



PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

SEPTEMBER 16, 1935

**REPLY TO AN OROVILLE
EDITOR**

**AN OPEN LETTER TO
VIGILANTES**

**RED BLOOD IN GREENWICH
VILLAGE**

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME III

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1935

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NOTES AND COMMENT

GOOD PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

IF ANYONE questions the qualifications of the governor of the state of California for vice-president or president, or any other higher office than the one he now holds, we submit the following quotation from a speech Mr. Merriam made at the Sacramento State Fair to prove what an intellectual giant he actually is:

The obnoxious weeds of communism soon wither under the blaze of true patriotism. The seeds of communism cannot thrive in a mind filled with gratitude for the principles Washington handed down to posterity.

Let us unite our efforts to awake and stay awake to defend our heritage and perpetuate the American ideals which Washington created, by erecting a fitting memorial in our Capitol Park which will stand as a reminder to future generations.

Some 9,000,000 men are out of work in this broad land in which American ideals are being perpetuated, and 23,000,000 people are dependent on charity for their existence. Thousands of them are citizens of the state of California. Our governor wants to spend thousands of dollars to erect a memorial to "stand as a reminder to future generations". As a reminder of what?

LABOR AND THE NEW DEAL

TWO weeks ago, on Labor Day, officials in the American Federation of Labor were telling the nation that bright prospects were ahead for the working classes of this country. But the business conditions report issued by the A. F. of L. a few days ago gave the lie to the oratorical buncombe heard on Labor Day. After pointing out that dividend payments for August are up \$11,000,000 from last year, or 4 per cent, and that the steel industry, which is of basic productive importance to the country; the report went on to survey workers' incomes, finding that wages lag far behind. On the average, the labor survey reported that wages are still 40 per cent

below 1929 and that there have been but small gains in buying power during the two years and a half of the Roosevelt Administration. The report concludes with these words:

It is disquieting to find that employment gains are by no means keeping pace with gains in production as industry recovers. Without action by organized workers we cannot expect increasing business to put the unemployed to work.

It's funny that the labor leaders didn't mention some of the facts from their business survey in their Labor Day orations.

HEARSTIAN VIOLENCE

THE Anti-Hearst campaign in Southern California has reached such effective strength that America's arch-fascist and labor enemy has taken to open police-vigilante violence in an effort to break the boycott and to retain his profits. On September 2, Los Angeles police and thugs from the circulation departments of the two Hearst newspapers in that city attacked 200 workers who were picketing the *Examiner*, shugging scores of workers and bystanders and arresting five on charges of "disturbing the peace" and "resisting an officer". In order to suppress all photographic records of the Hearst-directed violence, police seized three cameras owned by workers and destroyed the negatives.

Two days later, on September 4, police stood by while ten other Hearst thugs attacked the owner of a working-class newsstand at Fifth and Hill streets in Los Angeles, and destroyed the pamphlets and periodicals on the stand. The "vigies" were particularly careful in seizing all of the copies of that excellent pamphlet, *William Randolph Hearst, Labor Enemy No. 1*.

Far from breaking the boycott, the Hearst violence has strengthened the United Front of liberals, progressives and radicals in Los Angeles county. The Conference for Labor Civil Rights, composed of trade unions, Epic, Utopians and other groups, is endeavoring to broaden the boycott against the Los Angeles *Examiner* and *Herald-Express*, against such Hearst national magazines as *Good Housekeeping*, *Pictorial Review* and *Cosmopolitan*, and against the Hearst newsreels and film productions. Vigorous protests have been made to Los Angeles city officials against the attack on the anti-Hearst picketers.

PREACHERS MUST NOT PREACH

SAN FRANCISCO is the scene of the most recent enforcing of the dictum that "Preachers Must Not Preach". The vestrymen of the Trinity Episcopal Church, in that city, decided to investigate the "alleged radical social views" of the new rector whom they had called, Dr. Lorin Bradford Young. Dr. Young, who is from Brooklyn, was accused of being "a socialist who has run for office and as having been arrested for picketing in the Paterson, N. J., silk strike in 1931 with Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President". Secret reports from the East to the San Francisco vestrymen also alleged that "Dr. Young distributed radical literature leading

to resignation from his church of Matthew S. Sloan, head of the Edison company".

One of the five vestrymen, H. R. Braden, dissented from the red-baiting inquisition and, accurately enough, said: "I dissented from the inquiry because I feel there is too much looseness these days in calling anyone with vision a radical or a communist. Dr. Young's qualifications are 100 per cent. He is a Christ-like young man who has a great heart . . . He is forward thinking, just the type of young rector we need. I refuse to believe because he is an advanced thinker he is radical."

Naturally, Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* handled the story in its sensational, falsifying manner. Bishop Edward L. Parsons, who believes in "taking religion out of the pulpit and into the market place", was again denounced as "the Red Bishop of California". The conservative press of San Francisco built up a nice little "red scare" and, thus, gave direct aid to the reactionary elements in Trinity Church. Despite the efforts in support of real liberalism made by Bishop Parsons and Vestryman Braden, the other four vestrymen decided early this week to rescind their invitation to Reverend Young.

"It would be the reddest radicalism to have in our pulpit a man who had actually picketed in a strike!"

MR. SINCLAIR ANSWERS

LAST week these editorial comments contained a criticism of Upton Sinclair's *Epic News*, charging or, rather, calling attention to the fact that it had failed to give space to news about the PFU convention and the United Labor ticket. Following is Mr. Sinclair's reply to it and to remarks in Lincoln Steffens' column:

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

I note in your issue of September 9, that you suspect me of "Brass Checking" certain "movements, tickets, congresses" which I do not like. It should be sufficient to point out to you that my book, "The Brass Check", deals with newspapers which purport to be organs of general world news, and I undertook to show that they are not what they pretend to be. The "EPIC NEWS", on the other hand, has never pretended to be such an organ. The "EPIC NEWS" is the organ of the EPIC movement, and gives the news and opinions of that movement. We have no means to report any other movement—in fact, we have the devil's own time getting money enough to report our own. Other movements have their organs which represent them, and it is quite absurd to expect us to go outside our own field.

Furthermore, you are incorrect in stating: "Mr. Sinclair's EPIC News also made no mention whatever of the PFU congress in Santa Monica." Mr. Sinclair's EPIC News discussed the congress in detail, under Mr. Sinclair's own signature, two or three weeks before the event took place. Mr. Sinclair stated that many EPICs were writing in to ask what their attitude should be toward the congress, and he advised them that it was organized by persons who were dissatisfied with the EPIC movement and were seeking to replace it, and that therefore EPICs should forget it. Most of the EPICs did, and so did the EPIC News.

I note in the same issue a statement from my old friend Lincoln Steffens: "It's funny how fast they slide when once they start to slip . . . Sinclair takes his eight hundred thousand unhappy democrats to Mr. Jim Farley and makes a

bargain for production-for-use by Democrats." I think my old friend Steffens should have done me the honor to consult me before he made such a statement. I have taken no Democrats to Mr. Jim Farley and I have made no bargain with Mr. Jim Farley. I have seen Mr. Jim Farley only once since the election. I was invited to come to his luncheon in Los Angeles but did not do so. What I did was to attend a meeting of our EPIC Democrats at Democratic Headquarters, and there made a ten or fifteen minute speech to Mr. Jim Farley, telling him that we were going to get production-for-use through the Democratic party, or in some other way. I made no bargain and never thought of such a thing. Mr. Jim Farley has nothing that I want or would take.

