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ON THE COVER
Cordell Hull
TURN TO PAGE 9

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DEC. 21, 1938

ROBERT FORSYTHE, recovered from his serious illness, will resume his page in NEW MASSES next week.

We ended our last installment of the life of Count Basie with John Hammond, Benny Goodman, and Willard Alexander flying to Kansas City to hear his band in 1936. Basie's nine-piece orchestra was playing in the Reno Club. They were so nervous they played poorly in their big test. The visitors also heard Andy Kirk's band which features the fine pianist and arranger, Mary Lou Williams, and Kirk was in top form. But Mr. Alexander thought he saw in Basie's orchestra a potentially great band and he was so convinced that he broke the Music Corporation of America's unwritten rule against handling Negro orchestras and engaged Basie on the spot. Basie added four more men and began a sensational journey to the East, stopping off in the fashionable Chatterbox of Pittsburgh's Hotel William Penn where he established attendance records although his was the first hot orchestra to invade Pittsburgh. About this time he began to record for Decca some of the finest contemporary hot music. The band played in another tough spot, the Ritz-Carlton in Boston, and Basie's music brought out the viper in the Cabots and the Lowells. Nothing so exciting had occurred in the Back Bay since the police strike of 1919. Then Basie came into New York in June of this year and opened at the Famous Door, played at the Savoy ballroom and on the stage of the Paramount Theater. One of the closest friendships in jazz is between Count Basie and Benny Goodman. The King of Swing considers Basie's band the finest in the world and he likes to spend his postman's holidays sitting in with Basie's band. He spends so much time boosting Basie that cynics accuse him of owning the band, which is not true. Benny Goodman is merely the Negro musician's best friend. He intends to sneak away on December 23, to hear Basie's proud debut at Carnegie Hall.

A reunion that you might like to be in on will occur New Year's Eve when NEW MASSES readers will see a preview performance of Irwin Shaw's *Gentle People,* marking Franchot Tone's return to the Group Theater after six years in Hollywood. The founding father from Hollywood will join some old and new Groupers; Sylvia Sidney, Sam Jaffe, Elia Kazan, Roman Bohnen, Lee J. Cobb, Grover Burgess, Katherine Allen, Karl Malden, Harry Bratsburg, Martin Ritt, and Lulla Adler (What! Another Adler?) in this New Year's gala. Whip up a party immediately and call Tiba Garlin at CA-5-3076 right away for tickets because all the 83c, $1.10, and $1.65 pews are taken, leaving a few choice locations at $2.20, $2.75, and $3.30. Out of the theater in plenty of time be trampled in Times Square, if you like that sort of thing.

Our circulation drive has been spurting somewhat in these pre-holiday weeks, and many readers inform us that their Christmas shopping has been eased by the use of NEW MASSES as a universally suitable gift. Our special offers on the Moscow art folio and on the twenty-odd books listed on the back cover have attracted many, and the $1 down-payment plan, which we inaugurated several weeks ago, has been especially well received.

Sid Gotcliffe, whose prints have often appeared in these pages, is exhibiting his work in a two-man show with Josef Presser, from December 12 to 31, at the ACA Gallery in Philadelphia.

The first of International Publishers' series of literary pamphlets is off the press—a forty-eight-page booklet entitled *Salud!,* containing hitherto unpublished stories and sketches of Spain by Erskine Caldwell, Joseph North, James Neugass, Edward Newhouse, and Prudencio de Pereda, as well as poems by Kenneth Fearing, David Wolff, S. Funaroff, Edwin Rolfe, Norman Rosten, John Malcolm Brinnin, and others. *Salud!* is dedicated to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and is intended as a greeting to the American boys just returning from the Spanish battlefields.

Mabel Sinnock of New York City sends us the following letter which she recently received from a friend in Scotland:

"A thousand thanks for the 'Literary Supplement' of NEW MASSES. Why have we not a paper like NEW MASSES? The *Left Review* is the nearest but still it has not the hard glitter of NEW MASSES. I agree with you unreservedly on the 'color' story [this refers to Richard Wright's 'Bright and Morning Star'—M. S.]. 'Powerful' was the first adjective to hit my mind. I was emotionally exhausted after reading it. It is the art of understatement carried to the point of genius. Ernie and I were both very impressed. The supplement was in my possession exactly one evening. Ernie took it to school the next day and I have not seen it since. But it is still peddling round on the promise that it will be faithfully returned."

In last week's issue the drawing on page 21 was erroneously credited to Ruben Perez. The artist was John Lonergan.

Between Ourselves

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXIX, No. 13

December 20, 1938

Art work by Ron Blumberg (cover), Ben Yomen, William Gropper, Irvin, Louis Ribak, Soriano, Garel, Fred Ellis, Mischa Richter, A. Redfield, Stanley De Graff, Ned Hilton, A. Walkowitz, Charles Martin.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

EDWIN ROLFE is the NEW MASSES and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain. . . . Joseph Starobin is editor of the *Young Communist Review.* . . . Ronald Thompson is a writer who accompanied Otis A. Hood, Communist candidate for governor of Massachusetts, on his recent campaign tour. . . . Leonard Boudin is a New York labor lawyer. . . . Stephen Peabody is a free-lance writer on political and historical subjects. . . . James Neugass, who has contributed both poetry and prose to NEW MASSES before, served for some time in Spain on the Teruel front.

Flashbacks

EXILED by religious and political persecution at the hands of Britain's rulers, a small group of immigrants disembarked at an unlikely spot on the New England coast, Dec. 21, 1620, after having solemnly agreed, "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage." These seventeenth-century radicals believed, among other things, in holding property in common and in sharing the proceeds of labor. . . . Their descendants, on Dec. 16, 1773, still resenting the presumption of the British ruling class, proved for all time that highly taxed tea leaves make a superior brew when steeped in the brine of American harbors. . . . By 1856 over three hundred of the descendants of the hosts at the Boston Tea Party who had done anti-slavery propaganda work in the South had met death by lynch law, according to a summary carried in William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator,* December 19 of that year. . . . Surviving organizers and agitators for Negro equality saw the first great victory won on Dec. 18, 1865, when the Thirteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution. . . . And on Dec. 16, 1918, Seattle longshoremen voted to refuse to load munitions intended for use against the USSR. . . . Nineteen years ago, Pauline Rogers joined the Communist Party; a charter member, she is to be honored on December 18 at a banquet in the Hotel Holland, New York City.

Franco's New "Last Drive"

The New Offensive Is Intended to Make Chamberlain's Job in Rome Easier

EDWIN ROLFE

Barcelona, Dec. 12 (By Cable).

JANUARY 11 is a date to remember. That is when Herr Chamberlain will make his sentimental journey to Italy. And Mussolini agrees that a *fait accompli* in Spain —similar to the one which existed last April 16 when the big fascist push to the Mediterranean was made—will help the conversations along. It is a gentlemen's game, but an ace in the sleeve would clinch the deal. The Duce so far lacks the ace. And that's why the rebel offensive—hitherto in its advertising stage, but now a certainty which may break any day —was deemed necessary.

Preparations for this new drive have been carefully albeit hastily worked out. The rebels have assembled a greater concentration of armed forces than they have ever brought together on one front. The most conservative estimates of their infantry strength alone put the figure at three complete army corps. Highest estimates place the number at five corps. All are concentrated on the eastern Catalonian front from the Segre River, where the government made its last small diversionist maneuver, northward through Lérida and Balaguer to Tremp. In reserve behind Franco's first-line troops are four divisions of Italian infantry. These divisions are motorized and capable of swift movement. The rebels have, in addition to all this infantry power, a greater assemblage of artillery, tanks, and planes than they possessed even during the seventh and final counter-drive on the Ebro, which caused the government command to withdraw its forces after four long and heroic months to the eastern side of the river, where they had started at dawn, July 25.

To say the government is prepared for this offensive would be extreme understatement. The loyalist command has never been as energetic, as alert, as efficient as it has been during the past month, following the conclusion of the successful Ebro operation, and as it is today. The government troops feel proud of the job they did on the Ebro, and this has given the rank-and-file soldier confidence and strength hitherto only suspected. The subsequent withdrawal back across the Segre, in the course of which every road was torn up and every fortified position ground to powder behind the retiring troops, put the finishing touches to the republican army's high morale. Both retiring operations were, at the moments when they were made, strategic rather than necessary, and this fact is realized by every member of the two great armies which participated in any way in these operations—Colonel Modesto's superb Army of the Ebro and General Saravia's Army of the East.

The government has nothing to fear on the basis of man-power: its armed infantry forces still outnumber Franco's by perhaps 200,000 effectives. Strategically, too, the government has been busy. General Rojo, chief of staff of the entire armed forces of the loyalists, has recently returned from a two-week sojourn in central Spain. When the fascist attack begins, Franco will have to reckon not only with the loyalist troops in Catalonia, but also with the great Central Army which, relieved of the burden of pressure by the Ebro offensive, has had almost five months in which to prepare itself for whatever the military situation may demand of it.

The situation today closely parallels in many ways that which existed in Spain exactly a year ago. Then as now Franco's propaganda machine was broadcasting to the world plans for his great forthcoming offensive "to end the war." Then as now the rebels had closed their French border tightly. In Madrid, where this correspondent spent last winter, the people knew something was in the air, they waited expectantly — but not nervously or tensely— for the much-ballyhooed fascist drive to begin. Then came the government's lightning-swift and altogether unexpected daring Teruel offensive, which left Franco wide-mouthed and tongue-tied over the sentence: "We will win the war by spring, 1938." Today Franco's outstanding and least sub-

Ben Yomen

William Gropper

tle American mouthpiece—"General" William Carney, New York *Times* correspondent, who hasn't yet learned to throttle the oracle in himself—is predicting the end of the war by spring, 1939. What the government thinks of such statements—and how it feels generally about its own powers—is shown in Negrín's recent declaration that the war will last "at least one and possibly two years more."

Everything depends on international developments. Lifting of the embargo by Roosevelt, upon which Spain places so much hope, would shift the balance of strength—though not in time for this offensive—to the government. On the other hand, the role of Germany is the most serious and the most dangerous factor in the present scene. It is common knowledge that although Italy has played a more spectacular part in Spain, Hitler's game has been far more significant and far more successful. It is Germany which controls the mines, ports, banks, and airports on Franco's mainland. Hitler's game is a long-range one here and is already felt by Mussolini, who is deeply in debt for his part of the invasion. Hitler, on the other hand, has been exploiting Spain for all its worth. An indication of Hitler's gains in minerals is the figures issued in July by the Bilbao bulletin of the Chamber of Commerce, Industry, and Shipping, which estimates Germany received 490,000 tons of Basque minerals in the last quarter of 1937. And in the first quarter of 1938, Germany received 213,000 tons of iron ingots, steel, and zinc alone—a figure which far exceeds 75 percent of the total production of the entire Iberian peninsula in 1935, before the outbreak of the war.

Just how far ahead Hitler's plans are laid can be gleaned from the fact that Germany has installed no less than nineteen new military airdromes in rebel Spain since May of this year. All are along the northern coast or in north central Spain—perfect bases for attack, not against Spanish government lines, which are on an average of 150 miles away, but on an enemy which Hitler declared in *Mein Kampf* must be crushed—France.

These are the international factors behind Franco's imminent drive. Seen in this light the rebel game emerges with full clarity. On the government's side are the intangibles of justice, confidence of the people, abundance of manpower, support of the democratic peoples of the world.

It is time now that the support of the democratic peoples be transformed into assistance by the democratic governments. It is in this way—and that is why Spain looks so hopefully toward the United States and South America—that the positive balance of strength can be shifted from the rebel to the loyalist side, not only on the battlefields but on the more important and dangerous field of international politics. It is in this way that the unholy trinity of Hitler, Mussolini, and Chamberlain can be stopped so effectively that not even the possession of an ace in the sleeve will avail Mussolini when Britain's prime minister presents his calling card at the Palazzo Venezia on January 11.

An Anti-Nazi Embargo

What It Means and Why It Is Necessary

JOSEPH STAROBIN

TRADE relations between Germany and the United States have been strained for some time. Trade antagonisms run deep, but they are coming to the surface in the deliberations of the Pan-American Conference, now meeting at Lima, Peru.

It is the principle of the Hull reciprocal trade pacts that whenever specific reductions in trade barriers are concluded with one country, these benefits shall be extended to all countries who do not discriminate against American trade. For example, when the United States signs a treaty with Belgium which reduces the duties on Belgian cheese by, say 10 percent, the same advantage is accorded to all countries whose exporters wish to sell cheese in the American market. In this way, Mr. Hull attempts to reduce barriers not merely between the United States and pact signatories, but among all nations.

But because Germany discriminates against American products at home and abroad, the United States denounced the commercial treaty of 1923. Only the Nazis have been denied reciprocal trade privileges, and they alone are on the American trade blacklist.

The reasons for this lie in the nature of the fascist dilemma.

It is said that there are thirty-four vital materials without which a nation cannot live. Germany imports at least twenty-six of these and a portion of six others. As a highly industrialized nation, Germany must have raw materials to keep her industrial plant operating, and because of their feverish armaments program the Nazis are hungry for raw materials. They are only too eager to buy some of the plentiful surpluses of the United States.

But they have dangerously little foreign exchange. When Hitler came to power, it was estimated that Germany had about a billion Reichsmarks in gold reserve. Today an optimistic estimate gives the Nazis one-tenth as much. Each time they borrow on the internal market makes it more difficult to do so again. (This need for gold and exchange was behind the recent pogrom.)

Therefore, the Nazis can solve their raw material shortage only by: (1) the development of synthetics, a feverish and expensive search for *Ersatz* commodities; and (2) the export of about 25 percent of their total national production, through large-scale dumping in fierce competition with other industrialized countries.

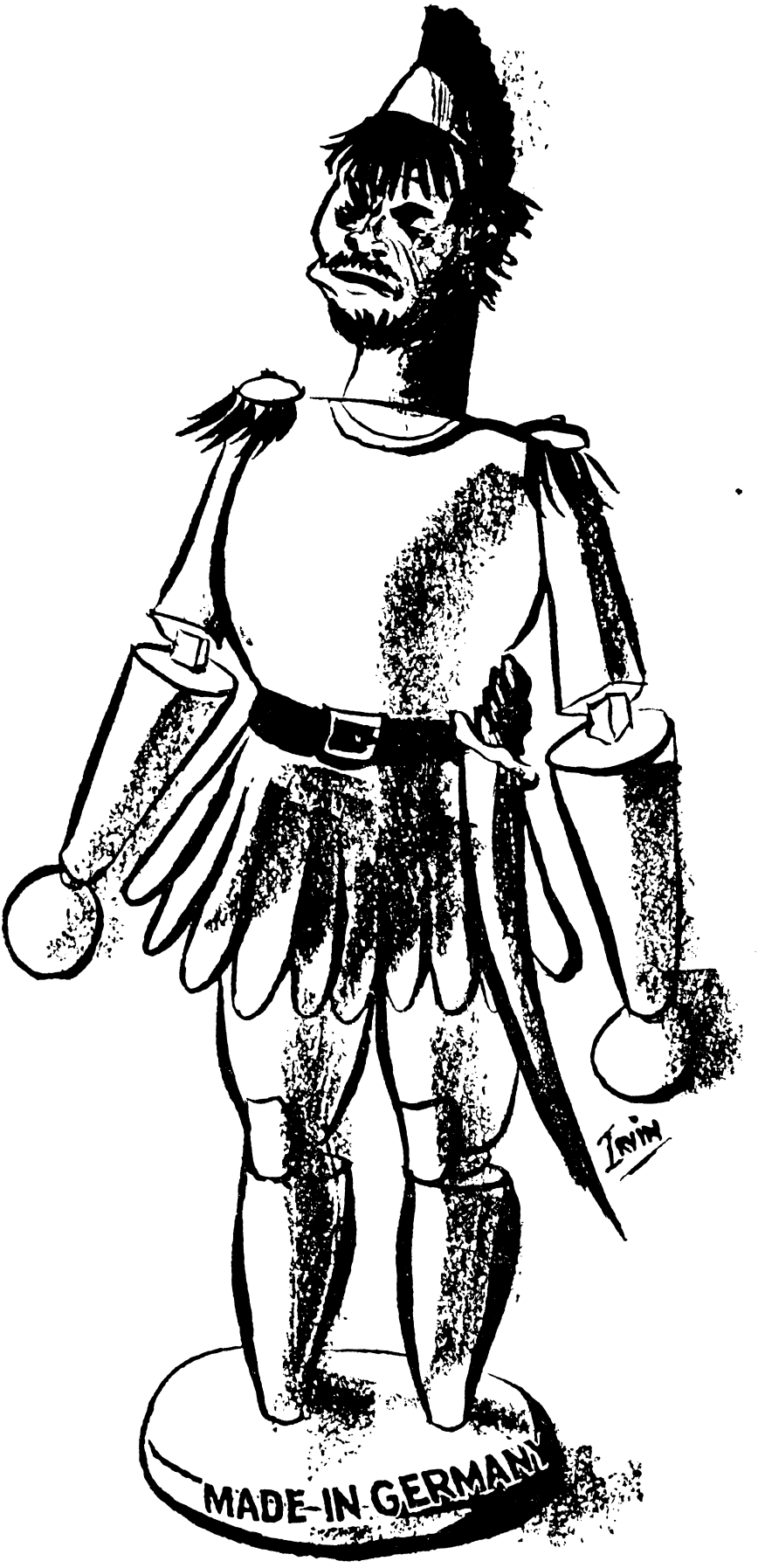
The first method has been exploited intensely. The story of Nazi substitutes in rubber, cotton, and petroleum, and the great economic cost at which they are being developed, has been thoroughly documented. The second compulsion, breakneck exports, provides the clue to German-American trade antagonisms.

To begin with, the Nazis carefully rationed their imports, so that an unfavorable balance would not drain the country of foreign exchange. This involved rigid regimentation of German business, the fixing of quotas on the value, volume, and kind of imports. Under the slogan, "Nothing bought unless sold," which broke the German standard of living, the Nazis attempted to balance imports against exports.

Simultaneously, the Nazis concluded clearing agreements with some twenty-five countries. After large-scale purchases on credit, the fascists turned around and declared: "We will liquidate these credits by selling you large supplies on our manufactured goods . . . irrespective of your needs and irrespective of their price on the international market. . . ."

This sharp practice upset all market values. It discriminated against the goods from other countries, and constituted a "cold invasion," whereby Hitler began to dominate the smaller countries politically, bound as they were to Nazi trade.

