

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

APRIL 5, 1935

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

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RAY N. STUDT wrote us: "Yes, I'm a preacher. But I resigned as pastor of this church last Sunday. Had to. You can guess the reasons from the sort of thing I am submitting to you. The poem was written after listening to Miss Decker speak at a students' meeting in Berkeley not long ago.

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1935

NUMBER 14

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NOTES AND COMMENT

Now it can be told, and by a man whose conscience hurts him. As PACIFIC WEEKLY goes to press Judge Dal M. Lemmon, who sat in the trial of the fourteen men and women charged with all the crimes in California's fascist calendar, grants a week's continuance of the defense motion of a new trial. He does it because there is presented to him the affidavit of one of the jurors that he acceded to the demand of other jurors to vote eight of the defendants guilty only as a compromise; because others gave in to his request that charges of actual violation of the criminal syndicalism act be not sustained. The juror's name is Howard S. McIntire, who was for twenty-five years employed by the state adjutant general. He declares that he was "not convinced and never was convinced of the guilt of any of the defendants".

We suspected as much, and we doubly suspected it when the fascist press failed to burst forth with any great amount of cheers when the guilt of the eight defendants was declared by the jury. Taking a journalistic slant at the matter we are firmly of the opinion that the press knew there was something wrong about the thing; that any number of sensible people could not be convinced of the guilt of those defendants from the evidence presented, and especially because of the temper and character of the prosecution. We thought, and we so say on another page, that the jury was probably dumb. We still believe that ten-twelfths of it is. McIntire and one other appear at least to have consciences.

THE San Francisco News of Wednesday carried an editorial, "Law-Making by Jury", which is a fine example of liberalism. It pointed out that convicting eight labor leaders out of fourteen for membership in the Communist Party made a ruling about a legal political party on the ballot which our legislature and not "twelve people picked off the street" should make.

It would take a bench as big as the United States Supreme

Court to heed a voice like that. The conviction was an act of planned violence as was and is the whole un-American Criminal Syndicalism law and policy.

IT is both significant and highly amusing that the very nation which is being most bitterly denounced by the military forces of the United States today and the nitwits in the patriotic organizations throughout the country, is the nation which stands at the forefront in deliberate and persistent efforts for peace. Soviet Russia, about which our American school children may not be permitted to hear in any terms but derogatory ones, is striving to assure peace in Europe and she has commanded and is receiving the respect of at least one not-so-feeble government by her efforts. British emissaries have been conferring in Moscow with the Russian minister of foreign affairs toward arriving at a solution for perpetuating what peace we have today and preventing a headlong plunge into war.

But this nation, so the American Legion balloons tell us, is a "menace to the ideals and traditions of America".

At the same time, the one nation which appears to be intent on touching the torch to the powder houses of the world, Nazi Germany, is accorded the compliments of America; her training ship and cadets, spreading Nazism throughout the world, are received with open arms at San Francisco and the young men who are pledged to the wild, bloody policies of Hitler are welcomed within the gates of the University of California and fêted by the officials of that great institution of learning.

MR. JOSEPH M. SCHENCK, who is down on his uppers, with probably no spare for his Cadillac and about ready to let his wife's maid go, has issued a smart little defi to the California state legislature. He declares that not only must there be no film tax legislature this year but, just listen to him: "We demand that these bills not only be killed this year, but there must be a written statute assuring us that they won't be brought back again in the future." He says that the movie industry can pack up and move out of California over night without much trouble and no expense that will not be more than made up by concessions from whatever state it may choose to adopt for its new home. Mr. Schenck is just tellin' 'em and he wants it to be plainly understood. Somebody ought to go down to Hollywood and tell Mr. Schenck something, something about his film industry and its dirty propaganda for the money that it doesn't want to split with the other taxpayers of the state.

Why doesn't Mr. Schenck do this? We offer it as a solution to his problem. Why doesn't he say to the United States government: "Listen, you, we won't film another movie to show how sweet life is in the navy and thereby lure young men into the service, we won't picture thrills of the air to help you find aviators to train, we won't glorify blind patriotism to help you be prepared to start another war when the bankers and the munitions manufacturers think it is time for one; in short, we won't propagate militarism in another foot of film until you speak sharply to the legislature of the state of California and make it quit taxing us down to our last million or two."

MISS PERKINS FAILS

WHAT more encouraging news to all thoughtful people than the announcement of a conference on Social Legislation to be held in the far Western region. No better time could have been chosen as legislatures throughout the United States were in session and all were at grips with the same fundamental problems. Perhaps some new light could be thrown out which would be beneficial to all—at least here was the opportunity!

It was not accidental that California was chosen as the state where the conference was to be held, for being one of the progressive states on labor legislation, the atmosphere was felt to be conducive to free and liberal thinking.

It was for this conference, then, that a carefully selected group of leaders and students of social problems were invited—personal invitations were sent asking their attendance, and outlines of agendas followed, so that all might be familiar with the important points.

With such a well-organized start and under the leadership of Frances Perkins herself, the conference opened in a spirit of high hope and expectation.

The agenda begins:

1. Minimum wages
2. Hours
3. Unemployment and Health Insurance
4. Child labor
5. Migratory workers, etc.

Endless time was given these problems which are in themselves important to be sure, but can they be regulated without considering how they fit into the basic structure? They cannot be taken up separately as some peculiar problems apart from the whole. In other words, they are all only effects from one cause and they should be second in consideration.

In following the agenda let us take the minimum wage. Hours of discussion and long reports cannot fill one with hope that such a wage scale is worthy of consideration in an economy of abundance, or that such a buying power will balance our bursting warehouses. The answer is not convincing.

Next—have we yet reached the point of so satisfying human needs and desires that we are justified in cutting down production by limiting hours of work? It is not less work at this point that men desire but more pay. So the hourly regulation is not the solution of our distress.

Perhaps unemployment insurance can be the answer, but what of the ten or eleven million unemployed? When insurance covers only those who work, what security can it offer those who have no jobs? Besides which, in most of the schemes considered, the funds are to be raised from a tax on pay roll, which in the end is a consumer tax and only accentuates further the maladjustment of wealth. Can this patch then do the trick?

So it goes on and on through the agenda. What is wrong when these leaders gather together and no mention is made of the real cause of our trouble, which must surely be so evident to all of them? Does no one wish to regulate, control or reorganize this cause, from which these symptoms are only the unhealthy manifestations?

With our tradition of democracy and our democratic legislative procedure, the stage seems set to correct these maladjustments through orderly and intelligent methods. Why risk leaving the change only to "subversive groups", when government is in the hands of the people? Why do they not act? Is Democracy, too, like our fields and factories, to be

held out of use?

Amid increasing amazement, bewilderment and disillusionment for those looking in, the conference closed. The "leaders" lost a rare opportunity to draft future legislation cutting to the root of our economic trouble in planning for use and not for profit—instead they preferred to indorse legislation already twenty-five years too late.

—Q. E. D.

THE SACRAMENTO BLOW

LOOK OUT.

The conviction of five men and three women in Sacramento on the charge of "conspiracy to violate the Criminal Syndicalism Act" means a great deal more than that eight persons are each to spend some period between one and fourteen years in the state penitentiary. It means a psychological victory for exploiters of labor, a legal stamp of approval on their exploitation of labor and support by the law of their nasty methods of frustrating those who oppose and battle such exploitation.

Those eight defendants in Sacramento were not tried and convicted because of a violation of the Criminal Syndicalism Act; they were not convicted because they believed in overthrow of the government. They were convicted because in a manner successfully they had blocked the determination of the Associated Farmers of California to hold farm labor down and force it farther down. They were convicted by a prosecution that was paid by this association of farmers, a prosecution picked for its bitterness against labor and a prosecution that could be counted on to stoop to any depths and crawl to any lengths to gain convictions.