I am not slipping or sliding, but fighting for my life's cause, the ending of exploitation by the quickest and surest route. Of course people may say about me things which are not true. Then it is those people who are slipping and sliding and not myself.

Sincerely

Los Angeles

Upton Sinclair

SOME OROVILLE NONSENSE

A NEWSPAPER clipping came to my desk this past week. It riles me considerably. It is an editorial from the Oroville *Mercury*, an endeavor at putting PACIFIC WEEKLY in its place as a Communist publication, "devoted to denouncing and ridiculing all American institutions while it discreetly glorifies Russia". I am disgusted with the "discreetly", but not at all riled by the attack on this magazine. What does rile me is that a man such as the writer of the editorial can hold the responsible position of a newspaper editor, tending to mold public opinion, and be so utterly ignorant of social and economic progress. What does rile me is that a man in such a position can continue to prate about America as the "land of opportunity" and make such an absurd statement as the following:

"We prefer our form of government because with it goes hope for the future. It does not bring all to the same dead level of the Russian peasant from which there is no hope of advance through personal initiative; no incentive to effort."

It does not seem conceivable that any ordinarily intelligent man could make such a statement as that in the light of the fact that there is available to him, and has been so available for the past ten years or more, truthful material gathered by intellectual and scientific men to prove just the contrary. If there is one human emotion prevalent in Soviet Russia today it is hope; if there is one human emotion lacking in America among those who might well be unfavorably compared with the Russian peasant it is hope.

The extent of the reading of the Oroville *Mercury's* editor is probably Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* and Mr. Macfadden's *Liberty*. I would suggest that he widen his field of self-enlightenment. I would suggest that he read *World Diary*, a compilation of international events during the years from 1929 to 1934, inclusive, written by Quincy Howe, editor of *The Living Age*. I would suggest that he turn to Page 211 in that book and read the following:

Nothing comparable to the development of the Soviet Union had been seen since the development of the United States. Americans who have been brought up to under-

stand the achievements of Franklin, Washington, and Adams should therefore be able to recognize—with certain obvious allowances—the Russian equivalents of these men in Lenin, Stalin, and Litvinov, with Trotzki perhaps in the role of a latter-day Aaron Burr. But it requires no knowledge of American history to grasp the importance of a nation that was growing at the rate of three million inhabitants a year, that possessed the richest wheat fields in the world as well as unmeasured reserves of coal, ore, and petroleum, and that had adopted a way of life so challenging that scarcely an individual can be found anywhere who does not respond either with the most violent rage or the most intense hope to the word "Communism".

Even before 1932 had run its course, the French perceived that a new factor had appeared in world affairs and proceeded to sign a non-aggression pact with Soviet Russia that altered the balance of power in Europe. And even before 1932 had begun, the liberal German economist, Dr. M. J. Bonn—no advocate of Communism—foresaw the importance of Russia to other countries. Writing in 1931 on "Russia and the World Crisis," he pointed out that "the present crisis differs in two respects from past crises." For one thing, the last frontier had vanished—he did not consider the possibility of colonizing the empty spaces of the Soviet Union; and, in the second place, an entirely new factor had appeared: "Beside the world of private capital there stands a world of social capital, Soviet Russia, which claims that its people are quite untouched by the world crisis, which, it says, is entirely due to the system of private capital."

The effect of this new factor on the people of Europe, Dr. Bonn described as follows: "We cannot make the unemployed of Europe forget their troubles by pointing out Russian tribulations. If they believe that the capitalist system is breaking down, it is entirely natural that they should turn to the Russian system, which seems to be free from such defects. The fact that during the present crisis there exists a Soviet system with which comparisons can be drawn constitutes the second element peculiar to our time. If capitalism cannot prove that it has accomplished considerably more than the Russian system claims to have accomplished, its future in Europe is not secure."

The capitalist nations of the New World as well as the Old faced no more serious challenge in 1933 than the rise of Soviet Russia during the year that had just come to an end.

I do not thus vicariously offer Soviet Russia as a paragon of economic and social virtues; I offer it only as an example of what is possible under a communal system which reverses the method the world has been pursuing in government for centuries and which most conclusively is unable to meet the social and economic demands upon it and is breaking down.

Certainly there is opposition to trying this system in capitalist countries. It is logical and necessary for capitalist governments to fight its growth. Communism—American communism, French communism, British communism—means the destruction of all that on which the human bulwarks of the capitalist governments are feeding. Hearst and Macfadden must fight communism and endeavor to prove its failure in Russia by every desperate means at their command, because communism in America would mean the destruction of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Macfadden. It would mean that no one man

could own, for instance, thousands upon thousands of acres such as those known as the San Simeon ranch, and patrol it with rangers who turn from its borders any citizen of America who would trespass thereon.

If *World Diary* proves anything it proves that the capitalist systems of the Old World and the New have failed despite what Hendrik Van Loon calls "plain, ordinary cheating, bamboozling, flimflamming, lying, dilly-dallying, swindling, thimblerrigging and bilking to which we have been exposed by our great statesmen and financiers during these last four years".

I ardently suggest that the editor of the Oroville *Mercury* read *World Diary* and then let him write, if he can so prostitute his newspaper: "We prefer our own form of government because with it goes hope for the future."

—W. K. BASSETT

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

A DICTATOR has to escape his assassin; that's his first duty and most of them know it. Huey Long did. Mussolini did. Hitler does. But Huey Long, heavily guarded as he was, couldn't escape his killer and so—is dead. And a crowd went to the funeral of the assassin. And crowds out here felt the relief of riddance. Nobody was glad; there's a rule against that. But give your neighbor half a chance and he would mention the fact that there was one less. One of them was gone. Caesar may be due and coming; he may be Hitler, he may be Mussolini, but he will not be Huey Long.

At a service club in Monterey two years or more ago, I had been trying to realize for business men around here the very present danger of Fascism, when one voice uttered the incredulity of my audience.

"Who could possibly be our dictator?"

I hesitated, but I saw the need of letting them see that "our dictator" would not have to be a great and good man, so I answered:

"Well, there is Huey Long."

That was a jolt. You could see the surprise, the utter rejection of such a man, then gradually the perception that if we had a dictator we would get somebody like the Kingfish to personify, if not to represent us. Some members refused to take it, but some took it like a blow. Ask them. They will remember. And now that Long is out, we still are not sure we shall get a President. I could name the next menace, but I won't; he would strike us as preposterous as Huey struck the Montereyans two years ago.

Political critics keep forgetting that a dictator is apt to ride up on our real character and desires and the actual spirit of us. The sawed-off shot gun is very close to our fears. I can see that, not only in Louisiana but in our Valley strikes.

ROBERT GORDON SPROUL, the President of the University of California, said something out of a full mind the other day—positive, axiomatic, without color of doubt—that reminded me of an incident in Petrograd at the start of The Revolution wherein the mob did a hard bit of thinking to an opposite conclusion. The subject of both thinkings was liberty

—liberty vs. license. I like Sproul, always have; even as against Communists and students who are against him, and this story may account for the differences between the academician and his students, between him and the two mobs who trouble him and his world. Anyhow, I will tell the tale somewhat as it was told in the House of Commons once to the delight of the libertarians there.

