FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

UPTON SINCLAIR
says
"Expect No Peace"
With an Editorial Answer

Dewey for D. A.!
PAUL G. McMANUS

A New Deal on the Campus
HOWARD SELSAM

Wanted: A Theater
ROBERT FORSYTHE

Songs Before Sunset
C. DAY LEWIS

Return
A Short Story
SAUL LEVITT

Hogben's "Science for the Citizen"
Reviewed by
HENRY HART

Cartoons and Drawings by Gropper, Birnbaum, Gellert, Richter, Others

ON THE COVER
Martha Graham
TURN TO PAGE 29

OCT. 18, 1938

Between Ourselves

THE results of our emergency appeal to our readers for $5,000 stand at $3,550. Many readers have written and telephoned us asking whether we would not prefer to receive money in the form of subscriptions. The answer is emphatically yes. We invite our readers' attention to the letter of our business manager on the back cover this week. Our proposal is to concentrate all efforts on subscriptions, to meet not only this immediate situation but the continuing needs of the magazine for the future. Twenty thousand subscriptions will solve all our financial problems.

The Columbus Day holiday, necessitating a readustment of printing schedules, caused the delay in NEW MASSES reaching subscribers and newsstand readers this week.

There is little we can add to the warmth of the appreciation shown by the three thousand people who crowded Carnegie Hall last Sunday night to witness the triumph of Martha Graham and her dance group, appearing under the auspices of NEW MASSES, in the presentation of *American Document.* Nevertheless we do want to extend here our admiration and thanks to Miss Graham and to her group, especially Erick Hawkins, principal male dancer, as well as to the pianists, Louis Horst, who was in charge of the musical direction, and Norman Lloyd. All the participants in *American Document* did their share in a performance that drew repeated applause from the audience.

The art work which will be shown at the NEW MASSES "We like America" art exhibition at the ACA Gallery, November 13-27, will be on sale at popular prices. As was stated last week in these columns, the work will include small sculpture, paintings, and prints, by many of American's best known artists.

Another date to look forward to: Saturday, December 3, that of NEW MASSES Twenty-Seventh Annual Ball, which will be held as usual at Webster Hall. The hall, which was almost demolished by a fire some months ago, has been rebuilt.

The American Artists School announces that it is holding its Annual Faculty Exhibition this year from October 10 through November 5, displaying paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. NEW MASSES artists on the faculty whose work is being exhibited include Robert M. Cronbach, Ruth Gikow, William Gropper, John Groth, Eugene Morley, Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and Nahum Tachacbascov. The exhibit will be held at the school's headquarters, 131 West 14th St., New York City.

On the basis of information contained in Lawrence Clark Powell's article on the novelist B. Traven (NEW MASSES, August 2), the Library of Congress has reclassified Traven as an American instead of a German writer. In his article, it will be remembered, Mr. Powell pointed out that the congressional library was in error on this point, as Traven is American-born.

Attention, New York readers: Beginning this week, NEW MASSES business office will remain open on Saturday until 5 p.m.

Through a typographical error, the decoration on page 3 of last week's issue was credited to "Sorkin"; the artist is Norkin.

For the benefit of the Mexican anti-fascist press, Grupo Mexico will sponsor an evening of dancing and entertainment at 69 Bank St., New York City, on Saturday evening, October 15, from 8 p.m. on.

"I have just returned from some months of fighting in Spain," writes Jack Friedman, of Accord, N. Y., "and have had occasion to read Joseph Freeman's letter, in your September 13 issue, on the death of Arnold Reid. All of us who have fought in Spain have suffered the loss of friends and comrades whom we dearly loved . . . At the front, when we heard the news of the death of a comrade, we could merely grit our teeth and permit the sad memory to register in heart and mind. Many have been the times when we wished for the words to express our feelings as eloquently as Mr. Freeman has done with understanding warmth and tenderness. Permit me, in behalf of all those who have lost loved ones in Spain, to express my deep appreciation to Mr. Freeman and your magazine."

Belle M. Steinberg informs us that she has about fifty back copies of NEW MASSES which she is willing to distribute to persons who can use them. Some of the copies are a year old, others older. Readers interested in this offer can communicate with Miss Steinberg, care of this magazine.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXIX, No. 4

October 18, 1938

Art work by Al Hirschfeld (cover), Hugo Gellert, A. Birnbaum, William Hernandez, Mischa Richter, William Gropper, Soriano, Dan Rico, John Heliker, Ruben Perez, 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. 20

Who's Who

UPTON SINCLAIR's latest novel, *Little Steel,* which appeared serially in the *Daily Worker,* was published a few weeks ago. . . . Paul G. McManus, writer on politics and economics, has contributed articles to NEW MASSES before. . . . Howard Selsam is assistant professor of philosophy at Brooklyn College and vice-president of the New York College Teachers Union. . . . Ella Winter (Mrs. Lincoln Steffens), with Granville Hicks, edited the two-volume *Letters of Lincoln Steffens* which will be published this month. . . . NEW MASSES has published other short stories by Saul Levitt, one of which appeared in the Federal Writers issue of our Literary Section. . . . C. Day Lewis' article in this issue is the fifth of his Letters from London to be published in our pages. . . . Henry Hart is on the board of the Book Union and is the author of a novel, *The Great One.* . . . Margaret Duroc is an authority on art history and criticism. . . . Marjorie Brace has contributed a number of book reviews to NEW MASSES.

