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AN EDITORIAL

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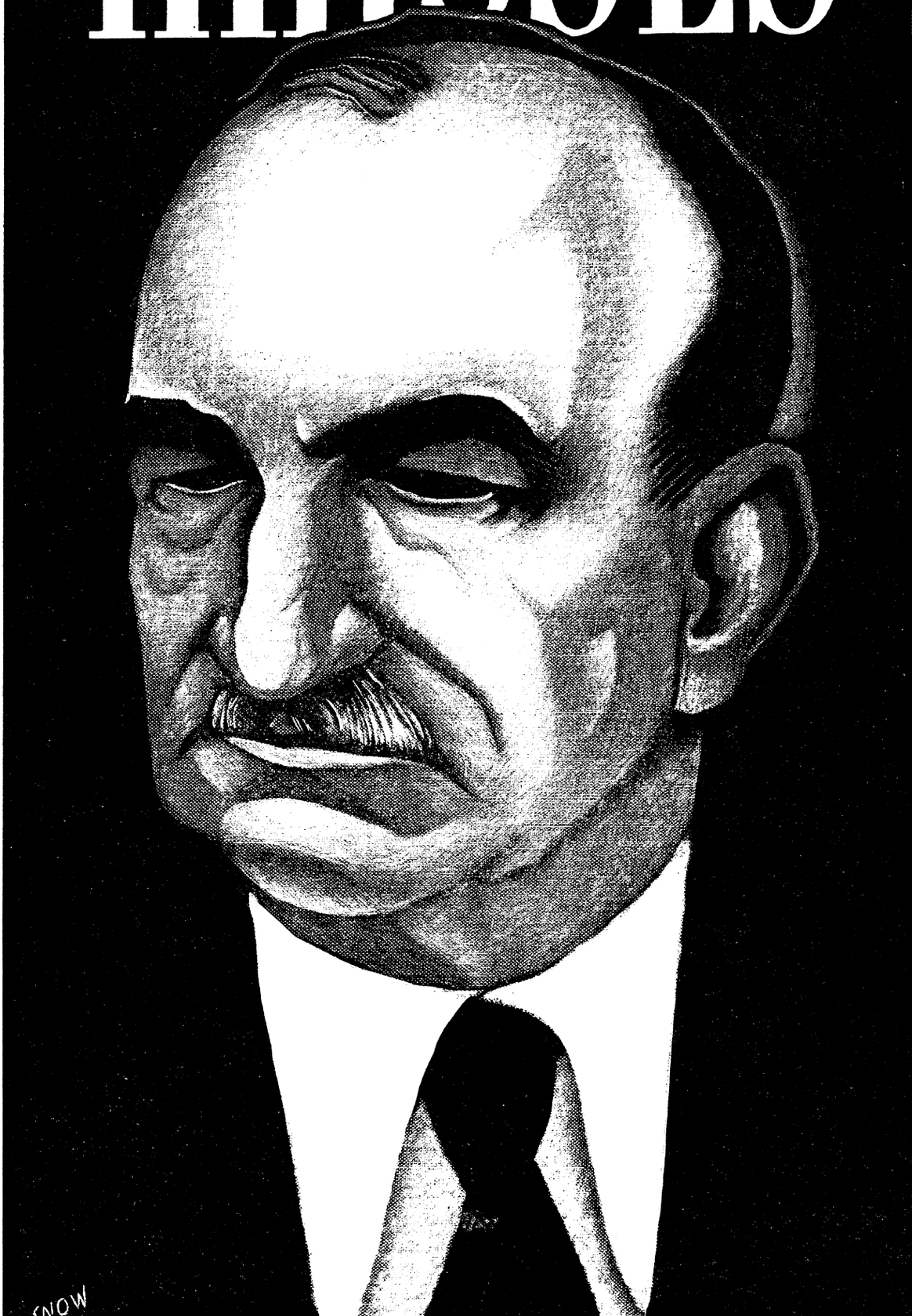
FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES



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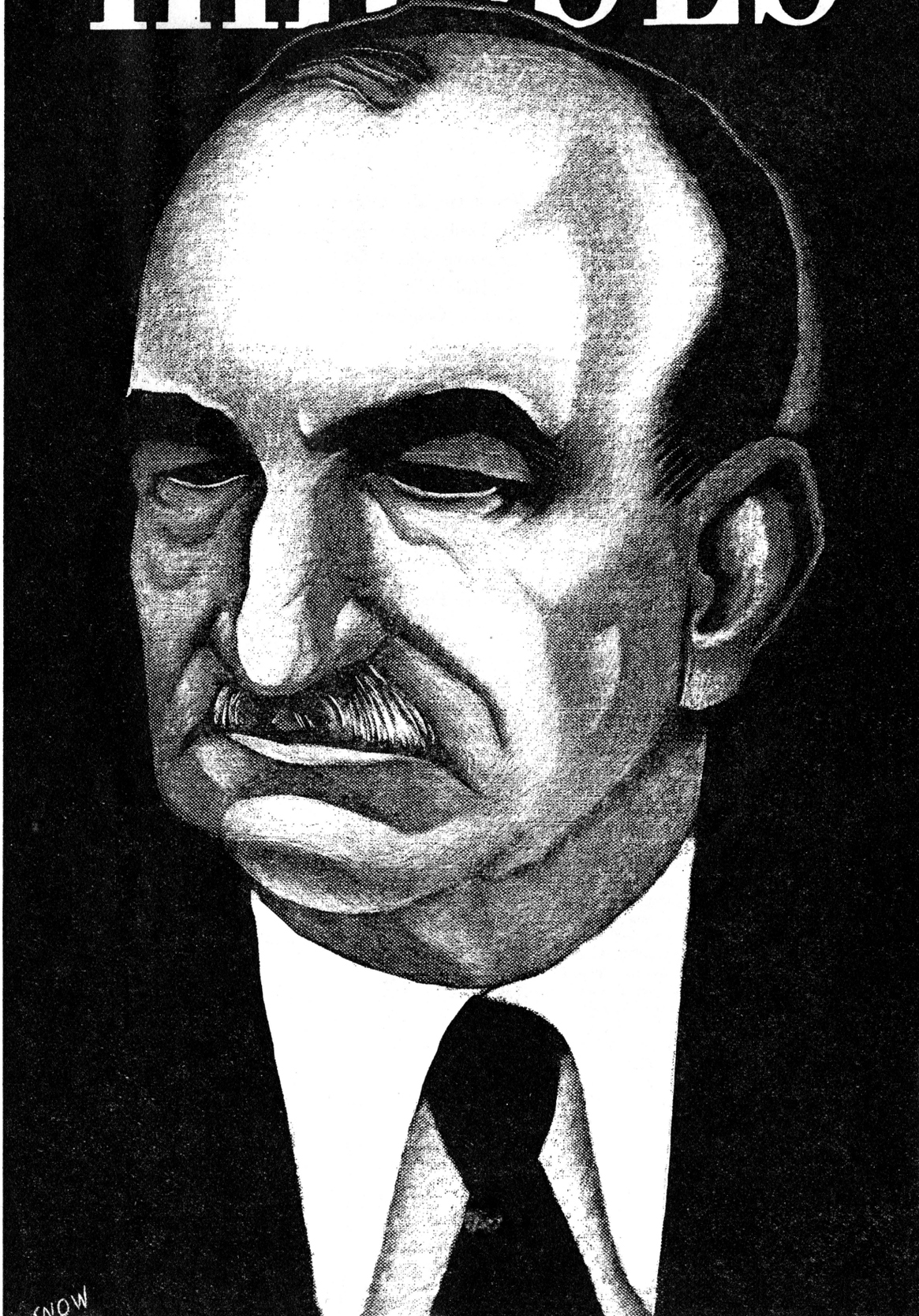


OCT. 4, 1938

Between Ourselves

BECAUSE of unavoidable circumstances, Earl Browder's regular weekly article failed to reach us in time for this issue. The series will be resumed next week.

The pressure of international events has compelled us to postpone the article by Upton Sinclair which was announced for this issue.

Did the New Deal lose the primaries? This question will be discussed in an article by A. B. Magil, NEW MASSES editor, in the next issue. Magil, who is co-author with Henry Stevens of *The Peril of Fascism: The Crisis of American Democracy,* is leaving soon on a speaking tour during which he will contribute articles on the political situation in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. On Friday, October 7, at 8 p.m., he will speak in Philadelphia at the Stephen Girard Hotel, 20th and Chestnut Sts. The film, *People of the Cumberland,* with comment by Erskine Caldwell, will also be shown. Other speaking dates will be found on page 27 of this issue.

Tickets for the Martha Graham dance recital under the auspices of NEW MASSES, on October 9 at Carnegie Hall, are selling well; we urge our friends to phone us immediately (CAledonia 5-3076) for tickets and reservations for the best possible locations.

The Writers School, established by the League of American Writers in the spring of 1937, has added to its faculty Samuel Sillen, literary editor of NEW MASSES, and Isidor Schneider, contributing editor. Sillen, a member of the English department of New York University, will conduct a course in American literature, while Schneider, who is well known as a poetry and prose writer and literary critic, will offer practical instruction on "Technique of Verse." Leane Zugsmith, popular author of left-wing fiction, whose short story "Back to Work" appeared in our Dec. 7, 1937, Literary Section, will give a short-story course. Other instructors will include Jean Starr Untermeyer, poet, Isobel Walker Soule, journalist, and Mary Elting, former editor of the *Golden Book.* There will also be two courses in radio-script writing. Classes, which are held in the evening, will begin October 10. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary of the Writers School, Rm. 803, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

NEW MASSES readers can perform a valuable service to the magazine not only by urging that it be kept in libraries which do not subscribe at present, but by asking for its inclusion in *Readers' Guide,* the standard index to current periodicals. The H. W. Wilson Co., publishers of *Readers' Guide,* inform us that such inclusion depends upon the advice and approval of a large enough number of librarians.

A list of exhibits on the Soviet Union which will be available for distribution at no charge except the cost of round-trip transportation has been announced by the American Russian Institute, at 56 W. 45th St., New York City. Most outstanding is the General Exhibit on the USSR which was constructed in the Soviet Union at the end of 1937 and covers such subjects as government administration, national economy, rights of citizens, agriculture, labor, and defense. This exhibit consists of fifty-four panels, but sections on the various subjects may be reserved separately. There are also exhibits on Mother and Child, Architecture, and Nationalities, as well as a large new collection of Soviet caricatures.

Stephen Peabody, author of the article, "Murphy of Michigan," which appeared in our August 3 issue, has forwarded to us the following letter from Governor Murphy:

"Dear Mr. Peabody:

"I wish to express my gratitude to you for your very generous article about me in NEW MASSES.

"You do me much more than justice, and I am profoundly grateful for your fair and intelligent treatment of the work we are doing here in the interests of social justice and good government. In the midst of so much discussion that is misrepresentative and inaccurate, it is a pleasure to read a story that deals honestly with the true facts.

"Thank you for what you have done.

"Sincerely,
"FRANK MURPHY."

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXIX. No. 2

October 4, 1938

Art work by Snow (cover), Hugo Gellert, Del, William Gropper, Robert Joyce, Ad Reinhardt, Redfield, Ned Hilton, Malman, Charles Martin.

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

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Who's Who

AL RICHMOND is managing editor of the *People's World,* progressive labor daily of the West Coast. . . . Obed Brooks' writings have frequently appeared in NEW MASSES and in other left-wing publications. . . . Hy Kravif is on the staff of the Labor Research Association. . . . Vincent Sheean's most recently published novel is *A Day of Battle.* In connection with the verses published in this issue, he says, "They are about various things, but all connected with the war in Spain. I have written a lot of jingles in my time but never published any, never tried to. These things struck my imagination very sharply down there, but there wasn't any way except this for that impression to be expressed." . . . Joseph North has just returned from Spain, where he was NEW MASSES and *Daily Worker* correspondent. . . . Edwin Rolfe is the present correspondent of NEW MASSES and the *Daily Worker* in Spain. . . . Millen Brand, author of *The Outward Room,* has completed another novel titled *The Heroes.* . . . Joseph P. Lash is national secretary of the American Student Union. . . . Ben Blake is a well known theater critic, formerly associated with *New Theatre.* He recently returned from a long stay in the Soviet Union. . . . NEW MASSES has published other poems by Norman Macleod and John Malcolm Brinnin.

Flashbacks

HITLER, noting down in the Sudeten calendar that October 1 is his moving day, reminds us that Mussolini invaded Ethiopia Oct. 2, 1935. . . . Franco proclaimed himself a dictator Oct. 1, 1936. . . . Died, Oct. 3, 1896, William Morris, Socialist poet, author of The March of the Workers:

What is this—the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling-on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on.
Hark the rolling of the thunder!
Lo! the sun! and lo! thereunder
Riseth wrath, and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

One part of this onward-marching host began organizational existence Sept. 28, 1864. On that day the First International, or International Workingmen's Association, was founded in London. Of it Marx wrote to Engels, "The need of the moment is: bold in matter but mild in manner."

Our Duty...and Yours

EVERY TIME NEW MASSES faces a final ultimatum from its creditors, we here face this question: Can we tell our readers how bad the situation is?

The necessity cuts us deeply. We know that some will say: What? Again!

But we have a duty to this magazine from which no sense of pride, no fear of shame can shake us.

We cannot let NEW MASSES down by suspending publication simply because we seem to have reached a financial dead-end. Not even after we have all gone without pay, cut the staff to the bone again, suspended the monthly Literary Section. Not if it is the third or the tenth or the fiftieth emergency!

If this magazine and its cause are more important than any of us, if they both must live, there is just one more thing to do. We have the duty to tell our readers the truth and to put it up to them. If they care enough, we will go on, otherwise not.

The last few weeks in our office have been nightmare weeks. It was hard to think and to worry about anything but the crisis in Europe. We had a job to do here for our comrades there. But week after week, we could not tell until the last moment whether the magazine would ever again appear.

Then last week, when the odds seemed ten to one that we had lost, we strained through on a last-minute, short-term loan based on a promise to issue this appeal.

What has happened? The summer months bring our income down to a minimum and exhaust every bit of borrowing power. Our expected contributors could not afford to help us as in the past because the continuing economic crisis cut into their resources. Also, the many supporters whom NEW MASSES has enlisted or directed to various causes cannot help us so liberally after contributing to the others. So the money we raised in our regular financial campaign last winter failed to carry us through a full year.

We do not begrudge Spain or China or the labor movement a single penny. But they will all suffer a stunning blow if NEW MASSES cannot continue to help them.

Two months ago, we recognized our peril and appealed for twenty thousand new subscribers. We counted on the result to keep us going. But that appeal went largely neglected.

We have gone over every possibility, all with one result:

NEW MASSES NEEDS $5,000 AT ONCE OR IT CANNOT GO ON. WE ARE CONFRONTED WITH A FINANCIAL ULTIMATUM FROM OUR CHIEF CREDITORS. EVERY DOLLAR YOU CAN AFFORD OR CAN SACRIFICE MUST BE RECEIVED HERE WITHIN THESE FEW DAYS.

The Editors

Hugo Gellert

PARIS! PRAGUE! LONDON!

Hugo Gellert

PARIS! PRAGUE! LONDON!

Zero Hour

AN EDITORIAL

ANOTHER week—war closer, much closer—but yet no war. The frightful ordeal of crooked diplomacy, the agony of waiting continues. But now under the shadow of an October 1 ultimatum, while Europe is in the full stride of mobilization, after another Hitler speech and some significant changes in the Anglo-French front.

Hitler's speech. Practically three-quarters of Hitler's speech at the Berlin Sportspalast on September 26 was almost textual repetition of his final speech before the Nuremberg Nazi Congress, two weeks earlier. The two speeches were almost identical in strategy. The Nuremberg speech led to a false sense of relief simply because it did not set the caissons rolling immediately. Within twenty-four hours, the outlook darkened, once it was clear that the caissons would roll unless France and Britain responded with an equally strong stand against aggression.

In this respect, the second speech changed exactly nothing. Hitler said with finality: "Herr Benes must cede this territory to us by October 1." There is room for speculation whether he referred to the territory originally demanded or his later, more severe, brutal demands. Either, as a matter of fact, dooms the Czechoslovak state. The Sportspalast speech did not in the slightest retreat from the main objective: annexation of the Sudeten region in order to dismember and subjugate the entire Czechoslovak nation.

But Hitler was more liberal in his promises to Britain and France. Most important was the statement, "The Sudetenland is the last territorial demand I have to make in Europe, but it is a demand from which I never will recede." This and similar "concessions" were calculated to make possible another application of Franco-British pressure upon Prague. The Nazis have used such pledges with success before, and they never tire. It is actually a method of conquest. Austrian independence was guaranteed just before Austria fell.

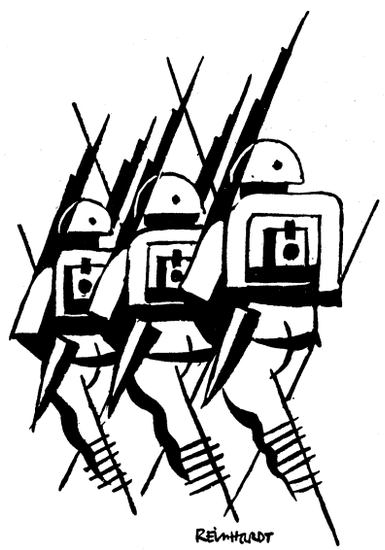
Again, nothing new really. It was always Hitler's intention to make Czechoslovakia into another Austria, if possible. The Nazis will go to war but not if they can obtain what they want without war. If they can fatten up on Czechoslovakia in order to make greater demands next time against the bigger powers directly, good—from their viewpoint.

So the Sportspalast speech had a twofold character: It continued to force the issue with respect to Czechoslovakia, but it tried to give the Nazi allies in Britain and France another opportunity to betray the Czechs from within.

Anti-Fascist Front. It would be tragic if the Chamberlain circles were now trusted simply because their original effort to betray the Czechs failed. For that is literally what happened. And it is no guarantee that the effort will not be made again.

Anglo-French pressure on Prague forced the Hodza Cabinet to agree in principle to the surrender of the Sudten region. Even that agreement would have been impossible had not the Czech government itself harbored allies of Hitler and Chamberlain. But then Hitler raised his demands. The interim gave the democratic forces in France and in Britain an opportunity to make their voices heard. The true position and weight of the Soviet Union came to be felt. Above all, the Hodza Cabinet in Prague was replaced by a much stronger one, and the Czechs decided to defend themselves whether other nations came to their aid or not. These things made Hitler's second speech necessary, not anything said or done by Mr. Chamberlain.

The impact of these people's movements did not leave Paris and London untouched. If the Chamberlain crowd cannot betray Czechoslovakia, then France and Britain will have to oppose Hitler Germany and the Chamberlain crowd would not last long in the seats of power should the will of the masses begin to assert itself. Herein lies the root of the second effort to throw Czechoslovakia to the Nazi wolves.



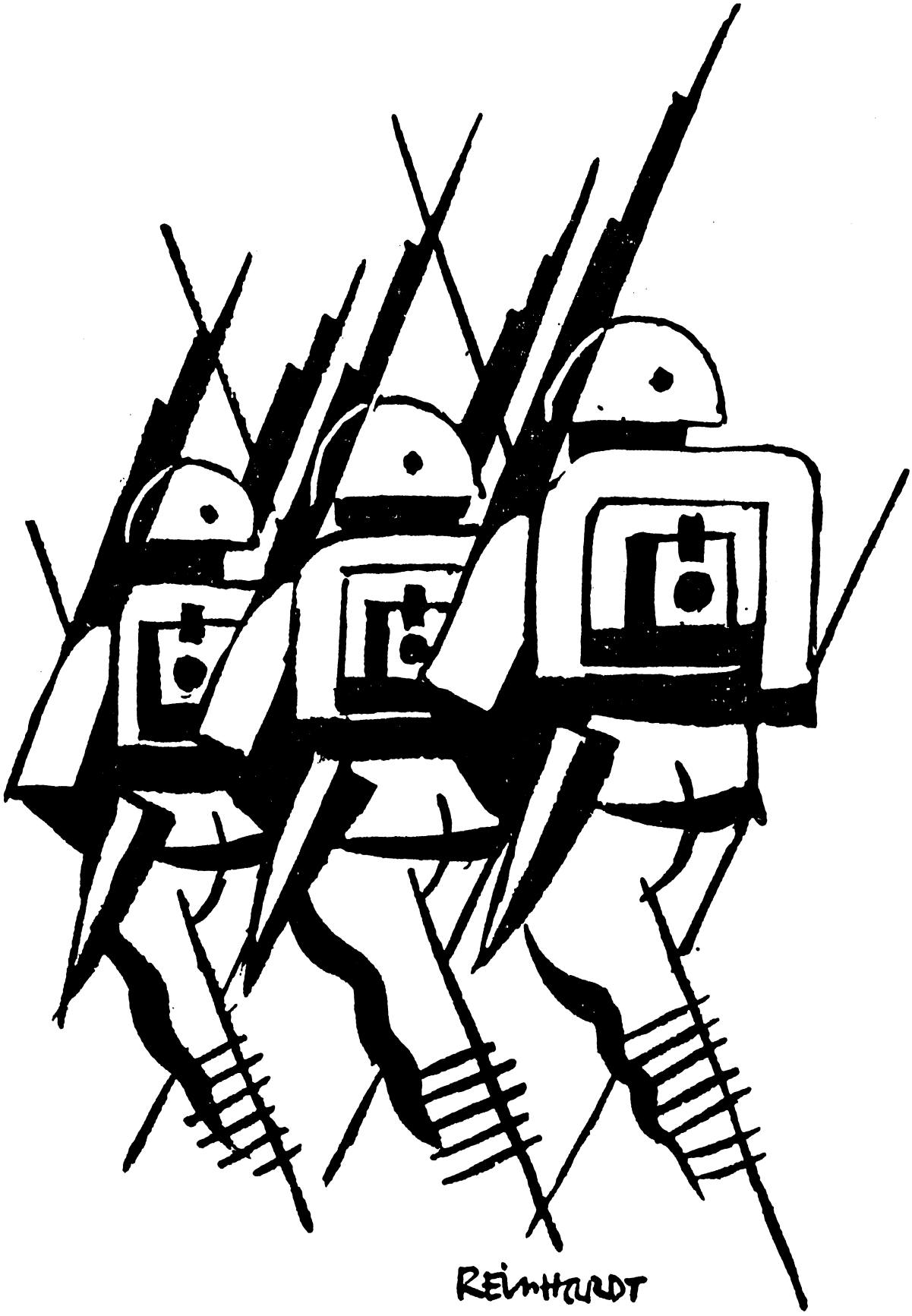
Ad Reinhardt

In the midst of betrayal, blackmail, and chicanery, Czechoslovakia and world peace have had one defender—the Soviet Union. The reactionary press of this country sought for a time to create the impression that the USSR had left Czechoslovakia in the lurch. Those very circles that are the first to brand as "Communist" any movement which the Soviet Union supports were demanding that the land of Socialism approach Hitler—a consummation that Messrs. Hitler and Chamberlain devoutly wished for. But now the world knows where the Soviet Union stands, where it has stood from the beginning—unswervingly faithful to its pledges, unyielding in its opposition to the betrayal of Czechoslovakia and peace. It is thanks to the steadfastness of the USSR and to the action of the democratic masses in Czechoslovakia, Britain, and France that Chamberlain and Daladier found the "courage" to say no—at least for the time being—to Hitler's new demand.

