

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

AUGUST 19, 1935



JEWISH FASCISM IN CALIFORNIA

BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

WHY I LEFT THE CHURCH

BY RAY N. STUDDT

WHAT'S REALLY BEHIND HEARST'S BETTING CRUSADE

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VOLUME III

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NOTES AND COMMENT

MERRIAM'S LITTLE SCHEME

GOVERNOR Frank Merriam has thought up a clever little scheme to help him balance his budget. It provides for the substitution of convict labor for free labor on the state's highway projects.

It is already being put into effect. At the Anderson Canyon Camp on the San Simeon Highway, shacks for 200 convicts who are to be brought from San Quentin, are now in the process of construction. The use of the additional convicts there means that three of the five steam shovels will be withdrawn and hand and wheelbarrow labor of the convicts used in their stead. This will mean the increase of bosses from seven to eleven, but it will also mean the laying off of six shovel men and nine truck drivers, all free labor.

On the face of it there would seem to be a catch in this because, while it costs only about 25 cents a yard to move "muck", as they call it, by steam shovel, it costs about \$1.50 a yard by convict hand labor. Doesn't look like balancing any budget, does it?

But the convicts, moved from San Quentin to work on the highway, will be removed as liabilities against the fund for the maintenance of penal institutions and will come under the gasoline tax fund for the improvement of highways. In other words, the use of convicts on the highways costs more than the use of machines and free labor, but the cost will bleed the gasoline tax fund, not the general fund, and it is the general fund which has to do with the governor's balancing of his budget.

It is not alone on the San Simeon Highway that the scheme is to be put into effect, but it is reported that convict shacks are being built on the highway project near San Gabriel in the south, and plans are being made to inaugurate the system on the Weaverville, King's River and Feather River projects.

Of course, this will delay the completion of the highway work and will tend to increase unemployment of free labor, but what's that to balancing the governor's budget—on paper.

THE WAY OF PATRIOTS

A MAN who represents honest, rank and file organized labor even less than the American Legion represents the great body of veterans of the World War, stood before the state convention of the Legion in Fresno last Tuesday and, according to the public press, was received "with such roaring applause the rafters of the Civic Auditorium were shaken".

The "roaring applause" accorded to Paul Scharrenberg was in response to his "call" to the Legionnaires to unite with "organized labor" in a "massed fight against communism". It developed, however, when Scharrenberg was literally quoted that "there can be no alliance between the American Federation of Labor and communism".

We can easily understand this. With the leadership of the American Federation what it is today there certainly cannot be any alliance between the A. F. of L. and anybody who uncompromisingly and persistently and, may we add, honestly battles for the salvation of the workers of this country.

Harry Bridges, who at present is A. F. of L. enemy No. 1, pointed out in his interview with Harry Conover in last week's PACIFIC WEEKLY that on the Atlantic Coast the A. F. of L. dominates the longshoremen's unions through intimidation and coercion with the result—Let us quote Mr. Bridges again:

The men on the Eastern waterfront do not know of the gains we have made on the West Coast. They refused to believe conditions could be so good. They could not conceive of the sickness and death benefits we have. They make less in a week, if they are lucky enough to get a week's work, than our men make in two days. I should say that their average wage was less than \$12 a week. I never spoke to a man who had made more than \$20 a week in the last five months.

So, the American Legion of California, with "roaring applause", pledges itself to help Mr. Scharrenberg and the A. F. of L. drive "communists" from the ranks of organized labor in California. The American Legion pledges itself to help place in command of organized labor on the San Francisco waterfront such men as Paul Scharrenberg, discredited and kicked out by his own union, and the compromising leaders of the American Federation of Labor. The American Legion of California pledges itself to help make it possible for the A. F. of L. to intimidate and coerce organized labor in San Francisco to the point where an average wage for a longshoreman will be \$12 a week.

It was easy for Paul Scharrenberg to put this over on the American Legion. It is a receptive instrument for his underhanded purposes. Nothing so gets a "patriot" as dangling the word "communists" in front of his eyes. No color is so easy for him to see as red.

Of course, intelligent Californians know what a delectable mouthful is the word "communists" for the purposes of organizing an opposition to any attempt on the part of the workers to better themselves. If a union membership is militantly determined on gaining a fair deal; is persistently and uncompromisingly intent on fighting every attempt of employers to prevent wage increases and better working conditions, it is always "communists" who are steering the course, always

"communists" who are directing the fight. Intelligent Californians know that this is merely a glorified red-herring trick, and that Mr. Scharrenberg's unholy alliance with the American Legion is just another phase of it.

Shout "down with communists" loud enough, "up with American ideals and traditions" long enough at any spot near which two or three Legionnaires are gathered together, and you can count on any one of them to take up your cudgels, no matter how malevolent the purpose behind you.

In the language of the street, it was "duck soup" for Scharrenberg at Fresno.

LAXITY OF THE POLICE

BECAUSE Mrs. Marie Rita Savage, 55, a pianist who found it necessary to fall back on her knowledge of needlework to eke out a bare living, was unable to pay the interest on the mortgage on her home at 130 Monte Vista street, Oakland, the Farmers and Merchants Bank of that city foreclosed on the mortgage. This, of course, made it easier for Mrs. Savage. All she had to do then was to pay the full amount of the mortgage. Needlework wasn't quite up to the demand made upon it and she didn't. The bank then most properly went to the superior court of Alameda County which, also properly, issued a writ of eviction. Then, again quite properly, deputy sheriffs served notice and moved Mrs. Savage's furniture out onto the sidewalk. Whereupon, promptly and properly, the Oakland police arrived and notified the evicted lady that the furniture couldn't stay there as it constituted a menace to traffic, which undoubtedly it did. Mrs. Savage thereupon notified the police that she hadn't any money to take it anywhere even had she anywhere to take it. Now comes the improper part of the story. The police compromised and put red lights on the pile of furniture to reduce the traffic hazard, permitting Mrs. Savage until the morning to attend to its removal.

We don't know the rest of the story as the *Chronicle* failed to tell us next day what Mrs. Savage was able to do about it, but we have enough to point out the need for stricter adherence to duty on the part of the Oakland police. They had no right to permit Mrs. Savage to leave that furniture out there in the street overnight. It was not merely a menace to safety, but it involves a far bigger principle; it tends to break down a

financial system which provides that a person who cannot earn enough by her labor to pay the interest on a mortgage shall be evicted from her home by a banking institution which is bound to take care of its stockholders, pay its president's salary and present its directors with a \$10 or \$20 greenback apiece every time they are compelled to attend directors' meetings to decide on foreclosing mortgages and applying for writs of eviction.

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TRUTH ABOUT HEARST'S ANTI-POOL ROOM DRIVE

BY W. K. BASSETT

EVERY now and then the public is struck by a sudden assumption of high morals on the part of the Hearst newspapers, particularly in San Francisco. Right now the *Examiner* is battling to save pin money for poor widows who are being "robbed" by the pool rooms which take bets on races here, there and everywhere. The *Examiner* is weeping day after day over the family tragedies caused by these dens of degradation where money for food is played on what sadly are not always the best horses.

Of recent date the Hearst "moral" campaign has taken the form of attack on the police for failure to close up these betting parlors as fast as the *Examiner* would like them closed. Only last week, so strong was Hearst's demand for complete police action, that Mayor Angelo J. Rossi made a hurried trip to Dunsmuir, Siskiyou county, where he conferred with Mr. Hearst on the matter of a police clean-up as a necessary outgrowth of the *Examiner's* campaign against the racing pool rooms.

In all this the *Examiner* has been given the blind, silly, sentimental backing of churchmen and civic organizations which are constantly susceptible to this sort of thing and fling their approbation about in the most senseless and naive manner.

