Those Who Quibble, Bicker, Nag, Deny by Granville Hicks

NEW MASSES

SEPTEMBER 28 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

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Evar Grieg

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

AMERICAN LEGION note: a subscription-taker writes us that "It is pleasant to hear approval of my work, but the best thanks I have received and that which I consider most important is when I met a new subscriber, an American Legionnaire who, after reading six issues, shook me by the hand, saying, 'You've opened my eyes. Gee, the magazine prints such satisfying and informative things! I never knew there were such good magazines in this country!'"

Joshua Kunitz has returned from a two-year stay in the Soviet Union and will resume work as an active editor.

The July issue of *Harper's* carried an article titled "A Professor Quits the Communist Party," by Stuart Browne, which recounted in lugubrious detail how painful his short membership in the party was to him, what with meetings, and having to accept a furniture maker as his political mentor, and other indignities. Of course there are plenty of professors who have joined the party and stuck, but their feelings would hardly be of interest to *Harper's*. They are to the NEW MASSES, however, and to its readers, and so it is with pleasure that we announce for publication in our next issue an article titled "A Professor Joins the Communist Party" which is a direct answer to the *Harper's* piece.

Another feature which we will publish in an early issue is by Vincent Sheean, author of the well-known *Personal History*. This is also polemical in character, being an answer to Dr. Wilhelm Furtwängler, world-famous music conductor, who published an article in a Vienna periodical which argued that art is above all political considerations. We also plan for an early issue a lively piece called "The Town That Grew a Beard," written from Wyoming.

A regrettable typographical error in S. Funaroff's review of William Carlos Williams's *White Mule* last week made the comment read at one point, "Williams is content with *limiting* an ordinary event in precise and essential outlines." This should have read, "Williams is content with *limning*," etc.

What's What

OVER the signature of its national chairman, Corliss Lamont, the American Friends of the Soviet Union has issued a statement calling upon "every friend of peace, every champion of freedom" in America to sign a Golden Book of American Friendship with the Soviet Union being compiled on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Union which occurs this November 7. The Golden Book, which is expected to contain a million signatures, will be brought to the Soviet Union by an American delegation and presented during the anniversary ceremonies. Readers wishing to have their names inscribed in the book should communicate with a local office of the F.S.U. or with its national headquarters at 824 Broadway, New York City.

Rolfe Humphries, contributor of verse and criticism to the NEW MASSES and co-editor of . . . *And Spain Sings*, a recently published collection of loyalist ballads, will speak on "Poetry and Spain" at 9 p. m., Friday, Sept. 24, under the auspices of the Poetry Group of the League of American Writers at the headquarters of the League, 125 East 24th Street, New York City.

The Lawyers' Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy announces a mass meeting as a memorial for Max Krauthamer, a member of the New York Bar, who was killed in action with the Spanish loyalist armies in the recent fighting around Brunete. The meeting, which will be held Thursday, Sept. 30, at the Manhattan Opera House in New York, will also raise funds to send an ambulance and medical supplies to Spain. . . . The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy announces a banquet in honor of Dr. Herman Reissig, executive secretary of the committee, and Leland Stowe, correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, both of whom recently returned from a tour of loyalist Spain. The banquet will be held at the Hotel Commodore in New York on Wednesday Oct. 6.

The Marxist significance of "exploitation" as that term is applied to a doctor, teacher, or stenographer will be part of the course covering the role of white-collar and professional workers in America, which Alfred Goldstein will give at the Workers' School in New York this fall. Growth of unions in the professional fields will be analyzed, and there will be a study of the professionals' position in the U.S.S.R. This course of Goldstein's is only one of those having special interest for NEW MASSES readers. Others include contemporary literature, which will be conducted by Angel Flores, author of *Lope de Vega* and other works, who is an editor of the Critics' Group series of pamphlets in the æsthetics of literature. More general interest will be found in courses by C. A. Hathaway, editor-in-chief of the *Daily Worker*, on the Soviet Union after Twenty Years; by Julius Loeb on China and the Far East in World Affairs; by Si Gerson on Municipal Politics; by David Platt on Social and Political Trends in Motion Pictures; and by a large group of other instructors including Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Elizabeth Lawson, David Lurie, and Celeste Strack (all of whom have contributed to the NEW MASSES at one time or another). The school term opens Oct. 4 and registration is now going on. Catalogues can be had by writing to the school at 35 East 12th St., New York.

A comprehensive show of work of the faculty of the American Artists' School (many of whom are NEW MASSES artists) has opened at the school's gallery at 131 West 14th St., New York, where it will continue for some weeks. The school is registering students for the fall term.

The Rev. D. Willard Lyon, former national secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in China, Dr. Harry F. Ward, chairman of the American League Against War & Fascism, and others will speak at a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden, New York City, the night of Friday, Oct. 1, under the auspices of the American Friends of the Chinese People.

A social workers' commission of five plus Jay Allen (first American correspondent in Spain to tell the bloody story of the Badajoz bull-ring massacre by the rebels), Dr. Monroe A. Mayer, and Paul U. Kellogg editor of the *Survey*, will speak Sunday, Oct. 3, at 8:30 p.m. in the auditorium of the New School for Social Research, New York. The meeting will hear eyewitness reports from the commission of five on social conditions in Spain.

Who's Who

EVAR GRIEG is an engineer and research worker who makes his NEW MASSES debut in this issue. . . . Margaret Wright Mather has not appeared in the NEW MASSES for a long time. In her article on Governor Hurley's dilemma, Miss Mather is on familiar ground, for she has long been a close student of politics in New England. . . . John Buchanan has worked in Puerto Rico as a journalist and teacher. . . . David Loth lived for several years in Mallorca, where for a time he edited a local newspaper. He is the author of *Lorenzo the Magnificent, The Brownings*, and other historico-biographical works. . . . Michael Gold, of course, needs no introduction to NEW MASSES readers. . . . Granville Hicks is now at work on a study of British letters comparable to *The Great Tradition*, his survey of American letters from the Marxist viewpoint. . . . R. A. Howell is editor of *China Today*. . . . Groff Conklin was formerly connected with the Chicago University Press and Robert M. McBride & Co., publishers. He edited the recent *New Republic Anthology*. . . . Samuel Putnam has contributed frequently to our review columns. He is the author of *Margaret of Navarre* and of translations from the French.

Flashbacks

"AT THE meeting, which was packed, it was decided to form an International Workingmen's Association," wrote Marx of the founding of the First International in St. Martin's Hall, London, September 28, 1864. . . . Leaders of the Third International, on September 26, 1935, wired an urgent appeal for unity against war to the leaders of the Second International. . . . The following day, September 27, 1935, representatives of the two great French trade-union movements decided in favor of merging into a united organization. . . . Earl Browder, Communist candidate for president, was arrested in Terre Haute, Ind., on charges of vagrancy, September 30, 1936, when he appeared to keep a speaking engagement. . . . Mrs. John Crempa was shot dead by deputy sheriffs September 26, 1935, for defying the Public Service Corp. of N. J.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXV, NO. 1

September 28, 1937

Art work by Darryl Frederick, John Mackey, Charles Martin, Fletcher Martin, Ruth Gikow, Ned Hilton, A. Walkowitz, J. Vogel, William Hernandez, Aaron Sopher, Beatrice Tobias, George Zaetz, Eastwood, Soriano, Snow.

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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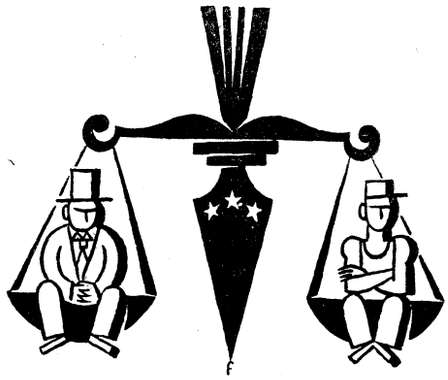
NEW MASSES
SEPTEMBER 28, 1937



Darryl Frederick

Is the N.L.R.B. Biased?

A glance at the record shows a predilection for fulfilling its duties under the law despite reactionaries' opposition

By Evar Grieg

THE National Labor Relations Board occupies a place close to the center of the stage in the class struggle in America today. On it have been concentrated many of the attacks of labor-hating corporations. Around it rages the furious many-sided struggle out of which industrial unionism represented by the C.I.O. has emerged as a great and swiftly growing organization of labor, challenging the craft-union bound A. F. of L. with its reactionary leadership. The N.L.R.B. is accused of many things, and the deeper significance of the movement now in full swing among American workers is reflected in the fact that on many points the A. F. of L. reactionaries and the biggest union-hating employers join in attacking the N.L.R.B. as if it were their common foe.

THE WAGNER LABOR RELATIONS ACT under which the N.L.R.B. operates was enacted because of the overwhelming demand of American workers for recognition and protection of their fundamental rights. President Roosevelt, in approving the act, said: "This act defines, as part of our substantive law the right of self-organization of employees in industry for the purpose of collective bargaining and provides methods by which the government can safeguard that legal right."

The American Liberty League, the National Association of Manufacturers, and their allies immediately initiated a campaign to discredit the law by calling upon industry to ignore it as unconstitutional, and citing the bought legal opinions of their 'corporation lawyers. Disappointed in the Supreme Court decision of last April upholding the Wagner Labor Act and the N.L.R.B., the employers have used every conceivable ruse to prevent their employees from organizing into independent unions and to avoid collective bargaining with them.

There are a few leading firms like the United States Steel Corp. and the Silenese Mills who, faced with capacity production, good business prospects, and the accomplished fact of the C.I.O. in organizing the majority of their employees, signed contracts with labor without resorting to the services of the Labor Board. But in many cases employers have disregarded or defied the national labor law. To quote Mr. J. Warren Madden, chairman of the N.L.R.B., in his Labor Day address over the N.B.C. network:

> There are still some employers who are wasting their energies in thinking up new schemes to evade the law.
>
> I do not say that they may not succeed in fooling the board, but I do say that they will not often fool their employees, and their employees will not tolerate these evasions.

And that very thing is happening on a scale never before known in labor history. Because the hearings and indictments are headed by a government agency functioning as a semi-judicial body and involving a large group of complainants, the press could no longer ignore the high news value in the sensational facts.

For months now the public has been treated to a daily eye-opener on the inside operations of "hatchet gangs," "finks," and "stools," who spied, bribed, intimidated, and beat employees as routine duties of the "service" departments of dignified corporations such as Ford, Weirton, and Fansteel.

All these details recently exposed as sensational were long known by all news agencies, yet only liberal and radical news sources have consistently revealed them, only to be accused of malicious propaganda. But now the regular press is no longer able to avoid reporting the daily activities of the N.L.R.B. To counteract this flood of revelations, the injured industrialists and their inspired mouthpieces are in the midst of a nationwide campaign designed to picture the National Labor Relations Board as an adjunct of the C.I.O. dominated by the Reds.

Prior to this current outburst, the country's press could find no fault with the board's personnel or its activities other than in the heated complaints of company attorneys who, thwarted by their failure to upset the evidence against their clients, have shifted the onus onto the allegedly biased shoulders of the Labor Board. For instance, the New York *Times* of last April 25 had this to say about the matter:

> The three members comprising the N.L.R.B. appointed by the President are J. Warren Madden, Edwin S. Smith, and Donald Wakefield Smith, and Charles Fahy as general counsel. [These directors supervise twenty-one regional boards having similar set-ups appointed from the old local N.L.R.B. of N.R.A. days.—E.G.]
>
> All the four men are essentially conservative. None has been a labor leader or union member, none has been a crusader. All but Edwin S. Smith are lawyers.
>
> Mr. Fahy since becoming chief counsel for the N.L.R.B. is credited with keeping the board scrupulously out of jurisdictional troubles.
>
> The board has evidenced strong convictions about the rights of labor, as set forth in the Wagner Labor Act, but has evidenced also a keen awareness of the limitations of its power. In its policies as applied at the source of complaints it has evidenced itself to be sincerely attempting to be fair to all parties.

But this is by no means the view of such die-hards as Senator Burke and Representatives Cox and Rankin. The latter even charged that Communist influence in the Labor Board plotted to close every factory in Tupelo, Miss., his home town. That was

Rankin's view of a lock-out forced upon its employees by the Tupelo Garment Co. after the N.L.R.B. had issued a complaint against the company. Then there was the sudden charge by Senator (Neutrality) Nye, once a liberal, that the board operates with a pronounced C.I.O. bias. He later admitted his information came from a certain Mr. Sam Jones who, upon investigation, proved to be one of Girdler's press agents and was formerly connected with the Railway Audit & Inspection Co., a notorious labor spy firm.

The Labor Board's first annual report to Congress covered activities from its inception in the fall of 1935 to June 30, 1936. It showed that in a total of thirty-one elections, with 9512 employees eligible to vote and 7734 participating, 4569 or 59.1 percent voted for trade unions and 3003 or 38.8 percent voted for company unions. Trade unions gained eighteen units for collective bargaining and lost thirteen units. This vote was taken at the beginning of the C.I.O. drive before the Wagner Labor Act was put into force. It is apparent from this record what inroads company unions had made on legitimate trade unions. Later when the Wagner Labor Act declared company unions illegal as an unfair labor practice, all but a handful of these organizations survived as independent unions; and in later elections held by the board only a few won the right as bargaining agencies in the hundreds of cases before the board.

The following summary released by the board on August 3 refutes the charge that the board is biased in favor of labor and foments strikes. Since the fall of 1935, the N.L.R.B. has handled 5136 cases involving 1,639,568 workers, two thirds of the cases having been satisfactorily closed. One half of these cases, involving 366,198 workers, were closed by mutual agreement. Seven hundred and forty-one cases involving 138,951 workers were withdrawn by petitions before any action by the board was taken. Three hundred and eighty cases involving 61,812 employees were dismissed by the board without formal action. *The board handled seven hundred and twenty-one strike cases involving 154,931 workers, of which five hundred and twenty-three cases were settled. Three hundred and six threatened strikes involving 78,033 workers were averted through the board's action.* In addition, 4528 workers were reinstated after discriminatory discharge.

Further conclusive evidence refuting Senator Nye's accusation of bias toward the C.I.O. is found in the report on the New York regional board as reported in the New York *Times* on July 27:

> That in the last seventy-five cases closed, thirty-five were filed by the A. F. of L. unions, thirty-one by C.I.O. affiliate unions and ten independent organizations. Of these the C.I.O. won thirteen elections among employees and lost one. The A. F. of L. won four cases and lost two. The A. F. of L. and C.I.O. did not oppose each other in all the cases. The A. F. of L. and C.I.O. made fifteen agreements with employers, and the C.I.O. made twelve.

When the Wagner Labor Act came into existence, the problems rising out of the growth of the C.I.O. and the efforts of the A. F. of L. leadership to stop it were unforeseen. With belated fanfare the A. F. of L. started its own drive to organize mass production workers into craft and even into industrial unions which, William Green has so often declared, are destructive to labor's interests.

To offset the increased competition of the C.I.O. for supremacy in the skilled trades, the A. F. of L. signed several suspicious agreements as the exclusive bargaining agent with employers who had previously recognized only company unions, although both the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. were openly engaged in organizing the plants at the time. This is best illustrated in the National Electric Products Corp. case, which has become nationally prominent. The facts of the case are that while both unions were organizing the company's employees, the A. F. of L., claiming a majority of signed employees, concluded an exclusive bargaining agreement, although the company had consistently refused to meet C.I.O. representatives who likewise claimed a majority. When the company put the A. F. of L. agreement into effect, the C.I.O. complained to the board. After three weeks of investigation, the board issued an indictment against the National Electric Products Corp. and voided its contract with the A. F. of L., charging it with interfering with employees' efforts to organize into C.I.O. units and coercing them into the A. F. of L. An injunction against interference with the A. F. of L. contract was issued by the Federal District Court of Pittsburgh. The Labor Board overrode the federal court and called for an election by company employees to determine the true collective bargaining agency. In the election the A. F. of L. chalked up seven hundred and eighty members to the C.I.O.'s six hundred and seventy-five with both sides challenging one hundred and fifty-five ballots. The board's decision has yet to be made, but no matter what its nature is, it is sure to be contested by either side.

Joining hands with other reactionaries, William Green accused the board of interfering in inter-union activities, going beyond its jurisdiction, and favoring the C.I.O. The charges are strangely similar to those advanced in an early case for an opposite reason. Whereas the A. F. of L. officials now claim the board interfered in a contract representing a majority of employees, they had previously sought revision of the Wagner Labor Act on the ground that the board had failed to ensure bargaining rights of minority crafts. The following report appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* of July 2, 1937:

> Mr. Lewis G. Hines, director and organizer of the Federation, indicates the A. F. of L. will seek revision of the Wagner Labor Act to ensure bargaining rights of minority crafts, holding that the N.L.R.B. is pro-C.I.O.
>
> In the Interlake Iron Corp. case the Labor Board offered an election after finding that prior to April 20, 1937 a company union had been in existence. After the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Labor Relations Act on April 12, the corporation notified the company union it was no longer legal. A meeting of the union voted to dissolve and then organize as a new union and apply for a charter in the A. F. of L., which was granted.
>
> The board asserted that the company met with the A. F. of L. organizers and entered into an agreement with the A. F. of L. to be its exclusive bargaining agent for all its employees, despite the fact that another organizing campaign of the C.I.O. was known to all concerned.

William Green's dual tactics to win control regardless of the cost to labor have thus become increasingly clear. After labor's long efforts in securing a law for majority representation, Green would have the law changed so as to give jurisdiction to whatever side he happens to represent, whether it be in the minority or majority.

No doubt President Roosevelt was keenly aware that the Labor Board would be subject to attacks from all sides when he declared upon approving the Wagner Act:

> The N.L.R.B. will be an independent quasi-judicial body. It should be clearly understood that it will not act as mediator or conciliator in labor disputes. The function of mediation remains under this act the duty of the Secretary of Labor and the conciliation service of the Department of Labor.

The board in the main has been guided by the principle of choosing that unit which can most effectively represent the majority of the workers. But in the increasing number of cases where a corporation may have numerous plants with several craft and industrial unions vying for majority membership, the decisions rendered by the board must be based on the exact set-up in each plant. This is clearly shown in the following excerpt from the board's decision regarding the Globe Machine & Stamping Co., the Metal Polishers' Union and International Association of Machinists, both A. F. of L. unions, and the United Automobile Workers of America, an affiliate of the C.I.O.:

> The petitioning unions claimed that there are three separate units for collective bargaining in this plant. The U.A.W.A. contends that the plant cannot be subdivided as claimed and that it should be treated as one unit. All parties are agreed that there should be an election.
>
> In view of the fact described above, it appears that the company's production workers can be considered either as a single unit appropriate for the purposes of collective bargaining as claimed by the U.A.W.A. or as three separate units as claimed by the petitioning unions.
>
> In such cases where the considerations are so evenly balanced, the determining factor is the desire of the men themselves. We will, therefore, order elections to be held separately for the men engaged in polishing and those engaged in press punch work. We will also order an election for the employees of the company engaged in production and maintenance exclusive of the polishers and punch press workers and of clerical and supervisory employees.

In general, labor has worked out a rough and ready rule for itself, that if capital is against something, that's the thing labor should be for. The N.L.R.B.'s record is by no means one of unvarying fairness and intelligence; there are many exceptions. But on the whole the record to date shows an effort to make the Wagner Act's guarantee of labor's right to organize a reality.

Governor Hurley—Book Salesman

The duck soup hounds (and we don't mean the Marx brothers) manage to give a new lease on life to Massachusetts history

By Margaret Wright Mather

IN one respect, at least, all politicians are alike: they all love duck soup. Take, for instance, Chowderhead Hurley, governor of Massachusetts (hereinafter referred to as His Excellency): no matter who cooks the dish, he'll eat it. He even, occasionally, slips on an apron and prepares a caldron full for himself.

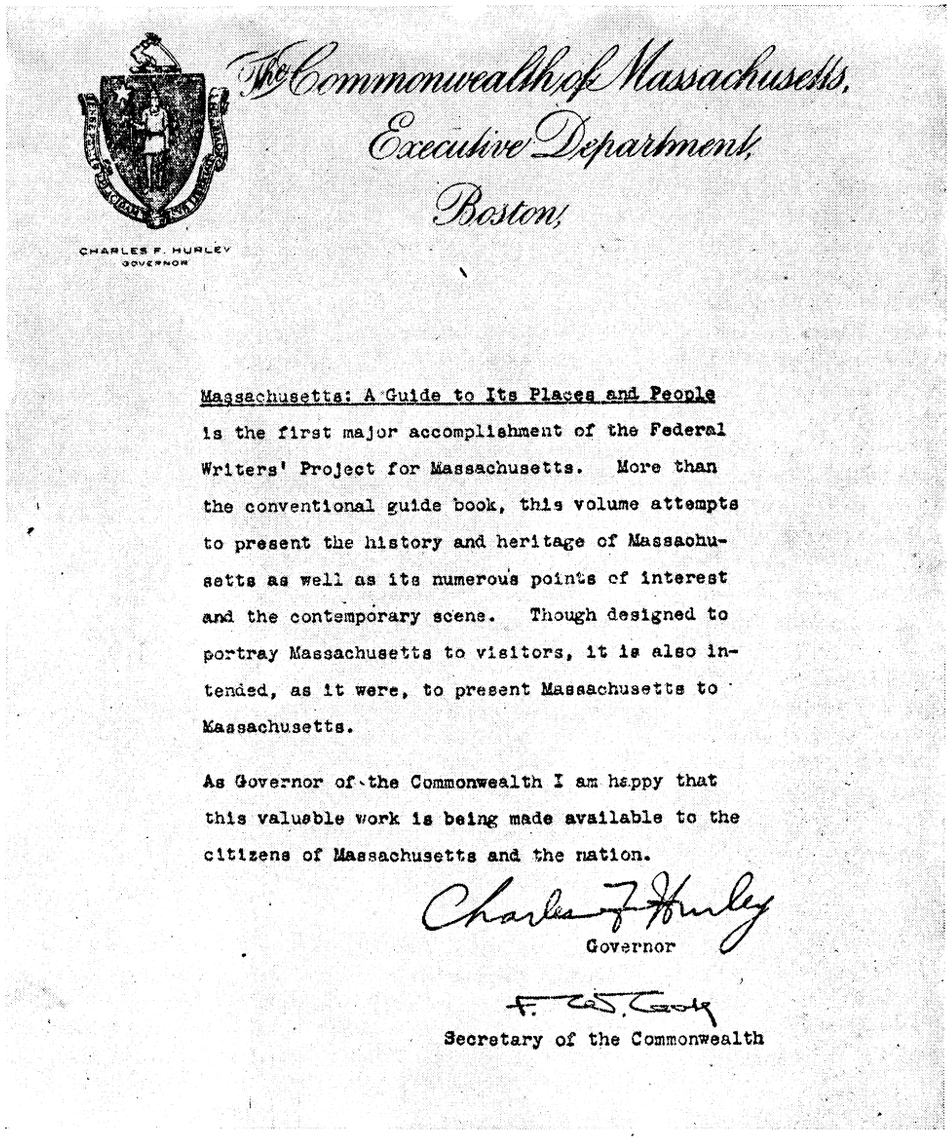
But recently His Excellency swallowed enough of his own cooking to make his political tummy uncomfortable for a long time.