President Roosevelt's message. All varieties of opinion in the United States greeted with approval the President's plea for peace. This is all the more noteworthy since Mr. Roosevelt placed such emphasis on our own stake in any general European war within the context of the Kellogg-Briand pact. It testifies to the effect of the Czech crisis on American public opinion. The hatred of fascism in this country reached its height in the past week.

As a matter of fact, the effect in Britain and France of American public opinion has already been considerable. Hardly a newspaper in this country failed to condemn the Chamberlain sell-out. Both Britain and France look towards us for support; they cannot like sentiment here which weakens that friendship.

If we can exert such influence by really doing so little, what could not this country accomplish for world peace if it substituted a roar for a murmur and some action for good intentions! That is the problem before our people, Mr. Roosevelt, and the next Congress. But the crisis will not wait until January 1 when Congress meets. And Mr. Roosevelt need not wait. He has the power to cut off our trade with Germany now. He could have cut it off before on the grounds of Germany's



Ad Reinhardt

consistent violation of fair-trade practices.

The democracies of the West find themselves in this dilemma. If they surrender Czechoslovakia to the Nazis, they will have to fight tomorrow in their own defense under much less favorable terms. If they stand firm now, even at this zero hour, Hitler can still be made to retreat. The fact that he decided upon a second speech at the Sportspalast was a subterfuge, rather than a retreat. If he wanted to fight all the democracies united, he could have done so before and without that speech. He wanted, rather, to split the democratic front, to give his allies in France and Britain another opportunity to betray. But this reliance on treason rather than war, characteristic of Nazi offensive, can be turned to the uses of peace if Nazi Germany is assured that there will be no treason, only the firmest and most united resistance.

We, as a democracy, stand with the democracies before this alternative whether we like it or not. We have the same duty and responsibility. If we fail, we fail not only them but ourselves.

Last Look at Europe

A Reporter Returns

JOSEPH NORTH

COMING home from Spain via London, I saw a sight that affected me even more than all the twelve months of bombing. I stood on the Embankment along the Thames within sound of Big Ben, hard by the House of Parliament—the Mother of Parliaments, I've heard it called—and I saw the shame of a democratic people.

It was the night news came that Chamberlain and Daladier would not stand up to Hitler on the Sudeten question.

I saw Britishers read the headlines and fling the papers on the pavement. Men stood there silent, along the Thames, speechless at the treachery. One chap I spoke to had taken off his bowler hat and skimmed it into the river with disgust. Will Horner, one of the outstanding leaders of Britain's five million unionists, told me the British people were ashamed of themselves, appalled at the cowardice and treachery of their Prime Minister.

He summarized what M. Felipe Gely, town councilor of Perpignan, on the north side of the Pyrenees, had said to me in French about Daladier, Bonnet. I heard the sentiment from almost every man and woman I spoke to, from Le Pertusse on the Spanish border, through Paris to Blackpool and down to Dover. I had had the unique experience of speaking with hundreds of representative people at a critical moment in the history of the world. It was a terrific contrast to the calm courage of the Spanish folk I had seen in action this swift year. The Spaniards were passing through hell, but proudly. I learned there that a democratic people dare not lose their pride: human dignity is the fundamental of a republic. Spain knew that: the commoners of France and England I spoke to—the folk of a Popular Front—knew it. Yet Chamberlain and Daladier had attempted to put through the great treachery.

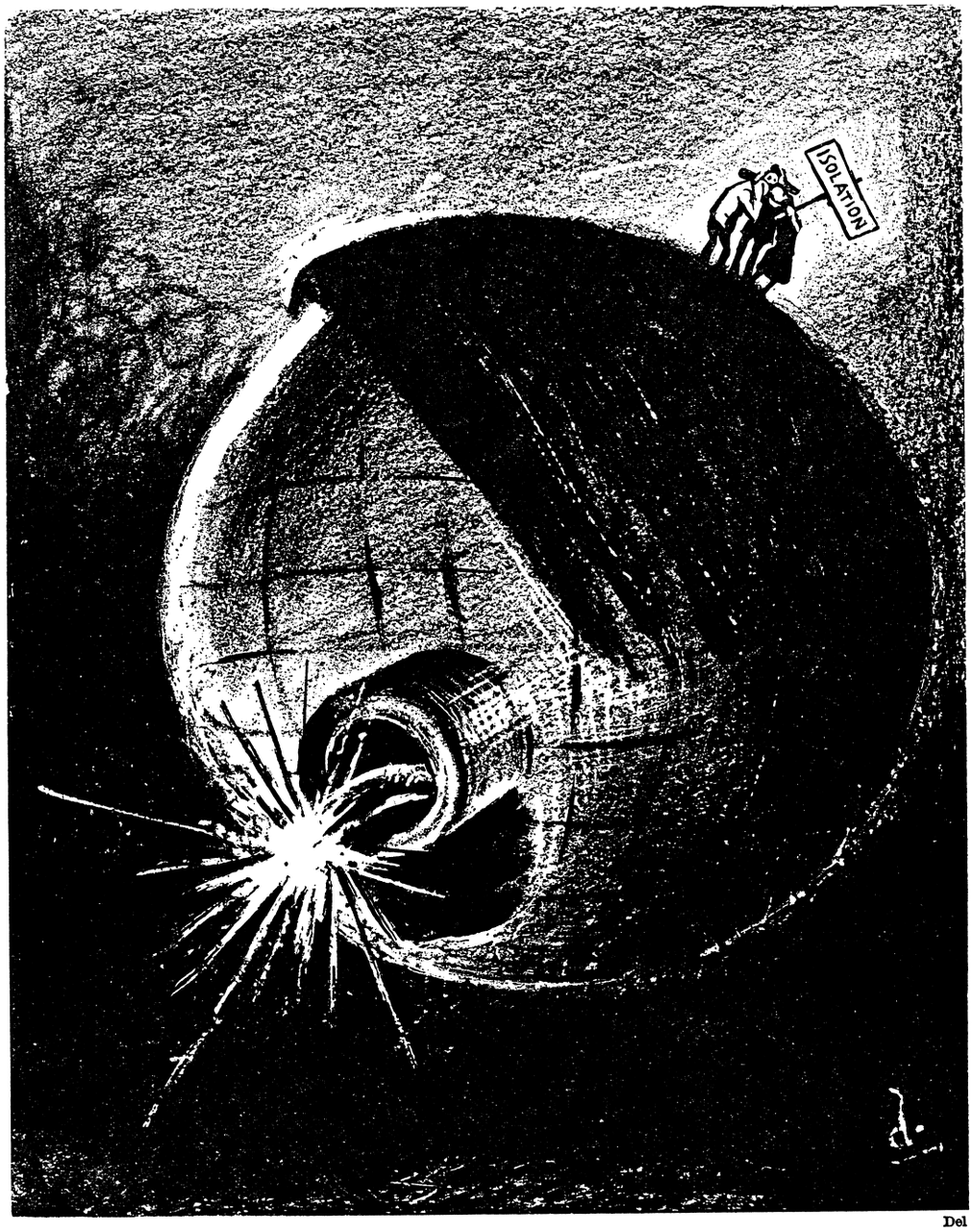
I had sat in the press gallery at Blackpool when Britain's five million workingmen unanimously adopted a manifesto that their country stand up to Hitler by adoption of collective action with France and the USSR.

I heard British workmen demand that Parliament be recalled. Five million demanded it.

Today's headline, as this is being written, declares that Parliament will be recalled.

The man on the street is making himself felt. Today is not 1914 and he wants his say. He knows democracy cannot betray democracy and remain alive.

Chamberlain, Daladier—the "Fifth Columnists of reaction and fascism" within the gates of democracy—have gained whatever support they may have by befuddlement, by outright falsity. Chamberlain's Cliveden set and their analogous groupings within France have drummed heavily on the notion that the democracies are unprepared. To hear them talk one would think there wasn't a stick in the arsenal with which to face the aggressor nations. You would never know Britain had a fleet, to listen to the London *Times*. The vast strength of their potential ally against the Nazi aggressor, the Soviet



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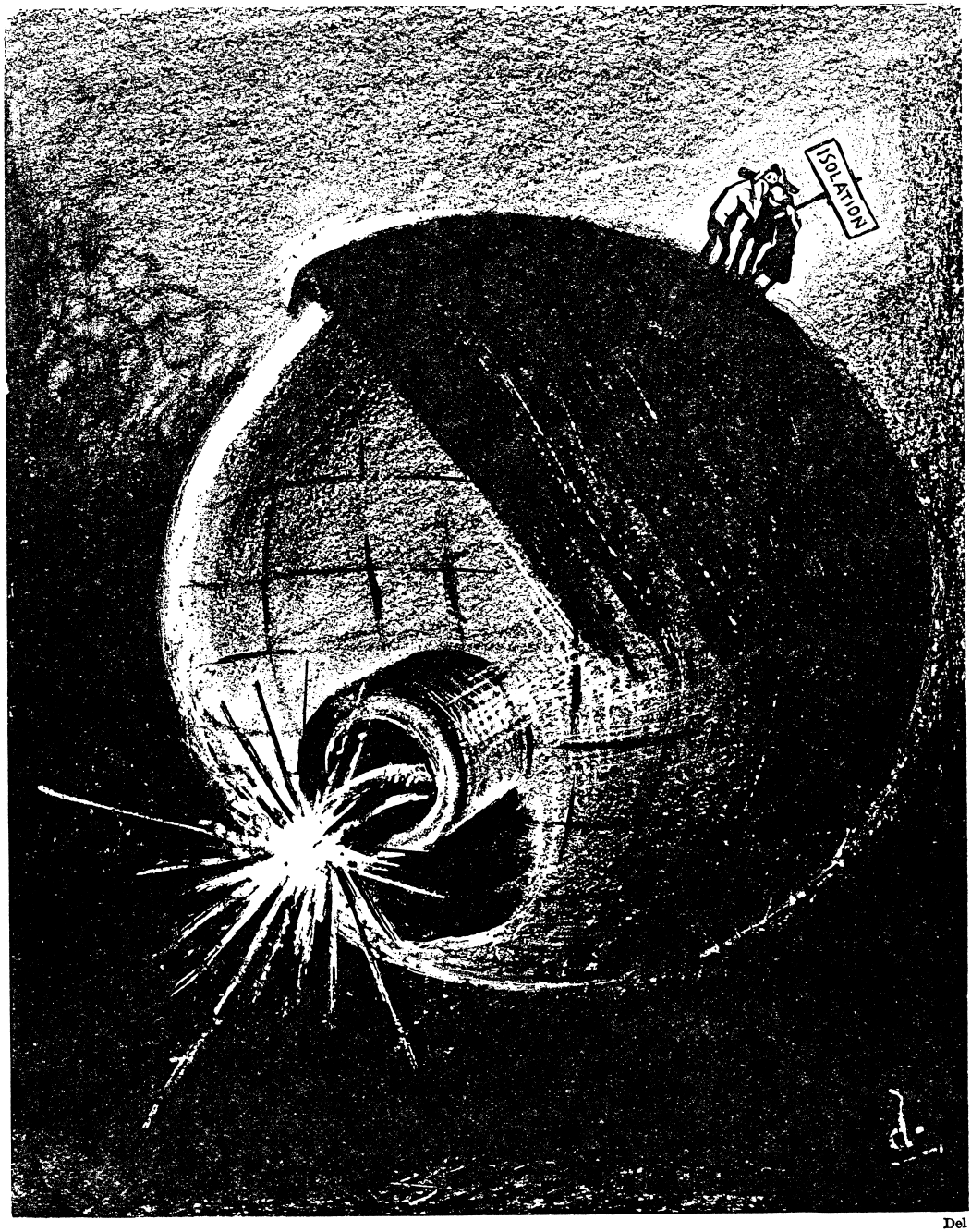

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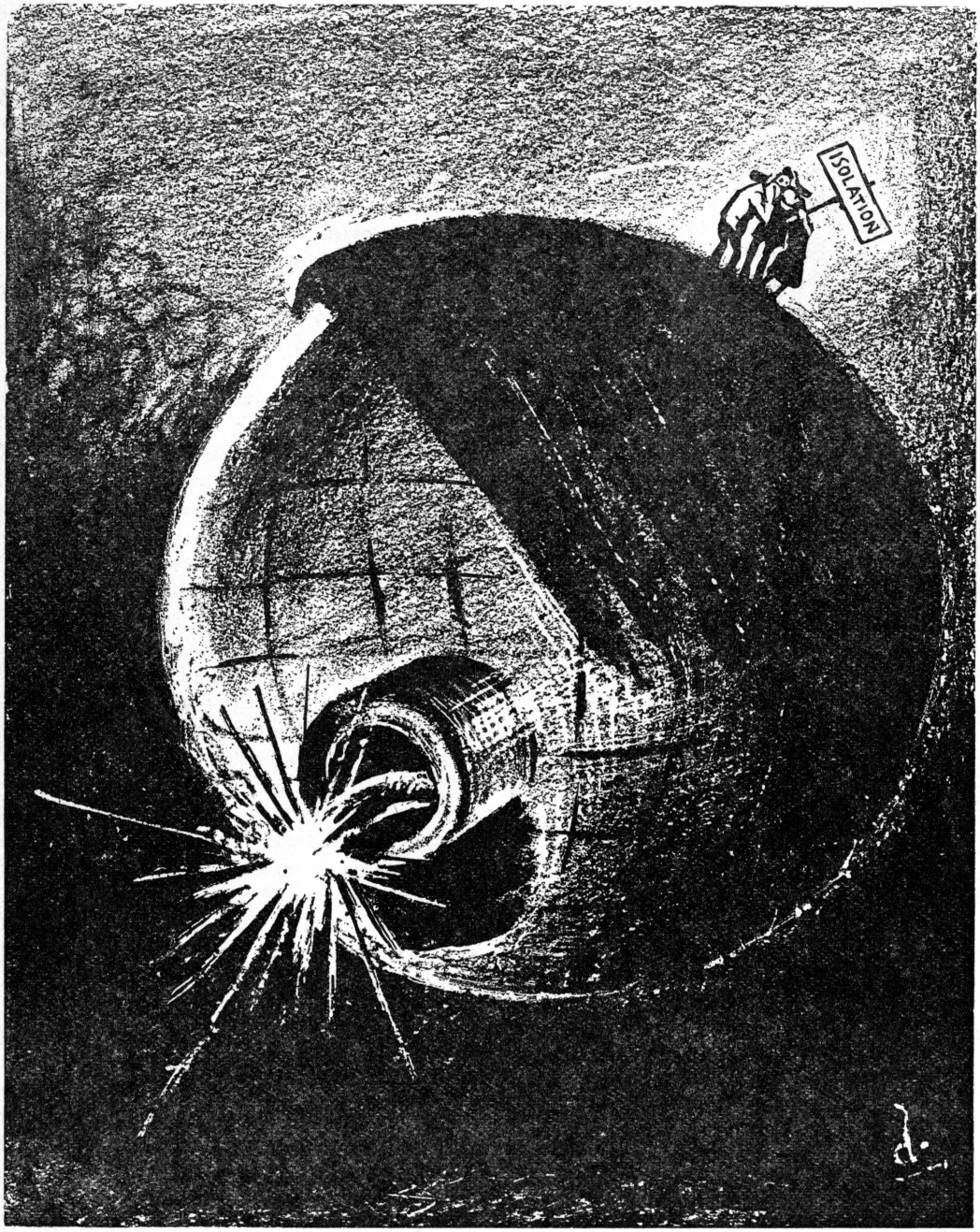

Del

Union, is played down. The power of resistance of a democratic nation, heavily industrialized as Czechoslovakia is, remains unclear to many. The Thunderer has whispered when it came to drawing the conclusions from gallant Spain's two-year stand against all that Hitler and Mussolini were able to send Franco.

As a result many anti-fascists of Europe were taken in by Chamberlain, Daladier—for the moment. "We are not ready now," they said. "Wait till tomorrow, till we build up to Hitler's strength. Then we will settle accounts." They overlook his added strength with Czechoslovakia under the belt, with the Skoda works added to the Krupp, with the granaries of the Danube, the mines of Austria.

There is no doubt about it: the vast majority of the people realize there can be no security from Nazism unless a stand is made by the democracies. The agents of Hitlerism—the Chamberlains—slyly put off that stand. But millions are increasingly becoming aware of their strategy.

A Cockney stood on the Embankment within view of Westminster Abbey and hawked J. B. S. Haldane's burning book—*A.R.P.*—accusing the Chamberlain government of criminal neglect in air-raid precautions. London awaits its first air raid since the Kaiser's zeppelins. It knows Hitler's Junkers will be even less merciful. I passed a family of three strolling along the Thames, taking the balmy Indian-summer air of London. They halted, the man put down the child he carried, dug in his pockets, and bought a copy of Haldane's book. You could almost feel the rumble of the Ebro bombings here at the gates of the Mother of Parliaments. And well may that family read of air-raid precautions. For the Chamberlain government, as Haldane points out, has not even taken the minimum precautions against the bombers—the mere digging of trenches in the populous suburbs, the slums. That would cost money. Air-raid shelters such as Barcelona and Madrid have today haven't been constructed. That would cost money. Yet the armaments firms during Chamberlain's "rearmament" program raked in fivefold profits over recent years.

I went down to Dover, which nestles under the chalk cliffs that gave Britain its ancient name of Albion, and I tramped with crowds of late summer vacationers over the hill past famous Dover Castle to the farmyard where a bomb dropped during the World War. They stood silently looking at the hole left there since 1915. That's a spot no British "isolationist" can possibly argue down, I thought.

Yet nobody tore his hair crying "War!" The "dirty little madman" of Berchtesgaden had accustomed our generation to the idea. The big question I heard in Western Europe was "Would the democracies stop Hitler before he gave the world his war?"

Everybody was confident the Nazis would be stopped if the democracies "stood up" to him. But the Fifth Columnists in the ranks of democracy were still doing their dirty work.

His Name Was Arnold Reid

An American on the Honor Roll of the Ebro's Dead

EDWIN ROLFE

Barcelona, September 26 (By Cable).

THE fascist planes came over at 6:55 p. m. As they passed, roaring overhead, we waited for the bombs. But the planes continued past us. Still watching, we saw white puffs of smoke spurt behind their tails.

The planes were soon lost to sight behind a high ridge. The "smoke" spread, became diluted in the sky—and soon we saw each original puff separate into thousands of particles which floated, twisted in the air, descended slowly. A few minutes more and they were falling—small white sheets of paper—in the overripe vineyards, the stripped fig trees.

The young chief of the government air force of the army of the Ebro, standing beside us, looked on grinning as several soldiers dashed off to retrieve the leaflets. We knew approximately what they would say: "Surrender, pass into our lines. Franco Himself promises you justice and good treatment." Thousands of similar leaflets had been dropped over the Fifteenth Brigade encampment when the brigade had first gone into reserve on August 7. All played the same dull tune—the insurgent propaganda department hadn't even imagination to produce effective variations. And the men had kidded about the leaflets: "Christ, just what I needed. Now I don't have to rip up my *Daily*." "What, no union label? Get Big Six after them."

The soldiers came back toward us, handed each of us a leaflet. The youthful air-force chief took one, read it aloud, chuckled, and glanced at his wrist watch. I read "Milicianos. Te enganan miserablemente. Donde esta 'La Gloriosa' te tus periodicos." ("Militiamen. You are being miserably deluded. Where is La Gloriosa [the government aviation] your newspapers write about?") I was going to read on, but the young chief was still laughing, enjoying a huge private joke, still looking at his watch. And suddenly the fascist's question was answered.

Over the same ridge the Fiats reappeared, their motors roaring louder than before, their formations considerably wobblier. Then came a newer, louder motor hum—you couldn't mistake the sound. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty—the little Chatos were hot on their tails. They turned in the air, banked and twisted, swooped and power-dived, described neat arcs and parabolas in the sky. The rebel squadrons broke, scattered, and made off at top speed. My companions and I thought we saw one Fiat stagger and wobble as though hit, then lose altitude, but we weren't sure. The young chief's grin had spread, become a smile; now he was laughing.