The Russian mob had gathered in the square before the office of the ministry of foreign affairs to await a decision. Having seen the crowd pass my hotel window, I gradually followed—very gradually; it was a cold winter day and I knew that the minister would not hurry to answer the people even though it was a crisis and there were thousands of them. I followed to the scene and was mightily interested to see how cold and quiet the rabble was. They had been there for hours when I turned up; they filled the square, but patiently, quietly; and I was there an hour or so with the reporter group before we saw a man prepare to speak, the first voice to be lifted. He took off his coat slowly, folded it deliberately and placing it carefully at his feet stepped up on it with the help of wondering hands. Supported up there he made his speech without straining his voice, addressing only the people near around him. As he proceeded I asked our interpreter what it was all about. He listened a bit longer, then said the orator was only a German propagandist appealing for support of the Huns' cause. That was all and the Russians heard him till he finished and stepped down; no resentment, no feeling of any sort.

I was amazed, shocked. I asked the interpreter to ask the near-by mob on what principle they tolerated in war-time speech of such obvious German propaganda. The question produced as always a debate, long, earnest, sober, which our efficient interpreter reduced to one brief sentence.

"They say," he said, "that the principle was that of free speech."

"Huh!" I exclaimed, "You tell them that they don't know the difference between liberty and license."

He told them that. The interpreter had some difficulty describing the American distinction; they had never heard of license; I heard them repeat over and over the familiar word "License". It was a new word, a new idea to the then backward people. They knew and could say "Liberty", but "License" was strange and foreign. When the interpreter turned back with all that hard discussion behind him, he summed it up briefly and clearly.

"They say that that's right. They don't know the difference between Liberty and License and they ask what it is."

Stuck, I had to invent a definition fast. What was liberty in a word?

My swift, incomplete answer was that "Liberty is the right of any person to stand up anywhere and say anything whatsoever that everybody thinks." I thought—and almost anyone would expect—a laugh or a smile; at least would greet a definition like that, but no, not a smile, not a sign of humor. There was a debate, however, the usual careful, conscientious discussion, which came to a conclusion thus:

"Yes, we understand Liberty; now what is that other thing, License? What is License?"

Having had more time to think, I gave this definition more surely and more promptly, to wit:

"License is not a right, it is the impudence of some son-of-a-gun who has no right to live anyhow, to utter some damn thing that is true."

At that the debate was really joined. The crowd, which

had earnestly considered the other points, now drew together and argued with passion and eloquence for so long that it was fast forgetting what it was all about. There was some heat in that cold group, and not a smile of fun. Then, suddenly they gave the interpreter something which he delivered to me in these few words:

"Tell the gospodeen that if that is so, if that is the difference between Liberty and what you call License, then it is License we believe in, and not Liberty."

Was I shocked! That crowd of illiterates stuck to and followed the definition and let the word "Liberty" go. And it was liberty they were fighting for, having a revolution to get. No educated man could do that. As the liberal president of the University of California exemplified, a college-bred bourgeois or gentleman, if the choice were between a word and a conception, would stand by his word. Mr. Sproul was for liberty and he warned his students that they, like my revolutionary mob, were only for license.

THE OTHER delegates to the peace conference of the League at Geneva need not be jealous of Litvinoff and resent his sarcasm. It is irritating but denotes no superiority that is personal. He is not abler than they are. He merely has the luck to represent a freer country, which can allow him to speak out and laugh. He represents the only great power that doesn't want anything but peace. It is Soviet Russia that has the advantage and any country can share that by having a revolution and driving out the grafters and knocking out the grafts. That would bring peace, too. Right away. No graft, no war.

GOVERNOR MERRIAM for vice-president sounds all right to me. Some of the newspaper men are kicking that he hasn't even started to do his job as governor of California yet. That's true, but we don't want him to, do we? Let's kick him upstairs into the Senate. Nobody loves the Senate, do they? And we do love California. Patriotic California newspapermen should not interfere with the friends of Merriam at this juncture.

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AN OPEN LETTER TO VIGILANTES

BY GEORGE HEDLEY

GENTLEMEN:

My addressing you through the columns of PACIFIC WEEKLY requires explanation at two points. First, although I have met you a number of times—in San Francisco, in Berkeley, in Santa Cruz, in Salinas, in Sacramento—you have exhibited a curious reticence about your names and mailing addresses; and so I find it necessary to reach you by a medium somewhat indirect. Second, I know that you probably don't read this journal, since you serve the police as agents of action rather than of information; but I count on some of the readers calling to your attention this communication designed not for them, but for you.

Unlike some of my friends, I address you not to condemn you. You violate the law for which you profess such concern; but so do many others. In your insistence on "Americanism" you show little knowledge of the Declaration of Independence or of the Bill of Rights; in which you are accompanied by a vast majority of the populace. You exhibit sadistic impulses; but who of us does not yield, on occasion, to those inherent tendencies we call "instinctive"? These things are self-evident; but they are also, I suggest, unimportant. What I want to do in this letter is to ask you a simple question: **WHY ARE YOU SO DUMB?**

Mr. Vigilante Farmer, for whom are you working when you order the "reds" out of your county? Do you remember—surely you must, for it wasn't long ago—how you massed in the courthouse square, armed with pitchforks and shotguns, protesting against mortgage foreclosures? (And some of your colleagues raised the snake flag of Revolutionary days, with its motto, "Don't tread on me!") The same finance companies that threatened you then, that burden you always; the same power distributors who charge you rates that make your own investment almost valueless—these are they who want the "reds" removed. Are you a member of the Associated Farmers, Inc.? Who are the members of your Board of Directors?

Is it the labor charge that keeps you broke? Is the wage factor the only resilient item in your costs? Examine your own balance-sheet, and ask yourself whether the "widows and orphans" of the P. G. & E. are more in need of a decent living than the men and women and children who live by serving you. You are, and have been for years, a "have-not": do your interests lie then with the "haves" who take away from you, or with the other "have-nots" who share your subjugation to the financial system?

Mr. Vigilante Businessman, for whom are you working when you join the mine owner in attack upon the strikers? Do the dividends from Amador buy shoes, groceries, furniture from your stock? Has it occurred to you that the wage raise for which the miners ask would be money in your own pocket? Why let the bosses kid you?

Mr. Vigilante Taxpayer, do you really believe that eliminating the radicals will lighten the burden on your own shoulders? Who holds the tax-exempt securities? Who knows twelve ways to dodge the income tax collector? Who manipulates tax measures so that the greater weight falls on the small proprietor, the minor tradesman? Have the reds secured greater concessions from the State—at your expense—than have the railroads? These "thrifty" whose "soaking" Mr.

Hearst so piteously laments—are they your kind, with a home and a couple of lots, or his kind, with a feudal barony at San Simeon?

You paid for the criminal syndicalism prosecution at Sacramento—Mr. Webb found funds for that, though he has none for vigilante prosecution at Santa Rosa; but were the eight convicted "agitators" a menace to you or to those who profit at your expense as well as theirs? —And directly, taxpayers of Richmond and Berkeley: how much are you going to pay, for your vigilante "protection of property" at the Prater studio and at the Finnish Hall? Your Berkeley Nationals have proved to be an expensive lot: have they rendered you any genuine service in return?