It happened in this strange way—if my sleuths got the dope right. The boys of the Massachusetts writers' project announced that at last they were about to give birth to a book—*the book*. It was long overdue, twice the nine-month period, but—so they claimed—it was worth it. The book was going to be a marvel—the Book with Everything in It.

Well, the brag went the rounds, and sooner or later (much, much sooner than later) Cheshire-faced Bob Linscott of Houghton Mifflin convinced Prexy Greenslet (of same H.M.) that they could get a cut in on the profits of the depression baby if they offered to dress it in good type, ornament it with gravures, and swaddle it in fine binding. Greenslet is not superstitious (he carries a cane as a charm), but just to make certain that nothing went wrong during the delivery, he suggested that His Excellency be invited to act as godmother.

That was when His Excellency smelled duck soup, and his mouth began to water. But His Excellency is not a member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hibernians for nothing. He could figure out that there was a way to eat one's duck soup and still have it. It's really just an Ancient and Honorable trick. Here is how it works.

His Excellency calls in the secretary of the commonwealth and asks him to hold the bag. The secretary, in turn, calls in Mr. Nobody (politically speaking) known as Mr. Nutting. Nutting sponsors the book, but his name, by agreement, is to be buried in very small type on the copyright page. The secretary is to be placed on the title page as if he were the author of the book. His Excellency is to write a letter on official stationery to be photostated and placed smack in the front of the book. Now, if the book is all the writers cracked it up to be, His Excellency will get favorable publicity for presenting, to use his own words, "Massachusetts to Massachusetts." The secretary will ladle out a dishful of duck soup for himself. But on the other hand, if anything goes wrong, His Excellency throws the blame on the official sponsor, and he in turn blames the real sponsor. Score: His Excellency is praised for coming to the rescue of the fair name of the commonwealth, and his own name is immediately whispered in the same breath with 1940; the secretary keeps a dignified silence; and Nutting—gets a pain in the neck.



CHARLES F. HURLEY
GOVERNOR

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Executive Department,
Boston,

Massachusetts: A Guide to Its Places and People is the first major accomplishment of the Federal Writers' Project for Massachusetts. More than the conventional guide book, this volume attempts to present the history and heritage of Massachusetts as well as its numerous points of interest and the contemporary scene. Though designed to portray Massachusetts to visitors, it is also intended, as it were, to present Massachusetts to Massachusetts.

As Governor of the Commonwealth I am happy that this valuable work is being made available to the citizens of Massachusetts and the nation.

Charles F. Hurley
Governor

Secretary of the Commonwealth

The letter he did not write about a book he did not read

The governor then wanted to know what he ought to say in this letter that was to appear as a preface. The writers volunteered to write it for him. The smart governor then signed a letter he did not write, for a book he did not read.

Well, when all the papers were signed and the Houghton Mifflin board began to rub its Yankee palms and prayed, the baby was painfully delivered.

And, blimey, if it wasn't just the kind of pippin the boys said it would be! Of course, it's easy to be wise after the fact, but even without sleuths it could have been predicted. Conrad Aiken wrote a lot of that stuff. So did the brilliant young novelist Merle Colby. So did Jeremiah Digges of *Cape Cod Pilot* fame. But even at that it was a surprise.

In Washington, meanwhile, they were casting lots as to who should swim into the limelight on a swan. It was agreed that the very first copy of the book should be given to His Excellency. No, not given, but presented. No, not presented, but tendered in a presentation ceremony. Which was just what His Excellency had prayed for.

The date was set: August 17. The hour:

12:30 p.m. The place: "The Beacon Hill Museum," otherwise known as the State House.

His Excellency and his entourage were waiting, eyes on their watches. In flew from Washington Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward, Harry Hopkins's assistant-in-progress. She brought with her a canned speech and her White House smile. She was accompanied by the Massachusetts W.P.A. administrator and his army title, the federal director of the writers' project, and a lot of other directors, not to mention various little dignitaries of organizations who always appear like Monday fillers in the newspapers. All were followed by cameramen and newshawks.

The stage was set. The bell, metaphorically speaking, rang. The curtain, euphemistically speaking, went up. Everybody around the walls folded their arms behind their backs and solemnly stood by. The governor licked his lips and waited. On went the White House smile as Mrs. Woodward extended her right hand with the book, appropriately bound in pigskin for the governor. His Excellency stretched out his moist palm. But she pulled the book back out of his reach just in time.

"Coming here this morning it occurred to me—" she began. That speech was, of course, not a happy thought of the moment. It had been rehearsed, undoubtedly, for days. As the speech went on and on, she raised the book dramatically and offered it to His Excellency. He made a pass for it. But it eluded him and was withdrawn to the lady's bosom. His Excellency began to look disgusted. Ex-Good-Looking went on with her talk. Several times the book came dangerously within the reach of His Excellency. But each time it escaped him like the lady who couldn't be kissed. At last the speech was over, and the pigskin was in the governor's hand.

AND NOW His Excellency began to make *his* "impromptu" speech, ending with the promise that he would make it his solemn duty to see to it that every library and every school in the commonwealth had a copy of "this valuable work."

The happy delegation (happy the ordeal was over) trailed out. The federal director, who was entirely forgotten during the ceremony, didn't let on how he felt. But the party was over, no matter whose feelings were hurt. The date, however, was still August 17.

The trouble with duck soup addicts is the same as with addicts of blondes. Once they get the yen, it's blondes today and blondes every day. And while His Excellency just got through being photographed accepting the guide, he furrowed his brow in worriment. Because before the W.P.A. officials had cleared out of his office, he and his scribes were already stewing about the expected American Legion convention in New Bedford, only two days away. They began to labor on his speech. This time it had to be really good. It was estimated that the Legion would arrive in full strength. And each candidate controls a couple of votes. You know how it is, two and two make four, four and four—before very long that counts up to a lot of votes. And elections, as the politicians are wont to say, come only too often. The governor's speech had to be at least as good as the Teachers' Oath Bill. You know, to make the boys wish their governor was a senator, and their senator a president.

Well, as if by an act of God, someone opened the newly received and pigskin-bound Guide with Everything in It. And, as Harry Hansen later put it, "Sacco and Vanzetti pop up in unexpected places."

UNNATURAL HISTORY

Perhaps the most baffling phenomenon in the bird world is the British fog-hawk (*Diplomaticus slickus*). In particularly misty weather it can be observed flying backwards in all directions over the European countryside. Carefully laying eggs in other birds' nests, it proceeds to London, the breeding ground. Due to its method of flying and constant variation of plumage, it is impossible for an observer to know in what direction it is going or just where it is going to land. When aroused by attacks on its overseas eggs, it will swoop upwards, emitting loud sharp notes, then fly backwards in ever decreasing circles until it finally disappears up its own orifice.—JOHN MACKEY.

That is how it happened that less than twenty-four hours after His Excellency had solemnly promised to see to it that every school child became acquainted with the contents of the guide, he delivered a blast against it. His first cannonade was fired at the book for giving ringside seats to a couple of Italians that official Massachusetts had been trying very hard to forget for fully ten years. But it was soon discovered that the guide was a little like the Koran—the more you read *in* it, the more you could read *into* it. And they read, and discovered an essay on labor that was, according to the complaint of one newspaper, friendly to working men. Why, it was argued, should labor be discussed in a book about Massachusetts, which had failed to discuss mathematics, not to mention Baldwin apples? The hand of Moscow was now apparent—just what His Excellency needed so badly for his American Legion speech.

Then Willie the Pooh heard the news. That stuff was just right down his ditch. He smeared it all over his papers, front and back. And the other Boston papers (with the exception of the sedate *Monitor*) all fell into line.

The "guide war" was on. More than one thousand columns of space were devoted to this wicked book within four days. As might be expected, the charges quickly shifted from the contents of the book to calculations of how much it cost (in taxpayers' money). The boys on the project weren't at all coöperative. They refused to dish out dirt. The newshawks had to draw on their imagination. The attack rapidly spread on a thirty-mile front against the W.P.A. in particular and the New Deal in general.

Some newspapers began to have their fun. "At this crucial moment," editorialized the *Christian Science Monitor,* "Joseph B. Ely, former governor, rides out of the West to suggest a great book burning on Boston Common." Author Dorgan (author of the Teachers' Oath Bill) turned voluble critic overnight. Municipal Judge Leo P. Doherty posed for a picture showing him tearing the guide and tossing it into the waste basket. In fact, anyone who never otherwise had the remotest excuse or chance of getting his or her picture into the newspapers, could get it now by simply confiding to the reporters what they would do with the book if they had it. Confiscation of the book was seriously proposed. A "purge" of the "Reds" was urged.

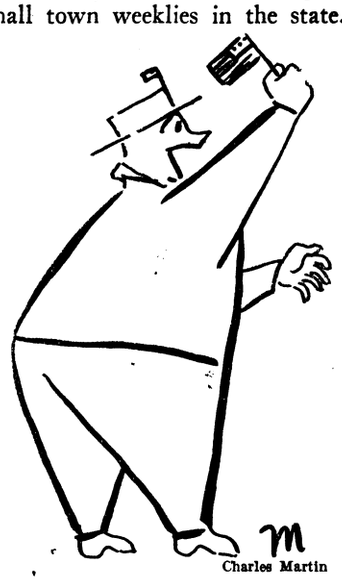
His Excellency in full American Legion regalia thundered his threat. Willie editorialized about Biting the Hand That Feeds You. He presented the gory picture of how the writers' project that was intended for NEEDY people of AMERICAN BIRTH was taken over by some FOREIGN Reds who chose to GNAW THE HAND that fed them. Blood was dripping from every line, the blood of the poor taxpayer who spent billions of dollars just to satisfy these fiends who, according to one article, deliberately became fine writers just to attain their evil purposes. One Hearst paper presented a hawk-nosed dame (inset) reading a guide, and the entire front page showing the, presumably, same dame throwing something on a dump heap. Underneath came the important news: "W.P.A. BOOK DUMPED! Mrs. Marion G. Graham, Andover society matron, prominent Republican leader, inset circle, reads W.P.A. Bay State guide book, with its slurs on Massachusetts, getting madder and madder, and finally throws it, above, into Mile Road, Dorchester, dump of Colleman Disposal Co. Governor Hurley said he would ask President Roosevelt to discharge authors of book and demand was made state police seize all copies."

(The real news in this piece was missed by everyone. Here was a society dame who did her reading on the "dump of Colleman Disposal Co.")

Sponsor Cook, who had read the manuscript of the book as well as the page proofs, kept silent. But the governor talked freely. At first he claimed that he hadn't read the book (which was evidently true), but he soon realized that that was a blunder. So he announced that the book had been changed after he had read it. "GUIDE CHANGED BY REDS ON W.P.A. Gov. Hurley Charges Offending Chapters Inserted After He and Washington Officials Read Proof."

Without communicating with the writers' project or anyone connected with the federal government, the governor appointed his own censor, the state librarian, political-appointee Dooley. For several days Dooley was in the newspapers pictured reading and condemning the book. Ten days later, the press reported, he turned in a six-and-one-half page condemnation. It was never made public. It is rumored that when the governor received it, he fumed. The Dooley report had simmered down to nothing. He ordered his appointee to go back and make out a real case against the "Reds." Ten days later poor Dooley presented a ten-page report. But the new report has also been kept very confidential. It is rumored that not even Sponsor Cook has been allowed to see a copy. The reasons are not hard to guess.

The governor, by now, undoubtedly wishes he hadn't started this undeclared war. For while the guide has ceased to be front-page news in Boston, it still claims first place in all the small town weeklies in the state. They really are putting the governor in a very unpleasant position. Some mayors threaten to prohibit the book from their towns. Others threaten injunctions. In Lowell the city librarian asserts that he will not allow the Massachusetts guide in his libraries, and just as emphatically he asserts that he has neither read nor intends to read this book. In Lawrence a city council representative requested of "the honorable members of the council that all sales of this book be banned." This precipitated "a brief verbal tilt" between Mayor Walter A. Griffin and City Clerk John J. Daley. After reading the representative's request, "City Clerk Daley remarked that the story of Lawrence in the book was true. Mayor Griffin rather heatedly remarked that it was not true and that it was not the clerk's place to be expressing opinions in the council meetings. City Clerk Daley stated that it was true about the local textile strike." He should know. He was a textile worker himself. The motion was tabled.


Charles Martin

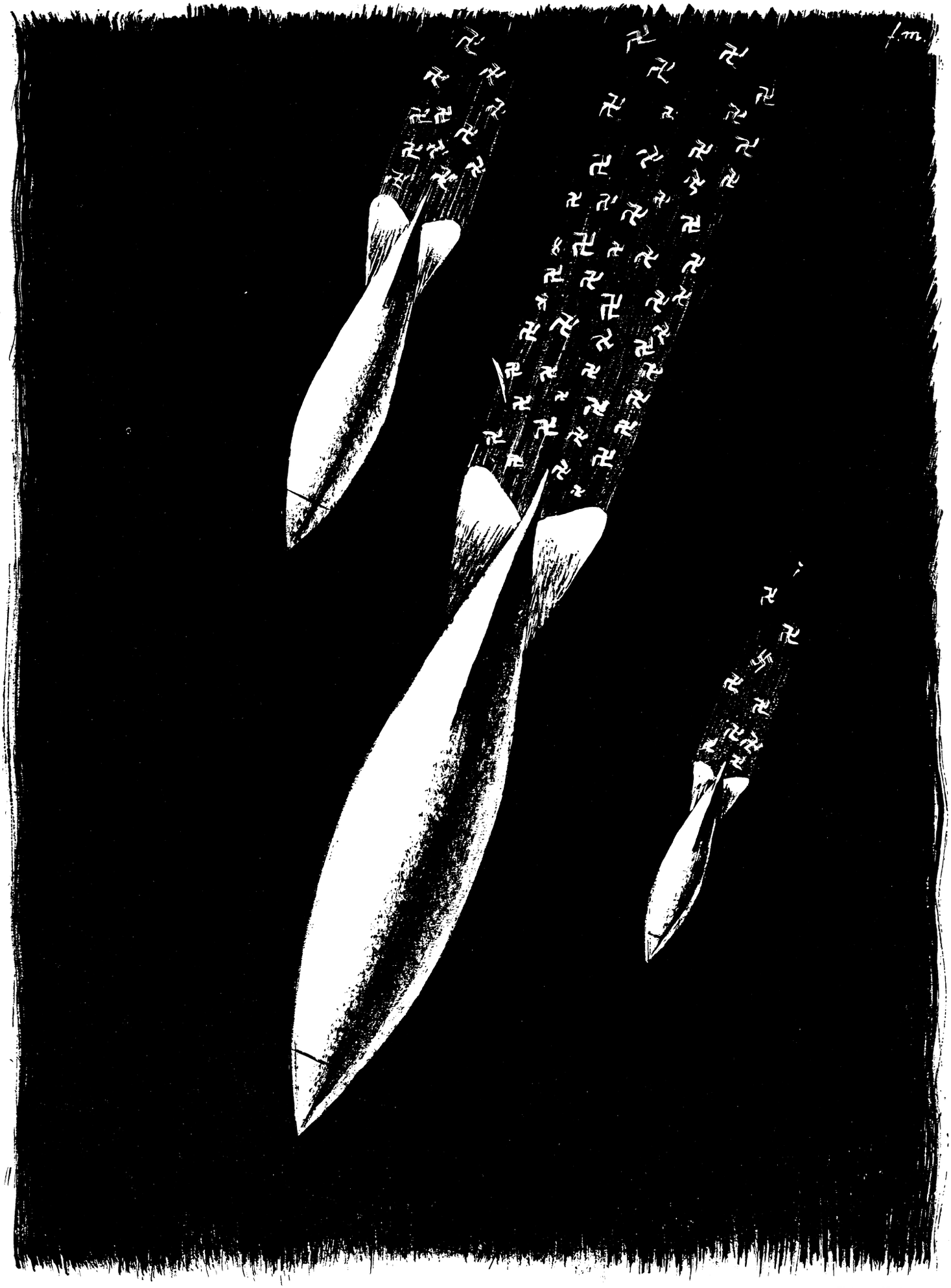
All through this "guide war" the book sales were reported "excellent." Several book stores reported it as a best seller. *Publishers' Weekly* placed it as the third finest book published for the month of August. Washington maintained an amused silence. They had never received an official complaint about the book, and considered the chapter closed when Mrs. Woodward said "ta-ta" to His Excellency.

But now the first edition has sold out, and the press reports that the publishers are eager to get the second printing of fifteen thousand going. And the governor is in a dilemma. He can't back down and take his preface out of the book and frame it; and he can't move forward and get the book revised as he threatened to do. But being a member of the Ancient and Honorable, he pulled another rabbit out of his hat. He demanded a list of all the workers on the writers' project and a statement as to who wrote what. The implications are clear. The governor will level his attack on a few individuals on the project.

Time is against him. With every passing day his position becomes more ludicrous. He got his duck soup, but the voters who once elected him are getting suspicious. They are beginning to think the whole affair a publicity stunt on the part of some politicians, that has nothing to do with the merits or demerits of the book. After all, how are they to know? They haven't read the book. Now some Harvard liberals come along and say that they did read it and liked it. The whole affair is getting curiouser and curiouser.

Great secrecy surrounds the whispered conferences between the sponsor and the publisher. The second edition of the book, it is rumored, has gone to press. Will it appear revised to suit His Excellency? Probably not. Will the governor's "preface" still be in? Probably not. Will His Excellency get some more duck soup out of this affair? Probably not. It would seem that His Excellency had his fill of duck soup out of this affair.

Some sleuths think he had a spoonful too much. And if he gets a little more, he's likely to be a gone goose.



Fletcher Martin

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Trends in the Legion

CONFLICTING tendencies run all through the report made to the American Legion convention by the retiring national commander, Harry Colmery. There was a clear denunciation of the Nazis' attempt to gain power in the United States "to save us from communism." This went together with a confused lumping of Communists with the anti-democratic forces of Hitler. There was a warning against allowing the Legion to become a tool of strikebreaking agencies, mixed up with a suggestion that the Legionnaires could be deputized "as citizens, not as Legionnaires, to defend property and law and order"—which opens the door wide to an anti-labor position. There was determined opposition to war with a call for a peace convention, but no analysis of the war-breeding situation brought about by the aggression of the fascists. There was an implied criticism of President Roosevelt's proposal to curb the Supreme Court's power to override the will of the people.

Obviously Colmery's report was an attempt to meet the views of all sections of the Legion. It represents a distinct advance over many previous Legion reports. It approaches the labor issue gingerly, if confusedly. It is in the main a defense of democracy against fascist encroachments. The question is how democracy can best be defended, and on this central point the Legion is in need of education rather than in a position to dispense it.

The Black Case

THERE is more than one issue involved in the controversy about Justice Black. It is altogether possible to demand that Justice Black clear himself of the charge of being a Klansman or resign while recognizing that his accusers themselves constitute the most dangerous reactionary coalition in America. It is altogether possible to denounce any connection which Justice Black has or had with the Ku Klux Klan while recognizing that the Hearst-Liberty League propaganda machine which raised the issue was not interested in saving the Supreme Court from a possible Klansman. Rather, they were concerned with smearing that portion of Black's record which was progressive and starting a counter-offensive against the Roosevelt administration.

Justice Black has not yet spoken. His silence does not make things any brighter for him, but final judgment on the truth of the charges must wait until he speaks up. Labor and all progressive-minded people can have nothing further to do with him, except to demand his immediate resignation, unless he makes the most categorical and sweeping repudiation of the Klan and all its works. An organization which is guilty of so much barbarous and criminal persecution of the Negro people and other minorities in this country cannot be tolerated in any form. Still, it remains to be said that while what Justice Black said or did eleven years ago is important, what he believes in and stands for now is more important. In 1926 Black may have had the wrong kind of friends. It is certain that today he has the right kind of enemies.

No matter what Justice Black says in answer to his accusers, it remains a fact that the campaign against him has been started and prosecuted by the very economic royalists who were decisively trounced last November. The hypocritical shouters about Black's membership in the Klan are the very ones who today are using Klan tactics against labor's right to organize. They do not attack Black in order to advance liberalism and democracy in this country. They attack in order to strengthen reaction, bigotry, and intolerance.

Roosevelt's Speech

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech on the anniversary of the Constitution was notable not so much for the new things he said but for the determination with which he reiterated old ones. He was in good form, and many of his shafts at the legalistic corruption of the Constitution and the illegal usurpation of power by the Supreme Court were stinging. It is significant that he spent relatively little time glorifying the past. His main emphasis was on the present. The same speech might by and large have been made in the midst of the fight over the Supreme Court during the last session of Congress.

