ORIENTATION FOR NEW TERM

Nearly Half of Lectures Will Be By Visitors

The schedule of lectures for the Labor Orientation course, as announced by the faculty for the summer session, represents a number of changes in the course as conducted previously. Some new material has been added, and a few lectures were dropped entirely. The innovations were made in order to achieve more complete unification and continuity, at the suggestion of Mildred Price, who has been leader of Labor Orientation for two quarters.

Twenty-three of the fifty-six lectures are to be given by visiting lecturers and the rest by members of the regular Commonwealth staff. Lucien Koch will lead the course this summer.

The schedule is as follows:

Lucien Koch (two lectures): Purpose and Scope of Labor Orientation Course; The Housing of the Student.


Marvin Sanford: Role of the State in Society.

David Englestein (two lectures): Origin of Slavery; Analysis of Slave Economy; Example of Slave Economy; Roman Civilization.

Gabriel Kent (two lectures): Organized Religions — Christianity, Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism.

Lucien Koch (two): The Economics of Feudalism; The Papal State, a State Within the State.


Lucien Koch: The Guild Handicraft System.

Gabriel Kent (two): Discovery of the New World; Rise of Merchant Capitalism.

Marshall Lakey: Art and Literature of Modern Capitalism.

COMMONWEALTH COLLEGE
FORTNIGHTLY

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SUMMER SESSION NOW UPON US
Many Girls Are Among Those Who Have Signed Up

With the opening of the summer session only a few days off, and applications from more than fifty students in the office, Commonwealth is preparing to receive the largest group it has ever had during the summer. New students began arriving before the end of the spring quarter; and Pauline Schindler and Ben Lapidus, new instructors, and James Farrell and David Englestein, special lecturers for the first two weeks, are due before the end of the week.

Charlotte Moskowitz, executive secretary, reports that twenty-three of the expected student body are girls. If this expectation develops into reality, numerical equality of the sexes will almost exist at Commonwealth for the first time in many years.

The housing of such a large crowd has presented difficulties, since no new building space was available. However, due to the judicious maneuverings of the housing manager and the willingness of staff members to take more people into their cottages, adequate arrangements have been made for all students thus far accepted.

While the tuitions for the summer session enrollment will not completely cover college expenses until the opening of the fall quarter, they will very nearly do so. This represents a sharp turn for the better, so far as Commonwealth finances are concerned, if the capacity enrollment can be maintained.

Tuition during 1933 provided less than half the college's income. During this summer they will make up approximately eighty per cent of it, Charlotte Moskowitz estimates.
Commonwealth Courses

[Because of the widespread interest in Marxism, the past quarter, this will be divided into two separate courses, Principles of Marxism and Elements of Political Economy, each complete in itself and either may be taken independently of the other.]

Principles of Marxism

GABRIEL KENT, INSTRUCTOR

In this course, which is a study of basic principles, we begin with a short study of dialectical materialism, special attention being given to its application to history. Then a birds-eye view of the development of Capitalism from its earliest stages through the period of Imperialism.

On the basis of the whole works of Marx and Engels, we make a detailed study of the class structure in society; the contradictions in the capitalist system and the antagonisms springing therefrom; the origin of the state and its role in modern society; the significance of the dictatorship of the proletariat as the state in process of "withering away;" and the special problem of our period, the National Question.

Marxism embraces the laws of social development. But these laws do not realize themselves automatically. "They forget their way through the class struggle taking place in society."

The working class, the class upon which the future of mankind rests, a knowledge of Marxism is indispensable. The Commonwealth student learns to understand this philosophy. He learns also how to read and understand the most "difficult" of the classics, and how to interpret social movements of the day in the light of this philosophy.

Elements of Political Economy

GABRIEL KENT, INSTRUCTOR

This course is a scientific investigation into the form and development of capitalist economy. Starting with an examination of the commodity - "the economic cell-form of capitalism" - we trace the source of profit and the accumulation of capital.

