this government he is so concerned about was born of what his school books taught him was some considerable revolution which had as its end the overthrowing of a government.

Mr. Ford consistently and characteristically doesn't know, as most members of the American Legion don't know, that the Legion is being tossed around as one of the most effective means for establishing fascism in this country. Mr. Hearst has great faith in the support of the American Legion and he is using it. He is using it just as a political ring within its own ranks is using it in endeavoring to get another strangle-hold on the United States treasury through the pre-payment of the bonus.

And up jumps "true American ideals" in Mr. Ford's masterful remarks. Someday some bright child is going to stand up in a class room in this country and ask a much-embarrassed teacher: "What are true American ideals and how much butter have they been putting on anybody's bread during the past few years while I have been growing up?"

Then will be a good time for the embarrassed teacher to call Byington Ford from his beautiful home in Pebble Beach and have him tell it.

And our advice to By, while he is thinking up an answer, is that he'd better not go so far back as the men who started

the "true American ideals" because, bless their courageous hearts, they started a revolution, too.

WHILE we're on the subject, let us refer to the words of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President of the United States, as sent forth across the country recently by the Associated Press. Mrs. Roosevelt, according to this dispatch, believes that this country has had a "rather hysterical wave" of wanting to investigate educational institutions with an idea of finding "something subversive being taught".

"Teachers should never teach with bias," she said. "They must give the facts and the picture without slant in any direction. It is very valuable to get the whole picture, and students should be allowed to get it without any opinions being forced upon them. It seems to me this is most important in a democracy."

ALSO, isn't it about time that people began to realize that the name American Legion is a misnomer? It isn't a legion in the general sense of the term. When you think of legion you think of a large number, comparatively. Well, comparatively, the American Legion is small. It numbers among its members less than one-third of the men who were mobilized by the United States during the World War. Of a total of 4,300,000 men called, there are nearly 3,000,000 who belong to no veteran organizations whatsoever. After this when you think of the American Legion don't think of it as synonymous with the American Army during the World War. It isn't, by a long shot. It's a very small minority of that army and, which is more to the point, it is discredited in many of its actions and motives by a larger percentage of the World War army than it represents. Investigations have proved that a majority of the veterans of the World War are opposed to pre-payment of the bonus, yet the American Legion is militantly for it.

Here is a pertinent paragraph in regard to this American Legion insistence on the bonus. It is a statement by Donald A. Hobart, national commander of the American Veterans' Association.

Payment of the veterans' bonus to three percent of the country's population, without regard to disability or need is unjust, when one out of every six families in the country is receiving public relief. The cost of pre-paying the bonus would care for these people, representing 14 percent of the country's population, for a period of two years. What this means is that the war veterans, without regard to need, are crowding in at the head of the relief lines.

Here's a good place for some of the "American ideals" the Legion talks about.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THIS IS a great number of PACIFIC WEEKLY, if you care to appreciate it. There are two features that any publication in any part of the country would be proud to print. One of these is Marie de L. Welch's Camp Corcoran, two pages of verses about the cotton strike in the fall of 1933 in the San

Joaquin Valley, when 4,000 strikers, evicted from their shacks on the ranches because they were on strike, created a tent city of 4,000 at Corcoran. They are not only great poems, they are what the Eastern critics are clamoring for: proletarian literature; they are proletarian literature, I would like to add, by no proletarian, but by an upper class poet, which shows that it doesn't take a worker to see, to understand and to express a modern epic.

The other feature is an essay by Robert Briffault, the great French philosopher-anthropologist and essayist who is, at over sixty, writing his first novel right now. This essay explains why members of our intelligentsia, like Krutch, Villard, Canby and others, seem stupid to us; Briffault shows they are not. He shows they have other, class ideas which prevent them from actually seeing, much as the Freudian censor was supposed to prevent us seeing our own nature. They have interests which stand like a traffic cop at a STOP signal, hand outstretched, prohibiting further perception. Krutch, for instance, in the book I reviewed last week, afraid of losing his leisure, his comfortable easy chair, cannot see what a worker can see: the dawn of a greater day with more Krutches and more easy chairs.

EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS are excited and have half a mind to do something about Hitler's orders for universal conscription of a full-powered army. You needn't worry; they won't do a thing. And what he did is really exciting. He tore up that scrap of paper, the Versailles treaty, which I and some others put over in Paris at the end of the last war. But the League of Nations had already spoiled that paper and its permanent peace. And the Germans never did like either the terms or the general result of that settlement. Hitler says his grand army is to be devoted to peace, real peace. The trouble is the rival powers do not believe him. The Governments of our Western civilization seem to think that no other government is a gentleman. I wonder what they know that makes them all think that all the other statesmen are crooks and liars. They must have been listening in to the Reds and judging everybody else by themselves. Anyway they act as if they knew—something; something we outsiders only suspect. Lloyd George, who also helped make the Versailles treaty, says "the Allies can't complain" of Germany. Just as if his colleagues, the Allies, had behaved quite as badly.

Our patriots ought to tell our children about all this and explain it. It isn't fair to have the labor unions and the communist schools be the only ones to get the truth.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has found a man who is going to make the 1933 famine in Russia permanent, as everlasting as the depression unemployment and relief are in the United States. A hard job. Nobody can say that Mr. Hearst is playing up causes to win. He is becoming a patriot in his age; choosing losing causes right along.

ANNIE LAURIE reminds us good people that, if we sterilize the poor women on relief, we may have to wipe out Labor and be compelled to do our own dirty work. I think not. There are still machines and I feel sure that on the next wave of invention we'll make machines to run our machine. There was a man in Paris when I was there who was working on a machine to write poetry.

WHY THEY ARE SO DUMB

BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

IT IS now recognized by competent persons that the human mind is essentially a social product. Subtract from it what has been communicated to it by the spoken and written word, by example, by the influences of the social surroundings from birth onward, and all that you have left is an uncognizing animal mind, actuated by purely animal urges and emotions, which does not differ notably from the mind of man's closest biological allies. The power of speech is imparted by social environment and cannot be developed otherwise; formulated conceptual thought depends on language; the character of emotions depends upon acquired systems of thought and training; the aims and desires which determine behavior are resultants of mentalities derived from the social environment.

The history of mankind, its emergence out of savagery, its rise to a condition of power which is capable of exercising control over its environments, is the history of a growth of mental contents, which are not part of the biological equipment of the individual, but of the body of social tradition that has grown through cumulative development.