Flashbacks

JOHN BROWN, hoping to make freedom possible for Virginia slaves, seized Harper's Ferry, Oct. 16, 1859. . . . Exhorting the New York Working Men's Party on the eve of its formation, Oct. 19, 1829, the ***Working Man's Advocate*** said: "Your fathers of the Revolution secured to you a form of government which guaranteed to you, almost universally, the elective franchise. Awake, then, from your slumbers; and insult not the memories of the heroes of '76, by exhibiting to the world that what they risked their lives, their fortunes, and their honor to obtain, you do not think worth preserving!" . . . "Dear Comrades," calmly wrote Lenin in the hectic days from Oct. 16 to Oct. 20, 1917, "events indicate our task so clearly to us that hesitation actually becomes a crime. We must take power immediately. The slogan is: Power to the Soviets, land to the peasants, peace to the people, bread to the hungry." . . . John Reed, historian of the events that followed, died Oct. 17, 1920. Lenin, writing in praise of ***Ten Days that Shook the World,*** said, "It will undoubtedly help to clear this question [dictatorship of the proletariat] which is the fundamental problem of the international labor movement. Unreservedly do I recommend it to the workers of the world."

Expect No Peace

A Discussion of the World Outlook and an Editorial Comment

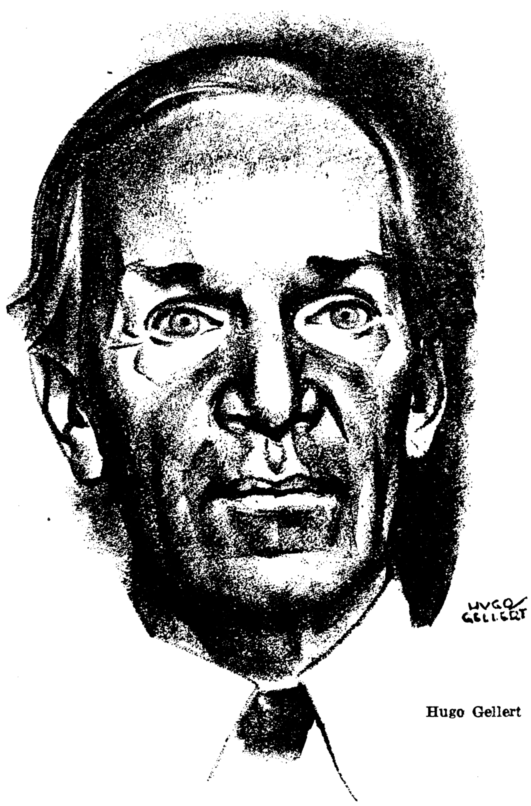
UPTON SINCLAIR

We have a great number of peace societies in America, and in my part of the country they eat many dinners and listen to many speeches full of hope. Yet, for two years there has been a little world war in Spain, with Italy and Germany fighting Russia and France more or less openly; for a year there has been an undeclared war in China, and walking down the street just now I heard a news man on the radio, telling the world that 1,500,000 Germans are mobilized for what may be maneuvers and may be something more. War, it appears, is an underground fire, and nobody knows where it will break out next. As a result the nations are spending on military preparations nearly twice as much as they were spending prior to the last smashup.

Our scientists have been exact in measuring the trajectory of shells and the pull of bombing-plane propellers, but they have been slower to understand the forces which drive modern nations into war. Yet these events, too, have their laws, and it becomes more and more important to find out what they are. Upon them may depend the lives not merely of your children and grandchildren—but your own. You may be planning to stay at home during the next war; but now it appears that the war may be brought to you, and the next time you go down town on a shopping trip, you may meet the fate of the residents of Shanghai and Barcelona and be scattered in fragments over the street.

Let us set aside all preconceptions and try, as objectively as possible, to see what can be ascertained about the causes of modern wars.

Take Germany, a nation busily preparing for the worst. Here are 65,000,000 people living in a land with few natural barriers. Through the centuries they have needed discipline and fighting spirit to keep enemies away; and they have had it, otherwise they would not be there. They do not grow enough food for their own needs, which means that they have to export goods. To get the raw materials they have to export still more goods. They have no colonies; also, there are Germans living in lands adjoining, and they want these people and territories back. Since no one will grant these demands peaceably, Germany is spending every spare dollar upon military preparations, and to justify this to her own people, she has abolished freedom of discussion within her borders.