But so far, this is merely technical equipment, for as soon as we have learned to understand this, we use our analysis to establish the special features of the present world-wide economic crisis. In our study of capitalist economy, we make frequent comparison and contrast with soviet economy, especially during the present-day period.

While we learn to use figures and statistics, the purpose of the course is not simply to accumulate technical data, but rather to simplify our understanding of what is taking place in everyday life. When the student leaves, he is better able to solve his immediate problems, problems that in bourgeois society are obscured and made mystifying by many little devices (which we uncover).

Marx economics, like all other branches of Marxism, is the dialectical-materialist study of a particular subject (economics), and is an invaluable weapon in the hands of the working class. Of his major work, Capital, Marx says: "...it is the ultimate aim of this work to lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society."

The class is usually large and well-attended; discussion and criticism are general and interesting. A newly published and simply-written text, and an auxiliary outline prepared for the members of the class, help to dispel the popular illusion that it is difficult to understand Marxian economics. On the contrary, we learn not only to understand the subject, but also to expose the fallacies of inadequate bourgeois theories.

(Special outlines for these courses are being prepared; those interested may obtain them for 20 cents, postpaid, by writing to Charlotte Moskowitz, secretary, Commonwealth.)

BOOKS WE NEED

Corey: The Decline of American Capitalism

Strachey: Literature and Dialectical Materialism

Pokrovsky: Brief History of Russia, vol. II

Beals: Fire on the Andes

Van Klczek and Pledderus: On Economic Planning

Smelley: China's Red Army Marches

Ford: Lenin

Strong: I Change Worlds

Josephson: The Robber Barons

Toller: I Was a German

Marx and Engels: The Correspondence of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels

Burke: The New Generation

Halle: Woman in Soviet Russia

Mumford: Technics and Civilization

Newsholme and Kingsbury: Red Medicine

Cautrell: The Land of Plenty

Ehrenbourg: Out of Chaos

Herbst: The Executioner Awaits

Traven: The Death Ship; the story of an American sailor

Wolf: Sailors of Cattaro.

Society Notes

It has been said by the authorities that Arkansas has more wild bird, animal and plant life, more fruits, flowers, berries, vegetation, and insects than any other state in the Union. And now that the canning season is on here at Commonwealth, this boosterish argument seems to be proven.

Daily the neighbors come in with their hard buckets heaped to the brim with blueberries, young berries, dew berries and so on, to sell at the College store - or to exchange for a plug of tabaccy, a can o' snuff, some lard, or some flour.

Now is the season for hauling in the hay, and the boys who spend their afternoons pitching oats or wheat just jump over the fence for a few green peaches, or maybe some blackberries. Elder berries will soon be ripe, and Charlie Brown is willing to wager that on the edge of the branch down on the farm there will be at least two tons of elder berries.

Wild dandelions make swell salad, but the greens seen most frequently on the Arkansas table are wild pike salald - yours for the hunting and picking.

In a month or so the campus will be bursting into husky watermelons and muskmelons. Also, the time will soon be on hand when a part of the industrial work will be taken up with harvesting the peaches, the peach, the corn, and the sweet-potatoes and the tomatoes. Our peanut crop will far surpass last year's. Peanuts in the raw are edible, and twice as good roasted.

Cotton-tails live right in our back yard - and our back yard reaches all the way to Rich Mountain. All you need is a twenty-two; our hound dog, Surplus Value; and good eye-sight. Tradition in these parts has it that rabbits should not be eaten during the months with no letter R - like oysters. But many a rabbit has been eaten at Commonwealth during these months, with only the rabbit worse off.

Last week Charlie Brown caught a twenty-pound snap-turtle. It carries a wicked snap in its jaws, but so do the people at Charlie's table when they eat broiled turtle.

In these parts, hound dogs bring high prices in this country, and are almost as valuable as a team of sturdy mules. For then the season opens for coon and possum hunting. The squirrel, too, is kept on the run - for where is the man who hasn't yearned after squirel meat some time in his life?

The woods are plumb full of birds. The cardinals raise Cain with the blackbirds, the whip-poor-wills, the bob whites, the
wrens, the woodpeckers, and even a species of canary. And it takes a good shot to bring down a quail.