All this happened at 7 p. m., a few minutes after taunting fascist leaflets had fallen, over the western side of the Ebro. We watched it from field headquarters of the army of the Ebro. Colonel Modesto was away on an inspection tour, but his commissar, Delage, and his chief of staff were there. The soldiers laughed till they held their bellies, and couldn't get over the grand joke. Between guffaws, with tears streaming down their cheeks, they shouted to one another, "Oye, Miliciano, donde esta nuestra gloriosa," and they would stop, almost convulsed, one hand on their belly, the other extended upward, repeating, "Oye, Miliciano, donde esta."

All the trappings of a dogfight were there above us, but it never came off. Despite their blustering leaflets the insurgent flying squadrons know better by now than to attempt combat with government planes when thirty of them are simultaneously in the air over the same sector. The official war communique that night described the entire incident tersely and laconically: "While on a vigilance flight our aviation tried without success to engage enemy planes in combat." Nothing more.

But too frequently there are times when fascist planes monopolize the air. This is inevitable when government planes, outnumbered, must spread themselves over many sectors. It is at such moments that the Italian-German air forces do the greatest damage. An indication of their sheer physical force is in the figures given me by Colonel Modesto's chief of staff: "Since our troops crossed the river the enemy dropped no less than 350,000 bombs over the Ebro sector alone." Of these, it was then estimated, only one in 2,500 found its mark. And of the bombs dropped on the Ebro itself in the rebels' efforts to destroy bridges and cut the loyalist communications and supplies, only one in three thousand has scored a hit. When you add these figures, the twenty thousand shells per day which Modesto's chief of staff estimates the insurgents have thrown against government lines during many consecutive days of the recent fighting, you get a pretty fair idea of the fascist's gargantuan supply of war materials and the desperation which drives them to such waste in efforts to make up for the palpable inferiority of their infantry.

Almost two months of counter-attacks have failed to net the insurgents anything except

a few hills south and north of Corbera, giving them a miniature but risky salient which leaves them exposed to government fire from both flanks. Their losses, which Commissar Delage estimates at between forty and fifty thousand—of which less than 60 percent are recuperables—have brought them dangerously close to the last resort, which Franco, and Mussolini as well, despite his boasts about the Italian expeditionary forces, have dreaded: the use for front-line service, head-on fighting, of Italian divisions. If this occurs—and it is entirely possible—the Ebro battles will enter, as I have pointed out in dispatches elsewhere, a new and decisive phase—decisive not only for the outcome of the Ebro fighting but for the entire course of the war as well.

During our day at army headquarters a messenger arrived with the first copies of the official publication, *Ejercita Del Ebro*—its huge special issue which recounts the entire Ebro action through its most recent stages. Commissar Delage, opening the magazine, pointed to the center spread—a somber honor roll devoted to the outstanding men who lost their lives during the action. Only fifteen men in all are listed in the entire honor roll. Among them appears the name of only one International.

He was an American. His name was Arnold Reid.

He was killed July 27 when the Fifty-ninth Battalion of the Fifteenth Brigade attacked fascist positions south of Villalba de los Arcos. He was commissar of the battalion's machine-gun company, and he died while directing the fire of one of his gunners against an enemy nest. A sniper spotted him; the bullet came through clean, and he died instantly.

I knew Arnold Reid for nine years before his death; first at the University of Wisconsin, as a fellow-classmate and friend; then as a comrade, accounts of whose progress came to me from Mexico, Cuba, and the Argentine, where he worked with the youth of these lands, organizing them, teaching them with infinite care and patience; and finally here in Spain, both as friend and comrade.

Antonio Pujol, a Mexican artist volunteer in the Fifteenth Brigade, who knew Arnold Reid in Mexico, once told me: "He became part of us so quickly, so easily, it was hard to think of him as a foreigner. You had only to meet him once, to speak with him once, and you felt he was your brother, your older brother." And Ben Holtzman, an American in the Lincoln-Washington who attended the corporal's school of which Reid was for a time commissar, told me: "You can't help believing what that guy says when he talks to you. You get the feeling he believes it so completely himself."

When there was a problem to be settled, men came to Arnold Reid—all the men, Spaniards, Cubans, Mexicans, and Americans. He explained things simply, with profound devotion and love for the men and a scrupulous honesty in meeting their problems directly, no matter how difficult they were. The young Spaniards in his battalion regarded him with deep confidence and unexpressed love that only men who fight together can have. And never, till the day he died, did he fail them.

I recall two conversations with him. One, during the winter of 1930, when we had gone for a long walk along frozen Lake Mendota through the clean snow of the Wisconsin winter. He said something about the quiet, the snow-covered midnight landscape under the full moon. And he added, "It's a shame all the people in the world aren't here, right on this spot, now." He was seventeen years old then. We walked through the snow for hours, talking; then returned to the dorms, to our books.

The other conversation took place in mid-July, shortly before the Ebro offensive. I visited Reid in his makeshift tent and we rolled cigarettes with tobacco which he carefully cut with his jackknife from the remains of a cigar, the last of a package sent to him from the States. We talked of many things, recalled the walks along Lake Mendota, reminisced about school and our work of nine years since. We spoke of NEW MASSES, where for a time we had worked together, and Reid went over what was good in the magazine, what in his opinion could be bettered. Then finally we spoke about Spain and ourselves. And Reid said, "I feel very calm, very sure of myself. I think I have finally got to the point where nothing that will ever face me in my life and work can keep me from doing my job. I no longer have even those little intermittent doubts I once had when I first joined up. I feel stronger than I have ever felt."

That was on July 18. A week later the Fifteenth Brigade crossed the Ebro, and in a letter to his wife written the night before crossing he reiterated the same calm strength and rephrased the same belief in himself and his comrades, the same certainty that "nothing can ever keep me from doing my job."

Two days later the Fifty-ninth Battalion attacked, and Arnold Reid was killed. He was buried where he fell.

★

The Red Wizard of Oz

FOR some time I had been cudgeling my brains trying to find out why on earth the Dies committee should accuse our own beloved (and 100 percent American) Miss Shirley Temple of Communism. Extremely unlikely, I thought, that she has been fed on proletarian pabulum for masses either new or old. The answer must obviously be: Marxian influence somewhere in the folk and fairy lore written for children. But where? I knew of nothing Communistic, either latent or deliberately expressed, in the fairy stories of Perrault, Grimm, or Andersen. In fact, the fairylands described by these writers are capitalistic countries, with dictators.

Then I bethought me of the *Wizard of Oz* series. A few things aroused my suspicions. First, L. Frank Baum, the author of these ingratiating tales, belonged to the "Uplifters Society," suspicious sounding, certainly. Then, in *The Sea Fairies* the author takes a dig—withal good-humoredly—at the Standard Oil Co. and the coal trust; and in *Tik-Tok of Oz* Baum takes the reader to a fairyland on the other side of the world from Oz, a fairyland ruled by an individual known as the "private citizen." Then I meditated for a moment on Oz itself. Good heavens! The land of Oz is a fairyland run on Communistic lines, and is perhaps the only Communistic fairyland in all children's literature. As I have in my library a number of the Oz books (those by Baum, not the unfortunate continuations by Miss Plumley Thompson), I turned to *The Emerald City of Oz*, the sixth of the series, and in the third chapter read the following:

> There were no poor people in the Land of Oz, because there was no such thing as money, and all property of every sort belonged to the Ruler. The people were her children, and she cared for them. Each person was given freely by his neighbors whatever he required for his use, which is as much as anyone may reasonably desire. Some tilled the lands and raised great crops of grain, which was divided equally among the entire population, so that all had enough. There were many tailors and dressmakers and shoemakers and the like, who made things that any who desired them might wear. Likewise there were jewelers who made ornaments for the person, which pleased and beautified the people, and these ornaments also were free to those who asked for them. Each man and woman, no matter what he or she produced for the good of the community, was supplied by the neighbors with food and clothing and a house and furniture and ornaments and games. . . .
>
> Everyone worked half the time and played half the time, and the people enjoyed the work as much as they did the play, because it is good to be occupied and to have something to do. There were no cruel overseers set to watch them, and no one to rebuke them or to find fault with them. So each one was proud to do all he could for his friends and neighbors, and was glad when they would accept the things he produced.

Recently I went through files in the New York Public Library, on Forty-second Street, as I wanted to borrow an Oz book. The only one listed in any New York Public Library was a solitary copy of *The Wizard of Oz*. This was odd, I thought. The Oz stories are the most famous of all American fairy tales. *The Wizard of Oz* has been translated into French and German, and when turned into a musical extravaganza at the beginning of this century became a smash hit and brought Fred Stone into fame overnight. It was filmed twice in the silent days, and is now being made into a talkie by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Disney wants to do the story as a feature cartoon, but to date has not been able to get the rights. Not so long ago *The Wizard* was dramatized on the air. Eight of the Oz books have been turned into children's plays; and, to conclude, a professor of English at the University of Washington, Seattle, has written a learned monograph on the Baum books. Well, I asked an assistant why the Oz books were not in the New York libraries. "They've been banned," she replied.

The rest is silence!—STEWART ROBB.

The Week in Europe

As Gropper Saw It

William Gropper

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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★

O'Connor Wants a Mask

THE gods of irony had a field day in the primaries of the Sixteenth Congressional District of New York. Overnight Rep. John J. O'Connor found himself transmuted from a Copperhead Democrat into a gilt-edged Republican, much to the satisfaction of President Roosevelt, James H. Fay, O'Connor's successful New Deal opponent, and many millions of liberal Americans. The outcome of the contest in the Sixteenth District marked the clearest expression of that differentiation between liberals and conservatives, irrespective of party label, which was the President's major objective in the primary campaign. Roosevelt charged that men like Senators George, Smith, and Tydings, and Representative O'Connor, were really Republicans in disguise and should drop all pretense of supporting the program which won such overwhelming endorsement in the 1936 elections. From now on Mr. O'Connor will have to content himself with being a Republican minus the disguise; and as for Messrs. George, Smith, and Tydings, their masks will deceive much less in the future.

In the rejection of O'Connor by the Democratic voters far more was involved than the defeat of an outstanding reactionary. For O'Connor holds what is probably the key position in the entire Congress, chairmanship of the House Rules Committee. From this vantage point he has strangled progressive legislation and has been the inspiration of the revolt against the New Deal in the House. Even should he be successful in the November election, which seems improbable, he will return as a Republican and thus forfeit his position on the Rules Committee. Whisper it not in tory circles, but the defeat of O'Connor means more to reaction's high command than the victories of George, Smith, and Tydings put together.

Progressive political action scored other triumphs in the New York primaries, the most notable of which was the emphatic manner in which former Rep. Vito Marcantonio carried off the honors in both the Republican and American Labor Party contests. And in the Democratic primary, which he also entered, Marcantonio polled about half the total of Tammany's incumbent, Representative Lanzetta. Most of the other candidates endorsed by the American Labor Party also were successful.

Swedish Labor

REACTIONARY union-haters will find little comfort in the report on Swedish labor relations made last week by the President's special commission. Similar in scope and approach to the massive report on British trade-union practice published a month ago, this study emphasizes the matter-of-fact approach Swedish industrialists take to collective bargaining in particular and the existence of a strong industrial trade-union movement in general.

In this report, as in the British one, the President's commission implies that Swedish unions, having already wrenched legal and actual recognition of trade-union rights from industrialists, have fought all their battles and won all their wars. Actually, of course, the Swedish trade-union movement still struggles against wage-cuts and speedup.

But the Tom Girdlers of America may be distressed to note in the report that Swedish industrialists do not dare shoot down peaceful pickets, nor, indeed, is there any repressive anti-picketing legislation on the books.

Swedish and British trade-union practice cannot be transplanted to America. The development of the American labor movement has been altogether different from the growth of unions abroad. Tory legislators may try to pervert the President's two reports into attacks on our National Labor Relations Board, but a close study of these documents by progressives will serve to defeat any such move. For after the details are swept away, one fact remains: The British and Swedish commission reports show conclusively that industrialists abroad have been forced to bargain collectively with strong industrial union movements.

Firing Doremus Jessup

A FEW years back Sinclair Lewis built his literary contribution to the anti-fascist cause around the story of a militantly democratic newspaper and its editor, Doremus Jessup. Doremus Jessup became a symbol of the kind of opposition to fascism that the American tradition demanded, and the book, *It Can't Happen Here,* was a best-seller.

Oddly enough, the Rutland *Herald*, the paper that Lewis is said to have had in mind when he wrote *It Can't Happen Here,* has become a focal point of the struggle against fascism. But this time the paper itself represents reaction, and a young columnist, Vrest Orton, is the victim of the publisher's suppression. For three years Orton has been writing a column of comment called "The Return of the Native." He has used his space to bring to the consciousness of conservative Vermonters the imminent danger of fascism and to head off the notion, fostered by his publisher, that Communism is the real menace and fascism just a bogey of the Communists.

The specific instance of Orton's firing was a column protesting the banning of the film *The Spanish Earth* by the selectmen of Windsor, Vt. In that banning Orton saw incipient fascism, and in his column he tried to show just why this was so.

At the end of that column the publisher, William Field, appended a notice of its discontinuance. The gist of his reasoning was that Orton's constant emphasis on the menace of fascism was disproportionate to his emphasis on the real "menace"—Communism. The partial nature of this explanation is obvious. Rockwell Kent, Heywood Broun, and many others have already made public their protests, and Orton's fight is one that all progressives can join cheerfully.

The Workers Alliance

ONE of the most significant developments of the past year has been the emergence of the Workers Alliance as an important factor in the political life of the country. No longer are the organized unemployed mere demonstrators for relief and insisters on more adequate provision for their needs. Today they are concerning themselves with the whole future of the nation, and they have taken their places with the organized employed workers in uniting the forces of democracy and progress everywhere. This coming of age of the Workers Alliance was written large over the deliberations and decisions of its fourth national convention, which was held in Cleveland during the past weekend.

The convention adopted a six-year relief and recovery program providing for the expenditure of $6,600,000,000 for public housing, the construction of schools, hospitals, and playgrounds, flood control, and health projects; it urged additional funds for federal "yardstick" plants in various industries and for cultural and white-collar projects; it called for the provision of four million WPA jobs at wages 20 percent above the present scale; it urged health insurance, liberalization

of the Social Security Act, and expansion of the National Youth Administration to provide jobs for 1,500,000 young people; it took its stand for progressive political action and endorsed a third term for President Roosevelt should he feel it necessary to run again; and it adopted, with but five dissenting votes, a resolution calling for collective action of the democracies to prevent war, support of Czechoslovakia by the United States government, and the lifting of the embargo against Spain.

The growth of the Workers Alliance and the spirit of unity that permeated the convention were the most effective answers to the libels of the Dies committee and the recent efforts of a small number of Trotskyites and other disrupters, spurred on by the anti-New Deal press, to split the organization. David Lasser, president of the Alliance, cited the fact that in August, normally a month when membership declines, twenty thousand new members had joined, while the first eight months of this year witnessed a 45 percent increase in membership over the whole of 1937, bringing the total to about 400,000. This membership includes not only manual workers, but many white-collar workers and professionals. The leadership and program of the Workers Alliance are guarantees that it will continue in the future to be a constructive force in the nation's affairs.

The Legion in Reverse

FAR different both in achievement and tone was the American Legion convention in Los Angeles. In 1936 and 1937 there were evidences that the legion high command was beginning to respond, to some extent at least, to the growing progressive sentiment among the rank and file and in the country as a whole. This found expression at last year's convention in the almost complete absence of Red-baiting and in the demand voiced by National Commander Harry Colmery for government action against Nazi activities in the United States. This year, however, the legion, judging by the newspaper accounts, seems to have gone into reverse. It adopted a ten-point Americanization program, most of which is shockingly un-American. It includes an unqualified endorsement of the Dies committee, a demand for the deportation of Harry Bridges, proposals for new legislative attacks on the foreign-born, and a criticism of Department of Labor officials for alleged laxness in enforcing the immigration and deportation laws.

Nor does it augur well for the legion's future that the little clique of "kingmakers" chose as the national commander for the coming year Stephen F. Chadwick, chairman of the legion's Americanism Committee. It is this unsavory committee, whose director is Homer Chaillaux, which for so many years was largely responsible for identifying the legion in the minds of many liberal Americans with reaction and fascism. It is to be hoped that fuller accounts of the legion convention will reveal it to have been less one-sided. Certain it is that the overwhelming majority of the nearly one million members of the American Legion desire to take their stand with democracy.

Railroad Profits and Wages

THE bankers who own or at least control most of the nation's railroads are determined to force a 15 percent wage cut for their employees. Last week, the President's hastily summoned conference between the chiefs of the railway unions and the representatives of the companies broke down when the railroad owners refused even to discuss a program of "remedial" legislation in lieu of the wage cut.

A general strike on the nation's railroads is still, under the terms of the Railway Labor Act, two months off, but the issue at stake grows more and more clear to the public. The railroad owners try to cover up facts with quoting figures—lots of them. But in spite of camouflage, the merest layman can now understand that the bankers who hold watered stocks and bonds want to sweat their swollen interest charges out of the hides of the railroad workers. For the railroads do make profits, and indeed are making them right now, in spite of the howls of pain. A normally financed industry would grow fat on the annual profits of American railroads. But the railroads are not normally financed—indeed, for every dollar of value in rails and signal equipment and freight cars and locomotives, bankers hold $5 and in many cases $8 and $10 worth of stocks and bonds. They want profits on every dollar of these watered stocks and bonds—profits made by cutting workers' wages.

The railroad unions have replied with their final weapon—a strike vote. The public announcement this week of the tabulation of the strike votes taken in the twenty-one standard railway unions shows a nearly unanimous yes-vote from the nation's railroad workers.

Nationalization of railroads is the final solution to the railroad problem—but nationalization carried out on a basis fair to the American people. The *Daily News,* the nation's largest newspaper, has suggested nationalization as a way out of the railroad problem, but the *Daily News* wants the government to pay for every dollar of watered stock, every nickel of swollen overcapitalization. We are for nationalization of railroads, too—but we want government ownership which will benefit the workers and the public in general, not the bankers.

New Yorker Goes Hearst

WE LIVE in grave times. Men sit by radios, transfixed, their very hearts wrung with anxiety. Civilization, progress are threatened everywhere in the world. And in this terrible period, men of good will from all countries come forward to reaffirm the simple things that all decent people hold dear—liberty, democracy, freedom.

Men of good will come forward. But reaction also gathers its forces, in this country as in Europe. The fake liberals, the fair-weather friends of progress and peace must choose now on which side they stand: reaction or progress. It is at this moment of world crisis, with the Dies committee pouring out its lies and distortions, and reactionary politicians marching toward the November election with their program of New Deal destruction, that the *New Yorker* magazine, which is presumably devoted to wit, not politics, has chosen to publish a venomous attack on the Communist Party.

Now, no one, least of all the editors of the NEW MASSES, is surprised to discover that the *New Yorker* is not sympathetic to Communism. Unfortunately for the pretensions of the *New Yorker* editors, it is today no longer possible to smear the Communist Party and its general secretary, Earl Browder, without also smearing democracy and the struggle for peace. Communists are not thin-skinned. They can and do laugh at their own foibles. They accept honest criticism from their friends. But the series on Earl Browder, currently running in the *New Yorker,* is not satire or honest criticism. Surface cynicism has degenerated into crude libel. The editors ordered one of their famous "bright young men" to collect all the old wives' tales about the Communist Party, replete with legends of Moscow gold and behind-the-scene party machinations. The "findings" of the Dies committee have been warmed over and offered anew, this time garnished with fancy prose.

There is nothing to be gained in denying once again the details of hoary distortions and bearded untruths. Indeed, the editors of the *New Yorker* do not need our corrections. They are perfectly aware that they are publishing falsehoods. They garnered their "information" from Jay Lovestone and similar sources that spend their energy in efforts to destroy the progressive movement.

We recommend to the collective sense of humor of the *New Yorker* editorial board the case of Czechoslovakia. Surely, there is a howler hidden in the travail of a democratic people.

Forsythe's Page

The One-Hoss Shay

THE next time I get in radical circles, I'm going to look up a Mr. Nicholson. We hear a great deal about men like Browder and Bob Minor but nothing I've ever read about them convinces me they are in Nicholson's class. They speak, they write, they make tours, but it is Nicholson who wins my admiration. He is the gentleman, you will recall from Edwin Banta's evidence before the Dies committee, who was going over to New Jersey to start the revolution.

At the very least, either Mr. Nicholson may be credited with ambition or Mr. Banta with imagination. Cæsar was an honorable man and he also had ambitions but at every point in his career he was assisted by his troops. Nicholson, on the contrary, rides alone. From what Mr. Banta told the Dies committee and later repeated at meetings of the Bund, Nicholson was a man of determined character. He felt it was time for the revolution in Jersey and he proceeded to bring it about. The thought of being by himself seems not to have dissuaded him. If New Jersey needed a revolution, Nicholson was the man to bring it to them.

Just what he carried with him in the way of materials was not made clear by Mr. Banta, but from the importance of his mission it is plain that he must have been well equipped. On the map, New Jersey may appear to be one of the smaller states but actually it is quite a job to get round it, even for a man unburdened by tools of conspiracy. My imagination is no keener than the next man's, but it would take very little to envisage Mr. Nicholson starting out from lower New York to capture Jersey. His car would be loaded to the roof with trench mortars, French .75's, spare parts for airplanes, and hand grenades. On the outside of the car, festooned about like bells on a Christmas tree, would be the bombs. Heavy artillery would stick from the windows of the car, ready to rake the enemy fore and aft. The progress of Mr. Nicholson through Holland Tunnel couldn't help but be spectacular.