The truth about this present "moral" campaign of Mr. Hearst in San Francisco is just about as muggy and nauseating as the truth about most Hearst activities. It is based, about as usual, on greed, and has nothing whatever to do with any desire on the *Examiner's* part to protect widows and orphans and save the food money for poverty-stricken families.

The truth is that there has been taken from Mr. Hearst's International News Service a big slice of its business by what is known as the General News Service Bureau, operating on the eighteenth floor of the Russ Building, paying monthly telephone bills of approximately \$2500 and using the wires of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company instead of the International News Service in transmitting race results, odds, etc., to the various pool rooms in its chain.

It is estimated that pool room betting throughout the country, using the wires of the International News Service, has meant until recently an annual income of about \$5,000,000 to Mr. Hearst.

But Moses L. Annenberg, who owns practically all of the

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daily racing papers in the United States, through a chain system, recently had an idea for his "Nationwide News Bureau", as he calls it, and decided to inaugurate his own General News Service Bureau, using the telephone company wires instead of International News Service, the Hearst system, for at least a part of his dissemination of racing results and general information. This cut a big chunk out of the Hearst service income and protests to Mose proved unavailing.

So, the widows and orphans of San Francisco are to be protected from the villainous pool room operators and the *Examiner* will demand police action in closing these places as long as Moses Annenberg insists on dividing his telegraph business between the International News Service and the Telephone company wires. If and when Annenberg gives in and returns to the International News Service exclusively, San Francisco widows and orphans will have to shift for themselves, and Police Commissioner Theodore Roche will be permitted to run his police department as he sees fit.

In the meantime, Joe Cohen, representing Annenberg, in offices in the Russ Building, continues to provide pool rooms with racing information through Annenberg's own wire service which burns the hole in the Hearst blanket. Cohen employs 15 people in his Russ Building offices and he has 25 telephones going most of the time.

And here is another key to the Hearst morality.

Pool rooms in San Francisco, now closed by the Hearst barrage, can still get racing news from Hearst wires merely by asking for it, and—

Hearst's International News Service is still selling news service to some of Annenberg's racing papers, and—

Every pool room in the country, selling racing bets, would have to close up if Mr. Hearst's International News Service would stop carrying the daily form sheet wire "news".

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

AS I listen to the employing business men denouncing the reds in organized labor and preferring urgently the A. F. of L., I recall the time when the A. F. of L. was anathema. That was the period that closed with the so-called McNamara dynamiting case. The A. F. of L. was young, loyal to labor and building fast. I knew some of the leaders who were guilty or near-guilty of the explosions in steel structures erecting or erected. Now, the reds don't plant dynamite; they eschew all violence, but they are hated by the bosses more than the regular A. F. of L. leaders ever were. What has happened? I think I know.

The old, regular, now accepted A. F. of L. leaders have been corrupted by deals and association with the business men just as the political leaders have been and as the new, hated red leaders will be unless the rank and file take charge and watch out. I like to see Bridges, for example, and his red associates insisting on and planning for self-control by rank and file. It is refreshing to see that the union organizations established in power by the settlement victoriously by the last general strike use their power to call small strikes constantly along the waterfront. One can guess what causes the hundred and fifty or so class struggles on these boats. The union put in

charge by the big strikes, fixed in the control of the workers themselves, are resisting the classic process by which the employers win in the end the fights they have lost to labor. With the old A. F. of L. leaders in control the bosses can gradually chisel labor down to "reason". Now with the red lesson learned and the rank and file in control the workers fight and fight again, watching and resisting steadily every move against them. No wonder the bosses prefer the old leaders, who were satisfied to win the big fight and quit, letting the little fights go. They hate the reds' policy of using a labor union to keep every gain won and to go on and get more.

The next big strike on the waterfront in San Francisco will be for control of organized labor. No matter what the issues may pretend to be, the fight is and will be for capitalist control of the unions. Just as in politics the struggle is for power, for control of the popular parties. The movement for better government is farther along in labor than in politics. There is no people's party in politics as there is in organized labor.

IN FRANCE the United Front of Communists and non-Communists is called common—the common front, but it certainly is united in our lingo and a very practical application of the latest advice from Moscow. The emergency must be nearer in France than here. Even the communists and the socialists can't unite here.

AGAIN WE have improved that slogan of our class to avoid taxes. Soak the thrifty is now soak the successful. Sounds better but it still gives away the blushing fact that we prefer to have the unsuccessful pay: the failures who can't.

THE CHAMBER of Commerce, which is our highest authority on labor matters, answers news reports that Bridges and his reds were licked and laid down in Washington in a weeping wire to said Washington saying that "contrary to reports of favorable progress" out there "conditions here are worse rather than better than a week ago". Just as if those reds and their Bridges had not been licked. I think we ought to have labor leaders who will stay licked and lie down like our good old A. F. of L. skates. And to think that we once hated them!

ISN'T IT comforting to feel in touch with those experienced men in Moscow who have been all through a revolution and survived triumphantly? They can always tell what is to be done next.

GENERAL HUGH JOHNSON finds workers in the New York Building trades won't allow even the Government to cut wages: not even relief wages: not even charity. Rather strike.

DO YOU remember what the cry used to be; evolution, not revolution? Well, President Roosevelt has been trying evolution and the business men have sabotaged and pretty near beat him. They, the evolutionists, resist gradualness as they do suddenness. Of course, they don't mean and they don't realize that they were and are working for revolution. Only the reds realize that. Unless the President and his trustees do.

HERE IS a tip for a news beat: Find out just what were the causes of the 165 strikes 'long shore that occurred after the settlement of the general strike last year. They were not authorized by the unions; none was ordered. Rank-and-file walk-outs, I have assumed the men were resisting some act of the petty bosses to chisel, to improve upon the terms of the settlement without a fight as is commonly done after a strike

is lost by the owners. Striking workers are usually so relieved to get work again that they submit to all sorts of petty arrangements day by day till finally they all have to go out again on strike. Indeed, this is the classic process of forcing the so-called periodic strike. We used to hear the defeated bosses say after a "bad" settlement against them: "Oh well, we can correct some points in working out this agreement."

Not this time. Something new and unaccustomed has happened on the waterfront. My guess as to its nature follows the pointed finger of the ship-owners and their press. They kick about the reds, so I have to infer that the "news" is in something the reds have done, the reds and Bridges. Well, what is new in this settlement? The newest news observable to an outsider is the unusual power of the rank and file to adjust differences arising out of the settlement. Usually after an A. F. of L. settlement, the union officials rest from their labors or, if they must intervene, advise or command the men to yield on little points and so slide along with the chiseling. In the "red-run" general strike the men were advised to take charge of both the strike and the settlement, and they did. Each crew that detected a bit of chiseling had and exercised the right to resist. The little bosses could not improve the terms of the big bosses' treaty of peace. The working crew blocked every trick that was tried, immediately.

My theory of the hundreds of strikes along the waterfront is that they were "quick" resistances to chiselings, which are a common practice in businesses. There are other theories.

One favorite guess is that Moscow is driving the reds on to a general strike again which might bring on The Revolution. I doubt that the revolutionists want a revolution just now, but the Fascists could use one, not so well as they imagine, but still you may notice that the voices that speak up for Fascism, are calling for a show-down in this oncoming strike. Anyhow a crisis is approaching, the big business grafters who run everything else and do most pathetically ache to run organized labor also are urging it on by asking somebody to throw out the reds. It would be a great newspaper stunt to find out and report the cause and the causers of those 165 little strikes along the waterfront. A fair story on this line would get the paper reporting it thousands of astonished labor readers.

It might enable all of us and the historians to understand what happens to us this fall.

IT IS interesting and frightening to note how many people have chosen between communism and Fascism, and to "see" why. Not the reason, the course.

THE QUESTION whether chewing gum is good or bad for the teeth is to be left to university research by a gift to Berkeley. Such a practical matter might better be decided by bribery as usual. The Grand Old Republicans would be flattered if they realized how often I agree with them about leaving all business to them, for instance.