But the inseet life in Arkansas is really something. We have moths in Arkansas that come in light green with white wings and with orange wings and black tails—in fact, that make the spectrum look styngy. And some are as big as bats. At night the fireflies make the air look as if someone is shooting small firecrackers. The crickets hush you to sleep.

And the chiggers and wood ticks just won't let you be. The chigger (the dictionary spells it "chigre" and easterners call it "jigger") can't be seen with the naked eye and is rumored to bite only the tenderfeet at Commonwealth. This is not strictly scientific, however, for now and then a veteran meekly complains.

But the wood tick is what brings consternation to the newcomer. After four hours in the woods a new student will return to take his swim, and much to his surprise will find hanging to his hide something that looks like a miniature turtle with a fine white spot on its back. After the first tug at this visitation the Commonwealth freshman finds that it doesn't come off—at which point only a Lionel Strongfort can refrain from turning pale and yelling for help. But the cool old-timer will just pour a little coal oil on it and douse with hot water. And, with a little patience, the wood tick will finally drop off.

At night the fireflies make the air look "spectrumsit" chigre~' and easterners headed. This is my excuse for trying to become a chorus girl. Chorus girls, I heard, earn as much as thirty to thirty-five dollars a week, and as an office worker I couldn't land even a twelve dollar job. The chorus wasn't as dignified as the office, but at least chorus girls eat. So I thought.

The musical comedy world was going artistic. The great public was getting "dance conscious." Modern dancers were all the rage, particularly if their technique was based on hiphopmovements. Though I was below the prescribed chorus girl height, and did not boast a bleached permanent wave, I was immediately placed. I had the technique.

I was sent to Madam Nuval, whose interest in the modern dance that was forcing its ways was well known. My natural colored hair was bleached, my bangs were cut into a bob, and I was taught French to read. My natural colored hair was bleached, my bangs were cut into a bob, and I was taught French to read. I had the technique.

MARIE WHITE, whose Interest in the revolutionary dance—by Virginia Densaldon

Students' Experiences
EDITOR'S NOTE: This article by Marie White, an experienced dancer who was at Commonwealth during the spring quarter, shows that chorus girls are exploited the same way that other workers are. This is the third of a series written by students on their experiences before coming to the College.

Working As A Chorus Girl
BY MARIE WHITE

I HAD BEEN OUT OF WORK for three months and was consequently light headed. This is my excuse for trying to become a chorus girl. Chorus girls, I heard, earned as much as thirty to thirty-five dollars a week, and as an office worker I couldn't land even a twelve dollar job. The chorus wasn't as dignified as the office, but at least chorus girls eat. So I thought.

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made to give the room twice as much light. The Commons is getting most of its color in the alcoves at either end, one of which forms the stage and the other the recreation room. The stage is being made into a reading room with lounging chairs and lamps which can be easily moved when the stage is needed. The recreation end with the ping pong table is being equipped with vividly painted racks and cupboards for the tennis rackets, baseball bats and gloves, and other sports paraphernalia.

The change in the Commons, like the redecorating of the dormitories, represents a tremendous amount of planning and hard work, but a very small expenditure of money. Harriet Seymour, who has been a student and housing manager for the last two quarters, leaves Commonwealth this spring, having made one of the most significant contributions to community comfort and well-being which the school has received.

[ ORIENTATION FROM PAGE 1 ]


Gabriel Kent (two): Nineteenth Century Capitalist Expansion; Imperialism. Lucien Koch: Revolutions of 1848 in France and Germany. Marvin Sanford (two): First and Second Internationals.


Ella Reeve Bloor (three): Analysis of Fascism in Italy and Germany. Lucien Koch (two): The United Front in France; British Labor Movement.

[ EXPERIENCES FROM PAGE 3 ]

Lucien Koch (two): Nineteenth Century Capitalist Expansion; Imperialism. Marvin Sanford (two): First and Second Internationals.

Lucien Koch: The Structure of the Soviet State. Ella Reeve Bloor (three): Analysis of Fascism in Italy and Germany. Lucien Koch (two): The United Front in France; British Labor Movement.

