

FEBRUARY 4, 1936

fully documented out-of-their-own-mouths script of *Ethiopia*. Is *Ethiopia* partisan? It is as partisan as any honest record of contemporary society is partisan. Is it propaganda? It is as much propaganda as any truthful cross-section of contemporary society can be. We have repeated time and again in *THE NEW MASSES* that because of the world-wide social corruption of the present period the simple unadorned truth is often revolutionary. The administration's unashamed determination to prohibit such a play as *Ethiopia* stands as a naked indictment of its own regard for truth.

The F.E.R.A. may have forced Rice to resign because it wishes to replace him with a more tractable Regional Director, one whose tastes and intelligence will provide a milk-and-gruel diet for the audiences of the theater projects. If this is the case then it is particularly regrettable that Rice's resignation has been effected. As a board member of the Civil Liberties Union, vice-chairman of the National Council on Freedom from Censorship and chairman of the Authors' League Censorship Committee, Rice's power to counteract this official gag-campaign would have been signally imposing. But if the F.E.R.A. imagines that it has solved the problem simply by removing one individual, it has a fantastic notion of the situation. The 4,000 people in the theater project have not secured their employment without having learned from painful first-hand experience some vital truths about the difficulties of keeping alive in the seventh winter of the crisis. Their dependence on relief, their awareness of this dependence and of the shaky basis of their jobs, have not made them exactly serene about the status quo. It will not be an easy matter to compel them to produce remote and innocuous dramatic material when their whole minds and spirits are conditioned to a harsh reality and when they know that fearless, truthful dramatic material is abundantly available.

With this *Ethiopia* episode the fight against censorship has entered a new stage. When the Department of State is officially used against free dramatic expression, the danger of cultural regimentation is no longer a "Communist cry of alarm" but a matter of public record. It is surely not a far step from telling actor-groups what they *must not* say to telling them what they *must*. The voice of the Department of State may not as yet have the hideous thunder of complete surveillance, but it is a fascist murmur. Its sound in this period of general repression must be another warning—and impetus to the forces for free speech and liberty.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

**C. A. HATHAWAY**

Editor of *Daily Worker* will speak on

**"THE MAIN QUESTIONS FACING THE 9th  
CONVENTION OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY"**

WORKERS SCHOOL FORUM, 35 E. 12 St., 2d floor  
SUN., FEB. 9th, 8:30 P. M. Admission: 25 cents

# The King Dies

## But Hope Remains

NO REALIST could possibly regard the passing of George V as anything less than a major calamity, and in agonizing over the death of this heir to the throne of William the Conqueror your brand-new correspondent yields first place to no one, not even to Dr. Butler the Stupid, who duly sounded off at the Pilgrim's Club. In fact, at present writing it seems unlikely that either I or anyone else will really be himself again until just exactly a year from now, after the coronation and the final convulsion that will attend it in the last Sunday magazine section of the last tabloid.

Nobody had anything personal against the defunct chiseller, of course, and of course the whole trouble has been the newspapers. What started out as a minor irritation with the first headlines bringing the sad, but over-rehearsed, tidings, became in the next few days a matter for despair as the tidal waves of gush broke all bounds and pushed their way back among the patent-medicine testimonials and lingerie ads, sweeping aside the murders—there wasn't a decent murder during the whole nightmarish week—until they threatened even the salesman-wanted columns and a guy wasn't actually safe until he wound up on page 90 with Alley Oop and the crossword puzzles. And then, just as it seemed the tide was about to recede, it dawned that the official funeral is slated for the following Tuesday, and that to celebrate it there is gathering from every corner of the globe such a horde of aristocratic stumblebums that it is absolutely certain the New York Times will explode. And there you have the whole disease beginning all over again and—look—attacking even *THE NEW MASSES*.

I didn't mind those pictures of the old King and the new King spread in solid blocks across the first ten pages, the old King standing before the Cenotaph, the new King falling off an old horse, the old King in a new Knight Templar hat, and both of them at various stages of growth from the ground up. I didn't mind—much—skimming through the various titles invented or stolen by the reigning family of England and learning again, again to my surprise, that Rex does not necessarily mean the piece of paper you hand the druggist when your kid brother has measles. I didn't mind, because I didn't read them at all, the many warm and colorful anecdotes told about the old King, and the new King, or both combined, to show how really human he or they were, even though a man, unless the saying goes the other way, and the whole enormous fund of humor merely showed how kingly, though democratic.

But there were a lot of little things that

—remember the gag about the C—finally broke a lot of us down these many, many last straws with pictures as sent by cable, an idea that started out well but doesn't see anything anywhere, photographs that to have been taken under water a lot of eels straggling, sometimes white horse and sometimes after a son, across a particularly murky sea. Then there were the small new pictures had to read because they might contain something, but they never did, such as about the new stamps and coins, and it seems that the new King's them will point in the opposite direction that of the old King's, namely (nuance intended) to the right. The land's poet laureate, whose name I resurrect these painful memories of, Masfield, and who happened to be in Angeles, promptly burned up the U.P. wires with a nauseating gag that would have made even the most Tory, Rudyard Kipling green. And lastly, there was the palimpsest from cover to cover, sometimes but always real, an atmosphere of a thing as deadly as silicosis. Brook Pegler turned slightly, blowing of the bugles and the tears of millions, and as for the New York one got the definite impression that 1776 had simply never happened, had, that we were now, all three of us, happily reunited by the fade-out.