JEWISH FASCISM

BY CAREY MCWILLIAMS

THE Jews in California, following a carefully defined national policy, have worked out a clever technique for the salvation of their souls and the promotion of fascism. It is well known that American Jews were at first greatly embarrassed over the rise of Nazi Germany; the supineness of their reaction has, in fact, been richly caricatured by Edward Dahlberg. But they have now worked out a method to alleviate their embarrassment; the elder statesmen for the race have adopted a policy whereby anti-nazi sentiment may be used to fortify the capitalistic status quo.

The technique is simple: a Jew should never attack fascism without also attacking communism. The official theory is that the Jews cannot "afford" to become identified with radicalism. Thus "liberal" Jews delude themselves into thinking that they champion their race when they assault both fascism and communism. Back of this notion, however, lurks a will to be deceived. This firm determination that the Jews shall not be forced to the left by their hatred of fascism was thoroughly exhibited at the recent convention of the district grand lodge No. 4, B'nai B'rith, held in Los Angeles.

Addressing the delegates, Judge I. M. Golden of San Francisco, announced the official program in his declaration that "My outlook on the Nazi problem here is the same as on the Fascist problem of which Nazism is a part. Both are linked

with the Communist problem." In other words, Nazism and Fascism are really not basic considerations; it is Communism that constitutes the real problem. Several similar pronouncements were made, both by Judge Golden and by Eddie Cantor, at the convention and over KFWB, the Jewish-controlled station of Warner Brothers. And quite recently, Rabbi Mayer Winkler, in addressing the Kiwanis Club in Los Angeles, warned radicals that "If they cannot stand our American Government, let them get out!"

Jewish fascism has, also, its theoretical exponents. Dr. S. M. Melamed, formerly of the University of Chicago and now in the employ of Warner Brothers, is at present publishing a magazine in Los Angeles called *The Reflex*, with Dr. Albert Einstein listed on the editorial board. I present herewith an outline of the issue for the month of August, 1935, article for article:

(1) "European and Germanic Culture" by S. M. Melamed, the editor, is the chief feature. It consists of a lengthy demonstration that German culture has not been created solely by Aryans. One learns, moreover, that German philosophy is dangerous: it produced two types of Hegelianism, that of the right, which is Nazism, and that of the left, which is Marxism. Both equally deny to "man his freedom of movement and his choice in matters political and economic". It seems that Jewish salesmen "globe-trotting for the last fifty

years" have been responsible for creating German industrialism. In brief, Dr. Melamed thinks he denounces Nazis by demonstrating that the Jews had a great deal to do, culturally and industrially, with creating modern Germany, i. e., with creating Nazism! He is merely provoked with Hitler for not giving the Jews credit for their brilliance.

(2) "The Economic Position of American Jewry" by Dr. Herman Frank is more than a casual magazine piece: it is a carefully phrased statement of Jewish economics and was originally included in *The American Hebrew Year Book* (1935). It appears that Dr. Frank is very melancholy about the economic position of the Jews. Formerly that "humble artisan", the Jewish contractor, often rose to be "a millionaire real estate operator" but now, alas! this seldom happens. Jewish trade unionism has "deteriorated" and has "become disrupted through a long and bitter factional (right vs. left wing) warfare". Dr. Frank deplores the American—Jewish "economic maladjustment". Industry has been "dislocated" by "inexorable forces of a social economic evolution". (Is the word "capitalism" taboo?) There follows a boastful account of the manner in which the Jews have moved in on the motion picture industry and the "amusement business" but, even here, it seems that their supremacy is threatened. Dr. Frank believes that "vocational" guidance would help the Jew, but "discrimination" against the Jew, once he has selected the proper vocation, is deplorable. "Although economic discrimination is an acknowledged fact, we still know precious little about the underlying trends";—"we know next to nothing in the way of exact, reliable information. Therefore, no solution of this burning problem (discrimination) in American Jewish life can be found". In other words, Dr. Frank has apparently never heard of the ancient capitalist trick of isolating a racial group, weakening it by social ostracism, and then taking advantage of its weakness for further exploitation. Dr. Frank does not see the economic position of the world proletariat; he sees the economic position of the American Jew. Dr. Frank is not a stupid man; his intelligence is manifest. His article is an attempt at willful rationalization; an effort to refine the class struggle into a mere discrimination against the Jew. Dr. Frank would like to see the "humble Jewish artisan" once again become the "millionaire real estate operator" without a thought about the circumstances which make such "successful" careers possible. In praising Jewish joint money-lending enterprises, and similar experiments, Dr. Frank takes a stand which is almost identical with that which Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois is now urging upon the American Negro, i. e., to become more intensely racial, to buy and sell as a race, to cling to capitalism.

(3) The next contribution is a poem by Philip M. Raskin which ends on the high note of intense racialism:

"And if to my race I give the whole
Light of my mind and flame of my soul,
I only pay an age-due debt,
That I must pay—lest I forget!"

There is more than a phrase from Rudyard Kipling in the poem; it is a Jewish expression of the Kipling mind and spirit. Adolph Hitler would probably agree with the sentiment of the last lines. "Nationalism," writes Hans Kohn, "deeply rooted in Jewish tradition, reappears intensified in an age gone mad with nationalism."

(4) "Herman Cohen's Philosophy of Judaism" by Dr. Jacob Klatzkin. Unfortunately, this piece was so obscure (it reads like a commentary by Mary Baker Eddy on the Talmud) that I could get little sense out of it. However, I did

manage to discover that "materialism" is both an ethical and logical aberration; that "in the love of the fellow man", under Talmudic legislation, "originated the problem of poor and rich"; and that "the support of the poor is only justice—zedakah".

(5) Editorials. The first editorial is a condemnation of the Berlin Pogrom of July 15, 1935. The writer concludes by urging all German Jews to leave Germany "even if they have to flee and leave everything behind", i. e., abandon their riches. This advice is rather startling when, in a preceding paragraph, the writer had extolled the Catholics and the Protestants for their opposition to Hitler and had pointed out that the Social Democrats and Communists "have renewed their subterranean activities". Presumably the Jews must leave Germany, let the Catholic-Protestant-Social Democratic-Communist opposition sweep Hitler from power, and then the Jews will return to the enjoyment of their abandoned riches. There is an innocuous editorial on Dreyfus, which does not require comment.

(6) "Whither American Zionism?" by Maurice Samuel, the well-known Jewish journalist, is in praise of the Zionist movement—that narrow blind alley of Jewish racialism. Although Mr. Samuel points out that "Palestine has room and use only for a fraction of the Jewish middle classes", he is still an ardent Zionist. He believes that Jews, to be good Zionists, must realize that they cannot go to Palestine and retain their middle class standards. But the implications of this statement he refuses to explore.

There follow a few character studies and two book reviews.

So much, then, for *The Reflex*. Incidentally, there was genius in the selection of such a name. Any action advocated by this group would certainly be reflex action. I turn to the dictionary: "reflex—reactive, recoiling, introspective"; "reflex action—one done as involuntary response to nerve-stimulation, e. g., sneezing". But Dr. Melamed knows what he is doing. The Los Angeles Examiner of August 9, 1935, reprinted an editorial from a previous issue of *The Reflex*, in which Dr. Melamed launched a bitter attack on Soviet Russia and called the journal a publication of "interest and importance" and praised Dr. Melamed as "a most capable and conscientious publisher". As to how capable and conscientious the gentleman is, I quote the last paragraph from the editorial reprinted in the Hearst press:

American Jews who either sympathize or play with Red Russia are not less perverted intellectually than the few Nazi Jews in Germany who are led by that renegade, Dr. Neumann. Those American Jews—and fortunately they are only a handful—who sympathize with Red Russia, either conceal their empty minds and hearts or they are victims of a stupid vogue. They do not realize that they are in sympathy with that sinister force which has created a pattern for Nazi Germany, which has destroyed the attainments of the French Revolution, and in doing so has forced man to turn the clock backward.

