

PACIFIC WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 7, 1936

JOHN REED

EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER

THE SURVIVOR

LEVI MARRERO

Translated by Langston Hughes

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

JOSEPH FREEMAN

THE CONSEQUENCES TAKEN

TOM KROMER

A PROGRAM FOR CALIFORNIA LABOR

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NOTES AND COMMENT

NEW OF THE appointment of William Bullitt as Ambassador to France comes as an interesting climax to the reports that he had latterly been out of sympathy with the Soviet Union and actually developed pro-Nazi sentiments which he openly expressed in London. It was in Paris, during the hectic days of preparations for the Versailles "Robber" Treaty, with ideals being ruthlessly destroyed and intervention plotted against Bolshevism, that Bullitt's diplomatic career seemingly came to an end because of his pleading the need for understanding the cause of the revolution of a long-suffering, war-weary people. The cock-crow of the victor and the narrowest chauvinism dominated the scene in those days, giving Clemenceau and Lloyd George carte blanche to dismember the German Empire to swell the colonial territories and enslaved peoples of Britain; to build a cordon sanitaire around Russia's European borders, and draw arbitrary lines through boundaries of the defeated nations in the interests of Imperialist France. The cause of liberalism was hopelessly lost. Bullitt's diplomatic career went the way of Wilsonian world-politics. He was given his second chance by Roosevelt. He went sour on the Soviet Union, possibly due to the debt negotiations which, it is believed, he had hoped to settle in America's favor.

Today a different picture exists. France is the country of the People's Front, the most important single force for peace outside the Soviet Union. Bullitt comes to office there in singular fashion, confronted with a country no longer merely chauvinist and reactionary, but one whose anti-Nazi fears and popular front politics have reversed many aspects of former foreign policy. Poland, once the corner-stone of France's barrier against Bolshevism, and more latterly turned

against France by German fascism, is again being wooed, this time to possible tacit acceptance of French aid in return for either strict neutrality or active participation in pacts of mutual defense with France, Czecho-Slovakia and the Soviet Union. Bullitt may have an important and responsible role to play in world events.

IN A Santa Rosa court room this week a scene occurred very much like the identification scene in the movie "Fury." A 19-year old girl, who had been in the house attacked by the vigilante mob, was asked whether she could identify any of the witnesses as members of the mob. She walked slowly up to them, looked them over and suddenly electrified the court room by stopping in front of one man and quietly tapping him on the shoulder. "This is one of them" she said. Then she walked a little way along, and quietly, surely tapped another. "This is one of them" she said. The prisoners blanched, quailed. Vigilantes like their fun, but they don't like to pay for it. Twelve identified mob leaders are now out on low bail and will come to trial in mid-September.

ONE MIGHT use a mild phrase such as curiouser and curiouser in the Alberts ship murder case, were the issues involved not so dangerous. The district attorney of Alameda County is doing a great deal of talking before uncovering his "evidence." At a time when cool heads and lack of prejudice are needed, with the expiration of the arbitration agreement between the shipowners and the I.L.A., this old murder case has been dragged in seemingly to create prejudice. The papers are full of dark insinuations and light-headed charges against union officials who, it is alleged, wanted to get rid of Alberts because he was "anti-communist." (Why these easy murderers don't get someone really worthwhile while they are about it escapes one's comprehension).

We don't know who killed Alberts. But we do know that Captain Charles "Sharkey," the notorious and unprincipled racketeer-spy of Carmel, who operated by means of lies, frame-up attempts and the lowest kind of insinuations and implications, boasted that he was "on the Alberts case." We think the people of California, represented by Earl Warren of Alameda in this instance, should be warned against the type of evidence this spy would be likely to furnish.

An example is already provided. The U.P. reports on August 31st that George Wallace, the seaman who testified before the Alameda County Grand Jury that he assisted in the killing, "named Lawrence Ross, editor and publisher of the *Western Worker*, as one of those involved in the killing." Wallace might have gone a step further and named Chester Rowell of the *Chronicle*, Clarence Linder of the *Examiner* and Mr. Burckhart of the *News*. Why stop at one editor? Surely not just because he happens to be editor of a communist daily?

RESSENTING the considerable publicity given the formation and activities of the American Artists Congress, a group of pro-fascist artists in Los Angeles recently concluded that, to save their vanishing prestige, an art-front must be formed on the right. Under the auspices of Lorser Feitelson, prominent Hollywood exponent of surrealism, a meeting was called

for August 13th, 1936, in the Stendahl Galleries in Los Angeles, to discuss the possibility of organizing an "American Art Action Against the Establishment of Marxian and Other Propaganda as An Art Criterion." This move from the right probably had its origin in the embittered mind of Arthur Millier, art critic for the Los Angeles Times. Millier, who, ironically enough, should have slight cause for gratitude to the existing order of things, has been in a highly hysterical mood over the American Artists Congress for some months. He cannot resist taking a dig at the "leftists" and "pinks," and, of late, his "art criticism" has become, in fact, gorgeously tinged with red-baiting propensities. The conference of August 13th was, however, a considerable fiasco. Feitelson launched the meeting with the interesting formula that "whoever is opposed to war and fascism is a communist," and, later, forgetting his text, he admitted that he, too, was opposed to war and fascism. Some one from the floor pointed out that this admission, by his own test, made him, of all persons, a communist. About this time, an irate colleague of Feitelson's sent out a call for the police, but the police were apparently uninterested for the riot wagons did not arrive. Then, to Feitelson's evident discomfort, one or two members of the American Artists Congress in attendance, spoke, with frequent interruptions on the part of the chairman. However their remarks were to the point and the conference soon broke up into discussion groups. Three or four guests, after listening to the discussion, promptly joined the American Artists Congress.

EVERY now and then the upholders of our order get badly tangled in their own arrangements. It has been tacitly decided upon that the Spanish government troops shall be made out atrocity-mongers, brutal tyrants, torturers of nuns and children, and that the rebels shall be fine, patriotic, noble defenders of order. They are to be filling the workers with terror and all normal life is to have ceased in areas where the government is in authority.

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On Sunday morning, however, Floyd Gibbons broadcast from Madrid—and he was so enthusiastic he could hardly contain himself. "Everyone is in the streets" he cried into the mike, "singing, shouting, joyous! Red flags are flying, the streets are crowded with overalled men, workers, artisans . . . cheering, laughing! . . . I've spoken to government men, they are full of confidence . . . I could talk to you for hours about what's going on here!" he cried, "but my time is up . . ."

Turn to the press and you will find the population of Madrid hiding in cellars, terror-stricken, all order gone. No, we suggest Mr. Floyd Gibbons be removed from Madrid. He still has enough traces of the reporter in him, and only propagandists should be allowed to retail news from Madrid to the rebel-sympathizing publishers of American newspapers. H. R. Knickerbocker is the kind of "reporter" we need; he had Madrid fall daily.

PRIMARIES IN LOS ANGELES

THE chief sign and portent of the August 25th primary election in Los Angeles is that a combination of the Hollywood Citizen-News and the two Boddy papers, *The Illustrated Daily News* and *The Evening News*, behind a candidate who can manage to drape the bright mantle of liberalism around him, is strong enough to break up the political monopoly enjoyed for many years in county affairs by Harry Chandler's Los Angeles Times and Hearst's two papers, *The Examiner* and *Herald-Express*.

Buron Fitts, incumbent district attorney, backed by Hearst and Chandler, polled 208,103 votes out of a total of 549,346, or 38 per cent. Harlan G. Palmer, the runner-up, polled 137,199. The other candidates, who all campaigned on an anti-Fitts platform, ran in the following order: Evans, 92,825; Rochester, 86,546; Johnson, 24,673.

The Palmer camp is taking it for granted that all of the anti-Fitts votes will gravitate to him in the November election, and are already celebrating a victory. However, there are three factors that may militate against such an event.

First is the fact that Harlan G. Palmer operates an open-shop newspaper. His explanation, given to the *Epic News* after the primary election, is that he fell out with the union over the question of discharging three printers who refused to join the union. This attitude of placing the welfare of three employees above that of the labor movement may redound to his credit as a humanitarian, but hardly enhances his reputation as a socially conscious liberal. It is precisely the stand of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, notorious open-shop group in Los Angeles. Also, printers on the Palmer paper are paid 90 cents to \$1.00 per hour in the face of a union scale of \$1.12½ per hour, indicating that the financial may overshadow the humanitarian motive in Palmer's refusal to deal with the union.

Second is his reported service on the Board of Directors of the Gilbert H. Beesemeyer Corp., during the period the company was looted of \$8,000,000.

Third is his desertion of the candidacy of Ralph Evans, after he had publicly declared his support of Evans and helped induce Evans to enter the race. Evans' supporters may be inclined to withhold their support until a satisfactory explanation is forthcoming.

There is a strong desire to beat Fitts in Los Angeles, and Harlan G. Palmer may be the man to do it. It remains to be seen if the voters of Los Angeles will write him a blank check because he is against vice and gambling. The labor and liberal voters want an unequivocal answer on his stand on the right of labor to organize, strike and picket; whether he will prosecute police for lawless acts against strikers and demonstrators; and whether he will use his office to maintain free speech and free assemblage. One point in his favor is his public declaration for repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Law.