There is an important identity of viewpoint between the President's speech and Louis B. Boudin's article on the Constitution in the last issue of the NEW MASSES. Both agreed that there are really two Constitutions, one which reactionaries have "interpreted" in order to impede and restrict democratic processes and the other which was intended to establish and safeguard democratic processes. Mr. Boudin expressed this idea in his concluding injunction: "Save the Constitution by depriving the Supreme Court of the power to pervert or destroy it!" President Roosevelt fully implied as much throughout his speech, especially as exemplified in his concluding words: "I ask that they [the American people] exalt the glorious simplicity of its purposes rather than a century of complicated legalism." To go back to the original intentions of the constitutional fathers on the Supreme Court means to strip the Court of its power to declare enactments of Congress unconstitutional.

Why the S.P. Declines

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is fifty-five thousand strong and growing fast. The Socialist Party is at the lowest point of membership it has ever touched. Those who ponder on these two facts and seek the reason can find it in a speech made last Saturday before the Massachusetts State Convention of the Communist Party by Earl Browder. In a comprehensive survey of the general political situation, on the main theme of "Democracy and the Constitution," Browder discussed the recent policy of the Socialist Party. We quote this entire section of the speech, as a thumb-nail analysis of the leadership of the Socialist Party, which Socialists may study—with a graph of their declining party membership before them:

Our Socialist friends still, for example, think that they have moved over to the "left" of the Communists. They have the opium-illusion that by fighting everything progressive, and especially the Communists, they are fighting for socialism. They still do not understand that their confused sectarian position is discrediting their name among the masses, harming the cause of socialism, and objectively aligning them with the reactionaries.

How otherwise explain the absolutely fantastic mistakes made by the chief Socialist leader, Norman Thomas? You will remember that in 1933 we had the Blue Eagle brand of New Deal, a national coalition beginning with Wall Street and the Liberty League elements, and extending to the left to include everyone but the Communists, with many signs of fascist tendencies within it. At that time Norman Thomas found it possible, together with Hillquit, to visit Roosevelt, pledge support, and praise the New Deal as the best possible short of socialism and almost socialism itself.

But in 1935, when the Liberty League organized the Republican-Democratic offensive against Roosevelt, when the fascists turned on him—precisely that moment was chosen by Norman Thomas to also turn bitterly against Roosevelt, and in 1936 to make such a campaign that was officially welcomed by Landon and his aides as a help to them.

Up until 1933, Norman Thomas was an advocate of the League of Nations, at a time when it had the function only to preserve the Versailles Treaty.

But when Hitler withdrew, when the Japanese withdrew, when Mussolini defied it and stopped attending its Councils, when the Soviet Union entered, when the League became even if very inadequately the scene of a struggle for peace—at precisely that moment Norman Thomas turned against the League and began to denounce it.

Last year when the Socialist Caballero became premier of the Spanish Republic, we pleaded with him to throw the Socialist Party fully in support of that government, but he refused and was suspicious of Caballero; but when Caballero, proved inadequate, was replaced by Negrin, another Socialist premier, then Norman Thomas suddenly hastened to the support of Caballero. Such is the policy of a Socialist Party which refuses the people's front, and thereby becomes the plaything of Trotskyist and reactionary influences, losing the respect of all workers and progressives.

Fascists in the Press

WE are indebted to the Paris *Populaire,* official organ of the French Socialist Party under the editorship of Vice-Premier Léon Blum, for conclusive proof that a tie-up exists between certain American newspaper correspondents in Spain and the Franco insurgents. One letter, reproduced in the issue of September 7, is signed by a certain Ariel L. Varges, a Franco agent in Chicago, to Merry del Val, Franco's representative in Great Britain and former Spanish ambassador to that country. Part of the letter, reproduced in facsimile, reads as follows:

What you should do is to send an able man here for a lecture tour. It will cost money. Do the job in splendid style and hit the front pages at the time when the big drive for Madrid is launched. This will be excellent publicity to discredit the "mopping up" comment which will follow the entry into the capital. The best man would be the professor you sent to Talavera. I've forgotten his name—he is the chap whom Herrera drove to Merida at your request.

Packard's work is well appreciated in this country. The same is true for Carney of the N. Y. *Times.*

We do not know the name of the professor in question. But the newspapermen are easy to identify. Reynold Packard is United Press correspondent with the Franco forces. He has been one of the most brazen apologists for the fascist atrocities and a correspondent who never records anything but fascist victories. The other is William P. Carney, an old and valued friend of fascism whose poisoned pen is hired by the *Times.*

Gov. Earle Exposes Himself

GOVERNOR EARLE of Pennsylvania returned from Europe last week very hot against dictators. A few days later he put on a fine exhibition of pinchbeck dictatorship himself, by banning all showings of the *Spanish Earth* in Pennsylvania. That the governor is personally responsible for the ban is clear. The State Board of Motion Picture Censors had held up the *Spanish Earth* ten days, an unusual delay. The day after Earle came back he is reported to have seen the picture; the order banning it followed. And the only explanation given by the board, through Patrick Duffy, one of its members, is that the *Spanish Earth* is pro-loyalist.

Governor Earle is credited with strong presidential ambitions, and also with liberal leanings. He seems to be singularly dumb about what is involved in his ban on the film. If this picture, admittedly one of the best documentary films ever made, is banned because it is "for" the Spanish government —then whom is Governor Earle for? Doesn't he know that the Spanish government is fully recognized by the United States government as a friendly power? And is he completely unaware of the great groundswell of liberal and progressive thought in this country which supports the cause of Spanish democracy?

The NEW MASSES has previously remarked on Earle's disregard for ordinary civil liberties, as exemplified in his banning of *Spain in Flames* last spring. This is his blind spot, and like all spots of organic origin, it seems to be growing steadily. A governor with a presidential bee in his bonnet—and with hopes of gaining liberal and progressive support—has to do more than make speeches about the evils of foreign dictatorships. He has to avoid acting like a little dictator himself, and a dictator, moreover, who by his arbitrary action helps the fascists.

LaGuardia Blunders

THE New York primary settled some questions and raised others in that city's tangled political situation. It is still difficult to tell just what the ultimate line-up of forces will be because the scene continues to shift rapidly, almost from day to day. Senator Copeland's decisive defeat in both the Republican and Democratic primaries made his complete withdrawal inevitable. The defeat of three important old-guard Tammany district leaders combined with the Copeland fade-out has probably put the Sullivan-Marinelli-Smith leadership out of business. Whether Mahoney wins or loses, the Farley-Flynn machine will most likely be in a position to take over Tammany Hall in some sort of receivership.

The rapidity with which Senator Copeland and Leader Sullivan decided to drop the fight against Mahoney should not lead one to assume that the two factions have entirely repaired the rupture between them. More significant was Mahoney's first statement after the announcement of the primary results that now all factions have to get together against LaGuardia. It is altogether likely that, in the long run, a new Tammany will emerge, incorporating a good many of the club-house loafers and fixers of the old. The "new" Tammany will salvage as much as possible from the wreckage of the "old" in order to restore the same machine-politics under a new façade. What has happened is not a change in principles so much as a change in straw-bosses.

Mayor LaGuardia came out of the election the heavy favorite. His large write-in vote of more than 50,000 votes in the Democratic primary shows that his appeal cuts across party lines. For this reason, it is even more difficult to understand the mayor's endorsement of Red-baiter and strike-breaker George U. Harvey of Queens for reëlection as borough president. LaGuardia can gain very few votes from the Harvey followers, to whom he is already anathema, while Harvey will now try to crawl back under the mayor's protective liberal coverings. This will probably not succeed because the American Labor Party and the Socialist and Communist Parties have all repudiated the mayor's endorsement. The endorsement is not only a political blunder of the first magnitude. It is a retreat from the position taken by the mayor in his only speech before a Republican audience when he said that he had two nominations already and the third would have to come without begging.

One Big Company Union

THE company-union policy of the A. F. of L. leadership emerges on another sector of the labor front. In Hollywood, the cinema moguls are faced with an N.L.R.B. election to determine the bargaining agent for the film writers under the provisions of the Wagner Act. The producers have an unholy fear of any independent organization of writers and, foreseeing a victory of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America, have launched a determined drive to "force" trade-union status on the entire industry. Through William Bioff, representative of the reactionary International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, they have announced a comprehensive drive to bring all studio workers, from day laborers to directors, into one big happy company union ruled by the iron hand of Brown, international president of the I.A.T.S.E.

This is "industrial unionism" with a vengeance. The I.A.T.S.E. is dominated from the top and hasn't had a meeting in several

"Copy!"

years. Rumblings from below indicate a strong insurgent movement of militant rank and filers calling themselves the "White Rats." What move the White Rats will make in this latest development remains to be seen.

The Screen Actors' Guild, the Screen Directors' Guild, and the Screen Writers' Guild, the "Big Three," have made a joint statement warning the Motion Picture Producers' Association and the I.A.T.S.E. that they will continue to speak and act for their own membership. Acting independently, the Society of Motion Picture Film Editors (cutters) and the Artists & Illustrators have issued a call for a meeting of all the independent guilds. These include the Scenic Artists', Art Directors', Set Designers', Draughtsmen's and Interior Decorators' guilds as well as the big three and the company-sponsored associations of white-collar workers.

At this writing it is too early to prophesy a federation of guilds taking in all classes of workers not at present within the I.A.T.S.E. The whole Hollywood situation is in a muddle, but one thing seems certain: the I.A.T.S.E. and their producer-sponsors have bitten off more than they can chew. Militant trade-unionists within the I.A.T.S.E. and the various guilds will stage a conclusive battle to determine representation and control.

Slavery Is Back

WARREN COUNTY, GA., celebrated Constitution week in its own sweet way by canceling the Thirteenth Amendment and reëstablishing the "peculiar institution" which the Civil War was supposed to have shot out of existence. We have seen documentary proof of it in a photograph of a cotton field showing pickers at their back-breaking work with a farmer standing guard over them with a shotgun.

This 1937 version of chattel slavery is as much a matter of dollars and cents as was the ante-bellum variety. It seems there has been a labor shortage in Warren County and in nearby Glascock County as well. Warren County farmers are paying cotton pickers forty cents a hundred pounds. Glascock County farmers offered them seventy-five cents, according to Sheriff Hogan of Warrentown, "and a drink of liquor in the morning and evening." Warren County farmers rose to the occasion, not with a counter-offer of still higher wages, but by bringing out the guns. "There was no trouble," the sheriff is quoted as saying, "although a number of them carried guns and fired them into the air. They told the pickers there was plenty of cotton to pick in Warren County and asked them to stay home and pick it. They decided to stay."

Forced labor of this kind could not be maintained without the active coöperation of public officials. Aiding the sheriff in his support of the labor-exploiting growers is the W.P.A. in Georgia, which drives unemployed workers to the broiling fields at starvation wages by threatening to take them off relief rolls. There is no cellar whatever for wages in the deep South; with the organic alliance of employer, sheriff, and the W.P.A., there is no level to which living standards of workers cannot be driven. The next session of Congress will have to legislate on a program in which a wages and hours bill will occupy a central position. In other sections of the country a wages and hours law is of commanding importance; in the South it is a matter of life and death.

Unity in Rubber

TWO hundred men and women from the rubber factories distinguished themselves for militant, progressive, industrial unionism in the second annual convention of the United Rubber Workers' Union in Akron last week. During the past year they have brought their membership from twenty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand, and established collective bargaining with the bulk of the industry after a series of some thirty bitterly fought strikes. The big job remains of bringing in the fifty thousand rubber workers who are still unorganized; the convention concentrated on this.

Sherman H. Dalrymple, reëlected president by acclamation, warned the convention that the newly won conditions in the big centers like Akron, where the six-hour day prevails with the highest wage rates in the industry, could not be maintained while

hundreds of small, sweatshop factories scattered throughout the country continued to engage in some of the worst cut-throat competition at the expense of the unorganized workers. The delegates hammered out a new constitution and adopted measures which not only augur well for the men and women in rubber, but also indicate that the U.R.W. is by way of being a pace-setter in the labor movement.

Unity was the keynote and the convention strengthened and deepened it. The one or two dissonant notes heard in the convention were quickly drowned out in the harmony of solidarity which was the most marked characteristic of the parley. Allan Haywood, New York C.I.O. director, got a big hand when he told the convention that one of the best ways of preserving unity was to accord every worker the right to his own political beliefs and to look upon Red-baiting as a force of destruction turned against the whole C.I.O. movement.

The convention stood for unity in the labor movement on the basis of industrial unionism, and gave a practical demonstration of what it wanted by honoring Wilmer Tate, president of the Akron A. F. of L. Central Labor Union, who took the platform to score the A. F. of L. "brass hats and sleeping beauties" as splitters. "We're not fighting each other in Akron," he said, "and we're not going to. They may take my dues book away from me, but I won't line up with that crowd!"

The third big achievement of the convention was the forthright way in which it tackled the question of independent political action by labor, and here again rubber workers brought forth a practical demonstration by pointing to Akron, where a united campaign by all sections of the labor movement swept the primaries with a slate of Labor's Non-Partisan League candidates, eleven out of twelve of whom were nominated.

China and the Neutrality Issue

THE inconsistency of American policy in the Far East is one of the most ominous factors in the whole situation. A practical blow to peace, like the President's order forbidding government-owned vessels from transporting munitions to either belligerent, is quickly followed by an abstract defense of the principles of peace, like Secretary of State Hull's broadcast. Secretary Hull's broadcast is just as quickly followed by the American embassy's precipitate departure from Nanking.

While the President's action was not an invocation of the Neutrality Act, it was a step in that direction. All American shippers have already been warned that they transport munitions either to China or Japan at their own risk, and doubtless few will now run that risk. Nevertheless, Secretary Hull still found it possible to assert that "if the rule of law gives way to international anarchy, the security of this country would become seriously jeopardized" and, further, that "any nation which completely fails to show interest in, and to give support for, the existence of international order would lose its influence for peace and thus neglect its part in sustaining any civilized basis of relationship between nations."

Yet is not this latter just what the President's order leads to in practice? Japan has wantonly substituted the rule of anarchy for the rule of law, this time on a vaster scale than ever before. Its militarists in control of government policy have chosen deliberately to whip China into submission solely through superiority in the weapons of destruction. This can be achieved only in violation of at least two treaties—the Nine Power Treaty of 1922 and the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928—to both of which China, Japan, Great Britain, and the United States are signatories.

Indeed, the President's order is in some respects more frightful in its effect than would be the enforcement of the Neutrality Act as a whole. This order deals solely with armaments. It is well known that Japan is fully capable of arming itself but partially lacks the raw materials, while China has the raw materials but lacks a war industry. If the raw materials as well as the finished products of war were embargoed, the effect of "neutrality" would be somewhat equalized for both countries, though even in this case Japan would be the chief beneficiary. But the President's order explicitly omits raw materials though these might be affected under the Neutrality Act itself. The President's order thus enforces the very worst element in the Neutrality Act without actually involving the act itself.

Now, as the war in the Far East continues, the propaganda in this country on behalf of Japan is likely to become more intense and effective than at present. The Japanese government has already announced that it is sending a delegation of three—a business man, a "labor leader," and a newspaper editor—to sell its aggression to the American people. Japan has always been able to count on a number of correspondents, British by birth but in the employ of American papers, to convey the Japanese viewpoint here through the "news." Byas of the New York and London *Times* is an example.

This propaganda is likely to be quite subtle. The Japanese are satisfied with our neutrality legislation, for it works in their favor. The Japanese Foreign Office immediately announced that it was "highly satisfied" with the President's order. The Chinese government, on the contrary, entered an official protest, and Nanking official circles viewed the act as equivalent to a first-rate Japanese victory on the field of battle.

In this respect, the Japanese propagandists need simply to synchronize their propaganda with that of some pacifist and isolationist circles in this country. They need only to take advantage of the confusion rampant among those who believe they are serving the interests of peace, and they will succeed in whitewashing Japan's criminal aggression. The Japanese Foreign Office finds objective support considerably to the left—in the *New Republic,* for example.

A determined campaign has been waged by the *New Republic* for nothing less than full enforcement of neutrality. Its only criticism of the measure is that it gives the President some discretion in enforcing it. They would make it mandatory. Otherwise the *New Republic* has gone as far in its demand for enforcement as the most rabid isolationist. The latest reason offered is taken from an article in the *Far Eastern Survey* by William W. Lockwood, Jr. This article alleges that neutrality is not only sound but that it helps, if anybody, China rather than Japan. The *New Republic* hastened to adopt this view, which flies in the face of all the facts and the instantaneous reaction of those best in a position to judge, the Japanese and Chinese foreign offices. The Lockwood argument, briefly, alleges that Chinese trade is bound to be stopped anyway by a Japanese blockade so that the embargo on munitions for Japan is so much gained. It blithely takes for granted American countenancing of this blockade as though that were not the very point at issue.

Here lies the extreme danger of pro-Japanese propaganda. The Japanese Foreign Office is "highly satisfied" with neutrality, and so is the *New Republic* and a number of influential peace societies. The Japanese defend their aggression by accusing the Chinese of "lack of coöperation," and Dr. Arthur Deerin Call, secretary of the American *Peace* Society, just back from Japan, says practically the same thing. The Japanese, according to the doctor, are simply trying to induce the Chinese to trade with them. Under these complicated and confused circumstances, some hard thinking on neutrality is more necessary than ever—especially among those who honestly seek to keep this country out of war.

Terror in Puerto Rico

The regime of Governor Winship, protecting the sugar investments of Wall Street, has been responsible for a virtual civil war there

By John Buchanan

NOT all of your sugar comes from Cuba. Some comes from Hawaii, some from the Philippines, a little from Louisiana. A lot of it comes from Puerto Rico. The next time you put a lump of sugar in your coffee think of this.

Think of eleven gallant fighters against imperialism, lawyers, students, university graduates, leaders of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico. They have been buried alive for half a year in the medieval fortress of La Princesa, in the shadow of the ancient battlements of El Moro in San Juan. They have been held under bail totaling a quarter of a million dollars. As this goes to press they have been taken from La Princesa.

Under heavy guard they were rushed across the island. The cars they rode in rolled over mountain roads that reveal vistas of breath-taking beauty, between fields that at this time of year breathe the heavy-sweet scent of sugar cane. They were taken to the town of Ponce.

Ponce is one of the oldest towns on the island. It is one of the most Spanish. Physically, the twentieth century has scarcely touched it. In one of its ancient courtrooms the eleven men have faced a jury made up of plantation managers and *cipayos*. (A *cipayo* is a Puerto Rican who licks the boots of his American oppressors.) They are being tried for murder.

They are being tried in connection with the brutal police massacre that took place in Ponce on March 21, Palm Sunday. Just how eleven Nationalists, most of whom were not even present, can be responsible for the slaughter of eighteen helpless citizens by the police and the wounding of nearly two hundred more is a mystery that only Governor Blanton Winship and a few of his police tools can answer. Hundreds of police, scores of G-men, and "experts" of all descriptions have been working for months to prove the connection.

The trial, which began September 13, is an event of major importance. Its causes and its consequences touch the lives of millions of Americans. Yet you will *not* find the details in your local newspapers.

That sounds startling, but the reason is simple. The correspondents of the American press in Puerto Rico are Governor Winship's publicity men. Take Harwood Hull. He supplies both the Associated Press and the New York *Times;* and both he and his young son are on the Winship payroll. Hull is a prosecution witness in this trial.

That is why you see so little news about the struggle for Puerto Rican independence. That is why you see no news at all about the campaign of terror and intimidation that is being carried on by Winship and his clique, the rough and ready business agents of the sugar trust. Winship is particularly anxious to avoid publicity on this case.

From what news about the trial has come through, in the Spanish-language press, it is known that eleven out of the twelve jurors are self-declared enemies of independence. (Seven are Republicans, four "Socialists," one a liberal.)

Pérez Marchand, former prosecuting attorney (resigned) who conducted the first investigation of the "crime" now being tried, is a defense witness.

Hardly had the trial opened when it was announced that ten more Nationalists had been arrested in Guánica, sugar capital of the south coast. Nationalists are being arrested on every conceivable charge. Sympathizers are being arrested for the crime of collecting money for the defense.

One witness stated that he was not testifying of his own free will, that he had received a bribe from government agents, and that he had contributed the sum of the bribe to the defense.

IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND the war that is raging in Puerto Rico—for it is war as surely as Hitler's "revolution" was war—it is necessary to go back a few years.

The United States acquired Puerto Rico in 1898. A fact conveniently forgotten by most American historians is that, when we grabbed the island from Spain, Puerto Rico had already been granted autonomy. The act had been signed by the Spanish crown but was not yet in force, pending the outcome of the war. Then the American imperialists stepped in. Puerto Rico is still struggling to win some form of autonomy.

Ruth Gikow

Under American rule there were rapid economic changes. Small land holdings began to disappear. Spaniards who held larger tracts of sugar lands sailed for home, leaving American banks to buy up the holdings dirt cheap. Absentee ownership became the rule instead of the exception. Meanwhile there were "improvements." The American authorities introduced modern sanitation and hygiene. The birth rate went up. It is still up. A high birth rate means cheap labor.

There were also improvements of the mind. The great, benevolent power of the North prepared a program of enlightenment for its little, brown children of the South. "Americanization" was begun on a grand scale. It tried to extirpate the Spanish language by forcing Spanish-speaking Puerto Rican teachers to teach all their classes in English.

This has had several results. First, it has provoked bitter resentment on the part of most Puerto Ricans. Second, it has produced a small class of *pitiyanquis* or *cipayos*, who today are the native apologists for American imperialism. Third, it has produced a new, hybrid English-Spanish dialect to puzzle future etymologists.

The rapid expropriation of the native landowners, first the small and then the big, caught the Puerto Rican worker between the blades of an economic scissors. Deprived first of land and then of his source of home-grown food, not only did he have to work for the absentee landowner at low wages, but he also had to import all his food from the United States at shockingly high prices. Nothing was grown in Puerto Rico except export crops.