Some years ago, Leon Samson, a shrewd and honest-minded Jew, wrote an excellent book called *The American Mind*, which contained a prophetic chapter on Hebraism. Samson pointed out that the most effective way to fight Anti-Semitism is to abandon Semitism. Some day, perhaps, the wisdom of such advice will be apparent. In the meantime, American Jews seem determined to indulge in their own brand of chauvinism. Naturally, Mr. Hearst endorses such folly. Those who believe that fascism will never gain the upper hand in America are fond of pointing to our powerful religious minor-

ities as bulwarks against tyranny. But a Catholic is one of our leading fascists and the American Jews, of the Melamed stripe, are paving the way to fascism. There is no mistaking the attitude so clearly limned in *The Reflex*; it is a minority fascism. How is it possible to attack communism today without supporting fascism? The middle ground upon which the

American Jews have so cowardly elected to stand is not neutral ground—it is safe capitalist territory. And they may yet come to regret that they entrusted their precious Semitism to the protection and sponsorship of William Randolph Hearst, and his powerful new capitalist allies, Messrs. Harry and Jack Warner.

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WHY I LEFT THE CHURCH

BY RAY N. STUDD

IN A RECENT issue of PACIFIC WEEKLY George Hedley wrote under the caption, "Give the Church a Break". I wonder as I re-read the article if the writer faces the really pertinent questions involved. He names a list of notables who have done service for the cause of social justice. One in the list is a close personal friend of mine. He belongs to the same denomination.

We were talking about the church some months ago. It was after I had decided to leave my pastorate and had determined not to seek another. He was arguing as Hedley does for giving the church a break. "With the exercise of tact," he said, "I can preach anything I want to from my pulpit." He, too, it seems to me, was missing the essential question—Can the church be made into an instrument for building a just social order? Can its membership be rallied into a sufficiently disciplined body to take effective action in the direction the prophets point?

I left the church because I became excessively bored with being that of which an ancient prophet complained; "Thou are unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." I got tired of working in an institution built upon compromise and unable to distinguish between saving itself and saving the world. I gave the church a break. I offered it not extraordinary eloquence, nor learning, nor even piety; but just commonplace devotion to the teachings of Jesus in the commonplace affairs of human living. I offered it not great business ability, nor high organizing talent, nor unusual capacity for entertaining young people; but just a work-a-day leadership in the creation of social conscience within the rank and file of the membership of the church.

I gave the church a break. I only asked to be let alone in one of the smallest churches in my denomination, in order to try out the preaching of a social gospel that involved creating in the minds of the membership of a village church a comprehension of the world scene in the light of the ethics of Jesus. I frankly stated that my work was experimental. I asked only for a friendly patience while I tried to create a really Christian conscience within the so-called Christian church.

But the church did not give me a break. Through its constituted authorities and in its organized capacity it made it impossible for me to continue the experiment. The question is not whether there are individual prophets in the church who have courage and insight. There are. Hedley, of course, did

not name them all. These men are worthy of high honor. But they are not the church. Sooner or later they will have to go the way of the church or the church will have to go their way.

The times in which we live call for creative activity. Long established institutions are never able to adapt themselves to profound changes in human life. The history of the church is no exception. I see nothing in the present administration of ecclesiastical organizations to make me feel that the present situation is an exception to the historic rule. And so, after all, perhaps the church did give me a break. Perhaps I was trying something impossible of accomplishment. Perhaps it is altogether too much to expect that the church will ever accept the authority of Jesus at the point where that authority comes into conflict with established order under the aegis of the state. Perhaps it will never undertake to define in concrete terms the ethics of the Man it pretends to follow.

* But that does not close the case. There are men and women, an increasing number, I believe, who are determined to understand His teaching in the realities of human relationships. These will find it necessary, sooner or later, to band together in a new fellowship, within which the teachings of Jesus, as they bear upon the question of the organization of human activities in the realm of economics and politics, will be stated so precisely as to exclude from its membership the compromising fearful ones who seek first the preservation of their jobs and the continued integrity of their organizations.

These men and women who are fighting against tremendous odds and who are threatened with the loss of their very livelihood should be given a break. They represent the highest interests of mankind. They work for the preservation of all that is satisfying human need. They need to find ways of becoming part of the great body of life that struggles at the bottom for the right to breathe, and that great body of life needs to distinguish between them and the church.

Specifically, it is up to the church to prove that it is going to follow its prophets in their war against profits. It must prove that it is opposed to any and every form of social organization based upon special privilege. It must find ways of identifying itself with lower levels of life where lie the forces of the new order. It is not enough to prove, as Hedley does, that it furnishes a reasonably free forum for the discussion of problems. It must become a disturber of the peace, a judge of its benefactors, an active enemy of an order opposed to all that Jesus stood for. The church must make a break. Giving it a break is futile.

TAKE WHAT YOU GET

BY ELSA GIDLOW

THERE was no one at the front of the ferry but a hatless young man with his head between his palms, a worn leather valise beside him, and an older man in rough clothes with a weathered face and large tattooed hands. I sat down on the bench opposite. When the ferry began to stir like a ship, the young man raised his head and looked across the black water to the lights of San Francisco. He had a bewildered look.

"This morning I take my ship up the Bay, ready to sail as soon as she is loaded. Tonight I come back on the ferry"

The older man threw down the butt of his cigarette and ground it hard under his boot, then let his hands hang between his knees. The left hand was tattooed with a girl's head, the right was pricked out with a sailing ship in blue and red ink. Though they were the hands of a worker, they had an idle look. He ground the dead cigarette stub and said nothing.

The younger man had to talk: "If they'd tell me why they did it to me . . ."

"Expect them to do that?"

"When you work for an outfit five years, work like a monkey, and they let you get to be third officer, with a first class record all the way through, and the Old Man himself says, Hughie, you're doing fine, then just like that, they ditch you for a Spic—"

"You ain't been on ships as long as I have."

"She's through the Gate by now. A Spaniard in my job. Ditched for a Spic—"

He pushed at the valise with the toe of his shoe. "Bett wanted to come down and see me off. Lucky she didn't."

The older man got up, walked to the rail and spat into the water. The young man lay down on the bench and when the other came back, said: "Wake me up when we get to Frisco." But he couldn't keep still. After about five minutes he got to his feet and with hands in pockets walked slowly back and forth.

"Pitched out of your job, just like that."

"It's the first time they done it to you."

"Do they want Americans on American ships or don't they?"

"Aw, what's the use crying?"

"What's the use crying. You work like a sonnofabitch, give your guts to the job, get to be third officer, and they ditch you, the —."

"There's a lady over there."

The young man looked at me, walked over, took his hands out of his pockets. "Excuse me for talking to you. I had a job this morning, third officer, five years on the same ship. I took her up the Bay at six a. m. When I got there, they told me I wasn't needed no more, they hired a Spaniard for my job, a Spic that'd work for less."

"Too bad," I said, "that's tough luck." I spoke the way any one would, meaning the words. He looked at me. It wasn't exactly me he was looking at, but the world, a world he had never seen before because he had always had a job. "Tough luck," I said, "too bad," but the words bounced back at me from the look in his face. I felt as though I should take back the words and hide them.

"Hey, Hughie!"

The hand with the tattooed sailing ship reached out, yanked the young sailor back to his bench.

"What you think you are doing? Sit down. You're on a ferry boat."

"That's right. I'm having a swell ferry ride. It's a swell Bay, isn't it? Took my ship up the Bay this morning for the Old Man and they give me a ferry ride back."

"Quit crying about it."

"All right."