Should Palmer be successful in his race for district attorney, it may presage the overthrow of the present city administration in the elections next year, and the replacement of Frank L. Shaw, present mayor, by John Anson Ford, now a supervisor and Palmer protege.

In the 28 assembly districts, 16 candidates, most of them Epic incumbents backed by the United Progressive groups, won in the Democratic primaries. The victory of the United Progressive slate will carry with it control of the Democratic County Committee, important in a presidential year.

The tendency to retain incumbents was also exhibited in the congressional races. John C. Hoeppe, convicted of selling a West Point appointment, was beaten by Jerry Voorhis, ex-Socialist, for the Democratic nomination in the 12th district. W. R. Peeler, who had the Townsend endorsement, placed second to Voorhis. In the 13th district, Charles Kramer, incumbent and arch red-baiter, won both the Democratic and Republican nominations. This is a working class district, and most observers are inclined to credit Kramer's victory to the failure of City Councilman Percy Parker Christenson to conduct a vigorous campaign against him. Christenson took the position that he was God's gift to the liberal cause because of a few speeches made by him in the council chambers; that it was unnecessary for him to spend any part of his \$400 per month salary in his campaign; and that it was incumbent upon all liberals and radicals to lay down their lives so that he would be elected to a \$10,000 per year job. Byron Scott was re-nominated in the 18th district over intense Townsend opposition, and in the 16th district, Frank Arbuckle, chairman of the recent national Townsend convention, lost in both the Republican and Democratic primaries.

The supervisorial races were a disappointment. Three reactionary supervisors were re-elected. Opposed to them were unknown candidates, and the results demonstrated the truth of the ancient adage "You can't beat somebody with nobody," particularly when the somebody is amply financed.

Leo Gallagher ran third for office No. 15, superior court judge. Judge Albert Crum, incumbent and Chandler protege, will run off in November with Municipal Judge Irvin Taplin. If Taplin can convince the Gallagher forces that he is really a liberal, he will probably receive their support.

The confused results make a summary of the election returns difficult. In many of the assembly races, and in at least one congressional race, reactionaries won because the liberal vote was divided among several candidates. Observers are inclined to see a slight drift to the left, chiefly because of the district attorney result. Actually, it proved that there will be no clarity in the political field in Los Angeles until a Farmer-Labor Party is organized to define the issues most important to the mass of voters.

DAVID PRICE

SALINAS AND LETTUCE

AGREEMENTS in the lettuce industry between the Grower Shipper Association and the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union expired the night of August 31st. No new agreements have been made and the Arbitration Board for Monterey County died with the agreement. The Union has put forward certain demands including a small wage increase, equal pay for men and women, and preferential hiring; the employers have countered with the usual arguments that they cannot have freedom of the press—no, freedom of lettuce—if the union can insist on workers being union members.

The union counters with the argument that if they do not have preferential hiring (which is not closed shop) the employers will bring in cheap labor from other areas and so cut wages and have potential strikebreakers on hand. The union can back up its argument with facts: already union men have been discharged in favor of non-union workers from other parts. Several union men laid off when one shed closed for a few days were promised work when the shed reopened; but on the reopening of the shed these men were told that, sorry, there was no work for them.

Meanwhile the employers have been working full-steam ahead—more than they usually do at this period, ten days before the "snow" (the peak of the lettuce season)—and have been filling sheds and trucks with lettuce too soft, not yet ready for shipping. Railroad sidings are filled with trucks. Maybe the employers hoped the workers would strike with the expiration of the agreement, and it wouldn't matter, because they would be well-stocked with lettuce which is at present selling at a peak price. However, the workers have not struck; they are continuing work and asking for negotiations with the Grower-Shippers.

On August 28th last the Salinas Morning Post carried two full-page advertisements, one from the Grower-Shipper Association and the other by the Citizens' Association of the Salinas Valley. This in spite of the fact that there had been an agreement that no release would be made to the press by either side without the other side first seeing and confirming it. Technically an advertisement is not a release to the press; nevertheless an advertisement can make misleading statements which workers are not usually able to answer in like manner, since they do not have the wealth the lettuce growers, shippers, contractors and bankers have.

The tenor of both advertisements, which are addressed to workers, is to make them suspicious of a "small, radical, militant minority," not really representative and democratic, a "rule or ruin" element which doesn't care about the welfare of the workers but only for its own domination. An "un-American reaclatrant minority," "barren of civic consciousness" . . . etc etc. The old, dried-up, time-worn cliches, as withered as a two-week old lettuce. The truth is that the Union is a completely democratic body, with members elected from every shed and packing plant on the committees, with the organization committee democratically elected; the truth is that a small fraction of the employers, known as the "Unholy Thirteen" (although actually only four are completely reactionary die-hards, who don't want any union, American or unAmerican), want to dominate the negotiations and refuse preferential hiring. A number of the employers are quite willing to accept the preferential hiring clause; they have experienced, just as have the shipowners in San Francisco, that contented, organized union men are willing and efficient

workers; that to be a self-respecting American trade unionist is a benefit to employer and employed alike. If it is the honest intention of the Citizens' Association to keep the lettuce

industry "on an even keel," as it has stated, this can best be achieved by agreeing to let the workers have the modicum of security preferential hiring would guarantee.

JOHN REED

A Footnote and a Tribute

EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER

I HAVE just read Granville Hicks' "John Reed," a good book about a good man. I knew Reed—knew him well, perhaps intimately, although our friendship covered only a short time. But then you're dead broke with a man, you're likely to get to know him, the inside of his head as well as the inside of his stomach, much quicker than otherwise. I had that kind of an experience with Jack. But all that was long ago—almost twenty years ago.

I knock thrice on a whiskey bottle, summoning the genii of my youth; and the spirits, rising thinly from the elongated neck of the bottle, diffuse themselves and assume the vague but still recognizable shapes of the days when I was twenty-one. That was in 1917.

I think that it was in that year I first saw Jack. Of course, he was a legend to me—as he was to most youngsters of that day who were groping for social ideas—long before I saw him. That event took place when he visited the office of the Socialist daily, *The Call*, where I was cutting my journalistic milk-teeth (although having served on the "Harlem Home News" I regarded myself as a veteran reporter). It is curious that I cannot remember if I met him at the time—I probably did; but I can remember that he was sitting on a desk, his feet swinging, when I recognized him. My mind seems always to remember the more important things only through the trivialities associated with them.

We were both living in Greenwich village, then, and in that colony of voluntary exiles it would seem strange if we did not have at least a bowing acquaintance; but it was not until the early part of 1919 that I really got to know Jack. He had asked Horace Liveright, who was publishing "Ten Days that Shook the World," to find someone to help him with the mechanical details of working on the proofs. Horace suggested me, and we got together.

Jack was at this time completely blacklisted by the capitalist press, and having long ago spent the generous advance which Liveright had given him for the book, was having a hard time of it to live. I was myself out of a job and trying to support myself and a family by the simple process of borrowing wherever I could. I recommend this process to all beginners: the exercise of dodging creditors keeps you absolutely fit physically, while the business of artfully acquiring new creditors while you are evading the old ones gives you a mental zip which I cannot praise too highly. Coolidge, who was a notorious fool, advocated thrift; but Disraeli knew what he was talking about when he said that the greatest incentive to drive a young man to success was debt.

It would seem, however, that I had abused that incentive at the time when Jack and I became friends. Possibly he had, also—I speak without knowledge of that—because we frequently found ourselves without a penny in our pockets. On these occasions we would walk up town from Patchin place, where Jack lived, to the Harvard Club on Forty-third street,

where we would lunch in state, blessing the fact that tips are banned in gentlemen's clubs. Having played our parts of clubmen, with plenty of time to dawdle over the coffee, we would emerge onto the street, shrink to our proper proportions of paupers, and walk back to Patchin place to resume our labors on the proofs of Jack's book.

On one occasion, in the club, some ill-advised patriot called Jack a traitor. Jack promptly knocked him down. I didn't see him for a few days after this, and when I did, asked him if he had any more trouble at the club. Jack said, "Not since I knocked that fellow down." "Drily" would be the stage-direction for that; but it wouldn't do justice to the ironic glint in Jack's eye and the ironic note in his voice as he said it. Nevertheless, for all his aplomb, whenever we managed to have enough money he avoided the club, and we lunched in a restaurant at Thirty-ninth street and Broadway—probably because we had acquired the money from Liveright, who published then on West Fortieth street.

We worked, talked, laughed, argued and drank together, and I fell completely under the spell of the man. Even after our collaboration on the proofs was over, we continued to see each other daily. It is very difficult to define greatness in a man apart from his work; how are you going to define life in terms of the dead? I can only say that John Reed is one of the few men I have known whose faults were obvious, and whose greatness of spirit was more obvious. He was vain, and in a sense, ambitious. He once remarked to me that he expected to be the next Socialist candidate for president. Stupidly, I laughed. Instantly, he fired up. "Why not?" he demanded, angrily. I sobered up at once. "Why not?" I repeated seriously, and he was mollified. As a matter of fact, he was the logical candidate for at least the left wing of the party, and I had laughed only at his naivete in admitting it.

