

386 of these families made by the Fred Lavanburg Foundation and Hamilton House. The survey was undertaken originally at the instance of Mr. French, who apparently believed that scientifically collected data would help to create the "slum clearance" smoke screen he needed for his enterprise.

But the survey was a boomerang, for the two agencies undertaking it proved not only the need for slum clearance, but also proved that the dwellers of the slum area gained no benefits from the construction of Knickerbocker Village. The survey is entitled "What happened to 386 families who were compelled to vacate their slum dwellings."

Some of the facts of major interest uncovered by the study follow:

Only three families planned to move into Knickerbocker Village. The same three, incidentally, were the only ones paying \$35 or more a month for a flat. Of the others, 379 expressed a wish to move into the development, disposing of the oft-repeated argument that slum dwellers don't want improved housing.

"Though almost all the families desire to move into Knickerbocker Village," the report declared, "only a small number will be able to pay the higher rental."

Most significant of all, the survey shows that 319 of the 386 families surveyed, or 83 percent, continue to live in old law tenements declared to be unfit for human habitation by the Tenement House Commission as early as 1900.

Only 14 percent of the families left the neighborhood. The others settled in the slum buildings of adjoining blocks. The largest number of the families, regardless of size, felt that they could pay only \$15 a month for any kind of living quarters.

The large majority of the families expressed a willingness to pay the same amount for quarters in Knickerbocker Village as they paid for their present living quarters.

A few of the other items of interest brought by the survey follow:

Before leaving the "lung block," 260 families lived in apartments with the toilets in the halls. After moving to new quarters, 206 still had their toilets in the halls. Before moving, all the families had to use coal stoves for heating; after moving, 320 out of the 386 still used coal heating. Three hundred and sixty-one had no bathtubs at all before moving, and after moving 148 families were still without any kind of bathing facilities in their own apartments. But whereas only 25 had bathtubs in their kitchens before moving, 144 families had them in their kitchens after moving. An improvement it is true, but out of the entire 386, only 54 families had, after moving, any kind of bathing facilities which might be termed modern.

The primary test of course, is the matter of rentals. Before leaving the lung block, 340 of the families paid up to \$25 a month for flats, but only 312 were able to find places for \$25 a month or less after moving. At the same time only 8 families paid \$30 a

month or more before moving, but 28 paid \$30 and up after moving. A more detailed examination of the comparative rentals demonstrates even more thoroughly that most of the families are paying the same amount or more for the same kind of quarters they had before moving.

When Mr. French read some of these facts as reported by the newspapers after the results of the survey were made public, he was angry. He wrote a letter to the New York Times declaring that the survey was wrong, that 85 percent of the families had moved away from the neighborhood and that the Lavanburg Foundation and Hamilton House were suppressing the real facts. Furthermore, he believed this to be ungrateful conduct in view of the fact that most of the information for the survey had come from his office. Subsequently he was forced to retract his protest, because it was his protest and not the facts of the survey that was untruthful.

One is sorely tempted to end the presentation of such facts as these by a strong agitational appeal for working class action to force real slum clearance. But that's hardly necessary. The facts are there. They are not an isolated collection. They symbolize the housing program of the New Deal. And as more workers continue to wake up to the true meaning of the New Deal, the facts themselves will become a spur to action. It's only a question of time before the workers begin some slum clearance of their own. It'll probably start on Park Avenue and Wall Street.

Funeral in Vienna

ROBERT GESSNER

VIENNA.

THE first democratic dictator in Europe (how he insisted on the "democracy"!) lay in state in the Town Hall. He was a little man, but he had a full-sized coffin. The soldiers surrounded him, guarding against death; and the candles lighted the path in and out. Nuns were at his feet and God leaned down from a cross over him. Thousands of burghers, black and fat, hurried in a shuffling stream past him at the rate of four a minute. Guards controlled the flow of the stream with curt whispers, keeping its speed at four per second. Outside the Town Hall half-a-dozen different brands of soldiers in the varied uniforms of their respective armies guarded the death house from death. Along the streets shops were closed and black drapes hung down in long streams from the windows. At night rows of windows were illuminated with candles. The townsfolk in their middle class manner showed their grief. He was one of them.