He put his head between his hands again, resting elbows on knees. His wavy light brown hair needed combing. His brown suit was almost the same color, a good suit, little worn but unpressed. The elder man was shabby and needed new shoes.

We were almost midway between Oakland and San Francisco. The night was beautiful, with broken patches of high-drifting fog showing between the clear indigo sky aswarm with stars. Pink fog trailed over San Francisco reflecting the color from innumerable neon signs and all up over the hills of the city the street lights straggled. Except where lights made rippled paths, silver, green or red, you could not see the Bay waters where ferries were illuminated beetles or like some of Beebe's phosphorescent fish come to the surface.

The young man lifted his face from his hands and stared at the water.

"It's a swell Bay. It looked grand when I took my ship up it this morning."

His friend grunted, felt in his pocket for a cigarette and found he had none; put back the matches.

The young man asked, after a silence: "Joe, how many months have you been out? Eight was it?"

"Nine. Going on ten. Before that I had the Atascadero one trip and before that I was out close to six months."

"Do they want Americans on American ships or don't they?"

"Better try asking them."

"By Christ, I will. I'll go down tomorrow at nine and ask them plenty."

"You will like fun. Better keep your mouth shut and take what you get."

"Take what you get?"

"That's it."

"They give your job to a Spic that will work for less. Take what you get. I worked like a sonnofabitch for that outfit. Five years on the same ship. Bett said, Before the kid comes along, you'll be second officer. I told her she'd better go slow, we couldn't afford a brat yet, not till we'd paid off more on the bungalow. You'll be second officer soon, she said, the way you are going. Take what you get."

We were almost in now. I could see the figures on the face of the Ferry Building clock.

Say something to him before he gets off. Say: Cheer up. Or, You'll find another job.

"When Bett sees me walk in with that grip, she's going to look kind of funny."

"We're most in," said the old sailor.

"I took my ship up the Bay this morning, but I had a swell

ferry ride back."

"Will you quit crying."

"Sure. Take what you get."

Say something to him before he gets off. Shake his hand and say, Good Luck.

"Got your bag?"

Good luck. But it isn't easy to toss "Good luck" against the expression in that face. And you remember that this is October and you lost your own job in April.

The gangplank is lowered, the deckhand draws aside the rope and the old sailor and the young one pass me and walk away, both silent, the young one gripping his bag so hard his knuckles show white.



THE EXHIBITION OF SOVIET ART

BY THOMAS CARR HOWE, JR.

THE exhibition of Soviet Art, which is now in progress at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, affords the public of San Francisco and the Bay Region its first opportunity to gain a comprehensive idea of contemporary developments in the field of painting and the graphic arts in Soviet Russia.

In his foreword to the illustrated catalogue of the exhibition Mr. Fiske Kimball, Director of the Pennsylvania Museum—one of the institutions instrumental in bringing the exhibition to this country—writes that; "The Art it reveals is not one of abstraction, but one of concrete relation to the life of a vast people at work and at play." It seems to me that even a cursory glance at the various paintings included in the show confirms the truth of Mr. Kimball's statement. The paintings, fifty in number, represent the work of thirty-three artists chosen from all parts of Russia. This variety in geographical distribution is also characteristic of the subject matter, and while the artists are intimately concerned with the contemporary life of their country and reflect in their canvases the kaleidoscopic pattern of present day developments in the Soviet Union, there is surprisingly little suggestion of political propaganda.

Although many of the artists are young men, a number of those whose works are included in the exhibition belong definitely to the older generation. Among these older, more mature painters the following may be mentioned: Igor Grabar, who was born in 1871; Evgeny Katzman, born in 1890; Pavel Kuznetzov, born in 1878; and Kuzma Petrov-Vodkin and Ilya Mashkov, born in 1878 and 1881 respectively. Grabar is represented by a rather whimsical canvas entitled "Spring Time", the painting clearly revealing the influence of Impressionism, but at the same time showing the highly personal style of its Russian interpreter.

The works of Katzman strike a responsive chord in all visitors to the exhibition for his clear cut, almost photographic style has great charm. His portrait of a farm woman and her son is easily one of the most attractive pictures in the show—a meticulously executed pastel which will undoubtedly recall

to many the precise workmanship of Savory Sorine. Mashkov, who is one of the veterans of this older generation, has contributed to the exhibition a powerful still life composition with a samovar—that hall mark to most of us of anything Russian—as the predominating object. Petrov-Vodkin, still another of what might be termed the pre-Soviet group, is represented by three oils, one entitled "The First Step", the second "Earthquake in Crimea", and the third an architectural study in Samarkand. All three of these have a monumental character which leads one to believe that the artist would be very much at home in the medium of fresco. Even the colors convey this impression for Petrov-Vodkin employs a cool palette, occasionally accenting his compositions with bright notes of fresh red.

More whimsical in conception are the paintings of Kuznetsov who, like Petrov-Vodkin, has contributed to the exhibition three excellent examples of his work—a large landscape, a painting entitled "Building Construction, Armenia" and a delightful canvas entitled "Shepherd Boy, Daghestan". Of the three the last named is perhaps the most interesting, both coloristically and from the point of view of subject matter. Here again we encounter an artist who has a distinctive color sense and in this connection it might be mentioned that on the whole the paintings in the exhibition are notable for the freshness and gaiety of their coloring—a welcome relief from the abundance of murky tonalities which are characteristic of a great deal of contemporary painting.

Belonging, as it were, to a second generation of Russian painters, men whose careers have for the most part unfolded during the present Soviet regime, are Aleksandr Deyneka, Sergey Gerasimov, Yury Pimenov, Peter Williams, and one feminine representative—Ekaterina Zernova. With one exception—that of Gerasimov—the artists just enumerated were born after 1900. Of the group it is likely that Deyneka is best known in this country for he was the recipient of one of the Carnegie awards in 1934. In the present exhibition he is represented by a large composition entitled "Rest", a painting executed in warm tones of brown and yellow—a symphony of autumn tones. It is, in a sense, a portrait study of a man and a young boy. The foreground of the picture is dominated by a great bed of marigolds and the figures are placed in the middle distance—an unusual but highly effective composition. Gerasimov, another of the younger men, seems to have a fondness for industrial scenes. One of the two paintings by him in the exhibition depicts the loading of lumber at Arkhangel and another the floating of timber. Both are couched in rich and brilliant color.

Pimenov, like Deyneka, participated in the Carnegie International Exhibition of 1934. Two of his paintings are to be found in the present show of Soviet Art. Though quite unlike Deyneka in both coloring and style, Pimenov is another of the contemporary Russian artists whose work has a distinctly personal character. He is fond of fresh, vibrant color and handles his subjects in a broad, decorative manner. These qualities may be observed in a large canvas entitled "The Bath" and in a portrait of exceptional vitality.

Another painter of this active group of younger contemporaries, whose work commands attention, is Ekaterina Zernova. Born in 1900, she is thus a year younger than Deyneka and three years older than Pimenov. Her work has a very positive appeal by virtue of its careful draughtsmanship and clean color. Indeed, it is remarkable how frequently one is obliged to stress the beauty of the color of these Soviet paintings. Zernova has contributed to this show an altogether charming

"Portrait of Lenin's Sister"—a portrait which in its restful simplicity has something in common with Whistler's celebrated portrait of his mother. The similarity is more than a matter of mood, for the composition is actually reminiscent of Whistler's masterpiece. Both portraits treat the subject in profile view and in like posture.

One more representative in this contingent of younger painters is Peter Williams, who, despite the fact that his name would hardly suggest a Russian origin, is definitely Russian and owes his surname to a fairly remote Anglo-Welsh ancestor. Williams has always been intensely absorbed in the stage and in stage people. The two examples, which are to be found in the present exhibition of Soviet Art, have been termed by Christian Brinton "two brilliantly brushed characterizations, as sure, clean and typically Nordic as might have Zorn, the Swede, or even better, the Norwegian, Henrik Lund, at his peak". One of these is a tremendous portrait called "The Stage Director", a canvas which has been both conceived and carried out in a spirit of Rubens-like vigor. The other is a portrait of "Cinema Director Aleksandrov" which shows this colleague of the famous Eisenstein standing with a guitar and accompanied by a little child. Both are silhouetted against a winter landscape of great beauty. Altogether this is one of the most satisfying paintings in the exhibition.