Yes, he was vain, he was ambitious, and yet his integrity was absolute. In an adolescent book which I wrote a few years after his death, I made the mature observation that he was essentially a poet. And that was true: that was his integrity. It showed itself in big ways, and in little ways too. For instance, he literally could not understand a man degrading himself by simply working for a living and nothing else. I recall that he once met a mutual friend of ours who confided to him his hatred of his job.

"Come up to Croton with me, I'm on my way there now," said Jack, referring to a little house he had in the country. The man demurred, said that he had to get back to the office. Jack looked at him in complete bewilderment. The man's point of view, that he needed the money, was altogether beyond him.

And perhaps that is why John Reed is altogether beyond some of his critics; particularly, beyond those who have tried to draw him as the mere playboy of the Revolution. Nothing could be more false. He had an exuberant side to his nature

which rounded out the man happily, but which did not constitute the man. He was a poet, and poets are basically serious people. But why shouldn't he have had that other side to him? "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately." Franklin had his little joke as the Declaration of Independence was signed. If Robespierre was the sea-green incorruptible, Voltaire, who made Robespierre possible, was not exactly lacking in wit. Lenin's gift of irony is well-known. When the Soviets were recognized by England, the first of the great powers to do so, he observed, "I fear I am becoming respectable." No! the fact that a man has a sense of humor is no proof that he isn't a revolutionist.

And make no mistake about John Reed: when I knew him, he was in deadly earnest. That doesn't mean he wasn't ready to laugh, for he was. But his laughter was only a backwash of the sea moving forward in the man. People who had known him when he was a playboy around town couldn't perhaps realize that he had not so much changed as dug down to the essential poet in him, whose gift was not to write so much as to live. He had found himself by the time I knew him; and therefore he meant what he said: proving it by dying for his beliefs. I believe that if he had not died, he would have lived for them.

It is a source of pride to me that before he embarked on what was to be his last journey, he confided to me his plans, which were necessarily secret; and asked me to accompany him to Russia. I, hampered by personal responsibilities, felt that I had to refuse. He, owning only to greater responsibilities, went, and died. A few years later, when I published the book to which I have referred, I included in it fragments of a poem I wrote when I heard of his death. I have no illusions of their merit but I think that they have a place in this article.

New Roads to travel, Jack!
You knew the old ones, pavement, dust and gravel,
Forward and back,
The old roads that you used to love to travel
From world's end to world's end!
But now you cannot spend
The flame you were, in old familiar ways,
Or waste on nights and days
A deeper light than either.
You have transcended weather,
And joined the great commune
Of earth and sun and moon! . . .

Yet hands like mine will miss his sturdy grip:
We know not now that he has taken ship,
If he will find the new ports half as good
As these ports, prosperous with flesh-and-blood.
And all the old roads mourn him since he went
On his mysterious journey bent,
And filled with cold white flame,
And guarded by his fame,
Great traveller, who now remote and far
Resumes his journey on death's star . . .

New roads, new gospels, and new Moscows, Jack,
All lying in the virgin track!
Celestial revolutions to be seen
There, in that strange demesne,
And your part to be played, as brave as ever,
Source of the blooming fruit, the rising river,
New seed of newer seeds, new proof of rapture,
New winters to assail, new springs to capture,
New trumpets to be sounded! Much to give,
And prove your fecund self still "Manalive!"

There is a definitely obscurantist, perhaps even ecclesiastical note about some of those lines which I couldn't have realized when I wrote them, and certainly don't fancy now. Nevertheless, new seed of newer seeds and all that, the legend which has already gathered about the name of John Reed, and the inspiration which continues to be drawn from that name, justifies them, I think, and I still subscribe to them.

Ave Atque Vale, John Reed! So long, Jack!

THE SURVIVOR

LEVI MARRERO

HE is not dead yet. Perhaps he will not die for a long time. Like all those who succeed in living through impossible moments, escaping when all seemed hopelessly lost, he is now a man overlooked by destiny—a survivor of fate.

Survivor! The men who are called by that name in Cuba seem always to be other than they were before. For him, this description—a bit literary—is harshly real.

This simple boy who was once nineteen years old is now a man come back from every turbid complexity of life. A man to whom nothing matters. It took only two years to bring about this change.

Or rather: two hours.

When he talks, nobody could guess his tragedy, could tell that now nothing means anything to him.

In the late afternoon, the sunset melts to gold. In this room, secluded and silent, to which only a few friends come, all his past life still lives. Photographs of picnics, of athletic gestures on ball fields. Books in cases, on the tables, on the shelves, all around . . . That was a time when he could enjoy life, laugh, dance, feel. But nobody could tear from him a confession of his terrible sufferings.

Far away, beneath his window that was too high—ten stories high—you could see the lovely city of Havana taking advantage of its last minute of sun. Street cars crawling by full of office workers; girls like spots of color flowing along

the sidewalks; autos full of people. From above, all this seemed flat and tiny and unimportant today.

He looked at life from his lonely corner, among the few things that now made up his intimacy. Outside were all those living things that no longer mattered—but that once had hurled him into that terrific fight for happiness for all, that search now ended.

Happiness for all! Formerly the phrase had held for him the dynamics of a magic slogan. It did not matter that those big men who could have profitably secured the building of a just order had left them alone by themselves—young students in union with a few others still fighting heroically a permanent and obscure battle against organized power.

Bombs and gunplay every day. The same bombs and guns that now the gangsters and the unfit kept on using.

Ten months ago the revolution had ushered in the new order. New? The word seemed presumptuous. But at least more than three thousand men who made up the former murder-oligarchy, had fled the country in mad flight from the wrath of the Cuban people.

Then the return of those who had formerly been compelled to run away in the days of the tyrant. New names in public places. Revolutionary groups coming out into the light of day, their numbers swollen by victory. Within a month, the springing up of a hundred million "revolutionaries"—without there ever having been a revolution!

He felt beaten, conquered.

Did the other boys feel like him? Perhaps not. His case was different. *Different!*

Three hours ago, the revelation had come that probably everybody knew his secret. He was with his sweetheart, Marisabel. They were alone, in the same parlor that had seen the birth of their love, talking listlessly, recalling the years when they skated gaily over the surface of life. And suddenly, confirming his fears, a kind of unexpected confusion overcame him, burning his throat.

She said, "I can't believe it! But you are not the same."

And, although she was not entirely right, he felt that his secret had surely been disclosed, and that she, too, had discovered his tragedy.

Down in the street, people were walking slowly, with no aim.

He remembered how he went into the struggle against Machado, the dictator—wholeheartedly, from the very beginning. Warm young blood flowed. The revolutionary situation sharpened. His student life was left completely behind him, hour by hour, the daily fight became more tense, more tragic.

Imprisonment, death, torture!

One day it fell his lot to be taken prisoner.

That night a military car carried him to an Old Spanish fortress that had been turned into a jail. Orders. Questions. Then a voice like a whip lashed everyone into attention.

"Juan Francisco Davila!" His name.

Cries of protest from his companions, "They're going to kill him!"

"You can't take him away from us!"

"Assassins!"

A few moments of desperate resistance.

Some of his revolutionary comrades fell beneath their blows. And the car continued its trip.

Havana seemed to sleep in precarious peace. In the distance, you could hear the usual bomb exploding, as the car passed through dark, lonely, unworthy streets.

He knew that he might die at any moment, but that didn't matter. He had come to the point where he had forgotten life—or had learned to despise it.

At last they came to another fort. Silence.

In the distance he heard a voice, "Sentinel! A new prisoner." They pushed him toward that slope that has seen any number of young men hurled into the sea, defenseless and dead.

"Be careful!" Words of mockery and menace from every sentry post on the little road winding upward to the fort. Armed shadows gliding over the incline, silent, impenetrable.

Twenty, thirty, seconds of transit and, at the end, a half-closed door. Inside a group of soldiers—officers easily distinguished by their uniforms.

"Send him in!" is the order the sentinel receives.

When he enters, he sees only the sullen faces of united officialdom.

"We were waiting for you." Then another order.

Eight soldiers appear and begin to push him. Soon he finds himself in a little lane lighted only at great distances by electric bulbs, strangely out of place in this medieval pass-way. Ahead, he can make out only certain shadows passing, two or three meters off in incredible corridors that cross and recross. But beyond that, nothing.

When he was almost accustomed to the lack of light—he had gone some fifty meters—gunshots rang out from every corner, behind, in front of him, from each side. He threw himself violently to the ground, covered with a film of slimy



filth whose odor made him spit.

"Coward! Is that the kind of revolutionist you are?" A kick, the first of many, made him get to his feet. Ten or twenty men appeared from all sides and began to beat him. He felt himself going down as his bones shattered beneath the rifle-butts raining blows on him.

Then they threw him forward against a door that burst open. Someone picked him up. There were two or three benches there, but he could not get to them.

"We'll teach you bastards!"

He forgot about time, or where he was.

On the walls there were saddles, whips, reins. And in the corners, old rifles covered with dirt and rust. From the rear, by a secret door, the Captain came in. The Captain, (nobody called him by another name) passed through the restrained salutes of his subalterns.

"Now, you'll squeal . . ." And he struck Juan full in the face with a whip.

Then began the fight of one man against all. Tortures nobody can imagine who has not felt them in his own body, piercing into his very bowels.

But he is not thinking about that now. He remembers only a few words, "Going to die . . ." A soft wave covering his eyelids. Pain in his brain, thinning out into insensibility. Then prison again.