By offering to take huge supplies of raw materials from the agricultural countries at



Irvin

subsidized prices, in exchange for manufactured goods, the Nazis relieved those countries of their own embarrassment in foreign exchange. In this fashion, Germany increased its trade with Danubian and Southeastern Europe. She now takes 25-50 percent of the total exports of such countries as Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Rumania.

The Nazis jumped their imports in Latin and South America from 4.4 percent in 1931 to 11.2 percent in 1937, and her exports from 10 to 17 percent in the same period.

Clearly, the United States is faced with the competition of a ruthless enemy, who not only decoys traditional and potential customers, but inhibits and disrupts the free flow of international trade. More than this, the barter pacts enable foreign exporters to postpone and even default on their obligations to the United States. Since they began selling to Germany without foreign exchange, South American business men, for example, have "frozen" about $35,000,000 of American credits. This was a major complaint at the recent meeting of the National Foreign Trade Council.

All this becomes ever clearer in the realm of direct German-American trade. Both nations are highly industrialized. While Germany can export certain amounts of raw materials, notably potash chemicals, it is the United States which has large surpluses of cotton, oil, wheat, and tobacco to sell.

The Nazis would like to buy our raw materials. But in the absence of credits, and in the face of foreign-exchange poverty, they can take our raw materials only by selling us manufactured goods. But except in the case of certain specialties, such as optical goods, we don't need their manufactures. The result is a Nazi effort to "colonize" the American market. They say to the American oil exporter: "We'll buy your oil, but you must take our lead pipe, or cameras, or harmonicas . . . and dispose of them anywhere and any way you can. That's how we'll pay for your oil."

In this way, the American business man becomes an agent for Nazi goods. He must dump them on the highly competitive and antagonistic American market. Even with price advantages and bounties from the fascist government, this is a very difficult and repugnant job. Very often, American exporters of oil find themselves in the predicament of having to dispose of a boatload of lead pipe in order to secure exchange to pay for goods sold to the Nazis. One such firm had the exquisite problem of dumping forty million harmonicas on the American market as a result of a bilateral pact.

Added irritation results from the very progress of fascist aggression. When the Nazis marched into Austria, the question of who would pay outstanding Austrian obligations to American business came to the surface. Only last March, Mr. Hull concluded a highly prized trade treaty with a very flourishing and energetic republic called Czechoslovakia. Today, Hitler has taken over exactly those areas whose industrial and semi-manufactured goods received preferential treatment in the treaty of March 6, 1938.

If you add to these business factors the rather effective popular boycott on Nazi goods, it becomes far from surprising that German-American trade has been declining. In 1927, Germany took 9.9 percent of America's exports. Ten years later that share dropped to 3.8 percent. In 1931, Germany's share in the total American imports reached a post-war high of 6.1 percent. In 1937, that figure fell to 3 percent. Raw cotton, a major export to Germany since the days when cotton became king, is an example of this decline. In 1932, a depression year, we were selling 1,742,000 bales to Germany. While 1936 showed a slight increase over the previous year, the total export reached only 691,000 bales. Figures on copper, petroleum, and tobacco tell a similar story.

It is true that there have been trade increases in 1937, and more in 1938, but these are largely in aircraft parts and munitions. Even so, the increase in German-American trade falls far short of the general trade recovery. From 1932 to 1937, there was a jump of 27 percent in the American export trade to Germany, an expression of the general trend. This may seem to contradict my thesis that German-American trade is on the downgrade—until this rise in German-American trade is compared with the 242 percent jump in trade with Belgium, 184 percent with Czechoslovakia, 236 percent with the Soviet Union, 295 percent with China, and 171 percent with the United Kingdom.

These, then, are the antagonisms of two world trade-systems. Their incompatibility furnishes us with arguments which have weight with the American business community. When we add to these arguments the general considerations of domestic welfare, the progressive instincts and the democratic aspirations of the people, we discover excellent reasons for an American embargo against the Third Reich.

To be sure, there are important American interests, bankers and corporations with direct investments in Germany, who would like to uphold the tottering Nazis with the props of a relatively strong American economy. There are powerful American interests who favor the conclusion of a trade pact with Germany, envisaging a thriving trade with the warmakers, of the same kind as the flourishing trade with Japan.

Hamilton Fish speaks for this group. James Farrell, the banker, spoke for this group in a transatlantic radio speech to the National Foreign Trade Council. James Mooney, of the General Motors overseas division, on his return from Europe only ten days ago advised economic appeasement of the fascist powers. These men are the American counterparts of the Cliveden set. They support Mr. Hull's trade program only to the degree that they can extend it to embrace the fascists, whereas the logic of the Hull program is directed against them. They seek rapprochement with Hitler and Mussolini. And they are ready to sacrifice American national interests to pay for it.

It is obvious that we shall sacrifice a certain amount of trade if we embargo Germany. We shall cut down to a definite degree our much needed, if decreasing, markets for cotton, copper, and oil. But if we indulge the Nazis, they will destroy our larger and more potential trade with Europe, Asia, and particularly, South America. Hitlerism is ruthless in trade as well as in politics. The goal of the Nazi trade program is hemisphere and world domination. Therefore, the sacrifice of our present trade with Germany would simply ensure a healthy, democratic international trade in the future.

By cutting off our trade with Germany we would deal fascism a blow in all trade spheres. But the political repercussions of such a move would be equally striking. The good-neighbor policy, with its twofold aspect of internal democracy for the Latin American peoples and increased prosperity for the American people, would receive a powerful impetus. The withdrawal of our economic support from Germany would virtually ensure a republican victory in Spain, a tremendous stimulus to democracy everywhere. Nor could we long delay similar action against Japan, with similar beneficial consequences for China.

Christmas in Munich

Tonight, while snow falls softly over Europe
And the radio purrs peace across the hemispheres
Crooner, king, and minister say war, peace, war:

Who is this man: where have we seen His face?

Snow dusts the gables of Cliveden House
Snow fills bombholes, levels artillery ruts
Fresh snow shrouds hurried nameless graves:

Who is He whose eyes have never shut?

White as a fever dream, soft as the dreams
That burn on every Christmas tree, snow
Masks broken houses, ices bone-like beams:

Who cut the crooked cross? who forges the nails?

At the end of the Year of the Great Lie
Snow descends immaculate as hope, burying
The year of warless wars and violent peace:

Whose Lewis-gun goads Him up the hill?

Snow blots the bloodstained ground, snow
Slips into trench, sewer, and dugout where
There is piety but no silence, no Heavenly peace:

Thus ends the first Year of the Great Lie
As King Adolf nails up Christ on Christmas Day.

JAMES NEUGASS.

★ ★ ★

Certainly, if the revulsion which all Americans experienced at the persecutions of the Jews and Catholics is to achieve a more lasting effect than the temporary recall of Ambassador Wilson, it is in the sphere of German-American trade relations that things must be done.

The embargo would crack the Munich agreement. Definitely affecting the life expectancy of the Daladier and Chamberlain governments, the embargo would directly prejudice the stability of the Hitler regime. It would guarantee to the United States the full benefits of the Anglo-American and Canadian trade treaties—because, unless a democratic, anti-fascist policy complements the Hull trade program, Mr. Chamberlain and his friends will attempt to use improved trade relations to "neutralize" the United States, and even draw us into the web woven at Munich.

Here is something the President can do without any dickering in Congress. Under the flexible-tariff provisions of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act of 1930, the President can raise duties on goods from any nation which discriminates against American trade, a virtual embargo. Likewise, the amended Federal Code of 1934 permits American retaliation against discriminatory trade practices.

As in the case of the oil disputes with Mexico, it is in this sphere of American relations that our more general and permanent national interests transcend the momentary interests of particular class groups. An embargo against Germany is dictated by the needs of the largest, separate sections of the American people. It is America's responsibility to the democratic forces at home and throughout the world.

★

Farmers Support Labor

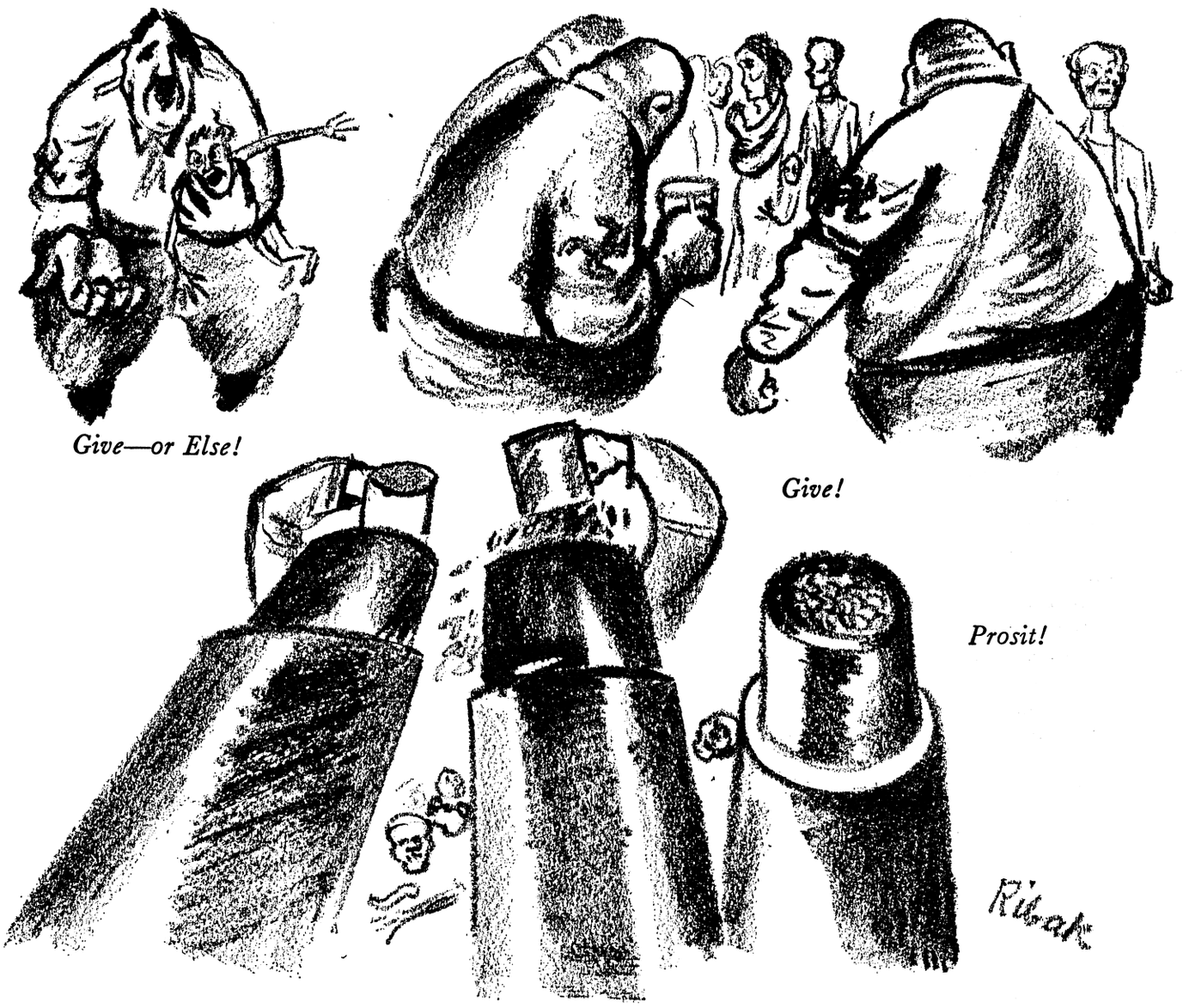
THE recent thirty-fourth annual convention of the Farmers Educational and Cooperative Union, popularly known as the National Farmers Union, held at Madison, Wis., revealed the continuation of the progressive trends that came to the fore at its 1936 convention.

The Farmers Union has a membership of 120,000 in thirty-six states and is the third largest farm organization in the country. In addition, there are affiliated to it women's auxiliaries and young people in the Juniors and Junior Reserves, giving it a combined strength of close to a half-million. Last year the Farmers Union signed an agreement with Labor's Non-Partisan League for cooperation on the political field. The Madison convention adopted the following resolution:

Certain organizations, financed by the big trusts and pretending to speak for farmers, are trying to incite farmers to un-American, vigilante action against labor, leading to bloodshed and the violation of basic democratic liberties. The forcible denial of elementary democratic and civil rights to any section of our people cannot be tolerated at a time when fascism is becoming a threat to democracy the world over.

The Farmers Union endorses the principle of collective bargaining, and will cooperate with other progressive groups in supporting the efforts to make permanent the Senate Civil Liberties (La Follette) Committee.

In the light of the 1938 election results, the entrenched forces of economic privilege may be expected to redouble their efforts to use false and malicious propaganda seeking to drive a wedge between farmers and workers, thus defeating the progressive aims of both.



THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT PREVAILS IN GERMANY

Louis Ribak

NEW MASSES

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Editors
GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, A. B. MAGIL, RUTH MCKENNEY, HERMAN MICHELSON, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Associate Editors
JAMES DUGAN, BARBARA GILES, RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Contributing Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, WILLIAM GROPPER, JOSHUA KUNITZ, BRUCE MINTON, ALFRED O'MALLEY, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, RICHARD WRIGHT, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER.

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY.

★

Trends in Lima

AS WE go to press, the real work is just being begun at the eighth International Conference of American States at Lima, Peru. Already, however, two conflicting tendencies have emerged: that led by the United States which seeks to create a solid bloc of Pan-American states in opposition to military, economic, and political aggression by the fascist dictatorships, and that led by Argentina, where British interests are dominant, which denies or minimizes the fascist threat and opposes any formal commitments. The opening addresses of Secretary of State Hull, chairman of the United States delegation, and of José Maria Cantilo, Argentine foreign minister, clearly reflected this divergence of view. What is expressed in these two tendencies is not merely the old Anglo-American antagonism, but the conflict between those who propose the collective resistance to aggression by the peace-loving peoples and governments of the world and those who advocate the Munich policy of concessions and surrender to the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis.

The United States is being supported by Mexico, Cuba, Colombia, and Venezuela. Brazil, where Nazi interests are still strong, seems to be leaning toward the Argentine position, while Peru, where fascist influence reaches its peak in South America, has declared for "cooperation, not defiance" to European powers and warned against an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine that would allow the United States to dominate the hemisphere. Chile is likewise moving in the Argentine orbit. Its delegation, however, still represents the old government that was repudiated in the recent elections which resulted in a Popular Front victory. The new government of President-elect Aguirre Cerda does not assume official responsibility till December 25.

The whole question of fascist penetration in Latin America is closely interwoven with the question of the internal regimes in the various American countries. Resounding platitudes cannot hide the fact that the reactionary governments of certain of these states are themselves facilitating foreign aggression and tending to undermine continental solidarity. However, the Nazi seizures of Austria and Czechoslovakia, Italy's provocations in Tunisia, and to an increasing extent events in Spain and China, have put even dictator-ridden Western states on their guard. The recent atrocities against the Jews in Germany have aroused real horror in Latin America, where there is even less race intolerance than in the United States.

Despite the many cross-currents of interests and purposes apparent at Lima, the framework of a limited collaboration is beginning to take shape. There is no doubt that the good-neighbor policy has done much to allay the natural suspicion of our neighbors to the south, and the basis for a real democratic front already exists in a number of countries. The next year or two may see the Popular Front victory in Chile repeated in a number of countries. In the meantime demands are pouring in on the Lima delegates: amnesty for political prisoners, support for the working masses of Latin America now struggling to organize —a good neighborhood of peoples without benefit of dictators!

Pan-American Democracy

IN LINE with this growing movement was the Conference on Pan-American Democracy held in Washington last weekend, attended by two hundred delegates representing seventy-five organizations, including trade unions, peace organizations, women's groups, and many others. Keenly conscious of the effect on Latin America of the struggle against fascism in Spain, the conference called upon President Roosevelt to lift the embargo against loyalist Spain. A continuation committee was organized to further collaboration with democratic groups elsewhere in the Americas, such as the Alianza de las Americas, a similar group which met at the same time in Buenos Aires.

The pressure of these growing democratic forces is being felt at Lima. It constitutes the chief hope that the Lima conference will make real advances toward a truly democratic front against fascism and reaction both within and without the Western hemisphere.

Daladier's Empty Victory

PREMIER DALADIER managed to snatch his government out of the fire in the first test of strength in Parliament, but the narrowness of his margin of victory and the character of the vote indicate that the French premier's troubles have only just begun. The vote made clear that Daladier does not even have the full support of his own Radical Socialist Party. Twenty-nine Radical Socialists, including such influential figures as Edouard Herriot, president of the Chamber of Deputies, and Yvon Delbos, former foreign minister, expressed their disapproval of the government's policy by abstaining, while four others voted with the united Socialist-Communist bloc. Thus Daladier, who climbed to power on the shoulders of the anti-fascist People's Front, retains power today largely by virtue of the solid support of the pro-fascist Right.

In a Paris dispatch in Sunday's New York *Herald Tribune,* John Elliott writes:

> The present Daladier government resembles in many respects the Bruening Cabinet that ruled Germany from 1930 to 1932 and paved the way for the Hitler dictatorship. Dr. Heinrich Bruening, too, governed by decree and dispensed with Parliament as much as he could. Under him the function of the German Parliament, as of its French counterpart today, was limited to endorsing the legislative acts of the Cabinet.

The analogy is ominous and apt. Nor can one expect that Daladier will draw the moral from the fact that his German prototype is today in exile. What serves to leaven this dark parallel with hope for the future is the fact that in France, unlike Germany, the two working-class parties and the powerful trade-union movement are united in opposition to the government's anti-social policies. And this unity, coupled with the breadth and severity of the Daladier-Reynaud laws, is rousing large sections of the middle classes to action and revitalizing the Popular Front. The rift in the Radical Socialist Party and in other wavering groups is likely to grow rather than diminish.

Though the decree laws were the immediate issue in the Chamber vote, the struggle now developing in France drives to the roots of the whole titanic conflict between democracy and fascism. The decree laws are only one side of a coin whose other side is Munich. The howls of the unappeased fascist wolf may well be the portent of doom for Daladier—but not for French democracy. The issue will be ultimately decided, where all great social issues are resolved: outside the halls of Parliament, in the arena of struggle.