I regret that space does not permit a discussion of other artists who are represented in the exhibition and I am especially sorry that I cannot speak at length of the magnificent section of the show devoted to the graphic arts. Fortunately, Soviet Graphic Art is already well known to the world at large and it needs little introduction. Suffice it to say that both technically and esthetically the Soviet graphic artists are unsurpassed in the world today.

MUSIC

BRICO IN RECITAL

ALTHOUGH two generations have passed since Richard Wagner created his magnificent music-drama, *Der Nibelungenring*, (*The Ring*) its message, (that the world may be redeemed from the curse of ill-gotten gold only through love) and symbology have not been surpassed in either the realm of music or literature. Wagner demands that his audience thoroughly understands his librettos. The four "Ring" operas, *Rhinegold*, *Valkyrie*, *Siegfried* and *Goetterdaemmerung*, are founded on legends of ancient origin, but in reworking the brave fabric of Nordic Myth, Wagner added in *Valkyrie* an element of pity and tenderness usually lacking in sagas.

On the evening of August 19 Antonia Brico is to be presented by Miss Margaret Lial at Lial's Studio, Monterey, in the first of a series of four "lecture-recitals" interpreting Wagner's *Ring*. Miss Brico is a young Californian who recently has been amazing audiences in Germany, Poland and America by her ability as a conductor. For five years Miss Brico studied conducting with Karl Muck, who has accepted only one other private pupil! Her gifts were too outstanding to allow prejudice or convention to delay her recognition. Although still a young woman, Antonia Brico has won the most

magnificent tributes from such exacting music-centers as Bayreuth and Berlin. Her association with Dr. Muck (who is regarded as the greatest living Wagnerian conductor), her long residence in those parts of Germany so dear to Wagner, and her abundance of temperament make Antonia Brico ideally suited to interpreting *The Ring*.

Early in November *The Ring* is to be presented in its entirety by the San Francisco Opera Association—which makes Miss Brico's appearances here most timely. Each of the four lectures (August 19, 20, 22, and 23) will deal with one of the four *Ring* operas. Miss Brico will trace and develop many of the "Ring Motives" at the piano, but her arresting personality and analytical comments will make the four evenings vitally interesting even to those who are less interested in music than in literature.

Miss Brico comes to the Monterey Peninsula from Washington, D. C., where the *Washington Herald* says of her conducting: "... She gave the best performance thus far in the new shell." After her lectures at Lial's Studio Miss Brico will leave for New York to conduct her recently created "Women's Symphony Orchestra" in a series of concerts at Carnegie Hall this winter.

—ALAN CAMPBELL



THE PSALM OF DAVID'S SLAVE

GOD of my master, much bepraised;
His theme for many a song,
How shall my voice to thee be raised,
Hearest thou but the strong?

Thou art to David, fortress, tower,
His rock, his refuge, shield—
Thou art his savior, strength and power,
The scourge his captains wield.

Oh, God, I speak with trembling lips.
What praises can I bring?
My frame is broken by the whips—
The order of the king.

I am of war the meanest spoil,
A slave that waits the day
When the weak hands refuse to toil,
When the last lash shall slay.

Oh, would I could in song rejoice,
Song worthy of thine ears.
But, God of David, hear the voice
That speaketh through my tears.

Oh, God, I do not ask to live,
To battle or to be;
Great length of days to David give,
But end them, God, for me.

—DEAN JOSEPH RICE

BOOKS

THE CONSTITUTION NOT DESIGNED FOR PRESENT CONDITIONS

BY D. T. MAC DOUGAL

Now and then at long intervals groups of people obtain concessions from dominating powers, or having destroyed previous political arrangements formulate articles of confederation, constitutions, or agreements for concerted action. Such great charters, formulated under emotional tension attendant upon crises, or attained by costly endeavor, soon become enshrouded in a mist of sanctity, especially if won by forceful conflict and sacrifice.

However, it is but rarely that constitutions meet the dreams of those who have striven most earnestly in their construction, or who comprehend most the problems entailed in their administration.

Of our own Constitution, Prof William Yandell Elliott* says:

The Constitution drawn up at that time has had at least its due of praise. But it was never intended to govern the conditions of today. In the form in which it emerged from the compromises dictated by the small states it was a travesty, but a workable travesty, of the grand designs of Madison, of Charles Pinckney, and of James Wilson, and not even an approximation of the characteristically bold sketch offered by Hamilton. Yet what is wanted today is not a destruction of the great work of the Constitutional Convention, but rather its logical completion and revision in the light of modern needs. The precise danger which the Constitution faces is that its stand-pat friends, who oppose all change, will put a strain upon the venerable structure greater than it can bear.

and

At the time the Constitution was shaped, the far-sighted statesmanship of almost any one of the outstanding figures of the convention would have given us a far better instrument of government for our present needs than the patchwork of compromises which they wisely accepted. They all looked forward to future conventions to amend their work to fit new national needs. Hamilton laid down at that time the bold groundwork of a federal system that Canada later adopted. But these men looked too far ahead to receive general support at that time. Today we are governed by the system that they hoped even then to see altered to future needs, substantially unchanged in its separation of powers and in the compromises forced by the few small states newly freed from Great Britain.

The confidential writings of the framers make it clear that

they were well aware of its limitations. That its sway would hold for a hundred and forty-eight years materially unchanged and that it would withstand the exigencies of a civil war would have seemed an incredible dream to Madison, Pinckney, Wilson, Hamilton or Jefferson.

While this civil war was brought on by rampant minorities who emotionalized the situation on the slavery issue, yet looming darkly dominant behind this problem of the humanities rose the great cliff-like mass of states rights. The crisis was a political one. Now with industrial development and more closely knit international relations in all phases of life difficulties arising from economics have arisen.

That the time has arrived when the state (national government) has reached the limit of its powers to control and regulate the national economy by taxes, tariffs, utilities, credits and codes, under the terms of the Constitution as fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court is woefully apparent. That some of the measures proposed are ill-advised and inadequate is also well-recognized. Yet the stubborn fact remains that some of the broadest sloughs of the current depression cannot be bridged by any engineering possible under the Constitution as it now stands.

The principles of the Constitution so rigidly defined, the apportionment of functions, legislative, executive and judicial, are designed to meet only one type of emergency, that of war without our borders. Such crises as arise from maladjustments in the industrial world, or new world problems in economics find our too numerous legislative bodies confused and inept, and the hands of the executives tied.

Then, too, the problems of States rights were not all laid to rest in the Civil War. Fragments still remain which hinder the administration of justice, the machinery of trade and best utilization of national resources. Basic reforms are extremely difficult of accomplishment in a democracy which affords such ready means for the potent expression of selfishness. That revision would be difficult makes it none the less imperative.

Any review of current comment in daily newspapers, periodicals, and official pronouncements reveals a widespread and growing recognition of a demand for reshaping the Constitution. Some of these expressions start with dissatisfaction with the inefficient administration of justice, others with clumsy legislation, others with the exercise of executive power and some with rigid decisions of our highest tribunal—the Supreme Court.

Of attempted remedies amendments may be regarded as a clumsy and belated skin-grafting. Not one in ten of the amendments seriously advocated have reached adoption and repeal of one is still freshly in mind. Present conditions call for something more drastic than the shaping and application of a patch to a fabric stretched to the limits of its elasticity as evinced by recent decisions of the Supreme Court.