The dictator in Europe lay in state in St. Stephane's Cathedral, the oldest in Vienna,

dating from the thirteenth century. Going through a side door on their way to the services were half a dozen minor priests nudging one another in the ribs and laughing. The Viennese have a reputation for good-nature, displayed apparently on all occasions. The cafés lining the main streets where the procession was to pass were filled with people waiting over cups of coffee. At some tables sat officers in imperial uniforms, chatting and laughing as though waiting for a train. These, the feudal clergy and the feudal military, were not grief-stricken over the little "peasant." The police officers at the intersections chatted amicably, greeting one another with Viennese handshakes and pleasant salutes. It appeared they were waiting for a parade. The thousands of burghers that lined the streets stood for hours in a heavy silence. You could hear the silence of the thousands of them waiting. For hours their cousins from the country marched, guilds of burghers from the provinces. Catholics from the provinces, Styrians, Carinthians, Salzburgers, and the wildly costumed peasants from the Tyrol. These, the

peasant Catholics, were moved into silence. They were not Viennese. When their spiritual contact with God, the Cardinal, headed the procession you could see the contrast. He sat in the back of an enormously luxurious car, his hand raised in benediction, and he smiled to the right and left. The cars of archbishops and minor dignitaries of the church smiled likewise. It was an occasion for recognition. The cars of military *papier-maché* colonels saluted each his uniformed followers at the street corners with the kind of a salute that said: "See, here I am at this important hour."

The hearse came down the street at a rapid speed, as though the driver wanted to get rid of it. The people in the street had waited nine hours for it and in two seconds it had come and gone.

But the military lingered on; they were all over the streets, very much alive and very much more important in appearance than any corpse. They wore medals and bright uniforms that they had won as majors and colonels defending the Fatherland. Dollfuss was a mere rank-and-file machine-gunner.

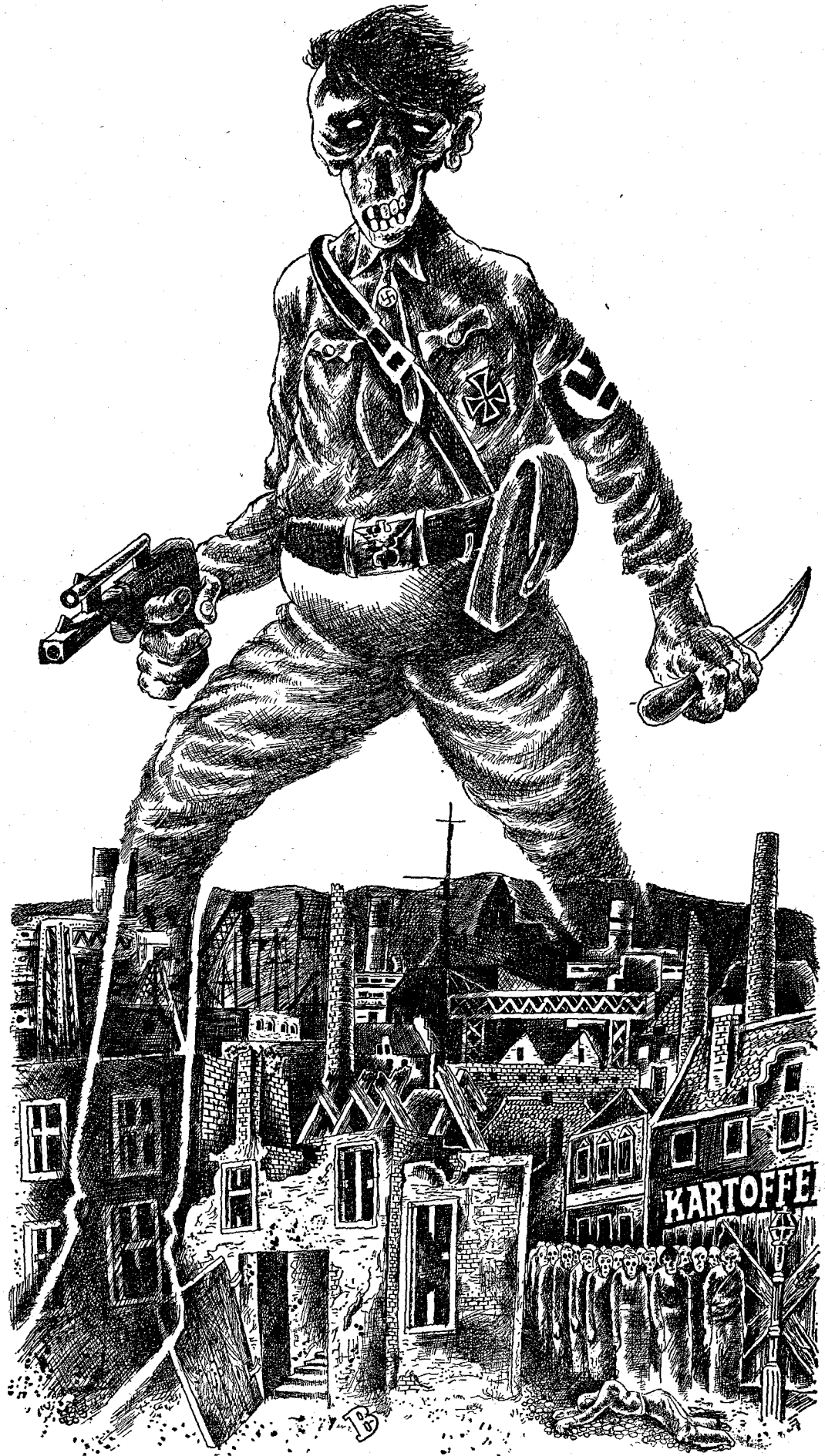
They buried the dictator in the family plot, beside his young daughter who had died last year. The dictator lay in an unmarked grave. On the right of him and on the left of him are great monuments. One is for the manufacturer of traveling baggage and is of imposing black marble; the other is for a contractor of electrical equipment.