83% for the Soviet Union

ONE must hand it to the common sense of the average American. There is no more popular political cliché even in certain professedly liberal circles than that Communism and fascism are twin evils and that the Soviet Union and the fascist dictatorships are equally reprehensible. This has been dinned into the public mind for years, while such agencies as the Hearst press, the Chicago *Tribune,* and the Dies committee have gone out of their way to smear Communism and the Soviet Union as the chief menace to democracy. But the plain people of this country apparently think otherwise. The Institute of Public Opinion (Gallup) has just conducted an illuminating poll. The question asked was: "If there was a war between Germany and Russia, which side would you rather see win?" Of the more than two out of every three voters who expressed an opinion, 83 percent said they would favor the USSR, while only 17 percent sided with the Nazis.

This is a truly overwhelming expression of sympathy for the role that the Soviet Union is playing in the Nazi-menaced world. That sympathy varies in degree, it is true, and in many cases the vote reflects antipathy toward Hitler rather than positive support for the Soviet Union. Yet in view of the anti-Soviet campaign in the press and over the radio, the vote is little short of remarkable. We believe that it indicates that there already exists a substantial foundation of popular support for closer collaboration between this country and the USSR. Such collaboration would serve not only the cause of peace, but the direct national interests of the United States.

The Nazi Noose Tightens

POST-MUNICH Europe reels from crisis to crisis as the Nazi appetite grows. After the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia came the crisis over Ruthenia, which involved Hungary and Poland. Last week the crisis center shifted to Rumania, with Mussolini providing the counterpoint with a manufactured crisis of his own. Now Memel finds itself in the direct line of the Nazi drive to the East. The Nazi electoral victory in Memel was a foregone conclusion. It was achieved by the same technique of unprincipled demagogy, corruption, and terrorism that won similar successes in the Sudetenland. Contributing factors were the division among the Lithuanian parties and the failure of the Lithuanian government in the past to grant full rights to the German masses in Memel.

With Lithuania in danger of becoming a second Czechoslovakia—two and a half months after Hitler declared that he had no more territorial claims in Europe—the British and French governments have magnanimously made representations to Berlin expressing "the hope" that the Nazis would not violate the statute of 1925 which gave Memel to Lithuania. Just how much these representations are worth is clear from a London dispatch by Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., in the New York *Times*:

> In the long run the British would not object to a "peaceful transfer" of Memelland to Germany, provided it did not block British trade to the hinterland of Lithuania. . . .
>
> Reports reaching the British government suggest that Germany may be planning pressure on Poland in the spring with the object of detaching the Polish Ukraine.
>
> If the technique of the Sudeten conquest should be repeated farther eastward in the coming year, there is not the slightest reason to believe Britain would offer Poland anything more than diplomatic and economic help. She would not let it cause a great world crisis unless France should decide to carry out her military obligations to Poland. And nobody in this country who knows France seriously believes France will go to war to help Poland in case of attack by Germany.

And who will help France in case she is attacked? Britain? Chamberlain disabused the world on this score in a most important statement in Parliament on Monday. In reply to a Laborite question, he declared that there existed no treaty or understanding which would require Britain to render military aid to France. Thus the whole Chamberlain-Daladier policy draws the noose tighter around the French republic.

The opposition to this suicidal course developing within France and England, the growing resistance to Nazi aggression on the part of Rumania and Poland, and the unremitting efforts of the Soviet Union offer hope, however, that sooner or later the storm will break over the heads of the Munich cabal.

Soriano

Weasel Words

JUDGING from the comments in the press, the recent Congress of American Industry of the National Association of Manufacturers was swept by a great penitential wave of liberalism. "Goodbye to Hooverism" warbled the headline over an editorial in the supposed-to-be liberal New York *Post.* Unfortunately, on closer examination the "liberalism" of this congress of Wall Street tycoons proves to be no more substantial than the new-blown "liberalism" of the Republican Party. In place of the raucous frontal attack of last year's congress, with Lammot du Pont, Tom Girdler, E. T. Weir, and Walter J. Kohler leading the charge, the technique of the flank attack behind a heavy smokescreen has been employed this year. For example, last year's platform declared in favor of "the right of employees to bargain collectively, either directly or through voluntarily chosen representatives, and to determine the form of their own organization for collective bargaining." This year the platform rewords it as follows:

> Industrial management recognizes that employees who wish to bargain collectively are entitled to do so, in whatever form they determine, through their own freely chosen representatives and without intimidation or restraint from any source.

The latter part of this is taken almost word for word from the Republican 1936 platform, which not even the *Post* hailed as a liberal document. Both last year's and this year's platforms list various New Deal legislative policies which are charged with responsibility for "discouraging" industry. The only difference is that now the language is more temperate. In fact, the new platform goes beyond the old one by specifically attacking the Securities Act of 1933 and the Securities Exchange Act of 1934, both mild regulatory measures. The two platforms are agreed in demanding a reduction of federal expenditures and of taxes on big business.

The *Post* hails the fact that the platform this year makes no mention of the TVA and the National Labor Relations Act. Neither did last year's platform. But the new document does devote an entire section to "government competition," which is clearly directed at such enterprises as the TVA. As for the Labor Relations Act, both congresses adopted resolutions on this question. This year's resolution was more demagogi-

cally worded, demanding "equal rights for both employer and employee" and raising the old open-shop cry of "the right to work or not to work."

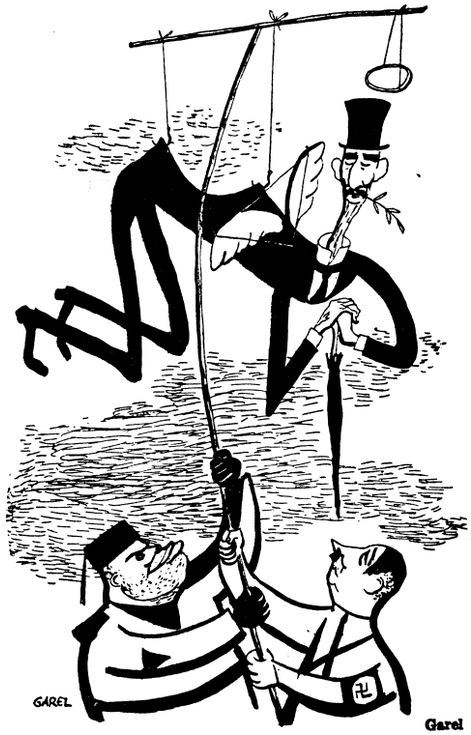
In short, this year's Congress of American Industry demonstrates that the only thing new in the program of big business is the technique of deception.

Sniping in the *Nation*

EDMUND WILSON'S review of Ernest Hemingway's new book in last week's *Nation* is another glaring example of the intellectual and moral degeneration produced by a dose of Trotskyism. Wilson was once a respectable literary critic. In the past few years, however, his critical judgment has been thoroughly corrupted by his hatred of the Soviet Union, his malicious and uninformed attack on Marxism, his opposition to the People's Front and every other progressive manifestation of our time. The attitude toward Hemingway and Spain developed in his review is indistinguishable from the attitude of fascism.

Wilson is annoyed because Hemingway does not show "the slightest moral uneasiness" at "the butchery by the Communists of the fascists. . . ." Pity the poor fascists, so cruelly mistreated by the Communists! Wilson accuses Hemingway of ignoring "the fact that the GPU in Spain has been executing its opponents of the left as well as fascist spies. . . ." Yet the whole point of Hemingway's experience is that many of these so-called "opponents of the left" *are* fascist spies. The Fifth Column has the active cooperation of Trotskyist agents, and this is not the conclusion of some mythical GPU but of the republican government, for which Wilson does not have one good word to say. Wilson pretends that he cannot believe that two Communists could wipe out an artillery post containing seven fascists. This is like a "getaway in the cruder Hollywood Westerns." What a cheap and venomous slur on the loyalist troops! The heroic fight against tremendous odds is "melodrama" to Edmund Wilson for the simple reason that his heart is not with the conscientious opponents of fascism in Spain.

We could understand why Bernarr Macfadden's *Liberty* magazine would jump at the chance to print Max Eastman's fascist article two weeks ago. We found it harder to understand why the *Nation* should pollute its pages with a moronic advertisement for that article. But it is impossible to understand, or forgive, a progressive weekly which runs in its own columns a political tract disguised as a literary comment—a political tract which can have only the single purpose and effect of injuring the democratic cause in Spain. Is the *Nation* still as divided as it was when Granville Hicks wrote his analysis in NEW MASSES a year ago? Or have the editors decided that a division of opinion on Spain is a healthy thing at this late date?



"Chamberlain is a flying messenger of peace."—MUSSOLINI

Father Coughlin Rebuked

A VERY necessary rebuke for the anti-Semitic Father Coughlin came over the weekend in statements by Cardinal Mundelein, archbishop of the Chicago diocese and ranking American churchman, and from Frank J. Hogan, president of the American Bar Association, a leading Catholic layman. Cardinal Mundelein's formal statement, read over an NBC hookup after Coughlin's latest Jew-baiting outburst, said: "He [Father Coughlin] is not authorized to speak for the Catholic Church, nor does he represent the doctrine or sentiments of the church." Coming a few days after the cardinal's return from Rome, the statement indicates that Father Coughlin was the subject of a discussion with the Pope, who is also reported to be considering the excommunication of the Catholic-born Hitler, in a decisive stroke against the fascist enemies of religion. Mr. Hogan's statement followed directly after Father Coughlin's Sunday afternoon address on the same network. He disclaimed Father Coughlin's fascist incitations, on behalf of Catholic laymen and clergy, saying, "Wherever Jews are persecuted, there too, sooner or later, other creeds will be persecuted. . . . In Germany the Jew was the first and foremost victim of hate and persecution. He is still the chief victim but now the Catholic and the Protestant, too, share part in his fate." He concluded by refuting Coughlin's lie that Jews financed the Russian Revolution, or predominate in Soviet officialdom.

This action by authoritative Catholics reveals the growing crystallization within the church of responsible, progressive elements opposed to the un-Catholic, un-American speeches of Coughlin. A further step ought to be taken by the church to protect itself from the Nazi enemy within.

WPA Layoffs

THERE have been cuts and rumors of cuts coming from national and regional WPA offices for the past three weeks. Last week Harry Hopkins, national administrator, who had previously set the figure to be dropped at 450,000, made an ambiguous and wholly unsatisfactory statement that only those jobs whose occupants had found work in private industry would not be refilled. The abstract and indeterminate nature of such a figure is obvious, and it is more than a little disturbing to find Mr. Hopkins indulging in this kind of sophistry. WPA work is needed by many thousands more than have found private employment. That should be Mr. Hopkins' chief concern.

The Congress of Industrial Organizations, at its recent convention, placed its opposition to the proposed cuts on the record, and, since the convention, CIO affiliates have been called upon to make known and make active their opposition. David Lasser, president of the Workers Alliance, pointed out the several consequences of WPA cuts, referring particularly to the issue of national defense, which had been raised in this regard by Rep. Edward Taylor, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. Mr. Taylor had stated that he was in favor of waiving all budgetary considerations in favor of national defense. Even from the point of view of national defense, Lasser pointed out, the maintenance of all WPA jobs is essential. "Impairing the health and well-being of women and children and our unemployed will weaken the defense of the nation," he said. And Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, declared against the cuts as a force for the reduction of buying power and hence as a setback to recovery.

Exact figures on actual and proposed layoffs are not available, but any cuts at all at this time are definitely harmful to both employed and unemployed workers, to professional and middle-class people. Mr. Hopkins, if he is concerned about the results of the last elections, is thinking in reverse, for those elections showed that the New Deal loses where it retreats, gains where it is firmest.

Talking With Catholics

A Candidate's Experience in the Election Campaign

RONALD THOMPSON

EARL BROWDER has said that the great majority of the members of the Catholic Church are included in the camp of democracy. This is very true; but the difficulty has always been that they are not on speaking terms with some of the other people in the same camp. Otis A. Hood, for example, Communist candidate for governor of Massachusetts, received plenty of discouragement in October when he began his campaign tour through the small Catholic towns in the western part of that state. The reception accorded to him by his fellow democratic-fronters was easily on a par with the classic question, "When did you stop beating your wife?"

The experience of this tour was consequently the sharpest sort of test for the Communist Party's policy of extending the "outstretched hand" of friendship to the Catholic people. And the success which finally crowned Mr. Hood's efforts was of the most literal and decisive character. Catholic and Communist alike benefited by the sharp give-and-take discussions which sloughed off their false differences and revealed their essential unity. Among the thousand or so workers who came to these outdoor rallies, there were many young Catholics who started out to heckle an enemy but who stayed on to grasp the hand of a friend.

Two years ago Mr. Hood and his fellow campaigner, Hugo DeGregory, Communist candidate for secretary of state, had toured this same area without confronting any definitely religious opposition at all among their hearers. This year, however, it was precisely the Catholic people themselves who burst like a torrent on meeting after meeting. A whole new situation had developed which the Communist Party's indoor gatherings with their narrower circle of contacts had failed even to indicate. The need for the outstretched hand had become so tremendous that even Mr. Hood's successes were more of a challenge to still greater endeavors than a reason for complacency.

Most of the leading spirits at these election meetings were Catholic boys in their late teens and early twenties who appeared to have a glib knowledge of Communism but who had never before come face to face with a real Communist. They accepted the Red-baiting slanders of the Dies investigation as the literal truth. They did not doubt that Communism was a subversive force and that all statements to the contrary were mere subterfuge. "We don't want anybody to come here to attack our country and our religion," they would shout. "Why don't you go back to Russia if you like it so well? You wouldn't be allowed to talk on a soapbox there!"

It was not enough for Otis Hood to deny the usual charges against Communism; it was necessary for him to demonstrate that the policy of baiting minority groups would be a boomerang for the Catholic people themselves. "If Communism really stood for the kind of things some of you seem to think it stands for," he said, "I would be opposed to it myself. But I don't have to tell Catholics who remember the Know Nothings, the American Protective Association, and the Ku Klux Klan, that the reactionaries are always trying to make a bugbear and a scapegoat out of minority groups. It's the old tory game of 'divide and rule' which the fascists today are using against both Catholics and Communists."

More than once the hecklers threatened to disrupt the meetings altogether. On one occasion Mr. Hood shamed the street urchins of North Adams into putting away their slingshots, when he demanded to know whether they had learned their unruly manners "at home, in school, or at church." Another time it was the information that Mr. Hood had played professional football for ten years that won the respect of Easthampton's youth. At the rally in Pittsfield the only factor which appeared to hold the rowdier elements back from a direct physical attack was the formidable bulk of Mr. Hood's 230 pounds.

And yet these boys were not fascists or even fascist-minded. By and large they stood foursquare for democracy and progress, and if they wrongly regarded Communism as the enemy of these things, the fault must lie as much with the laxity of the Communists as with the over-anxiety of the Catholics. To these young men, Communism stood for everything that was un-American and anti-Christian, and when Mr. Hood quoted approvingly from the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount, they thought he must be confusing his terms. One of them even protested, "But you're not talking about Communism; you're talking about democracy!"

Overcoming these prejudices was no easy task. When Mr. Hood began discussing the problems of the democratic front in America, his hecklers shouted back, "What about Spain? What about Russia?" Instead of ignoring these interruptions, Mr. Hood first pointed to the protest which the Catholic hierarchy of France had directed against Franco's bombing of Guernica; he showed how the disestablishment of the Greek Orthodox Church had materially increased the religious freedom of the Russian Catholics; he joined in denouncing the German Nazis' disgraceful attack on Cardinal Innitzer. In this way, speaker and audience began to talk about the same things, although the hecklers now greeted Mr. Hood's every statement with cries of "Prove it! Prove it!"

Mr. Hood's second step in overcoming these misunderstandings was then to suggest that the discussion be limited to this country where everyone could check on the accuracy of his statements. The problems of the democratic front in America now became the basis for approaching and "proving" the broader questions of the day. Gradually it became possible to turn from points of difference, both real and imaginary, and begin to seek out points of agreement. It became necessary at last to explain the meaning and purpose of the outstretched hand.

"Both Catholics and Communists are struggling to build a better world in which to live," Mr. Hood declared, as his listeners craned forward. "And both are in mortal danger of being destroyed by the reactionary forces of fascism. The Communist Party, on the other hand, emphatically does not seek the destruction of the Catholic Church; and we hope and believe that the converse of this statement is also true. For these reasons we Communists say to the Catholics, as we say to all other religious groups, that our points of agreement are vastly more important than our points of difference. We ask that all our relations be settled by the methods of free and democratic discussion, and we stand ready at all times to prove our sincerity in practice. We call for peace and good will between our two great movements. We offer the outstretched hand of friendship to the Catholic people."

The wholeheartedness with which the Catholic people respond to the outstretched hand, once it is really understood, was immediately apparent. The very ones who had sought to disrupt the meetings earlier in the evening now crowded forward to ply the speakers with questions. Even after the meetings had been formally adjourned and the loudspeaker had been dismantled and packed away, the crowds refused to disband. At Pittsfield, particularly, they pressed around the speakers, firing questions and hanging onto their every word for another two and a half hours, and then made arrangements for further discussions after the elections. The contrast between their preconceptions of Communism and the reality thereof was so emphatic that when they did finally learn the truth they reacted all the more strongly.