Cheated of autonomy when the American imperialists brought them "freedom from the slavery of Spain," the Puerto Rican leaders never ceased to struggle for political freedom. Finally, in 1917, they won American citizenship. The Jones Act provided for an elected legislature with limited powers. It gave Puerto Rico a resident commissioner at Washington, whom the Puerto Ricans have to pay for sitting in Congress without having the privilege of a vote. It left the office of governor to be filled by appointment by the President of the United States, and the governor was to appoint men to fill most of the key-

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positions in the insular government. This was something, but not much.

In 1919 a delegation of the Unionista Party traveled hopefully to Washington. At a hearing before the House Committee on Insular Affairs, they asked for a popularly elected governor. Began a curious game of pass-the-buck between Washington and San Juan, the island capital. Our peculiar form of bourgeois democracy supplies a perfect machine for the breaking of promises. One administration is not bound to keep the rash promises of its predecessor. And the Harding regime was noted for its promises.

In 1924 the United States Senate passed a bill giving Puerto Rico the right to elect its own governor, but no action was taken by the House of Representatives.

In 1926 the House passed a similar measure, but the Senate adjourned without taking action. By now this gesture has become so familiar that not even the most trusting *cipayos* put any stock in it.

The above bills were backed by the Unionista and the Alianza Parties, the then dominant political parties of Puerto Rico. The so-called Socialist Party of Puerto Rico, bowing to the necessity of assuming an "advanced" position, began to mumble vaguely about "statehood." It worked.

In 1928, on the eve of the depression, the insular elections turned into a Socialist landslide. The island voters, disillusioned with both the Alianza and the Unionista politicians, turned to Santiago Iglesias, leader of the Socialist Party, as their last hope for some form of autonomy. Their cause could not have been placed in worse hands. Iglesias, once a radical, is now working in a majority coalition with the quasi-fascist Republican Union Party. He is one of the bitterest enemies of the struggle for liberation.

So far the independence struggle had been carried on with all the amenities of bourgeois politics, and with Spanish courtesy besides. Militancy was lacking, there was not even any rough talk. Only the Independentista Party, a handful of young intellectuals, dared to talk of revolt.

THEN came the crisis. It served to speed up the process of expropriation that had been going on steadily for years. Large tracts of sugar land that were still independent and native-owned tumbled into the tills of the National City Bank and the Chase National Bank by the mortgage-foreclosure route. Absentee ownership grew until 85 percent of the sugar lands were in the hands of foreigners. Land starvation spread from the small peasant and the petty bourgeois to the upper strata of the native owning class.

Wages fell. Before 1929 the family of a worker in the sugar cane fields had only about two hundred dollars a year to live on. Now the *peones* worked for half of that, a third, whatever they could get. Half of the island's workers were unemployed. Before the depression, poverty was abysmal. Workers in Puerto Rico lived on a standard lower than that of the poorest southern sharecroppers. Now it was worse, indescribably worse for the masses of Puerto Rico. And the blessed birth rate that had come with American "freedom" was adding thirty-eight thousand new workers to the unemployed count every single, blessed year.

The Roosevelt administration, through the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration, has allotted between sixty and eighty million dollars to be spent on the island for relief. It has been found that, far from relieving the crisis, this paltry sum will care for only about half of the normal, annual increase in population. Early in the game, it was easy for the Puerto Ricans to see that government relief was not the answer.

It was easy to see that behind all of Puerto Rico's troubles lay one, big thing: the land monopoly. It was easy to forget that other causes were involved, causes equally a part of the complicated structure of the capitalist system. The time was ripe for a militant, revolutionary party to appear.

It appeared. It was called the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico and on its banner was inscribed the slogan: Land and Bread!

Because there is no mature labor and trade-union movement in Puerto Rico, it had certain special characteristics. It attracted some of the most brilliant of the younger intellectuals, mostly middle class youth. Pedro Albizu Campos, a Harvard graduate and a former admirer of Ghandi, became its leader. Though comparatively small in number, so great was the influence of the Nationalist Party that the other political parties, seeing which way the wind blew and fearing to lose their mass support, began waveringly to adopt the issue of independence.

Albizu told his followers that the sugar barons would never give the island further autonomy, or statehood, or, least of all, independence. There was no use in sending delegation after delegation to Washington. The only hope of the Puerto Ricans lay in wresting their island by force out of the grip of the monopolists. Albizu's movement swept the island. Complete independence became, and still is, the leading topic of conversation, the center of discussion in the newspapers, the uppermost thought in the minds of the vast majority of Puerto Ricans. And Albizu was right about the sugar barons.

Puerto Rico is God's gift to the sugar interests. There they can raise and refine sugar almost as cheaply as in Cuba and export it to the United States *tariff free.* The resulting profits are fabulous. The whole absentee investment in Puerto Rican sugar, for instance, is only about forty million dollars, yet in the years 1920-35 three of the big sugar companies alone made more than eighty million dollars in profits. Added to that, the same banks have a rich investment in insular and municipal bonds, a railway, a power company, and sundries. Three northern steamship lines do a rich trade in freight to and from Puerto Rico, sharing a virtual monopoly.

The demand for independence threatened this bankers' paradise. The danger brought out all the latent fascism. What the Liberty League crowd tried to hide at home, they did not bother to conceal in Puerto Rico. And they found their Führer in Major General Blanton Winship, LL.B. and LL.D. Experienced in the Philippines and in Liberia, he knew all the ins and outs of imperialism. A former judge-advocate general, he knew all the tricks and loopholes of the law. He landed on the boiling island like a pitcher of ice water.

WITH WINSHIP at their head, the insular police threw away their kid gloves and bought a flock of machine guns. Meetings were broken up. Nationalists were terrorized. In the fall of 1935 they killed four Nationalists at a student demonstration on the campus of the University of Puerto Rico.

Persecution drew more and more sympathy to the Nationalists. It became increasingly obvious that the foreign exploiters were willing to go to any lengths to protect their profits and made the Nationalists even surer that force was the only possible answer. Some of the younger element began to think in terms of direct action.

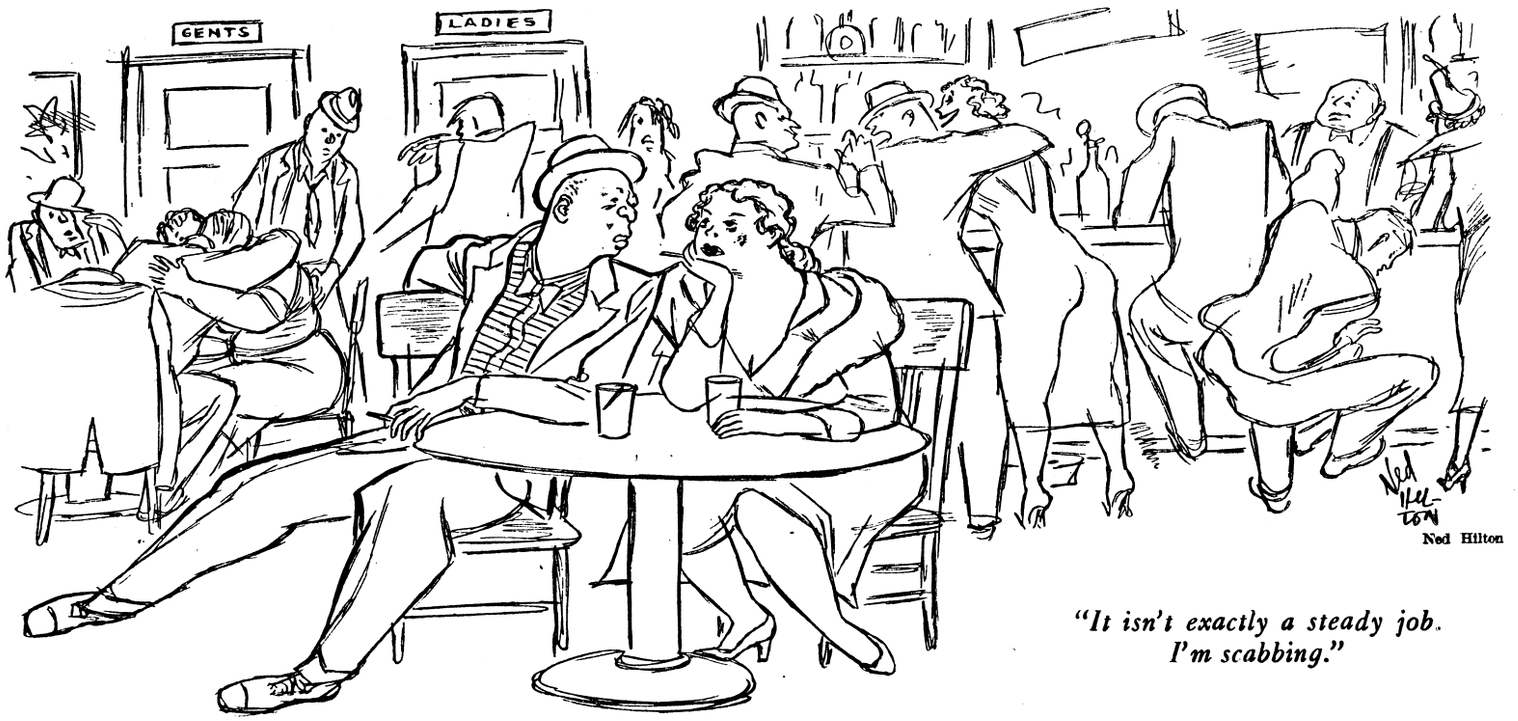
Elias Beauchamp, a young Nationalist, shot and killed Francis Riggs, the chief of police. Police immediately seized him and a friend, Hiram Rosado, whom they happened to recognize as a Nationalist. They took both boys to the San Juan station, and, on a flimsy pretext, killed them without the formality of a trial.

A political crisis resulted. In Washington, the Tydings Bill was introduced. The Tydings Bill was one of the crudest instruments of political revenge in the history of the country. It offered the Puerto Ricans independence on terms that were like offering a beggar a rope and inviting him to hang himself. The motive was to be rid of all talk of independence for all time. The Marcantonio Bill, introduced shortly afterward, did a little to neutralize the bad smell of the Tydings Bill.

But Puerto Rico was under a reign of terror. Police, national guard, and the regular army were mobilized on a military basis. Police hunted down Nationalists in every town and registered them like criminals. Permits for parades and meetings were refused. On one occasion police and soldiers surrounded a church and denied the people entrance. Pressure was brought on the newspapers. Radio wires were cut when a speaker said anything that might be construed as sympathetic to the cause of independence. Every effort was made to prevent the Nationalists from reaching the masses with their messages.

Civil service employees with independent sympathies were intimidated and hounded out of office. They were replaced with pseudo-American newspaper writers and others whose job it was to spread the propaganda of reaction. Political discussion was barred at the University of Puerto Rico. A lynch spirit was generated against all Nationalists. It was fascism at its nakedest.

Albizu Campos and seven comrades (the



"It isn't exactly a steady job. I'm scabbing."

Winship machine always knocks off its enemies in round numbers of eight or ten) were arrested and indicted on the charge of attempt to overthrow the United States government by force. Reams of patriotic propaganda were thrown out by the Winship scribblers. It has been said that the panel from which the Albizu jury was to be selected was carefully checked over by the prosecuting attorney and his friends at a cocktail party in the governor's mansion to see who was "okay." It is also said that the trial judge openly voiced his prejudice. The jury selected proved quite "okay" from the Winship angle. It found Albizu and the others guilty. Today they are serving sentences of six to ten years on that fantastic charge.

Some thirty-six hours after passing sentence on Albizu—so it was said—Judge Robert A. Cooper was driving across the Dos Hermanos bridge between San Juan and Santurce. It is a lovely spot for a murder. Any marksman who could hit the broad side of a barn with a pitchfork could not possibly miss his victim there. While the judge was on the narrow bridge—so the story goes—a car full of men drove up. Some fifteen shots were fired, none of them doing any damage. How the judge escaped is a miracle.

THE INCIDENT was supposed to impress the people of Puerto Rico and the United States with the fact that all the Nationalists were not yet out of the way. Some of the "maniacs" were still at large. That happened on June 8, 1936. Within the past two weeks ten Nationalists have been arrested and held for murder, accused of that "crime." The list includes, curiously, all of the important leaders of the Nationalist movement who do not now happen to be in jail on some other charge. It includes also, Julio Pinto Gandia, acting president of the party, who is in jail on another charge.

On March 21, 1937, Palm Sunday, the Nationalists tried to hold a parade and mass meeting in Ponce. They may have picked Ponce because it was as far as possible from the seat of the Winship government. Pressure was brought by the governor on the mayor of Ponce not to grant a permit. Nevertheless the mayor did grant a permit. Colonel Enrique de Orbeta, the governor's chief of police, rushed to Ponce to persuade the mayor to change his mind. With him he took the police of fifteen surrounding towns and, to use the words of the governor's report, "clubs, carbines, revolvers, tear-gas bombs, and some machine guns." His excuse for denying the permit was that it was to be a "concentration of military forces." In other words, some of the young Nationalists wore uniforms though none of them were armed in any way. The mayor changed his mind at the last minute when the parade had already formed and a crowd of hundreds had gathered to watch. The police surrounded them, outnumbering them two to one and blocking off the street in both directions.

In a supreme demonstration of cold nerve, the Nationalists decided to march. They would march in support of the civil liberties that had been granted them in 1917 and never (legally) revoked. The police cut loose with their guns. [For details of what followed see the NEW MASSES of June 8, 1937.]

The score was eighteen killed and some two hundred wounded. The police fired from so many directions that they were caught in their own cross-fire. Two policemen were killed. Maddened by the smell of blood and powder, or perhaps by the horror stories that had been poured into their ears by Winship stooges, the police ran amok, killing people who were three and four blocks away from the demonstration.

No policeman has been found guilty of any misconduct in the affair. Quite the contrary. Of Colonel Orbeta, who was responsible, Winship said in an interview with the press that he "is the best police officer I have ever met."

But eleven civilians are being tried this week for the murder of those two policemen, eleven leaders of the Nationalist Party, most of whom were not even present when the slaughter took place. The names of only ten have been released. They are Julio Pinto Gandia, Plinio Graciani, Tomás Lopez de Victoria, Casimiro Berenguer, Martin Gonzalez Ruiz, Elifaz Escobar, Luís Angel Correa, Santiago Gonzalez, Luís Castro Quesada, and Lorenzo Pineiro.

And the details have *not* appeared in capitalist papers. But whatever you read, whatever you hear, remember that it is Puerto Rican independence that is on trial. Also remember that the issue of the trial is baldly stated: profit for the Rockefeller-Morgan banks or—life for the people of Puerto Rico.

The foregoing events have brought the masses of the island flocking to the cause of independence. The Nationalists stand in the forefront of the struggle. In jail, under persecution, they have proved a stronger force than ever before. People of all classes have rallied to their defense.

But they realize now, those Nationalists, that their staunchest supporters have been the workers. They are beginning to feel that, if their movement is to be successful, it will have to become a part of the world movement of the proletariat. They are anxious that the loyalists should win in Spain quickly, gloriously. Why? They will tell you that it is because a victory for the People's Front in Spain would break the hold of the Casinos Españoles, one of the centers of densest reaction in Puerto Rico. It would make possible a people's front in Puerto Rico. With their eyes on Spain, they see that the problem reaches far beyond their little island. And there is a new party in Puerto Rico to help them toward that people's front and victory. It is called the Communist Party.

Remembering Isadora Duncan

Her stormy and generous career is seen as having been part of the democratic tradition in our art

By Michael Gold

DANCING is an art that dies with the artist. In America, there is a double death, since art, as an expression of the national spirit, is still rated far below the aluminum business.

There is a statue in New York to Samuel S. Cox, a minor congressman. But where are the monuments to Isadora Duncan? Does the younger generation of revolutionary dancers ever speak of her or remember the great pioneer?

It was ten years, this September 14, that the first creator of an American dance, Isadora Duncan, completed her generous and stormy life. Even before her death, she had begun to be "out of fashion" in America. The post-war generation in Europe was passing through its decade of shell-shock. Bourgeois war-makers had betrayed all the human values; and bourgeois artists, ignorant of the social forces that contained a heaven as well as a hell, found refuge and protest in a new ivory tower that resembled, at times, nothing less than a padded cell.

Here phantoms were mistaken for reality, and humanity was locked out as though it were an assassin. This was the period that substituted geometry and technique for emotion and the spirit; that celebrated ugliness and death, using sneers, angularities, perversions, contortions, and mystifications for its medium.

Some called the period a waste land; others spoke of themselves as the lost generation. But whatever the forms, over all the chaos snickered the bawdy, crackpot face of Dada, father of confusion and lies.

Europe had earned the right to such profound despair; in France alone a million young men had been slaughtered in the imperialist war. But what place had it in America, which had suffered little?

What right had any artist, American or European, to lose his faith in the people?

WE WITNESSED, however, in our country, the rise of an art, talented enough, but sterile because it had no roots except in Montparnasse. It was a negation of democracy, it was a complete secession from the American folk-life. Is it any wonder that during this time Isadora became a stranger in her own house, a naïve old devotee surrounded by the young philistines of a new sophistication?

Today some young revolutionary dancers continue the geometrical contortions of the post-war German Dadaists. They attempt to put the spirit of the native democracy into these strange and alien molds, and never know why they fail.

But Isadora Duncan did not fail; she had discovered a way of dancing democracy.

It was the old transcendental democracy of Emerson and Walt Whitman that inspired her. It is difficult today to realize what an effect she had on her time. The formal ballet of the czar's court ruled the dance world then; there was nothing else. Like feudalism, the ballet had frozen into a static pattern that put an end to expanding life. At its worst it was a matter of wigs, corsets, and acrobatics; at its best, it had the soulless beauty of a machine.

Isadora stripped off the corsets and wigs, and all the feudal artificiality. She rediscovered the flowing line of the Greeks, a line that was not imposed on the human body, but was its most natural expression. She brought

spontaneous joy back to the dance, the sunlight, the serenity of Mother Nature.

Hers was, I believe, a complete vision of life and revolution. Let us admit that the prewar democratic artists of her generation were utopian; the Carl Sandburgs, the Frank Lloyd Wrights, the Edward Carpenters. Perhaps it was because they had never faced the enormous and incredible brutality of this new period of war and fascism.

Their sin was generosity and a too easy faith in man. But it was a lesser sin against reality than some of the deliberate ugliness and despair of today, which allows itself to be crushed by the horrors of the struggle, and offers us no hope.

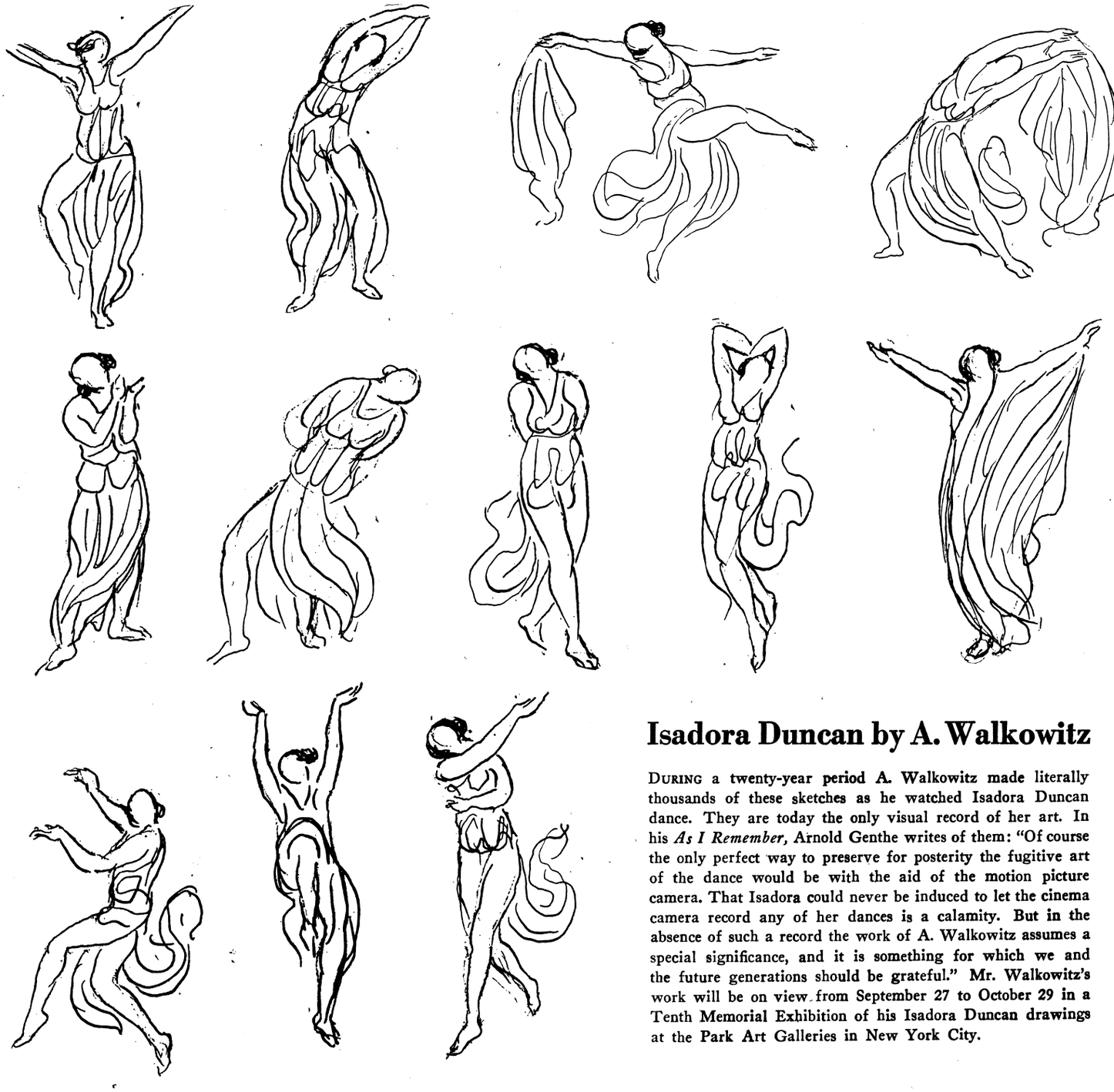
Marx said of the Proudhonists: "While they are still seeking science in their heads and drawing up systems, while they are only at the beginning of their struggle, they see only misery in the people's misery, and fail to realize the revolutionary side of misery which will overthrow the old society."