Hugo Gellert

Upton Sinclair

Next, Japan: a nation of seventy million, crowded onto some little islands with few natural resources. Japan demands more room, and began seizing other people's lands some fifty years ago. At present she is in the position of a medium-sized boa which has got a very large animal halfway down her throat, and the question is whether she can get it all down, and then whether she can digest it. The Japanese governing classes think they can, and as soon as they have finished they expect to begin on Siberia, and then British India, with the Philippines and the Dutch Indies for appetizers. They expect that the other great nations will have troubles elsewhere, and the prospects for this look good.

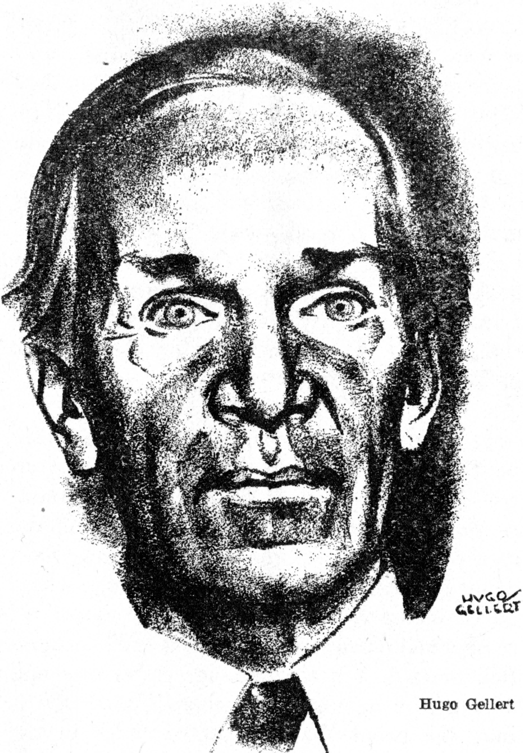
Then Italy: a nation of forty million confined to a rocky peninsula, again with few natural resources. Italy seized one colony and found it a desert, and then, for variety, she seized a mass of tumbled mountains. She is still dissatisfied, and preparing to take control of the Mediterranean from the British empire, all the way from Suez to Gibraltar. To justify herself to herself, she has done just what Germany and Japan have done, that is, suppressed all public discussion within her borders.

When a group of men who do not happen to be government officials perform acts such as these we call them bandits or gangsters; but when we describe Germany and Italy and Japan as bandit or gangster nations, they get ready to fight us. That forces us to get ready; and so it comes about that Britain and the United States are doubling their military expenditures, and other nations are increasing theirs in proportion to their fears.

The most sinister fact about modern armaments is that they get out of date so fast. It used to be a matter of ten years; now, with the speeding up of industry, it is a matter of two or three. On the practice fields of Spain Germany makes the painful discovery that her airplanes are outclassed by those of Russia; straightway Germany has to build new planes —no one can say how many, but as many as she can. In a race the other day the French flyers found they were outspeeded by the Italians; so France has to start all over. We are selling planes and other armaments to cash customers; so airplane profits increased 462 percent in one year (*Business Week,* Nov. 21, 1936), and so each year we have another billion dollars' worth of gold to store in the underground vaults at Fort Knox, Ky.

In the development of each nation there comes some moment when those in power judge that they have achieved superiority over some rival nation. If they wait until next year, they may lose that lead. They have a store of munitions which will deteriorate and lose their explosive power if kept for a year. When the next war begins it will be because of a situation such as that; and the trouble with all peace programs is that the peace advocates won't know anything about it until they hear the planes droning overhead and the

UPTON SINCLAIR



Hugo Gellert

Upton Sinclair

bombs exploding in the next block. You and I, plain ordinary citizens, are not permitted to know any more about the intentions of governments than we knew about the intentions of John Dillinger and Al Capone. We went about our own affairs until one day we picked up a newspaper and read that some millionaire had been kidnaped, or that a group of beer-runners had been wiped out with machine-guns in a garage.

Each nation, of course, expects to come out of the war a victor. If we take the last World War as a model, the winning nations will not repudiate their debts, but will simply fail to pay them; they will reduce their domestic debts by inflation and thus get the means to start on a new spending spree. As for the defeated nations, they will lose their colonies and some slices of their territory; inflation will wipe out their debts entirely, and they will find themselves face to face with revolution.

The worst breakdown was in Russia, where the Bolsheviks seized the government in the name of the workers, soldiers, and peasants; they confiscated and socialized the land, the factories, and all the wealth they could lay hands on, and set up a new economic regime. The victor nations united in an effort to put down this revolution; they sent armies and made war on Russia for a couple of years, but they had to quit, for reasons of vast historic significance which have been left unstudied and for the most part unrecorded. The victors were so riddled with discontent and revolt that they did not dare trust their own troops; there was a mutiny in the French fleet, and several mutinies among British troops about to be shipped to Russia; there occurred the first and only mutiny in the history of the American army, among Michigan farm boys who had been drafted to "can the Kaiser" and found themselves called upon to shoot Russian working men at Murmansk.