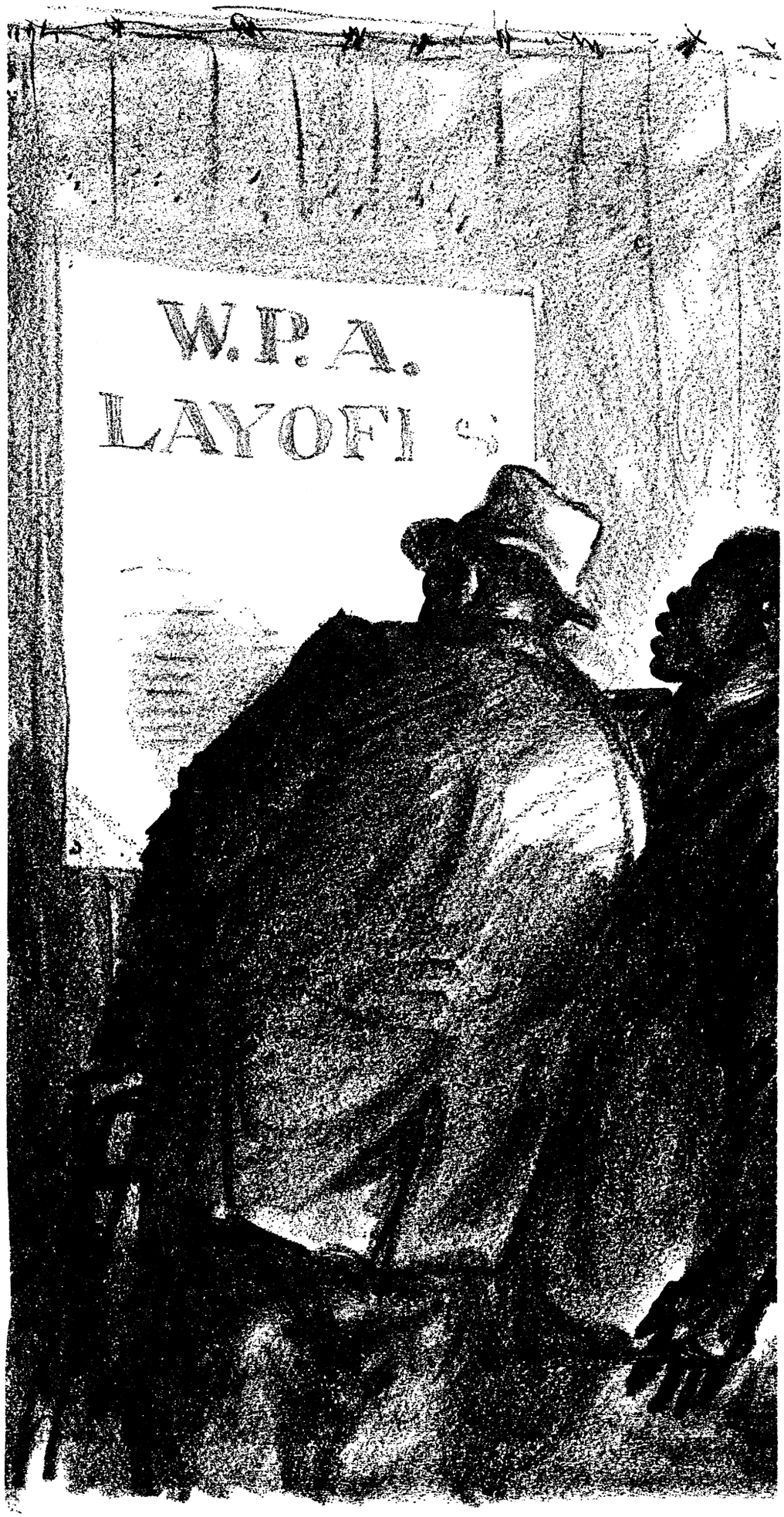
Several of the young Catholics remarked that the discussion had been a real education for them. It was no less an education for the speakers themselves. Two lessons in particular struck them as important. For one thing, they realized for the first time the full extent to which the Catholic people have been preoccupied with the false bogy of Communism during the past two years. The Catholic

movement in this country is very much larger than the Communist movement. And yet the Catholics today are devoting far more attention to the small Communist Party than the Communists are to the vast Catholic Church. A glance at the literature of the Catholic movement will corroborate this point. And the fact that most of this literature assumes a far more hostile and intemperate attitude towards the Communists than the Communist literature does towards the Catholics, must be a source of regret to all right-thinking Catholics no less than a cause for concern to all Communists.

A second lesson, which derives naturally from this emphasis that the Catholic Church is placing on the Communists, is the imperative need for the Communist Party to intensify its own work among the Catholics. Missionary work, designed not to aggravate existing antagonisms, but to promote a mutually beneficial cooperation, is the great and immediate need. True, the state and national conventions of the Communist Party last May marked a long step forward in this direction; but the whole evidence of Otis Hood's election tour in western Massachusetts indicates that the task of spreading the truth about Communism among the Catholic people has not kept pace either with the appalling need for such action or with the tremendous possibilities that already exist for carrying it through to success.

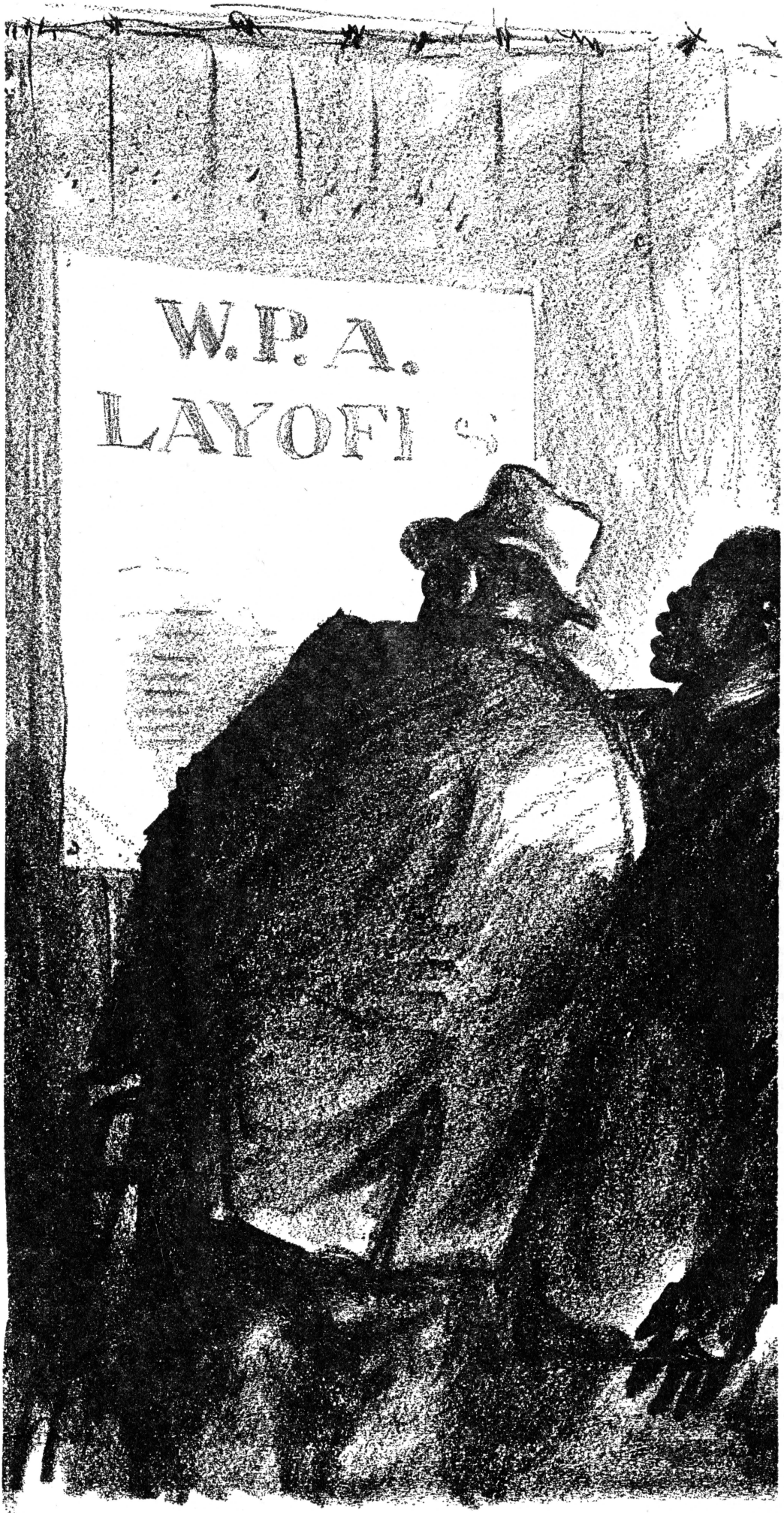
The Catholic people have, like everybody else, become so aroused by the deprivations of economic and political reaction, that now the reactionaries, in fear and trembling, are seeking to persuade them to wreak their discomfort on their fellow sufferers. The very force and energy with which Catholics now attack the Communists, however, serves to indicate the readiness with which they would accept the outstretched hand of these same Communists and form a united front against these same reactionaries once they have learned to distinguish their true friends and their real enemies. This task of enlightenment is first of all a task for the Communist Party itself. It is at once a great responsibility and a magnificent opportunity. If the lessons which were learned in western Massachusetts are allowed to go unheeded, they must serve as a warning to all progressives; but if they are acted upon with speed and energy, they can become a source of inspiration for Catholic and Communist alike.

The transformation which the policy of the outstretched hand wrought on these hostile audiences, once they felt its meaning, was an unforgettable experience. One young Catholic publicly apologized for the mistaken conduct of his fellows. The small boys who had started out by peppering Mr. Hood with their slingshots ended up by clamoring for his autograph. And at Pittsfield, when, around about midnight, Mr. Hood finally tore himself away from his new-found Catholic friends, they instinctively reached out and clasped his hand in sincere friendship. The policy of the outstretched hand had proved itself a literal success.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Fred Ellis



Fred Ellis

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Morningside Retreat

Columbia Throttles Progressive Education

RICHARD H. ROVERE

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, which has been the cradle of progressive education in this country, is making ready to throttle the infant. The announcement of the closing of New College, experimental division of Teachers College, was made a few weeks ago. A year ago it was announced that Bard College, at Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., part of the university and largely influenced by Teachers College, would close. Bard did not actually close, but with a reduced subsidy and a changed administration, a great deal of its progressive program was emasculated. In both cases the university offered lack of funds as the reason; in both cases the real reason would seem to be the university's animus against really progressive education.

New College was founded seven years ago as a training school for teachers in all grades of pre-college institutions. Held down to that definition there would have been no excuse for its existence, for Teachers College itself and a hundred normal schools are doing the job. But New College was different: "There is evidence on every hand that an old order is passing," reads the introduction to the catalogue. "Rapid changes are taking place in the direction of greater social control. . . . Education itself is meaningful only in relation to the economic and social conditions of its times. It is all too easy to acquire a sideline attitude, . . . to become satisfied with intellectual speculation, and to hold one's self aloof from the realities of social and political activity." New College from the beginning has stressed actual participation. True, it has left the direction of social participation up to the student, but, as always, the will to action leads to progressive action.

New College's program was geared to that kind of education. Students were required to spend part of their time away from the college, often as workers in industry, or at New College Community on the edge of the Great Smoky Mountains in North Carolina. In Habersham County, in Georgia, New College students have been helping county officials solve the thousand problems of a backward rural community, and in Health Area No. 14, a part of Manhattan directly north of Teachers College, they have been working on typical metropolitan problems. In no case have they gone into these things as patronizing young dilettantes, as Missionaries of Culture and Cleanliness. They have worked as part of the people.

With such a program New College could not fail to attract liberals and radicals—nor could it fail to make them. It became a community of intelligent and militant progressive student-teachers.

Nevertheless, on November 10, Dean William Fletcher Russell announced the closing of New College. "No experiment has been more valuable for Teachers College," he said. In the very next sentence he declared that for lack of a subsidy of $35,000, the college would have to be closed.

The decision that Russell announced was arrived at without any semblance of democratic process; none of the groups naturally involved—faculty, students, alumni—had been consulted.

The reaction of students and faculty members was immediate. They set up joint committees to investigate the situation and to make recommendations for continuing the college. It was obvious poppycock that Columbia University, with its tremendous endowment and holdings, could be stopped at something it really wanted for lack of $35,000. Not only that, but a committee investigating the budget figured the deficit at nearer $3,000 than $35,000. The committee's figure, $3,800, is only 1/10 of 1 percent of the Teachers College—not the university—budget.

A good part of the reason for the closing of New College is Dean Russell, and to get at the facts one must study his recent past. Dean Russell, like many another member of the Columbia staff, has high hopes of taking Nicholas Murray Butler's place some day. It must be remembered that Nicholas Murray Butler is no longer the chief reactionary menace at Columbia. "Nicholas Miraculous," as he is called for his prodigious financing ability, has certainly done his share for reaction, but he is old now, and tired. His little pronouncements on war and peace before the Southampton debutante circles interest him a great deal more than the really tough assignment of running the university.

The real menace at Columbia lies in the score or more people who spend their time speculating on when the old man will die and who will take his place. To them Butler's health is a matter of grim importance and their plans and maneuvers change with the president's temperature. One Columbia professor actually admitted to me that he had gambled his entire future on the assumption, made four years ago, that Butler could not possibly last out 1938. There are exactly eleven days left to test his assumption. No doubt those who will pick Columbia's next president have their man already spotted, but the scrambling, the veiled jockeying and logrolling, will continue until the new name is actually announced.

One of the most persistent of these hopefuls is Dean Russell. His name has been pretty near the top of the list, together with those of men like Dixon Ryan Fox, president of Union College, and Leon Fraser, former Columbia professor who became president of the Bank of International Settlements at Geneva and now heads the First National Bank of New York. But a Columbia president must watch his politics, and having been the head of Teachers College, which provided most of the reasons for the press dubbing Columbia "the Big Red University," is not nearly so good a reference as having been president of two banks.

So Russell is doing his utmost to take care of the past. In the twenties and early thirties he advertised the radicalism at TC. Actutally, of course, it was never so radical as it was painted; for the most part it was academic and rootless, but it publicized well and attracted people to the college. Today, however, the trustees hate the New Deal, and no progressivism, no matter how lukewarm, is regarded with the paternal generosity of a few years ago. Russell understands all this, and he has caught the trustee spirit admirably. Where once he advertised Prof. George S. Counts as an authority on the Soviet Union, today he makes speeches on "How to Know a Communist and Beat Him." Where once he smiled superciliously at Red-baiting, today he says, "Teachers College is not red; it is red, white, and blue."

Russell's repentance has not just begun, of course. Two years ago he did his bit to break the cafeteria strike at TC. Last year he retired Prof. William H. Kilpatrick, one of TC's really fighting liberals. The excuse was the old-age clause, but of course Kilpatrick, who is sixty-five, could spot President Butler and many other functioning officials a good ten years. This year—an example of his arbitrariness, not of his reactionary leanings—he fired Elizabeth MacDowell, seventeen years at TC, ten years head of her department. It is true, as *Time* reported on November 28, that the well known TC liberals have been conspicuously and alarmingly silent.

The most significant angle in the whole business has been the formation of the Lay Council of Teachers College. This organization was formed two years ago for the purpose of bringing business and education closer together. To some this seemed a superfluous task, especially at Columbia, but Dean Russell and the trustees seemed to feel that a real organizational tie would be pleasant. So the Lay Council was formed, and a subsidiary organization, the Lay Conference. A list of the latter's hundreds of associates is a fine index of Eastern Seaboard tories. Lammot du Pont is there, Chester Colby, of General Foods, Winthrop Aldrich of Chase National Bank, and many others, together with a dozen or so educators. No list of the Council membership is available, though its two officers are Winthrop Aldrich and Cortlandt T. Langley, millionaire.

The Lay Council has been stealing most of TC's publicity. Last week the papers carried a story of how Columbia had inaugurated a

world forum on education and democracy to coincide with the World's Fair next year. This seemed a worthy enough cause, but on examination it turned out that the organizers were Nicholas Murray Butler, Dean Russell, and Winthrop Aldrich. Dean Russell's contribution to the press was that the forum was being formed because the time had come for education to seek the advice of business men. Dean Russell has been seeking business men's advice for some time. Indeed, some of it was passed on to his colleagues recently. TC faculty members found in their mailboxes a mimeographed statement by the above Mr. Aldrich, a reactionary pronouncement on national and world affairs, bearing in no wise upon Teachers College or education. Across the top was written, "Just thought you might be interested in this."

What has all this to do with New College? The dissolution of New College is the most recent step in the transformation that has taken place at Columbia, and particularly at TC. Dean Russell hopes to be president and he is preparing the way. The cafeteria strike, the firing of Kilpatrick, the silencing of the liberals, and the formation of the Lay Council were all part of the pattern. New College was the outstanding liberal wing left at TC up to a month ago. Announcing its closing was Russell's last coup, and if he gets by with it, he will have cleaned the greater part of liberalism out of TC.

The present director of New College is Dr. Donald G. Tewksbury. He came to New College this year to succeed Thomas Alexander, the first director of the college. Dr. Tewksbury has a good record as a courageous liberal, and he was well received at New College. In the present situation, though, he has not taken the militant action expected of him by those sincerely fighting for the school's existence.

It is interesting to note, however, that Tewksbury came to New College after four years at Bard, the other branch of Columbia which is now defunct as a progressive school and may fold altogether within the next year or so. Bard was formerly St. Stephen's, a struggling little pre-ministerial college whose funds and enrollment were steadily decreasing before Columbia acquired it in 1928.

Tewksbury took over in 1933, changed the name of the college, and set out to make it a worthwhile institution. The curriculum was organized to make students conscious of the world about them, and, like New College students, they were given periods in which to familiarize themselves with the social and industrial world off campus. Again, the result was to make the students socially conscious, and in a short time Bard was seething with liberal and radical thought. The faculty was liberal for the most part, and the American Student Union at Bard had the highest proportion of the total enrollment of any college in the country.

All this did not go unnoticed by the university trustees and administration. Neither, of course, did the fact that Dean Tewksbury was tolerant of it all. The writer of this article was editor of the student paper at Bard and can testify to the fact that Dean Tewksbury was offered all the usual temptations. But he maintained absolute academic freedom and integrity and insisted that students and faculty members had the right to express and act on any opinion they desired. Several trustees and outsiders protested, and Tewksbury told them where to head in. Had he maintained the same attitude at New College, people there maintain, it would have greatly increased chances of the college's continuation.

In the spring of 1937 the process of easing out Dean Tewksbury began, as did the conniving to get a reactionary to take his place. A former Wall Street broker, Harold Mestre, took his place, and progress left Bard faster than it had entered. In the first year of Mestre's deanship the closing of Bard was announced. Reason: lack of funds, a yearly deficit of about the same as New College. Again it was obvious that Columbia could make up the deficit with no trouble. As a matter of fact the deficit was made up finally, but the really "harmful" features—the progressivism—went out as the money came in. The story of Bard's salvation is amusing: Nicholas Murray Butler and his friend Thomas J. Watson were vacationing in Bermuda. Watson is president of International Business Machines, a man several times decorated by Mussolini and a bold admirer of Italian fascism. He is very proud of his company, and he once wrote of it: "IBM is not just a corporation; it is an organization of human beings, and it will go on forever."

At any rate President Butler told Thomas J. Watson that "Bard must be saved" and put it up to the adding-machine man. After hearing Butler's story Watson agreed, and said

Mischa Richter

"If anyone calls, Hawkins, I'm appearing before the monopoly investigation."

that he personally would ante up the money. But, he said, didn't Dr. Butler think it would be fine to transform Bard from a stuffy academic institution into a school where people would take a one-year course on how to run his business machines? Butler dodged the question, it is reported, but got Watson's money.