He had confessed nothing.

Six months afterwards, impossible to go on. Imperative that he be sent to the hospital. And the certainty of being forever a man without feeling. *Impotent*. Useless, like a block of rotten wood.

One day liberty came with the overthrow of Machado, bringing gaiety, laughter, and the happy spasm of excited hours . . . But, for him, only the certainty that life held nothing.

Nothing!

Now he recalled, for the last time, the parlor where he sat with his sweetheart—three hours ago. He thought of a gun hidden in his bureau drawer four steps away; the street—ten floors down—white with the first lights of evening.

Behind him a voice called his name. He turned around. It was his mother. He hesitated a moment, before he left the open window—empty.

(Translated from the Spanish by Langston Hughes)

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

JOSEPH FREEMAN

THE DAY I entered Boys' High School in the Spring of 1912, the opening ceremonies at the annex were presided over by Old Man Jackson, six feet tall, gray-haired, with a face as dark as an Indian's, and a voice that shook the house. He must have been sixty at this time. My class elected me to recite something on the platform, and I chose Browning's poem about the boy at Ratisbon. We were already romantics. I took all my reading in history very personally; its episodes were individual experiences. When I read about the Civil War, I was indignant with the slaveholding South and adored Lincoln; in the Revolutionary War I was on the side of Washington. But greater than all these was the brightest star of the French Revolution, the slayer of the *ancien regime* (that sounded better than the *old regime*)—Napoleon. Loyalty to a great leader in a great cause—the cause of freedom—was a beautiful thing; and Browning's poem was a beautiful poem, and in the ignorance and pride of my fifteen years I tried my best to make it sound beautiful. The auditorium started to applaud, but Old Man Jackson stood up and raised his hand.

"Stop!" he bellowed. "That recitation doesn't count! It's nothing but Imperialism. Bonaparte was an enemy of mankind. That poem glorifies militarism, despotism, all that is inimical to democracy. What do you little fools know about war? I knew a man who fought at Balaklava. He told me about it. It was the most horrible, bloody affair in the world. Hardly anyone came out of it alive. And look at that bosh by that sentimental idiot Tennyson. 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' indeed! It's a lie, I tell you."

The students did not move. I started to leave the platform, dumb with embarrassment. Old Man Jackson stopped me and said gently:

"Don't forget to pronounce the *d* at the end of a word. Say killed, not kilt. You're not an Irishman."

The students laughed and the Old Man went on:

"I don't mean to spoil your fun, boys; but you will have to make some serious decisions as you grow older. American democracy is menaced by the Man on Horseback. If you don't look out, we'll have him someday. All this militaristic poppycock from Browning to our own sword-rattlers is dangerous. You must prevent the Man on Horseback. We'll have a war someday, and that will bring him, and his name will no doubt be Theodore Roosevelt."

War seemed remote in the spring of 1912; but Teddy was all there. It was a presidential year and he was stirring up the land. But if Mr. Jackson, our history teacher, had any fear for the old principles of Jeffersonian democracy to which he clung, he must have lost it by the Fall of the year. Everybody knew that Taft was done for, and that Wilson and Roosevelt were so "progressive" you could hardly distinguish them from the socialists. The "great commoner," William J. Bryan, attacked the "predatory corporations"; Woodrow Wilson, the apostle of the New Freedom, declared that the "government of the United States at present is the foster-child of the special interests"; and Roosevelt said in the platform of the Progressive party that "behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people." Presidential candidates now sounded like the muckraking journalists whom they had denounced. Even the Republican

party had to whistle for middle-class and working-class votes. That elder statesman, Elihu Root, revealed to the betrayed public that the capital of the Empire State was not in Albany but at 49 Broadway, the office of Boss Platt.

Louis Smith and his socialist friends laughed. They said the capital of the Empire State and the United States was divided between 26 Broadway and 23 Wall Street. Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt were kidding the public; only the Socialist party represented the interests of the American people, of all who toiled with hand and brain. But the socialists were in a minority. The sympathies of our neighborhood were divided between Roosevelt and Wilson. We did not then understand why Roosevelt appealed so powerfully to the middle classes, although his melodramatic flourishes on behalf of Americanism, his theatrical personality as a whole, were obviously calculated to stir the "people." But, under the tutelage of socialist workers like Louis, we did understand that this *enfant terrible* was, in his consuming ambition to play first fiddle in national politics, of necessity a "tool" of big capital; for whatever a man's social origin may be, however lofty his speeches about freedom, however "sincere" his attacks on "predatory wealth," he cannot occupy a responsible role in the capitalist state without serving the interests of the capitalist class which controls that state. It was years before we discovered that Roosevelt was not especially "sincere," that he was a demagogue, pure and simple, cleverly playing the game of the Big Business he pretended to "curb." But what I have said about him above does not anticipate the story in any way; at the time I am now describing Socialists denounced him as a tool of capitalism, and I heard such phrases again and again from Louis Smith.

The campaign of 1912, however, resulted in the election of another type of demagogue. Woodrow Wilson's "progressive" rhetoric sprang neither from a hatred of private property nor from a love of the masses, but from the traditions of the slaveowning Southern aristocracy; from the planter's hatred not of exploitation, but of rival exploiters who benefited by such economic arrangements as the protective tariff. Wilson's "new freedom" was the slaveholder's nostalgia for the old "freedom" which he had enjoyed before the triumph of industry.

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THE CONSEQUENCES TAKEN

TOM KROMER

HE was having a baby. You called the doctor, DElmar-395. He said,

—Is the money waiting—you said,

—For Christ's sake, doc, my wife is dying—he said

—Will the money be there—you said,

—In God's name, doc, WE ARE EXPECTING THE BABY MOMENTARILY—the slush-iced voice wheezed—the money—the receiver clicked. Mrs. Pink, stinking drunk at your elbow, staggered up the stairs.

—They won't ever come lessen you got the money. I guess I better go up and ketch the brat afore it falls out on the floor—you thought,

—But one fatality in 7,000,000 miles which is safer than Ford, which is safer than Sikorsky, which is even safer than most things you can mention—you thought,

—Shall it be said that there are two sides to the C. & O. tracks, or shall we measure to a gnat's eye equi-distance between the rails and let the abortion take place, but always acting cautiously in removing cinders and creosoted splinters from the ties that might cause infection—

When there were no more towels to catch the blood, you called EMergency-777. You forgot all the hours that you waited and they didn't come. The hemorrhage stopped itself. You slid the rotogravure on top the soddened mattress and Barbara-Hutton-Mdvani-Ish-Gebibble was washed, all unbeknownst, in the precious blood of Jesus. She slept. When you awoke in the night and placed your palm over her forehead and there was no sweat there but it was dry, without placing your ear to her breast for her heart beats, YOU KNEW SHE WAS DEAD. You lay there and watched the curtain blow to and fro gently from the breeze off Ivy street and thought,

—The soul goes trippingly through hemorrhage clots, through curtains, through sash, and off up Ivy street—you thought,

—Cocktail glasses don't break themselves except in Tia Juana, and the Foreign Club is burned and Kay and Bill are fused and locked in arm and arm in bulbous glass—you thought,

—The majority of deaths in abortion cases are caused by infected instruments. Eminent Domain? The legal gentleman poses the question dare we cut the cord, twist the scalpel on cinders, between rails, without first consulting John W. Davis, who will consult the Van Swerigens, who will send a letter, a telegram, call us local or long distance to carry on for Humanity, or postpone the miscarriage till No. 6 gets through, or carry the patient 30 feet off the right of way, P. Sing that in the opinion of the directors of C. & O., John W. Davis assenting, that the baby should be had, the consequences taken—You carried the white porcelain bowl to the kitchen and emptied it down the sink. You watched the red maelstrom of the suck till the last gurgle and rinsed the sink from the faucet. You brushed the cockroach from the drain board and mechanically sprinkled from the box of Twenty Mule Team borax. You spread the overcoat over her and lifted the baby from her outstretched arm. You pulled the lid back on the trunk and laid the baby down on the clothes that were in there. You covered it cautiously so as not to awaken it with the blue dungarees and the denim shirt from the closet. Somewhere you had read, you had heard, it was bandied, that

hogs have eaten babies. You knew for a fact that they fed them coal for worms. You closed the door softly behind you and creaked down the stairs to the street. You walked and you were distinctly unaware of all the hours that you walked. You passed Pete's and you were cold by that time and you went in there. You glazed over the rows of bottles in Pete's—Crab Orchard—3 Star—Seagram's—5 & 7—all poured from the same barrel behind the bar. Your frozen fingers trembled over the nickles in your pocket. You said,

—Shot of bar—Pete said,

—Fine evening—you answered,

—Lovely—and thought,

Oh, that lady in red,

oh, that lady in red—

The skinny drunk hunched over the marble topped table banged on the table with his fist and said,

—What thish country needsh ish a good war—

He stared belligerently at you, but you did not pay him any attention. He stuck his nose down into his beer and drooled into the glass,

—War over ol' Polish Corr-ee-dor,

Corr-ee-dor,

Corr-ee-dor—

Suddenly, trepiditiously, you recollect, that you may not forget to remember, you are the father of a son to be reared to the Y.M.C.A. cut to the jaw, NO BATHING SUITS ALLOWED . . . old man . . . talk like a coupla the fellows . . . man-to-man . . . girls . . . gentlemen . . . your sister . . . terrible diseases . . . hard and soft chancres . . . last, but not least, blueballs . . . they say in the South Sea Islands THEY WHEEL THEM AROUND IN WHEELBARROWS . . . fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. You thought,

—Blood lost 30 feet from the right of way may ooze slowly down the grade towards the creosoted ties of the C. & O., ooze into the ties, drawing termites, piss ants, black widow spiders who will eat into the ties to get at the clots, causing grave danger, grave accidents, loss of dividends, loss of confidence in the Road—you thought, mechanically but with such clarity the words pounded three-deminsioned on your brain,

—We advise . . . the baby should be had . . . the consequences taken—Pete said,

—Have one on the house—you said,

COMING!