The tacit acknowledgment of emergency conditions as modifying interpretations of constitutional principles carries with it many dangers, with that famous tribunal moving out of its sphere as an umpire to assume functions of adjustment and management. Professor Elliott draws a convincing picture of these difficult conditions and devotes a larger share of his book to proposed remedies.

Glibness, smoothness, or an easy clarity are not consistent with sincerity and sound scholarship in this field. Within the brief limits available it can only be said that an enlargement of Federal functions, a denunciation of States rights, restriction of the powers of the Senate, the requirement of advisory action by the Supreme Court, the abolition of the patronage

*THE NEED FOR CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM: A Program for National Security, by William Yandell Elliott. (New York: Whittlesey House) \$2.50.

system, the power of the President to dissolve Congress and go to the country for a decision are suggested by Professor Elliott. That such proposals, and especially that by which legislators would find their chief duties as members of an economic advisory council, would rouse scores of angry groups may well constitute a formidable obstacle to progress. Any political party which stands against a fundamental revision will go down to defeat, while as Professor Elliott says, "The precise danger which the Constitution faces is that its stand-pat friends, who oppose all change, will put a strain upon the venerable structure greater than it can bear."

Foes of progress will have as allies a wide variety of political, social and industrial groups, while the sectionalism aroused will furnish obstacles beyond all computable disproportion to those furnished by the jealousies of the original thirteen states.

GETTING IT OVER

KNEEL TO THE RISING SUN, by Erskine Caldwell.
(Viking Press) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

LIKE André Malraux, Erskine Caldwell is a man who has "seen something" and for the rest of his life, you feel, he has got to get over to other people what he has seen. He is doing it in novels, in pamphlets, in short stories, in incidents. This book is not so much a collection of short stories as it is a succession of incidents, actual happenings, one feels, which he tells in the form he does to make you really see, feel, smell, and imagine it, imagine what it feels like to have the guts and the backbone taken out of you and be a cringing, spineless, flabby, subservient heeler with your spirit broken. And broken not by Fate, or disease, or Tragedy, or anything noble like that; but by the meanness, the tyranny, the lowest social prejudices bred by a social system.

Caldwell has seen what the system does to workers and share-croppers in the South, Negro and poor white alike, the degradation of the human spirit it breeds, and he is at pains, at terrible pains, to give you his picture; you feel the artist in him is sleepless over it. The people are unaware of what it is that is happening to them: they are literally but skin and bones; their spirit has been sapped by an eternity of "slow death". They do not know what drives them to give a ten-year-old daughter (who looks like eight) into prostitution for 25 cents' worth of coal (*Masses of Men*); to have to shoot a little daughter of eleven because she is always hungry (*Daughter*); in sheer weariness at the end of work to act with another girl you don't care for in such a way that your sweetheart drowns herself (*The Girl Ellen*); to give away the hiding place of the only guy that's treated you decently, a Negro, so he is lynched (*Kneel to the Rising Sun*). That, story, the most powerful perhaps, shows the cringing subservience of the white man to his landlord who is short-rationing his family and slowly starving them, in contrast with the Negro whose spirit is not broken, and who stands up to the landlord, though it cost him his life at the hands of the lynchers. The courage of Clem Henry shines forth in the book as the courage of Karl Billinger and George Dimitroff shine forth in the brutal Nazi terror of Germany today.

Perhaps the telling of these pieces of life as they feel would be more effective if each were worked into a proper story; the total is maybe too much like the writing up of notes—cork-

ing notes—made on a trip. The effect is perhaps not so horror-arousing as in Caldwell's novels written at more "distance". But they do have the effect, rather more than the novels, of wanting to make the reader go out into the market place and say to passers-by, to Legionnaires, to praters of "Americanism": "Look, look what you are making of your America! Look what you are doing to noble, proud, courageous humanity! For God's sake, if you don't mind feeding them as you wouldn't feed your hogs or your curs, leave them at least one shred of spirit or grace to show they are—or were—human beings!"

But whether these psychological studies, these attempts to get as near the bull's horns as you can get in writing, make you want to close the book and say, "Great stories, those," and forget them, or go out to the nearest Herndon meeting, the stuff of art, imagination, close observation, deep and sensitive feeling, is in everything Caldwell writes.

NOT REVEALING

THE CROW INDIANS, by Robert H. Lowie. (Farrar & Rinehart) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Stephen St. Evremonde)

WHEN a distinguished anthropologist sets out to give his summary and synthesis of the Indian tribe with whom he has lived for many years, those of us who are at all interested in such matters open his book with more than perfunctory curiosity. Now at last we are able to be told those intangible but relevant facts that never find their way into the professional monographs, and the Indian is to be revealed as a human being in a specific social and economic setting. After all, his behavior, external and internal, does seem markedly different from our own. How are we to construe these differences? Are they due to an innately distinct mentality? Doctor Lowie would be the first to resent indignantly any such imputation. To what then are they due?

Doctor Lowie nowhere in his book answers this simple and justifiable demand. Yet manifestly he is writing about something in the 340-odd pages of his book. No one who reads it can deny its interest. Indeed, the unusually favorable reception it has been given by *Time*, the *New York Times*, and *Books* amply attests the pleasure the stock reviewers have found in its pages. That in itself is an indication of the nature of its contents. Doctor Lowie presents us with a series of pictures of Crow life that are both highly entertaining and often new in their implications for the average man.

Now if anyone were to write of the so-called civilized nations in the same way we would justly regard his book as a traveler's narrative without any pretensions to completeness or thoroughness. Doctor Lowie, however, manifestly does not wish to put his book in this category. Here is his final synthesis; this is what Crow culture means to him and what he wishes it to mean to us. The conclusion, therefore, is inescapable, that to him in spite of his training, in spite of all his protestations to the contrary, an Indian is essentially an inferior being to be benevolently studied and fondly patted on the back. We are to be amused at his pranks and startled at his approximations to our mentality.

Dr. Lowie assures us that "when a child begins to cry the parents put it on its back and pour water down its nose" and that the threat of water thereafter effectively stops any recurrence of the crying. This is all we are told, to account for the

well-known good behavior of Indian children, upon which all anthropologists have commented in their studies. Similarly, in his chapter on literature he assures us that they possess tongue-twisters and make puns, and that a master of Crow idiom "considered speech not merely as a means of communication but had begun to analyze its elements as to their meaning and use". Doctor Lowie seems completely unaware of the condescension implied in this comment.

When an English gentleman-traveler and ethnologist makes such statements we are, of course, not surprised. He is reflecting the viewpoint of a definite class. Doctor Lowie, however, would be somewhat aghast, we presume, if he were told that he, too, is reflecting the viewpoint of a class. Apparently anthropologists are ignorant of the fact that they are members of a definite class and it is because of this sublime ignorance on their part that they have never quite fathomed the reasons for the strange method which they have developed in writing about primitive peoples, a method which consists in leaving out all those basic facts that are of fundamental significance. Instead of giving us a full description of the economic background of "primitive" culture we are treated to antiquarian tidbits. Naturally a reader cannot then possibly understand or properly evaluate any of the specific differences between these cultures and our own.

It is a sad commentary on modern academic anthropology that one of its most distinguished representatives remains so totally unaware both of the injustice he is doing to the people he is depicting and of the utter inadequacy of the picture he is drawing. And this is what inevitably results when cultures are studied in a vacuum and according to the approved tenets of contemporary objectivity.