Columbia is an object lesson in the conflict in education. The closing of New College is simply the most recent example of the trend that has been going on for years. Columbia is the world's largest university, and a fine plum for business control. The conflict will go on, trustees and administration on one side, progressive students and faculty on the other. An almost united student body and a good section of the faculty are fighting for New College publicizing the case and lining up support. It is not a major front of democracy, but it is definitely democracy's fight. New College was preparing socially conscious teachers to go into our school systems. They need all possible support in the struggle to force Columbia to keep its last liberal branch alive.

★

Hitler's Bazaar

JUST a year ago Camp Unity, a summer resort with a large left-wing following, hired the 71st Regiment Armory in New York City for a New Year's Eve ball. Tickets were sold, decorations hung, and plans continued to within a very few days of the New Year. On December 29, the Armory board, smelling the herring that is called Red, announced that the ball would have to be held elsewhere. The reason given was that the floor would be used for drill practice that evening. It was a ridiculous excuse. The exigencies of our national defense have never been so great as to require soldiers to drill on New Year's Eve. It was a pure case of discrimination.

But last week in the 71st Regiment Armory, a charity bazaar was given by the German-American Conference. It was a Nazi festival. Pictures of Hitler were hung on every side, and where Hitler was not, Goebbels and Goering were. Each booth had a few copies of *Mein Kampf* on hand, and the book booth itself was a complete library of what passes for German literature, pamphlets by Rosenberg, Streicher, *et al,* and a book ominously titled *Brothers Over the Sea,* by Karl Goetz. The complete Nazi military could be had at the toy counter. All were there—the army men, SA's, SS's, and labor corps. One exquisite little model was of a prisoner, with feet bound, wielding a large shovel. To cap the exhibit there was a toy tableau showing the siege of the Alcazar. Everywhere, from the food counters to the fortune-telling booth, some method was used to make the whole affair redound to the greater glory of Nazism.

The spectacle of a state-owned building exhibiting pictures of Hitler is repulsive in itself, but when it follows on such a piece of hypocrisy as the refusal to rent the building to Camp Unity, it merits public protest.

Tabu

Europe Presents a Visiting Card

ANNE KELLY

"MISSION OF PEACE" . . . "CHAMBERLAIN FLIES TO MUNICH" . . . *"German Boats Recalled to Home Ports"* . . . "ULTIMATUM EXPIRES SATURDAY!" . . . *"Betrays Czechoslovakia"* . . . "AGREEMENT REACHED" . . . *"S.S. Orinoco left Hamburg today . . . call office midday . . ."*

"Friday, Sept. 30: In accordance with port authority regulations for third-class passenger embarkations, you will cross over to France on Sunday and join the S.S. Orinoco from Hamburg on Monday. Here are your tickets —Good luck!" . . . this brief salutation, the coast of Southampton shrouded in drizzle, and two days of gale and storm in the little French port of Cherbourg concluded the prelude to embarkation on the ten-thousand-ton cream and black motorship bound for LISBON—HAVANA—and the Mexican port of VERA CRUZ, "eighteen days' sailing, subject to . . ."

Introduction to hurriedly constructed twenty-berth cabins in the hold, unavailing protests in memoriam for the two- and four-berth cabins specifically cited in the company's catalogue, and stormy seas throughout the Bay of Biscay can be calculated to lay a good 80 percent temporarily prostrate. Nostalgia for land, any land, was the predominant preoccupation of over 120 people until our first glimpse of the Iberian coast, two mist-enshrouded rocky islets appearing as in a dream above satin-textured waters.

Approaching Lisbon we steamed past immaculate sea-bordering villages of russet-roofed houses. In the far distance an occasional peak softly mauve under dove-colored clouds. Lisbon itself a gay mazurka in Mediterranean coloring as we approached her quay in the last glory of the evening sun.

But walk through the steeply rising, narrow streets of the old quarter in the fast-deepening twilight and you become disquietingly aware of a contrasting mood and tempo.

True, there is an added poignance of beauty in the Moorish tiled houses, the delicate perfume of heliotrope in profusion, and the silvering fantasy of the full moon. Translated into the accentuated visual values of day, Northern eyes would again be ravished; meanwhile the mind registers the disconcerting. The poverty expressed by barefooted women porters carrying heavy loads on their heads, the squalor of dimly lit interiors behind ornately tiled tenements, the inadequate tiny shops, the extraordinary number of clinics and chemists, and the filthy cheerlessness of the many drinking saloons. Above all, the sinister significance of a military dictatorship expressed in the disproportionate number of soldiers and police guarding streets and buildings, the relatively few civilians walking through the streets, and the prevailing silence. The music, even of a radio, is rarely heard, but the ear is continuously offended by the arrogant blare of the electric horns of cars driven at a dangerous speed through the tortuous streets.

Returning to the ship round 9:30 p.m. was like returning home—on moving day! Lisbon was bequeathing her legacy of additional cargo, including red wine, some fifty third-class passengers under the aloof stare of a monocle on boat-deck, and a Spanish cook.

Morning comes, the breakfast bell marshals you into your irrevocable seat, and even the jigsaw in human equation represented by 188 individuals of differing nationality and language takes a surprisingly short time to evolve a rough design of social groupings, given the conditions of traveling "hard" in the limited cubic space provided in the prow of a two-funnel steamer.

Even in October, the twelve-day westward trip from Lisbon to Havana must assuredly rank as one of the finest gateways to Nirvana left open to modern man. Grant me the privilege of falling asleep on a blanket-covered perch, high above a deep-blue sea, in a temperature a little excelling England's finest summer day, and I'd sacrifice a dynasty any day. To lazily watch, hour after hour, schools of flying fish—a cross between a bird and a blue-enameled toy airplane—skim the gentle swells to evade the "tourist deck" steward's roving eye, and purchase a bottle of iced Rhine wine drunk sacrilegiously on a sun-warmed deck; to be initiated, under serene skies, into the mysteries of the high art of "hanging-up" and "taking-down," as practiced by the world's most skillful exponents, Chinese laundrymen; to listen to a Cuban song accompanied by the rhythmic hand-beating of singer and audience—these are the very bread, wine, and dessert of that Promethean meal, contentment.

Let these motifs be just a shade accentuated and—but damnation, conversation is inevitable amongst gregarious animals.

Hear our Socratic humanist, the Greek: "There ees no civilization today, all crazy you know—fighting, killing, starving. . . .

"Rich men, crazy you know—sick in the head. They beleev they are beeg—but there ees no difference, we are all the same. . . .

"A woman ees not like a man, she ees unstable. If I beleev a thing I go right ahead —but a woman, if someone comes along and say, 'you are not right'—she will change."

Or our six-foot-three table steward, a gaunt, anxious, lanky figure emanating simplicity of soul and generosity of heart: "A family—it ees ze great thing—a man must have something to work for. He cannot be, how you say, on 'honzeymoon' all his life. I would like a farm where life ees simple and there ees time to be happy. I have seen much of the world and many people and I beleef that most people are seeck because they theenk too much."

Or his pal: "I have never forgotten Canada. Ten million people in a country twenty times the size of Germany. If a man has lived in Canada he can never again feel free in Europe, for in Europe no country is free."

Or the elderly Montenegran shopkeeper recovering from a stomach operation: "I sold my business and thought I would come back to Europe to retire. I have only two sisters now, but I could not get a visa to visit them. Business is bad in Mexico but today there are too many people, too much fear of war and too much starvation in Europe. Maybe I'll try Costa Rica."

Or, behind the shelter of the ship's string band doing valiant duty at the weekly "baile," "Tanz" (dance), listen to the whisper of the gray-haired Cuban refugee from Cadiz, traveling with her twelve-year-old daughter to join her brothers in Havana: "They killed my father because he was working for the government. You don't know—things are terrible—no food—all the sons are taken for soldiers—you cannot say a word—there are spies in every street."

Or the reminiscent smile and sigh of the well-groomed Viennese—"Ah, Vienna, it was so beautiful. . . ."

Or a toast in uniform—"To drink, women, and damnation to politics."

A typewritten sheet on the saloon notice-board—"Stewards will attend tonight . . . meeting of National Socialists. . . ."

A thousand reminders that a passenger ship is after all a faithful world in embryo, that 188 Germans, Mexicans, Portuguese, Danes, Spaniards, Cubans, Englishmen, Hungarians, Syrians, and Poles are a short-fuse mixture when translated into social terms of refugees from Austria, Germany, both territories in war-torn Spain, a group of Falangists, a soldier from the International Brigade, and a sprinkling of disgruntled foreign residents in Mexico, returning even more disgruntled after their experience of international crisis in war-shadowed Europe.

Hell! Of the many songs, French, German, Mexican, Cuban and Spanish, sung under the unheeding skies, why should it be "Tabu," that bitter, nostalgic African-Cuban lament, which remains in memory as the poignant theme of a twentieth-century journey?

Maybe because breakfast the next morning was in the nature of an aperitif "Dolorosa." Friendships and affections sprout with a tropical, or, if you prefer, an "empiric" rapidity on all voyages, but when your neighbor at table, an exquisitely neat, pale-faced, middle-aged, middle-class Austrian Jewess, remarks, partly to her untouched plate, and partly to the surrounding company, "I leave with a heavy heart. I dreaded this for years before it came," you lose more than interest in your own omelette. You look at her husband, already graying at the temples, and at their little four-year-old daughter, childishly absorbed in her cereals. You glance three tables away at a six-foot man with tears running unashamedly down his face, holding in his arms the sobbing mother of a family of seven.

HAVANA—sun, sun, sun, rising to an afternoon crescendo of hell heat, narrow streets, arcaded shops, Cubans, Negroes, Creoles, Mulattoes, Chinese, Americans, dishabille in pink, high heels, the world's most slender figures, lottery booths, starving dogs, straw hats, cigars, balconies, washing, "Pancheita" and English waltzes, shoes shined on the saddles of brass horses, pineapples and guavas, iced water-tiled floors and walls of mango green, dice on marble. . . .

You hear at night that over fifty of the eighty German and Jewish refugees who ate and drank with you that morning are incarcerated at Havana because they cannot exhibit the necessary immigration deposit—and as you watch the receding lights of the exotic city, your mind registers a whistled fragment, "Tabu, Tabu, Tabu-u!"

Cold, gray, and wet—VERA CRUZ, historically a "hard-luck seaport, receiving the spite ultimately intended for Mexico City in French, American, and English invasions," the shark-infested waters of her horseshoe harbor disarmingly tranquil.

MEXICO CITY! Under the burden of crowding impressions the memories of the journey fade, but over a coffee the eye catches a significant headline:

"THE SAME BOAT WHICH BROUGHT THEM, WILL TAKE THEM BACK . . . EXPULSION OF JEWS."

Vera Cruz: Nov. 1, 1938: "21 Jews who arrived in the Republic on board the ship S.S. Orinoco sailed for their country of origin by express order of Chief of Dept. of Population . . . The same ship which brought them must take them back."

A visiting card has been presented, and returned with a footnote: "TABU."

★

Boston Press Sees Red

A RECENT meeting in Cambridge, Mass., for the benefit of NEW MASSES inspired another Red-baiting attack by Boston newspapers on Granville Hicks for his participation in the meeting; and the press notices inspired the following letter from Edwin A. Lahey, a Chicago *Daily News* reporter doing graduate work at Harvard. Lahey's letter was sent to the Boston papers, but is reprinted here from the Harvard *Alumni Bulletin.*

As a Chicago newspaper man, on leave at Harvard but as yet free from infection by the poison ivy that softens the hallowed walls of that institution, the writer should like to raise his thin voice in protest and query at the reckless waste of white space by Boston newspapers on an innocuous meeting in Cambridge the other evening.

The zeal, reportorial energy, and space attached to that meeting might lead an uncritical visitor in Boston to the conclusion that Granville Hicks, counselor in American history at Adams House, Harvard, was about to go south with the Bunker Hill Monument. The facts in the case resolve the newspaper coverage into a stupendous piece of mawkishness with reverse English:

1. Hicks is a Communist. As such he is an enrolled member of a political party whose legality is recognized in most states, including your own feverish commonwealth.

2. Hicks is an American, whose genealogical tab would doubtless fill a whole column.

3. The mixed group who attended the meeting went, of their own free will, to hear about left-wing journalism, laid down 35 cents apiece at the door without murmur, and came up later in the evening when the box was passed for NEW MASSES, likewise without apparent murmur.

4. The meeting was not held on Harvard property, and the college was not connected with it.

5. When Hicks last spring "promised" the press that his political beliefs would not influence his work at Harvard, he did not place himself under the obligation to forswear beliefs arrived at after considerable travail and personal persecution.

6. Finally, if the mopes who run NEW MASSES can't put the bite on the Third International for enough money to operate without passing the hat in Cambridge, they cannot be classed as formidable foes of our American foundations.

To sum up, the "Communist meeting" at Cantabrigia Hall was as innocent and uninteresting as one of your infernal New England clambakes.

Why, then, should a charming and sensitive gentleman, who can spot any Boston politician ten ancestors and still call himself an American, have been subjected to such a painful shellacking by the Boston newspapers? He has not even the protective covering of a reporter's hide to shield him from the pain. And even the most ardent of the reporters whom I heard baiting Hicks with unanswerable questions were charmed with his manner.

It would appear fair, also, to point out how "public demands that Hicks resign" are evolved. The public generally does not know that every newspaper office has a standing list of windbags who will express opinions on anything for publicity's sake. Twenty-five cents in telephone calls from any newspaper office will create a "public clamor."

The writer does not even believe that the Red-scare stories about Hicks had circulation appeal. If they did, the Lord have mercy on Boston.

★

Sinclair Answers Pegler

FOLLOWING is a copy of a telegram sent the United Press by Upton Sinclair after Westbrook Pegler's attack on Sinclair in Pegler's column of November 22.

Mr. Westbrook Pegler does not like Los Angeles, and gives his reason: "Nowhere but in Los Angeles could Upton Sinclair, admitting his inability to conduct his own enterprises successfully, have gathered the nucleus of a following which seriously threatened an important state with an economic hallucination, etc." Mr. Pegler's information as to what I have admitted may well be described as an economic hallucination, because it is one of the kind which he is well paid to spread. If my purpose in life had been to make money, I could have been as successful as Mr. Pegler by following his method of writing what I knew my economic masters wanted me to write. But my purpose was to bring economic truth to the exploited masses of the world, and in this I have succeeded better than any living writer Mr. Pegler can name. I have made my name a synonym for social justice in every civilized nation. My books have been issued in 775 separate editions, in forty-seven languages and thirty-nine different countries. I am known and loved by tens of millions who never heard the name of Westbrook Pegler and won't unless I advertise him.

Paul Y. Anderson

A Great Reporter, A Valiant Crusader

MARGUERITE YOUNG

All of us correspondents watched him in the Senate's 1930 waterpower investigation—Paul Y. Anderson, scrawling furiously and laughing. It was my first glimpse of him, and he, more than any other Washington newspaperman, seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and to love it. The witness was telling how Morgan's Niagara Power based their rates on $32,000,000 worth of "water rights" that Uncle Sam had loaned them. To the reporter who had uncovered in Teapot Dome the biggest political news of the twenties, this steal might seem trivial. Many others in the room—politicians, lobbyists, press—looked just about as stirred as if somebody had bid a little slam at auction. But how Paul savored it!

To me, a neophyte and conflict-bound between my own and my chief's judgment of the story, Paul's certainty about it was unbelievable. I had not thought such journalists any longer extant; I had thought their great tradition ended with Lincoln Steffens, who, according to my journalism-school impression, had passed out of the trade at the beginning of the World War.

In a few days Paul strode into the back workroom of the press gallery, tapped my shoulder paternally, and said, "Come here. I want to talk to you about getting out of the AP. They don't need you to cover stories as they always do—with a blanket." For a long time he talked about the surface of the news and the *real story* underneath. I had thought a good deal about that myself. But how could you be certain? How could you be sure about the President? I asked.

"Not *President,*" Paul corrected, "but *Hoover.*" He added, mockingly, "Hoover—the Great White Feather!"

Instead of thinking about it, I now *looked* through a door Paul had opened, the door leading down under the surface of the news, and before me stood the figure that in press conferences had overawed me with the very eminence of his office, but now this figure was stripped, a ridiculous fat nude. The *real story*—the man.

He had a slight pedagogical air, at times. As when he would put down two prime qualities for reporting: "Courage and intellectual curiosity"—and, so positively—"and the greater is intellectual curiosity." His mother had been a teacher. He was always talking about her, wanting to return to the schoolroom where he had dreamed of being a scientist, finding new truth you could prove. "Granite," he would say of his mother. "She had to be granite." She would bundle him up and carry him with her and his two sisters, for he was only three and they could not leave him alone in the Tennessee mountain cabin. At that time, someone asked him what he would buy if he had all the money he wanted. He replied thoughtfully, "A banana." His father, a Knights of Labor man, had been killed in an industrial accident, at some time before Paul could remember. The family were sensitive poor relations of a man who was both the brother and the employer of Paul's father; but in necessity Paul went to his uncle for work. He had been named for that uncle. The uncle turned him down.

"That's why I put the Y in my name," Paul said, "I was determined nobody ever would confuse me with my uncle." He would add coldly, "I was determined that some day I would tell on the rich."

He told on them, and on their political flunkeys. Not only in Teapot Dome, that background of gargantuan corruption and callous irresponsibility against which the crisis broke and certified Hoover's doom. He told on them in the East St. Louis race riots—at twenty-four, he told it so that a congressional committee concluded, "He saw everything and reported it . . . defied the indignant officials whom he convicted of criminal neglect of duty, ran daily risk of assassination, and rendered an invaluable public service."

He did more than tell; he became an active agent for change. I remember the case of John Parker, nominated by Hoover for the Supreme Court. Paul and a few cronies dug up Parker's decisions upholding "yellow dog" contracts, printed them, took the papers down to the Senate anterooms. They went from one willing but worried senator to the next, till the latter realized there were enough of them secretly, lonelily wanting to slap Parker down to do it if they but united. Thus Paul and his cronies—reporters—supplied the organizational leadership the liberal politicians needed.

There was, already, an eerie prescience in his mind—a mind he often told me was more like a woman's than a man's. I remember how dumbfounded I was to see this legendary belligerent, thirty-seven and at the pinnacle of his profession, flop into a chair and say he desperately needed something or someone to hold on to.