THE POOR LITTLE PROSTITUTES, by A. I. Bezzerides

MORE HUNGRY MEN, by Tom Kromer

"THE PLOW THAT BROKE THE PLAINS"

Reviewed by Lawrence Bernard

"TRAVELS IN TWO DEMOCRACIES"

Reviewed by Nathanael West

"THE DOUBLE AGENT"

Reviewed by David Cartwright

—Thanks—and thought,
 —The cortege moved, a magnificently sombre procession,
 through the blocks of the city's streets—you said out loud,
 —Would you notify the health department, the police, or

the commissioner of streets and sewers—Pete said,

—They sure are. The bastards are gettin' crookeder ever'
 day—you distinctly said to yourself,

IT WILL BE DAYLIGHT IN ANOTHER HOUR—

A PROGRAM FOR CALIFORNIA LABOR

LABOR NOTES

JOHN BOND

ON SEPTEMBER 14, representatives of organized labor in every corner of the state gather in Sacramento for the annual convention of the California State Federation of Labor. Traffic at the crossroads of history is pretty well jammed this year but that the labor movement of the state and the nation faces a critical period cannot be denied. Vital issues need to be studied; practical, progressive action has to be planned. It is this thought that prompts these paragraphs, for in them is the basis of a realistic progressive program which the Federation may well consider.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM: Perhaps no other problem raises such fundamental questions as those rising from the conflict between the Committee on Industrial Organization and the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. The unity of the entire body of organized labor is essential to further progress; no less essential is the organization of workers now unorganized. The rights of craft unions are entitled to respect, but not at the expense of raising insurmountable obstacles in the penetration of the labor movement into unorganized fields. Hence, this program:

The Federation should instruct its delegate to urge upon the convention of the American Federation of Labor the reinstatement of the ten unions suspended for affiliation with the C.I.O. The delegate should submit also to the convention the following plan for future organization:

(a) The Executive Council of the A. F. of L. should be authorized to issue unrestricted charters in these industries: steel, automobiles, rubber, cement, agriculture, aluminum, and similar industries.

(b) In all other industries where craft unions claim or have exercised jurisdiction, the Executive Council shall set up joint councils of the unions involved, such councils to proceed with a thorough organization of the industry in question. Craft unions in such councils should be given complete autonomy, subject to the requirement that collective bargaining shall be by joint committees and that all agreements expire simultaneously; that all strike action be joint.

(c) It is understood that if the craft unions involved yield claims to jurisdiction in any such industry, the executive council may issue unrestricted charters to organizations in that field.

AGRICULTURAL LABOR: Vital to California labor is the problem of agricultural labor. More than 100,000 workers are employed in the fields and orchards of the state. They are subject to all the abuses which come from tyrannical control of ruthless employers, bitter competition for markets, etc. Unorganized they constitute a threat to the entire labor movement; united with organized labor, they would make a valuable asset. Previous attempts to organize have almost completely failed to establish permanent unions in the field and

have resulted in little or no improvement in the conditions of the workers. The proposal:

(a) The membership of the State Federation shall levy one assessment of \$1 per member, such assessment to be made within thirty days after the convention. The fund thus acquired shall be devoted solely to the establishment of permanent unions of agricultural workers.

(b) A committee shall be elected by the convention to plan a statewide campaign for the organization of agricultural workers. Such committee would necessarily include the officials of the State Federation.

(c) The organization work shall be carried out by capable, full-time organizers to be selected by the central committee. The organizers will work under the direction of the central committee and in conjunction with the central labor councils of the districts in which they are organizing.

(d) The program for organizing agricultural labor shall specifically include provisions for low dues, traveling union officials and adequate legal defense.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION: The necessity for organized labor to find adequate means of expressing itself on the political front is rapidly being recognized. The California State Federation should elect a committee, which shall be instructed to make a thorough canvass of the possibilities of independent political action. Such committee, within ninety days after its election, shall submit to the membership of the Federation for a referendum vote of its approval or disapproval a program for independent political action.

EFFECTIVE BOYCOTTS: The unfair list of the Federation today is not only burdened with much dead timber but to the vast majority of the membership is virtually unknown. If the unfair list is to become an effective weapon, steps must be taken to clear away the dead timber and to initiate active boycotts against companies on the list. The plan:

(a) No firm shall be placed on the Federation unfair list unless the union requesting such action shall submit at the same time a practical program assuring active pursuit and adequate financial backing of the boycott.

(b) The Federation shall adopt a uniform poster in all necessary sizes announcing that—company is unfair to organized labor. Approval of a request to place a company on the unfair list, along with the program for pursuing the boycott, would carry with it the right to use the official Federation posters.

STRATEGY DEFENSE COMMITTEES: At frequent intervals, groups of employers launch bitter campaigns to destroy unions attempting only to improve their conditions. In many cases, such unions are caught in the bewildering fire of the organized employers and vicious newspapers, and are sunk before aid can reach them. To combat such vicious

attacks, the Federation shall establish District Strategy Defense committees.

These committees shall be composed of one representative elected by each labor council within the district. Such district committees will work in conjunction with the officials of the Federation.

The function of these committees will be, upon the request of any affiliated union, to devise means of combatting the attacks of organized employers and vicious newspapers, to issue publicity, raise funds, provide defense, unite labors efforts, etc.

LABOR ANTI-VIGILANTE JURY: When the activities of organized labor and affiliated groups cannot be halted in any legitimate fashion, the last resort of reactionary forces is to vigilante action. Organized labor must be prepared to defend itself from and to prevent such attacks. The plan:

A permanent committee, to be known as the Labor Anti-Vigilante Jury, shall be created. The Jury will be instructed to investigate any threats of vigilante action or perpetration of such acts, and to recommend to labor groups involved a program to combat vigilante terrorism.

The suggestions made above are but a portion of a proposed well-rounded program. The Federation should offer its assistance to the organization of three of the largest groups of workers in the state—the teachers, writers and artists and the screen actors. It should take a firm active position against fascism, for the release of political prisoners, for the release of Mooney and Billings, and for the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law.

Finally, the convention of the Federation should adopt a resolution instructing its officers to carry out all the mandates of the convention, or face removal at the next convention.

HOLLYWOOD WEEK

LOUIS NORDEN

GREED: "Central Brands 15,275 extras as Coolie Labor"

Thus read a banner headline in the sycophantic *Daily Variety*, Hollywood trade paper, this week. Beneath it was another headline:

"Only 35 of 1,000 earn \$19 in week."

With this expose of true conditions among Hollywood "extras" on its front page, part of an official report of the Central Casting Corporation, the *Daily Variety*, always subservient to the wishes of the producers, ran an editorial on the second page breathlessly attacking Central Casting for daring to publish any report that would discourage would-be actors from coming to Hollywood. For Hollywood producers need new extras, always more extras, lest, at any given moment, there result a shortage that might drive extra wages up from the coolie level.

The official report of Central Casting Corporation speaks for itself. It should be remembered that this is a producer-controlled agency, organized by the Association of Motion Picture Producers 10 years ago. It acts as a central employment agency for all extras thus enabling each major studio to save the expense attendant a separate department for this work.

But, even in a "controlled" agency, the truth may sometimes come out. And these are the facts.

In the first half of 1936, to fill 137,139 placements, 15,275 extras were engaged.

Of this number, 13,465 were able to earn only up to a maximum of \$200 each in that period. That is, the most earned by any one of this vast army was not more than \$8 a week. The great majority earned a great deal less.

Of the remainder, 1,277 earned between \$200 and \$500, i. e. from \$8 weekly to \$19 weekly. But 533 earned more than \$500.

Only 3½ per cent earned more than \$19 weekly.

But—88 per cent earned less than \$8 weekly.

The agency warns, in its official report, that "it is not possible, save in a few and exceptional instances, to make a regular living from extra work." This warning, it says in self defense, is given to all new applicants for this type of employment.

What have the producers to say to this?

Daily Variety published the editorial comment referred to previously. It was written by Arthur Ungar, friend to the producers, the man whose outrageous methods were exposed recently by S. S. Van Buren in *New Theater* magazine. Ungar shows his producer-bias again, as he did during the recent battle of the Screen Writers' Guild, by attacking Central Casting for daring to print this truthful report. His editorial contains not one word that might be construed even as a plea for the establishment of basic minimum wages for screen extras. Since the vast majority of them do not possess the five cents daily needed to purchase Ungar's newspaper, he does not consider them part of his constituency.