Russia was vast, and hard to get at. But the revolution in Hungary was put down by starvation—Mr. Herbert Hoover's administrators came home and boasted of the job. Revolutions were attempted in Finland, in Bavaria, and elsewhere in Central Europe, and they were suppressed with great difficulty. There is every reason to expect that the same attempt will be made by the people of any nation defeated in the next war; and there will be an all-important new factor, the existence of the Soviet Union with its huge Red Army, its supplies of munitions and food, and more important yet, its technique of organization, its propaganda, and its shining example. Already we see the Soviet Union sending supplies of every sort to the people's government of Spain; and if the people of any nation in Central Europe should make a serious attempt at revolution, it is hard to imagine the Red Army failing to sweep in and give them aid.

That is the basic fact which confronts the rulers of every state in the modern world. It is, I believe, the reason why Europe is not at war at this hour of writing. Germany and Italy do not want to be defeated, because they know it will mean Bolshevism for them. The bankers of France and the tories of Britain do not want to defeat Germany or Italy and give that much aid to Communism. They cannot make up their minds what to do in Spain, because, while they are terrified to see Italy grabbing the Balearics, and Germany fortifying Morocco, they are still more terrified by the prospect of a democratic people's regime in Western Europe.

It would not be accurate to say that competitive commercialism, organized and in control of governments, is the sole cause of modern wars. There is, by way of refutation, the case of Canada and the United States; both being capitalist nations and trade rivals, whose governments have been under the control of competitive commercial interests for a generation or two. Yet they do not go to war and do not arm against each other. The reason is that the people have a partial voice in the matter, and the people are of the same stock, and do not fear each other.

The correct statement is that modern wars are caused by bad economics, plus bad history and bad psychology. France and Germany are arming against each other, partly because they are commercial rivals for colonies and trade, but also because they have been fighting each other for centuries, and their ruling classes have got the habit, and find what they call "glory" in military action. Because of that mental attitude, it seems impossible that wars can cease between France and Germany so long as those classes control the nation's affairs.

If it is true that in our day the economic factor is the most powerful, then we must go further and say that a change in political control would not be enough. If it is true that the competitive wage system and the production of goods for profit bring about crises inside every country, and compel it to go out in search of foreign markets, then it will pay us to inquire whether under a collective or cooperative economy an industrialized nation could stay at home and produce for the use of its own people, withholding itself from the trade rivalries and wars of the rest of the world.

So far only one such experiment has been made—by the Soviet Union. It is a far from satisfactory test, for the reason that Russia was not an industrialized nation at the outset, and had to change itself, and do it out of its own substance—that is to say, without foreign loans. A feat never before attempted in history, it proved an agonizing one, involving so much waste and suffering that those who want to hold up the Soviet Union as a scarecrow have no difficulty in collecting all the evidence they want.

But the fact stands forever upon the tablets of history that this was the one nation to come into the councils of Europe offering a program of complete disarmament and urging the other nations to accept it. The other nations laughed it off, saying that the Russians were not sincere in their offer, it was just a piece of "propaganda." But in any negotiations where you

★ ★ ★

Dishonor Without Peace

Let him who bombed the dike say he loathes flood
Let him who lit the torch describe his hatred of fire,
Who armed and masked the maniac, deplore violence:

Hands, still warm from holding the Czech maid's legs
Adjust his boutonniere, then caress sermons on virginity
Fondle poodles on the talk-smoothed lawns of Cliveden.

When greater curses are known, he will hear them;
Memory will always rekindle with rage at him; recalling
His laments, mothers will not dishonor sorrow with tears:

Negotiating machine-guns will echo the chuckles
Of the blackmailer's pimp; young skulls cast about
The playing fields of the empire spell out his name.