One can imagine the enthusiasm of the flat-feet as the one-man pilgrimage coursed through the bore. The cops would pop out of their little niches and begin galloping up and down the runways, shouting:

"Hooray for Mr. Irving Nicholson, who is going to make a revolution in Jersey!"

This would be indicative of the fact that the police were tainted by subversive ideas and willing not only to overlook the heavy artillery heading toward Jersey City but to cheer it on its way. Naturally the reception would be different on the other side, for Mr. Banta had worked hard in advance. He had notified former Governor Hoffman that Nicholson was engaged on his nefarious business and Governor Hoffman had notified Mayor Hague, who was immediately concerned.

What would happen when Mr. Nicholson arrived with his traveling arsenal would be that Mayor Hague would meet him at the Jersey entrance to the tunnel.

"Look here, now, Nicholson," the mayor would expostulate. "It's all very well your coming over here to start a revolution, but have you a permit?"

"Is this America or isn't this America?" Mr. Nicholson would demand, toying very casually with a grenade.

Mr. Hague would have to admit it was but the confession would not please him.

"Yes, this is America," he would say nervously, "but I don't think you're going about it in the American way. I really do think you ought to have a permit."

"Revolutions never wait for permits!" said Mr. Nicholson, twirling a revolver around his finger, carelessly.

"Well, if you're going to be *that* way . . ." said Mr. Hague sulkily.

"That's the way I'm going to be," replied Mr. Nicholson staunchly. "I'm over here to start a revolution and I wish you'd get out of the way."

At this Mr. Hague would look around as if not knowing what to do.

"Now, listen, Mr. Nicholson," he would say pleadingly, "I'd like to ask you some questions before you go any further with this thing. Aren't you the vanguard for a vast horde of Red agitators?"

"The what?" asks Mr. Nicholson politely.

"The vanguard," answered Mr. Hague.

"What would I want with a vanguard?" asked Mr. Nicholson scornfully. "I'm over here to start a revolution and I wish you'd quit bothering me."

By this time a motorcycle cop has come up and is leaning toward the scene with one foot on the ground.

"Joe," says the mayor explanatorily to the cop, "I wish you'd talk to this fellow. He's over here starting a revolution and he ain't got no permit."

"Starting a revolution by *himself?*" asks Joe interestedly.

"He *says* by himself," answered the mayor. "And he ain't being followed by no gang of bomb-throwing radicals?" asked Joe, his eyes popping out.

"Gang of bomb-throwing radicals!" cried Mr. Nicholson scornfully. "I guess you fellows don't know how many revolutions us fellows got to start. We can't be wasting more than one man on New Jersey."

He leaned up out of the car vigorously after saying this.

"And we haven't got all day about it, either!" he cried angrily.

"Oh, I get the idea now!" shouted the mayor, happily. "You're a Com-*mun*-ist, aren't you? Sent over here by the Roosians?"

"When you say that you'd better smile," answered Mr. Nicholson darkly. "I'm an American and I'm on the Writers Project and I'm pretty busy."

"Busy writing?" asked Joe.

"Writing, nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Nicholson, annoyed. "Do you see these!" He leans out of the car and begins bumping the bombs that hang around the top. "I pull one pin out and . . ." He paused and tossed up his hand. "Goodby, Jersey City!"

Mr. Hague stepped back in alarm.

"You're sure you're not a desperate cavalcade made up of underworld characters trying to overturn the government?" he asked.

"Listen," said Mr. Nicholson, patiently gentle. "I like you guys. I'd like to sit here all day talking to you but I got work to do. I got to start the revolution over here in Jersey and then I got to get up around Woonsocket, Rhode Island."

"Why Woonsocket?" asked Mr. Hague.

"Because that's where I'm going next," answered Mr. Nicholson impatiently.

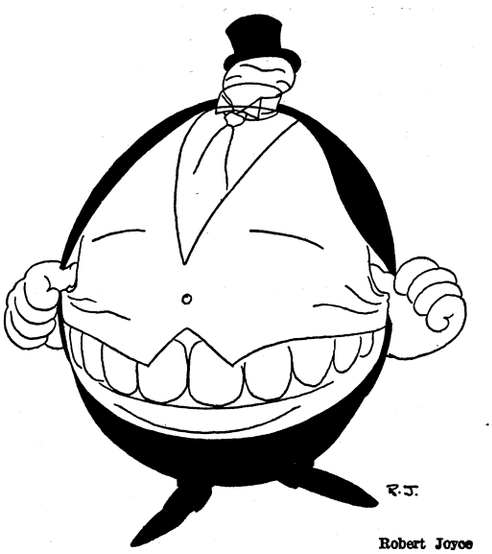
"And you're probably only going to spend one day over here, I suppose," said Mr. Hague, looking as if he were about to cry.

"If you're going to feel that way about it," said Mr. Nicholson, "I'll get some other fellows to come over."

"You mean that?" cried Mr. Hague eagerly. "You mean you'll really do that for us! You mean you'll have more than one man make the revolution?"

"If you're going to bawl about it . . ." conceded Mr. Nicholson scornfully.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



Robert Joyce

Business Not As Usual

Frisco's Department Store Strike and the Middle Class

AL RICHMOND

San Francisco, September 26.

A conflict has begun which may determine whether San Francisco, second largest American seaport and commercial capital of the West, will remain a labor union stronghold. On one side are the unions, both the AFL and CIO, seeking renewal of expiring contracts . . . On the other are the employers, more highly organized than formerly, advised by a city-wide Committee of 43. The issue which has been posed is the retention of closed-shop provisions in whatever form, or return of open-shop conditions . . .—*Labor Relations Reporter,* September 12, published by the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc., Washington, D. C.

THE above quotation from an authoritative information bureau serving industrialists, newspapers, and lawyers throughout the country, is merely confirmation from a distant and disinterested source of what is generally known in San Francisco.

Unionism or the open shop! That is generally recognized as the sole issue in the present strike of eight thousand AFL department-store employees and the lockout of three thousand CIO warehousemen. The unions put it simply: "The open-shop drive is on." The employers, in more guarded and less honest terms, define the issue as "union control of management."

Wages, hours, working conditions—strictly economic questions—are not immediately involved. When department-store workers entered into negotiations, they did demand the thirty-five-hour week, union hiring, and other concessions. However, upon advice of the Labor Council, which sensed that the anti-union offensive was on and wished to withdraw all subsidiary problems which might have served to cloud the central issue, the clerks' union withdrew its demands. The sole point remaining in dispute was the seniority clause. The union requested that the clause in the old contract, providing for seniority computation on a store-wide basis, be retained. The employers demanded that seniority be limited to departments, and later offered to extend it to particular types of employment.

Should the employers prevail, through the simple expedient of transferring a worker from one department to another, or from one type of work to another, they could deprive the employee of his seniority rights.

Since the battle has already transcended the confines of trade and craft, any estimate of opposing forces must be made on a city-wide scale. San Francisco is a union town. The organized labor movement numbers more than 100,000 members. In a city with slightly less than 700,000 inhabitants, that means that nearly one person in every six (man, woman, child, invalid, or cripple) carries a union card. Include the immediate families of these union people and you have a majority of the population with a direct and immediate stake in the maintenance and defense of unionism.

On the other hand, employers have perfected a high degree of organization. In addition to industry-wide groupings and the traditional Chamber of Commerce and Industrial Association, there is the Committee of 43 (actually composed of fifty-four industrialists) which is concerned exclusively with the labor problem.

In the middle is the middle class.

That is the line-up and it has dictated the form and methods of industrial war which have been developed to a very high level and have resulted in what was known as the "streamlined strike" of 1936-37 in the maritime industry. Because labor and capital are so evenly matched here, the middle class, more so than in other centers, wields the balance of power. The "streamlined strike" of 1936 was a long siege in which the employers made no effort to run scabs or move cargo. They counted on the exhaustion of middle-class patience and a popular offensive against the waterfront "radicals." However, the unions conducted an unprecedented publicity campaign and were so effective in bringing their case before the public that middle-class people were either neutral or were won over to the strikers' cause. The result was victory.

It is the strategic position of the middle class that may have dictated the employers' choice of the retail and distribution industries as the fields for battle this year. A shutdown in either most directly affects the consumer and most quickly inconveniences the middle class. A disturbance in productive industry or basic transportation would not so directly involve the everyday life of the "public."

That such considerations underlie the open-shop strategy has been evident from the first day of the department-store strike. A simple formula has been devised: (1) Provocation. (2) Incident. (3) Propaganda. Here is a sample. At the Emporium (largest store in town) Benny Lom, onetime All-America football player at the University of California and now a store executive, crashes through the picket line in the van of a flying wedge of scabs. That's the provocation. A picket defends himself against the former football hero and blows are exchanged. That's the incident. The newspapers scream "violence." That's the propaganda.

When a sufficient number of provocations create an impressive number of incidents, a full-page advertisement appears in the press, headed: THREATS—INTIMIDATION—VIOLENCE! In the Emporium case, Mr. Lom could have very easily walked his scabs around the picket line or through a side entrance, but that would have avoided "violence." And the middle class abhors violence. The stores could not have published their pleading advertisement about "unruly mobs threatening you and those who seek to serve you." Nor could they have used epithets like "goon squad," "howling mobs," "strong-arm violence," and so on.

In their anxiety to appeal to the small business man and professional, the stores struck a note of comic pathos. After a four-day barrage of unusually clever propaganda, the owners pleaded, in an advertisement, their helplessness against "professional labor agitators," and added, "We are merchants, not propagandists." This from the men whose publicity master-minds created such American institutions as Santa Claus, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Dollar Day.

The next problem was to activize the middle class. With the abject cooperation of the press, a "buy now" campaign was launched. Headlines appeared announcing that CUSTOMERS FLOCK TO SAN FRANCISCO STORES. Finally, an inspired story in the San Francisco *Chronicle,* Hoover Republican paper, discovered that "without formal organization, using only their telephones as weapons, several hundred housewives, their ranks augmented hourly, are pledging themselves to break the strike . . ."

This informal unorganized movement of "housewives" was shrouded in mystery and its genius was described simply as "a prominent California writer." After three days of prodding and challenges to produce a semblance of the telephone movement and the writer, the *Chronicle* found a "fall woman." The most prominent "prominent writer" they could induce to play the role was a Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida (five poems published in the past nine years).

Mrs. Mezquida, also described in advance announcements as a lecturer and author, is the well provided, nervous little widow of a waterfront employer and is very uncomfortable in her new role of crusader "to save San Francisco from ruinous industrial strife." It has nothing to do with the strike, but for history's record and as an insight into this public-spirited mind, we cannot refrain from quoting one of her poems, published in the August 1929 *Good Housekeeping:*

I SHALL WALK EAGER

I shall wear laughter on my lips
Though in my heart is pain.
God's sun is always brightest after rain.

I shall go singing down my little way
Though in my breast the dull ache grows.
The song bird comes again after the snows.

I shall walk eager still for what life holds
Although it seems the hard road will not end—
One never knows the beauty round the bend!

Mrs. Mezquida's crusade was on a par with her poetry in effectiveness. Her poetic

stature was lent to dignify such slogans as "Buy now, even if it is only a spool of thread" and "Do your Christmas shopping now." But no "buy-now" movement of any proportions developed and department-store owners have resorted to such shoddy tricks as hiring professional shoppers to go from store to store to maintain an appearance of "business as usual."

Despite employer propaganda, the Pacific Coast edition of the *Wall Street Journal* bore witness to the effectiveness of the strike. Torn between its duties to the department stores and its obligations to subscribers, the *Journal* told of the strike's effect in very circumspect terms. However, it told enough to show that the strike crippled service and the popular boycott ruined business.

Said the *Journal* (September 15): "The thirty-five large stores, strikebound since September 7, are open and doing business, but handicapped by inability to make deliveries, or to receive much merchandise except by express."

Just how "business as usual" can be conducted without the receipt of merchandise and the delivery of sales is a mystery whose solution remains with the department-store owners.

Further, the *Journal* disclosed that "retail department-stores that are not affected by labor troubles are making a more favorable showing, comparatively, than in August, and are probably benefiting by the handicap of the others."

At this writing, the employers definitely have not succeeded in enlisting the middle class for their open-shop war.

Labor has struck several effective counter-blows in the battle of the "public." Under impetus of the strike, a League of Women Shoppers, hitherto non-existent here, was organized with some three hundred members. Pledges were received from the Students Workers Federation, composed of working students at the University of California in nearby Berkeley, that they would halt would-be scabs on the campus. One union advertisement appeared in the press. And John F. Shelley, president of the Central Labor Council and member of the council's advisory committee in the strike, took to the air. He made the most of the union's trump card. On five separate occasions, it had offered to arbitrate and each time the employers refused. Shelley appealed to the public to demand that "these employers give up their arrogant and arbitrary attitude and apply sane, rational, and peaceful methods to the adjustment of this problem."

Aside from the contest for the middle class, there is one other avenue through which the employers could succeed in their open-shop objective: disunity in labor's ranks. If they gambled on such a possibility, they drew a deuce. Not since the maritime strike of 1936 has any struggle so fired the labor movement. The Department Store Employees Union has been literally flooded with pledges of solidarity and offers of financial support.

Twenty-four craft unions whose members do some sort of work in department stores have refused to cross the picket lines. The teamsters' union has voted that any member who crosses the line be fined $100. Little more than a month ago, members of the teamsters' union in Oakland, upon orders of Dave Beck who spoke in the name of the sanctity of contracts, crashed department-store picket lines and broke a strike.

Because a CIO union, the warehousemen, and an AFL union, the clerks, are both under fire now, a genuine atmosphere of AFL-CIO solidarity has been created. Across the bay, the Alameda County Central Trades and Labor Council, AFL, unanimously voted to grant the floor to a CIO spokesman, and cheered his plea for unity. In this same council, not so long ago, delegates applauded when the secretary reported, "I have received several communications from CIO unions and have filed them in the wastebasket."

The Beauticians Union, which had organized a ball where labor's beauty queen for the 1939 Golden Gate Exposition was to be selected, called off the beauty contest "because organized labor is in no mood for frolicking." "The entire labor movement is faced with a definite fight for its existence," said a formal statement. "We cannot go on with an affair of this kind while our very existence is jeopardized."

Actors voted to fine their members $25 if they crossed the picket lines. Musicians raised the ante and made it $100. Chauffeurs, sign painters, photographers, waitresses, janitors, longshoremen, pharmacists—the entire working class of San Francisco, AFL and CIO—have rallied to the strike's support. There is a wide and keen awareness of the fundamental issue involved.

With unusual astuteness, the *Labor Relations Reporter* has commented that "in the background [of the open-shop offensive] is an initiative proposal, to be voted on in November, which would drastically limit in California the right to strike and picket." From the long-range viewpoint, the greatest danger lies here. On September 16, a drastic anti-picketing ordinance was passed in an initiative referendum in Los Angeles. One ace in the employers' propaganda deck was distorted stories of the San Francisco strike. Judging by the Los Angeles experience, and gauging sentiment in the rural communities, if the employers can continue their provocations in San Francisco, they could create the resentment toward "union irresponsibility" which would result in passage of a state-wide anti-labor law.

By the same token, they could conceivably avert what on the surface looks like almost certain defeat, and reelect a reactionary Republican administration in a state where the Democratic registration is twice as big.

These more complex long-range political considerations are not as widely understood in the labor movement as is the immediate skirmish in San Francisco. The battle today is a combination of provocation and testing ground. Upon the outcome of the November elections depends whether the employers will launch their large-scale frontal attack for a big showdown.

It is symbolic that the maritime strike of 1934 and its attendant San Francisco general strike set in motion that wave of organization which swept the major open-shop strongholds in American industry. The employers' counter-offensive today may well be an effort to write history in reverse.

★ ★ ★

Relic of Our Days

We have a friend in the Bronx but no carfare
Between us: this be no matter for surprise—
A nickel is five cents. Uncle Sam is no
Relative of ours. We can't borrow.
Also! It is true that there is a man
In Honolulu that has the same name
As you have (Brother, can you spare a stamp?)
Also! A man by my name produces in
Hollywood. No doubt, he is a fine man!
People have so told me. What does
He manufacture? Laughs! Very good ones
(Also) I am told. But who has told us?
The man in Wall Street I saw hailing
A taxi? The Communist (who said the tower
Of Babel was falling)? The man who eats
Steaks at the plank beefed restaurant.
I am sorry: none of these men have spoken to me
During this lifetime. They have not
Been properly introduced; they are
Distant. (This is not my fault—
So far as I can see it.) I have tried:
They have said yes (You are worried?
A little matter of a roof over your head?
Tomorrow we will fix it! I know a man
Who knows a woman who had a child by another
Man whom I have never met. He will fix things!—
With that there is another drink. There are
Always more drinks but no food in the house,
Nor a roof that is constant, nor happiness
In the eyes of a friend). Together we search
For no substance; its relic is out of hand.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

New Phase in Cuba

Batista Begins to Remember His Revolutionary Origin

OBED BROOKS

Havana.

On September 1 the newspaper *La Prensa* in Havana printed a sensational rumor, and was promptly suppressed for it. It announced that on September 4, the fifth anniversary of the present regime, Colonel Batista would dissolve the Congress, remove Laredo Bru from the presidency, and put Dr. Grau San Martin in his place.

Such a change could be received with enthusiasm if it came as a result of the developing democratic movement in Cuba. Grau San Martin, now in Miami, still represents to large masses in Cuba the authentic spirit of the revolt against Machado. And the Congress is dominated by swindlers for whom no one has any respect. But the democratic leaders in Cuba had no desire to see this happen as a coup on September 4. The printing of such a rumor in *La Prensa* was not designed to help the rapidly expanding forces which are ready to unite under the leadership of Grau San Martin. On the contrary, this excited rumormongering, which one encounters everywhere in Havana, serves the purposes of those reactionaries who have been alarmed by the increasing strength of the democratic movement and by the prospects of a constitutional convention, and who would like to see a new autocracy come into power before it is too late. They want to frighten Cuban and American business men with reports like that printed in *La Prensa* in order to win their support for some kind of authoritarian coup.

One of the most interesting aspects of this situation, as the story in *La Prensa* suggests, is the changed position of Batista. The big sugar men, Montalvo and Casanova, and the director of the most powerful newspaper, *Diario de la Marina,* Pepin Rivero, leaders of the fight against the democratic movement, are now also trying to remove Batista from power. Batista completely betrayed the revolution of 1933; he suppressed the labor movement and broke up strikes with methods as bloody as those used by Machado. But Batista is not now the center of reaction. The men who are working energetically both in Cuba and the United States to bring about his downfall are not acting in the interests of the Cuban people. They want to see him out because he has been making—although it is easy to exaggerate the extent and dependability of this change—important concessions to the growing democratic movement, and they are afraid that if he retreats too far, it will mean the end of their own power in Cuba.

The first, and perhaps the most important, reason for Batista's retreat is the economic crisis. The sale of sugar has fallen badly, both in price and amount. The national budget shows an increasing deficit. Rents have gone up over 80 percent in the last two years. Prices have fallen—except those of necessities, which have increased and made life almost impossible for the poor. There is no relief system. The new taxes which the government has proposed to solve its budgetary difficulties have been received with mass discontent and indignation. It was a situation like this which finally made possible the overthrow of Machado. Batista saw what happened to Machado, and has taken a different course. Blas Roca, head of the Cuban Communist Party, suggests that it might be compared with the summoning of the Estates General by Louis XVI when the French government was bankrupt. A democratic Constitution followed in France. In Cuba plans for a new electoral census and a constitutional convention are definitely under way.

Batista has shown signs of moving toward the people only because the people of Cuba in recent months have given such unmistakable evidence of strength and will to action. Because of the repressive laws, it has not been possible to express this in direct political terms; it has taken the form of the great mass meetings of the first of May, in defense of loyalist Spain, in homage to the Cárdenas government in Mexico. The popular papers are full of news from Spain; the phonographs in the cafes play *No Pasaran;* even the great beer companies are forced to take an active part in support of the loyalists. The feeling is such that pro-fascists cannot carry on open and public activity. Because it took the wrong side of the struggle of the Cuban people for independence from Spain, the Catholic Church in Cuba cannot exert the influence in mobilizing support for Franco that is exerted among Catholics in the United States.

Because he has permitted this sentiment to grow and find expression, the reactionaries are turning from Batista and exaggerating the dangers of a leftist government in order to get support for a putsch against him in the next month or two. Batista has always been on bad personal terms with Sumner Welles. The semi-independent army chiefs in the provinces, where there is great destitution and, as compared with Havana, complete and brutal denial of all civil rights, are at odds with Batista and ready to combine against him. The upper classes have never accepted him as one of themselves, and have tolerated him up to now only as an alternative to the popular government they fear is developing under him. The loyalty of the senators and representatives is only to their salaries and perquisites and opportunities for graft. It costs them a great deal to get elected, and in the present economic crisis they are finding it difficult to pay back their supporters in money and jobs. They are jealous of Batista and the army because he controls so many jobs.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that Batista is beginning to remember his origins and to use again the phrases of the revolution. In his September 4 address he spoke of the "upper-class obstinacy" that brought on the present trouble in Spain. He said that the army was pledged to see that the people had bread. He attacked militarism, recalling the books of Remarque, and alliances between the army and reaction, mentioning Paul Muni's version of the life of Emile Zola.

Among the leaders of the left parties in Havana there is considerable optimism. The legalization of the Communist Party, just announced, is an important development. The trade unions are negotiating for legal recognition and increased powers. Despite the closing of *La Prensa* there is considerable freedom of expression in print. The return of Dr. Grau San Martin to Cuba may occur at any moment. This optimism is not a result of the few concessions that have been made so far to the strength of the popular movement, for conditions are still very bad throughout the island, but from the expectation that this movement may end in the establishment of a new Constitution which will prevent dictatorial rule, make Congress something besides a means of enrichment for its members, protect the interests of the people in the national economy, and provide effective guarantees of civil rights. The principal political struggle in Cuba is to see that the proposed constitutional assembly is actually called, and that delegates who really represent the people are elected to it.