Isadora, in the darkest days of the Russian revolution, came out for it with all her ardent soul. But she saw more than misery. She knew that here at last was being born the shining world-democracy of the future. Her dancing was an attempt to create images of what this future would mean for humanity; a time when each human body would take on the splendor and freedom of the Greek gods.

Do our young revolutionary dancers and poets create such images of a new human beauty toward which the race may strive in socialism? To my old-fashioned mind, some of them need to go back to such American democratic sources as Walt Whitman and Isadora Duncan, not to imitate, but to learn an ultimate faith in the body and spirit of man. Emerson had it, but T. S. Eliot does not have it, and it has led him, as all such fear and hatred of the masses must lead, to the last negation called fascism.

We are Communists, because we believe in man. We are Communists, because the world was made for human joy. We are Communists, because within each member of the human race are contained all the seeds of perfect moral and physical beauty.

This is what Isadora Duncan said in her dancing. I am glad the NEW MASSES is remembering her—she belongs to us forever. And I am glad that Walkowitz, the artist who spent happy and devoted years recording the dancer and her dance, is represented in this memorial. All that I could wish now would be a dance festival by the young dancers in honor of Isadora to testify that struggle is not enough, there must also be a vision and goal.



Isadora Duncan by A. Walkowitz

DURING a twenty-year period A. Walkowitz made literally thousands of these sketches as he watched Isadora Duncan dance. They are today the only visual record of her art. In his *As I Remember,* Arnold Genthe writes of them: "Of course the only perfect way to preserve for posterity the fugitive art of the dance would be with the aid of the motion picture camera. That Isadora could never be induced to let the cinema camera record any of her dances is a calamity. But in the absence of such a record the work of A. Walkowitz assumes a special significance, and it is something for which we and the future generations should be grateful." Mr. Walkowitz's work will be on view from September 27 to October 29 in a Tenth Memorial Exhibition of his Isadora Duncan drawings at the Park Art Galleries in New York City.

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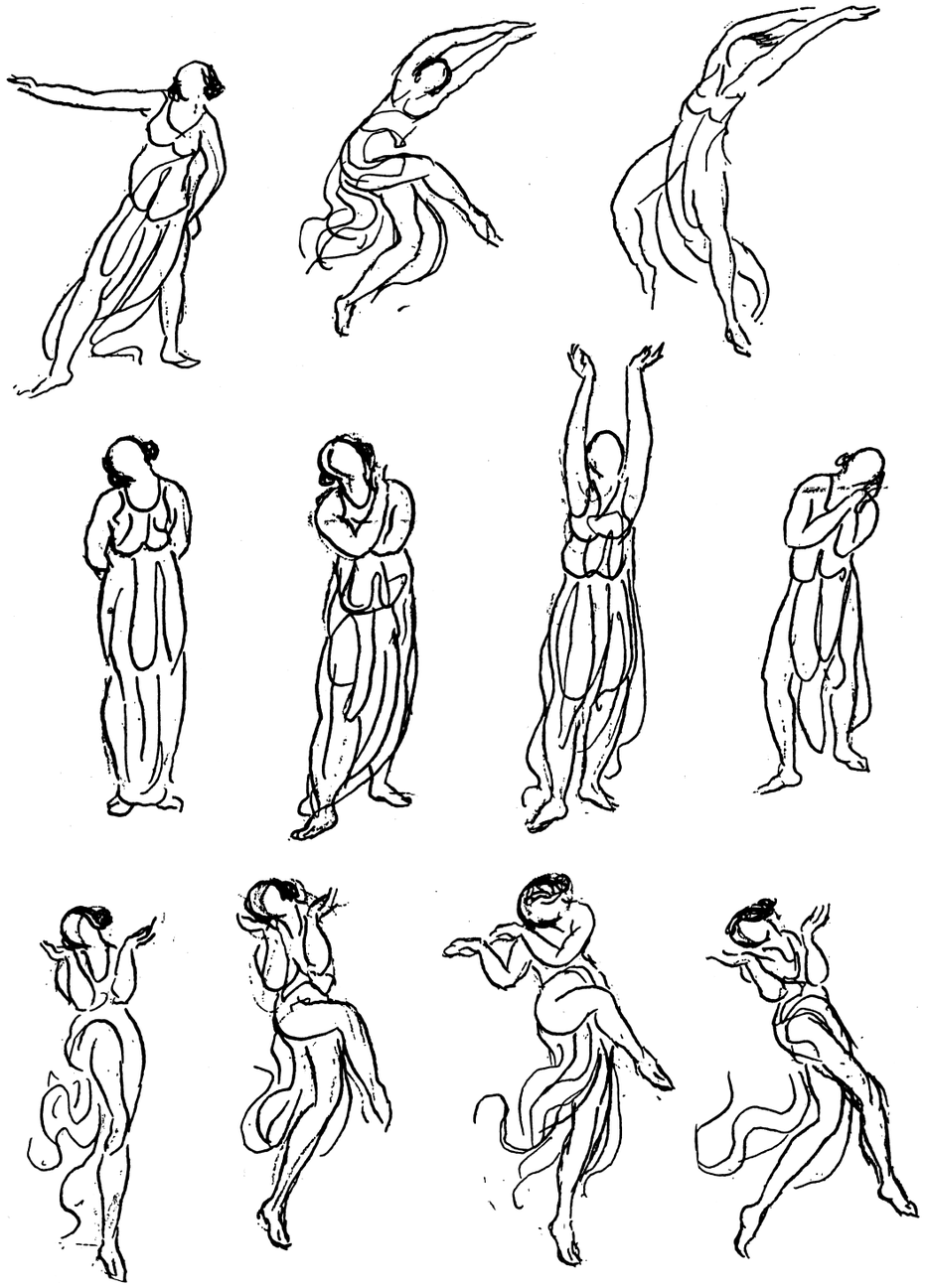

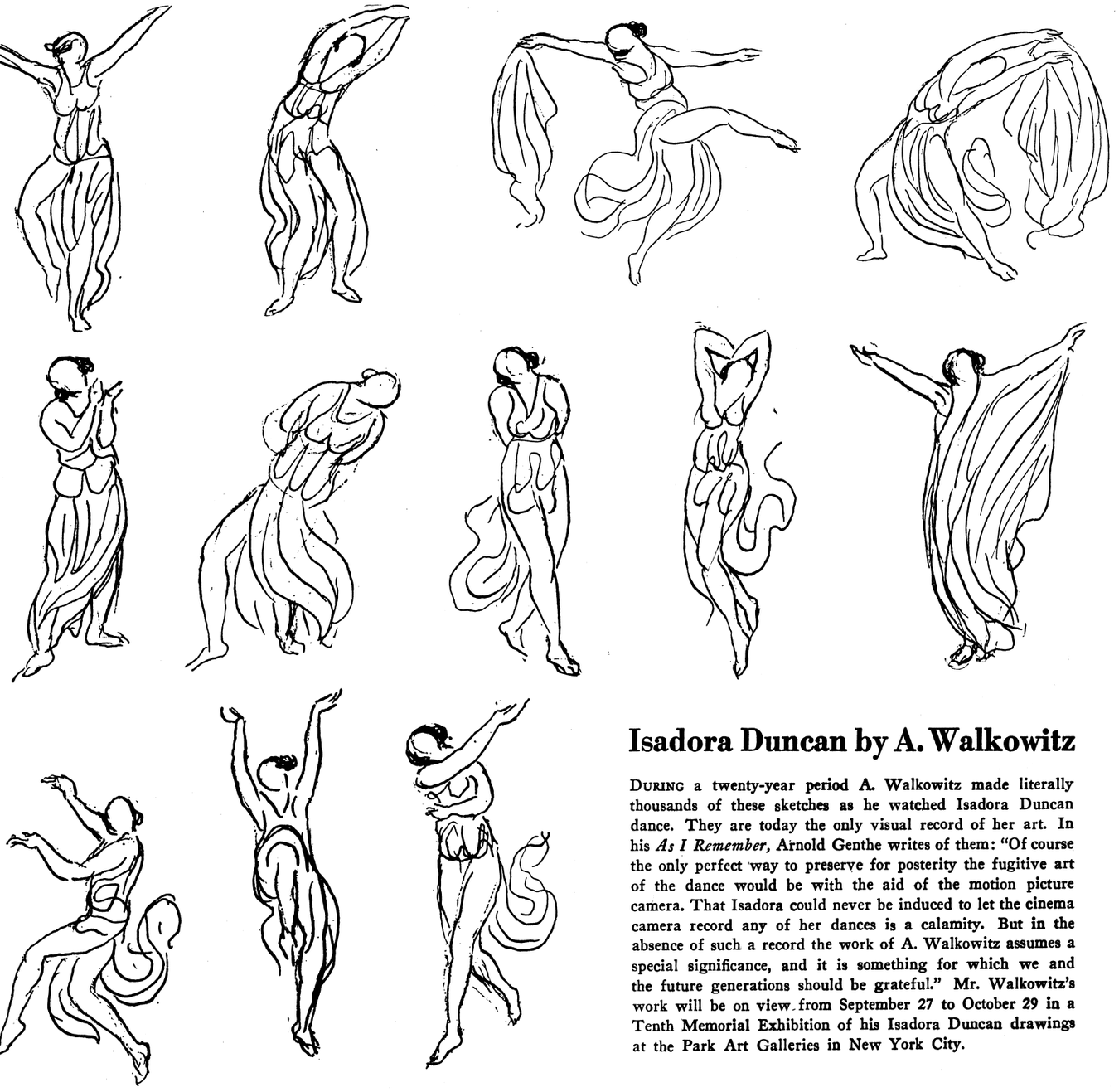

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Juan March—Franco's Money Man

A career of small- and big-time banditry has given him much to defend against the onset of democracy and social welfare

By David Loth

BEHIND the bloody horror of Spanish fascism with its junta of feudal generals and medieval politicians is a ruthless organizing intelligence that is as modern as poison gas. It belongs to Juan March, the almost illiterate hog farmer who became the leading racketeer and then the leading industrialist of his country.

The bombs that fell on Guernica, the shells that go screaming into the workers' quarters of Madrid, the bullets that massacred the best men of a province in the Badajoz bullring are the bitter fruit of his unremitting fight to overthrow the republic. Every missile that has carried death to a Spanish heart should be tagged "From Juan March to the Spanish people."

This man, whom one of Azaña's ministers once called "the republic's biggest single enemy" and whose role in fostering the revolt proves the justice of the remark, has kept himself almost entirely unknown abroad. Only a few casual references to him as one of the financiers of the fascist *movimiento* have crept into the press dispatches. But Spaniards know that in event of rebel victory Franco will bear the title of *jefe,* Spanish equivalent to Führer or Duce, but March will hold the real power.

The generals mouth such phrases as "national honor," but March has organized them to fight for something more tangible—for his fortune, the largest in Spain and one of the largest in Europe, for the political authority he lost in 1931, for new privileges that he can turn into domination of economic provinces that have not hitherto acknowledged his rule.

He has been the admitted economic genius of his party ever since he was financial adviser to the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, which gave the country a brutally repressive administration still remembered as ideal by Catholic Action leaders, landed proprietors, grandees, fascists, and big business interests, domestic and foreign.

An amazingly checkered career has converted this peasant's son into a champion of reaction. From the moment the republic was established on promises of many reforms, one of which was to shorten the stature of such giants as March, he has directed his resources steadily against all the parties on which the new regime was based. Part of the time he carried on his share of the debate from prison —the thunder of guns today is his last loud, illogical argument.

The prospect of March's supremacy in the feudal revival, which is the goal of the revolt, pleases few Spaniards. Their wealthiest compatriot, although fervently hated by the People's Front, has never been cordially welcomed by the aristocracy of land, birth, and trade. Yet his personality so powerfully affects his countrymen that they have invented enough tales about him to furnish the legends for a Napoleon. They have been unable to improve upon the delirious record of his actual history, which could be paralleled in this country only if both Andrew Mellon and Al Capone had been the same man.

NO WEIRD PORTENTS were reported at his birth sixty years ago; the supernatural plays no part in the March saga. In the little cottage at Santa Margarita on Mallorca his advent was as little heralded as that of the litters of pigs which provided his parents with the principal part of their livelihood.

He had the usual schooling provided by the church. That is to say, together with other boys of the village he repeated in concert stray items of secular or religious learning. These included none of the three R's, although March has since learned to sign his name, read a bit for profit if not for pleasure, and achieve phenomenal virtuosity in arithmetic. This last was of service when he embarked upon a career, for he became a dealer in swine.

At the close of the century March was known throughout his native countryside as a shrewd bargainer. From one farmer he would buy, after interminable conversation, two pigs. An afternoon's diplomacy worthy of an arms conference would result in the purchase from another of three or four hogs. When he had collected thirty or forty, he would take them to Palma, Mallorca's metropolis, to sell. There he discovered the racket that was to make his fortune.

This was nothing less than bootlegging, an old Spanish custom which *contrabandistas* had developed into an exact science generations before their American imitators made it notorious throughout the world. The only difference was that the racket was based on tobacco instead of liquor.

It began more than a century ago when the government leased to a private company the monopoly of selling inferior cigarettes and trashy "makin's." Smugglers hastened to embrace this new opportunity. Factories were established in neighboring countries, primarily in Algiers because of the obliging nature of the authorities and the convenience of transport. Fleets of small vessels ran the contraband to the Spanish shores. Beggars, waiters, shoe cleaners, porters, all sorts of humble folk were the ultimate vendors. They made a few pennies a day; the entrepreneurs made millions.

Mallorca is an island whose coast is dotted with isolated caves, coves, and inlets. It had, consequently, always been a smuggling center. So it was not surprising that March should have become acquainted with the racketeers. One of the rising young men among them, Jaime Grau, hailed from March's own village.

Grau introduced his townsman to bootleggers who were willing to accept the insignificant sums he could invest. It was still possible in Spain (as it was in England in the days of Drake) for respectable folk to back a slightly piratical venture for a share in the profits. But March was not content to trust his money to the business acumen and daring, not to say honesty, of others. Ignorant of formal finance, he instinctively knew that it is not the small stockholder who wins power and wealth.

He and Grau, perceiving that it was neither necessary nor desirable to risk handling contraband in person, formed a partnership. Both were ruthless without ferocity, calm, decisive. March, however, had more effrontery and daring. Soon it was remarked that the voyages he and Grau planned were safe investments, every contingency anticipated, every risk reduced to a minimum. The automobile, still new in Spain, helped. March was the first to see that police who plodded their rounds on foot were helpless against motor trucks. Men began to talk of the March luck.

Soon they began to talk of the March quarrels, for neither he nor Grau could accept the other as an equal. The ranks of the *contrabandistas* were divided. Gangsters who had worked in harmony for years began blazing

away at each other. One evening March was seen at the Palma Cathedral ordering masses, confessing, and offering prayers for the departed. He explained that Grau's son was the object of his piety, but it was not until several hours later that the young man was found in Valencia, a couple of hundred miles away, with a knife in his back.

During the World War the March fortune boomed more rapidly than any other in neutral Spain. In addition to fat returns from war industries in which he had invested the profits of bootlegging, his coffers were generally believed to have been enriched by both German and allied gold. The provisioning of German submarines in the Mediterranean was a lucrative business. Naturally the *contrabandistas* were the men for the job. But by a curious coincidence most of the undersea craft allegedly supplied by the March gang were almost immediately thereafter caught in allied traps.

Before the war ended, not even March's mathematical mind could calculate the extent of his riches. But he did not become a truly national figure until after 1918. Then Madrid quite suddenly became aware of him. His long, lean figure flitted through crowded anterooms into the offices of generals and cabinet ministers, ushered toward these inner sanctums by flunkies, who scarcely knew his name, with a deference that was hardly accorded to dukes. Later it was learned that March was using thousand-peseta notes instead of visiting cards. He was never asked to wait.

People spoke with awe of the palace he had bought in the capital. He furnished it with the treasures of some of the noblest houses in Spain. When a family rich only in memory and antiques needed cash quickly, March's agents were sure to be on hand. And when tourists came to gaze in awe at his palace, March was no less obliging than royalty, and in his h me the visitor to Madrid could view perhaps the most perfect example of the best period of Spanish interior decoration.

His keen, impassive face became almost as familiar as that of the king. It was also as easy to caricature. Cartoonists never wearied of exaggerating the large nose, curving down toward a sharply out-thrust jaw, and the inevitable big black cigar (on which full duty had been most scrupulously paid) jutting from the thin lips. Photographs were rarer, for March has the racketeer's dislike of a camera.

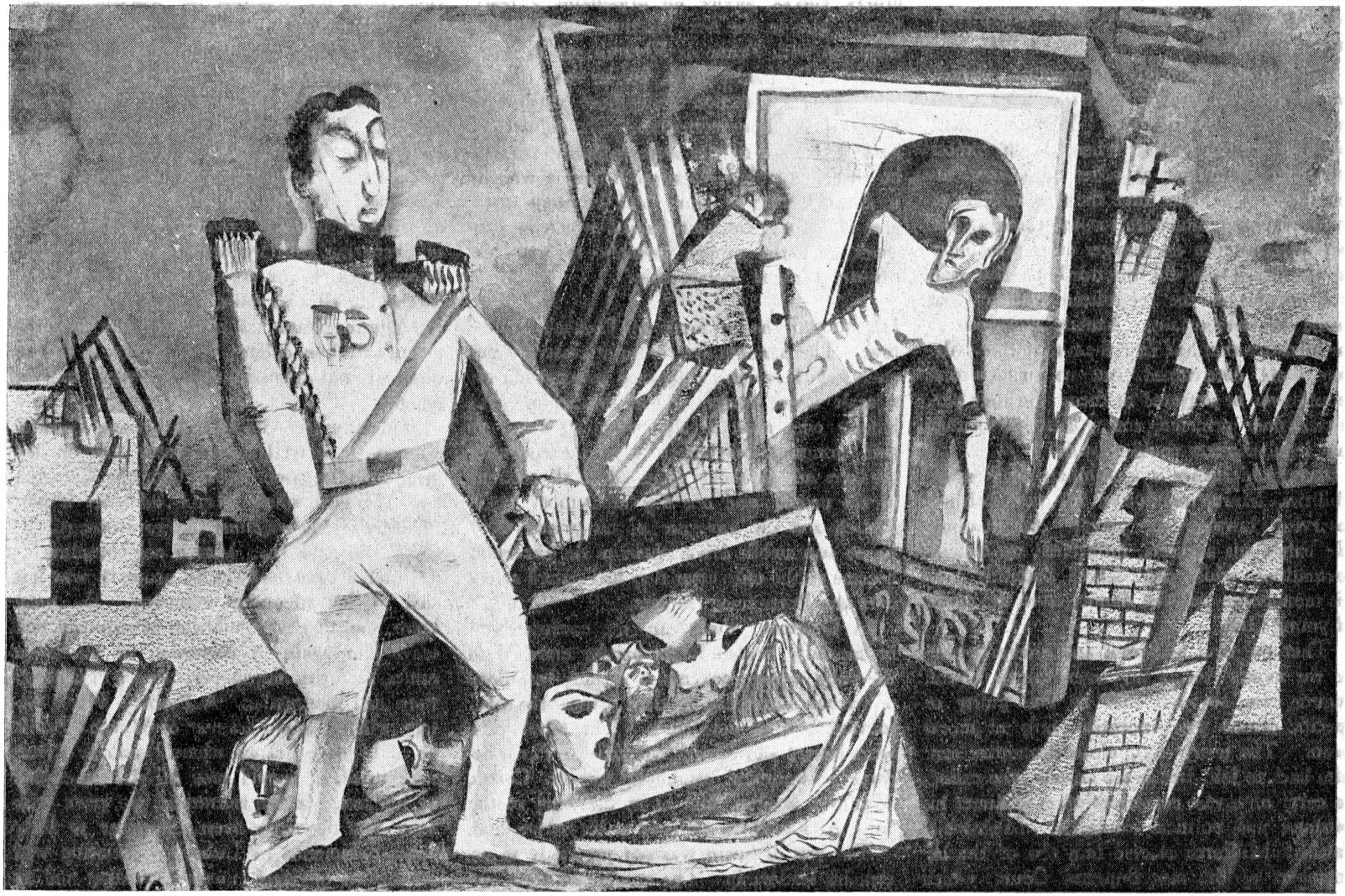
While tourists were marveling at his palace, the business world was startled by repeated manifestations of his commercial importance. His connection with shipping dated back to his ownership of smuggling schooners. Before anyone knew of his activity in a larger market, he became the majority stockholder of the most prosperous of Spanish steamship lines, the Compañia Transmediterranea.

Under his guidance it thrived impressively. It enjoyed a monopoly—March discovered that monopolies can be as profitable for the monopolist as for the racketeer who defies them—of the mainland's trade with the Balearic Islands and of the inter-island traffic.

March did his financing through his own bank, defended his actions in his own newspapers, including two of Madrid's leading dailies, and drove his factories with his own coal. The only Spanish industrialist of international stature, he had his finger, and his money, in the whole field of Spanish manufacture, particularly sugar, textiles, and heavy industry. The fear of his power, seeping upward from the underworld, had the curious effect of strengthening his position in business.

When Primo de Rivera established his dictatorship, he knew he would have to impress the benefits of his rule upon the land quickly or else fail. He undertook to settle what he and his class considered the two great domestic problems—labor troubles and contraband. Other governments had tried to persuade unions and crush smugglers. Primo decided to reverse the process. He turned the Civil

General Franco Among His Souvenirs J. Vogel



General Franco Among His Souvenirs

J. Vogel

Guard, the most efficiently ruthless of all police, loose on labor, and gave March the tobacco monopoly over Morocco on the theory that the biggest racketeer of all would know better than anyone else how to protect a monopoly.