The dictator insisted he was of the people, for the people, and by the people so that unlike dictators "imposed" upon the people it was unnecessary for him to have a personal bodyguard. He claimed he relied for protection on the police like any other citizen. The afternoon the 144 Nazi *coup d'état*-ers entered the ministry disguised as police they were not democratically minded. They did not rap on the door before entering, and when the "democrat" Dollfuss heard them coming he did not say "auf wiedersehen," but left the room undemocratically. His valet followed him without any ceremony. He was in the middle of the enormous room where the Congress of Vienna sat and did plastic surgery to the map of Europe. He fell in the middle of the room and the face of Europe twitched. The Nazis put him on a couch and left him to bleed to death, without allowing a doctor through the lines or a priest. The latter offense has shocked the Catholics tremendously.

Sitting in conference with Dollfuss at the time of the Nazi raid was Major Fey, "the hero of the February insurrection." Major Fey saved the nation from the menace of socialism; he was a hero, a great fighter, a Sir Galahad. Fearless, famous Fey. But when the Nazis raided did he protect his chancellor, or open fire on the Nazis? No, he went to the window repeatedly and asked the police not to shoot because he would be killed. His life was worth more than the 144 Nazis. Instead, he negotiated to allow the Nazis free and safe passage to the German frontier if they would not hurt him, now that the chancellor was dead. The moment Fey was safe, he had the 144 Nazis directed to the police headquarters where they were peeled of their skin within two inches of their lives.

The "democratic dictator" who was so concerned with the proprieties of his ascent died in an undemocratic manner and the world is shocked. The world was not so shocked when he was witness to and partner-in-crime of the undemocratic massacre of proletarians in February. It is true that he was in Budapest the Monday the police started and Fey became famous, but when he returned he did nothing. One of his first public acts, however, was to march bare-headed and weeping behind fifty-one policemen whom the Socialists had shot defending themselves.

I have visited Karl Marx Hof and Goethe Hof and the other workers' strongholds where the fighting took place. There is a repaired calm about them now; the new plaster does not quite blend with the old. The railway station behind Karl Marx Hof is still scarred with bullet marks. Outside of these no monument is there to show what the workers suffered. The only notice of the battle is two



THE LEGACY

"He will lead you to better times"

crosses painted in black on the pavement outside the entrance to one of the sections of Karl Marx Hof, and that is where two police officers fell.