Of course, the defense won its case during the trial; that is, it would have won its case before a jury of its peers, before a jury that in the mass had twelve times the intelligence of one single human being of normal intelligence. But the prosecution had successfully packed the jury with twelve persons, nine-twelfths of whom had far less than normal intelligence and considerably farther less education. It is possible that a few of them, before the trial, hadn't a very clear idea whether this country is a republic or a monarchy.

It was not in any degree a fair and honest trial. The fourteen defendants were before a bar that may have been tempered with justice but was not made of the bone and sinew of it. Those who turned the wheels of legal procedure were all "patriots". They were of that stamp of American who talks of ideals and traditions of America—and stops there.

The conviction was accepted by Neil McAllister, the \$11,500 prosecutor, as a great victory for Americanism. Any ordinarily clever newspaper reporter could have written what McAllister would say a week before he said it. A man such as McAllister is like that; he could not have an original idea, or an original expression of a borrowed one. He may even be naive enough to think that he did win a battle for Americanism, and not actually know that he struck a blow against the chances of migratory workers to get a fair wage for their work.

But it is after all the sort of blow to labor and to free speech and free assembly that the crucifixion of Christ was to Christianity. California took just one more step in the direction of Fascism with this conviction at Sacramento. One or two more such steps and something will go bang. And then the people who started violence will blame it onto somebody else.

—W. K. B.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

STOCKS MOVED up on Monday at the prospect of war, which would be good news under our economic system.

IVAR KREUGER, the match king of Sweden, had one more triumph the other day when a total of 696 million dollars of claims was registered against the dead captain of industry. Some credit! Must have taken ability, craft and anxiety to keep that up so long. Worth dying for.

THAT VERDICT in the Sacramento Syndicalist case, which sets eight leaders of agricultural workers on the road to prison, will enable businessmen to go out and cut wages and purchasing power in this state. Which will undermine business and the policy of the government, but will help a few of our worst businessmen.

AND BRISBANE wants us to let the businessmen who "made" and unmade this country take the place of the Government in rebuilding the ruin. An old Socialist, he may be a revolutionist again and secretly undermining Mr. Hearst's government. Or he may be flattering advertisers. One can never be sure just what a clever newspaper man is really up to.

SOME HIGHER-UPS of Mr. Roosevelt's reform administration came through here this week and called on me; evidently for sympathy, and their experiences were enough like mine to justify their expectations. All their planned reforms were petering out; the business crooks were beating them all along the line. And it was sad. And I had a lot of commiseration for them. I told them that that had always been so but it was just that which was bringing on the revolution. Not the Communists, it was the businessmen and their regular defeat of all reforms which was furthering and forcing the economic crisis all over the world.

"But the businessmen are so violent about it," they demurred.

"The poor devils have to use force or bribery or both," I said. "They cannot carry on so much wrong without violence and fraud. And good intentions."

THESE MEN thought they observed what so many other men from the East have remarked with surprise and doubt: that California seems to be the leading state in the Union, the leader in the race down the crisis. I let them think that, saving only our innocence; we no more know what we are doing than the pestiferous bugs in my garden.

NOW THAT all our school rows are settled, I would like to suggest to Allen Griffin that he let his influential daily get up a contest among the pupils for the best essay on what was the trouble in our local educational systems, all of them, Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove. He might advertise it as an exercise in Patriotism. It would be a study in Grown-ups, in the flowering of our educational system in men and women up to now but it might lead the kids to devise some methods by which we wouldn't produce any more parents and teachers like us. Any of our score of papers could do this, but I would

prefer to have my favorite do it because there are still some angles of Americanism that the Heralds don't quite "get" and that only the children could see. After an education in our schools and colleges hardly any citizen can see any more.

FASCISM IS evolution; Communism or Bolshevism is revolution.

MRS. FREMONT OLDER keeps getting letters that express—that really express the personal triumph of her "Jimmy". He put himself over; he made himself understood. And he didn't know he did; he thought "everybody" was down on him; he thought people regarded him as they once did regard him, as about the limit of wrong. It is too bad that Fremont Older could not have realized the appreciation he had won from all sorts of people for his courage, kindness and human beauty. Still Mrs. Older appreciates the flowers she gets in the mail for him.

ONE OF his own reporters may write the Life of Fremont Older for his own newspaper.

MY LIFE is getting into the stage where I can see in their presence the string that jerks people the way they go, even when they are telling me the reasons that they think are moving them. I can see clear through their acts and thoughts to the causes of them. Sometimes it's very funny, often the spectacle is grievous, discomfoting.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACY is going around Europe making calls on the diplomats of the other great powers, leaving their Great Bunk at home. They can do this, you know. The English may be the father and mother of hypocrisy, but when it comes right down to business they can drop their sincerity like an old hat. I had an experience of their candor once. I had just returned from Soviet Russia and the English papers and the English statesmen were reeking with the lies about the Bolsheviks, but British Information, which I was officially reporting to (under orders), ignored all this old stuff and not only dealt in the truth, they showed that they had enquired and knew how things were. Contrasting their exact information with the official lies, I remarked that I saw now the difference between their government and mine:

"My government is honest; yours is not. My government believes its own damn lies; yours does not."

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FIRST BLOOD

BY PETER QUINCE

BRICKHOUSE is a tall, heavy guy of about thirty-five, with grinning brown eyes and a southern accent that spoils when it's put to words. I don't know where he came from. He moved into our dunghill about six months ago and built his crazy shack with, according to himself, "tin cans soaked in hate and a fistful of hell". When it was done he knocked on every city-dump door and made known his mission. That evening, at his "dumpwarming", Brickhouse put the idea to us. It took hold like fire. It was run on regular party lines. Candidates were shoved forward. Peterson ran on the Republican ticket, Bunny Brodrickson, Progressive, straddled the farmer and Brickhouse, of course, was a natural for the Democrats. Meetings were held nightly; during the day the candidates went from door to door, kissing the kids and pinching cheeks when they came across any plump enough to take between finger and thumb.

All Hooverville forgot, for three days, that it was wretched. They were like a bunch of kids, yelling and whooping it up for their favorites. It was the first time I'd seen some of them laugh in weeks. The pre-election mass meeting, at which the candidates spoke, was about the finest parody on elections in this country that we had ever witnessed. We were in a mood to laugh when Pete and Bunny spoke but it was Brickhouse who definitely stole the entire affair. Bitter as I was, even I laughed. Brickhouse pledged allegiance to Roosevelt, God and Mother. He denounced International Banking in capitals. He crooned, simpered, bawled, yodeled. He promised every worker life, liberty, the pursuit of women, and, on account, a few initials. He emphatically stated that were an American flag in view he would salute it. When he got through doing up the unknown soldiers some kids marched out, like a group of salvation army street-corner minstrels and sang:

- Brickhouse loves the soldiers*
- Who died fighting for the right.*
- *He never went to war because*
- His promise to his mother was*
- He nev-ver woo-ould fight.*

The singers were thin-faced, large-eyed kids whom Brickhouse had obviously hand-picked and trained for the occasion, and they sang the verse with the absurd plaintiveness that goes with the "Never Throw Stones at Your Mother" songs of the '90's. We laughed until our lungs ached. The rottenness of the entire political set-up was never more clearly revealed. The last shred of doubt, if it continued to exist, disappeared at the election itself. Brickhouse learned from Huey Long and borrowed a couple of pages from the Book of Merriam. A strong arm squad was set up before the election booth. We "voted right or else". Immediately Brickhouse was proclaimed Mayor. When someone objected, charging that the votes were not even counted, Brickhouse explained that it was the subversive element of this type which sadly tried his trust in the future of democracy. We must have faith, he said, in the American Tradition. And we went to sleep that night still laughing, and humming Brickhouse's campaign song.