Primo and his colleagues, professional soldiers whose idea of statecraft was a volley of rifle-fire whenever workers or peasants showed signs of asserting themselves, soon found March indispensable. His advice was relied upon in all financial matters. He used his commercial interests to support the dictatorship, and with greater effect used his political influence to foster his business. He was accepted at court. In gratitude for the friendship his sovereigns deigned to bestow upon him, he made his one venture into philanthropy.

On one of the loveliest sites of his native island he began construction of what was to be the finest hospital in the country. Millions were lavished on the magnificent building which was to be dedicated to Queen Victoria of Spain. Work was, however, stopped the day the monarchy fell. March builds no monuments to royalty in exile.

The republic, however, looked upon him with extreme disfavor and considerable apprehension. The socialist and republican leaders, who had been in jail or in exile while March was getting rich and making himself useful to dictators, noted with fear that he was called, even after the revolution, the "uncrowned king of Mallorca."

That island, strongly monarchist, elected him to the Constituent Cortes which was to frame a new constitution. The parliament was overwhelmingly Left when March, a most unwelcome reminder of other days, took his seat there. For some time the new masters of Spain regarded him with suspicion and at last they arrested him on charges of responsibility for the disasters of the dictatorship. But even in a revolution the republican leaders were bound by conventions. Acutely conscious of the injustice that had sent them to jail or exile, they were determined that no such wrong should ever be imputed to them. So they permitted their principal enemy every advantage that legal trickery could provide.

Arraigned before a Committee of Responsibilities, March conducted his own defense, reserving lawyers for private consultations. He baited his accusers, unfettered by judicial formalities, while they delved patiently into his monopolies, politics, finance, even the death of young Grau.

That the man had been and always would be the mortal foe of any even faintly liberal regime was obvious; that he was guilty of specific crimes was susceptible only of moral proof. The overly scrupulous committee sent him back to jail, free to see anyone who called, to carry on a vast correspondence, to direct his business and political associates. Meanwhile faithful Mallorca elected him one of the lay members of the new Supreme Court, which would in time pass on the March case.

As the months passed, the government seemed to have forgotten him, but he was not so careless. From his model prison went out orders, checks, advice for organizing a reactionary bloc in the next election. March had taken up with Primo de Rivera's son to form an avowedly fascist party, but he soon turned to the Catholic Action led by José Maria Gil Robles, a far abler politician. The industrialist-racketeer's activities were so openly carried on that this writer, then publishing a weekly in Spain, wrote of him: "All he needs is to find the proper uniform behind which he can work, and the proper moment to lead his country back to dictatorship."

William Hernandez

"The head of the service department is right beside me. He takes care of all such matters."

He found the uniform in Franco's wardrobe. The moment was brought closer by the energy with which he directed propaganda on a scale never known before in Spain. He bought over most of the press; an army of paid campaign workers covered the country; speakers and publicity appealed to all sections of the people; and one day in October 1933, March and the governor of his prison went for an automobile drive. News of the excursion became public only after they had passed safely over the Portuguese frontier.

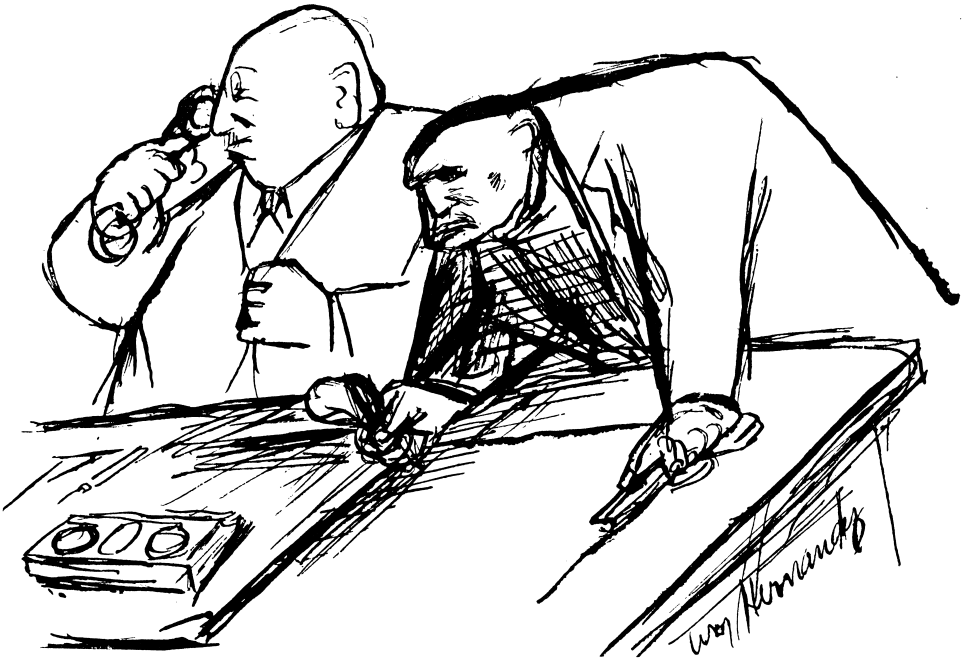
In December that year, the confederation of carefully drilled Right parties marched to the polls, whole convents at a time, battalions of women marshaled by their priests, the solid memberships of polo clubs. The republicans were routed and March, an exile in Paris, became a successful candidate for the Cortes, Mallorca sending him in at the head of the list. At Easter he returned to his native land.

The rest of Spain was not yet ready to accept his leadership. The republican ideal persisted, showing itself in the rising of October 1934, which was crushed with a ferocity that Primo himself had never dared. But even Moors and the mercenaries of the foreign legion could not suppress the workmen, peasants, shopkeepers, and intellectuals who were with increasing heat demanding the reforms promised in April 1931. When the People's Front was swept into power in February of last year, Juan March fled the country again, even before the votes were counted.

This time, he knew, only force could bring him back. He did not hurry. Carefully he directed the immense amount of work involved in preparing military stores, arranging with Moorish chiefs for the use of their followers, corrupting all who could be reached by money. *Fortune* magazine has estimated that he spent seventy million dollars in this way; a British observer put the figure at fifteen million pounds.

And only then did March unloose General Franco—it is well to remember that he had been military governor of both the Balearics and Morocco where March influence is particularly strong—against the government.

Madrid paid Juan March one compliment; the first decree confiscating property was leveled at his steamship company. He must know, too, that no republican government will leave him again in possession of his lands, mines, factories, newspapers, shares in corporations and monopolies. A People's Front victory will rid Spain forever of March. But if he could place Franco where Primo de Rivera once ruled, he would seize all and more than he has lost. In the meantime, the great racketeer flits obscurely from Gibraltar to Italy, from Salamanca to Lisbon, negotiating with Mussolini, advising generals, creating and administering rebel credits said to total one and a half billion dollars.



William Hernandez

"The head of the service department is right beside me. He takes care of all such matters."

READERS' FORUM

Nazis and anti-Nazis in Hollywood—An open letter to the son of the Duce

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Your readers will no doubt be interested to learn that two ambulances bound for Spain have started for New York this week. First, however, they are touring the country with literature, speakers, and motion picture appeals by stars. There are one hundred famous Hollywood names signed on the bodies of the ambulances, which will make forty-eight stops along the way, hitting all the small towns.

At the celebration of German Day here, while von Killinger was concluding his speech in Hindenburg Park, an airplane swooped down low over the trees and dropped leaflets attacking the speaker and the Nazis in general, and demanding that German-Americans remember the principles of democracy under which they live in this country. The incident got whole page spreads in the *Daily News* and the *Examiner.*

The Anti-Nazi Committee has arranged for programs to be broadcast over the R.K.O. station here. They have been using the March of Time method with much success. One program which was very effective was a dramatization of von Killinger's life. Another dealt with the Brown network. Next week's will cover the Hindenburg Park meeting. Last year's meeting was much more indiscreet. This year Edgar Hoover attended so that it was all tuned down politically. The program will show German Day before Hitler, a cultural celebration. The picture is easy to conjure up from the remnants of color, and dance, and song in evidence even at the recent corrupt celebrations. Then it will go on to present last year's German Day when Dean Cromwell spoke and the Nazis really laid their cards on the table. Then to this year, with the commentator emphasizing that because of a federal investigation the Nazis stuck to "Americanism." The program will be climaxed by the sound of the airplane and the reading of the leaflet.

Hollywood, Cal. J. P.

A Scenario for Vittorio Mussolini

DEAR VITTORIO: When you land in democratic New York on September 23, on your poppa's proud liner, the *Rex,* on your way to Hollywood, will you please stop a moment to read this after you first make the fascist salute to Mr. Generoso (sandman-Tammany) Pope, né Papa, and the consular clique, and the Italian colony's fascist intelligentsia? I understand you are going to Hollywood in search of technical aid and themes because your poppa, not content with transforming *la bella Italia* into a tragic circus, also wants to build a big movie industry in Rome. I don't blame him; why import dope, I say, when you can manufacture it at home? But to get back to you—I've got a swell scenario, just what you are probably looking for, so why go all the way to Hollywood and face all those noisy demonstrations which some dirty Jews and bolshevist Wops are going to prepare for you?

Here's the scenario, look. Its purpose will be to reveal the new sensibility of an entire generation—a sensibility which a strong man, like your dad, imposes on a naturally decent youth normally overflowing with human love and warmth. The scenario will describe with a Nietzschean nonchalance the flights made by the Disperata squadron as it soared over Ethiopian villages, bombing and burning, after which the flying fascists return to their camp to play brisco, drink wine, and dance.

We can introduce the hero this way. He is a flyer, a Roman-faced, blackshirt boy who is also a writer. And he is always writing to the sweetheart he left behind in Italy. How's that for love interest? We can have him write this way about his first reconnaissance and bombing flight:

"I have never been lucky enough to see a fire. When I see a fire truck dash by, I immediately get on its trail. However, invariably, I am led to the fire house or the charred and wet ruins of a fire that has already been extinguished. Probably some one here was aware of my frustrations and therefore some planes of the Fourteenth Squadron were ordered to effect a bombing in the zone of Adi Abo and to use incendiary bombs exclusively. I do not believe a more important reason existed."

Catch on? That's what the perfidious, bolshevist French call insouciance.

So the hero goes on writing: "Anyway, after loading our tanks and adding more bombs to our fusilage, we undertook the flight on the morning of the twenty-third. Adi Abo is a region near Eritrea. It was feared that a column might be moving up along the caravan road and, therefore, in order to achieve a better visibility, every mountain top, plain, and village had to be burned. We also brought along some regular bombs which we found useful—about fifty brigands tasted our missiles."

Then the hero sort of feels sorry for what he's doing and we have him write: "It was a diverting task with a tragic but beautiful result."

But then we can have him shake off this mood and go on letting him write this way: "At a reasonable distance we began the systematic hurling of the bombs; before they reached earth, they made a large, white, smoke screen, a great flame followed, and the parched grass began to burn."

Then once more his humanitarian, non-fascist sentiment gets the best of him and he writes this way: "I thought of the animals; how they must run!"

This should bring tears to the audience's eyes, thinking of how all those poor Ethiopian animals burned to death in the jungles. You know, Vittorio, a little sentiment never hurts—ask Hollywood. After all, it's all in our fascist hero's work, and he fights and writes on: "On the following day, too, we received orders to repeat the action. We took on another enormous load of incendiary bombs."

But like a good fascist, our hero hates the vulgar machine age, and he writes in this vein: "After the mechanical unloading, we began to hurl them by hand. We threw them with abandon on huge tukuls, ghebi, and then I tried to make a hit with a beautiful four-pound bomb."

You understand his feelings, Vittorio, you must have read Marinett's essay on the "Beauty of Violence." And how our hero puts this fascist æsthetic into practice! He misses and writes: "It was most diverting: there was a large hut, surrounded by trees which I tried to hit three times. I missed. It was necessary to center the straw roof and I succeeded on my fourth encirclement. The wretched inhabitants who were inside and saw the roof catch fire dashed out and ran as though possessed by the devil. One of them shot at us, but without effect. Thus in two days all of Adi Abo was in flames, and it burned for several days as the fire advanced slowly but inexorably."

Our hero will write the entire scenario in this insipid tone and style of idiotic indifference. Our hero will burn and raze an entire village of men, women, and children, and he will get excited only about the animals. This gives the scenario its novelty and its quality of a sure hit, Vittorio. And in this way it will reveal the new sensibility I spoke about. Then we will have our hero make the following explanation as to why regular (non-incendiary) bombs do not satisfy him: "I get meager effects, perhaps because I expected giant explosions of the type one sees in American films. (What a coincidence, Vittorio!) Here the small Ethiopian huts made of clay and brushwood give little satisfaction to the bomber."

Aaron Sopher

And he gives this reason for resorting to incendiary bombs: "Incendiary bombs give a great satisfaction; at least one sees fire and smoke. We burned the entire zone (about Makale) rather thoroughly, but there were no more people."

Most of the bombardments which our hero will lead will be over villages, market places, etc. Because we will have him explain that in Ethiopia the distinction between the civil and military population "was quite impossible."

Then imagine the scene wherein we have him boast that they killed five thousand Ethiopians: "Closed in a circle of fire, about five thousand Ethiopians suffered a bad end. It was hellish; the smoke rose to spectacular heights and the flames roared until long after the oncoming twilight."

Then the scenario has some colorful camp scenes. You know, African moons, desert silence, etc. Our hero writes: "Be quiet, be quiet, maybe they will let us spend Christmas in peace. This is what one heard after chow or after the daily game of brisco. But we grew used to it. In fact, on the fifteenth (fortunately there was much 'dancing' that day) the order came . . ."

And then for variety when our hero is not hunting Ethiopians, we can have him hunt animals in Eritrea, about which he tells his anxious sweetheart: "An unbounded admiration and envy overcame us for those brave devils like Brazza and Livingstone who on foot and alone marched through unexplored regions without even a thermos bottle."

Our hero will be a very proud and vain sort of guy, something like your father, Vittorio. He is very concerned about his beard. He boasts that "it is known throughout the empire."

You see, this picture will demonstrate the psychology of unconsciousness your dad has endowed the young men of Italy with since 1922. It will be cynical in the grand manner and sort of make people understand that our hero is absolutely incapable of feeling anything according to decadent, democratic patterns. Of course, we won't have him marry an Ascagi maiden—that would get your father sore—but we can show a lot of Ethiopian girls without brassieres and things like that. It ought to boom our textile industry. And then of course our hero comes home with one lion and a civet cat and marries his sweetheart after he kicks her yellow, would-be communist suitor down the stairs.

Really, Vittorio, don't you think it will be a swell thing? Just think how the pink, parlor fascists back home will eat it up, and how the women who gave only rings for the boys will wish they had given so much more—for the boys, the fatherland, and the empire.

Oh! I've forgotten something, Vittorio, and I don't know whether I should tell it to you or not. You might think I'm a cheap, disgusting plagiarist. . . . I got my idea and quotes for the scenario from a book you wrote and published last year in Florence, romantically entitled *Voli sulle Ambe* (*Wings over Ambe*).

You don't mind, do you? Look at all Hitler's stolen from your father.

Yours in empire,

Newark, N. J. SALVATORE ATTANASIO.

Aaron Sopher

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Those who quibble, bicker, nag, and deny—Chinese unity—Spanish ballads—The Soviet Arctic and a French novel

COMMUNISM is good news. Once understood, once believed in, it holds out hope to all but capitalism's pampered few. If one accepts the Marxist analysis of history, one believes that the establishment of a classless society is not only possible but inevitable. Without minimizing for a moment the difficulties in the way of the building of socialism, Communists hold that socialism will be built, and, without assuming that perfection will be achieved the day after the revolution, they are confident that socialism will initiate a new era of human development. Communists offer no short cut to Utopia, but they are far from despair.

The essential hopefulness of Communism is a fact, no mere theory. The understanding of events that Communism gives does inspire a confidence that is capable of changing human lives. I have seen, among intellectuals, confusion and weakness yield to clarity and strength. I have seen a baffled and desperate day laborer transformed into a militant, capable leader of labor. I have seen men and women, working together for their class, transcend the pettiness and frailty observable in the conduct of each as an individual. There is nothing miraculous about this; it results quite simply from an insight that is confirmed alike by logic and by action.

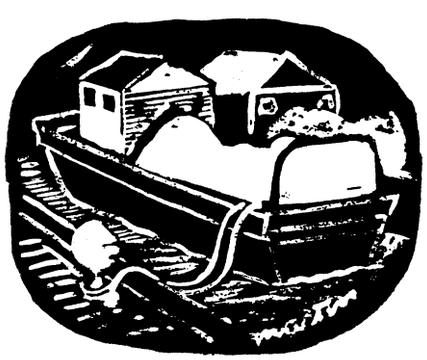
Some of us have felt that left-wing literature ought to be able both to reflect and to communicate this hopefulness. We have, therefore, rejoiced when such writers as Grace Lumpkin, Jack Conroy, Fielding Burke, Josephine Johnson, Thomas Boyd, Edward Newhouse, and others tried to catch the militant spirit of the class-conscious proletariat. And we have regretted that such writers as Robert Cantwell, Erskine Caldwell, and John Dos Passos so frequently failed to communicate—and even, so far as we could tell, to perceive—a warmer mood than the desperation and disgust expressed by such avowedly defeatist writers as Thomas Wolfe and William Faulkner. It seemed to us particularly unfortunate when these writers, having apparently felt for a time our kind of confidence, lapsed into their old despair.

Because we kept steadily before us the fact that Communism was good news, some of us have been called sectarian and have been charged with prescribing content and treatment to the writers of the Left. Let us be candid about this. Possibly our criticisms have had harmful effects. Novelists may have pretended to a greater confidence than they felt —or, more probably, than they could communicate. Slogans have sometimes been substituted for reality, and stereotyped situations for data of experience. On the other hand, writers who dealt in despair have usually written with integrity and carried conviction.

Our critical opponents sometimes seem to assume that all the more positive writers have been guilty of slogans and stereotypes and that we have a preference for shoddiness and superficiality. I admit neither charge. I do not know that my opinions of the authors I have mentioned have changed in any fundamental respect, and I deny that their novels are in any important way shoddy or superficial. But I will grant that often I have not borne down so heavily as I might have on writing that, in one way or another, I recognized to be bad.

I should like to explain why. If I have tolerated, let us say, the formula of the conversion short story or the formula of the strike novel, it is because I know that there is a dramatic reality in conversion and a powerful story in a strike, and I have hoped that some day the formulas would be transcended. And if I have urged gifted writers to try to see as clearly the hope for the future as they see the causes for despair in the present, it is because I refuse to believe that the central fact in Communism can be without significance for those writers who, in some sense or other, call themselves Communists.

Yet there are certain facts that have to be examined. It is invidious to mention names, but there is no other way to escape vagueness. I think it has to be granted, for example, that Farrell sees all the way round his characters as Newhouse has thus far failed to do. Cantwell is a more competent craftsman than Conroy. Caldwell's people are memorable in a way that, as a rule, Josephine Johnson's aren't. There are passages in Grace Lumpkin's novels and Fielding Burke's that show less than complete mastery, whereas John Dos Passos almost constantly maintains a certain level of artistic excellence. Of course, having said so much, I ought to go on and say whether Josephine Herbst is more impressive when she is affirmative or when she is nostalgic. I ought to discuss the extent to which Farrell, Cantwell, and Dos Passos do try to reflect the militancy of the proletariat, and why they succeed or fail. I ought to talk about Halper, and Rollins, and Roth, and Leane Zugsmith. But perhaps our critical opponents will be satisfied if I say that, among writers on the Left, those who are more militantly affirmative are often guilty of faults from which the more passive and pessimistic writers are generally free.



Charles Martin

We are told that this is because the more Communist writers find their creative powers thwarted by the Communist Party line. Earl Browder stated at the first American Writers' Congress that the party had no literary line, and the facts bear him out. It is a matter of record, for example, that certain rather starkly pessimistic writers are members of the party and that certain affirmative writers are not. It is conceivable that one or two writers pumped up a kind of artificial cheerfulness in response to the repeated assertion by myself and others that Communist literature ought to be able to reflect the Communist hope; but it is more likely that even these writers were led astray by their own feelings and not by critical admonitions.

The party-line theory, though convenient for party enemies, does not hold water. What seems, on the other hand, to be true is that it is much harder to express the Communist conviction of the triumph of the working class than it is to communicate a mood of disgust and despair. The explanation partly lies in the readiness of the more intelligent reading public to accept the latter. *Man's Fate,* for example, seemed fine and moving to many readers who could not accept *Days of Wrath.* Many of Farrell's admirers found the end of *Judgment Day* mechanical and unconvincing. Caldwell's "Candy-Man Beechum" was more easily accepted than "Daughter." Certain authors sense this lack of receptivity, and feel themselves incapable of making the effort necessary to overcome it.

A further explanation lies in the literary training of the present generation of Left writers. The average poet or novelist of the Left was brought up either in a bourgeois family or in a proletarian family under bourgeois influence. He knew little from early experience of what is called class-consciousness. His first gesture of intellectual revolt was, in all probability, directed against the complacent assumptions of his parents and their contemporaries: he became a militant pessimist and devoted himself to pointing out the innumerable causes for despair. Later he heard about Marxism and became intellectually convinced of its truth, but he continued to read the pessimistic writers and his first literary experiments were based upon their work. Almost against his will he became part of the pessimist tradition.

How true this is could not be better illustrated than by *New Letters in America.** Mr. Gregory has not limited himself to Left

* NEW LETTERS IN AMERICA, *edited by Horace Gregory. W. W. Norton & Co.* $2.

Charles Martin

writers, but most of his thirty-six contributors would, I take it, accept the general thesis that capitalism can and ought to be superseded by some form of collectivism. Yet they could scarcely write more bleakly if they were avowed Spenglerians or felt, with Joseph Wood Krutch, that the triumph of the proletariat would mean the end of civilization.