Many of the most valiant fighters have disappeared. Many were killed. One who fought told me that the number was 2,777 throughout all Austria, and 48 women and 5 children. 1,655 were wounded. In Vienna alone 800 workers were killed and 667 wounded. But the police have moved in workers from other districts, who did not fight, in an attempt to break the unity. Also the rent has been raised from 39 schillings per month for two and a half rooms to 54, with the result that many families have been forced to move away. You can see them living in hovels along the cities' edge, or in poorly-constructed barracks. Many have been forced to cross the frontiers in order to escape imprisonment and torture. I talked to one such refugee in Saarbrücken. He was more fortunate than his 1,000 brothers who were arrested in February after the smoke had cleared. Many of these are still waiting in the prisons for their trials. The government has taken over private houses and turned them into jails to make room for the mass arrests.

But beneath this official and yet "democratic" terror the unity between the dissolved Social Democrats and the Communists is growing stronger each day. The new Austrian cabinet continues as the puppet state of Mussolini, a spearhead against Germany any day the master of the spear wants to throw it. The Heimwehr in the streets have on their faces the responsibility of the country. They have absolutely the same psychology as the Nazis against whom they are fighting: they are the saviors of Austria; they saved the country from the Socialists in February (when in reality the Socialists arose to resist a Heimwehr putsch) and they now claim victory for having saved the country from the Nazi putsch. Their leader, Starhemberg, makes Hitler-like speeches to the effect that give us the good old days when there were masters who took care of everybody and each man had his place and none of this Marxist chaos of the Twentieth Century. Such demagoguery is genuine fascism. Dollfuss distrusted Starhemberg. But the "democracy" of Dollfuss did not differ in effect from the fascism of Starhemberg.

Dollfuss coined a law which made acts of sabotage punishable by death. Dollfuss excused this law by saying it was directed against Nazis, but the first to suffer from it was a militant Socialist worker, Josef Gerl. He had sabotaged railroad tracks and had wounded an attacking policeman. Gerl's courageous answers before his prosecutors are the utterances of a genuine martyr. "My ideal is worth more than my life," he told his accusers. The judges asked him, "Was your action against our Government?" "Yes," he answered. "Do you know that your affirmation means death?" Gerl answered, "Yes, I do." "Your reason?" asked the judges. "I made a demonstration against fascism because

the government oppresses the workers." The last word of this young revolutionary in his early twenties, uttered on the scaffold, was "Freiheit!"

How do these ethics compare with Major Fey's, who, it was reported, conferred with his Nazi captors about a position in their cabinet-to-be during the hours Dollfuss bled to death?

Gerl, the Socialist, was executed the day before Dollfuss was shot. At that time Nazis were also being tried for acts of sabotage, but none was executed and their sentences were comparatively lighter. From February to July 1,116 workers have received 1,289 years of sentences. The terror against the Austrian working class has been increasing daily since February. Between five and six thousand Socialists and Communists are in prisons. These prisons treat political cases worse than criminal, modeling their menu on the Hitler seasoning: insufficient food, insufficient relaxation, and, of course, brutalization.

How are the underground forces surging upwards against this legalized fascism? The *Schutzbund*, of course, is forbidden. But on July 15 in woods near Vienna Social-Democrats and Communists came together in an illegal assembly. It was the seventh anniversary of the 1927 massacre of Austrian workers. Between three and four thousand or so gathered; police came and shot into the group. Three workers lay dead: Liesinger, Reitmayer and Frölich. Their funeral on the 18th was attended by many workers, and the police again attacked them—this time with machine-guns.

From such terrorism 1125 Austrian workers have fled to Czecho-Slovakia, and out of this number 535 have gone already to Russia. Of the Social-Democrats remaining in Czecho-Slovakia thirty have been expelled by their "leaders" for being too red. They and thirty Communist refugees from Austria are living with Czecho-Slovakian workers' families. The ranks of these insurgents are being swelled daily by dissolved Austrian Nazis, fleeing for their lives from the fire of the S.S. troopers and the Reichswehr. The Social-Democrats have lodged the remainder of their refugees in six camps through Czecho-Slovakia. Later in Prague, I was to visit one of these camps: Camp Zbraslov. There in an old hotel, ironically titled "Hotel Ritz," are 62 *Schutzbund*-ers. Eighty-four had already gone to the Soviet Union; the rest looked healthily restless from the need of action. I was escorted through the camp by Social-Democrat officials and by petty officials of the *Einheitsverband der Privatangestellten* of Czecho-Slovakia, which corresponds to our American Federation of Labor, except that it is more petty bourgeois. They chaperoned me diligently, and when my line of questioning became apparent they attempted to hurry me along. Managing later to be in the courtyard alone I questioned the young ex-*Schutzbund*-ers. They pressed on me their addresses and names, and besought me to arrange for them in Moscow when I got there. On the way out