If the Constitution is to be achieved, it is important that a working unity be established among those who want it. Juan Marinello, leader of the Union Revolucionaria, a rapidly growing proletarian party, is ready to join with the Cuban Revolutionary Party, the National Agrarian Party, and other forces in establishing a single party under the leadership of Grau San Martin. On his way back from the Youth Congress Marinello discussed this with Grau San Martin in Miami, but no decision has yet been reached. Grau San Martin has great prestige among the people in Cuba and is a man of complete integrity of purpose. He is not a good political organizer, however, and not a theoretician, and he is a little afraid that he might be dominated by the Communists within a single party, and that this would cost him favor in the United States. Even, however, if a single party is not created, the Communists and Marinello's Union Revolucionaria are ready to give full support to a movement under Grau San Martin toward a democratic constitutional government. And if the reactionaries do not block this by bringing about a coup within the next few months, it seems to have a very good chance of success.

Ad Reinhardt

Four Verses

Que haya un cadáver más
¿qué importa al mundo?
ESPRONCEDA

I

Ejercito Popular

Consider this English garden, clipped green over the blue sea,
with the broom-flower bright in the sun and the lavender hedging the roses,
snapdragon, flowering stock. A bird sings in the tree.
The brindle cat blinks on the warm stone and dozes.
Cat, bird, flower, wall, eventless bland felicity
sit warm upon a moment in the noon's simplicity.

They have made it easy for you, cat, bird, wall, stone.
Soak up the sun, drink the light, take in the time with the body's breathing.
They gave it with their breath. You are safe for a while. They alone
watched last night by the stars on a far hill, obtaining
in that place, against death's hazard, such an hour as yours for basking.
Soak the sun—drink the light—lives like theirs are for the asking.

II

Barcelona

Love, sleep light tonight, for the bombs may come again,
hollow thunder down the wind and lightning in the sky.
Shut the shutters, pull the curtain, let the soft dark wait with us.
Kiss fair, sleep light, never mind the wind or rain.
Death, precise and delicate, may have his exact way with us,
but we should wake to test his method narrowly before we die.
Hearts alive and bodies tender will be splintered by his bombs tonight.
Love, sleep light.

III

Puigcerdà

Let us find a suitable ditch, for the siren has sounded
and the air already aches with the humming of wings.
They are coming, the beasts that swim on the brink of our vision:
there will be ash and blood over familiar things.

Over the hearth and the field there will be weeping
when they have spun to their Pyrenean nest
to count with diligent glee the estate of their cargo,
joke at our terror, feed and lie down to rest.

They are here. Lie flat to the earth that bore you.
You may be part of it soon enough again.
Lie close, listen and tremble, tremble:
this is the thundering charge of the pirate men.

But the swan there,
the swan upon the water—
the swan's enchantment over the silver water—
moves still,
pure and proud,
disdains the shrapnel,
scorns the thunder.

The swan in beauty floats upon the lake,
serene before the choice that death must make.

IV

Ulldecona

A shabby tank has come to rest at the side of the road
in front of a house half-wrecked in the midst of its roses.
War-birds, the hell-birds, the black-wings whirr
down the bright air from the sierra, their thunder rolling.
Shells moan in the village street, and the day is eminently perilous.

A boy leans, careless, against the tank, his fingers strumming
idle and light, the immemorial strings.
His eyes ignore the catastrophe, fixed on a distance
beyond the reach of the swiftest *pajaritos,*
on a place where all men sing as his voice now quavers in singing
the wordless sorrowful endless lament of his fathers.

O boy from the south, Andaluz,
what brings you here,
tracked by the hounds of hell
to this street of fear?
Is there no church-bell there
where you were born?
Girl with a bright mantón
waiting, forlorn?
Mother disconsolate,
priest making prayer?
Soil to be tilled again,
sun-dried and bare?
You might be singing now
with your guitar
in another place
to another star.
Here the shells moan beyond
your singing mouth.
They will not always pass,
boy from the south.

You have asked a question, stranger, and it must be answered.
The church bell is melted. The girl in the bright mantón
was raped by seven soldiers on the day they took the town.
My mother's two hands were chopped from her living arms
and the priest blessed the acts, as he blessed the sun-dried soil
where Black Manolo, the thief, now works in my father's place.
It is not for these benefactions that I am here:
these things took place because I was already here—
here or in another place
where the hell-birds hover.
I am here to fight, but I sing when I can
of the duration of these things in the life of my people—
sing in the mode of my fathers,
learned of the Arab,
nursed by the famine
down the years
for ever.
But I fight for a different mode, strange questioner,
for a world to be born of my blood and the blood of my brothers
so that there may be fairer occasions for singing
in a time determined.
He sang with no word,
facing the west.
Of the songs I have heard
his was best.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

16

Ad Reinhardt

What Shall I Read?

A Program for Study

GRANVILLE HICKS

In a previous article I tried to describe a program of action for readers of *I Like America.* A number of my correspondents, I pointed out, had accepted the major premise of that book, namely, that poverty and insecurity could and should be abolished. Now they wanted to know what they should do about it. There were, I said, two things to recommend: study and action. Having dealt in that article with the subject of action, I want to deal in this one with the subject of study.

The two subjects are more closely related than my correspondents are likely to realize. I believe, as I have said, that gradual reforms can lead to drastic change. But anyone who knows history is aware that, during the past thirty or forty years, various organizations—for example, the British Labor Party—have put forth some such program as I outlined. Yet, far from bringing about Socialism, these organizations have actually failed, in the long run, to secure the moderate and wholly reasonable reforms they asked for. How can we be sure that we will not be similarly disillusioned?

A book has been written to answer this all-important question, and I have been recommending it to my correspondents—John Strachey's new volume, *What Are We to Do?* Strachey does not demand the immediate and unconditional overthrow of capitalism. On the contrary, his practical program is very much the same as that I proposed. What he maintains is that such a program cannot succeed in the hands of those who do not understand the nature of the capitalist system. It will work, but only if its adherents are led by men who know exactly what they are doing.

I realize that some of my correspondents are not going to be interested in study. That is a pity, but the fact remains that they can go on doing useful work for the progressive cause. But there are others who will want to master their job. They will want to see where they are going and why. It is for them that I am writing this article.

In lectures I have told how a young Italian once said to me, "It is only by study that an intellectual can raise himself to the level of the proletariat." This is no empty paradox. Of course proletarians have to study too, but the victim of exploitation undeniably has an advantage in understanding its nature. Union activity does not teach a man all he needs to know about the capitalist system, but it does teach him a great deal that the rest of us have to get by intellectual effort.

Most of my correspondents, however, have no idea of undertaking an ambitious program of study. They want to be given the name of one book that will tell them all they need to know. Usually I recommend John Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power,* because of its eloquence, its clarity, and its scope. Dealing as it does with history, economics, politics, philosophy, and literature, it is bound to touch the interests of any reader.

But the book was written some years ago, and today it needs some kind of supplement. The book that I would put beside it is *The Peril of Fascism,* by A. B. Magil and Henry Stevens. This deals more specifically with American conditions, and it is up to date. When you have read these two books, read Strachey's new one, which I have already mentioned, *What Are We to Do?* The three volumes will give you an excellent guide to the understanding of your own country and the world.

I hope, however, that many of you will want to go to the fountainhead of Marxian thought. I am aware that some of my correspondents have an initial prejudice against Marxism. But today, whether you agree with the Marxists or not, an understanding of their position is essential for any man or woman who pretends to be educated.

Two aids to study might be mentioned first. Strachey's *Theory and Practice of Socialism* has an excellent list, with comments, of the Marxian classics. Then there is the *Handbook of Marxism,* which contains extracts from the major works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. A careful reading of its thousand pages would certainly be an education, and yet, as Strachey says, extracts cannot be substitutes for the works themselves. Moreover, in my experience, the extract, because it is set off by itself, and often seems rather abstract, is frequently harder to read than the whole work. Finally, many of these works are available in cheap editions, and the reader can therefore begin his study without much expense.

The Communist Manifesto is the obvious starting point, and, though it was written ninety years ago, it is still the best starting point. From its famous beginning—"A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of Communism"—to its famous ending—"The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Workingmen of all countries, unite!"—it is eloquent, exciting, and revealing. The forces it describes are still the forces that struggle for control of the world. Its analysis of the weaknesses of capitalism is, in its essentials, proven true every day. The types of non-scientific Socialism it describes are still with us in various forms. It is not only an historical document that every educated person ought to read because of its influence on world history; it is relevant to our world, and will be so long as capitalism survives.

Where do you go next? If you are interested in economics, you turn, of course, to Marx's *Capital.* Only the first volume was published in Marx's lifetime. The second and third volumes were edited by Engels. A fourth volume, edited by Kautsky, has never been translated into English. The second and third volumes are available only in the edition published by Charles Kerr. The Modern Library has published the first volume in the Kerr translation. Everyman's Library has published the first volume, in two of their volumes, in a new translation by Eden and Cedar Paul. This edition, which has a rather pointless and misleading introduction by G. D. H. Cole, seems to me easier to read than the other.

Capital is hard reading, but not so hard as many people suppose. The chapters of economic theory must, it is true, be read again and again to be understood, but the historical chapters are vivid and lively. And all through the book, even when the reasoning is closest, there is a sense of Marx's extraordinary personality. "Why didn't you—or anyone—ever tell me that Marx's writing has some charm?" asked a correspondent to whom I had somewhat hesitantly recommended *Capital.*

Because Marx's historical writings are easier to read than his economic theory, you might prefer to begin with his pamphlets on France. *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* begins this way: "Hegel says somewhere that all great historic facts and personages recur twice. He forgot to add: 'Once as tragedy, and again as farce.'" This suggests the tone of what is at one and the same time a brilliant polemic and a magnificent analysis of social forces. *The Civil War in France,* dealing with the Commune, shows the same analytic power, and also discusses proletarian tactics.

Or perhaps you would get more out of Engels' *Socialism, Scientific and Utopian,* which is an abbreviation of a book called *Herr Eugen Dühring's Revolution in Science,* usually referred to as *Anti-Dühring.* The longer work carries on a running controversy with a gentleman who has thus been immortalized, and this makes it hard reading. The shorter version is excellent reading, and its preface is one of the best things Engels ever wrote. It is the easiest way of coming to understand the scope and distinguishing characteristics of Marxism. The reader who is especially interested in philosophy and science will go on to read *Anti-Dühring* as a whole, and then Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism.*

Franz Mehring's *Karl Marx* deals quite as much with Marx's ideas as with his life,

and is admirably done. I suspect, however, that you would get more pleasure and more information from the *Selected Correspondence* of Marx and Engels. The letters deal with economics, history, philosophy, with contemporary events and persons, with every development in the Socialist movement from 1846 to 1895. Of course ideas are seldom developed fully, but you constantly come across comments that light up this aspect or that of Marxian thought.

There is much more of Marx and Engels that you will want to read, but, long before you reach this point, you ought to begin making the acquaintance of their great successor, Lenin. Twelve volumes of his *Selected Works* have been published in this country, but I should like to mention three tremendously important pamphlets. *Imperialism,* written during the World War, is a precise description of why the war took place. *The State and Revolution,* written on the eve of the Russian Revolution, is the classic account of both the immediate and the ultimate aims of the proletarian revolution. *Left-Wing Communism* discusses the problems of the Communist Parties of the world after the establishment of the Soviet Union.

Lenin's *The Teachings of Karl Marx* is a good introduction to Marx and Engels, and Stalin's *Foundations of Leninism* is an excellent approach to Lenin's writings. Stalin's *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question* is the authority in the field that Stalin has made peculiarly his own. His "Address to the Graduates of the Red Army Academy," included in the *Handbook of Marxism,* takes up problems that have arisen in the later stages of Soviet development.

Speaking of the Soviet Union, I realize that this is a subject on which more information is always desired. There are innumerable books of personal impressions, ranging from the enthusiastically favorable to the bitterly hostile. The works of Walter Duranty, Anna Louise Strong, and Maurice Hindus are, I gather, reliable on the whole, and I can testify that they are interesting. However, to one who, like myself, has never been in the Soviet Union, the Webbs' *Soviet Communism* is the indispensable book, for it covers all the ground and answers all the questions.

What about the Communist Party in the United States? Certainly the student ought to begin with William Z. Foster's *From Bryan to Stalin,* which is an account of thirty years of the American labor movement by one of its best-loved and most active leaders. This book gives the background for Earl Browder's *The People's Front,* which discusses the aims and accomplishments of the Communist Party at the present time. This, in turn, provides the proper setting for the pamphlet that, at the moment, everyone interested in Communism ought to read—Browder's report to the tenth convention of the party, *The Democratic Front.* One other book must be placed with these: Dimitrov's *The United Front,* which explains Communist policy throughout the world.

Advertising in Politics

Anti-New Dealism Is the Point of Departure

HY KRAVIF

ADVERTISING agencies have long written and handled the copy which sells us everything from ale to zippers. Now they are also beginning to branch out into another field: what has been described as "politico-business" advertising. This involves anything from putting over an anti-New Deal politician to boosting a strike-breaking "citizens' committee."

It is a new development but should not be regarded as a surprising one. The transition from selling products to selling social ideas is not an unnatural one for the advertising agencies.

In the past the advertising fraternity confined itself largely to pushing sales. It frowned on self-advertising or boosting business in general. Still less did the agencies incline toward publicly committing themselves on specific social or political issues.

They left other functions to the public-relations men, such as Ivy Lee, Edward Bernays, and Carl Byoir, whom they viewed with suspicion as interlopers who grabbed off free space in the press—space, the agencies felt, which ought to be bought and paid for. And with it, naturally, agency commissions.

While some of the agencies maintained publicity departments, this was strictly a sideline, more in the nature of a concession to clients demanding such services.

With the coming of the New Deal, the frequent attacks on big business and the upsurge of labor, the picture changed. Agencies discovered that their clients wanted more than a good reception for their products. Advertisers now wanted favorable publicity for their business, their industry, and their labor-relations policy. In short, they wanted a defense of their system and such men and institutions as would ensure the continuance of the system.

In answer to this demand, the agencies began to broaden their traditional sphere of operations. Thus, since 1936 a number of agencies having the specific purpose of integrating public relations with advertising have been established by men with advertising as a background. The demand of corporation and advertising executives that the "cause of industry" be sold through advertising, in the same crusading spirit of Liberty Bond days, has become increasingly insistent.

Although this development has begun to take shape only in the last year or two, one of the country's large advertising agencies had one practical achievement of the new politico-business advertising to its credit and another well under way.

For the pro-Merriam forces hired Lord & Thomas to help lick Upton Sinclair in the California gubernatorial campaign of 1934. Placing Don Francisco,* one of its vice-presidents, in charge, the agency carried through a campaign which was later described by the magazine *Tide* as a "unique chapter in advertising history—and one well known to ad men generally." The reason that this made such a profound impression on the advertising world was that, while the use of ad men and publicity experts in political campaigns was quite common, employment of an *agency* for that purpose was unprecedented.

Under Francisco's skillful direction a picture of Sinclair began to emerge and fix itself in the minds of California voters. He scorned the sanctity of marriage. He was a "dynamiter of churches." He was using the campaign to publicize his own books. He was a Communist and his EPIC program was identical with Bolshevism. Two thousand billboards all over the state quoted him as saying that if he were elected half the country's jobless would hop the first freight to California. Thousands of leaflets drove home the message that the Sinclair slogan really meant "Endure Poverty in California." Slick advertising men studied Sinclair's writings, and garbled extracts soon began to appear in the newspapers. The agency men also advised business men on how to attune their own advertising to the drive against the Democratic Party's official candidate.

That Francisco's strategy was effective is beyond doubt. In his post-mortem on the election, Sinclair himself points out that his Republican rivals placed little reliance on the politicians but leaned heavily on the Lord & Thomas man and the newspapers he fed.

With California safe for the Republicans, Francisco returned to his normal functions with newly won fame.

A year later in the same state, an anti-chain-store tax was passed requiring the owner of more than nine stores to pay $500 per store a year. The tax bore down most heavily on the national chains. To whom should they turn but Lord & Thomas, which had performed such yeoman service in the 1934 election? Again Francisco was called in. A war chest of more than $1,000,000 was raised, the biggest contributor being Safeway Stores. Even the A & P, previously aloof, chipped in.

The first thing the agency did was to get

* An article on Don Francisco, by Harvey Hawkins, will appear in an early issue.

enough signatures to assure a referendum on the chain-store tax in the elections of November 1936.

With nearly a year in which to put his campaign over, Francisco could afford to be more subtle, and not so crude as he had had to be in the relatively short time at his disposal in the 1934 election. Besides, defending the chain stores was a more difficult proposition than discrediting a Socialist muckraker, for feeling against big business was at a height.

After a survey to determine the extent of anti-chain feeling, a careful program was planned. Farmers, chain-store employees, newspapers, and others previously hostile to the chains were won over. But the chains remained in the background during the entire campaign.

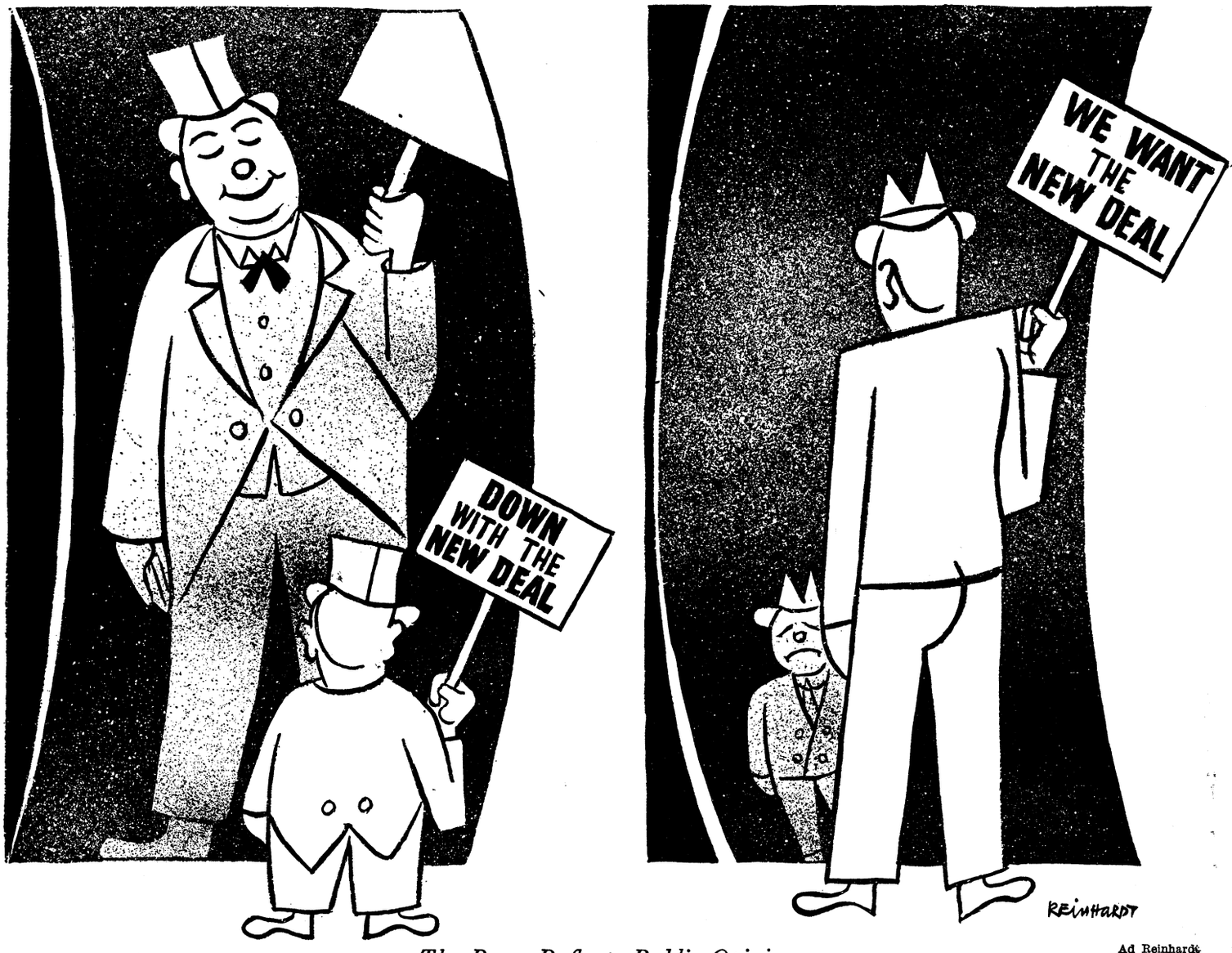
When the votes were counted it was found that the chain-store tax was beaten in every county but one. Francisco had scored his second California political victory in two years. The chains were more than pleased for many of them faced similar legislation in other states, and the Lord & Thomas strategy was widely studied. The agency later sent out an account of the campaign to prospective advertisers to show what it could do. In July of this year Francisco was rewarded with the presidency of Lord & Thomas.

About the time Francisco was getting ready to wind up his chain-store tax campaign, another advertising man was engaged in a nationwide political selling job. For the Republican National Committee had hired as their director of public relations, Hill Blackett, the $100,000-a-year treasurer of Blackett-Sample-Hummert. This agency, whose main office is in Chicago, is one of the country's largest, handling a large part of the radio advertising business. Political writers described the Blackett technique as a coldblooded one of "selling" Landon and "unselling" Roosevelt, almost like putting over a commercial product.