That view of the social derivation of the human mind, which has gradually commanded acceptance, is in complete contrast with that which not long since obtained, and which regarded thought, the character of emotions, opinions, and conduct as integral attributes of the individual mind. The change in our conception is no less revolutionary for having imposed itself imperceptibly upon modern thought. I have devoted a considerable portion of my writings (*Rational Evolution*, the first chapters of the first volume of *The Mothers*, *Psyche's Lamp*, and the theory of *Breakdown*) to the development of that view. For purposes of reference it may be spoken of as the social interpretation of mind.

At the same time that the change in our psychological views has been taking place another theory concerning the history of the human mind has been gradually imposing itself upon thinkers. The theory, which was first clearly formulated by Marx and Engels, is known as the economic or materialistic interpretation of history. It at first aroused passionate opposition, but is now as generally assented to as the social interpretation of mind. The theory draws attention to the fact that the social conditions which mould tradition resolve themselves into economic factors, and that the mentality of an age, a people, or an individual, the trend of their ideas, judgments, emotional values, will be ultimately determined by the economic interests at stake in the particular social situation which they occupy. There will thus be a type of mind, an ideology, corresponding to the economic situation of a ruling landowning aristocracy; another type determined by the economic situation of a trading middle class, or a bourgeoisie; another corresponding to the situation of a servile proletarian class. The specific characters of those types of mind and of their contents will vary according to their respective relations. Thus the character of the aristocratic mind will be modified according as its power is unchallenged, or as it is involved in conflict with rival class interests. The middle class or bourgeois mind will assume a slightly different form according as it is contending for emancipation from feudal domination, or its own power is challenged by the proletarians. The proletarian mind will differ according as the servile class is completely

crushed, or is content and resigned, or acquires hopes of emancipation and becomes "class-conscious". Various modifications in those mentalities will arise from particular situations, and from the permutations and combinations of antecedent development with those situations. The class mentality is thus not only determined by a fixed tradition, but is constantly active and undergoing adjustment in relation to changing conditions. A similar process governs the individual mind, which is partly determined by the traditional class mentality, and partly by individual social and economic circumstances.

Those two views of the history of mental development, the social determination of mind and the economic determination of history, both of which may be taken as accepted premises of competent modern thought, should be regarded in conjunction with one another, and each as supplementing the other. Stressing as it does, quite justly, the economic factors of determination, the economic theory is liable to leave insufficiently emphasized the fact—which it freely acknowledges—that what are termed economic facts are also psychological facts. Indeed the very claim that the latter are determined by the former constitutes a recognition of their essential interdependence. No economic fact would exist were there no such feelings as hunger or fatigue, or if leisure, power, and luxury did not give rise to feelings of gratification. Like all "facts" whatsoever, economic facts consist of a relation between environment and feeling.

Let us regard human historical development as a whole from the point of view of the social interpretation of mind. The human animal transcended all other species owing to conditions—as a matter of fact mainly social—which enabled him to exercise more intelligence. The entire course of historical development presents a continuous increase in the efficient use of that instrument of control over both the material and the social environment. The civilized man differs from the savage through more effective intelligence. The modern man commands a more effective intelligence than mediaeval or ancient man. That progressive development in the effectiveness of intelligence—which is the most tangible form of historical progress—holds good notwithstanding the enormous amount of unintelligence, or stupidity, which is conspicuous in the contemporary world, and which appears to differ little from the superstitious stupidities of savage and barbaric man. This stupidity would, indeed, not be so conspicuous as it is, were there no modern intelligence to appraise it, and to accentuate the significance of the latter by its contrast with the former. A degree of effective intelligence is available to modern man, whether he uses it or no, which was not available in the Middle Ages or even in the eighteenth century.

That progressive development of effective intelligence is due to the cumulative increase of data in tradition, to the likewise cumulative action of criticism which renders fallacy more obvious, and to the disposal of numerous fallacies which were formerly incorporated in accepted tradition.

The term "intelligence", although it conveys a connotation which is generally understood, is vague. The vagueness is due largely to the survival of ideas derived from faculty psychology and from the "innate" conception of the mind. Intelligence is commonly conceived as an individual endowment of more delicate and lively reactions to the perception of rela-

tions—the conception upon which most “intelligence tests” are based. But the social interpretation of mind throws a quite different light on the nature of intelligence. It brings out the fact that by far the most important obstacle to effective intelligence is wish-fulfilment. Biologically the reactions which have led to the phylogenetic development of intelligence consist in the increased part played by the perception of painful and unpleasant feelings as warning signals of danger. Intelligence assigns a cognitive value to a perception irrespectively of its being pleasant or unpleasant, acceptable or unacceptable. Every act of perceptive discrimination involves the discarding of the pleasant relation which is desired. It consists in overcoming wish-fulfilment.

Social development has imparted an enormous extension to wish-fulfilment. The wish-fulfilment arising out of the social and economic interests of a group, a class, is embodied in established tradition as a prejudice. So important is the operation of that incorporated prejudice that the effective action of intelligence has come to consist in overcoming that traditional class wish-fulfilment rather than in an exercise of acuteness or in command of data. An individual may possess the latter qualifications in a high degree; he may be mentally acute and he may be “learned”. He will answer brilliantly to all “tests of intelligence”. Yet, owing to the domination in his mind of traditional class wish-fulfilments, he will be essentially, from the point of view of modern competent intelligence, a stupid person and a fool. His perception of relations, where traditional wish-fulfilment is involved, will be glaringly contrary to “fact”, that is, to actual relation. An individual who, on the other hand, is, owing to social or economic conditions, less susceptible to the traditional wish-fulfilment of a class, will be essentially more intelligent, better able to perceive actual relations, even though he may be relatively dull and poorly provided with data.

Effective intelligence is thus largely a function of social and economic factors. The disablement and disqualification of intelligence by traditional class prejudices is not confined to a particular category or sphere of judgment, but affects intelligence as a whole. Although it is possible for an individual mind to be alertly intelligent within a particular sphere, the habituation to a wish-fulfilling operation of the mind tends to produce an actual incapacity in whatsoever direction the mind may be applied. Such, moreover, is the character of traditional wish-fulfilment determined by the far-reaching interests of a class, that no province of thought can be said to be wholly independent of that influence.

