

silken gown on a movie set. Meanwhile, the victims of Soviet persecution were either ignored or denounced outright.

The disillusionment with Communism which set in at the time of the Hitler-Stalin pact was soon forgotten after Pearl Harbor. With Russia our ally in the war, and with the pressures of the government directed toward making Russia and Stalin popular with the American people, the Hollywood Communists rapidly made up for their losses during the days of the pact. Scores of thousands of people connected with the motion picture industry fell into line and soon became enmeshed in new front organizations.

A second period of disillusionment began about a year ago. (Hollywood, it might be noted, does not rid itself of illusions easily.) The ruthlessness of the Communists in the organizations they controlled had a lot to do with

this new disillusionment, but the world pattern of Soviet imperialism and diplomatic intransigence was probably the main cause.

But whatever the reason, it is a fact that, for the first time in a decade, the Communists in Hollywood are on the defensive. They have lost control of the trade unions. They are no longer a force in the Screen Actors Guild, and they can no longer hope to lead the Screen Writers Guild. Motion-picture magnates who only a few months ago associated familiarly with thousand-dollar-a-week Communist writers have grown hostile, and the Producers Association has announced that it will employ no known Communists in the future.

In short, the deep red which has colored so much of Hollywood for the past few years is rapidly fading to a light pink. The lush era of easy money, vast crowds and big names is over for the Communists in Hollywood.

## FROM BEE-STING, SPIDER-BITE

BY CHARLES EDWARD EATON

From bee-sting, spider-bite, thorn-prick, hammer-bruise, flesh learns;  
Through lip-brush, hand-grasp, the body knows.  
Nothing there is that touches but goes  
Taut, limp, soft, hard, dry, moist, chills or burns.

So we can say to every memory of eyes:  
Here burned hot and quick, there chilled slow to cool,  
Now the sober judge, then the passionate fool —  
And thus by knowing absent things the flesh grows wise.

# MURDER AS A SEX PRACTICE

BY FRANK C. WALDROP

**C**RIMES of sexual perversion strike the most hideous blows of all. Whoever is not killed is usually withered, and families of both criminal and victim go under a cloud that may be generations in passing.

Consequently, knowledge of the facts surrounding criminal sexuality is hard to get at, harder to analyze and still harder to convey. Police everywhere will testify that it is the usual and only too natural practice of families to try to conceal sexual crimes short of outright rape or murder. The victim's family wants oblivion, not justice in the courts. The criminal's family wants another chance to redeem him. Neither wants to face the fact that habitual sexual perversion of any kind is a medical problem, almost beyond the grasp of medicine itself in its present state of knowledge.

As to how much actual violent sexual crime there may be, nobody can guess with any accuracy because of the shame and secrecy that surround all parties. But even so, the FBI records one rape or criminal assault somewhere in the United States every 43 minutes. The national police bookings

for rape have gone up 62 per cent in the past ten years. Arrests of homosexuals and other types of perverts have gone up by 142 per cent. J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, has made repeated declarations in recent years to the effect that crimes of sex are a growing police problem.

And yet, the law is not armed to deal with the sex criminal. It is magnificently armed to deal with almost any imaginable problem involving property. But when called on to dispose of a man unmistakably marked as the most revolting and fearful offender against the person, it is stuttering and confused. No state in the Union can claim a safe conscience on the subject of crimes involving sex.

Let us consider some examples.

One day last October, twelve-year-old Howard L. pointed to a spot on the ground in Thatcher's woods, on the western edge of Chicago.

"That's it," he said. "His head was there." And then Howard began to cry.

For "there" was the place where a few days before he had cut the throat of Lonnie F., aged seven, and then

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