Mr. Vigilante Labor Unionist, for whom are you working when you attack the left-wing of your own movement? Have you read any labor history? Don't you know that every general assault on labor has begun as an attack on the "radicals"? Didn't you hear the realist Mr. Crocker saying, after the "General Strike", "Labor is licked"? The cleavage between conservative and Communist labor leaders is one invented by the employers to keep both groups in subjection; your interest lies not in widening it, but in bridging it. Money is against you all: the State has been against you all; the weapons are against you all. The police on Bloody Thursday didn't discriminate among you; and neither do those whose property they "defended". Instead of warring upon your own comrades to the left, how about joining with them in defense of your common good?

Mr. Vigilante Legionnaire, for whom are you working when you engage in militant defense of "American tradition"? That is the tradition which sent you to France; and even if it sent you rather to the Bois de Boulogne than to the forest of the Argonne, it left your buddy rotting in the trenches. That is the tradition which will defend American money at the cost of the last American man. That is the tradition which will dispatch your own son, now almost old enough for army service, to a fate which may be less fortunate than your own. If you saw the war at all—I cannot assume that all of you did—you know what a rotten business it was. Can you get it in your heads that those who urge you to break up meetings against War and Fascism are those who profit by war, and who use you as pawns in their own financial manoeuvres?

Mr. Vigilante Whoever You are, I think you don't benefit much personally by things as they are. Even if you do, you live under—and by your activities try to perpetuate—a system which has a record of smashing its own members by a turn of the wheel. You may have been lucky so far; but there are rugged individuals as ready to pluck you as they were to pluck these others. —Frankly, I don't have much hope of getting you to see that point immediately; but it's worth thinking about.

And to the rest of you I repeat my question: in a world operated in the interests of profit rather than of people, why do you, common people like the rest of us, lend yourselves thus to the service of profit? **WHY ARE YOU SO DUMB?**

Sympathetically yours,

GEORGE HEDLEY

RED BLOOD IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

BY JAMES BROUGHTON

WARNING and painting, within the swift succession of decades, is responsive to the shift in contemporary thought and experience. It has to be. And nowhere in America is the extremity of the change in viewpoint and its expression from the last decade to this more clearly illustrated than in New York's Greenwich Village of 1935.

The Village, famed throughout America for its fabulous frivolous bohemianism, is dead and gone. It is as dead as the cynical post-war "school of Paris", from which exiles like Malcolm Cowley fled, repentant, looking for something real to put their teeth into. The egotism, the self-conscious worldliness, the neurotic dramatization of self in wild parties and furious living has literally vanished. When one walks in the Village today and sits in the popular cafeterias, one knows that its problem and purpose is no longer aesthetic selfishness but political reform and social idealism.

The life of the tottering twenties has given way to something much more serious in tone, much more vital, much more purposeful. You don't need to imagine it or lie about it; it is there on every corner. The continuous partying of the sophisticates, of Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, Djuna Barnes, and their cohorts, has—with minor exceptions that do not count—disappeared to such an extent that it might never have existed. No longer are bottles of gin delivered in the mornings instead of milk. The Village is sober. Depression times have made hunger too common an experience to seem humorous and delightful. It is something to be fought and remedied. Artists and writers are aware and aroused against fascistic censorship, regimentation, poverty and abuse.

Where there were once pink magazines with obscure titles and twisted type, the lofts along 10th Street and 12th Street now print radical reviews with stories, articles, verse that is socially conscious, fighting, desperate, American, and insistent. A novel of studio sex would be laughed at. The *Seven Arts* and *Little Review* and their more pallid imitators would hardly find readers or contributors in the Village of 1935. But *Partisan Review*, *Fight*, *The New Talent*, *Modern Monthly*, *The Anvil* and many more—both proficient and minute—are avidly read and talked over and encouraged. In the Village today the *Daily Worker* sells more copies than does any other New York newspaper, and the *New Masses* more than any other magazine.

Lectures on international politics are given frequently in labor halls. On the streets one hears feverish discussions of timely subjects—strikes, picketing, New Deal government. Pamphlets, booklets, bulletins are printed and widely distributed. Washington Square is lively with lecture and debate, and every week sees a large protest meeting of thousands of people in Union Square. The Worker's School is a busy and popular place. The League Against War and Fascism, the Friends of the Worker's School, the League of American Writers, and similar left-wing groups sponsor weekly forums, offer prize competitions, and support social protests and demonstrations.

The most popular bookstore in the Village is the Worker's Bookshop, which is stocked only with fiction that is proletarian-minded and revolutionary books on philosophy, sociology and politics. A book-of-the-month club has been formed, called the Book Union, which will publish radical books other-

wise unlikely of getting into print. It is a well-organized project with strong general support. In 1925 it would have been disorganized and proud of it; indeed, it would not have existed. There is a Writer's Union, whose loft in 18th Street is a meeting room for writers seeking aid and suggestions, awake to activities in the world. Its principal purpose is to prevent writers from becoming reactionary.

There is likewise an Artist's Union, as well as a Dancer's Union. Perhaps the remarkable revolution in the art life of the Village can best be shown by the case of the dance. Dancers who had studied with Wigman, Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, discovered they were unable to set up their own studios on 57th Street. They were hungry, poor, ambitious, wondering. But now, with the organization of the strong New Dance League, they have found quarters in the Village where they are training lithe and strong young men and women to dance in choreographic ideas that even five years ago would have been undreamt of and impossible. They have brought bitter experience and new hope to this art. Dance programs with such titles on the bill as "United Against War and Fascism", "Class Struggle", "Lynch!", "Studies in Conflict", with satires like "Ivory Tower" and "G-Men" offer some key to the revolt in an art form that has remained abstract, classic, and too often merely pretty for many years. But now it is being revitalized with vigorous contemporary expression that has depth, emotion and artistry such as dancing has seldom possessed. Even judged by formal precepts of pattern and movement, it is good choreography and good dancing, and what is even better—it has real subject matter. More men are entering these groups to express themselves through the dance, which they would never have done while it remained a chiffon whirl and a graceful posture.

In the dramatic theater there is no less fervor and activity. The New Theater League, whose official publication is *New Theater* magazine, has seen the formation of many groups of actors and playwrights working cooperatively. The names of them are countless: Theater Union, Theater Collective, Theater of Action, New Theater Group, Theater Unit, etc. Spurred on by the success of Clifford Odets, and by the enthusiastic reception accorded plays like *Stevedore* and *Black Pit*, they are writing, casting, building sets for more ambitious undertakings. These are not the leisurely individualistic days of the old Provincetown Players, when it was sometimes \$10 a seat and Otto Kahn would write out a check frequently in thousands. This is a unified theater for the workers, and the workers who cannot pay for tickets are admitted free of charge. It is a theater of purpose, enthusiasm, and hope.

There are numberless organizations, both artistic and political, that are too numerous to mention. But the point of all this is the fact of union, of unity and the strength and potency of that unity, which is something the old Greenwich Village never had. It had picturesque hangouts and speakeasies, yes. But today writers and artists meet the workers in cafeterias, draw up protests, read the *Daily Worker* and dialectical materialism, encourage, plan and think. There is companionship and social sympathy and seriousness. And above all there is union, and to the strength of that each one contributes.