they saluted, not with "Freundschaft," but with fists and "Rot Front!"

The increasing momentum in Austria goes on. You do not see proletarian youths in the uniforms of the private armies of fascism. But I saw them on Sunday along the Danube, before Goethe Hof. They were united in sports, brown and healthy. You can see them wheeling through the streets in batches on bicycles. They read in increasing numbers the illegal papers, *Rote Fahne*, *Schutzbund*, and *Der Freie Arbeiter*—now amounting to over 110,000 circulation. I saw them returning to the city from their day in the sun. They are hopeful contrasts to the increasing rows of beggars and prostitutes. They have determined faces and the condemned steel bridge shook with the thunder of their number in trams and buses, on bicycles and on foot. Legal and illegal "democracy" died with Dollfuss. It is a war between Fascist German and Fascist Austrians on one side and Communist-Socialists united on the other.

WHITE COLLAR

My father sat a stool where payrolls move
Beneath gold pens controlled by power and
greed;
I watched him writhe, but knew our family
need
Would hold him captive in his hated groove.

Life seemed a farce with no straight road
ahead
For me, that was not paved by broken backs;
I found a bridge and asked of Death cold
facts—
Would there be stone or worms when I was
dead?

Death with his bitter breath made this reply:
"Fool! Having never lived, how can you die?"
Ashamed, I ventured down where pickets
throbbed
Against the sweatshop Dad had served for
years;
I heard sick children wail oppression's tears,
And saw them tug at breasts which greed had
robbed.

With blood on fire I knew them for my own—
These laborers wounded, bleeding, gassed, and
spurned;
"Comrades!" I cried, "Another worm has
turned,"
And swung for justice young fists knobbed to
stone.

Death stalked me but I heeded not his goad:
Life would have purpose when we'd paved the
road.

AUDREY ASHLEY.

Technicians in Revolt

SIDNEY HILL

THERE HAVE been several attempts made to calculate the extent of unemployment among technicians. The difficulties involved in such a task are obvious. There are no comprehensive official figures except for the small percentage in civil service, and the nature of the professional field, especially today, is such as to make possible only rough guesses. A much-quoted survey by Columbia University estimated recently that among architects 95 percent are without work in their field; among engineers 85 percent, and among chemists 65 percent.

These estimates, however, and the current controversy in which the Administration places the total number of unemployed at 8 million, the A. F. of L. at 10 million and more reliable observers at about 15 million, are only of academic interest to the average technical worker. He may not know, because he is so largely disorganized, just how many of his fellow technicians are also out of jobs. Nevertheless, he does know that he is terribly hard hit. Indeed he has been so hard hit that he has taken an amazing step. Under the bludgeoning of the crisis he has begun to cast off the carefully cultivated tradition that blinded him to the fact that, in the last analysis, the architect, the engineer and the chemist are in the same boat as other workers—not only those of “brain” but also those of “brawn.” The technician has begun to organize.

The phenomenon of technical workers in varied fields uniting in a clearly visioned mutuality of interest did not occur easily. There were many intervening developments.

The crash of 1929 accelerated the collapse of the construction industry. For five years the architect and engineer watched the steadily declining indices of building activity until, in March, 1933, with construction practically at a standstill, their outlook was gloomy indeed. A similar, though perhaps less extreme, predicament confronted the technicians in the light and heavy industries—the chemists, the laboratory workers and the like. Profits continued to fall and the inevitable “economies” meant that the professional, who thought he occupied a special, favored berth, was discharged along with the rest. In fact he was discharged ahead of the rest. The percentage of unemployment for architects is at least 25 percent greater than that of the other building trades workers. And most industrial establishments quickly discovered methods of getting along with an even lower than usual percentage of laboratory and research workers. In addition to increasing unemployment, the technician was faced with a decreasing wage scale. Not only were his resources drained by unemployment but it began to be obvious that even if he found work it would

be on the basis of a lower standard of living.