Ella Reeve Bloor (two): Outlook for Fascism in the United States; The Agricultural Situation in the U.S.

A lucky break for beginners. We could in the future say we had danced in Boston. This was part of our investment in our future careers.

We started for Fall River the next night full of nervous gayety, in a bus franchised for the entire company. After a hideous, cold, sleepless night we arrived at Fall River fifteen minutes before the show began. With greasy paint smeared over dusty, tired faces we gave our first performance.

It was rank. The girls counted loud enough for the first few aisles to hear and for the rest of the house to see. They made mistake after mistake, stiff and nervous from stage-fright. When the last number was over we trudged off the stage to the faint applause of a few tender-hearted patrons.

Madame was frantic. The trouble was we had no hot numbers. Modern dancing was ox provided you could set it off with a jazz number or two. She energetically started to teach the girls a tap number. In that pitifully inadequate recess while the film was on the poor kids tapped away.

The jazz number did make a bit more of a hit than our other dances, but the applause was far from deafening. The time between performances was spent in mending costumes, renewing makeup, or rehearsing. Where was this life of ease and pleasure? Where were those millionaire Johnnies to make ladies of us? We all realized soon enough that being a chorus girl was tedious, time-consuming work.

If it weren't for the thought of the Saturday night performance we would have sunk into complete lethargy. The Saturday night audience was the only audience that could save our existence at our work. Saturday night we'd show every one that we can dance. We'll bring down the house. We were also to get paid after the noon day performance on Saturday and the house first floor was dancing for money, instead of auditions as we had been doing for the past eight weeks, was comforting.

Saturday afternoon the troupe was in hilarious spirits. The leading man pinched my cheek and whispered that he was partial to brown hair. The comedian returned from lunch sporting a German boutonniere. The blues singer condescended to smile at us. Everyone was counting money, but the chorus girls. We exchanged puzzled glances. I knew that it was not uncommon for the chorus to be cheated. I don't know how we ever got away with that supper performance. The girls could barely lift their legs. I knew they all felt as I did. Sick in the pit of the stomach.

After the presentation we got together and decided to tell Madame that we would not dance the last performance, the most important performance of the week, unless we were paid. Madame Nuvall tried to joke about our decision and wanted to know how this was a full-dressed strike. When she saw the girls were getting belligerent and refused to be jostled out of their stand, she angrily shouted that if we refused to dance this once we forfeited all rights to our salary.

Meanwhile I had conceived of a wonderful but frightening plan. We would dance, so that we could not be cheated on any technicality. But after the performance we would all remain on the stage while I, who happened to be the most articulate, would tell the audience of our predicament and ask them to help us get our pay. I would appeal to them, not as a flabby chorus girl who had a swell time dancing, but as a worker who worked long and hard for her money. We feverishly dressed for the last show. We took double the care with our make-up and decided to make this performance a perfect one. Never had the comedians' jokes sounded so stale as when we were waiting impatiently in the wings for our cue. The blues singer crooned her wail when the stage is needed. The leading man was simply foul. One more number and we would be on the stage. I hastily mumbled my speech. I wondered if I could make myself heard, if my voice would tremble, if my knees would shake.

Madame Nuvall was calling. She heard her hand full of white pay envelopes. You foolish children, she said. You did not believe in my honesty. You were going to shame me before all these people, ruin what took a lifetime to build. And all the time I, who happened to be the most articulate, would tell the audience of our predicament and ask them to help us get our pay. I would appeal to them, not as a flabby chorus girl who had a swell time dancing, but as a worker who worked long and hard for her money. We feverishly dressed for the last show. We took double the care with our make-up and decided to make this performance a perfect one. Never had the comedians' jokes sounded so stale as when we were waiting impatiently in the wings for our cue. The blues singer crooned her wail when the stage is needed. The leading man was simply foul. One more number and we would be on the stage. I hastily mumbled my speech. I wondered if I could make myself heard, if my voice would tremble, if my knees would shake.

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