Mr. Gregory to the contrary notwithstanding, this is not "new." Indeed, the volume seems strikingly like the first *American Caravan,* which was issued in 1927 before there was a depression or the political upsurge that Gregory speaks of. The clearest impression one got from the *Caravan* was that our young writers were distressed by the American present and quite without hope for the future. *New Letters* gives the same impression. From George Weller's sardonic piece of reporting to James Agee's hysterical scenario, the prose writers express disgust, bitterness, pity, cynicism, but seldom hope. Nor are the poets different. Their very imagery is significant: "like men before a firing squad"; "a hangman's hood"; "machine guns/Punching in dust their rows of periods"; "the carrion cry of gulls."

There are other things, of course, to be said about the book. Mr. Gregory believes that "pragmatic naturalism" is outworn and suggests that something like the fable may take its place. We are all a little fed up, I suspect, with naturalism, but I am afraid the fable is another blind alley, like symbolism, the stream of consciousness, and the revolution of the word. I am not impressed by Kaffka's fable, and Elizabeth Bishop's "The Sea and Its Shore," with its false naïveté, is downright bad. To my mind the best story in the book is John Hampson's "Care of Grand Hotel," which is well within the realistic tradition. So are the other memorable stories: Eleanor Clark's "Call Me Comrade," Morton Freedgood's "Good Nigger," and Eugene Joffe's "Ballard." If by pragmatic naturalism Gregory means the maximum amassing of facts and the minimum interpretation by selection, the best one can say for the method is that it sometimes works. If what he wants is to feel the conscious functioning of the mind and imagination of the author, I can readily agree. To get this, however, it is not necessary to go outside the general realistic tradition. Perhaps the mind and imagination can function better in some other form, but that has not yet been proven, and certainly the fable does not seem the way.

Another question that the book raises is why most of the younger poets are so determined that what they write shall not be pleasing to the ear. Except for Kerker Quinn's "How Good as Listeners?" there is scarcely a poem that can be read aloud with pleasure. I am not sure that this is important, but it is puzzling. The easy answer about the modern mood scarcely seems to fit when one thinks of Eliot, MacLeish, and Crane, each of whom has his own kind of melody. One is sure that, with such poets as Muriel Rukeyser, David Wolff, and Marya Zaturenska, harshness is achieved only with effort, and one wonders why the effort should have been made at all.

As for criticism, the only critical essay is contributed by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, which seems a pity. Messrs. Phillips and Rahv have now discovered consciousness and intelligence and are recommending them to American writers. It is sound doctrine, but it would carry more weight if they practised what they preach. As it is, the essay is the mixture of platitude and pedantry to which we have become accustomed if not inured. Since Phillips and Rahv first entered upon their joint apprenticeship in criticism, their ideas have seemed not so much false as unimportant. Their new political allegiance may increase the falsity but is not likely to enhance the importance.

The essay has, however, some slight interest in so far as it voices the critical views to which I have been taking exception. Rahv and Phillips are now among those who argue that the party line has ruined left-wing literature. But, even if there were a party line, a discerning critic could see that the trouble lies much deeper. Here in *New Letters,* for example, there are writers, some of them far removed from the party, who try to suggest that they are aware of sources of hope. The net effect of these efforts is to intensify the impression of gloom. The symbolic suggestion of hope in Agee's scenario carries no weight against the cumulative horror of his picture of decay. Eleanor Clark comes closer to an affirmative mood, for she makes her ridiculous old maid almost heroic, but the emphasis, nevertheless, falls on futility. David Wolff, Arthur Ebel Steig, and John Malcolm Brinnin end their poems with affirmations, but they are mere assertions, whereas the mood of hopelessness is powerfully realized.

All this confirms the impression that it is difficult to render in literature the substance of the Communist hope. We should, therefore, be tolerant of those who do not make the attempt. There is truth in their pictures of decay, even if it is not the whole truth. But I do not think that we should acquiesce in despair or make a virtue of it. If, to put the issue much too bluntly, authors can deal most effectively with decay, we must take their work as it is and recognize its merits, but we can still hold to our belief that there is more to be said and that some day writers will know how to say it. We can, moreover, without being uncritical, encourage those writers who do try to say it, even when they are not wholly successful.

Communism is good news. We are still waiting for the author who will show in literature what we know that means in life. We may have to wait, as T. K. Whipple suggests, for yet another generation, one that has grown up in the struggle, but I have more faith in the present generation. A greater boldness, a greater willingness to risk failure, a greater resourcefulness in experimentation, a more determined search for knowledge, and a greater eagerness for experience would give us what we want. There are mighty themes in the world today, and a lofty spirit. And I think there are writers wise enough to know that the sectarians are not those who affirm the truth of Communism but those who quibble, and bicker, and nag, and deny.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

China United

WHEN CHINA UNITES: AN INTERPRETIVE HISTORY OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, *by Harry Gannes. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.

WHAT BOOK will give me a comprehensive background of the present situation in China? This question has constantly plagued speakers on China because there has been no answer. Until now, no single book in English has undertaken to tackle the job. Excellent works, such as Agnes Smedley's *China's Red Army Marches* and Anna Louise Strong's *China's Millions* have

Beatrice Tobias

given some fundamentals and many overtones, but have treated only a limited phase of the Chinese revolution. In pamphlet form, Miff's *Heroic China* is a concise history of the Communist Party's important role and furnishes a key to some recent developments. There has been no scholarly history like P. Miff's *History of the Chinese Revolution* which has not yet been translated into English. Latourette and other historians who have accepted the thankless role of apologists for imperialism have thereby been precluded from recognizing the most important elements in the Chinese revolution.

There has been a most urgent need for a work which avoids the shortcomings of the dull but scholarly history and the extremely popular semi-novel. It is precisely this need which Harry Gannes now fills. His book is a chronicle and an interpretation of China's semi-colonial status. It begins with the opium wars of a century ago when China's independent national existence came to an end with the breakdown of feudal organization, and imperialism commenced to fasten upon the Chinese people the chains of semi-colonial existence.

When China Unites recognizes that China, waging her struggle for national independence and existence, is confronted with two principal tasks: "the completion of both the anti-imperialist revolution and the agrarian democratic transformation of China." The revolution of the 1911 overthrew the Manchus, but fell short because it left these two tasks unaccomplished. No organized class capable of fulfilling them had yet come into existence. "The Chinese bourgeoisie was not yet sufficiently cohesive and did not have the support of the peasantry, while the proletariat had not reached manhood and could not stand independently."

The maturing of these revolutionary class forces was greatly accelerated by the World War. The western powers with their hands full elsewhere were forced to loosen somewhat their grip on China. The national bourgeosie seized this advantage to strengthen their position. A native industrial class and a group of modern bankers arose. Chinese coal and iron production doubled, and the number of cotton spindles nearly trebled. This, by the way, answers the favorite argument of apologists for imperialism that foreign capital has brought about a degree of industrialization which the Chinese would never have accomplished if left to their own devices.

The war-time rise of Chinese industry and of the national bourgeoisie brought "an inevitable increase in the size and strength of the modern Chinese proletariat." The post-war period saw its organization into a powerful trade union movement.

Another result of the war was a considerable shifting in inter-imperialist relationships. Japan entered the war on the side of the allies to seize the German concessions in Kiaochow and to take over the German Pacific colonies in accordance with a secret understanding between Japan and the allies. Japan's accelerated plans, looking toward conquest of China, brought forth the famous Twenty-One Demands.

China entered the war with the expectation that she would obtain return of the German concessions in Shantung. She was betrayed at the peace conference, when the secret understanding between Japan and the allies was brought to light. This treatment of China as one of the spoils of war gave rise to student demonstrations. Popular resentment, combined with a relative strengthening of Japan's imperialist rivals as a result of the termination of the war, forced Japan to relinquish Kiaochow to China under terms of the Washington Treaties of 1922, which also terminated the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

Another important aftermath of the war was the stimulus to revolution in China which resulted from the successful revolution in Russia. The end of Russian imperialism also had a profound effect upon inter-imperialist relations in China. The relinquishment by the Soviet Union of every concession, privilege, and claimed right wrung by the czarist government from the Chinese people established a new kind of international relationship between China and her immense neighbor to the north. Pro-imperialist writers—including, doubtless, many reviewers of the Gannes book—will unceasingly contend that the Soviet attitude is indistinguishable from that of the imperialists and quite as unprincipled in its motivation. The Chinese people who have felt the difference in attitude in their daily lives can give the most convincing answer.

The rise of Japan has increasingly threatened the imperialist interests of Britain and the United States in China. The sharpening of the threat of Japanese imperialism against China has reached the point where it menaces the national existence of the Chinese people. Their growing unity for resistance has therefore been a revolutionary movement. Their victory over Japanese imperialism—if other imperialist countries do not act like Japan—will solve the main revolutionary problem of defeating imperialism in general. For, as Mao Tse-tung explains, "if China defeats Japan it will mean that the Chinese masses have awakened, have mobilized, and have established their independence. Therefore, the main problem of imperialism will have been solved."

To win the war it will be necessary to feed the Chinese people. Elimination of starvation will require at least a partial solution of the agrarian problem as an instrument of victory.

George Zaets

The 1925-27 period of Kuomintang-Communist unity carried the Chinese revolution to new heights. The subsequent expulsion of the Communists by the Kuomintang created a split which ushered in a period of capitulation and paved the way for Japanese occupation of Manchuria, Jehol, parts of Hopei and Chahar, and increased economic penetration into many other parts of China. The movement for unity, which found dramatic expression in the conciliatory settlement of the Sian affair and the release of Chiang Kai-shek from detention, has found its fruition in the present resistance of a unified Chinese people to Japan's undeclared war.

It is extremely fortunate that Harry Gannes has written his book at this time. Only one or two important events were lacking to bring it right down to the opening of hostilities, notably the Trotzkyist-instigated assassination of General Wang I-che, which for a time threatened the Sian settlement.

Some errors of detail—doubtless due to the imperative need of getting the book into the hands of the readers at once—must be noted. The first congress of the Communist Party of China was held in 1921; not in 1924. An incorrect estimate of Manchuria as a source of cotton and wool is rectified elsewhere in the book; Japan's disappointment on this score is one reason for the advance into North China.

Because of its analysis of the fundamental forces of the Chinese revolution, and its proportion and selection of material, *When China Unites* will not only fill a long-felt need, but will serve to inform American opinion and lead it to intelligent action. Excellently drawn maps by Julius Loeb enhance the book's value. R. A. HOWELL.

Songs from the Trenches

. . . AND SPAIN SINGS. FIFTY LOYALIST BALLADS. *Edited by M. J. Bernadete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard Press.* $1.

THIS little book of loyalist ballads is noteworthy not only as a specimen of the brilliant poetry which comes from the pens of genuine anti-fascist fighters in Spain, but as an example of a poetic united front in America. Twenty-five American poets have translated these lyrics by thirty of their best-known contemporaries in Spain, and the result is a book truly representative of the best writers of both countries. Rafael Alberti, whose satiric poems have a sharp, clean anger to them that is extremely effective, is the best represented of the Spaniards. Rolfe Humphries's numerous translations are brilliant in their wit and ease of versification. But such Americans as Edna Millay, Shaemas O'Sheel, Bishop, Lechlitner, Williams, Joshua Kunitz, Muriel Rukeyser, Genevieve Taggard, and others have all turned out translations of excellent ease and clarity, so that the simple, direct, anti-fascist messages of Alberti, Hernandez, Villa, Altolaguirre, and the rest come to us with much of the force of the originals.

The poems were written in front-line

George Zaetz

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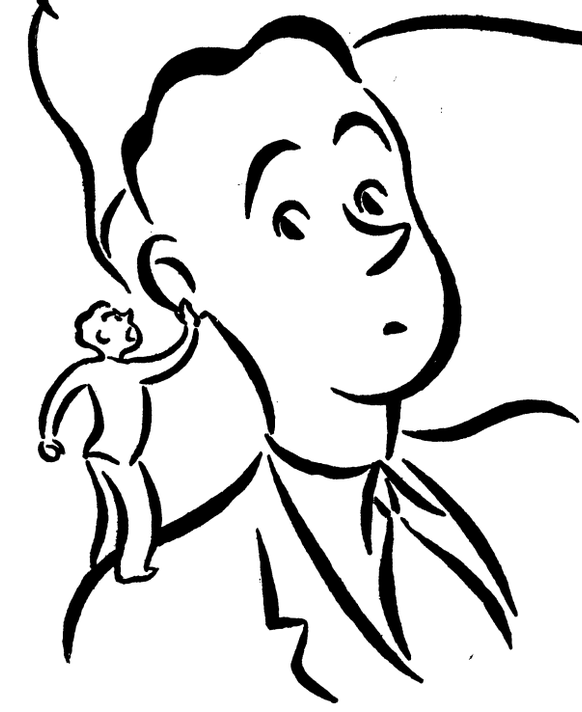

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trenches, in hospitals, in barracks; and they were written for the people, for soldiers, workers, and peasants—the broadest, finest audience the poets could find. These lyrics are actually means of direct spiritual communication between people, means of exhortation, means of sharpening the perception of people, so that they, reading these verses, can see more clearly the things of most immediate concern to them.

One of the valuable things that can be learned from this book is the efficacy of the ballad form in putting spiritual and emotional concepts into an easily assimilable form—especially as this applies to satire. There are some really pungent satirical verses in this collection, in a mode which Americans seem more or less to have abandoned. But it is handled superbly in a round dozen of the verses.

Another and even more crucial lesson is embodied in . . . *And Spain Sings:* and that is the lesson of simplicity. One can make no plea for simplicity as a universal poetic canon, but it does remain that for a poetry of the people, the extremely direct and unaffected style of the Spanish ballads is something to be admired and aimed at by our proletarian poets.

The combination of these merits—including the very definite merit of the effect of numerous skilled hands working on the different translations—has made for a book alive with the vitality of loyalist Spain. I can think of no other work of art recently come from that country, which would serve so well as an introduction to the issues on which the war is being fought and the ends which the loyalists have in mind. In addition to being a remarkably fine book in its own right, it should be noted that all royalties earned by . . . *And Spain Sings* are to be given to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy.

GROFF CONKLIN.

Heroes of the North

40,000 AGAINST THE ARCTIC, *by H. P. Smolka. William Morrow & Co.* $3.50.

MR. SMOLKA'S book is essentially an unself-conscious log of a journey through an exciting new land, written by a very observant traveler, who was interested primarily in obtaining information for himself rather than for a public.

A young English journalist, endowed with the scepticism characteristic of his profession, Mr. Smolka was turned loose in the Soviet Arctic to answer his own questions for himself. Otto Schmidt, administrative head of the entire Soviet North, gave him a "document" which entitled him to travel at will through the Arctic regions now being developed under Schmidt's administration. Smolka went by rail from Leningrad to Krasnoyarsk in the center of Siberia, and thence by air down the Yenisei, one of the three great rivers designed by nature to carry Siberia's wealth north to the Arctic Ocean, there to join the channels of world commerce. His flight showed him the tangled taiga, whose rich timber is being released through the new Arctic port of Igarka. He saw the frozen, forbidding tundra yielding up its mineral wealth—salt for the Far Eastern fisheries at Nordvik, nickel, formerly one of the few deficit metals of the Soviet Union, at Norilsk.

In the new cities of the North, Smolka met pioneers of the Soviet Union. Some he found to be motivated by hope of what the future would produce in the Arctic to enrich the country. Others just had the Arctic "in their blood." He also met prisoners, exiled kulaks and political exiles, working out their sentences in the North. Some of his most interesting impressions were drawn from the stories of the native peoples who are just being introduced to modern life.

On leaving the new industrial centers, Smolka saw how the Soviet Union is at last freeing trade, flowing north on its great rivers, from the barriers of ice which have previously dammed it up. He traveled on an ice-breaker, convoying a number of freight boats through the ice. He flew in one of the planes, scouting for paths through the maze of floating ice, a maze through which even an ice-breaker often cannot cut without guidance from the air. At Dickson Island he visited the radio center of the North, which coördinates all the phases of the attack on the Arctic and supplies scientific data of all sorts. Finally, he left the Arctic in an ordinary merchant vessel carrying goods from the Soviet North to the outside world, the final product of victory by the forty thousand against the Arctic.

Smolka has written down his impressions much as if he were writing home to his family, who knew where he was going and what questions he wanted answered. This makes for a fast-moving, vivid account, with snatches of factual information picked up in interviews, short biographical sketches gleaned from conversations, and excerpts translated from books and newspapers which he saw on his trip. These bits are never pieced together to give the full pattern of Arctic development, showing the reasons for it, and picturing the vast network of coördinated activities, which alone makes this possible at a minimum cost of men and materials. Likewise the speed of Smolka's book prevents the reader from meeting many of the forty thousand. For instance, Shevelev, now one of the directors of the search for Levanevsky, was one of Smolka's acquaintances, but all that the reader learns of him is that Smolka liked him. In fact, Smolka's treatment of the Arctic itself is better than his description of the people he met.

A. Sopher

Likewise it is unfortunate for those interested in the Arctic that Smolka had to spend so much time laying the ghosts of the bogeymen which harass so many people who have not visited the Soviet Union—the bogeyman of "being shown only what they want you to see," the bogeyman of the inhuman treatment of political prisoners, the bogeyman of lack of food and clothes.

Both the strength and the weakness of this book lie in the fact that it is Mr. Smolka's first book on the Soviet Union. So much of it is occupied with questions which apply generally to the Soviet Union, that those aspects which are peculiar to the Arctic are deprived of their deserved attention. But, for the same reason *40,000 Against the Arctic,* though a very incomplete account of the vast work being done under Schmidt's administration, is a fascinating introduction to the whole Soviet Union through its most exciting entrance, the North.

JANE FORREST.

Stars and the Gutter

THE DEPTHS AND THE HEIGHTS, *by Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.

CERTAIN things have been said both by this reviewer and others about Jules Romains's *Men of Good Will* series, of which this is Volume VI (Volumes XI and XII in the French edition), which need not be said over again. For one thing, there is—or rather was—the question of a possible fascist tendency in the earlier volumes; but Jules Romains has long since shown that he is anything but a fascist, that he is, indeed, upon occasion, a fearless fighter in the cause of anti-fascism.

Another question, a more pertinent and persistent one, which neither author nor critic can very well avoid, has to do with the degree of achievement of the novelist's announced aim, that of giving us a portrait of a society. This, too, has been considered by reviewers in the past; but it must be considered afresh as each new volume comes to hand.

There is one difficulty here—a difficulty that is similarly encountered in connection with Roger Martin du Gard's novel sequence, *Les Thibaults,* covering the same period—and that is, the size of the author's canvas and the consequent minuteness of his portraiture, which may at times result in an impression of triviality. The best that one can do is to attempt to judge the detail, while realizing that Romains does not have as yet the finished picture, and is not even aware precisely what the dimensions are to be.

Proceeding upon such a basis of judgment, the present reviewer has been led to wonder more than once as to how well the "portrait of a society" was shaping up. It has seemed often

A. Sopher

that there was too much toying—and very pretty toying it is in M. Romains's case—with the non-essential if not the trivial, from the point of view of the serious social novelist. For after all, one has the right to hold M. Romains to the mark he has set himself.

No one for a moment questions his ability as a novelist. He is almost too good a romancer in that Gallic tradition which, if successfully fulfilled, commonly leads to the Academy. He writes superbly; and he is without a rival when it comes to portraying the nuanced relationship of a man and a woman, the sort of thing which with the admirers of a Marcel Prevost or a Paul Bourget passes for "psychology." He likewise has a flair for what might be termed the quotidian exotic—for picturesque and worldly churchlings, for declassed types, startling social juxtapositions, glimpses of the underworld, all of which approaches the lesser novelist's quest for "color." One cannot help feeling that it does not have a vast deal to do with creating a deep and true picture of one of the most profoundly significant and, at the same time, one of the most complex eras in world history.

As for the present volume, the first part (Book Eleven) is entitled "To the Gutter" and deals with a frustrated novelist who, upon failing of election to the Academy, decides to seek a Baudelairean "poison of the soul." This affords an excuse for portraying what the jacket-writer describes as "the splendors and the evils of Paris" (reminiscent of Eugène Sue). George Allory's peregrinations, however, are a bit belated in their Huysmansesque flavor.

The second part (Book Twelve), bearing the title "To the Stars," is concerned with the experiments of a scientist, a brain specialist, who is obviously created after the Pasteur-Curie model. Dr. Viaur is meant to typify the unselfishness, courage, and imagination of the great scientist. He stands for society's constructive side, as Allory does for the forces of destruction and disintegration.

The question which must be raised (holding the author always to his intention) is: how much do these two figures add to the social "portrait"? Just how much does a *vaincu de la vie* like Allory mean—a man who deliberately sets out for the gutter because he has failed to make the grade? Assuming that the purpose was to depict the intellectual weakling of the period, does such a character as the author has chosen adequately serve? And upon examining Allory's shabby career, we find very little that appears to be of wider import.

The delineation of Dr. Viaur perilously approaches the popular-sensational conception. Again, one queries: is this a full and satisfying picture—a *typical* picture—of the intellectual on his stronger side? Here, it would be well to recall Engels's dictum that it is the novelist's business to give us "typical characters in typical situations." The character, it is true, must be a fully developed personality; but he must at the same time be typical.

In brief, if M. Romains shows signs of failing to achieve his professed intention—and the

time is getting short; he is down to the year 1912—the fault must be ascribed to his selection of character and incident, rather than to any lack of ability as a story-teller or in character drawing. If he fails, it will be in failing to attain that typicality which Engels demands, together with that dialectical deepening of life in all its myriad inconceivably intricate relationships and its inexhaustible richness, which the Marxist critic always demands. Viewed in such a light, the contrast afforded by an Allory and a Viaur, set off though it may be by brilliant writing gifts, seems trite, shallow, and unsatisfying.

SAMUEL PUTMAN.