But hunger and misery quickly caught up with us again. And cold. Sometimes, after the cotton season is over and most of the pickers migrate to the Imperial Valley, and those who

remain behind are too poor to go to dances, the fog sets in. There are no dimes to jingle in your pockets, and the fog moves in, bleak, slate-grey and clammy. On such a day I discovered Brickhouse in his shack, scraping some beans from the bottom of a rusty pot. He nodded to me and I sat down on a box, wondering if he had an extra smoke, and trying to work up enough courage to ask.

"Christ!" he shivered.

"Cold?" I asked.

His teeth chattered. "And I came to California where I figured to starve with the sun out. Well, how the hell would you fight the fog? With picket lines?" He laughed derisively.

"You goddam right!" I said. "Picket the relief station for food and fuel. You know what the hell's the trouble with you? Everybody on this dump wants to fight, but what do you give 'em? Games! Sure the games are all right. But why do you leave 'em at that? You made every last one of them realize what a farce democracy was. Why didn't you follow through? Why don't you organize 'em to fight for relief? They would have fought. They will now. But first they've got to be organized. They've got to be shown how strong their numbers make 'em. Every time I think I'm getting any place you come along with one of your games. Jesus Christ, man! That's exactly what the bosses and charity-fakers in town want. To keep us amused. To dole out slop so's we won't ask for decent food. To keep us from uniting with the workers on the other side of the tracks. You've got the knack of enthusing people. Why don't you give me a hand in organizing 'em?"

"Hooey. You're always looking for a scrap. Why don't you go out and kick a cop in the shin?"

"That brand of humor would go great if I had a smoke." He passed me the makings. I nursed a handmade. Brickhouse shivered. I kept thinking that maybe I oughta get a couple of guys and run Brickhouse out of Hooverville. With his games out of the way we'd get some place. But he was a natural-born leader. We could go twice as fast with him on our side. What was holding him back? If I could figure that out—

"I'm freezing," said Brickhouse. "I combed the town for wood."

"Look," I said. "Where does the violence come in strikes? Do you hear of bosses getting killed, or workers? Cops or strikers? I told you about the Canton Commune. In 1927 the workers took over Canton, China, a city of about a million population. Only a couple of hundred were killed. When the Chinese bankers and warlords, with the help of the troops from the United States, England, France, Japan and Italy took it back they murdered tens of thousands of workers in cold blood. Where does the violence — Hey, am I talking to myself?"

"I'm freezing."

"Go to hell!"

We sat a little while in silence, then Brickhouse took the box from under me and broke it into little pieces. He fed these into a rickety stove, shivering over the fire like a kid. The wood gave out soon, leaving the room colder than ever. Brickhouse stood up.

"Danny," he said, "I read a piece in the paper today about

a road being built out of Merced to Yosemite. What do you say we try to make a job? I'll shiver to death if I stand still much longer."

"I gotta stick around and organize these guys," I replied. "They'll be here when we get back. C'mon."

I toyed with the idea. Of course, I should have been glad to see him go. We could get some place then. But I wasn't glad. And finally I decided to go with him, telling myself that he was a natural and that I couldn't let him get away, and knowing all the time that I would have a helluva time forgiving myself for walking out of Hooverville with nothing accomplished. Maybe I ought to explain that I was a field organizer for the Unemployed Council.

Brickhouse collected a pile of newspapers and we headed down toward the railroad yards. We just made the freight as it pulled out, heading north. Once inside a boxcar we closed the doors, stuffed our pants and shirts with newspapers, and after talking a little while, tried to sleep. The car should have been condemned years ago. Its insides were rotten, its wheels flat, and with every foot we moved we were incessantly bounced up and down like a mixed drink in the making. Our bones ached wherever they protruded to drum on the floor, hips, knees, toes, heels, chest, shoulders, head. After hitting a particularly bad stretch of track a pain slipped through my side that was sharper, even, than hunger. I got up.

"Take the jolt on the balls of your feet," Brickhouse advised. It was a little easier that way. I rolled another smoke. Brickhouse lay curled up in a corner, his body beating against the floor of the boxcar like hail. Finally, when I thought he had dropped off to sleep, he also rose, damning the cold, complaining that he had come to California to get away from it. In the morning, the bleak heartless morning, we rolled off at Modesto. At noon we located a lunch room that allowed us to wash a mountain of dishes in return for something hot to eat, and towards evening we grabbed a "hotshot" for Yosemite. About a dozen miles up in the foothills the train halted to ease a hotbox, and the brakie, wielding his iron rod, discovered and booted us away toward the road. We began to walk. With nightfall the cold scraped at our bones.

We returned to Hooverville the following evening. The

road gang had been filled, and the journey back was replete with hunger and miserable chills. At the edge of the city dump Brickhouse paused. "Say," he chattered, "that shack I built is mine, ain't it?"

"Sure," I said, "but you can't eat it."

"I can keep warm!" He got some papers, laid them around the corners inside the shack and put a match to them. Then we went outside. In a few moments the shack was in flames. All of Hooverville came running. One fellow carried a pail of water.

"What's the matter?" somebody asked.

"I'm cold," said Brickhouse. "Hey," he yelled to the guy with the water, "what the hell do you want to do, put the fire out?" A siren screamed and a fire truck came rumbling down the city streets toward the dump. "I hadn't counted on that," murmured Brickhouse.

"What are you gonna do?"

Some firemen came dashing toward us with a couple of extinguishers. Brickhouse ran up and grabbed one of them. "It's my place," he yelled.

"Get out of my way!"

"But I want it to burn. I'm cold."

"You're nuts," the fireman shouted. They began to struggle. Somehow I got involved and before we could turn around a couple of cops got us. Brickhouse had been smashed over the head with a billy. The blood ran down on his face and into his mouth. At the police station we were charged and thrown into the bull-pen. We sat down on a bench.

"It's not bad," said Brickhouse slowly.

"What's not bad?"

He grinned. "The blood." He licked it away from his lips. "Would you believe it," he continued, "me knocking around for years, working all make of jobs and this the first beef I've been in?" A note of humorous incredulity crept into his voice.

"Oh." I began to see something. "Got some makings?" I stalled.

He passed me the limp sack. "Say," the abashed grin was still with him, "what was that stuff you were giving me about violence? I never really listened before."

+

DECODING THE HEARST PAPERS

BY PHILEMON CASSIDY

IN THESE days of unutterable confusion the reader of the Hearst newspapers is likely to be the most confused of all persons. This is unfortunate, too, for there is a certain rhythm of purpose running steadily through what seems on the surface to be a chaos of contrapuntal asininities, paradoxes and gorgeous doses of whangdoodle.

Mr. Hearst and his editors have lived so long in the sound and fury of their own creation that it no longer signifies to them what it does to their readers—nothing. For them it has a definite meaning; they know the code. Why each Hearst

paper does not devote at least one page of its voluminous space to the key by which readers might understand the other pages is something of a mystery. There are wags who say that the Sultan of San Simeon is going in strongly for puzzles in his dotage, but of course that's just idle gossip.

Since my purpose is to give Mr. Hearst more circulation by making his journalistic monkeyshines more intelligible to the masses, the following code for reading his gazettes is hereby offered.