A more recent case of an advertising agency participating in a political campaign took place in New York City last fall when Bruce Barton turned his talents from selling products for some of the country's largest industrialists to selling himself as congressional candidate from the so-called "silk-stocking district."

The full resources of Barton's agency—Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn—were placed behind him. It released pictures of him in many poses talking to the common man—"the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker." Staff copy-writers turned out captions for them. The agency's publicity director acted as the candidate's right-hand man during the election. All of the city's nine metropolitan newspapers lined up solidly behind Barton. So much publicity did he get in the newspapers that he, too, soon became "the man everybody knows." The reason for the unanimity of the press is not far to seek: Barton's agency hands out an enormous amount of advertising.

Other advertising men rallied behind him. A few weeks before the election, the "Public Notices" section of the New York *Times* carried little messages like this: "Bruce Barton's fitness for Congress is not debatable"; "Once in a blue moon the people of New York have an opportunity to elect a congressman of Bruce Barton's integrity." They were signed



The Press Reflects Public Opinion

Ad Reinhardt

The Press Reflects Public Opinion

Ad Reinhardt

by prominent advertising men, including O. B. Winters of Erwin, Wasey & Co., Tom Ryan, Paul Cornell, and others.

This whole campaign raised for one trade magazine the question "whether big-league advertising techniques, as developed by agency men, are adaptable to politics." The answer, of course, was in the affirmative.

One sample of the Barton technique took place late in June 1936 during the presidential campaign, when he sent to the business managers of many newspapers a beautifully illustrated sixty-four-page anti-New Deal booklet issued by the Republican National Committee. The booklet carried the line: "Permission to quote in part from this book is hereby granted." To it Barton attached his *business* card. Business managers and publishers, ever sensitive to the call of advertising, doubtless caught on.

Barton's agency numbers among its clients E. I. du Pont de Nemours, United States Steel, Chase National Bank, Remington Rand, General Electric, and Consolidated Edison Co. of New York. This list, of course, includes some of the most outspoken enemies of labor and the New Deal.

Last May it was reported from Minnesota that for twenty-one weeks a radio program called "March of Minnesota" had been feeding the state's listeners with sugar-coated anti-labor propaganda, advising that taxes were too high, that trade unions were hindering recovery, etc. The programs had as a political objective discrediting the Farmer Labor Party and boosting the Republicans. The script for the program was handled by John Driscoll of the Barton agency, who had also handled the du Pont "Cavalcade of America" radio broadcasts. It was reported at the time that Ken Fitchet, one of the ace Barton men, was traveling around the country, laying the groundwork for similar programs in other states. On the West Coast the program was to be known as the "Cavalcade of California," in Massachusetts as "The March of Massachusetts." Wayne Tiss, another key man in Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, handled the interviews which formed such an important part of the programs. John Cornelius, a vice-president of Barton's agency, was one of the trustees of "The March of Minnesota, Inc.," which, as one of the directors put it, was designed to "persuade with art and artifice." It made use of symphony music, a homey atmosphere, interviews with "typical citizens," and other such devices.

Since his advent to Congress, Barton has received considerable publicity. He is being groomed for bigger things. There is talk of him as a possible Republican entry in the New York gubernatorial contest this year. According to a writer in the New York *Post,* his agency has already "completed arrangements for advertising campaigns to cover his entire public career . . . The campaigns call for his running for governor, then senator, and finally for President in 1944."

Another field to which the talents of the advertising agencies have been turned is labor relations. In the labor upheavals of the past two years, advertising has been widely used to combat unionism.

When the National Association of Manufacturers in the fall of 1936 decided on a campaign to sell its philosophy of the American Plan (i.e., the open shop), it turned to advertising since many of its members are themselves big advertisers. Lord & Thomas was picked to handle the copy for these "politico-business treatises," which appeared in many cities under local sponsorship, the NAM remaining in the background.

The association was to become even more involved in advertising. Its labor-relations bulletin of March 21, 1937, published a feature article entitled "Weakness of Strike Copy," a digest from an article which had appeared in *Printer's Ink.* The author, Don Gridley, asserted that labor-relations advertising could only be successful if it were the culmination of a long-range, carefully considered, strategic plan. "If manufacturers would invest one-tenth of the money in advertising preparation that they are apparently quite willing to invest in labor spies, tear gas, and other methods," he declared, ". . . they will stand a far better chance of winning public support than is possible under present circumstances."

All of which gave one Charles MacDonald, head of a small South Bend, Ind., advertising agency, an idea. He had been selling a series of "harmony" ads to local chambers of commerce and newspapers. It was troublesome selling it city by city. Why not try the NAM?

So he sat down and wrote to Colby Chester at the General Foods Corp. "The purpose of the program is to provide the means of organizing a community against labor agitators before they get in their work," he told Chester. The latter, at that time heading the NAM, promptly passed the suggestion on to the association, which subsequently purchased the idea from the MacDonald-Cook Co. for $5,000.

The general theme of the ads was: "Prosperity Dwells Where Harmony Reigns." The copy was "human," the appeal made to workers as home-owners and citizens. One ad urged the worker to put himself in the boss' chair and look at the problem from his viewpoint.

Basic to the whole scheme was that the advertising matter must not appear as coming "from BIG BUSINESS TO THE PEOPLE but 'OF THE PEOPLE TO THE PEOPLE.'" So MacDonald himself described it, according to records recently introduced into hearings before the La Follette Civil-Liberties Committee.

The NAM released these "harmony" ads —they appeared in some two hundred papers —with the distinct understanding that it would supply the mats, but that the cost of inserting them must be raised by local business men. Thus the ads appeared under the sponsorship of local, innocent-sounding community groups, while behind the scenes stood the NAM, the inspiration for the whole campaign.

So deeply did this series impress the NAM that at its Congress of Industry last December, it outlined an ambitious propaganda plan which included the placing of "harmony" ads in newspapers in other parts of the country.

Five or six weeks after this congress, a full-page advertisement was published in the New York *Times* which became the talk of the advertising world. It was entitled simply "The 'Old Man.'" Sponsored by Erwin, Wasey & Co., advertising agency, it was written by O. B. Winters, the firm's executive vice-president and one of the top-notch copy-writers in the country.

The ad describes the boss, the Old Man, looking out of his office window. He sees "a swarthy little man with a black mustache," a "professional agitator," talking to the workers from the plant.

This sets the Old Man to thinking the good old Americanisms of the professional patriots. "Land of the free, and home of the brave! . . . There must be bosses under any system." He observes the young son of one of the workers he remembers. The boy is listening to the agitator. Will he fall for the swarthy man's propaganda, he asks himself.

"It would be too bad if America should become like other countries," soliloquizes the Old Man, "so regimented and politician-ruled that it would no longer be possible for a man to toil and climb and pluck the prime fruits of reward.

"For then this country would cease to be—America, sweet land of Liberty."

Coming so soon after the Congress of Industry, this ad has been interpreted as a frank appeal to business men to place the new sort of politico-business advertising with this agency on the basis of a fair sample of its work. From all over the country calls came to Erwin, Wasey for reprints of the ad, including requests from heads of large corporations. More than fifty daily and 3,500 weekly papers used the ad verbatim as a news feature.

There have been many other examples of "strike copy" and similar advertising matter during labor troubles. The bulk of the money raised by the Johnstown Citizens' Committee, for example, was used to pay for full-page ads which dotted the country during the CIO strike against Little Steel. John Price Jones,

★ ★ ★

You, Ancestor

Now, cherishing, shall we
Open through the heart of fear
A violent love; in homage bear
To these defeated dead
April's awkward, blossoming branch.
In hope, this answerable youth
Has lit a new rebellious lamp
Shining no museum wisdoms.
Want is wisdom enough and gleams
From the desolate city bright
With its own signs and its own schemes.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN.

the prominent public-relations adviser and advertising man, handled the Johnstown ads.

So important has it become that illustrations of "Frank Talk in Labor Disputes" take up half the reproductions in *Social and Industrial Advertising,* a booklet recently issued by the Association of National Advertisers. These include in addition to the Johnstown ads, law-and-order league ads from Canton, Flint, and Nashville; and a Tom Girdler back-to-work committee ad from Massillon.

Not only the trend of the last few years, but present developments tend to point in the direction of greater rather than less activity by advertising agencies in both political and anti-labor campaigns.

It is a problem over which the public might think twice. For, if we can accept the word of one ad man, David A. Munro, writing in the Northwestern University *Alumni News* in January 1938, advertising men

look forward to the time when they will be able to deliver masses of men to any cause for a fee. They would like to operate with the simple efficiency of a ward heeler who has the votes of his constituency in his pocket and can deliver them at will to the highest bidder. When this comes true, the simplest and the deepest social acts of citizens will be controlled from above.

There's a word for the kind of society we would have were such a situation to come about—fascism.

★

Southern Belle

PULITZER PRIZE novelists and other literary lights like to prattle about Southern womanhood. With the soft drawl of the heroine of *Gone With the Wind* and the lavender and old lace of assorted other recent books on Southern belles, the hard facts of the fate of women in the South are often overlooked.

The Woman Worker, a Department of Labor publication, takes a long, hard look at the Southern belle, 1938 model. Your present-day flower of the Southland has to work in a factory because her husband earns about 45 percent less than a bare living (on a rickets-and-pellagra standard) wage. Over 30 percent of all women are gainfully employed in two Southern states. Five other states send 25 percent of wives and mothers into the mills.

Women work longer hours in the South than anywhere else in the country—and only two Southern states have laws to limit their hours of work. Women are paid lower wages in the South than anywhere else, and only four Southern states have minimum-wage laws for women.

On top of these hard facts, textile-mill bosses, irked with the few regulatory laws on the books prohibiting the too drastic sweating of female labor, have recently begun a "home industry" program, a revival of the famous New York sweatshop of yesteryear.

These are Department of Labor facts.

And who will play Scarlett in the movie version of *Gone With the Wind?* And who cares?

Readers' Forum

Manifesto

We have received the following manifesto from the Association of Czechoslovakian Authors to the authors, journalists, and artists of the world. It was broadcast by the short-wave station in Prague, in leading European language—THE EDITORS.

IN these fateful moments when the decision of war or peace confronts us, when the integrity of our nation is at stake, we appeal in the name of the Association of Czechoslovakian Authors to the conscience of the world. We have lived with the German minority in cultural and economic cooperation for many centuries. During the period of our independence, for which we bled on the battlefields of France, Italy, and Russia, we hoped and struggled that our common birthland would become one of the main sources of a movement for a new, better, and happier Europe.

Standing today on the highest peak of European democracy, we solemnly declare to the whole world: The catastrophe that is descending upon the whole world is not the guilt of our people, and will not be. We are trying to preserve peace, which is a true peace for all. However, we declare that we will fight with all our strength for the freedom of our country. Therefore we appeal to you throughout the world whose calling it is to guard the cultural wealth of the people and to respect the truth.

We appeal to your conscience and ask you to decide for yourself where there is respect and regard for peace and righteousness, and where is the will to conquer, an aggressive spirit using all means of force and lies.

We appeal to you to call upon the public opinion of the world if a struggle is forced upon us, a small, peaceful nation. We will not be fighting only for ourselves, but for all the moral and spiritual wealth which is common to the free and peaceful nations of the world. None should close his eyes to the fact that after us would come the turn of other nations and lands.

We appeal to all writers and to all who create culture to spread this declaration throughout the nations of the world with all their available means.

For the Authors' Association of Czechoslovakia:

Karel Capek, Jan Capek, Karel Ojveojor, Frantisek Holas, Adolf Hofmeister, Hanns Jelinch, Josef Kopta, Frantisek Langer, Marie Mayerovà, Rudolf Medek, Nezval, Ivan Olbracht, Ferd. Perontka, M. Pujimanova, Fr. Seifert, Marie Tilschovà.

Pension Plan

TO NEW MASSES: The issue of the California pension plan presents a serious problem. It is an issue that has progressive candidates jittery. There is much to fear in this plan. In it lies the latent possibility of demagogy, confusion, and the development of fascist forces in California.

In our experience with this issue we feel that NEW MASSES, by its careless heading of Earl Browder's correct, if short, analysis in your September 13 issue adds to the confusion. To head the article "California's Pension Hoax" is misleading and is by no means indicative of the Communist Party position on this issue, as is confirmed by the article itself. To take the words "The whole scheme would, in practice, reveal itself as a crue lhoax" as the main point of the Communist approach is misrepresentation and offers no solution to a practical and workable approach to this problem. Such a broad attack on the plan puts us in the company of the most reactionary forces of the state. We cannot occupy such a position. Further, we cannot allow this issue to split away a large section of the progressive movement, as such an attack will readily do if we should take it up in practice.

The California pension plan is unquestionably a Utopian scheme, and we cannot, indeed, assume responsibility for it, for to do so would put us in a position of campaigning in the coming election on the basis of a scheme whose economic tenets are indefensible. This, of course, would please our enemies. However, the maneuver to place progressives in such a position has proved to a degree unsuccessful. The pension planners themselves have seen the potential danger of making it the single issue and have thus requested that no political party write such a program into their platform. The pension planners have seen correctly that the only way in which the plan can gain as a state and national issue is on the basis of tying it in with the whole progressive movement and with the broad program of that movement.

EVANS STANWOOD.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Chinese Relief

TO NEW MASSES: This is to inform organizations or individuals that, in view of the danger to the city of Hankow from the advancing Japanese army of invasion, any communications or money destined for the Northwestern Partisan Relief Committee of Hankow, or for me personally, shall no longer be sent to Hankow. Instead, please address such communications to Mrs. Hilda Selwyn-Clarke, Secretary, China Defense League, 557 The Peak, Hongkong, China.

AGNES SMEDLEY
Secretary, Northwestern Partisan Relief Committee.

Hankow, China.

Nazi Confiscation

TO NEW MASSES: Your editorial in the September 6 issue, entitled "Double-Ledger Diplomacy," is a most timely shot at the war-mad fascists of Europe. The comment was only lacking in that it did not mention Germany also as an offender in confiscating helpless people's money and property and adding insult to injury by asking: What are you going to do about it? I, along with many other Americans, have money due me from business in Austria and, since the seizing and looting of that country, can get none of it.

In this connection, we have the curious spectacle of our State Department seriously dunning Mexico for payment of oil properties seized in Mexico. Mexico honestly and courageously replies that she is not averse to paying, at least when she is able. Hitler, on the other hand, brazenly states he will pay nothing for the things he has seized. As far as the morals of the two cases are concerned, Germany is entitled to no consideration whatever at the hands of this country. Yet the State Department, while quick on the trigger in representations to Mexico, is lamentably slow in going after Germany. From one who has had actual experience with this terrible menace, I can only urge our people to rally in every way to fight it.

C. E. KAY.

Portland, Ore.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Books of the Season

THE Fall Announcements issue of the *Publishers' Weekly* lists many hundreds of titles which will be published from now to Christmas Day. As usual, most of these titles are of very minor consequence, and they will not add distinction to the book season. But there are perhaps as many as fifty books to which we may look forward with considerable interest. That is a good average for this book season, particularly if we compare it with that of a year ago, which in retrospect seems to have reached a new low. Of the fifty good titles, there are at least thirty which should really be first-rate, as far as one can judge from the past work of their authors, the untrustworthy rumors one overhears at literary teas, and the over-generous advance notices sent out by the publishers. Some of these books may turn out to be duds, of course, but I am reasonably sure that of the titles listed below there will be more than enough to keep the most discriminating and active reader busy.

The most striking change in book production during the past few years has been the rapid increase in books dealing with foreign affairs. This change reflects at once the growth of the crisis in world politics and the marked decline in American isolationist sentiment. Books by foreign newspaper correspondents like Vincent Sheean, Walter Duranty, Agnes Smedley, Herbert L. Matthews, Negley Farson, John Gunther, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, and others, have been very popular. This fall, several important books will provide us with information about world affairs, and I have no doubt that they will be widely read and discussed during these profoundly critical months. Toward the top I would place *The Defence of Democracy* by F. Elwyn Jones, the authoritative British analyst whose work has appeared frequently in NEW MASSES. Elwyn Jones' earlier book, *Hitler's Drive Toward the East,* has turned out to be a sound and prophetic study. His new work, a critical evaluation of the fascist technique of aggression, is a valuable supplement to R. Palme Dutt's indispensable *World Politics.* Later on, we may look forward to *The Rape of Austria,* by G. E. R. Gedye, whose recent dispatches from Prague in the New York *Times* all of us have highly appreciated. I hope that Knopf will decide to hurry the publication of President Benes' *They Gave Us a Country,* the story of Czechoslovakia's struggle for national freedom, which is tentatively scheduled for November.

Modern Age will publish four popularly priced books on foreign affairs which will be of special interest. Claude Cockburn, editor of the *Week,* London news bulletin which we have frequently cited in our pages, has written *The Secret History of Our Time.* On China, there will be *One Fifth of Mankind: The Chinese Fight for Freedom,* a first-hand account by Anna Louise Strong, author of *China's Millions* and *I Change Worlds,* and a frequent contributor to NEW MASSES. On Spain, we shall all want to see *All the Brave,* with sixty drawings and four lithographs by Luis Quintanilla and commentaries by Jay Allen, Elliot Paul, and Ernest Hemingway. You will remember the drawings by Quintanilla which appeared in this magazine three weeks ago. America's relation to world affairs will be discussed in another Modern Age book by John Strachey, *Hope in America.* Strachey, by the way, will arrive in America next week. Add the recently published *Mussolini's Roman Empire* by Geoffrey T. Garratt, and *Japanese Terror in China* by H. J. Timperley, China correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian.* The list is sufficiently imposing, though it is very likely that the war crisis will advance many publication dates.

We may anticipate several books which ought to throw new light on important American figures. Newton Arvin's *Whitman* will undoubtedly give us a realistic interpretation of our greatest poet by a writer whose sound scholarship and judgment NEW MASSES readers do not have to take on faith. Art Young couldn't write a dull autobiography if he tried, and none of us will want to miss the much-postponed *Art Young: His Life and Times.* Nor will anybody who has read the autobiography of his great contemporary, Lincoln Steffens, fail to be enthusiastic about the two-volume *Letters of Lincoln Steffens,* edited by Ella Winter (Mrs. Lincoln Steffens) and Granville Hicks. Two major contributions to literary biography will appear this season: *The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* in six volumes, including over two thousand letters never before published, and *The Journals of Bronson Alcott,* covering a very rich period of forty-six years. Irving Stone's biography of Jack London, *Sailor on Horseback,* will be reviewed next week by Granville Hicks. An imposing biography, *Benjamin Franklin,* on which Carl Van Doren has worked for many years, will be discussed in our pages by Newton Arvin.

The novel of the season which will probably arouse most discussion is André Malraux's *Man's Hope.* We are arranging to print a section of the novel before its publication in book form. The scene is Spain, 1936, and we are told by the publishers that "The characters are a group of men and women who prefer death to General Franco," and that "The theme is fraternity, man's hope in the midst of horror." Christina Stead, author of *House of All Nations,* will write a detailed critical appraisal of Malraux when the book appears. She is convinced, as she wrote in a recent letter, that "He is the leading European writer about the torments of our times . . ." Malraux's great compatriot, Louis Aragon, whose novel, *The Bells of Basel,* received such high praise two years ago, will publish *Residential Quarter,* a panoramic story of France before the outbreak of the war. Heinrich Mann, author of *Young Henry of Navarre,* is represented on the fall list with *Henry, King of France.* Several other exiles from Germany will publish noteworthy books. Incidentally, a careful study of the fall list will bear out Lewis Gannett's observation that "No books of any consequence, fiction or non-fiction, come from Nazi Germany."

There will be several high spots in American fiction too, but I regret to say that they are likely to be few and far between. Ernest Hemingway's *The Fifth Column and the First 49* will include a full-length play dealing with the Spanish war and all of Hemingway's stories to date, several of which have never before been published. Josephine Herbst's *Rope of Gold* is one of the novels on the list to which we look forward with most interest. Millen Brand's *The Outward Room* was one of the few best-sellers that deserved to be best-sellers last year. His new novel, *The Heroes,* is about a group of war veterans in a New England soldiers' home. I am glad to announce that we shall soon publish a very striking short story by Mr. Brand, "When You Spend a Dollar," his first published story since *The Outward Room.*

It will be interesting to see what effect John Dos Passos' remoteness from social reality will have on his forthcoming *Adventures of a Young Man.* Other interesting question marks: Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *Black Is My Truelove's Hair,* Saroyan's *What To Do With Tigers,* Philip Barry's *War in Heaven.* Two novels which are not technically autumn novels but which should be remembered are John Hyde Preston's *The Liberals* and Leane Zugsmith's *The Summer*

Soldier. I hope that there will be several "first books" of fiction like Richard Wright's *Uncle Tom's Children* and Albert Maltz' *The Way Things Are* to make the fiction season as exciting as it ought to be.

A new volume of verse by Kenneth Fearing, *Dead Reckoning,* is a welcome event. Willard Maas' *Concerning the Young,* will be discussed by William Rose Benét in an early issue. There will be at least two notable collections: Genevieve Taggard's *Collected Poems* and *The Complete Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams.* From London come two verse plays: Stephen Spender's *Trial of a Judge,* a dramatic allegory based on the outrages committed by the Nazis, and T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion,* about which I know nothing except the reputation of Mr. Eliot. The winner of this year's award in the Yale Series of Younger Poets competition was Joy Davidman, who has contributed many poems to NEW MASSES. Watch for her *Letter to a Comrade,* dedicated to Ernst Thaelmann. The most unusual anthology of the year will probably be *The Oxford Book of Light Verse,* edited with an introduction by W. H. Auden. I understand that it begins with Chaucer and winds up with Cole Porter.