"If I had some basic philosophy . . ." he would say. "If I were not just a village boy who happened to read Ingersoll." And, "I'm just a hack who happens to be on the side of the angels, and the angels always get licked. . . ."

It made me afraid. And sore. At Paul and at the way things were. How dared he complain? He himself said he had the best job in the trade, one of the very few in which a man could tell anything like the truth any more. He had Oliver K. Bovard, the greatest managing editor in the business, Paul said. He had his letters in the *Nation,* where he could "tell" with a literary distinction giving lasting effectiveness to the copy from a typewriter that people said he used like a machine gun.

He would laugh grimly. "I reach some thousands through the *Nation*—and Bill Hard, who sold out, reaches millions through the *Saturday Evening Post.* How many Pulitzer papers are there now, and how many has Hearst?" And, likewise: "How many politicians are there like 'Uncle George,' incorruptible?" (Norris was his nearest friend.) "What are these against Hoover's hordes?"

He did have a basic philosophy—one whose aridity he sensed, and exemplified, with tragic irony. It was Ingersoll's and Darrow's and the youthful Donald R. Richberg's creed of heroes versus villains, good versus evil in the individual, to explain all things social and psychological. I recall his mordant preoccupation with its futility under the incubus of "the vested interests"—and his simultaneous Savonarolesque post-mortem on the Hoover tariff, the result of "rubber in the convictions" of some of his favorite liberal heroes!

Too logical and realistic not to suspect this individualist-perfectionist creed, he thought of finding another in books. He cherished books. But, like all of us there and then, he did not read books; he read newspapers, and listened to others whose standards were colored inexorably by newspapers which he was spending himself to change. Despairing of his social outlook, he would stab at surcease and redemption in private life. And he was a sick man—sick with some nervous disorder that his society too often was content to ignore or punish—some emotional malaise that, like a snakewhip, drove him from heartbreak to heartbreak.

At that time still, as he said, "The same idiotic optimism and buoyancy which drive me into the Slough of Despond also serve to lift me out of it."

And, lifted individualistically, he attacked the advocates of the basic alternative, Socialism, when it was pushed toward him, during the NRA days. His "angels" were now not only Roosevelt, but also Richberg and Gen. Hugh Johnson, who had driven out the Hoover satans. He attacked left-wing labor leaders like Ben Gold, delighted to find them and the *Herald Tribune* (for different reasons, which Paul did not discern) simultaneously opposing the thing that steel unionists also then called the National Run Around. He joined a right-wing clique in the American Newspaper Guild who fought its progressive leaders with Red-baiting. Not curiously, his personalized approach intensified his antagonism—I remember how frantically he greeted me when I, *having learned from him* and having been fortunate enough to catch up on Lincoln Steffens' great post-war surge after seeing Socialism working in Russia, appeared as *Daily Worker* corre-

spondent. I suppose he now saw in me someone who—in fact, though not merely, as he thought, in sheer perversity—had not believed in him enough. I suspect that Don Richberg had preconditioned him against Socialism long before. Richberg in youth had known of and rejected Socialism, and he was a personal influence on Paul second only to Norris.

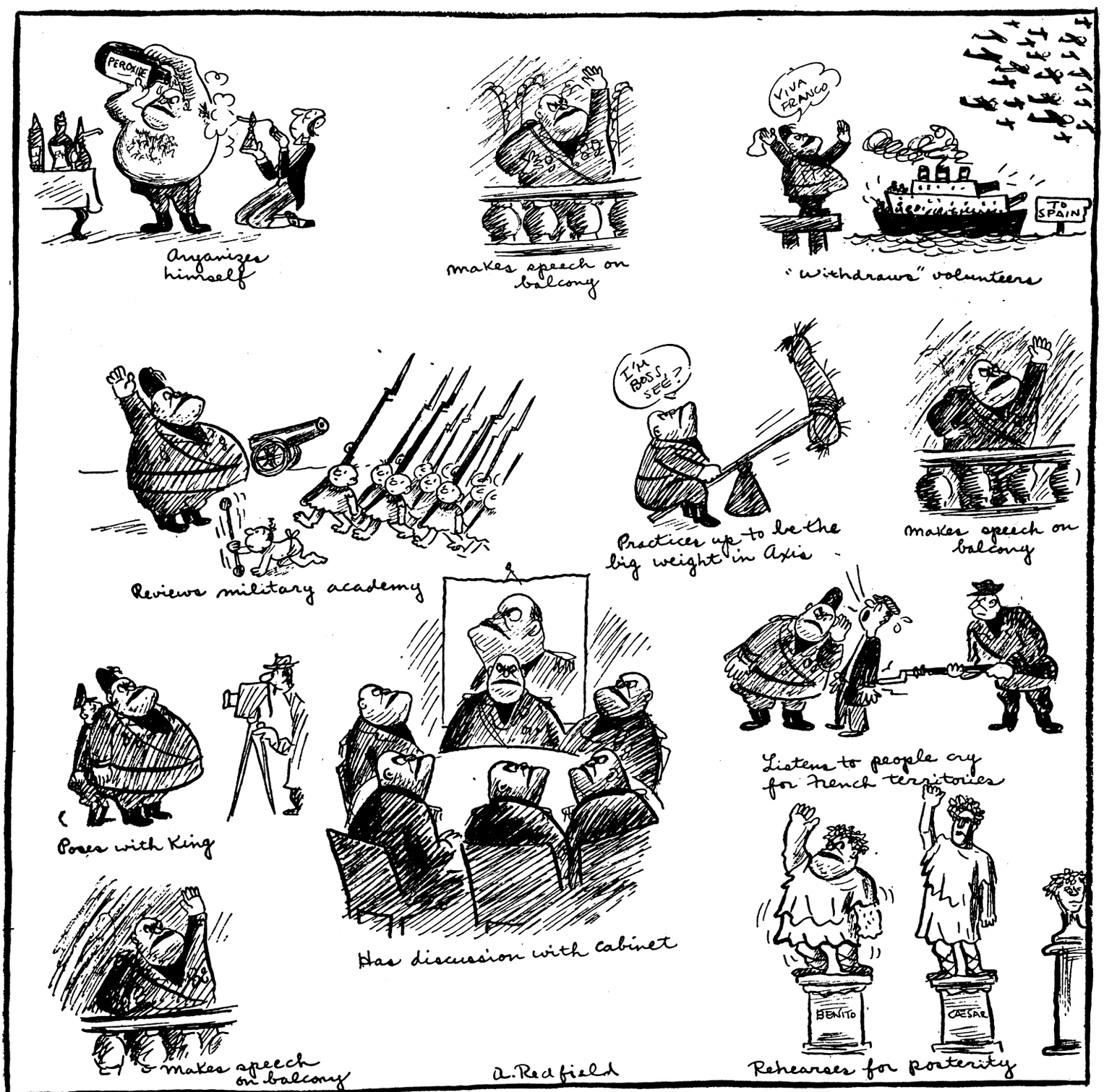
The renewed hope Paul took from the early NRA scene was not enough, either, to check his illness, now impairing him professionally.

Then Richberg and Johnson fell away—and in their stead, in 1936, for the first time in Paul's working experience, there flashed upon his immediate horizon "angels" *en masse*—the CIO battalions, the 27,000,000 voters who returned Roosevelt despite the worst that could be done by the press that Paul hated. And the "devils" were more significant: he began attacking Girdler, Dies, and Chamberlain. Events had geared Paul closer to the truth that scientific Socialism had previsioned, and he reacted like the Steffens' child he was.

The old brilliance flared anew in his exclusive report of the suppressed newsreel of the Chicago Memorial Day Massacre; and he pounced on Red-baiter Martin Dies with his old dexterity. It looked as if he might yet transcend Teapot Dome. But actually it was that same thing—events—that lent a new portent to his work. Now he must have viewed events more broadly, but he must also have felt too exhausted to cope with their essence. How else think, "My usefulness is over"? I think the personality whose Bessemer-like coruscations had showered so opulently all those who knew him, and benefited so fully the society that had failed him personally, was really shattered.

So he went away—at forty-five.

Do not say we shall never see his like again. Say we shall see others with his brilliance fortified by the books and the life around them, with his idealistic drives finding direction soon enough, with his rare nature made whole.



A. Redfield

A Day in the Life of Il Duce

Readers' Forum

Labor's Neediest Cases

TO NEW MASSES: The readers of NEW MASSES have always shown a warm interest in labor's neediest cases—labor prisoners and their families, whose need this year is greater than it ever was before (if such a thing is possible). They are the wards of the Prisoners Relief Fund of the International Labor Defense which conducts an annual Christmas drive in their behalf. The goal of the 1938 drive is a $25,000 fund. For this year, labor's neediest cases include the political refugees from Nazi terror in hiding from Hitler's Gestapo. Because of the desperate appeals for aid coming from these men and women—leading trade unionists, ex-mayors of democratic Sudeten communities, writers, artists—our fund has decided to contribute a percentage of the 1938 Christmas drive to the cause of these refugees. We present once more a few of labor's neediest cases, with the hope that they will receive again the generous support of your readers which they have learned to depend on. All contributions may be sent to the ILD at 112 East 19th St., New York City, or to any branch or state office of that organization.

SASHA SMALL.

CASE NO. 23

Sally White is twelve years old. For the last six years she has been one of the wards of the Christmas Relief Fund of the ILD. In 1932 her daddy, Alf White, one of the heroic Negro sharecroppers who defended his neighbor against a lynch mob, was sent to an Alabama chaingang for ten years. Today she is an orphan, for Alf White mysteriously "fell" into the well at Atmore Prison in Alabama and Mrs. White was informed of his death after it was all over. Mrs. White has been sick most of the time since 1935 when her husband was killed. Sally has run the household even during the long months when her mother was away in a hospital. Even though she has such heavy responsibilities, Sally still looks forward to a new doll for Christmas along with the warm clothes, new shoes, and the check from the Relief Fund which she knows she will get.

CASE NO. 67

Seven years ago Mrs. Lulu Bock was one of the happiest women in a West Virginia company mining town, married to a fine young fellow who was crazy about her and their two kids—Lois Genevieve and Betty Jo. In 1931 a strike came to their community and Charles Bock was always near the head of the picketline, fighting for his union and his wife and his children. Now he is in the Moundsville State Prison serving a ninety-nine-year sentence on a murder frame-up. Lulu Bock is an energetic young woman full of life and hope. She has two things which keep her going—her courage and her determination to keep on doing all she can to carry on until her husband is free to come home to her once more. But she has a very hard time meeting the rent and the grocery bills and the money it costs to keep her children clothed and sheltered. The little girls look forward to the Christmas box from the ILD which has come regularly for the last six years. Help us make this Christmas a happy one for them by showing them they have more friends than they can count.

CASE NO. 44

A twenty-third Christmas Day spent behind prison walls is not as a rule a happy thing to look forward to. But when there is a chance that it may be the last, it should by all means be the brightest one in the life of a man who is still young despite the fact that the State of California has thus far succeeded in taking away twenty-two of the best years of his life. He was only twenty-two when he was sentenced to life imprisonment on one of the most shameful frame-ups in American history. His only crime was refusing to betray his best friend to an ex-Pinkerton for $5,000 and the promise of a job in the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. That was almost twenty-three years ago. Help us make this labor prisoner's Christmas, 1938, a very happy one indeed. His name is Warren K. Billings.

CASE NO. 29

"Dear Friend:

"I am well on this best day of my life when I received the money you sent me and the package. I received it and everything just fits fine, and I just cannot tell you how much it means to me to get it. Eva May Moss."

That's the letter the ILD Relief Fund got last year after Mrs. Moss had received her Christmas gift which resulted from the annual drive. Her husband, a Negro sharecropper, is serving a ten-year sentence for helping defend his neighbors against the lynch mob. Mrs. Moss has two small children. Her words make clear why the 1938 Christmas drive of the ILD must succeed.

CASE NO. 11

This will be Patsy Ciambrelli's fourth Christmas behind prison walls. Before he was framed and sentenced, he was a militant member of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific. Ciambrelli was one of the Modesto boys framed by the Standard Oil Co. of California. He is the last of them to remain in jail, and, though he knows that he too will be out soon, he looks forward to Christmas, 1938, as a red-letter day that will bring books, smokes, and, most of all, proof of solidarity and support from hundreds and hundreds of friends on the outside. To Ciambrelli, the walls of Folsom Prison are only a temporary barrier. His mind and his spirit are out on the docks and streets and factories of San Francisco. He manages to keep informed of every important event in the march of time. He is just marking time until he gets back into the ring.

"Your Million Dollars"

TO NEW MASSES: I would like to say a few words to your readers on the subject under discussion as to how it is possible to create new money without causing inflation. It so happens that I have just published a thirty-two-page pamphlet entitled *Your Million Dollars,* dealing with this very problem.

Let me say briefly that you can create new money without causing inflation, provided that the money you create brings about an equal or greater increase in production of goods. The New Deal has spent some $20,000,000,000 on various forms of "pump-priming," and has brought our national income up from $40,000,000,000 to $65,000,000,000 a year. Therefore there has been little increase in prices. But this cannot go on, because the $20,000,000,000 represents a debt which must have interest, and the paying of that interest depresses production because the money goes to the investing and not to the consuming classes.

It is my thesis that the government could print $10,000,000 a year of new greenbacks, provided that it spends those greenbacks to buy some basic national industries and put them into full production immediately, thereby increasing production of goods much more than $10,000,000,000 a year. That is the correct way, and I believe the only way without civil war, to socialize industry on a national scale. UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

In addition to the foregoing letter and others we have published on the subject of "creating money," NEW MASSES has received eighteen communications, ten of them supporting (some with qualifications) John Strachey's position, seven opposing it, and one suggesting that mass purchasing power can be increased in a progressive way through the two-price system for surplus agricultural products suggested by Secretary of Agriculture, the distribution to be carried out through consumer cooperatives. These letters, which we are unfortunately not able to print because of space limitations, are from: C. O. Wescott, Beaver Dam, Wis.; A. E. Anderson, Butte, Mont.; B. Albrecht Feiner, New York City; Joseph Hastings, New York City; Max Carasso, Bronx, N. Y.; Eugene Konecky, New York City; Thomas Elbee, Ukiah, Calif.; William Boeker, San Francisco; Mavis Engil, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ira Benson, Chicago; Michael Adams, Bronx, N. Y.; James Wharton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hans Kroeger, Esquimalt, British Columbia; Pat O'Sullivan, Toronto, Canada; Leonard Sparks, New York City; Isidor Edelman, New York City. As previously announced NEW MASSES will publish in a forthcoming issue an article discussing in detail the problems raised by Mr. Strachey.—THE EDITORS.

Letters in Brief

A STATEMENT from Lewis & Conger, large specialty store in New York City which deals particularly in housewares and furnishings, announces that their buyers have been instructed to make no further purchases of German goods of any description. ". . . the revulsion of feeling caused by the recent excesses in Germany," says the statement, "has created in us, as in other Americans, a distaste and even an antipathy for any wares produced in that country. . . . We have decided that in the present situation we prefer to forget that we are merchants and to remember that we are human beings." . . . And from the Booksellers Guild of America we have a copy of a letter pledging members of the guild not to deal with any booksellers or publishers of Germany or to purchase any translations of the works of German (Nazi) writers. The letter, which has been sent to President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, the German ambassador, and the German consul-general in New York, adds that the guild's boycott will be extended to other German goods through the cooperation of associated organizations.

To help make this Christmas a real one for the children of beet workers and sharecroppers, Pioneer Youth of America, Inc., urges NEW MASSES readers to send packages of toys, clothes, and books to the Christmas Toy Shop, care of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers, 228 Wilda Bldg., 1441 Welton St., Denver Colo., or to the same union at 1305 15th St. South, Birmingham, Ala. Checks may be mailed to the PYA at 219 West 29th St., New York City. . . . The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born is attempting to raise funds for the defense of more than a dozen former members of the International Brigade who have been refused reentry into the United States on technical grounds, and many of whom are threatened with deportation to fascist countries. The defense of these men, whose plight was described in our Readers' Forum of November 8, requires from $300 to $500 for each case. Contributions should be sent to the committee's headquarters, at 100 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . . Broadway stars will entertain at the seventeenth annual dance of the Followers of the Trail Camp, on Saturday evening, January 7, at Pythian Temple, 135 West 70th St., New York City; proceeds go to the rehabilitation fund of Friends of the Lincoln Brigade.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Connecticut Writers' Conference

IF THE conference of Connecticut writers held in New Haven two weeks ago failed to excite the metropolitan press, it was not because a news angle was missing. This was the first gathering of its kind ever held in Connecticut. The list of speakers included our most distinguished literary critic, Van Wyck Brooks, who speaks from a public platform once in a blue moon, and one of our few major poets, Archibald MacLeish. More than a thousand people heard a talk by the scholarly governor of the state, Wilbur L. Cross, recently defeated for reelection. Fraternal delegates from CIO and AFL unions came to tell the writers what they could do for the labor movement and what the labor movement could do for them.

It was a busy day, and a fruitful one. The placards on the New Haven trolley cars announced that something big was going on in town—even though, for once, it was being staged neither in the Bowl nor at the Taft—and that was the truth. Called by the Connecticut chapter of the League of American Writers, the conference united the leading writers of the state on a progressive political and cultural program. It should serve as an incentive for regional conferences in other parts of the country.

At the afternoon session, which was not open to the public, many problems of both a theoretical and practical character were discussed. W. L. River, who deserves most credit for organizing the conference, spoke on "Freedom of Thought and Various Censorships." Vera Caspary told us how censorship affected Hollywood, and particularly how it led to the suppression of her script, *The Exiles,* written in collaboration with George Sklar. A resolution embodying these talks was unanimously passed by the conference. The writers condemned the misrepresentation of foreign and domestic news in the press—a significant resolution, in the light of the newspaper distortions of the general strike in France and the CIO convention in Pittsburgh, and a prophetic resolution, if one considers the conspiracy of silence in regard to the conference itself. The resolution also incorporated the remarks of later speakers on "Culture and the Workers" and "People's Culture and Democratic Progress." The writers agreed "to expose and fight against the economic censorship of ideas and truth now imposed by certain reactionary publishers in the newspaper, magazine, and book world; and to support and foster, through education and organization, all those progressive books, magazines, and newspapers which offer us the widest and most democratic expression of these basic American rights." Reactionary textbooks in the schools were condemned; and a demand was made for the extension of the public-school and library system of Connecticut. There was a solid expression of support for the Federal Writers Project, the Federal Theater Project, and the Federal Arts Bill. Progressive resolutions on other important matters were carried by the conference.