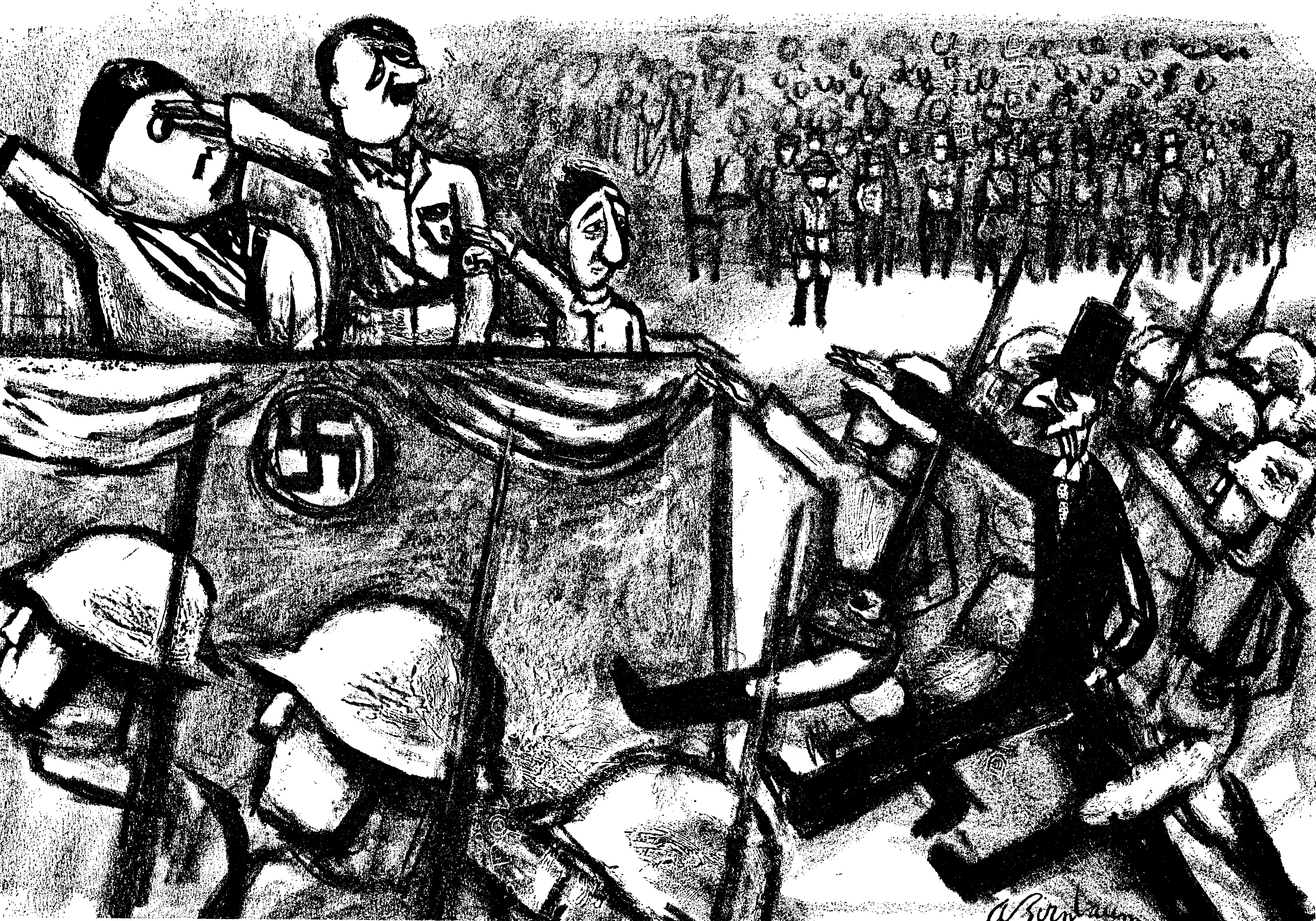
Wherever earth is wide and soft enough for graves
Streams broad and deep enough to run solid with flesh,
"Steak à la Chamberlain" will read the maggots' menu:

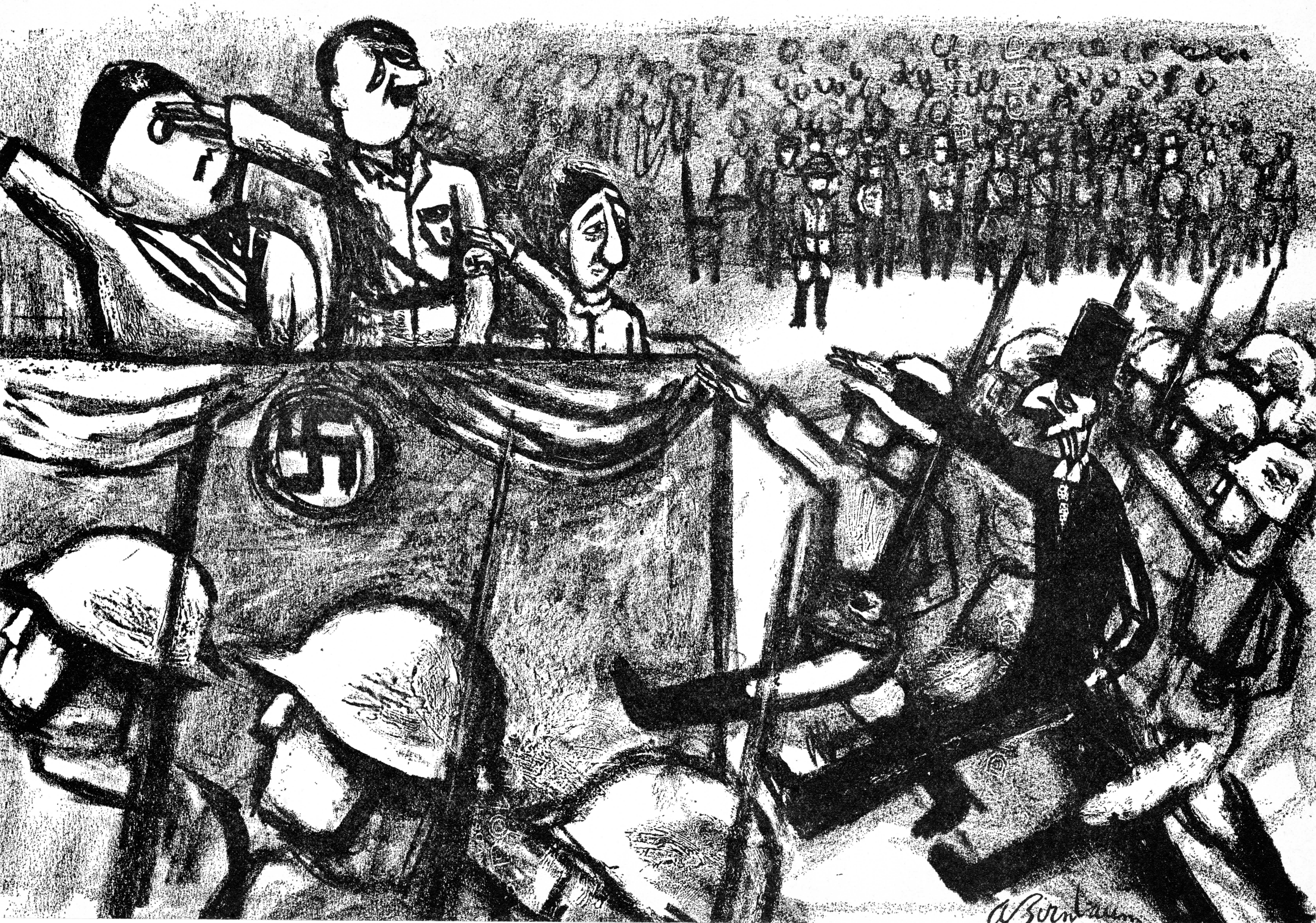
Every gun will boom "Chamberlain," each slit vein bubble
His name: he will be godfather of each orphan, husband
To every widow, sculptor of every memorial and necropolis.

Blasted by the grenades of hunger, by the pendulum
Of history, hacked by the assassin razors of time,
The sun will never set on him whose hospital face,

Hewn in solid poison shame is repeated from memorized
Image to image, verisimilar on each numbered tombstone,
In the worldwide cemeteries of his fallen regiments.

JAMES NEUGASS.




A Birnbaum

have reason to suspect that an offer is not sincere, there is an easy way to find out: the well known American process of "calling a bluff." Let the other nations reply: "We are ready to consider complete disarmament," and see what the Russians do then.

The other nations did not try it, and they will not—for the good and sufficient reason that they are capitalist nations, and their survival depends upon their expanding, and if they give up the hope and determination to expand, they confront depression and revolt at home. In fact, the economy of each and every one of them has become so dependent upon rearmament industries, that if all these industries were to be slowed down, or if even the idea were seriously entertained, there would be such a stock-market crash and ensuing unemployment that the ruling class of that nation would be overthrown in a few weeks.

We have seen the British tories preferring to have Italy grab the Balearics and Germany grab the iron mines of Morocco and the Biscay Coast rather than let Spain be governed by its working people. The same considerations bring it about that every nation in Europe would rather spend itself bankrupt making bombs and shells, with the ultimate certainty of having the bombs and shells of some other nation come raining down on it, than take a chance of having the Communists get power, or even having the Socialists win an election and proceed to the gradual building of a cooperative system—as they were doing in Spain when Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler leaped onto their necks.

To return to the example of the Soviet Union—you will object, perhaps, that this country is a special case, because it has such vast resources and so does not need to expand. But czarist Russia had exactly the same resources, and that did not keep the grand dukes from selling timber concessions on the Yalu River and so forcing the war with Japan; it did not keep them from having to have Constantinople, and blocking Germany's Berlin-to-Bagdad dream, and so forcing the World War. But today the Soviet Union is developing its Arctic trade routes, it has built the White Sea and Moscow-Volga Canals, and is planning the colossal Volga-Don Canal; it is building power stations and huge industrial "combinats" in Northern and Western Asia; it is harvesting 120,000,000 tons of grain; it is conducting collective explorations and discovering such masses of natural treasure that the last thing on earth it wants is any sort of trouble with any other people. The Russians say: "Let us alone; and let us show you what a collective economy can do." But Hitler says that is a disgusting suggestion, and that under no circumstances will he permit it to happen.