Those intellectuals who could not accept this new, inevi-

table growth in their old haunts have fled to New England farmhouses. Those who have remained accept gratefully the potency and importance of the new Village. It is these last who resent most loudly any manifestation of their former pettiness. One of them told me that every time he sees youngsters screaming and drinking, he wants to tell them to stop it, to quit wasting their energies, to wake up and be alive and know something about the world they live in.

This man is one whose life has been given meaning by the new character of vision and power which the Village has taken in this decade. He is grateful that money is no longer plentiful and indulgent to permit the flourishing of the old time

art for art's sake. He recognizes and appreciates that Greenwich Village has at last become healthy, sane and humanitarian, able at last to achieve self-respect. These older men and the determined and desperate younger generation of the 1930's are working together in their union of great causes, in the defense of their bodies and souls, against injustice and exploitation, against war and hunger and fascism, fighting for their dream of a new social state. There is strength and there is faith, no longer ingrown but constructive, truly worldly. For the first time in its existence Greenwich Village is doing something important to all America. It has blood—red blood.



THROUGH THE UKRAINE TO THE CAUCASUS

BY ROBERT MERRIMAN

(This is the sixth in a series of "bulletins" being written from Moscow to friends in California by Mr. Merriman who was until going to Soviet Russia a Teaching Assistant in the Department of Economics in the University of California. He is now studying in the Soviet Union on a Newton Booth Traveling Fellowship in Economics. He is a second lieutenant in the United States Officers Reserve. PACIFIC WEEKLY is publishing these bulletins on the suggestion of Mr. Merriman's friends who believe, as we believe, that they will tend to clear the atmosphere through which the world is looking at what many keenly intelligent minds consider an unparalleled social and economic experiment in world history. Unquestionably what is going on in Soviet Russia today makes that nation of supreme interest to friend and foe alike.—Ed.)

A LAST minute decision in regard to making this trip brought us to a crowded station where tickets seemed impossible to obtain. The reason for the difficulty is the fact that at this season there is a great demand for tickets to the workers' rest homes and health resorts in the South. Since a delay would mean less time to enjoy these rest homes, these people are given preference. After a great deal of arguing, we managed to see the manager of the station. Because of the fact that we were foreigners going south to examine collective farms, we were finally given the last two available tickets.

We hurried on to the train to find that our accommodations were in the "hard" class, which means exactly that. The whole car consists of a series of wooden benches arranged in sections, with shelves above for sleeping purposes. Each section accommodates six people. Those who wish "bruiseless" sleep can rent bedding and a thin mattress for a small sum.

Our section was shared by a factory worker, a woman from the Central Statistical Office, a talkative Red Army veterinary and a young radio worker from Rostov, all of whom were on their vacations. The presence of two foreigners enlivened

their trip and they plied us with the usual run of questions about wages, unemployment and prices in the United States. They were disappointed when what they thought to be a portable phonograph turned out to be our typewriter.

The railroad stations along the way are of great importance to the Russian traveler. As the train pulls into the station dozens of small teakettles make their appearance. The passengers crowd toward the doors and stand poised with their "chiniks" in hand, waiting for the train to stop. The minute it stops a wild dash is made for the boiling water tank, which is pointed out by prominent signs. From the many faucets they obtain hot water for their tea. If further time remains they wander about buying other bits of food to complete their meal.

The train we were on did not have a restaurant car, and we found it necessary to buy our meals as we went along. Ordinarily we bought various things from the peasants who were at the station, although on one occasion we found the station dining room all set with a steaming hot dinner which we ate during a twenty-minute stop. The purchase of food along the way developed into real entertainment and the discovery of some new fruit or food was the cause of much talkative excitement. On the way we purchased bread, rolls, pickles, milk, hardboiled eggs, apples, plums, apricots, tomatoes, sausage, carrots, pears, and cucumbers. At one station we bought a delicious roast chicken, which the little peasant woman assured us was "honest to goodness, cooked in the freshest butter!" She also sold us freshly boiled corn on the cob to complete our supper. But my wife was most amused when I returned from one purchasing trip with five pickles in one hand and three red Ukrainian roses in the other! Our little conductress, who looked not more than nineteen or twenty, was very concerned over our forgetting our teakettle, and insisted on bringing us hot tea, without charge, each time we ate.

The rolling hills and scattered forests of the northern

Ukraine gradually disappear as one goes south onto the steppe. The beauty of the country, combined with this year's splendid harvest, makes a reassuring picture. The peasants with whom I talked were very satisfied and told me that this year's grain harvest is the finest they have ever known. The climatic conditions have been unusually favorable and the increased acreage planted as a result of collective farming has produced a yield much greater than ever before. The grain was already stored, and in many places they had difficulty in finding adequate storage space, despite the fact that they had anticipated a bumper crop. They are now picking tomatoes and are preparing to harvest the potato and corn crops. Their work is so organized that part of the collective farmers are already starting to prepare the ground for the winter crop. In addition, as part of the preparation for the future, the collective farms have been planting thousands of acres of young fruit trees, which will be bearing in a few years.

The Ukrainian villages are much more colorful than those in the north. The houses are made of sod bricks and are then plastered and whitewashed. As one goes south the thatched and tin roofs are replaced by picturesque red tile roofs. The villages are spread over a larger area than those in the north, and each house is surrounded by trees and a large garden plot. The villages are often sprawled across the hollows, and the green of the countryside is a pleasing background for the red and white of the houses.

The recent decision to improve the railroad service has already produced better conditions for transportation, both of passengers and freight. The trains run according to a definite schedule and are very punctual in their arrival and departure. The tracks are being utilized to the maximum and trains pass every few minutes. At each station the engine and cars are carefully inspected to see if wheels need repacking and to check on the general condition. Many of the north-bound trains carried fruit and melons, while many south-bound trains were loaded with new trucks, tractors and other agricultural machinery.

After leaving the Ukraine we passed through the highly industrialized towns of the Donbas region, of which Rostov is the center. Late in the evening we skirted the Azov Sea and followed the moonlit Don into Rostov.



LAUGHTER IN THE SHADOWS

HEAR laughter,
Laughter in the shadows.

In the shadows of the tenement
I hear laughter;
In the shadows of the flophouse
I hear laughter.

What is this
Laughter in the shadows?

—G. ARMISTEAD KAUFFMAN

THE THEATER

KLONWOOD VS. HOLLYDIKE

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

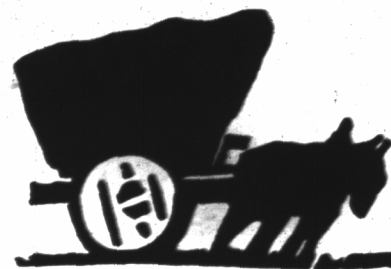
THE moviegoer jaded with a long diet of conventional Hollywood will find much about *The Call of the Wild* (United Artists) that is refreshing. If it has the fault of being only half Jack London, then it also has the virtue of being only half Hollywood. There are times when it goes Beverly Hillsian in its preoccupation with a red hot love triangle in the frozen north, but there also are welcome times when it drops this preoccupation to remember that after all London was writing a story to illustrate the biological theory of reversion to type.