A SUBTLE TACT

AMERICAN MESSIAHS, by the *Unofficial Observer*.
(Simon & Shuster) \$2

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

THE *New York Times*' reviewer of this book, with typical acumen, stated that the *Unofficial Observer* wrote with "an obvious left-wing sympathy". Yet the book is a complete white-wash of the very men—Huey Long, Father Coughlin and Senator Bilbo—whom Raymond Gram Swing in the best book on the subject which has thus far appeared called "Forerunners of American Fascism". *Unofficial Observer* apparently has read Swing and realized the difficulties of selling fascism outright. He uses a more subtle tact, learned from the Nazis. He attacks the Wall Street bankers and the reactionaries to show that he and his crowd are dissatisfied with "present conditions" and then explains how his idols, treated with a wisecracking but reverent air, will attune American life to the fact of plenty. Starting with Long, he tries to insinuate himself into the confidence of the liberals and radicals by arguing that maybe Huey seems fascist, still you can't always judge by appearances. Even if he is, what of it? "The lot of Germans and Italians under Fascism is not markedly inferior to the lot of the Russians under Communism." (P. 31) And all Long is trying to do is throw the fear of God into the hearts of the wealthy so that they will peacefully reconstruct our economic system!

Maybe, he argues, Coughlin is a fascist, but what's the difference? The only "important question is the extent to which Coughlin's program corresponds with the views of the

Vatican". (P.47) "The Catholic faith is concerned with creating the sort of social system that is most suited to the mass of humanity". (P.43) And the Church, therefore, has had to combat "the development of the Marxian class struggle leading to proletarian dictatorship and the materialistic State". Pope Leo XIII tried "to dissolve the class struggle by the formation of a specifically Catholic labor movement", though somehow the struggle did not exactly evaporate.

The Church is ready to make "bold experiments". It was friendly toward Technocracy until it discovered "the intense materialism and dogmatic atheism of the original Technocrats". It will support the New Deal "so long as it moves forward (!) in the direction of preserving the social order". However, if fascism comes here its purpose will have been fulfilled and it will move off to more heathen lands. "The Vatican has not hesitated even to permit the suppression of the German Catholic Party, when confronted with political developments which rendered them superfluous". (P.36) "Some people see an anti-Jewish tinge in Coughlin's attack on the international bankers. But in his speech he also mentioned the Morgans, so the anti-Semitic interpretation is still pretty far-fetched, although it should be noted that the Roman Church has never pretended to be pro-Jewish." (!) (P.50)

If you are interested in such "critical comments" you may be able to wade through the rest of the book and learn a number of strange facts such as: Alabama (where the Scottsboro boys rot) has completely thrown off the old feudalism; "shown by the fact that Bibb Graves, who owed his election as Governor in 1926 to the Ku Klux Klan, was re-elected in 1934 as a New Deal Liberal"; and that Governor Curley of Massachusetts (who writes for the Hearst papers) is "the most powerful potential leader of a movement toward the left". On the other hand, you might save yourself the price of the book by reading the *Vanity Fair* commentator, Jay Franklin, who once founded a group of Purple Shirts and sounds suspiciously like the *Unofficial Observer*, with the same "obvious left-wing sympathy" as the *New York Times*.

STRIP A MYTH AND INCREASE A HERO

CHAPAYEV, by D. Furmanov. (International Publishers, New York) \$2

(Reviewed by Lincoln Steffens)

THIS is the book back of the triumphant film of the same title, *Chapayev*, and just as good, more interesting to a writer. D. Furmanov, a typical Soviet Russian military commissioner who was assigned to the political end of the command of the revolutionary general in Asia, wrote it. He is dead now, as Chapayev is. It is the fascinating story of a scientific man's reactions to a mythical hero who was very hard to deal with. Furmanov began by adoring the myth of the Steppes from afar. Astonished and delighted by his orders to go and live and fight with Chapayev, he found his hero captious, contemptuous and disobedient toward the high command and ignorant and impatient of politics. Furmanov's first impulse was to fight him, but he decided to be diplomatic, and had had experiences both ways. He learned enough very soon to begin the process of stripping his myth of deed after deed. His own men, the natives—the whole Steppes—had fastened upon the bane of Chapayev every heroic adventure that they all had ever heard of. Furmanov investigated and wiped them out, he reduced the man to naked truth only to

find that the myth was a hero still; more so than ever; brave, shrewd, very able, very narrow, unwise in all Communist theory, but instinctively true and willing as a child or a peasant to learn. A beautiful, almost comic revelation of the relative merits of fact and fiction.

The Russian printed book carries portraits of the two utterly different men, the passionate, narrow-minded hero and the sober, serious politician-author, which illustrate the whole honest story. Every fiction writer should read this realism to learn how facts may be handled with reverence and fiction, too. Just kill off the myth and get down to the greater truth, but scientifically, not ruthlessly; gently, not with an axe. It is quite possible that the rough people out on the Steppes knew or felt something good and true when they created all together the fiction that really and truly was Chapayev. Thanks for this book, Russia. Got any more like it?

NEW CENSORSHIP

CENSORED, by Richard Pack and Mark Marvin. (National Committee Against Censorship of the Theatre Arts) 5c.
(Reviewed by Rosalie James)

CENSORSHIP has always served as an effective means of stifling, on the grounds of "immorality", "obscenity", "profanity", such artistic expression as might involve even the mildest criticism of the established order. Today the powers that be are setting new precedents in the use of this weapon, for they fear a growing movement which is backed up by organized resistance to their monopoly and degradation of the cultural heritage. This is the movement of the Left Theatres.

The "National Committee Against Censorship of the Theatre Arts" has recently issued a telling pamphlet, *Censored*, which is essential reading for every advocate of cultural freedom. In Newark, N. J., when the Collective Theatre tried to put on Wexley's *They Shall Not Die*, a play dealing with the Scottsboro case, "police entered the . . . hall before the plays were put on and switched off all the lights. When speakers, expressing their indignation, got up from the floor or stage, they were arrested by police, who very nearly created a dangerous riot by their action". Similar suppression has been practised in Boston, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles and New Haven, with riot calls and such trumped-up charges as "profanity", "obscenity", "firetrap" and "the seats were not fastened to the floor", in order.

In some cities, such as Newark and New Haven, mass protest has been strong enough to force a lifting of the bans. The Committee Against Censorship urges you to help them by sending in instances of censorship in your own communities to which they will give nation-wide publicity. Only organized protest will prevent complete censorship in this country. Copies of *Censored* may be obtained from the Committee Against Censorship, 114 West 14th St., New York City.

CLEAR, OBJECTIVE PICTURE

"I LOVE", by A. Avdeyenko. (International Publishers)
\$1.50

(Reviewed by Richard LaPan)

IN HIS autobiography, "I Love", A Avdeyenko has performed two great tasks. He has created a history of pre-revolutionary Russia which, although told in the first person,

is not bound up with a blind subjectivity one finds in the novels of the bourgeois writers.

The book gives a clear, objective picture of the conditions of workers under the triple oppression of Czarism, militarism and capitalism. In the childhood of Sanya, with its misery and hunger we get an insight into the family life of the great peasant masses of Russia. Later, when his entire family are wiped out by exploitation, disease and starvation and he goes to the city to become one of the many homeless waifs of the early revolutionary days and a leader of the underworld, we still get the picture of a group and not an individual.

Picked up by the Soviets and placed in the Commune of Homeless Waifs he shows us the beginning of the slow, painful process of reconstruction and the gradual awakening of a social consciousness.

In the second part of the novel we see the rebirth of the man. Whereas in our society he might have been condemned to become another Dillinger, in the Soviet state his old environment is completely broken down and the new man is born—a social human being released from the shackles of a barbaric system, capitalism. His individualism is given fullest expression, and a great engineer is produced.

The first section of the book, although filled with the family's sufferings and harsh treatment, never becomes mawkish or sentimental. The author understands the underlying causes and knows the solution.

The second accomplishment of this novel is that it refutes the hackneyed cries of our bourgeois critics, that art cannot flourish in a country given to the worship of the machine. The book is a beautifully drawn picture of perfect balance and shadings. Its naive simplicity and vital love of life make the cynicism and world-weariness of writers like Waugh, Huxley, Lawrence and Hemingway all the more noticeable.

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