Consider, for example, a typical lower bourgeois provincial or suburban community. The animated scene presented by the attendance of almost the entire community at the churches on Sunday morning amazes the intelligent city-dweller whose mind functions on the general level of contemporary intelligent development, and who is accustomed to regard religious influences as being a negligible survival of a past age. The mind of the provincial bourgeois, interested in the indoctrinations and fatuities of a senile preacher, dwells in this respect in a seventeenth-century phase of development. But the same obsolete stupidity is conspicuous in the political, social, economic, or other ideas of the bourgeois as in his bibliolatrous amentia. The shallowness of his conversation, his interests, pleasures, tastes, preoccupations, his blank apprehension of every issue, make him appear infantile or moronic. Yet it may be thought that he exercises a certain degree of effective intelligence in a given sphere. He is prosperous, and may therefor be presumed to have employed intelligence in

the advancement of his economic interests. That will, however be found to be largely an illusion. The subordination of all other mental interests and activities to the very low requirements of pecuniary acquisitiveness may achieve its immediate object. But it will, on closer analysis, be found that the acquisitive intelligence of the little bourgeois does not go beyond a very elementary response to immediate opportunities of profit under habitual conditions. He has no notion of the security of that profit, or of the conditions upon which it depends. He will, in short, be found to be as stupid in regard to the more complex conditions of his own economic profit as in regard to any other sphere of mental activity. As is well known, the perplexities which embarrass capitalistic domination, even in quarters where the most far-flung financial control is exercised, are largely the outcome of the mental incapacity of financial rulers and experts with reference to their own interests.

The incapacitation of the mind by class wish-fulfilment is thus seldom confined to a particular direction in which given wishes are directly involved. Intelligence cannot operate freely in one field while it is habitually deflected from its function by wish-fulfilment in another. It will almost invariably be found that the science of the scientist who is also a pietist, or a spiritualist, or a social reactionary is unreliable science; that it is not possible to be an intelligent social reformer, or psychologist, or astronomer and a Roman Catholic; a thinker and a politician; a sound economist and a financier.

As a consequence of those social conditions the mind of the individual or class that is most opposed in its economic interests to the dominant or ruling classes will also be least subject to the influence of wish-fulfilment established in social tradition. It will be effectively more intelligent. It will be disposed to regard with suspicion or antagonism, instead of favor or indulgence, those wish-fulfilments incorporated in the tradition of dominant classes. So overwhelming is the importance of those factors in deflecting and incapacitating intelligence, that the fact of their elimination counts for considerably more than any other condition. The proletarian is mostly deprived of the advantages arising from the accumulated data and criticisms of tradition. He is lacking in education. The handicap is a considerable one, but it is more than outweighed by the advantage his mind enjoys by being more capable of freedom from class wish-fulfilment.

The social situation of the proletarian gives rise, of course, to a class mentality, which is theoretically as liable to wish-fulfilment in accordance with the interests of the class as are bourgeois or aristocratic mentalities. Manifestations of the deflection of intelligence by that class-consciousness are not wanting. But the wish-fulfilments of the proletarian class are not incorporated in tradition. Therein lies the immeasurable difference. The traditional wish-fulfilments which accord with the interests of classes holding power are the incrustated legacies of ages, and hark back to dim social dawns which lie beyond the purview of human records. They have grown out of, and are continuous with, the most archaic phases of the infantile intelligence of the race. No proletarian class-consciousness can create at one stroke a full-armed traditional force comparable to those venerable survivals from a primeval world.

The handicap of proletarian intelligence from lack of educational equipment is chiefly effective in giving rise to an incapacity to throw off those burdens of ruling-class traditional wish-fulfilment which are largely intended to inculcate loyalty, submissiveness, and stupidity in the ruled. But once that

handicap is overcome by the intensification of class opposition, the intelligence of the proletarian is necessarily more effective in its fundamental and vital judgments than the most cultivated intelligence deflected by class tradition. Socially and ethically the proletarian is always in the right in his opposition to ruling classes, because social maladjustment and evil consist in antisocial class rule. Intellectually the proletarian is always right in his opposition to traditional class wish-fulfillment, because that prejudice is the chief handicap to intelligence and the chief source of stupidity under social conditions.

The intellectual—that is, he who is concerned with the effective operation of intelligence—is, apart from economic factors, closer to proletarian intelligence than to cultivated stupidity. The power of the proletariat in opposing class rule is, under the social and economic conditions of the determination of mind, the condition of “truth”, that is, of realistic apprehension of relations.

The intellectual, being usually a bourgeois by education, shares the bourgeois liability to be influenced by wish-fulfilling tradition. His desire for truth, handicapped by that educational disadvantage, receives assistance, in its efforts at emancipation, from the more favorable economic situation of the proletarian, who is in a better position to correct educational defects in the intellectual. The latter may, on the other hand, provided, of course, he is prepared to renounce economic interests, correct deficiencies in the proletarian's equipment of cumulative data.

Intelligence, which has been, and is, crippled by its economic determination, can only be restored to its natural effectiveness and function by emancipation from economic interests. The aim of social development, the abolition of class rule, is identical with the aim of intellectual development, the abolition of prejudice.



SHAKESPEARE, OL' PROPAGANDIST

BY ANN HAWKINS

FOR Pete's sake, if the old Shakespeare-Shaw argument is going to wake up again, at least let the scrap be conducted on the basis of the differences that do exist, not those that don't. "Shakespeare will live longer than Shaw because he didn't write propaganda." Rats! You may mean (1) that Shakespeare's plays haven't a propaganda effect in the twentieth century; (2) that they hadn't in the seventeenth; (3) that anyhow he didn't mean them to have. I don't care which, I'll take you on three at a time. I suppose we can stipulate a definition of propaganda?—the communication of ideas with a view to convincing? Of a comparatively large number of ideas to a comparatively small audience at a time, propagandists tell me, but this controversy has no need of that distinction. We can, though, if you like, keep our field narrowed to economic-political propaganda, leaving religion, biology, and so forth out of the argument. Oke, let's go.

One—

Monsieur Fabre, director of the Comédie Française, in 1933 went to England for his vacation. At Stratford he saw the routine production of *Coriolanus*, a good play though short on love interest. M. Fabre was terrifically pleased with it. Here was a first-rate acting script, classic, ideal to break down the racinian prejudice against Shakespeare; just the sort of thing for Paris. As soon as Fabre got home, he sent a translation to the Quai d'Orsay—the Comédie Française is government-subsidized and has to have papa's permission to do things—and began rehearsals. The Quai d'Orsay passed the play without reading, as usual.

It was just the thing for Paris, all right.

The first night, after curtain-rise, Fabre went to his office. A good director doesn't bumble around in the actors' way opening night. As he opened the door, the loudspeaker from

the stage was repeating in its corner "They ne'er cared for us yet; suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily against the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will: and there's all the love they bear us." A roar blasted through the loudspeaker. Fabre went downstairs again.

It was just the sort of thing for Paris. Weighing on Paris were the new relief laws pegging the wheat price high, which hit the Parisian bread-buyers.