Clark Gable, in spite of his reputation as the celluloid's greatest lover, does a particularly worthy job as the protagonist of the story and owner of the dog, Buck. Loretta Young goes through the film with Coconut Grove aplomb in the role of the lady of the wilds, never disturbing her permanent or her eyelash cement even in the most raging arctic blizzard.

Readers of London will be a little shocked to see a St. Bernard playing the role of Buck, but the part is so fetchingly done that perhaps this discrepancy can be forgiven. It is a little startling, though, to see the stolid St. Bernard, answering the call of the wild and trotting off to find a lean wolf ladylove and whelp untamed pups in the white silence.

Reginald Owen creates a nice bit of Londonesquerie in the man whose lust for gold brings him doom when a pirated belt of the yellow dust anchors him to the bottom of the river after the foundering of his canoe. Jack Oakie's comic relief is both anachronistic and at times most unappetizingly Hollywoodian. I don't think the humor of homosexuality reached the Klondike country until after the miners had gone and the Rotarians arrived.

There is magnificent scenery, though, beautifully photographed, and many of the scenes of the dogs in action are thrilling. One of the high spots is the memorable scene wherein Buck stakes his master's venture and wins his eternal love by starting and pulling a thousand-pound sledload down a Dawson street. It is such scenes as this that make the spectator wish the film had followed the book by being a story of a dog instead of about Miss Loretta Young. All this is said, of course, in no effort to be deprecatory to Miss Young. She is one of God's most lush creatures.



BOOKS

ANOTHER MILESTONE

BY ELLA WINTER

HERE is a book advertised as a novel about a Pacific Coast strike*. The author is a young college professor who worked as an ordinary seaman and says he is prouder of that work than any he has done. The book is in four parts. It tells the story of the period of a strike from the tying up of the ship *Pamona* at Pier 17 in Seattle to hear the news that the Union has called out the seamen, because of a threatened cut in wages, to the truce called when the men have been gassed, beaten, several killed and the pier has been "opened" by the rout of the pickets. In the course of the book the longshoremen come out and the sailors are proud and triumphant.

The story is told in snatches seen by various sailors, mates, a girl reporter out to make her name, a third mate and the daughter of the *Pamona's* captain who is killed by a brick thrown by a picket. Each section is a little cameo of a mood or a reflection or a description of sea, ship or waterfront and what work feels like. These cameos are sensitively and poetically done; Mr. Havighurst has caught the craftsman's love of his craft and he knows the technical language of longshoring and sailing; he has the fog, the Skidroad, the tang in the air; the attempts of inarticulate and illiterate Taffy to write a letter home to Wales (he never did get it written); he has miraculously, in economical snatches of prose, the exact feeling of pain, from the point where the nurse's touch "sank through him like a blade" to the pain's "fading away in widened shallow ripples". The details are there wrapped in beauty, in realistic, earthy truth. But the strike is not there.

It is the difference between going into the strikers' hall in any strike and listening to the men—the "un-class-conscious" men—and then attending a meeting of the central strike committee. Mr. Havighurst shows the confusion at the base of the pyramid, but not the sharp intelligence at its apex; the reader is left with a feeling of the same confusion that Taffy and Tucker, Adrian Scarf and Bill and Slim and the ship's officers feel. The Union secretary, Flint Reynard, is only shown tired and hardworking in the Union Hall with a cigarette hanging out the corner of his mouth. You never see what he is working at. This would have cleared up some of the reader's confusion.

Certainly any strike seems confused if you don't see the central direction of it; many strikes are confused, and purposely, by their own "sell-out" leaders, as the employers hire stool-pigeons and spies to confuse the men. But the Pacific Coast marine strike happened not to be a confused strike, as it wasn't lost; why did Mr. Havighurst, especially if he is a college professor and therefore might be expected to have read up on it, not bring any hint of this into his novel? The fact that there was direction must have exerted some influence on the striking sailors, even though they may have been quite inarticulate about it. At least the reader must be let in on it.

But the importance of this novel is not what it is in itself. All strike novels today are leading up to the great books, novels or reportage, which will come out of this period, as

*PIER 17, by Walter Havighurst. (Macmillan) \$2.50

Marlowe and Johnson and the other minor Elizabethans led up to Shakespeare. Robert Cantwell, William Rollins, Jr., Arnold Armstrong and other writers are all trying to say it: each is contributing ways of saying it, and each is showing what doesn't say it. They are all experimenting. Havighurst has done this service: he has gotten nearer than many to the spirit and emotion that surges through individuals from a great "collective" enterprise, especially when death and terror, hate and doubts, courage and determination enter in. Leaving out an important political factor in a strike novel, a factor integral to the situation as it affects each individual, may have political reasons, or be due to the difficulty of writing about something that is so new and fresh in fiction that it may sound like "propaganda", or it may be due to the fact simply that the writer knew nothing about it: and the political direction of a left-wing strike is not something that can be read about in books. It is so new that one can know nothing about it unless one has come close up to it and seen it in the flesh. The great proletarian writer will put this into a novel and it won't sound like propaganda. He hasn't come on the scene yet.

But this book does show in its poetic and not very robust way the seed of great beauty being born among the workers in the dirt and superstition, ignorance and ugliness that Marie deL. Welch described in her Camp Corcoran poems. "This is not beautiful, make no mistake": but it's there; and its growth and revelation will be the supreme experience of this generation as novels, poems, plays and dramas about it will be one of the great art contributions of our age.

MIRROR OF OUR FUTURE?

RUBBER TRUNCHEON, by Wolfgang Langhof. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Sara Reamer)

ARRESTED for being an actor, tortured in prison under "protective arrest" and in the Borgermoore concentration camp for thirteen months, suddenly released for no reason—that is the story of Wolfgang Langhof's *Rubber Truncheon*. As an actor of considerable repute, reciting at several workers' entertainments, he was obnoxious enough to Nazis to subject him to insufferable tortures. The author, who loved Germany, had to forego life in his fatherland until a new Germany shall come into being.

The book is gripping and terrifying, authentic, simply told. It cannot be read objectively, nor with a feeling that the situation and conditions recorded are foreign, unrelated to us in America; not with Santa Rosa vigilantes tarring and feathering labor leaders. Consider California labor history for recent years; can one disassociate Langhof's experiences from those of a Santa Rosa apple picker? Liberals will find the book a mirror of the role some of them have been playing and will go on playing in America.

One feels a mounting nausea and indignation at civilization in ruling-class Germany today, but equally an admiration for the German communists who are undefeatable, courageous, persevering. The reasons for sadism and bestiality, terror and torture, are made clear in this book: a fascist state, with nothing to look forward to but decay, has as its only outlet terroristic brutality. The communists, on the other hand, building and working for a future of progress and real civilization, are relentless in their fight to gain that state. It is

in this fixed devotion to their faith in Communism that the reader finds an answer to his query as to what keeps all the prisoners from trying to commit suicide.

Rubber Truncheon portrays the life in concentration camps. Langhof tells of the splits in the storm troops: desertions, reluctance to beat the prisoners, the conviction of many that if only Hitler knew of the beatings he would stop them; that it is the greedy fascists in between Adolph and the storm troops who sanction the cruelty. Langhof had many talks with the guards on the moors; when he told them that Hitler claimed to know everything that was going on in Germany, they shook their heads. Later some of them became communists.