It is fairly difficult to ferret thought out of so much debris, but care to follow a neat argument, there is this: In these days when news, headline stuff, if the worst has been put off until the next edition, nonetheless seems unlikely that anybody to start anything during the week that it takes the aristocracy of London to accumulate in London, shake around, and then scatter again the business of selling a mutual patriotism to their countrymen. Look right. Or would it?

And in case the press, radio, rise to still crazier heights on and there seems to be no escape, a little idea that came to me in the darkest hours of the Sandrine. There are a lot of Irish newspaper city and throughout the country have never heard of them before a good idea to hear of them now.

My copy of *The Irish Worker* had a bad storm that recently struck Ireland, a bolt of meaty news people listed as living in

# Between Ourselves

ight, with, on the back  
g was not yet dead when  
press, but they were prepared  
a simple statement that "Next  
of Wales steps up to the throne  
st stuffed shirt and gilded tool  
ish imperialists and plutocrats."

Echo had anything about either  
agnifying glass wasn't strong  
d it. And The Advocate de-  
ne paragraph, on page four, to  
ubject. It is written with a  
int and double meaning that  
the envy of every left-wing  
country: "They (George V  
Kipling) were both typical of  
sand character, and that speaks  
We believe there was no enmity  
among Irishmen to the late  
KENNETH FEARING.

## Current Films

*Socialism* (Amkino-Cameo): An in-  
reel account of the recent International  
legation to the Soviet Union. There  
and stirring scenes of new Moscow.

*Pink* (United Artists-Music Hall):  
funniest film. Cantor pulls off some  
sk in the Harold Lloyd-Mack Sennett  
is hampered by the Goldwyn Girls  
er-elaborate musical numbers.

*M.G.M.-Capitol*: Myrna Loy as the  
ress pulls her last job. She runs away  
and is followed by a G-man (Spencer  
sed as an escaped convict. There are  
ses and lovemaking.

*Dan Matthews* (Columbia-Roxy):  
as inspired by Harold Bell Wright's  
ar-old novel.

*Pagans* (M.G.M.): There is a mali-  
at this psuedo-anthropological-South  
a is a film version of Herman Mel-

*Ghosts* (M.G.M.): The third time  
been made into a film. There is one  
and five minutes of fair movie and a  
k on the Soviet Union.

*Yesterday* (Columbia): Ruth Chatter-  
the screen in a tear-jerking melodrama.  
sister love the same man. But her sister  
daughter. The man marries the mother.

(Warner Bros): Another G-man film  
ick-town reporter helped to run down  
ank robber.

P. E.

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**I**N VIEW of the present developments on  
the French political scene, we are par-  
ticularly glad to announce at this time the  
appointment of a NEW MASSES' correspon-  
dent for France. Raoul Damiens will report  
on the activities of the Peoples' Front, in  
particular, and the growth of progressive  
political thought in France as it affects the  
cultural and economic life of the people.

The painting reproduced on page 12 is  
one of a group that will be exhibited in  
William Gropper's one-man show at the  
A. C. A. Gallery, 52 West 8th Street,  
New York. The exhibition will continue for  
two weeks, beginning on February 3.

A volume of selections from Michael  
Gold's column which formerly appeared in  
The Daily Worker is announced for spring  
publication.

In November one of the readers of THE  
NEW MASSES, visiting Atlanta, attended a  
meeting of the Ku Klux Klan outside of  
that city. A stenographic record of the pro-  
ceedings, which he made during the meet-  
ing, will be published in next week's issue  
under the title, *The Klan Rides Again*.

New poems by Archibald MacLeish, Al-  
fred Kreymborg and Genevieve Taggard will  
appear shortly.

Granville Hicks will speak under the aus-  
pices of the League of American Writers

*The Whole Town's Talking About*

## NEW THEATRE NIGHTS' NEWEST

RIOTOUS SENSATION

ARTIF STUDIO PLAYERS in

BEN YOMIN KIHOD.....by Moishe Nadir

LET FREEDOM RING TROUPE in

Hymn to the Rising Sun.....by Paul Green

Unto Such Glory.....by Paul Green

Angelo Herndon.....by E. England & J. North

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on "Our Revolutionary Heritage." Lewis  
Gannett, book reviewer of The New York  
Herald-Tribune, will preside. The lecture  
will take place at the Hotel Delano, 108  
West 43rd Street, New York, February 3,  
8:15 p. m.

A short story by Edwin Seaver, to be pub-  
lished next week, is part of a novel upon  
which he is now engaged.

Rosalyn Tureck will give a recital at the  
Brooklyn Academy of Music on March 27  
for the benefit of the May Department Store  
strikers and THE NEW MASSES. The young  
pianist won the National Federation of  
Music Clubs and the Schubert Memorial  
awards last April. Her debut last fall was  
warmly received. The affair is sponsored  
by the Brooklyn branch of the Friends of  
THE NEW MASSES.

Robert Allison Evans has worked in coal  
mines both as miner and mine executive.  
His poems *From the Anthracite*, printed on  
pages 16-17, are from his volume of verse  
now under consideration for publication.

## — Blow in Here — Third Annual Dance

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