Paris didn't greatly care for the arrogant ways of Caius Marcius, and nearly tore the seats up objecting to him; still, you couldn't say the play wasn't a success. The government fell, Fabre lost his job. He was back three weeks later (when the new government faded in its turn) but he let *Coriolanus* stay out of the repertory.

Or to go back to August, 1914, in Stratford. The night of the ultimatum, they changed the bill from *The Merry Wives to Henry V*. The only news Stratford had of Germany and Belgium was the bulletins on the post-office wall. Stratford didn't know yet what she thought.

"... Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels, leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire crouch for employment." The full house listened doubtfully, assenting to the phrase about "the scrambling and unquiet time". In the intermission, a gallery denizen next to a kinswoman of mine asked: "Your mother is, perhaps, a lady?"

Act II. "Now all the youth of England are on fire and silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies; now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought reigns solely in the breast of every man." The audience clapped.

Act III. "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as

(Continued on page 141)

CAMP CORCORAN

BY MARIE DEL WELCH

I If I seem to see
Humanity lifting itself
By its boot-straps,

Telling you:
The most beautiful thing is here,
But beauty is not here:

It is because we have no words
For the things beginning.
We have words for beauty,
For the things completed,

But for ourselves,
For the things that stir and grope,
The ugly, the unformed,
The growing things—
We have no words great enough.

If you think pity will do the work,
If you think charity will answer the challenge,
You are the fool I was.

This is the camp of the strangest workers,
The nomad harvesters.

We walked through, in worried darkness,
In the camp of sullen war. In the silence
We stumbled into shallow pools of mud.

We are not used to walking in so much shadow;
We are not used to little fires like stains on the dark.
These are strange roads between the huts of sack and brush.

The little fires emphasize the dark;
They add confusion to the simple dark.

We are not used to this stirred broken dark.
We do not walk back a thousand years every evening.
We did not know the camps there are in the world.
We did not know the wars of the unarmed.

They are starving!

"They need not starve"

They live in mud.

"They have always lived in mud"

Why should they live in mud?

"They need not starve
If they'll just live in mud".

We cannot answer.
In this argument, death
Goes round its circle.

There is a ring of men,
And one man singing,
On the ground.

There is a ring of men,
And one man talking,
On the ground.

Like their fires, like their mud,
On the ground.

Not many—the rest are sleeping.
Days are long;
Waiting is the only deed, and sleep
Is almost the only food.
A few children are tireless, their noise
Is sharp as light.
They laugh like screaming.

There's no beauty here.
Make no mistake.
This is the dust of human ground.
They work, it has not made them beautiful

This is humanity. It does the work.
It is not beautiful.
Make no mistake.
This is humanity, it is not gentle.
This is humanity, it is not clean.

This is humanity, this is your world.
This is humanity, this is your work.
This is your kind, this is yourself.
Make no mistake.

But see here—beginning.
 The stirring, not the form.
 It is soft, it is without bones.
 It is slow, it is without muscles.
 The bones of pride,
 The muscles of anger,
 The fine nerves of love
 Form slowly in the mass.

This is not the form.
 This is not the power.

But see here—beginning.
 Faint, like the first stir in the pregnant womb.
 The body is not torn, only half-tense.
 The move is little and deep.
 Until passion, until danger, until birth
 There will be a long time.

This is a strikers' camp.
 Around it is a strand of wire.
 That is the wall.
 Only workers pass here.
 Along this single wire, along this wall
 The sentinels wait.
 Only workers pass here.

Keep out disorder!
 Pride is beginning here,
 And dignity, and command.

Maybe of these four thousand
 Only a dozen or a hundred men
 Have more than patience,
 More than a warm country's half-lazy way
 To wait, to take it even easily,
 Even the war of starving.

Maybe only a hundred of four thousand
 Slowly, seriously,
 Have won dignity, have accepted command.

But it begins.

The sentinels are without arms.
 The single wire is not even barbed.

The leaders are fibre of this:
 They know what is here.

Forget their courage;
 Any man facing any danger
 Has courage.

They know what is here.

Forget their strength.
 The others, even the arguers for death
 Have strength.

The leaders are fibre of this.

I'll tell you what the leaders said:
 They said, "You have it!"
 I'll tell you what the leaders said:
 They said, "It's yours!"

Life.
 You have it.
 It's yours.

I'll tell you what the leaders said;
 They said, "Men!"



REVOLT IN THE WEST

+

BILLY AND THE BUTTONS

BY FLORENCE DOUGLAS

IN PLATO's Republic, Socrates asks to turn from considering the behavior of a man and to take a whole society as our object of study. Today society has become bewilderingly complex. Suppose we do the opposite. The records kept by agencies caring for dependent children permit us to watch one ten-year-old child moving through the city, as a student watches one bee in a glass hive.

Billy — had been moved into a house where he was uncomfortable. It gave him no chance to move freely in pursuing his play objectives. The foster-mother fed him well, kept him far too clean, and was continually astonished at his badness. His sister Josie had been in the same house for years before he came to join her. She was comfortable there, and enjoyed exulting over Billy's stupidities. He was forbidden to skate on the sidewalk, he was told to come in right after school, he was taunted by the superior Josie because she was a good girl and in favor with the foster-mother. In spite of the penalties inflicted, each day his behavior became worse. His school work failed. He fought with Josie. He developed the absurd habit of pulling off his buttons. No matter how strongly the foster-mother sewed them on, Billy developed muscles strong enough to tear them off.

When asked why he did this, Billy could give no answer. He stared with unhappy bewilderment in his eyes. To the offer of a change of home he answered very firmly, "No! I won't go away from here!"

In discussing this case with a person far removed from such ridiculous perplexities, a person with the outlook of those accustomed to authority, it is interesting to notice the superior mind's suggestion: "You should have the child's buttons fastened on with wire. Then he couldn't pull them off!"

"We decided that buttons sewed on with wire would simply force Billy to secure wire-clippers. Instead we found a new home for him. This home had pleasant, easy-going people in it. Amusing activities were going forward there. Freedom for play was considered natural in this new home as well happy share in the work. Respect and friendliness were waiting for Billy there. We told him about this new home, and urged him to move to it. But no! Billy would not, he could not, change. He tore his buttons faster than ever, he wept, he kicked, he raged. He tried with all his strength to defeat the one move that would help him.

It was the foster-mother's strength that broke: "I won't keep you! You've got to move!" she said. We drove the still sniffing Billy to his new home, left him, and hurried away.

A few days later, we phoned the new foster-mother and asked timidly: "How is Billy?"

"Fine. We're all so fond of the boy."

"And how are his buttons?"

"His buttons? They're all right—what can you mean?"