Brief Review

SICKNESS AND INSURANCE: A STUDY OF THE SICKNESS PROBLEM AND HEALTH INSURANCE, *by Harry Alvin Miller. University of Chicago Press.* $2.

Professor Miller is particularly interested in examining the compulsory health plans of various European countries in relation to actual need and to the special problems of the United States. He has succeeded in presenting an impressive body of material in a very small compass, material which seems to prove that while the enormous potentialities of medicine are on the increase everywhere, the curve of public health, with few exceptions, continues its stationary or downward path. Contrasting the progressive demands of the American Federation of Labor with the ultra-conservative, not to say reactionary, attitude of the American Medical Association (which opposes any invasion of the physician's sacred rights as an "individual" practitioner), the author finds himself in general agreement with the findings of the committee on costs of medical care, especially as regards the problem of preventive medicine. As is so often the case with liberal students, however, Professor Miller terminates his very able factual survey with a somewhat utopian scheme of public health insurance based on compulsory tax revenues exacted from the people at large. There is no concrete recognition of the fact that public ill health is due primarily to private excess wealth, nor do we meet with any attempt frankly to grapple with the urgent immediate issues of unemployment and relief. J. S.

★

Recently Recommended Books

Men Who Lead Labor, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. Modern Age Books. 35c. Book Union selection.

White Mule, by William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $2.50

Europe in Arms, by Liddell Hart. Random House. $2.50.

American Stuff, An Anthology of Prose and Verse, by Members of the Federal Writers' Project, with Sixteen Prints by the Federal Arts Project. Viking. $2.

Spy Overhead: The Story of Industrial Espionage, by Clinch Calkins. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

One Life, One Kopeck, by Walter Duranty. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

The Guggenheims, by Harvey O'Connor. Covici-Friede. $3.

The Life and Death of a Spanish Town, by Elliot Paul. Random. $2.50.

Shadow on the Land, by Thomas Parran. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.50.

Ten Million Americans Have It, by S. William Becker, M.D. Lippincott. $1.35.

Moscow, 1937: My Visit Described for My Friends, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2. Book Union choice.

The Profits of War, by Richard Lewinsohn. Dutton. $3.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Hollywood turkeys and newsreels from Spain—The coming music season —Broadway reopenings

NORMAN KRASNA in 1936 wrote an original story from which Fritz Lang made the memorable *Fury*. Since then Krasna has become an author-producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It was announced that he was to do *Big City* (M.G.M.) with two very excellent stars in the lead, Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy. The director chosen was Frank Borzage, who began his career of jerking tears with *Humoresque* and followed it up with *Seventh Heaven*. But Mr. Borzage also directed *A Farewell to Arms* which was in many ways a pretty good film. During the depression he gave us a reactionary message of declassed men (*A Man's Castle*) and later a film which won the praise of Mussolini, *No Greater Glory*. Since most of these later films were directed with skill (which made them even more dangerous) and since Mr. Krasna's story was about a New York taxi driver and his immigrant wife played against a background of taxi-war (not unionism), we looked forward to the film. But what a let-down!

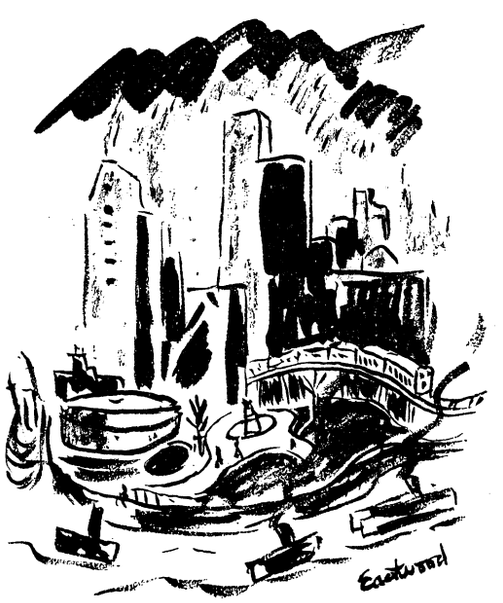
We didn't expect a *Fury* and we certainly didn't expect a *Waiting for Lefty*. But we did hope that the recent run of progressive Hollywood films would be extended with a film that had some connection with reality; or at least that it would be an endeavor commensurate with the distinguished array of talent. But nothing of the sort. Outside of a couple of mild laughs and a preposterous free-for-all in which Jack Dempsey, James Jeffries, Jimmy McLarnin, Maxie Rosenbloom, Man Mountain Dean, Bull Montana, and others appear briefly, there isn't a thing in the film to get even mildly excited about. The film is full of phony situations and impossible people. The lines uttered by the actors are not only embarrassing to themselves but to the audience as well. And the story is an insult to hackmen.

But if I've given you the impression that *Big City* is a bad film, wait until you see *That Certain Woman* (Warner Bros.). Written and directed by Edmund Goulding, the creator of one of Hollywood's best musical films, the original *Broadway Melody* and *Grand Hotel,* he should have known that no amount of "modernizing" and directorial trickery could have made an interesting film of his ancient *Trespasser*. Way back in the days when movie fans went to hear Gloria Swanson sing in this story of an ex-gangster's moll who went in for self-sacrifice, this wasn't good movie material. And now *The Trespasser* becomes *That Certain Woman,* making *Stella Dallas* and *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* masterpieces of dramatic art . . . by comparison.

The sterility of the current productions gives me an opportunity to talk of several other things. A reader sent me a clipping of an interview with Charles E. Ford, assignment editor of Universal Newsreel, which appeared in a recent issue of the New York *World-Telegram*. It quotes Ford as having said that he "shunned the Spanish civil war because all the films made with the loyalist forces must be sent to Russia to be developed, where . . . they are censored so that they become propaganda." My correspondent is naturally puzzled and asks for enlightenment. Well, I suppose that newsreels as they are edited here (with occasional exceptions, of course) are no more honest than their editors. Not only is Ford's statement an obvious fabrication, but it is another attempt to slander loyalist Spain. In the first place, Mr. Ford hasn't shunned the war in Spain. He has presented plenty of fascist propaganda (with the aid of his commentator Graham MacNamee) in the form of film from the insurgent territory—as have all the newsreel companies. Secondly, for a long time the only foreign newsreel men in loyalist territory were two young men from the Soviet Union. It seems that Mr. Ford and every other newsreel editor got their loyalist material from the Soviet newsreel organization. But newsreel material photographed in Spain is *not* sent to Moscow to be developed and censored. It is developed in Paris, in the nearest available laboratories.

Speaking of newsreels about Spain, it is my sad duty to record that the Philadelphia censors have outdone themselves by prohibiting the showing of *Spanish Earth* on the ground that the film contains material of horror. Readers of the NEW MASSES will recognize this as a weak excuse. The real intention is obvious. All liberals and progressives in Pennsylvania should fight for their right to see this great film.

On the other hand, when Police Commissioner Heinrich Pickert of Detroit attempted to prohibit the showing of *Heart of Spain* on the ground that the film contained uncomplimentary references to Mussolini, Hitler, and fascism generally, he was forced by the Medical Bureau to eat dirt. The case was taken to court where Judge Toms ruled that "Pickert is not charged with the self-suggested duty of preserving the international relations between the United States and Hitler or Mussolini." The audience can win if it wants to hard enough. PETER ELLIS.

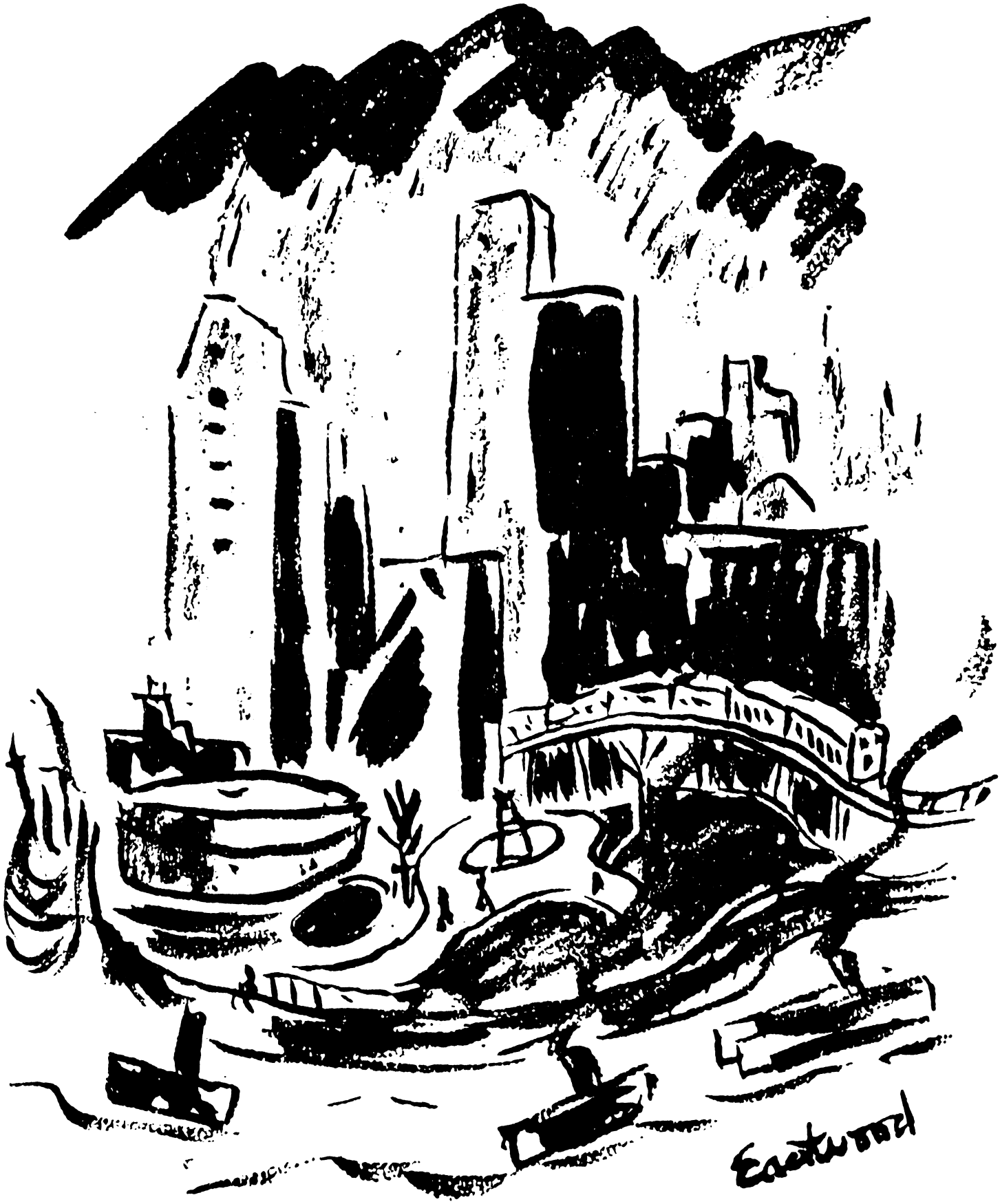


Eastwood

CONCERT MUSIC

FORECASTING the coming season heads the must list of well-behaved music reviewers now that the smell of Fall is in the air; but midway in my diligent sorting of press clippings and flimsies, the old Maverick brand began to smart uncomfortably and when I started to skim through the current issues of *Musical Courier* and *Musical America,* skyrocketing blood pressure and gorge began to overbalance my sense of duty. Conscience is responsible for the cursory prospect outlined below: there would have been a lot more fun and satisfaction in a rattling tirade over the incredibly shameless prostitution of the musical press.

But the New Friends of Music make things easy and pleasant for the forecaster. Even at this early date they have issued a complete series of programs for their new Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann series at Town Hall, beginning November 7 and continuing every Sunday afternoon (except around Christmas) at the ingeniously and conveniently chosen hour of 5:30 p.m. The New Friends' Beethoven and Brahms chamber series of last year was a happy marriage of low admission prices and first-rate concerts. The final touch of iconoclasm was the publication of an auditor's financial report showing an income of $16,024.75 (derived solely from ticket and subscription sales) against expenses of $10,065.41 (artists' fees, rentals, audience services), $3,813.01 (publicity, advertising, and promotion), and $2,554.28 (taxes, administrative and clerical salaries — corporation officers served without renumeration). Against the public debt proportions of most symphony orchestras' and opera companies' deficits, the New Friends went into the red for only $407.95, or $25.49 per concert—something of a minor miracle. The organization's credo, as expressed by its founder and president, I. A. Hirschmann, opposes "the patronage system which places a musical organization on the unfirm base of one or a small number of individuals' desire to subsidize the music. . . . Our base is the audience support and is as broad as the eight hundred and ninety-four subscribers representing about twenty-five hundred individuals." The New Friends definitely have something there and when they offer (this year) a subscription to sixteen concerts—



Eastwood

orchestra seats—at $15.40, performers of the caliber of the Pro Arte and Budapest Quartets, the Pasquier Trio, Feuermann, Ginster, Schumann, Le Roy, the Schnabels, Serkin, and Schorr, and the best chamber works (including many seldom heard in public) of Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann, it looks—and should sound—like a gilt-edged and recommended investment for any concert goer.

Remembering my own moments of high enjoyment last year, I'm going to take no chances of missing the three concerts of the Dessoff Choir under Paul Boepple (choral music from Schütz to Bach, nineteenth and twentieth century works for large and small chorus, liturgical music of the mediæval and Renaissance periods), the annual concert by the Pius X School Choir, and the Philharmonic Symphony Chamber Orchestra series, under Hans Lange, for the benefit of Bennington College. And I shouldn't be surprised to derive equal pleasure from the Duke Ellington concert scheduled for Carnegie Hall sometime in October. In Euterpe's house, as well, there are many mansions.

The New York Philharmonic Symphony will get under way on October 21 in its second season under Barbirolli, with (I've heard) a greatly increased repertory of American works. The Metropolitan Opera will probably still struggle along (despite the active disinterest of this department) and pack in the Flagstad, Pons, and Wagner idolators. The National Orchestral Association will continue its Carnegie Hall concerts, featuring this year four programs of 'cello-cum-orchestra works with Emanuel Feuermann as soloist. And led by Yehudi Menuhin (fresh from a two year sabbatical with an exhumed Schumann violin concerto) and Richard Tauber (king-pin of European recording tenors), there will be multitudinous recitals and solo appearances by name, routine, and debut artists (courtesy title in the majority of cases). Press blurbs from the big concert bureaus bring the disquieting news that bookings are 20 to 40 percent ahead of last year (the Columbia Concerts Corp. attributes the increase largely to the greater activity planned by the "singing stars of the films").

On the network broadcasts the gold-plated feature will be the special Toscanini series (N.B.C.) beginning around the first of January, but meanwhile industrious dial twisting at the proper hours will continue to produce more interesting programs and better performances than one almost ever hears in concert. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta and Frank Black's String Orchestra (Mutual and N.B.C. respectively) are the two best bets: the range and catholicity of their programs set a mark for the most world-famous conductors to shoot at. One should also watch for the Howard Barlow concerts and Columbia School of the Air music series (C.B.S.), and Ernest La Prade's Home Symphony (N.B.C.). The commercial programs will probably continue to be unbearable except for an occasional joyous moment of relief such as provided by some of Kostelanetz's special arrangements of folk and popular tunes (C.B.S.). Worth anticipating is the première (as yet unannounced) of the one act opera, the *Old Maid and the Thief,* commissioned from Gian-Carlo Menotti following the success of his delightful hit of last season, *Amelia al Ballo.* The more enterprising local stations continue to offer some very good as well as some very bad music, but New York's bright spot of recent years, WQXR, seems to be slipping a bit in the direction of commercialism and its recorded programs are getting some stiff competition from those of WHN.

Which leaves untouched the diverse and sometimes monumental activity of the W.P.A. Federal Music Project. If you like Tchaikovsky, there's a chance to hear many of his unfamiliar works in the current series at the F.M.P. Theater of Music, Sunday evenings, but more important plans are to be announced soon, which, together with some of the varied F.M.P. accomplishments and ambitions, call for a later column to themselves.

R. D. DARRELL.

THE THEATER

TWO reopenings of last-season hits were the Broadway events of the week. The casts of each underwent important changes, and the results served in some sort to show again the subtle complexity of dramaturgy. The cast changes in *Richard II* are hardly noticeable although the personalities involved have changed considerably. The cast changes in *The Show Is On* make a glaring difference in the quality of the production.

Richard II is still, as we remarked when it opened last February, "a glittering fabric of chiseled phrase and pointed apothegm." And it still holds good that as a study of the degeneration of a section of a ruling class, with its revolutionary replacement by another which was too friendly with the common people, the play has much in it of special interest to us who live in a period of wars and revolutions. It reinforces the contention that Shakespeare had a clear conception of economics as a determining force in historic processes, and that he well understood what is still hush-hushed by all the machinery of bourgeois education and propaganda: that armed force is the ultimate keystone of statecraft. The psychological collapse (as king) of Richard II when Bolingbroke offers most generous conditions for his own surrender cannot be understood unless at the same time it is understood that the essence of Richard's kingship evaporated when Bolingbroke's army proved superior though Bolingbroke offered peace on easy terms. It is a great play, and in the present production, with Maurice Evans its bright star, its is Shakespeare which has no peer in recent years.

The Show Is On misses Beatrice Lillie very much, even though her successor sings and acts with ability and wit. It is a show that, being loosely strung together and lacking much intellectual fodder, requires the specialized brilliance of performers to give it effectiveness. The comedy of Willie and Eugene Howard is

by now too traditional to have much impact except in such concentrated satire and mimicry as Willie's famous woodchopper's song. The best skit in the show is still the parody of *Tovarich* in which the two White Russians are transformed into two Republicans severely suffering from Landonitis. And by the same token, the best crack in the show is the Republican's bitter complaint that "the whole damn recovery is unconstitutional." This vein of political satire, which crops up in other sections of the production, gives it a life which remains long after the election-campaign angle might have been expected to have lost its timeliness. And its skit on burlesque, which borrows some time-honored material from that source, is a worthy memorial.

Some brilliant theater which few were privileged to see took place in a small auditorium early in the summer, when, among other things, sections of *Liliom* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* were put on as a term-end demonstration by the students of the New Theater School. The sheer technical brilliance of these fragments would have turned the average Broadway producer green with envy. We mention this because the school, at 117 West 46th Street, New York, is now registering students for its fall term, which will begin in about two weeks. Anyone interested in sound, expert training in the theater arts and crafts and even in such associated functions as publicity could hardly find a better school.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Dr. C. V. Akin. The chief quarantine officer of the port of New York will speak on "Diseases Outside Our Door," Tues., Sept. 28, 5:15 p.m., C.B.S.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune Forum. Prominent speakers are scheduled for this annual forum, Mon., Oct. 4, 2 and 9 p.m., and Tues., Oct. 5, 2 and 10:15 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

Heart of Spain. Frontier Films' documentary on medical aid to Spain has been rightly called "pictorial dynamite."

The Lower Depths. Gorki's famous play of the dregs of humanity is brought to the screen by Jean Renoir with a script that Gorki personally approved before his death.

Mayerling. A tender and moving French film based on a historical incident.

Baltic Deputy. The newest Soviet film is a matchless portrayal of the intellectual during and after the revolution. Ranks with the season's best.

The Spanish Earth. Joris Ivens's much heralded film of the civil war in Spain is a deeply stirring document that you cannot afford to miss.

Dead End. The realistic drama of kids from the East Side slums comes to the screen with its impact unimpaired.

The Life of Emile Zola. Easily the best film of the year, powerful and profound.

You Can't Have Everything. A better than average backstage musical with the hilarious Ritz brothers.

They Won't Forget. A powerful and extremely moving film of a lynching in the deep South.

"GOINGS-ON"

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, co-author of "And Spain Sings," discusses "Poetry and Spain." Auspices: Poetry Group, League of American Writers, 145 West 21st Street, New York City. 9 P. M., Friday, September 24. Admission, 25 cents.

What Do You Know About

CHINA?

WHAT was the Boxer rebellion and the revolution of 1911? Who was Sun Yat-Sen and what was his position in the Koumintang?

What is the nine-power treaty?

What pretext did Japan use to invade Manchuria?

How was the Red Army organized and who are its leaders?

What was behind the kidnaping of General Chiang Kai-shek?

Will unity be realized in China?

These questions and others are answered by Harry Gannes in his new book "When China Unites" (publication date September 10).

It begins with the national revolution in 1911, inspired by Sun Yat-Sen, and carries the story up to today. It deals with the political, social, and economic forces behind the violent struggles that have convulsed China for more than a quarter-century. It analyzes the land and the people, the armies and the leaders, and above all the Japanese invasion.

And after reading this book you will want to know more about the China-Japanese situation, you will want to get the immediate news you can't get elsewhere. The New Masses begins where the book left off. You can get the book "When China Unites" and a year's subscription to the New Masses both for $5.25, a saving of $1.75.

What Do You Know About

JAPAN?

A PROLONGED WAR would cause a severe food shortage. To win a war Japan must depend upon foreign imports of steel and iron in addition to other raw materials.

Most of the industries cannot be converted to produce war materials.

The Japanese military staff had planned the present invasion of China years ago.

Japan will have to use 60 percent of her national income for the prosecution of the war during the second year.

Yohan and Tanin two Soviet writers analyze thoroughly the structure of Japanese economy and its feudal ramifications and prove that Japan cannot endure a prolonged conflict. They investigate Japan's military organization, its requirements, the cost of war, the probable strength of the army, the capacity of Japan's industry, fuel and power resources, and Japan's financial setup internally and externally.

The authors confirm the opinion of leading Soviet authorities that Japan's final goal is the conquest of the Soviet far east which is known for its wealth of natural resources of coal, oil, copper, and other minerals. This book is essential to every intelligent thinking person who wants to make an exhaustive study of Japan.

You can get a copy of "When Japan Goes to War" with a year's subscription to the New Masses for $5, a saving of nearly $1.50.

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What Do You Know About

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