On the American scene there will be provocative studies by George Seldes and Max Lerner, among many others. Mr. Seldes' *Lords of the Press* will show how the great newspaper proprietors control the published opinions of reporters, editors, and columnists. The author of *You Can't Print That* is just the man for such a job. Mr. Lerner, who has just left the *Nation* to teach at Williams College, will discuss the problems of democracy in a world of crisis. His book will be entitled *It Is Later Than You Think.* Felix Frankfurter's *Mr. Justice Holmes and the Supreme Court* and Prof. Edward S. Corwin's *Court Over Constitution* should provide plenty of material for renewed discussion of our judicial system. *This Man La Guardia* by Lowell Limpus and Burr Leyson looks interesting.

The fall list of International Publishers is particularly rich this year. An important work by Marx and Engels, *German Ideology,* will be published for the first time in English. *Revolution in Spain,* by Marx and Engels, will be a collection of writings on the revolutionary struggles in nineteenth-century Spain. It will no doubt complement last year's volume of writings on the American Civil War. James W. Ford's *The Negro and the Democratic Front* will deal with issues confronting the Negro people today. I recall with delight the autobiography of William Gallacher, a Communist member of Parliament, which International published two or three years ago under the title of *Revolt on the Clyde.* I am sure that Maurice Thorez' autobiography, *Son of the People,* will be equally exciting. The International Publishers list also includes an introduction to dialectical materialism for the layman, *What Is Philosophy?* by Prof. Howard Selsam of Brooklyn College; a novel by Piotr Pavlenko, *Red Planes Fly East,* dealing with the Eastern Red Army; a critical biography by Alan Calmer, *Philip Freneau: Stormbird of Revolution;* the *Collected Essays of Maxim Gorky;* and an edition of the twelfth-century Georgian epic, *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin,* by S. Rustaveli.

There are other books that I hate to pass by, like A. L. Morton's *A People's History of England,* a stimulating Marxist summary which I have just finished reading, and Robert Briffault's *Decline and Fall of the British Empire*—both of these books, by the way, give the answer to James Truslow Adams, if any answer is really needed. There is Eleanor Flexner's *American Playwrights: 1918-1938.* I am sure that there are many others. But life seems shorter than the list at the moment, and I think that perhaps enough has been said to indicate that we may look forward to an unusually good season of books. If most of them are as good as they seem at this distance, we ought to be a lot better off than we were at this time last year.

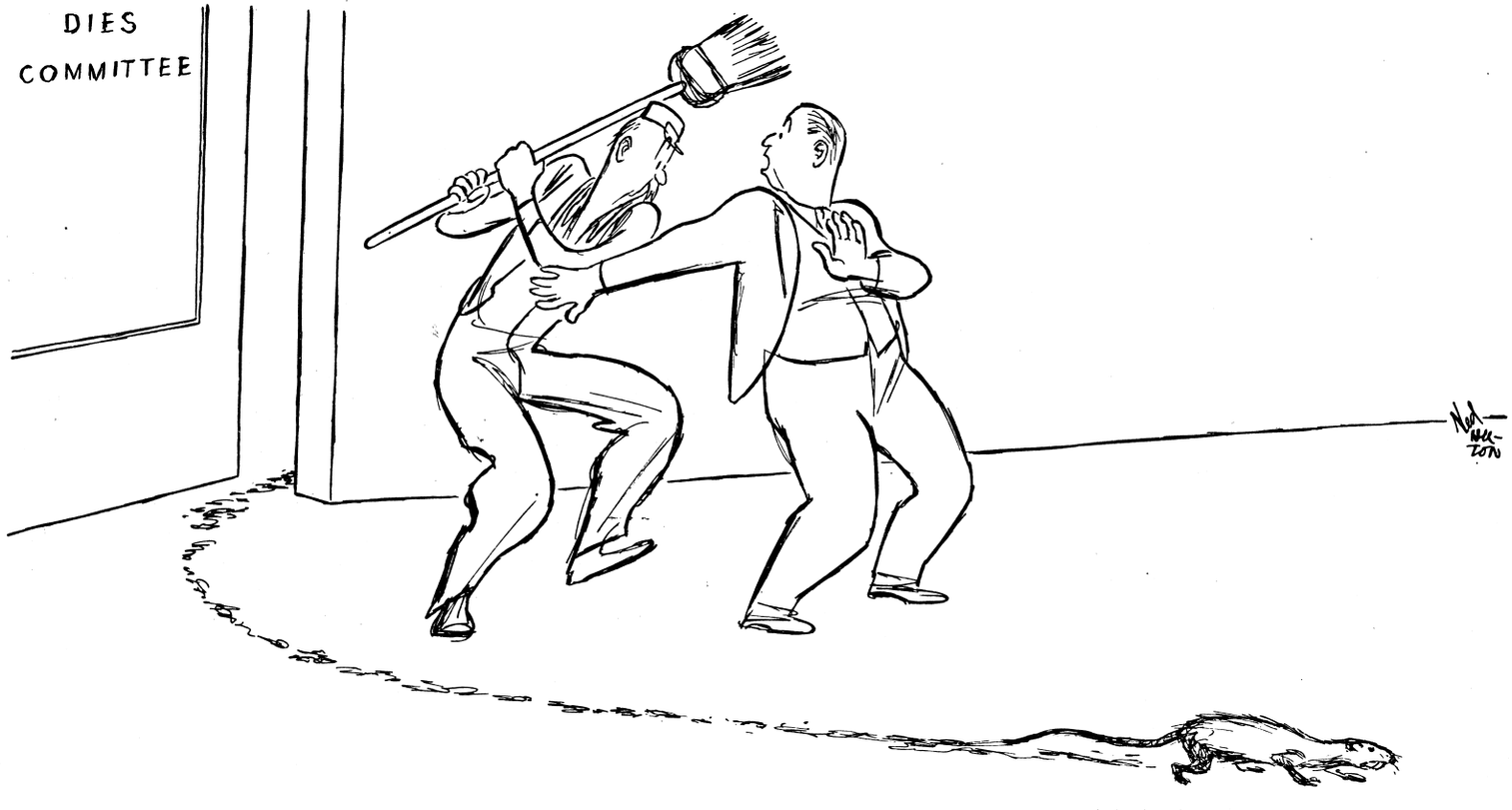
SAMUEL SILLEN.

A Peace Primer

THE DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY, *by F. Elwyn Jones. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.*

THE contrast between the real aims of a policy and the public face given to that policy constantly jars the uncritical. Frederick J. Libby may weep sadly when the Henlein Germans cry, "We want to go home," but others recognize that the minority issue in Czechoslovakia was raised as part of that new technique of aggression which has been developed to facilitate fascist aggrandizement. Some may accept the Chamberlain policy as a genuine one of saving peace by appeasement; others will recognize it as a conspiracy with the dictators to defend class privilege at the expense of peace and democracy.

The Defence of Democracy does a timely and exhaustive job of exposing the real objectives of fascist foreign policy, the new tech-



Ned Hilton

"Wait! That may be one of the witnesses."

niques devised to achieve those objectives, and the sinister forces within the democracies that have enabled those techniques to achieve some measure of success. Coupled as it is with an analysis of how the struggle for peace must be carried on, it is literally a peace primer.

Mr. Jones provides an invaluable discussion of what he calls "the new technique of aggression." The stirring up of a rebellion within a nation to provide an excuse for an attack upon the integrity and independence of that nation was used by Mussolini in 1926 to bring Albania to heel. Since then he has constantly employed this technique in the pursuit of his basic objective, the establishment of a new Roman empire with the Mediterranean as an Italian lake. Thus he tries to inflame the whole Arab world. He intrigues against Britain in Egypt and Palestine, against France in Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco. He backed Ras Gugsa as an Ethiopian Franco. Since without Spain the Mediterranean could never become an Italian lake, on March 31, 1934, he signed an agreement with representatives of the Spanish army and reaction to aid with money and materials in the overthrow of the Spanish republic. As General Barlotti wrote in February 1938, "It is time to understand that the Spanish campaign is an extension of the Ethiopian campaign."

This book is even more devastating to the view of those who think that any issue of peace by appeasement or self-determination was involved in the Czechoslovakian crisis. Mr. Jones demonstrates how the drive against Czechoslovakia is only a step in the relentless, coldly calculated drive of Hitler toward a "Greater Germany," and against democracy as a social system. Through the Foreign Organization of the Nazi Party, whose activities enjoy diplomatic protection and immunity, the work of 548 Nazi organizations abroad is coordinated. To achieve a transcontinental Nazi empire of 100,000,000, Hitler intrigues through exploitation of the German-speaking populations throughout the world. In regions adjacent to the Third Reich, such as Eupen-Malmedy in Belgium, Schleswig-Holstein in Denmark, Luxemberg, German Switzerland, the Nazis prepare for "the day." In the remainder of the eight districts into which the world is divided by the Foreign Organization of the Nazi Party, in the Balkans, in South America, in Africa, the objectives of Nazi efforts are to get a favorable orientation in foreign policy, to launch anti-Semitic movements, to support indigenous fascist groups such as Mosley in England, Degrelle in Belgium, the Cagoulards in France. In every country the Nazis seek out the disaffected groups in order to facilitate the achievement of Nazi hegemony and assure the stabilization of reaction and fascism throughout the world.

Having demonstrated the real aims of Hitler and Mussolini, Mr. Jones proceeds to assess the resources for saving peace and democracy. He gives the enlightening summary of the forces within Germany and Italy working to overthrow the fascist regimes and shows conclusively that the "moral war potential" is lower today in Germany than it was in 1914 at the outset of the World War. In his opinion only a struggle to curb aggression outside of Germany and Italy can give the underground forces within Germany and Italy an opportunity to come to the top.

Mr. Jones carefully evaluates the forces outside of the aggressor nations available in the struggle for peace. In every Balkan country, in Poland, even in Hungary, the popular forces were waging a successful struggle to prevent their governments from swinging their countries into Hitler's orbit. That struggle likewise was betrayed by the Chamberlain-Hitler deal. As Mr. Jones, himself an Englishman, sharply points out:

> From whatever angle the present crisis in Europe and the world is looked at, whether it is viewed from Addis Ababa or Nanking or Madrid or Vienna or Prague, it is clear that the chief responsibility for the impotence of the peace forces of the world rests upon the British National government.

The explanation for this lies in no uncommon concern upon the part of the British Tories for peace or for minority rights, but rather for class privileges: "Hitler and Mussolini stand in the eyes of Mr. Chamberlain and his reactionary friends for the defence of property."

The struggle for peace and democracy must begin with the defeat of the policy of Chamberlain and his friends. The author stated this conclusion last June when this book went to press in England. It has been made abundantly clear in the betrayal of Czechoslovakia.

Whatever weaknesses *The Defence of Democracy* has—its inadequate delineation of fascist intrigues in Latin America, its casual treatment of the division of labor and interrelationships in the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis—do not detract from its value as a guide to an understanding of and action in the present European crisis.

JOSEPH P. LASH.

Steinbeck's Stories

THE LONG VALLEY, *by John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. $2.50.*

STEINBECK'S new volume of short stories has almost the unity of effect that allowed his earlier volume of stories, *The Pastures of Heaven,* to be called a novel. Here are people living in and about Monterey whose lives, even though there is no explicit statement to that effect, seem to be interrelated. Light, chaos, civilization, wildness grow together; the water under the piles of a cannery street in Monterey mingles with the vistas of the "great mountains"; the people mingle in the same way. The short novel, "The Red Pony," and eleven of the twelve additional stories of *The Long Valley* form an important study of a place. "St. Katy the Virgin," the only story which is not related, is a digression into satire—harsh, witty, effective in a different way.

Take *The Long Valley* then as a single work. What is its range? The two polar ends are two stories, "The Snake" and "The Vigilante." "The Snake" takes a Dr. Phillips of Monterey, and shows him preparing various products in a "little commercial laboratory" on the waterfront; one of his products is snake venom for anti-venom laboratories. As he is working, a woman comes in, unannounced, casual. Steinbeck builds up her likeness to a snake—"flat forehead"; "Her eyes were bright but the rest of her was almost in a state of suspended animation." The woman watches a rat killed by the snake she buys of Dr. Phillips—the snake weaves and "She was weaving too, not much, just a suggestion." This is the story, macabre, unreal, like a good many of Steinbeck's stories—not alone in this volume—saying nothing that is important to most of us.

At the other end of the pole is a really fine story, "The Vigilante." Most lynching stories I have seen express a direct horror. This gets behind it, shows a member of a lynching mob with his excitement dying, replaced by a peculiar tiredness and sleepiness. He goes home; his wife, not knowing where he has been, shouts out of her woman's knowledge, "You been with a woman." Here is a story of importance, clean, cruel, helpful, given straight with all its implications.

From some of the stories in *The Long Valley* the reader will see the skillful but unconvincing manufactured quality that shows through in *Of Mice and Men* (which is a composite of the stories of Tularecito and Helen Van Deventer in *The Pastures of Heaven*). From stories like "The Vigilante" and "Breakfast" comes the force of *In Dubious Battle.*

Somewhere between the two tendencies, simple and warm, is "The Red Pony"—also its sequel, "The Leader of the People," with which the book ends. "The Red Pony" tells the story of a boy on a ranch who is given a pony which dies of "strangles." Later he is given the colt of one of the ranch mares; a ranch hand, by whose fault the pony died, has promised that the colt will be born living. To keep his promise he tears the colt from the mare in a bloody Cæsarean operation. Few people who have read this story will forget either the climax or the honest showing of a boy's encounter with the brutal facts of pain, anguish, death.

"The Leader of the People" is about the same boy and his grandfather. The grandfather was a pioneer, one of the "westering" people. He finds the tales of the days of his westering have dulled; he says, "Westering isn't a hunger any more. It's all done . . . It is finished." But that is only in Steinbeck's book, not in the world. We do have that conscious hungering, the hunger of "westering" that, for example, drove Steinbeck's two Communist organizers in "The Raid" to risk death for their belief. If Steinbeck had felt this hunger deeply enough, his Communists would have moved less stiltedly; emotion and not words would have followed them in their

MARTHA GRAHAM

fear and loss of fear and the new West that rose bloodily before their eyes—as in fact it did for the organizers of the orchard workers in *In Dubious Battle.*

MILLEN BRAND.

Introduction To Barbarism

THE NAZI PRIMER, *translated from the German by Harwood L. Childs, with a commentary by William E. Dodd, former ambassador to Germany. Harper & Bros. $1.75.*

THIS book, according to its translator, Prof. Harwood L. Childs of Princeton University, was issued last year as the official handbook for schooling the Hitler Youth, and as such represents the basic mental fare of some seven million young Germans.

Written for mass consumption, its style is popular and its approach pseudo-scientific. The reader with some knowledge of history and science will be appalled at the extent of the distortions and outright falsifications that go into the Nazified version of the various fields of knowledge. But a reader deprived of any other source of information may very likely be taken in by many of the assertions, since these are presented with such a positive and matter-of-fact air.

The book has all the familiar elements of the Nazi "world outlook"—attacks on Jews, Freemasons, Marxists, and the Christian Church, with their "catchwords" of "brotherhood" and "humanity." Predicating itself upon the obvious "unlikeness of men," this Nazi work erects an unchangeable hierarchy of six (!) European races: inferior ones, destined to be led, and superior ones, destined to lead, with the "Nordic race" as tops.

The most important and enlightening section of the book is that which presents the Nazi concept that *German territory has a threefold form:* a "political area," which consists of the present territory of the German Reich; a "population area," which includes all places in Europe where there are communities of Germans today; and a "cultural area," which further includes all regions of non-Germans that have been influenced by the German language or culture. This "German cultural area" also includes "the compact German settlements overseas" (the list is headed by the USA, Canada, and the South American countries); and of course there are the colonies Germany lost in the last war.

The chapter ingeniously entitled "The Political Area of the German Folk" gives the reader a fair idea of what "German" territories would have to be ceded to the Nazis in order to "appease" them until they were ready for further expansion. First are listed four "buffer states": Switzerland (seventeen out of twenty-four cantons German), Holland ("Low Germans"), Belgium ("two-thirds Germanic"), and Luxemburg. Then there are (or were) Austria (meaning thereby all the territory of the former Austro-Hungarian empire) and Liechtenstein. Add to this territories "robbed" from Germany and from the "German territory of Austria" in the war, which have been "partitioned among fifteen states."

The Nazi Primer is further evidence, for those who may still require it, that National Socialism means war, that it considers war its basic and permanent instrument of national policy. The "political will" that the book seeks to build up is a will to conquest. It aims to prepare a people to carry out the policy of a super-imperialism that would not be content with less than the whole world. That is the political significance of the "Nordic supremacy," "destined to leadership" tommyrot, of the "threefold form of German territory" concept, of the cry about "injustices" and the "need" for more territory, and of the policy of autarchy.

In fact, all the evidence makes it clear that in German National Socialism we are face to face with an old wolf in new, more modern, and more demagogic clothing. Through clever demagogy, fascism has converted the old imperialism, Prussianism, and "divine right" into a camouflaged, streamlined, up-to-the-minute model that deserves to be lettered TNT.

Nor does fascist demagogy hesitate to speak in the name of truth, reality, and justice. It advances claims in the name of that very German culture which National Socialism in real life denounces and persecutes. It professes a concern for the "humble comrade." There is no hint in the book, as former Ambassador William E. Dodd points out in a scholarly and vigorous commentary, of the existence of opposition, exiles, concentration camps, and other gentle "blood and soil" persuasions applied against any who indicate their dissatisfaction with wretched conditions. National Socialism has also cleverly established its scapegoats—Jews, Marxists, the Church, and "inferior races"—for its failures and defeats to come. Its "theory" affords great flexibility in political maneuvering, since it establishes grounds for directing Nazi fire against practically any country at any time the Nazi leaders decide it advisable.

This book should convince intelligent readers that America *must* in self-defense be concerned with Nazi theorizing and practice. The United States has more people of German descent within its borders than any other country outside of Germany; the book clearly implies that these millions are all properly part of the "community of Germans." The logic of Nazi racial politics leads inevitably to efforts to realize this conception. That Nazi ideology is not merely an academic matter is shown by the practical activities of Nazi propaganda and espionage in the USA, and by such events as the recent decision of the German-American Bund to circulate "a million copies" of a petition seeking to exclude Jews and others who were not "true white, Gentile Americans" from election or appointment as public officials—all in the name of "the principles which animated the framers of our Constitution"!

The translator's preface to *The Nazi Primer* calls for special comment. It is so painfully objective that it succeeds only in restating, in the most effective propaganda phrasing, what Nazi leaders told Professor Childs for foreign consumption. Thus, "the principal aims of the youth training program are three: character building, physical training, and training in the National Socialist world view." Childs refers constantly to this question of "character" and "capacity for leadership," without once in the slightest indicating specifically what the Nazi conception of character and leadership capacity is. Brutality, ruthlessness, deliberate lying, conquest of the weaker are all dominant characteristics of Hitler and his fellow führers, and we have a right to expect Childs, who in magazine articles loudly champions democracy, to be more concrete. What are we to think of the point of view Professor Childs adopts in his preface? To him the Hitler Youth is "this great organization" and Dr. Ley, head of the notorious Labor Front, is "that energetic, robust, and imaginative organization leader of the party." Further: "It is evident . . . that more attention is being given to character training, to education of the will, to physical development, *possibly less* to the objective training of the mind." (My italics.) And *The Nazi Primer,* the professor declares, is "a text by [!] and for the German people."

BEN BLAKE.

★

BRIEF REVIEW

CHALLENGE TO FEAR, *by Leslie Ault. Branch Publishers, Woodstock, N. Y. 35 cents.*

In this thirty-eight-page pamphlet-poem, Leslie Ault has written an exciting document of the South Chicago massacre during the Little Steel strike. Although the discipline of the verse is often under question, there is no question of the poetic energy with which the theme is handled. Stumbling over rhetoric, getting caught occasionally in prose tangles, skirting the danger of cliche towards the end, the poem plunges ahead savagely, swinging the whip where it belongs, telling the story with anger, bitterness, irony; exposing the

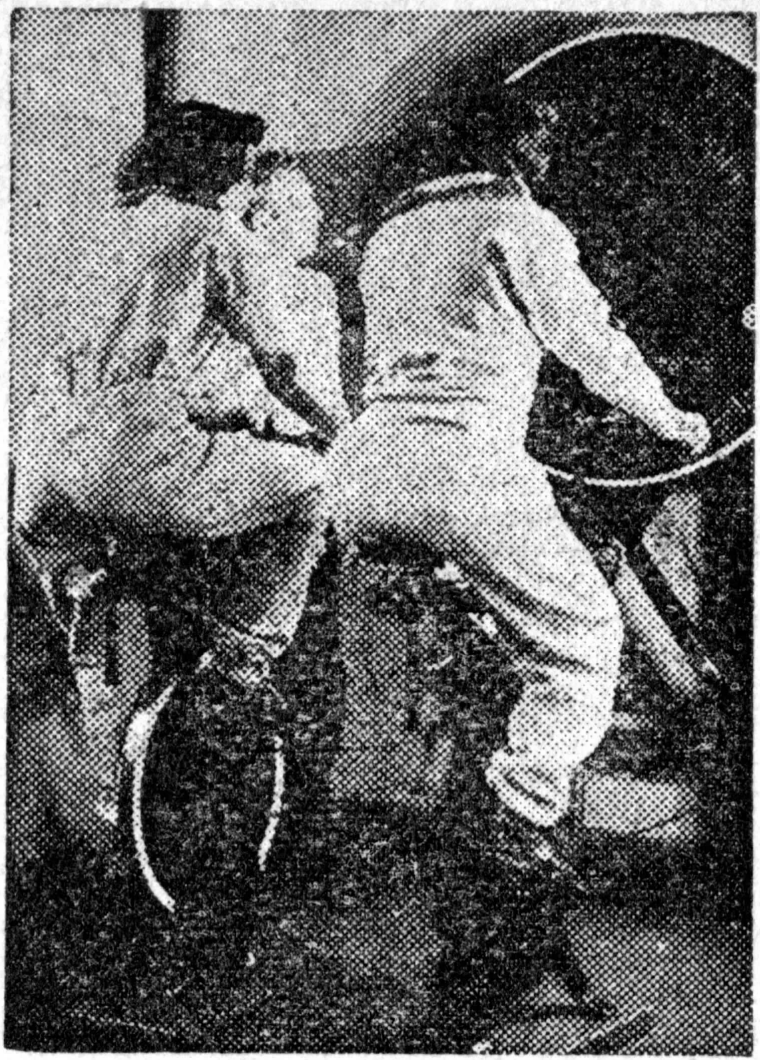
> Blue-coated defenders of law and order
> And certified sterile clean white justice!