The Spring of 1933, which established a record low in the technicians' plight, also marked, it is significant to note, the more or less simultaneous birth of the New Deal and the organizational movement which was to become known, a bit later, as the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians. The “white-collar” professional, although he didn't realize it completely, was being offered not one “way out” but two.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the special promises made to the “white-collar” worker by the New Deal are a direct measure of the seriousness of his predicament. Roosevelt offered public works first. The P. W. A. was set up to prime the business pump by administering public funds to “socially useful” projects. Under the P. W. A. there was created the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation to aid in curing unemployment by clearing slums and building low rental housing for workers. Then there was the C. W. A. and its branch the C. W. S.—the latter being the special “white-collar” projects. The idea, of course, was uniquely “American”—it was to be “work-relief instead of the dole.”

Looking back, the technician must be amazed to recall how he was taken in by the New Deal demagoguery. Today he knows that from the point of view of benefit to the workers of the country, including himself, the grand schemes of the P. W. A. have failed. Huge sums of money were spent or “earmarked” but most of it has gone to railroads, banks and the greatest share, for armaments. Very little has gone into socially useful public works through which the technician particularly hoped to find progressive employment. Moreover, there is a definite tendency at this time for the Federal and local Administrations, in sensitive response to the demands of the chambers of commerce, not only to refrain from carrying out sufficient publicly useful projects but to institute so-called economy programs *which reduce expenditures and increase the very condition of unemployment they have promised to remove.*

The Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation accomplished none of its avowed objectives. The real estate boards, which would not tolerate even the diluted competition involved in the inadequate government program, saw to that. The latest episode in this game is the National Housing Act—which is not a housing act at all. On the contrary it is nicely calculated to restrict new construction, particularly low rental housing and slum clearance. Its primary purpose apparently, is to enable the Administration to legally guarantee, for the benefit of building loan officials and bankers, loans and mortgages which these

gentlemen had heretofore very plainly indicated were too risky. It will, in short, round out another facet of Administration policy. But it will do little for the technical worker or, for that matter, for any other worker.

The C. W. A. and C. W. S. were officially abolished last Spring and the whole business dumped onto the local Emergency Relief Administrations. The technician observed that, in the process, great numbers were fired outright and the already low wages slashed to a mere subsistence level. Moreover, he began to discern, with much clearer and experienced vision, that the slogans about “work relief instead of the dole” were being abandoned in favor of the miserable sub-standard un-“American” handouts of the “home relief” system.

The New Deal leaves the technician, as it does all other workers, worse off than it found him. His savings and credit are gone and he is suffering from a degree of unemployment that is astounding even in these critical times. This condition is serious enough in itself, but a recent survey reveals several startling aspects of the technician's predicament which are not apparent at first glance. The results of this survey were published in a pamphlet, *Attitudes and Unemployment*, and were collated by C.W.A. workers under the direction of O. Milton Hall at Columbia University. The subjects were 660 engineers, 360 of whom were unemployed and 300 employed.

Mr. Hall states that the “discovery of the changing attitudes of the professional engineers is particularly significant because of the important role which this occupational group plays in our rapidly changing industrialized society.” The director of this detailed study discovers a great many points on which the attitude of these men have undergone revision, such as their lowered opinion of the employer, of religion, etc. But perhaps the most important aspect which the survey measured is the changed attitude of these unemployed men toward their work. It states that “75 percent of the unemployed showed a poorer occupational morale than the average employed man.”

We may disagree with Mr. Hall's opinion that the reason for the present crisis in general and the plight of the technical man in particular is that “the engineers' technical advances have been so rapid that our social organization shows signs of cracking beneath the strain.” Many of us feel that he is mistaking an effect for a cause. We may more correctly reason that instead of “technical advances” being too rapid, they have not nearly kept pace with the engineers' capacity for improvement, and that the “cracks” which the survey sees in our social organization are themselves the cause of the blocking of technological progress.