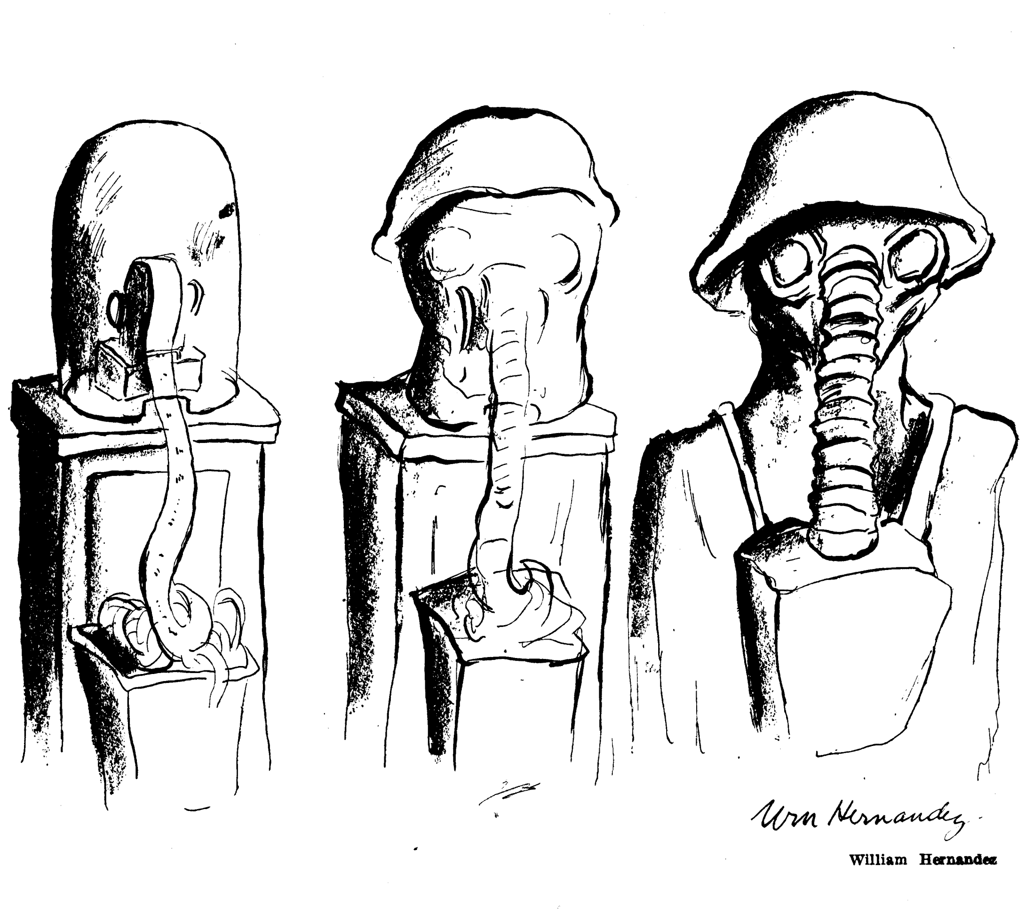
The Soviet Union was seriously affected by the world collapse of 1929. The reason was that it had imported machinery and was paying with raw materials, and the drop in prices made it necessary to send out twice as much goods as had been planned. But by now the Soviet Union can get along with very few imports—"only a few industrial specialties, such as precision instruments," I was told recently by one of its representatives. So when the next depression comes, we may see a real test of the ability of a non-competitive economy to withstand the onset of the "business cycle."

Of course if Germany tries to stop the demonstration, that is another matter. When the divinely ordained Führer says in a public speech that he means to take the Ukraine and the Urals because he needs them—and when he proceeds to organize an army to make good his words—it of course becomes necessary for the owners of these lands to build twice as much armament and twice as good as Hitler's. The critics say this means that Russia is going "nationalist"; and maybe it does—it has happened before in history. When Hitler, as part of the underground war now going on, sends his spies and wreckers into Russia, and when the GPU catches them and shoots them, the critics say that means the end of progress and democracy in that country. Again, they may be right; it is hard to keep virtuous in evil company, to keep the peace in a world of war. We may get an all-fascist Europe out of this crisis, and again we may get an all-Communist Europe. I should like to see an all-democratic Europe, but there is no guarantee that history will shape itself to my taste.