"If it (the motion picture industry) permits Central Casting to work against itself and try and scare people away, it's not going to have extras," Ungar points out. "These people are just as important to a production as those who get screen credit. For when atmosphere is required in a production, a studio cannot get it from its screen credit players or from its stock company."

"It would be pretty tough if all avenues of recruiting talent were closed by it . . . If the industry tried to cut its extra list down to the core and keep the books closed against further registration, the same results would accrue."

"As long as the studios are paying for the upkeep of Central Casting and want to profit from its use they had better put a muzzle on those operating it to keep them from talking out of turn and giving out figures to discourage people . . ."

(Emphasis mine—L. N.)

Arthur Ungar has successfully demonstrated that he needs no muzzle to keep from talking out of turn. The advertising sops thrown him by producers have effectively closed his mouth.

The one "unmuzzled" agency in Hollywood today is the Screen Actors' Guild. This week it began legal action to protect the rights of the "bit" player who today needs the Guild's organized protection against the onslaughts of studios that would try to cut into the basic minimum salaries already established by the NRA.

Only through the Guild can the "extras," too, get the protection they need, the basic minimum wage to which they are entitled. The establishment of this wage ABOVE the coolie level can only be done through the basic organization of all actors in the industry with the sympathetic support of all organized labor as well.

The Guild must look forward to raising this demand at the earliest possible opportunity. And the extras with the backing of all studio actors must continue to press forward this problem, until the demand is raised—and WON!

GROWTH: The Screen Actors' Guild, by the way, continues growing rapidly. Its membership drive enrolled 100 new members during July. The dues payments to the organization for the quarter ending August 1 are already more than double those for any preceding quarter in the Guild's history.

This week, too, the Guild forced Georges Renevant, Hollywood "art" theater producer, to stop charging actors fees for the right to appear in his forthcoming production of "Winterset." Renevant was also forced to pay the minimum Equity wage to all Equity members appearing in the production.

BANKS ADVERTISE, TOO . . . With the aid of Leopold Stokowski, Jose Iturbi, Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra, the nation's banks will this Fall go to the air with a series of 39 half-hour broadcasts over a nationwide network. Into the program will be tied in 115 banks in major U. S. cities. The deal is now in the final stages of negotiations. Institutional advertising is to be stressed, according to the initial announcement. But, to this always curious commentator it does seem strange that the first attempt to put banks on the air should come during a presidential year.

The basic question: What agency is financing the deal to put this program on the air? Certainly it is not a co-operative venture of the 115 banks for the local banks have not yet been approached. Could it by any chance be the financial interests behind the Landon-Knox campaign?

FILM NOTES: George Antheil will do an original symphonic score for Cecil B. DeMille's "The Plainsman." His last work for the films was on the abortive "Once in a Blue Moon" for Hecht and MacArthur . . . Another original symphonic score for the films still to be heard: Werner

Janssen's music for "The General Died at Dawn," also a Paramount release . . . Following the preview of the Clifford Odets' screen play just mentioned, Director Lewis Milestone will leave Hollywood for a Continental trip to wind up in the Soviet Union . . . M.G.M. has purchased the film rights to "Three Comrades," new novel by Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front." The novel is to be published in London this Fall.

FILM FACTS: In the world each week, 220,000,000 go to the cinema. In the United States, films are viewed weekly by 80,000,000. These figures coming from the latest report by the United States Department of Commerce, bring sharply to mind the need for alert consideration of films as a propaganda weapon in the hands of the producers and the banks who control them.

The world capital investment in land, studios, equipment of the world industry is now \$2,650,000,000, constantly increasing as the industry is rationalized to the last detail. The Hollywood payroll during 1935 was, in round figures, \$100,000,000, about to start its downward path due to the contracting world market.

WAR IN THE FILMS: The Prague film advisory board has passed a scenario of "Assassination" to deal with the life of Archduke Ferdinand and the outbreak of the World War.

The Syndicate Company of Berlin is producing a film to commemorate the 20th Anniversary of the Battle of Jutland. This film will have the assistance of the ministry for propaganda and the war ministry.

The latter illustrates a strange contradiction in a Fascist state. The German people, during the war, swiftly realized that the Battle of Jutland meant nothing to them but the unnecessarily sacrificed lives of the German sailors who were killed. The Battle of Jutland directly led to the revolt of the sailors, a revolt that was one of the factors in bringing the war to a close. Read, for example, Plivier's "The Kaiser's Coolies."

Now the Nazi government wishes to make a film glorifying the battle, thus to build up a new war spirit in the German people, to manufacture a new war that will lead to new Jutlands. If they tell the truth about the Battle of Jutland, the effect will directly oppose the aim. If they do not tell the truth, the German people will recognize the lies.

COMPETITION: To prove how foreign films are being designed to compete with the American pictures, we publish this week a list of some films in production in other countries. All the names are well-known to American stage, screen and radio audiences:

England: Richard Tauber and Jimmie Durante in "Land Without Music," Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence and Elsa Lanchester in "Rembrandt," Henry Fonda, Leslie Banks in "Wings of the Morning," Edward G. Robinson in "Thunder in the City," Jessie Matthews and Romney Brent in "Head Over Heels," George Arliss in "The Nelson Touch," Noah Beery and Bessie Love in "Live Again," Richard Arlen and J. Farrell MacDonald in "The Great Barrier."

France: Maurice Chevalier in "L'Homme du Jour," Harry Baur in "The Great Love of Beethoven."

Germany: Pola Negri in "Moscow-Shanghai."

Hungary: Marta Eggerth in "Nightingale," Benjamin Gigli in "Tenende Herzen."

Mexico: Tito Guizar in "Alla en El Rancho Grande."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID PRICE is a Los Angeles writer at present working on the W.P.A.

EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER is a playwright and movie writer whose play "Firebrand" was a Broadway success. He is author of "A Preface to Life."

LEVI MARRERO is a well-known Cuban short-story writer.

LANGSTON HUGHES, novelist, poet and playwright, spent six months in Mexico last year and translated many Spanish and Cuban revolutionary short stories. He has contributed to many magazines, the latest being "Esquire." At present he is in Cleveland working on a novel, on a Guggenheim fellowship.

JOSEPH FREEMAN edited the old "Masses" for many years and is now chief editor of "New Masses." He has played a leading and colorful part in the early revolutionary movement in the United States. His story of these days "An American Testament" will be published in October by Farrar and Rinehart. His story in this issue is part of that book.

TOM KROMER is author of "Waiting for Nothing," the story of a tramp's life in the depression. Kromer once taught in Virginia schools, and is now recuperating in Albuquerque and writing short stories.

PAUL ARCHER is a Northern California scientist and research worker.

MARGARET FROHNKNECHT works for the Book Union and has contributed book reviews to the "New Republic."

KAY HOLLISTER is a California sculptress who spent many years in Europe. She is at present living in Carmel.



WHAT PREJUDICE CAN DO

PAUL ARCHER

WHEN a doctor looks at another branch of learning he often lacks that critical acumen of the man trained in an exact science. The present book,* is a case in point, for, though it deals with disease, the doctor has difficulty with historical appraisal.

Disease has no doubt played an important part in human destiny. This was better shown recently by Hans Zinsser, bacteriologist, in "Rats, Lice and History": also in a pair of volumes called "Post Mortems," by C. MacLauren, which appeared a few years ago. In the present book the subject is poorly presented and the author suffers from prejudice and lack of critical sense. His long-distance diagnoses of ailments suffered by historic characters of the remote as well as the recent past, are much too facile in face of the evidence at hand; indeed, they are often controverted by the existing evidence. Dr. Major, I am sure, if called upon today to make a diagnosis by mail from incomplete symptoms and signs, without seeing the patient, would unhesitatingly refuse. Yet he has not hesitated to name the disease afflicting personages who died before scientific methods of evaluating symptoms were known, people such as Henry VIII and Francis I. Nietzsche, he contends, died of syphilis. Authorities have debated this question and disagreed. I have read many accounts and it seems to me there is more evidence against than for this diagnosis. Lacking a specific test the world will never know. Even a scientific guess adds nothing.

The most glaring example of uncritical guessing is in the case of Lenin. Dr. Major has him also afflicted with syphilis, contracted in youth, and from which he is supposed to have died. Actually the evidence is incontrovertibly clear that Lenin suffered from arteriosclerosis and died of apoplexy. Lenin's own talks with Clara Zetkin and others showed his almost puritan attitude—though not for puritanical reasons—toward sexual behavior. There has never been the slightest evidence that he died of syphilis. This is what the Major considers "evidence": "The diagnosis confirms the story current in Russia (sic) that Lenin died of the effects of a 'shameful disease.' It goes far towards explaining some of the saturnalia of blood in which he indulged when any one opposed his will. Such a process of reasoning is logical in a parietic." In addition to such "proof," Dr. Major relates the story of an unnamed professor who was hailed before Lenin to see his patient—but was warned not to speak of these professional visits. "Gradually, however, the news leaked out. A short time later a famous German physician (unnamed) traveled by airplane to Moscow, still the seat of riot, revolt, and bloodshed, saw the patient in consultation and made the diagnosis of paresis. The physician returned with a huge fee," and one might add, violated his oath to disclose to the world the nature of the disease which he was so well paid to name in private!