We hastily passed by this subject to ask: "How is his school-work?"

"The teacher says he is doing extremely well."

How simple a solution. Do you think we could have got wire, or even chains, strong enough to cure Billy of pulling off his buttons? And what would have been the use if we had? Why bother to alter a symptom of maladjustment? The suppression of one symptom would have caused others, perhaps more troublesome.

Our whole society, in California, is behaving queerly. Symptoms of maladjustment are increasing. Mental hospitals are so crowded that patients are paroled while still ill. New insane asylums are filled as quickly as they are opened. Prisons are bursting with inmates, so that they are housed less adequately than ever. Socially we're tearing our buttons off, and what does one hear suggested by those in authority?

"Sew them on with wire!"—"Make the prisons more strict! Strengthen the walls! Abolish paroles! Let the laws be more severe!"

Is that acting according to scientific method—the American way of doing things? Would the Telephone Company or the Oil Company consider planning their policies so foolishly? Don't they get their engineers to test materials and discard technics that are proved unwise?

How long will it take us to realize that as water has ways of behaving, so men have ways of behaving? We know that water will spring swiftly down hill; we give it a fall when we want swiftness, and the plunging stream never denies us the required power. The stimuli required to release human energy are infinitely more complex and difficult to discover, yet who can doubt that a chance for free growth supplies the basis of a healthy human society?

Let a healthily organized society offer each of us a chance for growth so that energy may leap forward. There is no use paroling men into a city only less sick than the prison they left. Nor is there any use advocating lack of control for men who have been crippled into need for it by humiliating and inhuman experiences. If men have been born or have become cripples in ability to behave normally, it is folly to ignore this. But we must realize that the scientific method must be applied here as well.

Let's not waste time kicking and screaming yet clinging to the old unhappiness, like Billy. Let's realize that we are unhappy, find our new home, and approach the change to it without allowing our behavior to be disordered by fear.

CCC

OVER THE SUMMIT TO HUNGRY CREEK

BY G. ARMISTEAD KAUFFMAN

OUR truck is growling along in low gear through the sticky mud. The road is a dirty, jagged streak of muck that cruelly bites into the clean landscape of white timber. Occasionally, snow that has accumulated on the limbs of the pine until a bough cries out in anguish, slips to the ground leaving a bit of green relief against a white background.

A few of the men who had climbed into the truck first are huddled on the floor behind the driver's seat licking the salty drops of moisture that has gathered on the end of their noses. To wipe their noses would be superfluous; they would still trickle . . . and besides, it is too damned cold to take their

hands out of their mittens.

You are standing on the end of the truck, in the corner where the back and side stakes meet. The other men leaning against you shield you to some extent from the bitter wind that the truck is bucking as it climbs to the summit. The men are a silent lot; it is too cold to talk; it is warmer to think. The truck slithers into a bank and bounces back again amid a shower of muddy snow. The men do not say a thing; just move about a bit.

You try to keep warm by thinking of other places; warmer places, like a cozy sitting room with a roaring fire in the hearth and the bowl full of Tom and Jerrys.

"Let's try some Christian Science," someone remarks.

So you all chant: "I'm not cold, I'm not cold, Christ no, I'm not cold."

You do not laugh; it is too cold.

On and on it seems. There is only eleven miles to go from camp today but it will take about three hours.

The truck skids into the first of a series of switchbacks on this old logging road, and stalls. Mentally cursing, and hoping you will not have to jump out into the snow, you patiently wait as the driver puts the truck into compound and opens the throttle. Slowly the truck groans out of the slush-hole and inches along again. You are the first truck out and have to break trail. It is tedious work.

You take out your mess cup, pour in some kerosene and light it. You huddle about the tiny flame trying to catch some of the heat, but it is just a pretty orange color. Now your mess cup is black and you will have to take some cold mud and scrub it clean if you want to drink your steaming coffee at lunch.

Eventually you gain the summit. The wind is a low moan, and piercing. Faster and faster you move as the truck drops down-grade into Hungry Creek. The snow skirts out from the truck, pulverized into a fine powder by the chains that have a merry "ching-ching-ching-ching" note, making you think of Santa Claus and his reindeer.

Although your back is turned to the wind, your eyes are watering; and if you keep them closed for a moment, the mucus freezes. Your nose runs, a steady stream now, that you lick off your stubble. The body of the truck yawns over the narrow road at the turns, giving you the feeling of being precipitated into the gully below. You put all your trust in the driver and the stakes. With a large number of men being propelled against them, like sheep in a cattle-car, they bulge alarmingly. They have never given . . . yet.

You finally reach the bottom; Hungry Creek.

There is no sun. The creek is a thick sheet of ice; everything is blanketed in the cold shadow of the valley walls, and is covered with a hard coating of frost that has frozen into a slippery surface. The sun only penetrates into this small valley at noon. As the truck advances with a crunching sound of thin ice breaking in the ruts, you look about and shudder. The roots projecting out from the bank have thin lace-like patterns of ice hanging in artistic designs. You smash them with your grotesque, mittened fist, and they break with a brittle tinkling.

Gradually the rhythmic "chinging" of the chains dies down to a slow "thump-thump", and the truck grinds to a stop. The boss jumps out of the cab and hollers: "All right, kids, throw out them tools."

You slowly unhunch yourself and clamber out of the truck.

Another day has begun. A dollar a day . . . a million days, a million dollars.

SHAKESPEARE OL' PROPAGANDIST

(Continued from page 137)

modest stillness and humility; but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger." The audience was afire.

They walked home at midnight, content with the ultimatum's expiring, ready for war.

Two—

Were Shakespeare's plays in effect propaganda while he lived? They were indeed; hence Shakespeare's personal unpopularity with Queen Elizabeth during her last years. You may know that singular, delicate play *Richard II*, never a great hit because it's hard to know which character to sympathize with—the weak king, Richard, or Bolingbroke (Henry IV), the unpleasant but vigorous relation who deposed him. In 1601, when the Essex Conspiracy was trying to dislodge Elizabeth in Essex' favor, they paid the theater 40 shillings to put on *Richard II* the Saturday they meant to seize power—"to show that a monarch may be dethroned." Elizabeth never cared for Shakespeare after that; nor for Essex.

Three—

Did Shakespeare mean his plays to be propagandistic? There are several stages of "meaning to"; from saying "Go to, I will convince the public that a strong monarchy is their only salvation, and I will do it by writing a play about something or other," all the way to getting so excited about a subject that you agree with heartily that you overflow it in a play. If the subject is controversial, certainly there will be accusations of intentional propaganda.