POLITICS—Wherever the word "communism" is en-

countered in the Hearst papers, the reader will find himself much enlightened if he substitutes the words "income and inheritance tax". These are far more anathematic to Mr. Hearst than is the most scarlet banner ever unfurled to the breeze. His procedure is something like this; to build up a tremendous fear of communism in the mass mind, and then when a government attempts to tax his income or estates, brand it as communist and defeat it. There is a second reason, too, why Mr. Hearst enjoys denouncing communism. He is getting weary of a "democratic" state in which some senator is always kicking over the traces and attempting to interfere with some of his many businesses. He is beginning to prefer the fascist kind of government—one you can depend upon to perform properly without being continually watched. He hopes some time to use his communist bogey man to scare the masses into accepting fascism. (Of course, he doesn't really know enough about communism to realize what a menace it is to him in the long run—and besides he doesn't expect to live forever, anyway.)

MORALS—(a) *Horse racing*. When the Hearst papers first discovered that the return of the tracks would wreck the nation's morals, people wondered. They didn't know, of course, that certain American millionaires (among whom there might have been a publisher or two) owned valuable racing interests in Mexico, and, like the patriots they are, resented competition within the States. (b) *Dog racing*. Mr. Hearst's good friend, Louis B. Mayer, pointed out that people could not be at the puppy tracks and at the same moment be in film parlors emoting with Marion Davies. So the moral crusade against the dog tracks began. (c) *Motion Pictures*. Junior, if you ask me that question again, I'll slap you down!

WAR AND PEACE—Mr. Hearst hasn't started a man-sized war since the Spanish-American, and that wasn't much of a show. He missed out on the World War by guessing wrong about America. He didn't realize we'd get in until it was too late. This irks him. He'd really like to be maestro of a first rate gas-and-gouge circus. You know—one he could really call his own.

AVIATION—When Mr. Brisbane observes, from his railroad car window passing through Sheepdip, N. M., that the Jap planes will swarm over us some day if we don't build two for their every one, the reader naturally wonders. Mr. B. doesn't ever ride in planes; you couldn't get him into one of them new-fangled contraptions with a derrick. But there's money to be made in airplane stock if you can create a market for flaming coffins for rosy-cheeked youths to ride to death in.

LABOR—When Mr. Hearst editorializes his alarm that the Newspaper Guild seeks to interfere with the "freedom of the press", strike out the word freedom and substitute the word "profits". In last summer's items about the waterfront strike the name of Harry Bridges was always followed by the word "alien". Those who knew Bridges was an American citizen and San Francisco property owner were puzzled. They did not know the code for "alien", which is "incorruptible". When he speaks of "moderate" or "sensible" labor leaders, substitute "approachable" for either adjective.

WHIFFLE—When you see a three-column spread wherein the ubiquitous Annie Laurie writes something like: "Well, well, so the foreign radical who couldn't stand his own country and who came to our America because it is the grandest, duckiest, dandiest freest country in this nice old world, is complaining again. He doesn't like our America, this foreign radical doesn't, he doesn't. Dearie me, he doesn't like it a bit

and he goes around bothering nice, busy people like you and me and telling us he doesn't like it. We're pretty patient folks, you and I—ain't we? Patient and nice and folksy. But honest now, don't you think it's high time you and me and cute old Mrs. Thistlebottom, over there knitting before her window and looking out over her snug little garden with the neatly trimmed cauliflower hedges—let's see; what the hell was I talking about?—oh yes, don't you think I and you and her ought to toss our crocheting aside and stand right up like the good Americans we are and tell this foreign radical that if he doesn't like our nice free and easy America he can just go right back where he came from—the old meany. Don't you, now—don't you?"

—when you read this, don't go home and cry yourself to sleep. Just remember how much fun Annie Laurie would be if she could draw instead of write. Think of the position she would occupy on one of the 67—or is it 96?—Sunday color comic pages.



CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL

BY RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

AT THE Carnegie International, now on exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Art, the surprise of the French collection was, to me, the excellence of a flower-piece by Segonzac, who is ordinarily a painter who inspires in me little enthusiasm, and only a mild interest. The "Flowers" is, however, a canvas rich in a reality that the painting of the Academy never achieves: it has ensnared light itself, not merely reproduced the quality of light on objects; it has captured the very smell of earth. It seems far richer in excellence than the Derain roses awarded the Garden Club prize. Satisfying as that canvas is, it seems, however, to have no more, even perhaps a trifle less, to commend it than the Vlaminck bouquet hung near to it.

That poet of the objective world, that troubadour of *chateaux*, chestnuts, ears of wheat, watch-chains, stalks of asparagus; of bows of ribbon, locks of hair, interminable sea and vast heights of air, Pierre Roy—to whom the young Surrealist painters owe much—shows two charming canvases, the one only a trifle less charming than the other.

Of two Picassos, "The Letter", which dates from 1923, has become so familiar, from its frequent appearance in exhibitions, that one wonders at its inclusion in an international exhibition of 1934. It is, however, to be included in the list of Picasso's finest works: the "Family of Mountebanks", the "Lovers", the "Woman with Loaves of Bread", "La Toilette", and, of the "pink" period, the one canvas that seems incomparably Picasso's greatest, the "Woman with a Fan". Accompanying it is an abstract still life of more recent date, "abstract" in that it is not "realist", yet far removed from the abstracts of Picasso's period of preoccupation with texture, less violent for all its force than the abstract of that truly horrible period of preoccupation with bones, a period which for a time seemed the *denouement* of his researches, the collapse of a psyche. Of the two canvases by Matisse, one is ill-shapen,

lacking in balance; the other no more than an acceptable work from a painter capable of greater. A fine Dufy, a Laurencin as it were "off the bolt", a Monvel which again impresses one with Monvel's cold intellect and the exact mathematical method of his composition and division of space; an inferior Gromaire, a fine Oudot, a charming Alix, a pleasant Branchon, a Vuillard far superior to the one of the previous collection, a superior Waroquier Venetian canvas, fine Utrillo, fine Signac (Signac again paints light itself, not objects in light)—these are what one expects to find, and does find. As the Deutsch affords a real excitement in the American collection, the Segonzac affords—in that it is a rarely fine painting from a minor master of the period—that excitement in the French.

The Italian section affords little surprise. The Chirico, from the Bernheim collection, is characteristic rather than surprising. It establishes, in this collection, the supremacy of Chirico among Italian painters, but it nowise excites greater enthusiasm for Chirico than one already felt. Nevertheless, one does not belittle him: Chirico's is a profound approach. He is a composer of jeremiads. What his paintings do not say, like "Hamlet", one must remember: what they do say is at once an objective statement of the values of our times and a subjective criticism of human beings. Among painters, Chirico is a poet, yet he is nothing of the "literary" painter. He paints from his heart, not his eye.

Compared with Chirico, Severini is a decorator of canvas; Casorati, chic; and Gaudenzi only possessed of even a remote echo of poetry. Apart from these, the Italian section chiefly reflects the style of the Academy at Rome, that "fine" paint-

ing which is the earmark of the second-rate painter.

Of the Russian painters, Deineka, whose "Girl on Balcony" came off with Honorable Mention, is unquestionably the most interesting. The Russian collection is curious in that so much of the painting of the Imperial academy remains. Except for Deineka, it is without resourcefulness.

The Polish collection as a whole is superior to the Russian, even though it lacks a Deineka. The Cybis "Nativity at Lowicz", at once nineteenth century in style and curiously modern in its emotional quality, seems of the most interest. Only the Malczewski approaches to its interest, a lyric and a somber landscape. It is to be expected, however, that neither will be so popular as Borowski's "Youth".

The vulgarity of the Per Krogh "Victory and Defeat", reminiscent of the third-rate talents of the Independents, almost eclipses the quiet and certain effect of a really interesting landscape by Johanson-Thor, and the finest painting in that section devoted to Norway and Sweden, a Lund, subtle and sure. Otherwise, the section is without interest. And in the Austrian section, there is not even exceptional vulgarity to emphasize the single canvas of even small significance, a portrait by Sergius Pauser.