*DISEASE AND DESTINY, by Ralph H. Major, M. D. (D. Appleton-Century Co.) 338 pages. \$3.00

And Dr. Major is a professor of medicine in an American University.

PAUL ARCHER

REMOVED FROM REALITY

NO LETTERS FOR THE DEAD, by Gale Wilhem (Random House) \$2.00

THIS second little book by the author of "We Too Are Drifting" is on quite a different subject, to be sure, but it has the same air of unreality and being written in a vacuum. It comes as a shock when so real a matter as Arthur Brisbane's name is mentioned. There is a curious mixture, too, of the melodramatic and the ethereal; as if the author wanted to show that there could be gold, or rather silver filigree, in a typical *Liberty* or *Saturday Evening Post* story.

Paula is in love with Koni, who goes to tell his wife that he is having a baby by Paula and all must be over between them. The wife shoots herself and, with Koni in the apartment, he is held as accomplice and sent to San Quentin for two years. Paula, first very ill, decides to go to San Francisco and wait for her lover there; Koni has asked her not to see him in prison. Her money giving out, she takes to prostitution without every becoming tarnished or degraded; she writes to Koni (always pretending she has a regular job) and hears from him. But she does not live in the San Francisco one knows nor does Koni appear to be in the San Quentin one knows. I have sat many times in the visitors' room at San Quentin talking to J. B. McNamara or Jack Crane or Tom Mooney or Matt Schmidt, and I have wondered about the private stories of those other prisoners I see with neatly-brushed hair talking so eagerly, and sometimes so desperately, to dry-eyed women. . . Here was a chance to fill in such a story, but Miss Wilhelm hasn't done it. Perhaps she sought to write only of the eternal Magdalene: but the eternal becomes more real when there is some tie with the life one knows.

After Paula starts a liaison with a kindhearted married man, to whom she represents what his wealthy social life never gave him, the story becomes even further removed. Paula does not tell him the truth till a few days before Koni is to be freed, and then he, who gave her faith, is overwhelmed that he must lose her. One feels a tragedy developing, and I decided either he would have Koni kept in jail—apparently he has great power—or he would kill himself before Paula and land her in the same tragedy which had overwhelmed Koni.

These solutions would have brought human passion into play, real human behavior. Instead, Miss Wilhelm allows Koni to be fortuitously killed in a prison break; and our credibility is overstretched.

The book is sensitively written and the style fits the remoteness with which the story is handled. Miss Wilhelm has an undoubted gift for story telling, and a gift for writing; but there is something else needed to make her an important writer for today.

ELLA WINTER

WHITE COLLAR STRIKE

A TIME TO REMEMBER, by Leane Zugsmith (Random House) \$2.00

A TIME TO REMEMBER" should stamp Leane Zugsmith as the first writer since Clifford Odets capable of beating the critics from the rock bound coast of the *Saturday Review* to the rock bound coast of the *New Masses* on their own grounds. This time nothing has been sacrificed. To the large

surviving group of literates who still believe in Alexander Woollcott, Santa Claus and that independent of subject matter, there is only good writing and bad writing, this will be good writing, but those who dreamed that modern fiction be made of sterner stuff, will find it here unadulterated.

For her story, Miss Zugsmith has dug deeply into that section of the white collar class which comprises millions of workers, but which because of its superficial lack of militance, color, and vernacular, has been ignored in the rush to glorify the American laborer. The characters in this book make up for lost time. They are not merely a group of department store workers who, driven beyond endurance, go out on strike, they are daughters of "respectable," middle class families, husbands of strong women or useless women, girls in love with men who are through with them. Aline Weinman, the passionate and clairvoyante young Jewish girl who goes to work at Diamonds store when her father loses his job, is as different from Doni Roberts, a girl of the same age whom experience has already cruelly intimidated, as the Diamond brothers are from any of their clerks. But the same problem faces them all—how to work at Diamonds and go on living? There are about fifty stores like Diamonds in America, employing more than two thousand people, paying most of them fourteen dollars a week, spying on them and ruthlessly attempting to stamp out their unions. It is through the union that the struggle between the Diamond brothers and their employees, always present but buried under the false aimability of the Diamond newspaper, the Diamond Thanksgiving play and the Diamond pep talks, finally emerges. When this happens there is a strike. Not only at the usual cost of arrest and bloodshed but at the almost exorbitant cost to the American middle class mind of its realization that it too is a part of the proletariat. The strike is won.

Aside from a great literary style, "A Time To Remember"

lacks only one thing—the assurance that enough people are going to read it. In a country where, like the English clerks too, many American clerks still think of themselves as "the opposite of a worker," a copy of "A Time To Remember" should be sent to every lending library between Broadway and Main Street with the compliments of the publishers to the American bourgeoisie.

MARGARET FROHNKNECHT

PURE ADVENTURE

VOYAGE TO GALAPAGOS, by William Albert Robinson. (Harcourt Brace and Company). \$3.00

VOYAGE to Galapagos in a 32 foot ketch was undertaken by Robinson, his wife and a cousin with no pretense to exploration or discovery nor boast of scientific purpose, but purely for the sake of adventure. Starting from Long Island, traversing the Atlantic Coast, past the Bahamas, Cuba, into the Caribbean, they encountered adventure and thrills aplenty. After weathering a hurricane in the Caribbean, and innumerable squalls, they passed safely through the Panama Canal and were shipwrecked in the jungle of Darien. After weeks of backbreaking work, heartbreaking delays, they sailed again, venturing along the Inca coast, braved the hazardous Humbolt current, finally visited the remote Guano islands on the equator. Here they encountered some of the principals involved in the incidents surrounding the "Empress of the Galapagos." The most remarkable part of the book is the seamanship displayed in successfully navigating the little ten ton ketch through the most trying conditions of weather at sea. The culmination of the adventure is the spectacular rescue of Robinson by airplane from Panama, while he lay in the "Svaap" at anchor on the equator, in the throes of acute appendicitis.

R. A. KOCHER

ROMANTIC PARNELL

PARNELL, by Elsie T. Shauffer. (New York: Samuel French) \$1.50

THIS PLAY treats of Parnell, the leader of the Irish Home Rule party, and his struggle to get Gladstone on the Home Rule side in one of the great controversies of the last century. The play is mainly concerned with Parnell's devotion to pretty Katie O'Shea, wife of one of his members of Parliament. Wanting Katie all to himself, Parnell places O'Shea in a higher position than he can fill, which earns for him the bitterness of his associates.

In spite of their attempts to keep their love affair secret, it finally comes out through O'Shea's endeavoring to discredit Parnell with his party. The scandal of a divorce suit is threatened at the moment Parnell has won his great chance. Shattered in health, overworked, disgraced, he dies in Katie's arms.

The play is dramatic in its Irish fervor. Although primarily a romance with love-interest predominant, the historic struggle for home rule is right on the stage; and one cannot forget the Victorian prudery of Britain which made Parnell's story one of the great tragedies of modern times.

KAY HOLLISTER

THE fascinating true-story of some highspots of recent California history: tong wars, the Doheny murder, the St. Francis dam disaster, red-baiting, the Gray Wolf boss of Los Angeles, the millionaire love-mart, and many others. Written by a real detective, formerly attached to the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles.



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CLASSIFIED ADS

RATES for these effective classifieds as follows: 40¢ per line; 3 lines for \$1.00; 35¢ for each additional line. 6 insertions: 30¢ per line; 4 lines for \$1.00. Copy deadline is Tuesday for the issue of the following Monday.

FOR SALE: Special Jeffers number of "The Carmelite," December 28, 1928. Selling now for ten dollars. Only a few copies left, signed by Robinson Jeffers. Apply Box HH "Pacific Weekly."

GROUPS IN ACTION

AMERICAN WRITERS UNION

The popular notion that artistic genius is best nurtured by starvation and misery is not shared by the fourteen hundred-odd writers who have banded together to form the new and growing American Writers' Union. Organized by Mathieu Smith, playwright, and composed of craftsmen such as John Chamberlain, Horace Gregory, Samuel Putnam, Grace Lumpkin, Clifford Odets and Kyle Crichton, the new organization has definite objectives in view. First of these is the demand for governmental subsidization of writers and the continuation of present Writers' Projects. Further the union intends to fight racketeering literary agents and the even more criminal "schools" of writing which victimize hundreds of trusting young artists. Irresponsible editors may find themselves boycotted, and so may erring publishers. The American Writers' Union is allied with the Authors' League of America and the American Newspaper Guild. Communications to the union should be addressed to 812 Broadway, New York City.

JESUS AND CAPITALISM

It is not so rare a pleasure as it used to be to find religious organizations deciding that the brotherhood of man is not obtainable, any more than other Christian ideals, under a capitalist economy and culture. "The Christian Front," religious periodical published at Villanova, Pennsylvania, has lately made this decision. The September issue of the magazine, for instance, comes out in favor of collective bargaining, of organization such as the C.I.O. drive now going on in Pennsylvania, of strikes and also of whatever "sympathetic" strikes they may set off. But moreover this magazine, and we take it, the good Christians who read and support it, flatly states that it can find no way of reconciling the teachings of Jesus with the teachings and the actions of capitalism. Thus in practical and theoretical matters equally "The Christian Front" is proving itself worthy the name Christian.