Odell Shepard of Trinity College, author of *Pedlar's Progress* and *The Journals of Bronson Alcott,* read a long and charming poem on the spirit and traditions of Connecticut. John Hyde Preston, author of *Revolution: 1776* and *The Liberals,* spoke very eloquently, I thought, on "The Writer as a Social Spokesman," and drew an instructive parallel between Milton and Malraux. Your correspondent talked briefly on "The Social and Literary Function of Criticism."

The highlight of the public session in the evening, at which Genevieve Taggard, Mr. MacLeish, and Governor Cross spoke, was a talk by Van Wyck Brooks. Malcolm Cowley, who was chairman, spoke for his own generation, and, I would add, for a younger generation, when he described the debt which every writer on American life and literature owes to Van Wyck Brooks. Mr. Brooks' paper was in the form of an open letter ("A Personal Statement") in answer to a Connecticut poet whose name he did not mention. The poet had written to Mr. Brooks charging that the league was a Communistic organization; that he was willing to join any organization against war, fascism, *and* Communism. Why was Brooks associated with this Red outfit? Where did he stand anyhow?

Mr. Brooks proceeded to dissociate himself from Communism. He is, of course, not a Communist. He has been a member of the Socialist Party for seventeen years, and he is still a member. The main object of the League of American Writers, Mr. Brooks said, is to enlist American writers in the cause of democratic thought and action. Democracy is directly threatened by fascism. The Soviet Union is not the invader of world peace; Communism is not the plotter against democracy in America. But fascism is. Mr. Brooks takes the very sensible position that all writers who believe in justice rather than in barbarism should band together for the defense of culture and social sanity. The writer cannot remain aloof, no matter how distasteful "politics" may be to him. Mr. Brooks is ready to cooperate with Communists, though he continues to disagree with them, in order to wage a successful fight against the common enemy. The crucial conflict of our day is the conflict between fascism and democracy.

Stanley De Graff

With this general statement of the problem, Communists are of course in complete agreement. Indeed, they might very well point out that such an approach is rather more familiar in their party than it is in the Socialist Party. Norman Thomas, heading one wing, attacks the view that the main fight is between fascism and democracy. He says that we must instantly choose between Socialism and capitalism. Mr. Brooks, I take it, is in complete disagreement with this view, since it would involve a major split in the League of American Writers, a majority of whose members are not ready to choose immediately between Socialism and capitalism. Jasper MacLevy, heading another group in the Socialist Party, ensured the victory of a Republican in Connecticut by opposing Governor Cross, who was endorsed by Labor's Non-Partisan League. If it is true that writers of all shades of progressive conviction must group together in order to defeat the purposes of reaction, is it not equally true that all progressive political organizations must form a coalition to defeat the program of Hoover? That is the realistic view of the Communist Party, and it is a view which close observers find consistently applied in social practice.

This is not said in an effort to win Mr. Brooks away from the Socialist Party. It has to be said because in the course of his very moving, vigorous, and progressive statement, Mr. Brooks made a number of references to Communism which do not square, I am convinced, with that mature scholarship

which has won such universal respect for his views. Communism, said Mr. Brooks, "does stand for violence, as it stands for other tenets of the fascist faith. It stands for dictatorship, and it stands for opportunistic methods; and I myself detest these three conceptions." While fascism and Communism hold these tenets "more or less," there is a distinction, Mr. Brooks continued, that must be drawn between the ends which fascism and Communism have in mind. "Fascism holds these tenets for the sake of these tenets. . . . Communism, beyond these tenets, stands for justice."

But the alleged tenets which fascism and Communism have in common are very inaccurately stated by Mr. Brooks. The methods of Communism and fascism are as different as the purposes of Communism and fascism, and I think that Mr. Brooks was forced to contradict himself on this point because the observable facts are at variance with his conclusions. Take the matter of violence, for example. "In my view," said Mr. Brooks, "a writer cannot advocate violence and remain a writer." Yet Mr. Brooks does not take a completely pacifist position. He used a revealing phrase in one passage of his speech. In order to achieve our democratic objects, "in order to win the day for them," he said, "we have to enter the battle with heavier armor." The old Progressive movement failed because it was too "tenderhearted"; writers today have to be "tough-minded." They do not have to "advocate" violence, but they must be able to resist it if they are to survive. That is precisely the position of Marxism. Is it not significant that, according to Mr. Brooks' own observation, it is fascism and not the Soviet Union that invades peaceful countries? Is it fascism or Communism that advocates violence against Jews and Negroes and other oppressed groups? Is it Girdler or Browder who advocates violence in labor disputes? The Communists are as opposed as Mr. Brooks to violence as a principle of social progress; on the other hand, they would have sided with Lincoln, as Karl Marx actually did, in resisting the aggression of the Confederacy. Mr. Brooks stated the Communist position with literal accuracy when he said: "Whether we like it or not, violence may come. Violence is even sure to come unless other means are exhausted for securing justice."

Or take the other tenets: opportunistic methods and dictatorship. Mr. Brooks did not specify what he meant. Here again one is forced to assume that he is echoing judgments that contradict his own experience. The main decriers of "opportunism" are the reactionaries and the Trotskyites, and when they speak of "opportunism" they usually mean the creation of such "collaborationist" organizations as the League of American Writers. They argue, hypocritically, that the Communists' support of democracy is a renunciation of Marxism; that the Communists are selling out their ultimate goal of Socialism for temporary alliances with the opponents of Socialism. But is not this an attack on Mr. Brooks' own position? For he too seems to believe in a Socialist society as the goal of our democratic endeavor, and it is because he believes that the goal is bound up with the preservation and extension of democracy that he supports loyalist Spain, the Chinese republic, the anti-fascist front, and the League of American Writers. This is not opportunism; this is the creation of opportunities—opportunities for salvaging the humane ideals of a world beleaguered by fascism.

"Here cometh that lout from ye Dies Committee again, Marlowe."

Ned Hilton

As to the assertion that the fascists and the Communists hold a common belief in dictatorship—here, too, I was somewhat astonished. For Mr. Brooks went on to say that the Soviet Union is "with all its failures, a valiant effort to bring about a just social order, in which no one will ever go hungry or lack employment, where all children have good food, good medical care, good education—I do not need to tell you the rest of the story." But if this effort, so largely achieved, is the effort of the Soviet Union, and if the effort of Nazi Germany is to crush all culture, surely there must be a difference not only in the purposes but in the kind of dictatorship. The constitution of the Soviet Union is a guarantee of Socialist democracy. It is based upon the will of the people. It was not imposed on the people at the point of a gun. The dictatorship of the proletariat represents the organized will of the people to establish the free society which a savage minority is determined to destroy. The dictatorship of Hitler, of finance capital, represents the temporary victory of that savage minority. To lump the two as "belief in dictatorship," even with the reservation that the purpose of each is different, is to misread—to misread tragically—the essential experience of our time. Here again, the Marxist will agree thoroughly with Mr. Brooks' generalization that "our collectivism, which we call government of the people, by the people, cannot be truly achieved till the people want it." It seems a pity that Mr. Brooks should speak as if this were in contradiction to the Communist position.

I have emphasized these points of difference with Mr. Brooks at the risk of giving the impression that these were the main points in his speech. On the contrary. His talk was such a stirring call to action, such a vigorous rebuke to his Red-baiting friend, that I was disturbed to discover him pointing to differences with the Marxist position which do not in fact exist. I think that Mr. Brooks' further experience in the fight against fascism will persuade him that he has been under a misapprehension. SAMUEL SILLEN.

Felix Frankfurter on Justice Holmes

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND THE SUPREME COURT, *by Felix Frankfurter. Harvard University Press. $1.75.*

THESE lectures of Professor Frankfurter are of particular interest today because they reveal the mind of the man who may be the next appointee to the Supreme Court. With charm and eloquence he discusses the three important constitutional problems of the day: the relation of the states to the federal government, the regulation of property, the preservation of civil liberty. Any lack of novelty in the lectures can only reflect credit upon the author for his many

A. Walkowitz

years of laboring in our constitutional vineyards.

Frankfurter sets his stage with a significant letter of Justice Miller, an early liberal on the court, who in 1878 wrote:

> I have met with but few things of a character affecting the public good of the whole country that have shaken my faith in human nature as much as the united vigorous and selfish effort of the capitalists—the class of men who as a distinct class are but recently known in this country—I mean those who live solely by interest and dividends.

But there were few men like Miller. The Supreme Court became as useful as the corporate device in furthering the rise of finance capital. In 1902, when Holmes was appointed to the court by Theodore Roosevelt, the court began to review a mass of state and federal legislation against the march of finance capital. In its solicitude for business enterprise, the court played state against nation, expertly juggling vague constitutional clauses. It canceled federal legislation by pleading "states' rights," and choked the states with the "due process" and "interstate commerce" gags. But throughout this lethal process—as those who today attack Black for his dissents forget—the outraged voice of Holmes was never silent. No one could write a dissent more authoritatively; he was never shrill, always majestic.

This does not mean that Holmes was a liberal, a progressive, or a New Dealer. These words today connote an affirmative sympathy with the particular remedies advocated by the Roosevelt administration. On the contrary, Holmes has been called an aristocrat and skeptic. But he believed in the right of the legislative arm of government to pursue the remedies dictated by its judgment. "Constitutional law," he said, "like any other mortal contrivance has to take some chances." And as Professor Laski has put it: "Conservative in all matters of social constitution, he is too inherently skeptical to deny to the radical the possibility that he may be right."

Max Lerner has suggested that Holmes' social neutrality was but a tactical maneuver against his colleagues. A defense of social legislation, rather than of the state's constitutional right to enact it, might have incited the court's majority to greater violence. But if Lerner is right, Holmes showed an extraordinary patience, for his conservative brethren never retreated a step.

Holmes rarely permitted experimentation in the field of civil liberties. For, as Frankfurter well says, "history had also taught him that, since social development is a process of trial and error, the fullest possible opportunity for the free play of the human mind was an indispensable prerequisite." He never yielded to the witch-hunt, although some of his decisions are disturbing to his followers. Possibly, the refusal to grant respite to Sacco and Vanzetti was justified by his knowledge that it would be a vain gesture: the court would never have heard the case. Yet how tragic is this refusal in the face of the court's statement in the Mooney case that perjury connived at by the prosecution is a deprivation of due process. His opinion in *Patterson v. Colorado,* holding that truth is no defense to a contempt prosecution of a newspaper editor who allegedly "reflected upon the motives and conduct of the Supreme Court of Colorado in cases still pending" keenly sharpened another instrument of judicial despotism. Justice Harlan's dissent showed greater understanding of the dangers of the contempt power.

These decisions, however, stand out only by contrast with such dissents as Holmes wrote in *Abrams v. United States, Coppage v. Kansas, Truax v. Corrigan,* and a hundred others that illuminated the class bias of the court and showed the way to today's majority. Despite the excessive respect which each court pays to the decisions of its predecessors, the voice of the dissenter has often prevailed in the Supreme Court. Thus the views of that arch conservative, Stephen J. Field, took but a few years to become the law as discovered by the court's majority. And, on the other hand, the classic dissents uttered by Holmes for thirty years, seem to be prevailing today.

Holmes' dissents had the compulsive force of prophecy: they helped create the necessary ideology for mass pressure, new legislation, and liberalization of the Supreme Court. In *Lochner v. New York,* Holmes dissented from the court's decision that a New York law limiting employment in bakeries to sixty hours a week was unconstitutional. Yet today, thirty-three years later, we have a Fair Labor Standards Law which has limited work to forty-four hours a week. Again, in 1921 an Arizona statute forbidding labor injunctions was held to violate the Constitution of the United States. Holmes dissented. In 1937 a

similar Wisconsin law was held constitutional. The court's decisions in *Adair v. United States* (1908) and *Coppage v. Kansas* (1915), Holmes dissenting, held unconstitutional the laws making it criminal to discharge workers for union activity or to make yellow-dog contracts. In 1937 the United States Supreme Court shocked corporation lawyers by holding the Wagner act constitutional, in an opinion which did not even mention these "authorities."

It is true, as Frankfurter says, that "In law, also, men make a difference." But it is very doubtful whether:

> The evolution of finance capital in the United States, and therefore of American history after the Reconstruction period, would hardly have been the same if the views of men like Mr. Justice Miller and Mr. Justice Harlan had dominated the decisions of the court from the Civil War to Theodore Roosevelt's administration.

Professor Frankfurter, as a lawyer, overestimates the necessity for the court. The court has been but one of many weapons. Had it been unavailable, capitalism would have found "another way out." Changing political circumstances change the weapons which a ruling class will use to safeguard its possessions. The "validation" of the Wagner act by the Supreme Court in 1937 did not thereby make employers accept the principles of collective bargaining. Camouflaged company unions, trick and fraud in negotiations, removal of plants to non-union areas, are replacing the old sledge-hammering of trade unions. Now that the Fair Labor Standards Law has been crammed down the throats of capitalists, they evidence their superiority to the state by lowering wages above the minimum, by increasing hours to the maximum, and by discharging enough employees to bring their payrolls to the pre-law level.

Frankfurter's error is less fundamental but equally serious in his belief that "the liberties that are defined by our Bill of Rights are, on the whole, more living realities in the daily lives of Englishmen without any formal constitution because they are part of the national habit, they are in the marrow of the bones of the people." The fascist influence flavors England's domestic no less than its foreign policy. C. Day Lewis' article in the November 8 issue of NEW MASSES, and James Curtis' *A Guide to British Liberties* show the stifling of civil liberties in that country in which the Magna Charta has simmered down to a Hyde Park. The protection given by police to fascist meetings, the smashing of Communist meetings belie Professor Frankfurter's words.

Much of the material that Frankfurter has written for the *Harvard Law Review* has been transferred in bulk to these pages; yet the reader will find his exposition lucid, his prose beautiful. Few other lawyers could comprehend the vast field of constitutional law in a hundred pages and do it well. Frankfurter has written a book far superior to the other recent publications on the Supreme Court.

LEONARD BOUDIN.

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HUGO
GELLERT

The Great Pamphleteer

THOMAS PAINE, LIBERATOR, *by Frank Smith. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.*

THE life of Tom Paine is the life of a front-rank fighter for democracy and progress in three countries and amid two great world revolutions. From the publication of *Common Sense* to his death in 1809, Paine's identity with the American, British, and French struggle for freedom from political, commercial, and religious institutionalism was almost complete. Practically everything he wrote and said was designed to be, and was, a major contribution to that struggle. Both the kind and the amount of that contribution, however, have been generally obscured by libels on his religious beliefs and by attempts to make him appear the scapegoat of the Silas Deane affair.

Frank Smith's sober and well proportioned biography recreates Paine in his full stature as a thoroughgoing bourgeois revolutionist and exponent of the rights of man, while at the same time taking into account the limitations of his genius. Paine falls far short of being the biographers' delight; the first thirty-five years of his life offer only the scantiest background for tracing the development of the writer of *The Crisis* papers, while his later life leaves one wondering how it was that the arch propagandist for political freedom had no mind for the economic radicalism of the eighteenth century. It was Paine's economic orthodoxy which led him to defend the Bank of North America against the interests of the poor farmers and workers, as it made him distrustful of Shays' Rebellion and clouded his judgment of the Girondists in the National Convention. While Smith admits Paine's limitations in this respect, his account suffers by lack of a full analysis of Paine's attitude toward the economic problems of his time.

But Paine's services to the cause of humanity and progress were enormous, of course. Before the publication of *Common Sense,* the mass of Americans were not thoroughly convinced that independence should, and must be, the outcome of their struggle with England. The Tories, of course, openly opposed any such move, while other leaders, with the exception of Sam Adams, either tried to reduce the war to a legal argument, or were willing to temporize and hope for reform of the colonial system. After the publication of Paine's pamphlet, the issue of the revolution became clear. Paine raised independence as the chief slogan among the masses of the American people, and demonstrated its necessity and its logic.

Paine's arguments in this pamphlet, as in his others, are based on the broad principle of the natural rights of humanity, a doctrine as revolutionary in the eighteenth century of rights by birth and privilege as the class struggle is today. This is perhaps best illustrated by *The Rights of Man,* Paine's scorching reply to Edmund Burke's slander of the French Revolution:

> Every age and generation must be free to act for itself *in all cases* as the age and generation which preceded it. The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies. Man has no property in man; neither has any generation a property in the generations which are to follow.

Thus, man's natural rights—to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—were the foundations of society and, equally, a valid justification for overthrowing tyrants who subverted them.

This doctrine, moreover, appealed to the rising middle class and the nascent working class, anxious in America to be free of mercantilist and colonial restrictions, in France to be free of a decadent feudalism, and in England to be free from the power of the landowners and the nobility. Paine, as Smith's biography so well illustrates, popularized that doctrine, made the arguments for it the property of everyone who could read or hear, and raised the "rights of man" to the status of a fighting slogan. His success as an agitator and propagandist was the success of a man who believed passionately and rationally in the cause of which he was a part, and who expressed his convictions in the homely idiom of the common people.

Paine did more, however, than expound and defend the rights of man against all comers. With the exception of *The Age of Reason,* every one of Paine's pamphlets was written to meet some particular emergency, some crisis in the struggle of humanity to free itself. The last months of 1776 were by all odds the most critical of the American Revolution. The army had suffered a series of defeats; Congress had quit Philadelphia; the end of the revolt seemed near. Working in the midst of panic and vacillation, Paine wrote his famous first *Crisis* paper. "These are the times that try men's souls," begins what Smith justly calls "the most dynamic and memorable of all revolutionary utterances." Paine's appeal reinvigorated the heart of America, and undoubtedly inspired Washington's Christmas Day capture of Hessians in Trenton, which smashed Howe's offensive. And at every emergency Paine's rousing words, in a new *Crisis* paper, pushed the course of revolution onward.

After the American Revolution, Paine went to England where he engaged in the political rough-and-tumble of British Republicanism, and then to France as a delegate to the National Convention. Smith's lucid account of his experiences in both countries reveals Paine as a true internationalist who could say, "Where Liberty is not, there is my country." Paine's participation in the French Revolution has been the subject for all sorts of misconceptions. Few previous biographers have traced so carefully and succinctly the part he played, and made it so clear that his support of the Girondists, behind whose backs the Royalists were hiding, was never consistent and whole-hearted; that his plea for

the life of Louis XVI was motivated chiefly by fear that the king's execution would give England a pretext for war against France; that his opposition to the Directory Constitution was based on its prohibition of universal suffrage; and that Paine, even during his imprisonment, continued to render full support to France as the country which was ushering in the new era of democracy.