The Belgian collection is interesting first because it is definitely rooted in a Belgian, rather than a Flemish, tradition. That this is true is apparent in the fine triptych, "Descent from the Cross", by Anto-Carte, the presence for which in an international exhibition it is not difficult to comprehend. Belgian painting, like Spanish painting, and like the inferior English painting, is definitely national in tradition.



TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

CHAPTER THREE

THIS properly begins a new chapter. It would begin a new chapter in any newspaperman's life, and has begun one in many. It marks the period when I started to write a column. From early childhood I had been a rhyme-ster. Rhythm and rhyme came natural to me. As I grew up it fell to me to write jingles for my friends to accompany Christmas and birthday gifts, and after my older sister died I was pressed into service in my home. During her life, however, I was considered a sorry poet; she did it so much better than I. But outside the family, in my various and sundry groups of friends and acquaintances, I ranked high as a producer of what was loosely, very loosely, termed poetry. There may be poetry in my soul, because I love and appreciate it, but as a creator of it—well, my stuff rhymes and the meter will stand scanning—otherwise it's pretty much tripe.

However, it did for a column in a daily newspaper, especially a daily newspaper in a city that could claim little distinction beyond being a dairy products center and the

Stanislaus County seat. There weren't a great many people in Modesto who knew the difference between what I wrote and the art of the Messrs. Keats and Shelley. In fact, there were many, I am sure, who considered mine the better stuff. I know of one woman, apparently intelligent and reasonably well educated, who made a special trip to the Modesto Herald office to inform me that a rhymed effusion of mine that morning had found a place in her cherished scrapbook. I inferred from what she said that only the work of the masters went between those covers. I was probably inordinately pleased and probably, too, doubled up on my verse for next day's paper.

My column in the Herald was called "A Little Something for Breakfast" and I remember that I wrote out the title in my far from Spencerian hand and had a line cut made of it. This was an original touch that pleased me—also inordinately, I suspect.

I suppose I used the column to make prose and prosaic comments on current local affairs, but it was principally verse.

At that time columns were almost entirely verse. The light tongue-in-cheek comments were permitted only to the editorial writer.

It might not be entirely out of order to give you an idea of my poetic abilities. I do this not in pride, but in a certain shame, believing that my transgressions against common decency belong in this story as well as the transgressions of others up to which I am working.

About this time—it was 1910—righteous indignation was being aroused by a new form of dance that provided close physical contact on the part of dancers rather than the stand-off and merely survey-and-long-for figures of the sedate waltz and the schottische. It was called ragging and they were doing it everywhere. In the majority of places they were doing it against the law, and behind barred doors. The police were continually raiding what had previously been perfectly proper social halls because the germ of the rag had found its way there. In the less delectable establishments signs were stuck about on the walls: "No Ragging", "Dancing with Heads Together Prohibited"; "Ordinance No. So-and-So Prohibits the Rag", etc.

That, of course, made the best people take it up and, as with most things the best people take up, it not only became the fashion to rag, but quite the thing to defy the police, the authorities and the constitution in doing so. It wouldn't have been nearly so much fun; not half so exciting, if it were within the law—nothing is.

Always an iconoclast I favored breaking the law because I contended that the law wouldn't stop it and the law merely encouraged it. Why shouldn't they rag if they wanted to, in the open; they would behind locked doors anyway. It was all very silly, the ragging as well as the law against it. So I burst forth in poetry about it. I remember the refrain for a poetic announcement that San Francisco was insisting on ragging here, there and everywhere, ran like this:

*It takes some brains to rag
Grey stuff to do the swag;
You can't put class in it
Unless you think a bit.
Go take a college course;
Go at the thing with force—
No common vag
Can do the rag.*

Pretty terrible stuff, eh? But it went over big. There were two or three other verses for which this was chorus. A woman in Ceres, who belonged to the Methodist church, wrote me an indignant letter about it. As a matter of fact, most of the letters I received were indignant, but none of them cast aspersions on the high class of my stuff from a poetic standpoint. It was the themes that annoyed people, and the stands I took. I find that situation follows me through life.

My actual job on the *Herald*, the one I was paid for (a man is rarely paid for his first column; he generally does it for his own amazement) was the dog-watch on the *Herald*. That meant that I went to work about 9 o'clock in the evening and stayed on after the rest of the staff went home about 11 o'clock. I had to stick until 2 o'clock in case a president was assassinated or a ship sunk and the Associated Press saw fit to telephone us a flash on it.

One of the most exciting little incidents of my dog-watch service came with a local happening—the death of one of the town's most prominent bankers. He had been dying for weeks, it seemed, and we had his obituary all in type—all that was necessary was a paragraph lead reading: "John Brown,

president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, died at 1:30 a.m. today at the Modesto Hospital." The rest of the column or two of type told in detail all about his life since he had come to Modesto as a boy and worked his way up from sweeping dust out of the bank to sweeping dollars into it.

By midnight on any week-night I and my linotype operator, the pressman and one girl in the telephone exchange a block away were the only persons awake in Modesto. That is, all in the downtown section. My bank president, dying, might be called awake, and on this particular night, the bank president's wife at his bedside, the hospital nurse and the doctor were certainly awake.

For two weeks I had been warned to "watch Brown". That wasn't his name, I don't remember it, but that will suffice. It is curious, you might say, that I do remember the lone telephone girl's name—it was Pearl. "Watching Brown" meant ringing the hospital every half hour during the night, and I had been doing this so long and so persistently for a week or more that this night I fell down on the job through sheer boredom. At about midnight the telephone bell rang. When I answered it a feminine voice, Pearl's, said, "Listen, and keep still." I did, and I heard the wife of the banker say to her brother: "You'd better come, John's sinking fast."

That pepped me up and I sat close to the phone. The next time it rang I took off the receiver noiselessly. I heard: "Henry, hurry, John is going." I hung up as noiselessly. Fifteen minutes later again: "Henry, haven't you left yet? John's almost gone." And that thing kept up for almost two hours. I don't know what was the matter with Henry. He may have tried at some time to borrow money from John and didn't get it and wasn't going to show his sorrow at his passing by being at his bedside. At 1:45, ten minutes before press time, the voice of Mrs. Brown said chokingly, "Henry, John can't live five minutes, the doctor says." The voice of the pressman, also chokingly, but not for the same reason, demanded to know if I thought the damned paper was a weekly. I begged for a minute or two. The next call was: "Henry, won't you come?" Then I wrote my paragraph lead. The clock said 1:52. I made the time of death 1:55 and shot the copy out to the linotype operator. Then, with my eyes on the clock, I held the receiver at my ear and listened. And this I swear, by all the gods, at exactly 1:55:15 I heard Henry's "Hello" and a voice, hardly articulate: "John's gone."

My finger pressed down the receiver hook and in the loudest hog-call I could muster I yelled in the direction of the press room: "Let her go!"

Then, very matter of fact, I called the Modesto Hospital and said: "This is the *Herald*, could you give me any information about Mr. Brown's condition?" The answer was: "Mr. Brown died at 1:55 o'clock."

Little business of protecting the telephone girl.

What a laugh that is, say the veterans who have done Richard Harding Davis stunts at press time—on shipwrecks, naval battles, airplane disasters and the like. Oh, yeah? Well, I was 23 years old and you fellers haven't anything in your damned careers more exciting than that.

Then I fell on evil days and evil ways. Loosely translating Byron:

*In sooth, I was a shameless wight,
Much given to follow an ungodly glee;
Who vexed the tranquil ear of night
With drunkenness and revelry.*

Which got me nowhere but out of a job.