AGAINST WARNICK DEPORTATION

The American Civil Liberties Union has delegated a defense committee to fight the deportation warrant hanging over the head of Jack Warnick. All unions have been asked to aid in the fight, and the following resolution, which has been sent to unions all over the country, is published here in order that the public in general may become aware of the facts of Warnick's case.

Whereas, the Department of Labor has recently issued a warrant of deportation directing the return of Jack Warnick of San Francisco to Canada; and,

Whereas, such order for deportation is based merely on the political opinions held by the deportee and his activities in organizing California agricultural workers; and,

Whereas, Warnick was acquitted at the Sacramento Criminal Syndicalism trial in 1935, and the same evidence is now made the basis of deportation charges against him; and,

Whereas, Warnick was brought to this country by his parents at the age of 2 and has ever since, for the past 27 years, resided here as a hard-working and law-abiding person, a graduate of the University of California; and,

Whereas, he filed a declaration of intention to become a United States citizen but could not become naturalized because he was unable to furnish the proper records, through no fault of his own; and,

Whereas, deportation would separate Warnick from his wife and family and send him to a country in which he would be a total stranger; and,

Whereas, such deportation is contrary to the traditional American policy of freedom of opinion and the right of political asylum; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that, _____ (name of organization) goes on record as favoring the revocation of the order for deportation in the case of Jack Warnick; and, be it further

Resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to Madame Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, Washington, D. C., and to the press.

ART CENTER SHOW

The San Francisco Art Center announces a group showing of oils by members of the gallery, including Victor Arnautoff, Maya del Pino, Dorothy Puccinelli and others, from September 7th to September 19th.



FUNDS FOR SPAIN

The Spanish People's Front government finds itself surrounded by enemies, both of the Spanish nobility and monarchists and of foreign fascist interventionists. Neutrality has officially to be maintained by other countries, lest international war break out. But private citizens can send funds and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union has set out to collect \$100,000 for a Spanish Labor Red Cross. All funds should be sent to that organization at 3 West 16th Street, New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

ALIENS AND THE CONSTITUTION

Editors, Pacific Weekly

August 27, 1936

Gentlemen:

Your editorial of August 24, in defense of the rights of non-citizens in California against the provisions of the initiative petition now being circulated, is to be regarded as an outstanding contribution in the fight for civil liberties in the United States.

We wish to congratulate you for your stand in protecting the rights of the foreign-born and, thereby, the rights of all Americans. Any attack on the so-called "alien" will be used inevitably in an attempt to deny civil rights to the native born.

Sincerely yours,

Dwight C. Morgan

Secretary, American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York City

DERISIVE LAUGHTER

Pacific Weekly, Carmel California

Dear Sirs:

I would like to enter a protest to that first editorial comment in your issue of August 24th.

This particular action of the Associated Farmers should inspire derisive laughter, if anything at all, rather than a spirit of outright disapproval. To condemn this move you are indirectly conceding to the illegal alien all the rights of citizenship except the ballot and they are not much interested in that, anyhow.

The real irony of the situation is revealed in the fact that many of the sponsors of the so-called Associated Farmers have in the past encouraged foreign labor to come in and compete with our own citizens in the labor market. But when alien labor unites with citizen labor they raise the cry of "foreign agitators" and "Communist influences." So what? They are trying to bar out some of their own wage cutters and strike breakers! Don't you get it?

Yours truly,

C. A. Mercham

Oakland, August 25th

Box 221, Fruitvale Sta.

CRISIS!

Early last May PACIFIC WEEKLY came to the end of its rope as then published. For some time the magazine had represented a weekly addition to an already large debt. There were two alternatives: to cease publication or to obtain new financing.

Pacific Associates as a voluntary organization felt that the magazine should be saved if humanly possible—at least for a period long enough to establish a policy and quality, and to determine the measure of effective support which it could command. Upon this motivation a small but devoted group has labored diligently. As readers know this devotion has been wholly voluntary.

There has been cause for satisfaction in the response to these efforts. We feel that the direction and character of PACIFIC WEEKLY has merited the words of approval and the number of new subscriptions which have come in.

Since Pacific Associates became responsible for publication each issue has been paid for in full and no indebtedness has been allowed to accumulate. Receipts from renewals and new subscriptions have assisted substantially. Around \$1200 has been collected in the last three months, from memberships, donations, subscriptions and renewals.

The foregoing are the records of achievement. But they are not enough. The goal of 400 memberships at \$10 each to assure publication for a year is far from realization. Larger contributions to make possible a continuity of paid work in business management and promotion have not been sufficient. Hence we have gone on hopefully but under the handicap of week-to-week questioning as to the future.

Those of us who are responsible for PACIFIC WEEKLY feel that a decision must be made. Aside from our affection for the magazine into which so many people have put so much of themselves, we believe that it has a real social usefulness in these transition days.

But to move for these ends we must have funds in hand. We must replace some volunteer with paid service. We must be in position to make commitments. We must know that plans for continued improvement as well as current publication can be paid for on the nail. We are absolutely set against going into debt even for a single week.

This statement is submitted to readers and friends as a report of stewardship. But it is also a word of warning. For without a prompt response to the need for a fund of four or five thousand dollars there will come a week when publication will have to cease without notice.

The efforts of all hands goes on. We should prefer to "do" than to "die." We hope that a response may appear in time and that PACIFIC WEEKLY may live to become a monument to the memory of Lincoln Steffens.

September 1, 1936

PACIFIC ASSOCIATES

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THEY TELL ME . . .

EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER left for New York this week with his eight year old son Paul. He had finished the first act of a new play, and will do the rest in the East before returning to Hollywood in January where he has two months' work. His last film was "Desire" in which Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper acted. Apparently he is one of the most counted-on stand-bys in the film industry, in which he has worked ten years.

A NUMBER of film people are buying farms in Bucks, among them Dorothy Parker, Sid Perlman, and maybe Nathanael West and Mayer. At least the last two were playing with the idea while lunching at Pop Ernst's overlooking the Monterey Bay. Dorothy Parker had just written that she had hung her last curtain and what do you do then. We always found sharpening pencils as good an excuse as any.

LANGSTON HUGHES sold the story "African Morning," which appeared in "Pacific Weekly" last week, to an African magazine in Lagos . . . He has just been in New York, attending "Mulatto" in its new home at the Ambassador Theater. He writes: "Rose McClendon's death was a great loss to the theater, and to the left movement in the theater . . . She had been ill all winter, and was happy to go. She believed in the naturalness of death and said to me that she saw no use in anyone's 'making a fuss about it.' Which was a calm way to take it, although she will be greatly missed."

A LIBRARIAN'S letter in the June "Wilson Bulletin for Librarians" reads in part as follows (the name of the library is omitted for obvious reasons)—"Perhaps you have heard of the Great Red Hunt we are having here . . . We have to swear every month not to teach Communism, certain of our books are under suspicion, and all of our magazines have been discontinued until a committee of officials pronounce them sanitary. As subscriptions are made at headquarters it is beyond my power to renew my subscription to even the most harmless magazine. The committee has been considering the matter for months, but as yet they have given us no approved list. In the meantime the magazine files are in the most disordered condition, the library is reverting to primeval chaos, and our students are as innocent as the noble savage. But we know we are pure."

RICHARD GREGG, author of "The Power of Non-Violence," has sailed for England where he will confer for a week with Aldous Huxley, George Lansbury, Lord Ponsonby and others, leaders of a group of 100,000 persons there who have pledged themselves to refuse to engage in any war. Aldous Huxley has written a pamphlet for the group which adopts and advocates many of the ideas to be found in "The Power of Non-Violence."

NEW MAGAZINES include "Information, Please!" which is dedicated to "the advancement of cultural recreation" and will appear October 1st with Peter B. Payne as editor and Z. M. Bern, Rion Bercovici (son of Conrad) and Gertrude Blumenthal on the editorial board.

SAMUEL PUTNAM has just finished his translation of a French novel, "Bitter Victory." The action takes place during the third year of the World War, but the principal characters are far from the front. The chief character is described as a sort of modern Don Quixote, and the book is considered one of the most important French novels of the last ten years. McBride will publish it.

WHAT NOTS: John Chamberlain who left the New York "Times" to join the staff of "Fortune" magazine, is going to review books for "Scribners" magazine . . . George Seldes will do the theater for them. The magazine is going to devote half its space to fiction . . . Robert Whitcomb, author of "Talk United States!" has written a book on co-operatives which Longmans Green will publish under the title "Co-operative America" . . . Dr. Isaac Goldberg has written a new life of Lola Montez, the favorite of the mad King of Bavaria. John Day will publish it under the title "Queen of Hearts" . . . David Lamson's book "We Who Are About To Die," which made Alexander Woolcott say Lamson couldn't be guilty of the crime of murder of which he was charged, will appear in the movies as "One Man Came Back" . . . Ringley has gone on a new "Believe It or Not" expedition to Tibet. Simon and Schuster report that total sales of all new editions of his books is now over 500,000 . . . Kay Boyle's novel, "Death of a Man," will tell the story of a romance between an American girl and an Austrian doctor and the conflict caused by the difference in their ways of life . . . Thornton Wilder has written an introduction for Gertrude Stein's new book, called "The Geographical History of America or the Relation of Human Nature to the Human Mind" to be published by Random House.

ELLA WINTER