Thomas Paine, Liberator reestablishes Paine as a true friend and leader of the peoples of the world. His name and his contributions to their struggles against their foes are an important part of the heritage of progressive humanity. As Smith says:

> Paine was born into a momentous period of human history. . . . Of the fundamental dreams and the revolutionary logic of millions he became the most eloquent, most sustained, most disinterested voice. . . . He dedicated himself to the vision of a world of free men, free in body, free in mind; and the definition of freedom changes with the changing tyrannies. The career of Thomas Paine therefore cannot be regarded as a story that is told. It will stand on the mountains of history, an inspiration and a challenge as long as any form of slavery shackles the human race.

Told from that perspective, Smith's biography is an important additional weapon in the hands of the people who today are fighting for the cause of democracy and progress.

STEPHEN PEABODY.

Surface Views

TO THE MARKET PLACE, *by Berry Fleming. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.75.*

F.O.B. DETROIT, *by Wessel Smitter. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

MR. FLEMING writes about the restless young people who drift away from their middle-class moorings in town and country and seek a haven in New York. Mr. Smitter, who worked for two years in the Ford plant, writes about the Detroit auto workers. These novels are commendable not only for their subject matter but for the artist's skill with words and feeling for detail which are amply in evidence. But even with these important factors in their favor, both books are failures.

The process of selection and creation is not a simple matter of identifying a chunk of experience as interesting or exciting or depressing, and then chipping it into sentences and chapters that the writer hopes will convey his original sensation to the reader. It is the lack of historical perspective displayed in this personal and superficial handling of their material that is responsible for the fatal weaknesses of the novels under consideration.

Mr. Fleming seems to have been impressed with the confusion, the sense of despair, that afflicts so many young people who feel the thin soil of their middle-class culture has not given them roots—the young who grow up educated and functionless. His Carolyn, for instance, wants a chance to fasten on to something bigger than herself. Of independent

spirit, she feels her identity threatened by the inertia and triviality the small-town genteel tradition would force upon her. When her father rejects her offer of help on his tobacco farm, she breaks away to try to find a job and herself in New York. Having placed her there, in the company of several other young men and women who have come to the market place out of similar motives, Mr. Fleming contents himself with some four hundred pages of introspection and chatter, in which the characters tediously and repetitively make hash of their spiritual dilemmas. None of these people faces up to his problem either verbally or in action. They get jobs or get married or take trips but these have no effect on the course of their inner development. They are objective events used by the author chiefly to mark off the passage of time. By making no reference, direct or indirect, to the crisis, to changes in government, to wars, to mass movements in the 1927-37 period covered by the story, Mr. Fleming would have us believe the problems of his characters transcend their environment.

This same static, unhistorical approach is what makes *F.O.B. Detroit* so unsatisfactory. Not class against class, but man against machine, is its theme. Russ and Benny are presented as typical American industrial workers. Russ is a lumberjack down from the woods to get enough of the well advertised Ford wages to set himself up as an independent clammer on the lakes. Benny is the dumb and ambitious type, a sucker for the fancy words of W. J. Cameron. In contrast to his friend Russ, he is aiming to climb a straw boss' job in the plant. The pattern of the book is formed of the attempts of these men to achieve their individualistic objectives in opposition to the machinery which never lets them win. Russ masters a giant machine and earns better wages, only to have a new invention supplant the machine. He and Benny get jobs on the assembly line, but the advent of a new model closes the plant for replacement of machinery. A layoff almost wrecks his home. Finally a machine crushes Russ' legs.

By pretending that Russ and Benny are typical auto workers and that the essential conflict is between them and economic forces they are powerless to control, Mr. Smitter falsifies his characters and eliminates the drama inherent in the story of industrial Detroit. On the book's dustjacket the publishers smugly state that Benny is " . . . just dumb as most men are dumb, accepting the world as he finds it, never questioning authority. . . ." The United Automobile Workers Union would have died aborning if the hundreds of thousands of men who have joined it had sweated and starved and been maimed as passively as the robots in *F.O.B. Detroit*. The basic drama of the auto workers is to be found in their struggle to overcome the social forces that deny them security and freedom. Mr. Smitter has ignored labor's growing consciousness of its potentialities at the cost of producing a devitalized and lopsided novel.

MILTON MELTZER.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Bauhaus Exhibition

"BAUHAUS: WEIMAR, 1919-25—DESSAU, 1925-28" is the important chapter in the history of contemporary art which the Museum of Modern Art is presenting with a wealth of seven hundred items, an elaborate installation, and a handsome catalogue. The documents are so overpowering that a careful study of them alone would take six weeks, or till the exhibition closes January 31.

Certain conclusions are evident, however. The Bauhaus has come to stand for an ideal in design. (The museum calls it an "idea," but a close reading of the catalogue inclines one to believe that the metaphysical word is correct.) Its fame has been spread through America. Some of its superficial attributes, such as tubular teel furniture, lower-case typography, and cubical architecture, have been widely advertised as that "modern" cleansing and purifying transformation of design concepts which will alter man's spiritual condition. So far has the Bauhaus' influence spread that Chicago tried to take up where Germany left off when the Nazi regime closed the school and took over its quarters for military training.

If ever an educational institution won renown, it is the Bauhaus. What Oxford took six painful centuries to build, the Bauhaus built in a decade. The comparison is made to suggest a scale of values and to indicate that the current exhibition offers an excellent opportunity to study at firsthand exactly what has been the Bauhaus' contribution to contemporary civilization, by way of design, that is, in the useful objects of daily life, chairs, beds, tables, desks, dishes, lighting fixtures, textiles, architecture, and an organic use of painting and sculpture in architectural settings.

Without question the Bauhaus' determination twenty years ago to cast off the shackles of the academies was a healthy and essential step. The insistence of the school's founders that art must be related to community needs, that the artist must not work as an isolated individual but as a useful worker in society, is a premise axiomatic today in creative circles. Here was a clearing of the ground.

Essential also was the curriculum's emphasis on a fresh approach to materials and to form, texture, color, and space, as the esthetic elements of design. Coupled with this principle was the corollary that the artist must be a craftsman and that through the sound standards of craftsmanship he might approach an equal integrity in the machine-made product which he was to design a little later for German factories. The demand that the artist recognize the machine and find out how to put it to work on beautiful designs was also a sound objective.

These positive values of the Bauhaus may be commended. But what gives pause is the fact that if the Bauhaus was a "new and fertile idea"—as its founders declared in 1919 and as the Museum of Modern Art asserts in 1938—what has that idea produced since Gropius left the school in 1928? A period of ten years cannot be left out of history lightly. The sudden springing up of schools of design in this country headed by former leaders of the Bauhaus does not prove that the idea itself has continued to grow.

A point which seemed legitimate twenty years ago might no longer be valid, as the tenet laid down that the designer must approach machine production through handicraft tools. Today it might well be argued that the designer must approach mass production of beautiful useful objects by way of the drafting table. It is this revision or bringing up to date of an idea which would have rounded out the *Bauhaus: 1919-1928* exhibition. Lack of chronological continuity gives the effect of a chapter of history in a vacuum.

CONTEMPORARY SPANISH PAINTERS are represented in the exhibition at the Arden Gallery which is sponsored by the Spanish Child Welfare Association and continues till the end of this month. Spain, today beloved and cherished, was, until war made it a hero among the nations, little known and appreciated in this country. Thus, many of the artists included have never before been seen in the United States. Miro, Solano, Andreu, Sunyer, and Puyol are perhaps the best known. The exhibition is worth seeing, both for its cause and for the sake of the work.

While America discovers the world beyond its boundaries—Spain, China, Czechoslovakia, and now Latin America—it continues to rediscover itself. The Glackens Memorial Exhibition, at the Whitney Museum of American Art through January 15, is another and valuable instance. Belonging to the generation that bridges the gap between our time and the nineteenth century, Glackens served as a newspaper illustrator at the Spanish-American War front in the days before press photographers became the historians of the human documents of the horrors of war. In the first decade of the century he was one of the group called "The Eight" which set out to storm the American "academy" and found itself dubbed the "Ashcan Gang." The first budding of conscious social content in American painting and in graphic art was here.

Later, Glackens turned to the comparative peace of easel painting and contented himself with less controversial themes. Why this whole movement in American art was abortive is an interesting question, but not for discussion now. Within the limits of his character and the framework of his ideas, Glackens produced an authentic American expression. The exhibition demonstrates this admirably. ELIZABETH NOBLE.

Charles Martin

Elmer Rice on Americanism

ELMER RICE'S new play, *American Landscape,* is built around an exciting theme: the effect of the American tradition on a group of modern Americans struggling against reaction. Mr. Rice has stripped "Americanism" of its phony Liberty League trappings. *American Landscape* is an attempt to give history back to the people.

Mr. Rice's play thus has for its purpose the same idea behind that other great success of the season, the Playwrights Company's *Abraham Lincoln.* But where Mr. Sherwood's drama is a recitation in modern terms of the story of a

Charles Martin

great American, Mr. Rice's play is more direct. Instead of retelling episodes of American history to Broadway theatergoers, Mr. Rice sets up a family of modern New Englanders and shows how they gain strength, courage, and direction of purpose from the traditions of their country.

American Landscape tells the story of the younger generation in the Connecticut family successfully preventing old, tired Grandpa from selling the family acres to a Nazi camp and the family shoe factory to a great corporation that means to close its doors and throw men out of work. Mr. Rice uses the ghosts of the Revolutionary, Civil War, and World War soldiers in the family to point the moral of his tale and bring history up to date for his characters. More, he emphasizes the breadth of the American tradition by introducing Polish immigrants, Irish editors, Negro preachers, at the climax of his story.

Mr. Rice is a brave pioneer. His play introduces an entirely new theme to the commercial theater, an exciting but difficult one. *American Landscape* is not the perfect play on the American tradition. The drama suffers from structural faults, some of the speeches the shades make are perhaps over-long, the last act is weak after the great climax at the second-act curtain. The ghost device has not been worked out with sufficient logic and the audience is sometimes troubled by one set of ghosts being worried over the telephone while another set, quite as antique, is not.

These defects, however, do not seriously mar an enormously interesting, indeed challenging, play. The cast and production of *American Landscape* are uniformly splendid. The Playwrights Company, like the Group Theater, is beginning to build a tradition of excellence for itself on Broadway. Mr. Rice's new play, treating a subject of great technical difficulty, overcomes the major hurdles to success.

American Landscape is a fresh note in the theater.

I'M OF TWO MINDS ABOUT *Spring Meeting*, the comedy concerning the Irish-English gentry that opened to loud huzzas from the silk-hat crew last week. On the one hand, it's really terribly funny. Gladys Cooper and A. E. Matthews wring guffaws out of even such nasty, sour-puss reviewers as myself, and although the second act drags a bit, most of the play is witty and fast and altogether gay.

But on the other hand—Grandpa would have rolled over in his grave if he'd known any descendant of his sat through *Spring Meeting* without throwing bricks, or at least decayed cabbages, at the cast. Grandpa's name was Flynn and he had decided opinions about English gentry who raised horses on the Irish land. I didn't throw anything at *Spring Meeting* except a few dirty looks, I am ashamed to admit. The younger generation is softening up, I guess. But the gorge did rise in my second-generation Irish throat as the Englishmen on the stage patronized their Irish house-servants. And as for the kindly old Irish butler who all the other reviewers around town thought was

so quaint—in our family, we had a word for lickspittle Irishmen who taffied up, as Grandpa used to say, to English landlords. Unfortunately the word is not fit for publication in this respectable magazine. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

All the same, *Spring Meeting* is very funny.

WHAT IS TRUTH? asks deadly serious Philip Barry, and he and the audience at the Booth Theater stick around quite an interminable time for the answer. In the end, so far as this reviewer is concerned, truth remained as illusory as ever and Mr. Barry's answer—if that's what it was—proved completely unenlightening. The dose of mysticism in *Here Come the Clowns* turns out to be for the most part a soporific. Truth, it appears, is all involved in the search for God, man's free will, a vaudeville troupe, and one of those annoyingly symbolic gentlemen who is labeled an "illusionist" and, for all I know, was the devil himself or nothing more than a magician who goes in for hypnotism. Anyway, he didn't make sense and he took such a long time not making it. The whole affair is either philosophically too deep for me or just plain dull juggling with such nebulous and ancient nuggets as the "eternal" and "the meaning of it all." I suppose I'm one of those unimaginative materialists who likes her drama comprehensible. Sheer prejudice, I admit.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Up the River and Over the Till

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has given us a most wondrous motion picture in *Up the River*. In one stroke it sweeps up all the unengaged contract players on the lot, including such diverse talents as Slim Summerville, Bill Robinson, Arthur Treacher, Eddie Collins, and Preston Foster, puts them into a play that combines the sure-fire aspects of the Big House cycle, the Parole cycle, and the Football cycle, and as a final fantastic note, lifts part of its plot from *Grand Illusion*. If this eclectic orgy were not enough to stagger you with its very audacity, the scriptwriters have bundled it all together into a quite funny, even a satirical, movie.

As an exercise in plot-making, this job should win an Academy award. Hark, for instance, to how the lads got *Grand Illusion* into it: two ocean-going gamblers are apprehended by a detective, just as Maréchal and de Boeldieu were shot down in an aerial battle by von Rauffenstein in *Grand Illusion*. They are conducted to Rockwell Prison, where they find their detective has just become warden, as the Frenchmen found von Rauffenstein at Wintersborn Fortress. They engage in an amateur theatrical in which the inmates are dressed as girls, which was a famous scene in *Grand Illusion*. Finally, like Maréchal and Rosenthal, they escape from prison. This little theme held up a philosophy in *Grand Illusion;*

here it is bowed with a bunch of gags and several more plots.

I confess I like this kind of Hollywood product. It is unpretentious and somehow comical because only in an inconspicuous film can the screenwriter have such obvious fun with his art. It's almost *ad lib* clowning in a hokey vaudeville tradition but it is as decent and entertaining as two dozen *Marie Antoinettes* or Zanuck historicals. *Up the River* has some huge laughs.

Spring Madness, from a play by Philip Barry, concerns two Harvard men who want to go to Russia when they graduate, but are constrained by several scheming young ladies at the New England College for Women. That's all there is to it except some fairly legitimate college atmosphere (no football game) and a dreadful misuse of Burgess Meredith, who contributes a most peculiar conception of comedy acting—something like *Hamlet* rewritten by George Abbott. The picture is mild and so harmless that the Soviet Union is mentioned without rancor. Everyone concerned has done his best except Mr. Barry.

MASTER MICKEY ROONEY, that three-dimensional young man of the silver screen, is appearing in a new Hardy family picture, *Out West with the Hardys,* at the Capitol. I have mentioned before my suspicion that Mickey gives out a little too much, and I must make the unhappy report that his director again has allowed him to act all over the lot. Just one scene in which Mickey is hobbled like the horse he tries to ride in this picture, and I'll be happy. The Hardy pictures are admirable in many ways. They take stuff the radio has been using for years—the minutiae of American family life—and bring it to the screen with rare effectiveness. The comedy is good because its situations come directly from character, not from gaggery hatched in a vacuum of boy-meets-girl. The Hardys all have their identifiable traits: they observe the customs of middle-class life in a small town; and they are excellently portrayed by Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Lewis Stone, and Master Rooney. Virginia Weidler, who is my favorite child actress because she can't act worth a darn, portrays a child of the open range, who bests Mickey at all outdoor sports. Her disgusted outburst when daughter Hardy is corralling Virginia's widowed father, is the high point of an enjoyable picture.

JAMES DUGAN.

A Great Singer

LEAVING Carnegie Hall after hearing Marian Anderson, I felt sorry that I had ever been prodigal with laudatory phrases in speaking of any other artist. After cool deliberation, that feeling remains, for Miss Anderson surely deserves to be described by a rich flow of commendatory adjectives. On the stage, her quiet assurance and serious attitude allow the

audience to relax into a purely receptive mood which heightens the enjoyment of the music. With no unnecessary gestures, no twiddling with a corsage, no mysterious communications to the accompanist, Marian Anderson slightly tilted her head and let forth a voice which, for its glowing warmth and appeal, is unexcelled. Some of the newspaper critics found reason to carp at the "unequal planes" of her voice. It is true that there are distinct differences in character between her upper register and the mellow tones of her lower register; but if this variability detracts from the final result when she has finished a song, I fail to see it.

Marian Anderson is a splendid musician, and her conception of the songs of Bach, Schubert, Purcell, and Ravel clearly indicates her understanding of the music in its relationship to the words. It was not necessary for her to reach the group of spirituals (by no means the best part of the program) before winning the acclaim of the audience. To such songs as "When I Am Laid in Earth" by Purcell, "Bist Du Bei Mir" by Bach, Schubert's "Der Doppelgaenger," and Ravel's "Vocalise," Miss Anderson gave a thrilling performance. Popular conception has it that it is in the spirituals that Marian Anderson reaches the apogee of her art. Nothing could be more false.

An all-Schubert program would still prove that Marian Anderson is a superb artist, superb in every sense, an eloquent and mature exponent of the art of singing.

AS THE FIRST STEP in a series of programs to acquaint American audiences with Soviet Russian culture, the Friends of the Soviet Union produced three scenes from Ivan Dzerzhinsky's opera, *Quiet Flows the Don.* All of the participants, including the musical director, pianist, and leads, were members of the FSU and it is doubtful that any other organization can boast such an abundance of good singers.

The musical direction was by Aron Pressman, stage direction by Eugene Shastan, and libretto by Leonid Dzerzhinsky, after the novel by M. Sholokhov. In the cast were Alexander Vikinsky, Rose Buska, Efim Vitis, David Tulchinoff, Anton Teero, Helen Komatz, and Ivan Kashchey. The scenery was by Victor Zanoff, and S. N. Kournakoff did the narrative.

The settings, inventive despite the limited means, added to the enjoyment. The music, composed in the Glinka and Dargomijsky tradition of Russian opera, was well performed, and developed into an exciting climax at the finish when a men's chorus entered the scene to sing a stirring revolutionary song. After such a distinguished and encouraging beginning, we shall expect to see and to hear a good many further expositions of Russian music by the Friends of the Soviet Union. It is hoped, certainly, that this initial success will be the first in a series that should continue for a number of seasons.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.

Plate 3: Pierrot and Harlequin (Cezanne)

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