A good illustration of the cunning prisoners acquire is in Langhof's account of an entertainment the concentrationists gave to bolster their morale: they arranged the stage so that no pictures could be taken. How simple for the fascists to photograph them, show the pictures to workers outside and say, "See how happy the men are in the concentration camps!" The everpresent thought in the prisoners' minds is to keep the workers outside from getting false impressions.

Their songs have become an eloquent means of self expression. The latest copy of *Music Vanguard* has the anti-fascist song of the Peat-bog prisoners, "Die Moorsoldaten", which originated during Langhof's stay in the Burgermoore camp. The songs must hoodwink the storm troopers and yet give courage to the prisoners. Whenever a victim is released the Peatbog Song is sung by the remaining prisoners. Copies are smuggled out with outgoing prisoners and many hundreds have reached villages throughout Germany and the rest of the world. "Die Moorsoldaten" was finally forbidden in the camp as suspiciously revolutionary but today it is rapidly becoming a popular song among anti-fascists throughout the world.

Langhof's experiences can be compared with those of the Communist, Karl Billinger, author of *Fatherland*. Billinger and Langhof were in different camps and prisons but their treatment was similar: beatings, torture, physical indignities. One can no longer doubt the atrocities of the Nazi regime. Billinger's book interprets from a Marxian point of view; Langhof, with no political affiliations, simply records events and feelings. Yet he arrives at a Marxian point of view before he is through. He is overwhelmed, as is the reader, with admiration for the courage of the Communists, who do not give up and do not lose faith in themselves, the proletariat.

CHINESE RED HUMOR

THE HANGING ON UNION SQUARE, by H. T. Tsiang.
(Published by the author, Box 66, Sta. "D", New York City)

(Reviewed by Phil McCann)

SOMETHING ought to be done—when a Chinaman can come to this land and, after learning our language, dash off a book as good as this. Worse, this is his third work. The first was *Poems of the Chinese Revolution*; then came *China Red*, a novel. Now this one. He claims another follows. It will be "An Odyssey of a Chinese Coolie" called *Shanghai New York Moscow*. Six of our "best" publishers refused to handle his manuscripts. Tsiang puts copies of their rejections in the front portion. Certainly, they can't be blamed. It's redder and hotter than the hinges of a Bessemer converter.

A number of poems season the book. They are the poems

one would like to write—but never does. Of the dynamic revolutionary type they convey all the feeling, the misery, and suffering that a coolie can summon. The book reminds one of Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer* in the way it works over a large area, handling as it does a dozen types (not characters) and making them all very real.

Mr. System
Beware:
The Hanging
On
Union Square.

The *dramatis personae* are: Mr. System, one of a thousand capitalists; Mr. Wiseguy, a typical name; Mr. Ratsky, a stool-pigeon; Miss Digger, who left her "Gold" somewhere; and Comrade (not Miss) Stubborn. The main character, a Mr. Nut, can be found by the millions in 'most any capitalist country. Caught in a cafeteria with:

"A ten-cent check,
I had my coffee an';
I have only a nickel
In my hand."

This time it was not the Communist Cafeteria on 13th Street, it was a capitalist cafeteria and Mr. Nut could not get out. That is, until he got that lone jitney. It is in here that he meets Mr. Wiseguy, who had a Hitler-like mustache, and Miss Digger, who: "Since her right-side breast was better developed showed that her boss, Mr. System, was a left-handed man." Since Mr. Nut cannot get out of that cafeteria he makes a noise and receives a "working over" for his end.

Then we meet Comrade Stubborn. She is a member of the Communist Party, an agitator, a worker with guts, sincerity and pep. Stubborn had acquired the confidence of her Party unit, her union, her shop committee. Not because she was a good dancer, a good looker, or a good speaker. It was because she was a good Communist. She sold pamphlets and Party papers, and climbed into bed at night, not to sleep, but to review her shortcomings.

The landlord evicts Stubborn's aged parents. Mounting a table she speaks to the crowd. Her aged parents sustain her, but the cops whack her off the table as the crowd gathers. Nut is in the crowd. They carry the furniture back, give battle to the cops and create a small riot. The excitement was too much for Stubborn's mother. She dies and while Stubborn hunts the Party member in her block committee, her father kills himself with a carving knife. Despite personal tragedies Stubborn attends the mass demonstration at City Hall that afternoon.

If we cannot remember the sorrow of the past
We shall not make tomorrow's joy last.
If we can make tomorrow's joy last,
How can our memories in days of tomorrow forget our sorrows of the past.

"What do you think of Zangara?" the Nut asks a Negro worker who is selling the *Daily Worker*.

"Because of him, capitalists tried to frame communists. We do not approve of individual terror! One capitalist is assassinated and another takes his place. We have to change the whole system."

Tsiang lays about him in every direction. Queers, sadists, goofs, artists and scabs all are recipients of his rapier-like jabs. A certain female missionary who writes books about Oriental countries comes in for her share of rousta. Party members, socialists, anarchists and many others get batted about by this

adroit writer.

Here is concrete proof that the class struggle is international in scope. Capitalist America won't read *Hanging on Union Square*. But we shall await Tsiang's next book with keenest anticipation.

SENSIBLE ENOUGH

SEX PRACTICE IN MARRIAGE, by C. B. S. Evans, M. D. (Emerson Books) \$1.95

THIS is a sensible enough little book on the sex side of marriage, but it is presented with such emphasis on its scientific weight, because written by a physician, that it is desirable to point out that from its one hundred pages one can easily pick out a dozen or more exceptionable statements. It is misleading, for instance, to speak of an "instinct to preserve life" or of a "subconsciousness", nor is it "unquestionable" that only humans have pleasure in sexual union, nor do brain cells convert auditory stimuli into "a conception" of sound, nor does the female sex hormone produce profound changes in "all the tissues and organs" in the body, nor does this hormone affect the "processes of thought", to mention a few of the mentionable errors.

Variety in the play-function of sex is too incompletely treated to be adequate to the needs of diverse human dispositions; and the much stressed illustrations are rather obscure line diagrams that will convey little to the anatomically uninformed layman.

It is a fairly good little book, notwithstanding all this, and notwithstanding references to an "all-wise" Creator and to an anthropomorphized Nature, whose "purposes" and "intentions" seem better known to the author than they are to a scientist.

—H. DEF.

ANTI-NAZI

I WAS HITLER'S PRISONER, a diary by Stefan Lorant. Translated from the German by James Cleugh. (Putnam) \$2.75

(Reviewed by William Millis)

I WAS HITLER'S PRISONER is a curious book, that is, in the conclusions expressed. The author, Stefan Lorant, a Hungarian, was the editor of the non-political Munich *Illustrierte Presse*. Because Nazis wanted control of the publishing firm of Knorr & Hirth, the political police took the editors and managers of the company into "protective custody", and placed Nazi officials in control of the firm's four important newspapers. Lorant's book is the diary of his six months in Munich prisons, the first six months of the "New Germany". The book makes practically no mention of the Socialist and Communist workers who were jailed. For that important omission it must be criticized. Lorant's friends were newspapermen, Bavarians, Catholics, Royalists and Nationalists; it is of them he writes.