(To be continued)

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

A RECORD of a *Hungarian Dance* by Brahms, played and recorded by the composer in 1889, has been unearthed in a private collection by Fritz Bosc, director of musical research in Berlin. The record is, of course, of the old cylindrical type. It was made under Edison's direction in Vienna. Thanks to contemporary technic, this recording can be transferred successfully to the ordinary sort of disc. This is being done, but it is improbable that the resulting record will be released to the public, as the object of the bureau of musical research is not a commercial one.

ALIX MARUCHESS, distinguished performer on the viola d'amore, is to be presented by the Denny-Watrous Gallery tomorrow evening, April 6, in Carmel. Her recent sonata recital with Margaret Tilly in San Francisco was enthusiastically received and her program here with Ralph Linsley a year ago, when she played one of the Hindemith viola sonatas, is still remembered with pleasure. The viola d'amore has a special sort of magic unlike any other instrument, and it makes a happy combination on a program with the viola.

MUSICAL COURIER reprints this week a letter from M. K. Von Meck, (addressed to *Posledny Novosti*, a Russian newspaper appearing in Paris) which throws a revealing light upon Mme. Von Meck's long and intimate friendship with Tchaikovsky. The first volume of the correspondence between these two close friends who never met has just been published. This correspondence was in the hands of M. K. Von Meck's brother in Moscow, and it is supposed his death during the revolution was due to his refusal to surrender these and other letters.

M. K. Von Meck writes as follows:

"To the Editor of *Posledny Novosti*: Allow me, as the only surviving son of H. Von Meck, to supplement the article of P. Slovtsof in your issue No. 4,732 with a few elucidations.

"My mother, herself a most excellent musician and passionately devoted to music, had from her youth acted as the patron of many musicians, some of whom then were or were to become famous.

"I have seen in our home Rubinstein, who came sometimes on Sundays to play to us; Wieniawski, who died in our house in Moscow; Debussy, who stayed three years in our family but never acknowledged it later; Liszt, who gave me piano lessons with Debussy at 100 marks a lesson; Sarasate, to whom my mother gave one of the three Stradivarius violins purchased by my uncle at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 (the second was given by her to Wieniawski and the third was lost in the Bolshevik upheaval); finally, Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, whom I knew personally but who never came to our house on account of his peculiar relations with my mother.

"Once only, in 1883 if I am not mistaken, I saw him in our house. Just as I was leaving the door, Peter Ilyitch rang the bell and was admitted by the valet. I greeted him and in response to my inquiry as to the object of his visit, he said

that he had brought a score for my mother to examine. I suggested that he should go up to the drawing-room and give it to my mother himself, but he refused and said that he would wait below while I took the packet up. Just as I was ascending the staircase my mother appeared above and asked me who was below. I replied: 'Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky.' At that moment the composer recognized that it was my mother, and having hastily glanced at each other, they both blushed like children and my mother quickly retreated into an inner chamber . . ." The writer goes on to explain that his mother's reasons for maintaining her friend at a distance were twofold: first, she was reluctant to risk acquaintance with her idol's possible clay feet, and second, she thereby avoided all possibility of the gossip among her friends and relatives which would perforce have broken out had she received the composer at the beginning of their acquaintance, in the first days of her widowhood.

"Regarding a second question often raised in the press as to the reason for which my mother in 1889 (if I am not mistaken) suddenly stopped the allowance she had begun to send Tchaikovsky in his needy days: it was due to the intervention of my uncle, who managed all our family affairs. He pointed out to her that it was not wise to continue sending such considerable subsidies to Tchaikovsky alone at a time when she had ten children of her own and an increasing number of persons to whom she was giving assistance. My uncle pointed out that Tchaikovsky, then celebrated, was earning amply sufficient for his maintenance and no longer needed her help.

"I am using this opportunity to communicate a detail concerning the discovery made last year of a second symphony by Debussy. This symphony was written at the time Debussy was living in our home and at his request was transmitted by my mother to Tchaikovsky for examination. The Russian master found it of little interest and gave it but scant approbation, something which much displeased Debussy, at that time already exceedingly vain. He gave the score to another among my mother's intimates, whence from hand to hand it must finally have found its way to the Moscow market where it was discovered a short while since."

M. K. Von Meck



CAROLINE CONVICTED

I MET you, Caroline, when days were stark
With lengthening shadows of impending doom.
Before you prison walls were making room
To hold you from the fields that men will mark
With blazing stones of glory when they hark
To story-tellers in an evening's gloom
Reciting how you braved a living tomb
To lift the workers from the awful dark.

I saw you, Caroline, with whitened face
Lit by the light of hope no dark could quench,
And in that room were those to take your place
If prison doors should shut you in the stench
Of twisted lives distorted by the greed
Of men who hate you for a noble deed.

—RAY N. STUDD

BOOKS

SHOWING US THE CLOUD

FATHERLAND, by Karl Billinger. Foreword by Lincoln Steffens. (Farrar & Rinehart) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

KARL BILLINGER has written a powerful document which will change the ideas of a good many of our generation. We who have wrestled so aimlessly and endlessly, tortured and exasperated to the point of despair, insistent on retaining our "intellectual integrity", find our problems pale into insignificance, as they did for the student Michaelis in this story, as we follow Billinger's experiences. He makes it clear that we cannot wait until we have gotten everything "right" before we act; the social forces bearing down upon us to deny all thinking move too rapidly. As Michaelis confesses: "My personality, my individuality is of secondary importance . . . Well enough—if it can be turned into account—otherwise, an ornament, a caprice." The road of Billinger is the road to the left and it is the only way open to us, as Lincoln Steffens points out in his clear and courageous foreword, if we want to preserve those things in life we care about.

This is the story, smuggled chapter by chapter to America, of a German Communist who came to know what fascism means in terms of human degradation. It has put in intimate personal form those aspects of the Nazi regime which academic studies could never convey. It has filled with vivid meaning our protests against that regime. Yet it is not simply a tale of atrocities—though there is a ghastly recital of torture, beatings and sadistic brutalities gleefully visited upon defenseless people—nor is it a tale of despair or grief alone. It reveals the quiet dignity of a man who could suffer and endure the rackings of Columbia House and a concentration camp because of one thing—because he knew that in his fatherland and throughout the world there were others doggedly driving toward his goal—a social order in which human beings can live humanly.

In concrete, unornamented, restrained tones—"tight-lipped" is the word Steffens uses—Billinger tells of his underground activities, his fatalistic reception of his arrest, the physical humiliations he was subjected to because he wanted a new society, and his stubborn maintaining of morale in the gruesome prison. Where others broke or were driven to suicide under the strain, he and his comrades held fast. He gives an unforgettable sketch of two Jews, given rods and told to beat one another—while Storm Troopers, laughing bestially, belabor their backs and heads with steel whips and call out the whole camp to watch. The elder Jew is suddenly seized by an insane frenzy and falls upon the younger, a doctor. Deathly white, the younger one stands unmoving as the blows rain on him back and front, until he drops unconscious. Billinger shows the effect, even on the enemy, of such steadfastness. Conversations with the guards show the growing disillusionment of *der Fuehrer's* followers as they are made more and more aware in whose interests Hitler operates and as they become gradually satiated with their own sadism.

Billinger was included in Goering's general amnesty. Aware that further work for communism will mean more torture, ending in certain death, he has neither rested nor sunk into apathy, nor does he wait for any "inevitable collapse" of

Nazi-dom. He has gone back to work for his underground party. The scientific faith in a new world which communism seems to give its followers endows this book with an heroic nobility in our fast disintegrating, ignoble world.

While only an unadorned account of some events in Germany in 1933 and 1934, this book presents the eternal dignity of the human spirit in the face of terror, horror and shame as the Greek dramatists did. To miss it is to miss one of the great documents of our age.