Our younger poets have been getting much censure for their carelessness in writing. It is true that there is a deep lack of fastidiousness towards much that these poets write. The poems are not carefully, scrupulously done. The reason is primarily either the impatience or inability to adhere to a poetic discipline. This is one of the main flaws in Mr. Ault's writing. However, this is more than amply balanced by an energy that demands to be heard despite the lame iambics and purple patches of rhetoric. This is the kind of energy which is blunt, dramatic:

> The kind of evidence we need is plain:
>
> Them bottles is superb; now get some slag:
> We'll slug them with this evidence in court.

Some of the sequences are a little obscure. But the poem is a dynamo, sometimes wild, always giving out current.

NORMAN ROSTEN.



WOMEN ONLY

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Sing Ho for the New Deal

MY IDEA of good clean fun is to watch a Republican slip on a banana peel. So I had a swell time at Harold Rome's and Charles Friedman's *Sing Out the News,* Broadway's new revue with social significance.

Mr. Rome and Mr. Friedman, who stirred up that little item from last year's best selling list, *Pins and Needles,* have moved uptown to the dress-shirt area with their new show. They have Max Gordon and George Kaufman and Moss Hart this year instead of the ladies of the needle trades, but they still can write and stage a mean skit at the expense of the upper clawsses. Rather than having lost their verve, I think they're pointing up their satire and growing more happily venomous with the months.

Mr. Rome's music for *Sing Out the News* is delightful and you'll be singing and whistling the hit tunes in a few weeks. This year he has a really good love song, "My Heart Is Unemployed," and a nice ballad, "Just an Ordinary Guy." Mr. Friedman has two fine all-Negro scenes in the revue, played by a remarkable cast that bounces and dances and sings and laughs all over the place. The music for these two skits, "One of These Fine Days," and "Man of the Year," is the best in the show.

Music for *Sing Out the News* is gay, but the satire has a kickback that left the balconies cheering and the dress circle gasping the night I was there. The show opens with a little piece about an angel and the Republican National Committee, with Philip Loeb as the honest but dumb angel who thinks maybe the Republicans have their hearts in the right places.

He plays Mayor La Guardia in the leading skit of the show, "Up Fiorello," which has our mayor bouncing from fires to magistrate's courts and back with remarkable verve. Mr. Friedman has caught the mayor's gusto, and Mr. Rome's ditty, "But He Gets Things Done," is a little love-song to his hizzoner.

The whole cast is young, full of energy, and very expert. I liked Mary Jane Walsh, who sings several of the best Rome songs, Will Geer who does a fine job as speaker of the House of Representatives in the congressional minstrel show, Joey Faye, and Dorothy Fox's dancing. I hate to bring it up again, but Philip Loeb is really very good in my favorite piece of the revue, "Yip Ahoy, or Adrift on the Old Prairie." Mr. Loeb, between removing rattlesnakes from his bosom, wishes to be transported back to his little flat in Manhattan, where the smell under the Sixth Avenue El seems to jell, yip ahoy.

Most of the satire in the show is loudly pro-New Deal and what we dialecticians down here would call "democratic front." Cafe society, the variety Lucius Beebe heralds, gentlemen who live on unearned increments, and other such drawbacks to the current American scene are the butts for Mr. Friedman and Mr. Rome. I don't want to inject a sour note in the general enthusiasm, so I won't start quarreling with political details here and there. Indeed, one of the funniest skits in the show is a little number about a poor little liberal boy whose pappy always looked at both sides of the question. In black stockings and knee pants the miserable liberal child is scorned by the rich kiddies, who sing, "You're a Red, a dirty Red, ya-a-a-h," and also by a group of wild-eyed youngsters who carol, "We're from the Fourth International." Technically, Mr. Friedman is right but I'm afraid that's cutting the ice pretty thin. It takes a politically alert audience to figure out that Communists don't beef at honest liberals.

But then, revue writers aren't writing solemn political essays, and *Sing Out the News* is one of the most encouraging as well as entertaining items to show up on Broadway for years. The success of *Pins and Needles* last year made everybody hope that it had introduced a vogue for intelligent satire and witty songs. A second try is never as easy as the first. Audiences grow more critical, and we turned up with considerable trepidation, to be frank, at *Sing Out the News.* But the new show is altogether delightful, gay, funny, beautifully staged, fast moving.

JESSE JAMES, the God-fearing bandit of the Ozarks, is riding again at the Empire Theater these brisk fall nights in E. B. Ginty's new comedy, *Missouri Legend.*

Malman

I liked Dean Jagger as the hardshelled Baptist who robbed the skinflint bankers and distributed his gains to the salt-pork eating population of Missouri—but Mildred Natwick steals the show with her delightful portrait of the Widow Weeks.

The Widow Weeks, in fact, is one of the most notable females to emerge on the Broadway stage in this or any other season. Mrs. Gummidge pales beside Sister Weeks, whose pa began her troubles by trading her off to a tobacco-chewing bridegroom for an old mule. Things get worse for the Widow Weeks, never better, until Jesse James comes along, and, horrified to hear that her children have been torn from her Baptist arms to be brought up as Methodists by cruel relations, pays off the mortgage on the farm and saves the kiddies' souls from hell fire.

The Widow Weeks might have been just low comedy. But Miss Natwick makes her a heart-warming character whose gratitude to the hard-riding Robin Hood of Missouri brings mist to the eyes of the audience.

The whole gentle comedy, in fact, is keyed to smiles, not belly laughs. Definitely not on the side of crime prevention, at least not in the 1880's, Mr. James is allowed to win the hearts of the audience with his reckless courage, and all hands mourn as the double-crossing skunk shoots our Jesse daid.

Bandits have changed since the 1880's, definitely for the worse, according to *Missouri Legend.* For what modern safecracker would scorn the services of a first-class fence, just because the gentleman in question squandered the proceeds of his evil doings on drink, and, as Mr. James put it in tones of horror, "fancy wimmin." Molls were distinctly not part of the equipment of the old-time gangster, bless his heart.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

Boyhood of Gorky

A MOVIE of extraordinary strength and tenderness comes from the Soviet Union in *The Childhood of Maxim Gorky,* now showing at the Cameo (New York). From Gorky's own autobiographical account, *My Childhood,* director Mark Donskoi has filmed two or three formative years of the novelist's childhood, peopling his picture with performances of real beauty. *The Childhood* stands as the best Soviet film since

Malman

Baltic Deputy; indeed, the new film has a greater appeal because it has a half-dozen performances as compelling as Cherkassov's in *Baltic Deputy.*

The scenario writer, I. Gruzdyev, has allowed the film to follow Gorky's own episodic narrative rather than making of it a single composition. The incidents are divided by subtitles consisting of passages from *My Childhood.* Don't let this scare you, because the realization of character, the depth of Gorky himself, is in the picture.

The orphaned Gorky was brought up in the brutish menage of his grandfather who was the owner of a dye shop where all the Kashirins, his grandfather's side of the family, and the Peshkovs, Grandmother Ivanovna's branch, worked in the family enterprise. Grandfather was a mad old fool with an unbridled temper, who beat the grandchildren with soaked rods and grandmother with his fists. M. G. Troyanovsky's portrayal of the patriarchal tyrant allows us to see old Kashirin in the light of his own childhood, which occurred in the beastly environment of an earlier czardom. He beats the women and children because that is his right, because he was beaten so in his own youth. This is the way things are to Grandpa Kashirin, the piously orthodox, who inherits the medieval tradition of patriarchy.

Grandmother is shrewd and kind, a great teller of stories, who secretly worships a household fairy who can be importuned to bless the migrations of the family by receiving a bast shoe under the stove. She shapes the sensitive boy's character and shields him from grandfather's tempers. As played by V. O. Massalitinova, Gorky's grandmother becomes the noble creature she was in the affections of the author. The treacherous, loutish uncles of the boy, full of plots over the dye vats, are two vivid revelations of peasant degradation in Holy Russia. Their broods of impish kids are going through the process of becoming the sneaks their fathers are. When grandma and grandpa take young Gorky away after Uncle Mikhail, in a drunken pique, burns the dye shop, a cousin his own age makes a face at the departing boy. Uncle cuffs him vigorously and the kid in turns smacks his little sister beside him. What a sharp incidental note to show us how they released their misery on each other.

Another boyhood friend was the apprentice, Gypsy, who could dance, do sleight of hand, and sing like an angel for his little friend Alexei. D. Sagal plays the tough, lovable Gypsy in a beautiful fashion. But Gypsy is

Charles Martin

killed by overwork and young Alexei Peshkov (Gorky) goes on to new friends—a revolutionist who thinks grandmother's homely maxims should be written down; a wonderful gang of urchins of Alexei's own age; and a little paralytic boy who sits neglected in a basement room with a menagerie of a magpie, cockroaches, and other vermin which the lonely lad has named for the mad people he sees through his cellar window. This forsaken child, whose seraphic smile will stop your heart, dreams of someday seeing the open fields. He wants to know, if he feeds a mouse will it get as big as a horse so he can ride away to the open fields? Alexei assures him that is so and he gives his friend the precious white mouse that Gypsy left with him. One great day, when young Gorky goes out into the world for himself, the little cripple is dragged along on a wagon that has had its wheels collected in the dump by Alexei's gang. At last he sees the open fields, with a warm wind rippling the grass, and he frees his menagerie to the wind. The magpie goes away and young Alexei with it, tramping down a desolate road in the sun, leaving the old gang around the cripple in the open fields.

A Moscow schoolboy, Alyosha Lyarsky, plays the title role. In a picture distinguished, as no other in years has been, by its great acting, this lad confidently takes his place as one of the greatest. This is the triumph of Director Donskoi—this and the other child roles. *The Childhood of Maxim Gorky* is a great motion picture.

ABOUT the second year after college the most iconoclastic college man begins to feel Old Gradism creeping up on him. He wants to go back to the storied elms, get himself a snootful, and tell the boys at the house what hell-raisers there were in the old days. I succumbed to the feeling myself last week. So I had a vicarious Alumni Homecoming by dropping in the Criterion to see *Campus Confessions.* I came out cured of school-days nostalgia. The moral, and a heavily moral tale it is, of this saga of Old Middleton is expressed in the dulcet speech of the coed journalist, as she reproaches the bookish hero: "Playing and rooting are also part of the college." That, anyone who has seen the hired hands of an American university thundering down the greensward to the reverberating enthusiasm of the scholars cannot deny. The menaces of the picture uphold the idea that college is an institution of learning but they succumb prettily during the big game to the body-beautiful faction led by Betty Grable and Hank Luisetti, the potent basketball star.

FRED ASTAIRE has a captivating grin and imaginative feet and Ginger Rogers is captivating all over but why I should have more than an esoteric interest in their new dances is a question begged by *Carefree,* their latest. The most notable shots are of some slow-motion dancing in a dream sequence with the edges of the screen faded off into white like a vignette in a sentimental nineteenth-century novel. The picture is about psychology, which seems to be quite a parlor game in Hollywood. Ginger Rogers proves herself again to be a capable farceuse, better than the material she has in the picture.

JAMES DUGAN.

Phonograph Recordings

ALL portents in the phonograph-recording field point to a flood of significant releases this fall and winter. But before that gets under way, I should get caught up on the outstanding records of the last three or four months, many of which may have escaped the casual record buyer's attention during the hot weather and which are altogether too good to be missed entirely. In this review I shall not have space to discuss the moderns, but they will be taken up in a later issue.

Beginning with Bach, of course—and ordinarily we might stop there too, but the recent disc editions do him considerably less than justice. The fifth volume of the Bach Society, completing the forty-eight preludes and fugues in Edwin Fischer's piano performances (Victor), Yella Pessl's Fifth and Sixth English Suites for harpsichord (Victor), and the Fourth Sonata for unaccompanied 'cello, played by Archambeau (Musicraft) are only fairly good. The one real gem in the batch is Landowska's harpsichord version of the Second English Suite, incongruously but happily stuck in to fill up the Bach Society Vol. 5. If you like the chorale *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* as well as I do, take fair warning and avoid the new Cailliet transcription, played by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor). But if you've got a rather low regard for son Carl Philipp Emanuel (who was once esteemed above his father), you should hear the *Magnificat* by the University of Pennsylvania Choir under Harl McDonald (Victor) to get a new slant on C. P. E.'s true stature. It's the best work of his I've ever heard.

Mozart fares considerably better, with first prize going to that well known Mozartian scholar Benny Goodman, joining up with the Budapest String Quartet in the Clarinet Quintet (Victor), playing it straight and superbly. Close behind come the sonatas for piano solo (No. 14 in C-minor) and for two pianos (D-major) played by Gieseking for Columbia and by Grace Castagnetta and Milton Kaye for Timely; the Symphonies No. 29 in A-major and No. 38 in D-major *(Prague)* played by Beecham and the London Philharmonic and Bruno Walter and the (former) Vienna Philharmonic for Columbia and Victor respectively.

Similarly Haydn gets a better break than Handel. The former's Symphony No. 93 conducted by Beecham (Columbia) is one of his finest; Symphony No. 88 (old No. 13) is almost equally good, but here Toscanini's flawless performance—the first appearance of the NBC Symphony on discs (Victor)—was

recorded in the infamous Studio 8-H, which, if you remember the broadcasts, is so dead acoustically that not even the maestro can come to real life in it. Haydn is also represented by a fine flute trio in D-major, starring René Le Roy (Musicraft), while Handel has only two entries: a rather dull violin sonata in A-major (Musicraft) and a pretty good harpsichord suite—the one with the "Harmonious Blacksmith" finale (Columbia).

Timely's *Eighteenth-Century Symphonies* album was released quite a few months ago, but I think it escaped attention in these pages. It's altogether too good to be skipped, for Max Goberman's Sinfonietta provides skillful first editions of unusual and attractive works by Locatelli, Pergolesi, and Carl Stamitz. The best records recently of old music are the Telemann Harpsichord Fantasias played by Dr. Wolff (Columbia) and an album of Flemish, French, and Italian madrigals (*Vocal Music of the Renaissance,* Musicraft) sung by Arthur Lief's Madrigalists. And at last the famous *L'Anthologie Sonore* collection, edited by Dr. Curt Sachs, has been made reasonably available to those who can't shell out $20 for a complete volume. Now any record can be bought singly (at $2). Perhaps the best to start with are the Bach two-harpsichord concerto (two records), Handel oboe sonata, or the Gabrieli music for brass instruments—but almost everything in this remarkable series is of really exceptional interest.

From the standard orchestral repertory the following are all admirably played and recorded: Beethoven's *Leonore No. 2* and *Egmont* overtures, and the early Triple Concerto, all conducted by Weingartner (Columbia); excerpts from Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust*—including the Rakóczy March—conducted by Beecham (Columbia); Brahms' *Academic Festival* overture conducted by Bruno Walter (Victor); Liszt's *Les Préludes* and Schumann's Second Symphony conducted by Ormandy (Victor); the Rossini-Respighi ballet *La Boutique Fantasque,* conducted by Eugene Goossens (Victor); Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Sibelius' *Finlandia*—the best of myriad versions—conducted by Beecham (Columbia).

ROY GREGG.

The Photograph as Art and Document

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS, *by Walker Evans. Museum of Modern Art. $2.50.*

FEW people pay real attention to photographs; it is rarely demanded of them. Under its mendacious title, *Life,* for example, supplies us regularly with scores of snappy photos which can, and should, be seen while turning the page. Its two million copies weekly have corrupted our taste into a desire for hasty titillation; the under-angle shot, the debutante in season, and the very bedroom (exclusive) of the well known diplomat, taken candid with all his little habits. *Life* pays—and it has been able to take talented, young, and technically agile photographers and twist them into its pattern of snobbish vulgarity. The very real pressure of this success, Walker Evans has resisted with all the force of his art.

Our attention is compelled in these photographs by a combination of reticence, delicacy, and a bitter surgical honesty; then what seems the most casual element becomes, as we study it, an irreducible point of the photograph. Look at the remarkable "Girl in Fulton Street," where the central figure is the half-turned head with its masklike hat in the style of 1929. The face itself has a tragic and almost ferocious sensitivity, as if it were a kind of self-portrait of the artist; yet see the other details: the three anonymous hats of the men just beyond, a steel arm of a crane, and especially the edge of the store window on which the girl is leaning, where the mixed and illusory reflections provide a kind of strip of confusion against which the girl's face looks back with such intensity.

This method of providing a marginal area of contrast runs through many of the photographs, especially in the first group of fifty. By this means, Walker Evans reveals a certain hideous miscellaneousness of American life: the used cars abandoned on a field; a confused and helpless back room, revealed through an open door; the tires, tubes, and spare parts displayed on the front of a garage; and the magic advertising words, the names, the signs, ubiquitous, ugly, meaningless, and powerful. Inside this macabre world, the photographer has isolated a series of American faces. Few are seen with pity; some are too brutal (the legionnaire with the mustache), some too brutalized (the Negro dock-worker); but mostly the effort of the artist has been simply to expose, and that is a great deal.

Here the special quality of photographs, that they are also *facts,* gives to every ingenuity and sensitiveness of the photographer the merciless edge of truth. It is this quality which makes the collection such an appalling record of America. Perhaps Evans, in the second portion of the book, wished to contrast the square wooden boxes of company towns, with the involuted, delicate fantasy of certain American architecture. But the latter, placed side by side with the harsh force of the streets in which workers live, become dead, pleasureless relics, ornate as tombstones. The real force of the book is not in the photographs of scrollwork, but in the faces and the interiors, as individual as faces, of Alabama and Connecticut, in the somber, lyric "Factory Street in Amsterdam, N. Y.," in the "Church of the Nazarene," which concentrates, in its burning contrast of black and white, the religious hysteria and the degrading poverty from which it springs.

Such photographs as these have, beyond their artistry, the stature of documents and if we wish to understand ourselves we must look at them.

DAVID WOLFF.

GOINGS ON

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS of the Week every Sunday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, 2nd floor. Admission 20 cents.

EARL BROWDER, A. MARKOFF, THE COLORFUL CHENISHEVSKY FOLK DANCE GROUP, MARC BLITZSTEIN IN MODERN PIANO EXCERPTS, ORGAN COMPOSITIONS, ANNA SOKOLOW AND GROUP: SIX STAR PROGRAM FOR THE 15TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE WORKERS SCHOOL at Mecca Temple, Friday, December 16, 1938, 8:15 p.m. Tickets now on sale. 35c, 55c, 83c and $1.10. Reservations: AL 4-1199 at School office, 35 E. 12th St. Room 301.

Take a look at page 3

THE STORY is there, the story, frank and detailed, of how NEW MASSES has fared since last it went to its readers as the ultimate source of support.

Some months ago we set this page aside to give you news of our *I Like America* drive for twenty thousand new subscribers.

Maybe you noticed something about those announcements: We never reported on the drive in terms of increased circulation. All the announcements came from this office—we told you how we were bringing you Earl Browder and William Gropper and Robert Forsythe and R. Palme Dutt and C. Day Lewis and Ruth McKenney.

Always it was the story of the efforts of us here in the office.

Maybe by this time you've guessed it: Up to this point the *I Like America* drive has not really started.

We have confidence in this magazine, and that confidence is based on the assumption that NEW MASSES is the most authentic spokesman of those who look to the best possible future for America, for the world.

But confidence, at the moment, is cheaper for us than paper and ink and stamps. The telephone company and the landlord don't understand our kind of confidence.

NEW MASSES may not appear next week. Oh, we've heard that before, you say, and of course you're right. It's even difficult for us to believe that this magazine, twenty-seven years in existence and five years a weekly, faces extinction from day to day.

But it is true. And it has been true every time in the past. It's true now. You've read on page 3 that we need $5,000.

We need $5,000, but we also need those twenty thousand new subscribers. The *I Like America* drive must be completed. Its completion would also be the completion of future financial appeals; with an additional twenty thousand subscribers NEW MASSES would be self-supporting.

From this end we've tried everything. We tried humor in a time when humor came hard. That failed. Now NEW MASSES faces a crisis and needs every effort you can give it. And we know this, too: America needs NEW MASSES as much as NEW MASSES needs your efforts. It needs NEW MASSES today and tomorrow and every day, until every American can say I Like America—without reservations.

I ENROLL in New Masses I Like America Drive

I ENROLL

and pledge my support in its effort to secure 20,000 new subscribers. Specifically, I will bring the drive to the attention of my friends and associates and will endeavor to secure their subscriptions. It is understood that this pledge obligates me to no specific number of subscriptions but that whenever I have sent in five (yearly subscriptions at $4.50) I am entitled to a sixth yearly subscription free. It is understood, too, that each of these subscribers is to receive a copy of *I Like America* by Granville Hicks, free. Please send a book of subscription order forms.

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