The book discusses prison beating and torture in a non-sensational, convincing way. Lorant emphasizes the deranging effects of "protective custody" and the day by day suspense involved upon men of keen minds, who have usually

been jailed by Nazi business rivals on absurd, trumped-up charges. The false imprisonment, the absence of legal charges and the terror of Nazi prison "reform" have created a great deal of resentment and opposition among the regular warders, Lorant reports. It was just such distrust of storm troop sadism in the mind of one guard which kept Lorant from receiving a terrible beating.

In particular this book excels in two things. The first is its complete description of the gangster rivalry that exists among the Nazi leaders. The second, and more important quality, is that it points out that the German masses, formerly supporters of the Third Reich, are rapidly losing confidence in Hitler and his subordinates and are realizing that socialism is the only way out for Germany. Lorant reaches this conclusion, not by discussion with Marxist prisoners, whom he seems to have shunned, but rather by his talks with imprisoned S. A. men and mutineers from the compulsory labor camps.

Lorant, the middle-class intellectual, does not seem to be particularly pleased by the proletarian revolution which he feels is ahead for Germany. He expresses a number of Royalist sentiments in the book, and in one place seems quite enraptured by the "liberty-loving" government of Great Britain. His feelings towards the people of Germany are well expressed in the following quotation, from the preface to the book:

"They are living in a dream. Their awakening will be a terrible one."

NOT SO FUNNY

MOSCOW EXCURSION, by P. L. Travers. (Reynal and Hitchcock) \$1.50

(Reviewed by James Durant)

THIS is a series of personal letters written by a humorous Irish writer mostly about the trials of tourists in Soviet Russia. It is not a study of the Soviet Union in any sense of the word, though the publishers and some reviewers have with a malicious wink hoped they could palm it off as such.

It is strange that a person with such an evident sense of humor as Miss Travers would want to enter the field with real students of the "Soviet scene": she is more aware of her own limitations than some of her readers will be.

She gets the tourist ennui to a T; any tourist in any country would feel like that. She is willing to let the reader assume it is peculiar to Soviet Russia to bore her tourists, and to have guides that split your sides. The writer has experienced funnier things than anything in this book from real estate agents trying to rent him a house in France. "Zis," the man would say, "zis is ze bathroom. Zese taps—zey give ze hot and cold water," and he would run a tap to prove it. If Miss Poppins—pardon, Miss Travers—had experienced something like that in Russia, she would have proven that "woikers", as she calls them, "poor dears, had had such little experience with running water."

The best joke in the book is about the bad eggs in Leningrad, and as the writer had the same experience he could fully appreciate it. But it is possible that there have been bad eggs outside a Communist state.

Miss Travers' first book, *Mary Poppins*, was about "an extraordinary lady who could slide up banisters". This is just about what this tourist trip to the Soviet Union does.

CORRESPONDENCE

WITH CONTEMPT AND PLEASURE

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Your studied antipathy toward Upton Sinclair tries my patience. I really like your magazine. But frequently you show your true colors. Occasionally I am prompted to write: "Dear Sirs: For clear thinking's sake, please cancel my subscription." The Editor and Lincoln Steffens on Page 110 of the September 9 issue are guilty of pure Sinclairbaiting. Both of you not only ignore the Sinclair approach to the social problem, but refuse to admit that this approach can have any logic. Not even the recent scholarly contribution of Earl French moves you. What other conclusion am I to reach but that the pair of you, if not communists (as you so ingenuously disclaim) are so closely related to them that any other approach meets with your withering disapproval? I leave the editor and Mr. Steffens, weary of any program except that of the Comintern, to the intoxication of their phraseology; to the United Front—which unites by destruction, and affronts by back-door sabotage. As a believer in free speech, not admitted in Soviet Russia, send me a bill when my subscription expires. But, as one who wants here-and-now programs for the Americans: as one who long long ago graduated from Leninism in the wrong pasture; as one who regards your editorial policy as purely the function of the gadfly—I will continue to read your anti-Sinclair bromides with a gesture of contempt, and your general articles with pleasure.

Al Sessions

Editor, Kern County Union Labor Journal

CASE OF PERSECUTION

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

We wish to call to the attention of your readers a situation in Los Angeles which, we feel, must arouse indignation from all people with humanitarian hearts. It is at this moment an outstanding example of the vicious persecution against political prisoners which is the rule in prisons all over the country.

Four political prisoners jailed for sentences of from one to two years for participation in an unemployed demonstration last year, are in Lincoln Heights jail. One of them, James McShann, was so badly beaten by police after his arrest, on June 1, 1934, that he is completely crippled, and needs a brace for his back if his condition is not to become permanent. He is not permitted to have this in the jail.

Harold Hendricks, another of the prisoners, had developed all the symptoms of tuberculosis, since he has been in jail. He is refused treatment or the permission to be examined by a specialist in pulmonary diseases.

All the prisoners are uniformly refused mail, and they have all been threatened that "they will be taken out one by one and beaten down, and nothing will be done about it" if they do not make statements repudiating the militant position of fighting for relief which resulted in their arrest.

So far, protest against this treatment, organized by the Los

Angeles International Labor Defense, has resulted in forcing a promise from the City Council that they would "take up the matter with the Welfare Committee." The promise is still only words, and the continuation of the brutal treatment shows that the jail authorities, and especially Captain McShand, jail warden, have no fear that it will come to anything. The threat against the prisoners, quoted above, was made since the promise.

We want to urge your readers, from every part of the country, to express their feeling against this persecution, addressing their protest to the City Council, Los Angeles, California.

New York, N. Y.

Rose Baron

HELP JUNEAU MINERS

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Because of the uncertainty of support by the maritime union of Seattle, the strike has been prolonged and now the local faces a shortage of funds. Our kitchen and rooming house facilities will have to be discontinued unless funds are raised, and with a severe Juneau winter coming on, coal at \$18 a ton, and other commodities proportionately high, the future looks very black.

No support has been voted by the International, to which we have been recently affiliated. Labor in Alaska is only scantily organized but has given good support so far as is possible. Strikes in the fishing industry of Alaska have crippled the strongest unions in the Territory, especially the one at Cordova. Notwithstanding setbacks, the spirit of the strikers is fine, and their determination to win prevails.

Funds for food supplies may be sent to Local 203, International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, Box 801, Juneau, Alaska.

Al Nygren, President



PACIFIC WEEKLY

CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE HEDLEY, author of *The San Francisco Strike As I Saw It*, held the first protest meetings in a number of California communities after the vigilante terror of 1934, and has reason to remember some of those to whom he now writes.

JAMES BROUGHTON is a Stanford graduate, recently returned from studying conditions abroad, and now doing freelance writing in New York.

PHIL McCANN is a prisoner in a camp of convicts at Big Sur, Calif., working on the new San Simeon Highway.

WILLIAM MILLIS is an undergraduate student at Stanford University.

JAMES DURANT is a central California newspaperman.

G. ARMISTEAD KAUFFMAN is a graduate student at the University of California.

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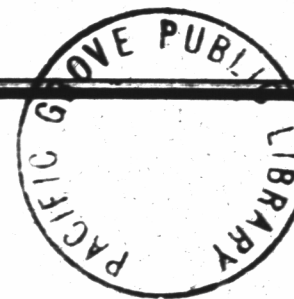
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