Coldblooded injection of current issues is rare as far as we can tell now. Shakespeare didn't usually write anything so raw as the passage in *Henry V* about Essex: "Were now the general of our gracious empress, as in good time he may, from Ireland coming, bringing rebellion broached on his sword, how many would the peaceful city quit to welcome him!"

Shakespeare's attitude toward revolts is implicit there, explicit in *Henry VI* (if he wrote that) and elsewhere. He was all for law and order at any cost; and as for democracy, he was constantly saying that he considered "the million" heartily stupid and didn't like the way they smelled. He said as frequently but more politely what he thought of feudal nobles whose squabbles got in everybody's way, interfering with "peaceful commerce from dividable shores, the primogenitive and due of birth, prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels."

Living when the commercial revolution was finishing off feudalism and preparing the industrial revolution, he was enthusiastic about "peaceful commerce" and strong central governments (also incidentally about agricultural efficiency, being himself a party to Warwickshire land enclosure) while still violently protesting free capital and what was still called usury. He began arguing this with the *Merchant of Venice* and raised his voice to a bawl with *Timon of Athens*. "This yellow slave will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd; make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves, and give them title, knee, and approbation, with senators on the bench. . . . To Athens go, break open shops; nothing can you steal but thieves do lose it: "This was one of Marx's favorite quotations; and can you find me anything more Shavian by Shaw?

THE THEATER

CELTS, SOVIETS AND THE DUKE OF ARLISS

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

SINCE it would be the most fatuous optimism to hope that the "Free" State government would be subsidizing drama of any particular intestinal potency, one's enjoyment of the Abbey Players (Curran) must be limited to appreciation of Irish humor and folkways. In these the company excels. A first night audience found itself swept into genuine merriment at the performance of Lennox Robinson's comedy "The Far-Off Hills".

Some seven centuries of revolt against British imperialism and Irish landlordism have provided the Irish people with a rich background for vital drama. There must be playwrights on the Emerald Isle who have drawn upon this abundant store of material, but no suspicion thereof is given in the Abbey repertory. It prefers, rather, to draw upon mysticism, folklore, Celtic whimsy-whamsies and an occasional drama of struggle about which no controversy can be raised since the villain is nothing more political than nature on the loose. But this apparently will be sufficient for a prosperous fortnight's engagement in San Francisco; our theatergoers—or what is left of them—have resigned themselves to the milk-and-water diet.

Once we accept this state of resignation, there is a good deal of pleasure to be wrung out of the Irish players. They and their playwrights are authentically Celtic. Their shoes smell of the peat-bogs and their humor is as tasty as a draught of Guinness stout.

"The Far-Off Hills", as its title indicates, is dedicated to the premise that the distant knolls are the greenest and that the fishing is always the best on the other side of the stream. Patrick Clancy, wifeless and nearly blind from a cataract, lives with his three daughters. Marion, the eldest, rules the two youngsters with an austere hand and yearns for the day when her father will re-wed so that she may pursue her devout dreams in a convent. The youngsters hope for the same thing that they may escape from Marion's domination and give their hedonistic instincts freer play.

When they induce their friend, Susie Tynan, to marry their father, the far-off hills are discovered to be not so verdant after all. Marion decides against her convent and the younger girls see a continuance of her tyranny. Then they discover that there is nothing so green, after all, as the hills right at home, for Marion suddenly tosses aside her somber robes, dons a brilliant red creation from the Dublin drapers and weds the liveliest young man in the village.

P. J. Carolan makes a touching figure as Clancy, plump Maureen Delany nearly steals the show in the role of Susie and Eileen Crowe makes a convincing figure of Marion. Barry Fitzgerald immediately wins the audiences in his portrayal of the amiable loafer who is one of Clancy's cronies and Aideen O'Connor and Frolic Mulhern are two splashes of lively Irish color as the younger sisters.

THE cinematic treat of the month was provided by Julien Bryan, who brought his motion pictures of Soviet Russia and Siberia to Raymond Dannenbaum's Liberal Forum and exhibited them to a capacity house at Scottish Rite Temple. Bryan is a camera reporter with a combined flair for the picturesque, the beautiful and the informative.

Commenting with both humor and shrewdness as the films unrolled on the screen, he took his audience from Moscow across the steppes and the Urals into the far reaches of Siberia. Worker-disciplined factories and peasant-operated collective farms were shown with their cultural fringes of theaters, libraries, playgrounds, rest homes and hospitals. Seeing these soviet workers at their daily tasks one gets the impression that they are the happiest, if not yet the most comfortable, people on earth. They hold their heads proudly, for they are the makers of their own destiny. During the question period Bryan refuted the Hearst charges (supported by photographs taken in the 1921 famine which was caused by the Allied blockade) that the Russians are starving by millions. This was scarcely necessary, for his films already refuted them.

Bryan's pictures are an eloquent and convincing reply to those who still deny, because of ignorance or prejudice, that the most aching problems of today's civilization are being brought to an intelligent solution in the Soviet Union. They take the spectator through the factory, collective farm and village and they let him see the society of the future in the act of discovering itself. They should not be missed by anyone who wonders what this world is coming to.

SKIPPING from the magnificent to the asinine we find George Arliss hamming it in his own meticulous fashion in "The Iron Duke". (Paramount) In this film Gaumont-British has outdone Hollywood in improving upon history. Wellington, in the person of Arliss, is made to appear the magnanimous conqueror, weeping after victory because of the good men sacrificed—and the bringer of peace to Europe. He is shown as an essentially peace-loving man, a gentle and innocuous admirer of pretty women and a fellow of Milne-like caprices, not above riding about the house on a rocking-chair-horse and frightening the children to give the womenfolk a chuckle or two.

In the battle of Waterloo it is a matter of history that Napoleon made a military monkey of the Iron Duke and that it was only the timely arrival and the superior strategy of Blücher and his Prussians that saved Wellington and his Brussels dancehall generals from annihilation. But the picture (a good British product) tells us that history is erroneous, that Blücher was beaten and that it was only the military window—like looking through a glass-bottomed boat, only

After the battle scenes, which are pretty much grand opera, the film was found to be too short, so Gaumont followed Hollywood's example and injected a female so madly in love with the general that she faints when introduced to him. This sex theme is carried along as far as British propriety will permit and then glossed over when the Duke of Arliss sends the silly trollop off to her husband and goes back to straightening things out in Europe.

Arliss is never Wellington. He is always Arliss. When he finishes one of his nicely rounded speeches and starts for the door you can see him measuring off the number of steps necessary for his exit. And this, together with his habit of glorifying history's pompous scoundrels, is getting more than a trifle boring.