NATURE OF CAPITALIST CRISIS

THE NATURE OF CAPITALIST CRISIS, by John Strachey. (Covici-Friede) \$3.50

(Reviewed by R. A. Kocher)

THIS book is a critical analysis of underlying economic forces in the present world. It may seem of chief interest to political economists; but today all thinking men and women must know something of these forces to be able to direct their own lives; for, as this author points out, our activities are profoundly affected by our economic convictions.

The book is a cold dissection by an anatomist who knows his anatomy, and who uses sharp instruments. No soap-boxing here; no appeal to emotions; no catch phrases—but cold dissection with the tissues spread out for close scrutiny. The book "compares and contrasts the principal existing explanations of the occurrence of economic crises, submits and rejects all except one of these explanations; and finally offers certain remarks upon the significance for practice of this latter explanation". This explanation offered by Strachey as the one to save civilization from barbarism is the scientific system of Karl Marx.

The present crisis, says Strachey, is one of many, recurring at fairly regular cycles of ten years each. Such crises are inherent in the capitalist system, not accidental.

The author examines current popular theories of crises; first, Social Credit as expounded by C. H. Douglas. He calls Douglas' views "wishful thinking", but gives social creditors praise for emphasis on the master paradox and master tragedy of the age—dire want in the presence of plenty.

Strachey next takes up the theories of the professional economists as exemplified by their chief spokesmen, J. A. Hobson, Irving Fisher, Dr. Hayek, etc. He attacks Fisher's theory of "gearing money to production", i.e. stabilization of price level by issue of more money (inflation), as the specific against crises, and calls Irving Fisher the "grandfather of the New Deal", since his policies are being applied by the Roosevelt administration.

Most professional economists have nothing at all to say about crises, Strachey claims. Their analyses deal with states of equilibrium, i.e. where no unused resources exist. The occurrence of crises, if mentioned at all, are "made to fulfil the role played in antiquity by the seven plagues of Egypt. As then the plagues fell upon Pharaoh because of his disregard for the prophecies of Joseph, so now the plague of the crises falls upon the capitalist world because of its disregard of the advice of the professors". Most capitalist economists maintain that there is nothing in the nature of capitalism which makes the cycle of boom, crisis, depression, recovery, boom, crisis, inevitable. It is only the failure of the statesmen and businessmen to listen to the professors!

Some economists have set up a special department of economics to explain crises under the general head of the "mon-

etary theory". Chief exponents of the monetary theory are J. M. Keynes in England, and Dr. Hayek in Germany.

This school attributes crises to exactly the opposite causes to those of the "under-consumptionists"—Hobson, Professor Fisher. The under-consumptionists think we save too much; the monetary theorists think we save too little. The under-consumptionists think the financial authorities issue too little money; this school thinks they issue too much. The former accuse the bankers of ruining us by inflation. Dr. Hayek considers that "any recovery which is assisted by an increase in the circulation of money, as recoveries always are, must sooner or later result in a boom and then a crash." Strachey concludes: "All experience shows that the recovery and the subsequent boom do go on so long as ever-renewed doses of new money are enabling this to happen. But each dose of new money must be larger than the preceding one."

The application of Dr. Hayek's reasoning to the New Deal shows that its real character is to restore the rate of profit of American industry. According to Dr. Hayek, the New Deal is bound to lead to further catastrophe.

So much for comparison of the two main lines of policy advocated by capitalist economists for the prevention and cure of crises. Both are based firmly on the assumption that under our present system a restoration of the rate of profit is an absolute pre-requisite to recovery.

Strachey then shows that this necessity of capital to produce profits logically and inevitably leads either (1) to a continuously and enormously enlarged means of production, but without any increase in consumable commodities or (2) if it relents for a moment to increase in actual production, it becomes involved in crises, falling profits and chronic unemployment. "We need a new set of economic categories and concepts," is Strachey's conclusion.

He next traces historically changing economic concepts over the past hundred years with coming of industrialization—"a creeping paralysis has pervaded every limb of capitalist economics until today total impotence has overcome the science". He traces this disease to its source in the abandonment of an objective theory of value. He now examines the grounds on which the labor theory of value was rejected. It was abandoned because of its inability, in the form in which it was then enunciated, to account for profit. Marx discovered the solution to the problem through a new conception of the labor theory of value; "his analysis alone enables us to understand how to change our social relations in such a way as to make our new powers of production into our servants instead of into our devastating masters".

The remainder of the book develops the application of Marxist theories, showing that in a capitalist state, (1) recurring crises are inevitable; (2) wars are unavoidable; (3) fascism with resulting barbarism and brutal chaos are its last stand. But is a continuance of the capitalist state inevitable? "Fortunately, this is only a bad dream born of stupefaction produced by the inability of even the best contemporary thinkers to advance an inch beyond either a complacent or a despairing liberalism."

This book should be of burning interest to all thinking persons who are not content to sit and wring their hands in impotent despair over existing economic chaos. The style is clear and readable.

A PROBLEM AVOIDED

SEX IN PRISON, by Joseph F. Fishman. (National Library Press) \$3

(Reviewed by Dr. Herman de Fremery)

WE have complete files of the *Prison Journal* going back to 1845," wrote the secretary of the Pennsylvania Prison Society, "but so far as I know, any discussion of sex problems in prison has been successfully avoided." The outstanding organization of penologists, the American Prison Association, reports the author, seems never to have allowed the topic of sex in prison to be openly discussed at any of its meetings. Out of this silence encircling the subject comes Fishman's revealing book.

If the sex urge is an imperious impulse whose denial is distressing and warping in adults who live a free, varied, and active life, what of it in prisoners? The writer describes the ravages, physical, emotional and social, caused by the deprivation of adequate sex expression in men and women who are leading for periods of years, the lives of prisoners, lives of monstrous monotony and destructive inactivity.

The real and sufficient punishment of prisoners is imprisonment: the horror of confinement and loss of liberty. To this should not be added the torments of prolonged sex denial when it is possible to arrange for socially approved forms of sex life, at least in a great many instances. Such is the author's position.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the report of what prisoners do about sex, to the problems raised by homosexual and masturbational habits, and to the reciprocal effects of the sex side of nature and prison discipline and the prison way-of-life.

"What can Society do about Sex in Prison?" asks Fishman in his last chapter. He replies by pointing with approval to Salvador, whose prisoners are allowed to receive a weekly visit, of one hour's duration, from their wives. A score of private rooms are set apart in the penitentiary for this purpose. And to Russia where prisoners who can be so trusted are allowed twelve monthly visits to their homes, on the Soviet theory that family life is one of the greatest incentives to the prisoner for wanting to go straight, and so is encouraged in every way.

The problem of sex in prison, however, is one with the problems of recreation in prison, of work in prison, of the treatment of prisoners in every detail: shall their mode of life impose unnecessary suffering upon them and develop fixed anti-social attitudes, or shall it prepare them for well-adjusted and worthwhile social lives?

Joseph Fishman has had a long and varied career in penology, beginning as the first Inspector of Federal Prisons. He knows American prisons as few others do.

WE CAN LIVE LONGER

FOOD AND HEALTH, by Henry C. Sherman. (The Macmillan Co.) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Fern McGrath)

ENOUGH facts are available to convince nutritionists that with the proper diet man can live longer and also on a higher plane of positive health, efficiency and happiness throughout life. Through the intelligent use of the guidance which science offers, it is possible to build up higher degrees of positive health—"buoyant" as distinguished from merely

"passable" health. This new conception of health is that health is more than merely freedom from disease; its impairment may often be due to shortages of elusive beneficial substances, vitamins and mineral elements, which reach us through certain foods. Dr. Sherman shows what these substances are and in what foods they are to be found. He urges the larger use of the "protective" foods, which are milk and its products, eggs, and fruits and vegetables, to insure against subtle nutritional deficiencies and to increase the ability to resist infection.