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

YEHUDI MENUHIN's concert in San Francisco on Monday evening March 18, had as usual the style and distinction achieved only by the very greatest artists. There is really nothing to say about this boy's playing that hasn't been said many times before. One can only put one's awe and astonishment on record. Two separate miracles are responsible for his career: his own great gift of musical intelligence and power, and the good fortune of his family's wisdom and common sense. He has never been forced nor molded by his teachers, thanks chiefly to his family's alertness. When he plays Mozart it is as if the notes poured forth from the very source of Music itself. He is entirely without mannerisms and deals gravely with the matter in hand.

Marcel Gazelle proved one of the finest accompanists heard here for a long time.

When Yehudi first appeared in Paris, several years ago, he was to play a concerto with orchestra. The final rehearsal didn't go as well as it should and his mother warned him he must not be satisfied with his work. As soon as the performance was over, while a great Paris audience cheered and shouted with enthusiasm in the auditorium, Yehudi hurried off the stage to his mother to inquire whether things had gone better. "Yes," his mother told him. "You have pleased the conductor and the men in the orchestra very much, and as a reward you may stay up an hour later than usual tomorrow night."

At the time of the disputes in the French Chamber of Deputies over the French debts to the United States, it will be remembered that Edouard Herriot, then Prime Minister, fought valiantly for payment. Meeting with unyielding opposition, he resigned. On the evening of his final day in office, Yehudi Menuhin was giving a recital in Paris, and when he telephoned his wife to tell her he was resigning, he remarked that the one thing he wanted to do, by way of relieving the strain he had been under, was to hear Yehudi play. According to Selby C. Oppenheimer, "Herriot, arriving at the box-office with his wife, put down money for the tickets, only to be told the house had long been sold out. The man in charge, recognizing him, refused the money, saying they would be delighted to put in extra chairs. At that, Herriot exclaimed, 'I insist on paying, I get so much in return. I will not enter the hall otherwise. If you don't want to accept the money, send it to the United States as first payment on our debt.'"

ROLAND HAYES' winter tour swings to the coast this month. Hayes is a man whose victories never came easily. He worked his way through Fisk University and then in his fourth year was "dropped" for being a "nonconformist" (That is his own term, interestingly vague.) On his first European tour, when he reached Germany a deputation waited on the American ambassador to protest. They had all they could stomach as it was with the presence of the Senegalese troops in the Army of Occupation; they didn't want to be reminded when they went to concerts. It took half the evening for Hayes to conquer his first resentful Berlin audience. At

the end they were applauding the "songs of Georgia cotton-pickers" which had been specially included in the protest, and Hayes' reputation as one of the great Lieder singers of his time was established.

To realize his own success Hayes had to hunt out the owners of the Georgia plantation on which his parents were first slaves, then tenants, and buy it. He runs it now as an experimental farm in the interests of his race.

THE Budapest String Quartet played in San Francisco on 19 and will give the last concert of the Carmel Music Society series on Saturday evening, March 23. This quartet is touring America for the first time this season, but it has been well known in Europe for the past ten years. It was founded during the war. Each member of the quartet is an artist in his own right and the group is noted for its fine ensemble and beautiful tone. The instruments used were chosen for the perfection with which they combine—the dream of every quartet player.

BOOKS

HALF MILE DOWN, by William Beebe, Sc. D., L. L. D.
(Harcourt Brace & Co.) \$5

(Reviewed by Dr. R. A. Kocher)

THIS is a popularized and highly publicized account of what is purported to be a research in oceanography. As a piece of research in biology, it is unimportant. As a romanticized account of adventure below the ocean's surface, its interest lies in its novelty; its incidents are lacking in thrills. There is little of hazard and what is observed has, for the most part, been known before.

I gather from a perusal of this book that the author is not an experimental biologist in the modern sense and has never experienced the "esthetic delight" of setting a problem and seeing its solution unfolded in the laboratory. In the introduction he states, "We should all be happier if we were less completely obsessed with our problems and somewhat more accessible to the esthetic and emotional appeal of our materials." So the reader is prepared for an account which is a superficial appreciation of the materials of science and their obvious external appearance—color, size, form, etc. In other words, this is a fictionist's impression of the strange-appearing undersea fish. A good aquarium will give you the same sort of esthetic delight.

There is an account of the history of diving; an account of the construction of the iron sphere with which the author safely descends one-half mile below the surface, and with the aid of search lights views the submarine life through a quartz window—like looking through a glass-bottomed boat—only deeper. Ventilation, air pressure, heat within the sphere are nicely provided with modern technical methods—oxygen tanks, carbon monoxide absorbers, thermostats, etc. The record was taken down by an attractive blonde stenographer in a becoming suit of duck shorts.

The scientific log is relegated to the appendix. One supposedly new species of fish was observed as a result of the adventure. If there had not been so much ballyhoo and pre-

tentious advertising of this author's work the reader would be less disappointed and more ready to appreciate the really fine charts and pictures, the good photography and the care and trouble taken by the publisher to turn out a nice book.

Those who experience vicarious, esthetic and emotional thrills from the reading of this book should visit a working biologist's laboratory and request a peep through a microscope at a colony of protozoa, preferably the forms inhabiting the intestinal tract of a termite. Here is a world of teeming life fully as fantastic as that seen from the bathysphere and of greater scientific significance.

DO WE WANT FASCISM? by Carmen Haider. (John Day Co.) \$2.

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

ONE of the tragic aspects of American life today is the attitude of its middle class—office employees, shopkeepers, technicians, farmers, professional people—caught in the whirlpool of economic life, pinioned between organized capital and organized labor. Still contemptuous of theory, this class flounders, frantically grasping for security, and makes no effort to understand the causes of its insecurity. And this is its tragedy. The class which has been most responsible for the development of American culture is today the class that is heading for destruction. From its ranks come the vigilante and "patriotic" committees dedicated to the violent destruction of civil liberties, the attacks on freedom of thought in schools and colleges, the bloody beatings of labor organizers, the shoutings of jingoism and racial prejudice, the rantings of Hearst, Coughlin, Long. What do these things mean? Are they disconnected items which have always been present in the American scene or are they rapidly assuming a fundamental and dangerous connection?

The author of this book goes into this question at length. It is a direct challenge to these people to lay their cudgels aside in the moment that yet remains for them to reflect on the significance of what they are doing and whither they are being led. That moment is becoming ever more brief, because thinking is anathema to the fascists. They are anti-intellectual and ridicule the function of thought; (one reason may be to prevent supporters from inquiring into the ultimate aims of the movement). Hence, for all who are sincerely devoted to the preservation of American culture, Miss Haider's question is now foremost.