The book discusses the energy needs of the body and the carbohydrates and fats which principally supply this energy. A briefer discussion treats of the proteins and their tissue building function. Dr. Sherman gives several chapters to the consideration of the place in the dietary of the principal articles of food: the grain products; sugars and sweets; milk, cream and cheese; butter and other fats; eggs; meat, fish and poultry; and the fruits and vegetables. The great importance of the mineral salts and vitamins is stressed again and again, and convenient tables are given showing their sources.

The author is professor of nutritional chemistry at Columbia University and one of America's foremost authorities on the science of food. The book is written for the educated layman and is highly recommended as a guide to well-balanced judgments in the daily choice and use of food.

CORRESPONDENCE

OBJECTS TO BARAS' REPORT

Editor, Pacific Weekly

Sir:

As the publicity woman who was naive enough to extend the hospitality of the Jackson mine strikers to Joseph Baras and his little group of campus truth seekers, I feel that it is only fair that I be allowed to correct some of the impressions which Mr. Baras gathered in his one day investigation.

From their questioning it was very plain that these students had come to Jackson with very fixed ideas on the dark ways of the A. F. of L. and its leaders. It was not our purpose to barter our hospitality for A. F. of L. propaganda, in fact we directed the young people to sources of information that were unfriendly to us so that they might form their own conclusions. For that reason I was very much disappointed to see that Mr. Baras' findings were twisted in to fit with his prejudices.

No reporter picking out the highlights of the situation would have left out the fact that these strikers, for the past six months, have been fed by money sent into Jackson every week by the State Federation of Labor and by union locals in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton and elsewhere in California, whereas outside assistance has taken the form of immature solate from a group of sophomores and economic majors.

Another item which only a writer with a fixed premise in his mind would have left out is that the SERA has been furnishing several days' work every month to the strikers.

The attack on Vandeleur, Casey and Kidwell was most ungallant and follows the line of prejudiced reasoning shown elsewhere. These men did not come to Jackson out of a seminar in advanced economics, although I assure you that they could contribute much valuable and original thinking to such

a seminar. They are a street car conductor, a bakery wagon driver and a milk wagon driver respectively, whose long experience in strikes gives them some understanding of strike psychology and tactics. All of them have given a life time of service to union workers and they have a record of successful strikes to their credit. I think that they would like it understood that they are primarily interested in helping workers gain their immediate demands right now, and so they are to be pardoned if their vision is limited to the winning of this particular strike instead of looking past the horizon to the millenium.

In quoting excerpts from the speeches which these men made at the Miners' meeting in Jackson, Mr. Baras selects those which are suited to his purpose. The meeting was primarily a rally to raise the morale of the men and their families so that they would continue with the fight. Watching the results for the next few weeks, I would say that the words of the labor leaders were far more effective than the excursion into sociology into which the students' speaker led the strikers.

When Mr. Kidwell is quoted as saying that he would, in effect, bribe the strikers with 500 loaves of bread a day if they would use no direct action, Mr. Baras' wish is again parent to the thought. It is his conception of what the "well paid" labor leader should say.

It is true that all the speakers urged the strikers to pay no attention to the vigilantes. This is pointed out, I suppose, to show that the leaders were not doing their share to foment a class war, thereby having everyone thrown into jail with the strike shot to pieces. Those who have worked with these three men feel that they have a good, practical grasp of labor problems. The fact that they have stayed within their own field, untroubled by messianic urges, makes knaves and fakers of them.

As a matter of fact, if these men had stayed in San Francisco, leaving the strikers to their own devices and to the mercies of helpless theorists they would not have laid themselves open to this attack. Mr. Kidwell and Mr. Casey could have excused themselves from showing any interest in the issue on the grounds that it does not in any way concern the bakery wagon drivers or the milk wagon drivers of San Francisco. In the week that the students made their junket to Amador county, Mr. Vandeleur had been there three times. I know of no other organization, one tenth the size and extent of the State Federation of Labor, where a small and isolated unit receives the personal attention of its chief executive.

San Francisco

Milla Zenovich Logan

DEFENDS HIS INFERENCES

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Because of the lack of space in my previous article on the Jackson mine strike, I was unable to treat the subject of the leadership of Messrs. Vandeleur, Kidwell, and Casey as fully as it deserved. Since the issue has been raised, I shall explain why I reached the conclusions which I merely sketched previously.

In the first place, I did not go to Jackson with a closed mind regarding the leadership of the A. F. of L. What lack of faith I did have came from following the policy of the Vandeleur-Casey-Kidwell leadership during the waterfront strike last summer. This impression was strengthened when Vandeleur refused to let the San Francisco Labor Council even consider a motion to support the united front against the Criminal Syndicalism Law.

I certainly did not intend to minimize the contributions of

the A. F. of L. locals, and I admit that they helped the miners to get SERA funds, but I did resent the manner in which Vandeleur and Kidwell took upon themselves personally the credit for this support.

If Vandeleur and Kidwell are respectively a street car conductor and a bakery wagon driver, it could never have been guessed from their condescending attitude toward their "fellow workers" at the union meeting we attended. I am glad to see that Miss Logan admits the correctness of our quotations, even though she does complain that they are selected. If the PACIFIC WEEKLY had been able to run the full stenographic report of the speeches, it would have revealed further examples of demagoguery.

In criticizing the speakers for insisting that the strikers not interfere with the scabs and vigilantes, I do not see that I am urging class war. Nor do I feel that the leaders of the longshoremen were advocating class war in the waterfront strike, though apparently Vandeleur and Kidwell thought so. Since the vigilantes will be one of the decisive factors in the success or failure of the strike, it is almost treason to the interests of the strikers to urge that they be ignored.

Mr. Vandeleur himself said that the strike would be won or lost depending on the amount of outside support. Then why did he refuse to allow any of the miners to speak at a protest meeting arranged for them at the Y. W. C. A. in Berkeley to raise money and get support? Why did his representative Warren reject as "tainted money" the fifteen dollars collected at this meeting and sent to the union? Why did they refuse the request to send a speaker for the tremendous Criminal Syndicalism mass meeting at Dreamland auditorium? Why did they refuse three hundred dollars cash bail offered by the I. L. D. for the miner who was suffering from silicosis? We regret to mention that your correspondent, Miss Logan herself, explained to the student delegation that they

did not desire bail from the A. C. L. U. or the I. L. D. because "a little time in jail wouldn't hurt these miners".

Another motive beside that of pure altruism may be found for the participation of the Labor Council in the Jackson strike. Rumor has it that the Labor Council is trying to capitalize on the Jackson strike to recover its rapidly waning prestige with the rank and file workers in northern California. Perhaps this motive will throw light upon the reasons of Vandeleur and Kidwell in refusing to let the miners receive any aid not coming from the guardian angels of the Labor Council.

JOSEPH BARAS

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

Readers of the Pacific Weekly will undoubtedly be interested in the formation of a non-profit book club called the BOOK UNION which will select and distribute to its members one book of left-wing fiction or non-fiction each month. The first selection will be issued in September.

The editors of the BOOK UNION are Harry Block, Malcolm Cowley, Robert W. Dunn, Henry Hart, Granville Hicks, Corliss Lamont, Isidor Schneider, Bernard Smith, Alexander Trachtenberg and Mary van Kleeck.

There will be a small charge for membership and books will be sold well below list prices. A critical bulletin will be distributed free to members. Books other than those selected will be recommended. The bulletin will also contain reading lists compiled by the Editors.

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