This book will be good for liberals who are "tired of hearing" the term "fascist" and regard it as a new form of cursing those with whom one does not agree; for college professors who believe it is a mere "half-truth" to expose anti-semitism today without stressing that it "has a long past", and who do not see the connection now between racial hatred and the growth of fascism; and it should make revealing reading for those who think that "Hitler is an idealist because he neither smokes, drinks, nor has women".

Miss Haider has a competent, scholarly background which should enable her to answer her question on an historical basis. She has studied in Italy, Germany, and Austria (being the author of the authoritative work *Capital and Labor Under Fascism*) as well as having done economic research for the Brookings Institute. The main portions of her book are concerned with an historical description of the rise of Mussolini and Hitler, the characteristics of fascism, and their ominous

appearance in America today. She treats the economic and social circumstances in which the movement grew in Europe, their parallel here. She shows how the shop-keepers and small businessmen who thought they were fighting the trusts and monopolies, find these even more firmly entrenched in Italy and Germany now, and their own position more precarious. She demonstrates how invalid is the notion that the State can stand impartially above conflicting classes, and uses the N. R. A. to illustrate her point. On the basis of her economic studies, Miss Haider maintains that real social planning is impossible under capitalism in any form (surpluses of products accumulated and wages declined in Italy by 30 per cent between 1921 and 1928) and that this whole effort, accompanied by increased nationalistic fervor, can only end in war.

This, then, is what those who choose fascism get. Indeed, and it is a point rather inadequately treated in the book, since fascism is the necessary climax of capitalism, those who choose to defend it can do so only by this method.

If we do not want fascism, how can it be stopped? Let Miss Haider answer:

If Fascism, as has been shown, arises in periods in which the question of control over economic life has become so acute as to be no longer adjustable by democratic means, the position taken by the liberal, democratic and Socialist elements becomes unrealistic, since in point of fact the struggle is carried on in violent terms. To wish for and demand a return to parliamentary procedure indirectly increases Fascism's chances, by holding back from active opposition large masses of the people who follow the liberal, democratic and Socialist leadership. The success of Fascism can be prevented only by an active working class movement.

JOURNEYMAN, by Erskine Caldwell. (Viking Press. Limited edition 1475 numbered copies) \$4.50

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

IN THIS book Mr. Caldwell has again added to the technique developed by Hemingway of expressing the inarticulate. The Georgia crackers written about in this, as in Caldwell's previous novels, are little above animals—in some ways beneath them. They drink, gamble, copulate, and sit in the sun

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Ten cents a copy. Two dollars a year. One dollar for six months. Twenty-five cents for one month's trial. Canadian: Two dollars and twenty-five cents a year. Foreign: Two dollars and fifty cents

and spit. The "nigger" works off in the field somewhere, and is looked on as part of the landscape as cattle at pasture might be. They become human only when there is a question of intercourse.

To a stranger from another country unacquainted with the "deep South", the book gives as vivid a picture of the bare degraded bones of living that seems to constitute life for many there as Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, with its fantastic and horrible tale of lewd violence and brutal treachery. The method and contents of the two tales are different, the impression left on the mind similar. But Caldwell leaves also a curious impression of the softer elements of life: the hopeless Clay Horey does love his wives in a strange fashion; the lecherous rogue Semon Dye, the traveling preacher who uses his profession to bulldoze the simple populace and get from them whatever he wants, does attract people so that in spite of his scalawaggery they are sorry when he goes; Tom Rhodes living life by peeping at it through a crack does fill one with a smiling sympathy. Even at this level of wretchedness there's something human about human beings.

Caldwell has developed the realistic method to a high degree. You are not aware of words; only of the dusty road, the rattletrap Ford, the cottonwoods and the wild scared rabbit of a little boy by Clay's former wife who prefers the Negro pickaninnies to his father's house. Clay thinks about him; he's had syphilis for some years and he really must be gotten to the doctor. Clay's cogitation is all summed up in the last line of that chapter:

"That boy, Vearl," he said, spitting."

Imagine how Dostoyevsky would have written himself out on a theme like that.

And the story of the revival meeting is a sustained piece of writing, earthy, real, fresh, exciting, that tells more about the nature of revivals than all the books on psychology. Mr. Caldwell has a powerful gift and he is putting a part of American life into prose that will live there.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

What a glad surprise the arrival of your Pacific Weekly yesterday morning was to me. I'm going to wait until pay day to mail this, so I can enclose a check for a six months' subscription to your very excellent little weekly. I shall look forward to each issue, and particularly to your series of articles on your twenty-eight years in the city room.

Right here and now, though, let me say that I disagree with the point you stressed in your "Prostitutes in Red". Most of the men and women I go around with are of the newspaper profession, and I can count on the fingers of one hand those who have even the slightest tinge of radicalism in their make-up. And it's not the young, enthusiastic cubs I pal with, either, but the old, seasoned veterans here in San Francisco. I never cease to be surprised at their conservatism and apparent lack of social vision. Understand, these people are my friends, they're swell people, and I like them. But they're really not nearly as intelligent as you give them credit for being. And you wrong them in calling them mental prostitutes, for they actually and sincerely believe the things they write and are

told to write. Believe it or not, but most of them believed our strike here last summer was an outrage against decent, law-abiding citizens, and they hoped for and applauded its failure. And they actually believed it was instigated by Russia. Oh, the "Red Menace" is a very real and terrible thing in their minds. I tell you, I have talked with them, and I know the truth of what I am saying. I wish you could hear the stories they tell about the awful things that are going on in Russia today, of the sufferings and deprivations of the people. And the pitiful thing about it is that they really believe these stories they tell. Of course, there are exceptions, and you probably know more of the exceptions than I do, but as for the rank and file—well, I think they're still asleep, and actually don't know the score. True, quite a number of them have secretly joined the Guild, but few of them even take that seriously. And as a Guild, what have they done? Have they made their employers reinstate their fellow members who have been fired because of their membership in the Guild? They have not. Not until they look upon it as a union, with the powers of a union, will they make anything of it. But the word "union" and the activities of a union smack too much of the laboring class, and newspaper people consider themselves a superior breed. As a class, newspaper people are the most egotistical, the most condescending towards those outside of their ranks, of any other one class I know. And surely these qualities don't make for radicalism or even understanding of the other fellow's lot. In spite of all this, I love 'em, and prefer them to most other people.

San Francisco

L. W. P.

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

When will the people of America learn that it is not agitators who have created the world-wide depression and the world economic crisis? A visit to the trial in Sacramento shows that the prosecution there still adheres to the belief that it is Sacramento.

Janet Rankin

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