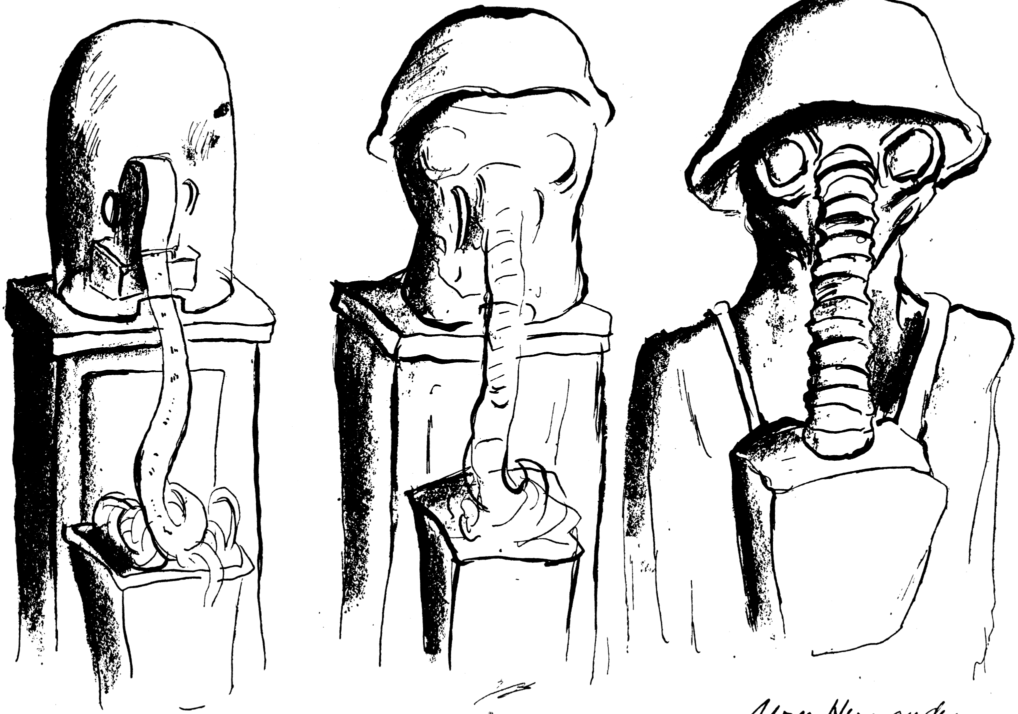
Some time ago a debating team from Cambridge University came to California and visited my home, and I discussed these problems with several young men who had been trained by the governing classes of Britain to defend their interests. I outlined my hope for a democratic Britain, and the young men asked me, "In view of our lack of nearly all raw materials in the British Isles, and our inability to grow our own food, how could we possibly become self-sufficient, even if we adopted Socialism?" My reply was: "If you will read Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories, and Workshops,* published in your country a generation ago, you will learn how Britain, by methods then already in use, could grow on its own soil not merely all its own food, but all the food for all the other people on the face of the globe." Of course they couldn't believe that. Nobody can without reading the book.

I said furthermore: "If your governing classes would reconcile themselves to the success of a collective society, and would make to the Soviet Union a small part of the loans which you will make to your allies in the next war, the Soviet Union would become the economic ally of Britain, and supply you with all the raw materials you need, and constitute a market for the products of your workshops for a generation. You can do this for one after another of the peoples of the world, as fast as they succeed in establishing a social democracy. You can become for the new society what you were for capitalism in its early stages—its money-lender, its manufacturer, and its shipping agency. But you won't do it, because your ruling classes despise and fear the working classes, and are unwilling to help them gain power and remake the world."

This was a prophecy, and you see it coming true in Spain today, where the British tories are willing to risk the severing of the empire's "life-line" rather than permit a workers' society to survive. I put the same facts—only more of them—before the friends



William Hernandez



Wm Hernandez

William Hernandez

of democracy in America, and point out to them how we have smashed all precedents of international law by refusing to let the people's government of Spain buy from us the means of defending its existence. We have made ourselves the allies of the blackest reaction, and the most dangerous, in modern times. When this reaction, thus encouraged, gets ready for action in our own country—by that time I hope we shall understand it and why we can expect no more peace in the world under a system which leaves the means of life in the hands of exploiting private interests, however equipped with fine phrases by their advertising departments.

To say that competitive nations compete and that cooperative nations cooperate might sound like something of a truism. But the implications of the statement are so vast that it would be worth the reader's while to meditate upon it for a space. The first half of the sentence would tell him, for example, why nineteen years of hope in a League of Nations has been brought to so pitiful an end. It has been a league of capitalist nations—which means that it has been a squabble over plunder, and that whenever one of the big fellows has grabbed something, the League has stood helplessly by. Now we see it supplanted by an old and tried device, a "balance of power," and everybody knows what that means as a promise of peace. Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco are planning a league of fascist nations. What that will mean you will see very soon, if Franco should win in Spain. Fascism is nationalism exalted to a religion; there can be no thought of peace in its presence, and if Germany and Italy were to conquer all Europe tomorrow, we should see them begin arming for the inevitable war between Germany and Italy.

What would happen if two nations should place their economy upon a collectivist basis? Well, the first and most obvious fact is that they would have to defend themselves against fascist nations which would want their territory, and would denounce their experiment as a Bolshevik plot. So the two collectivist nations would automatically be driven into alliance; and there would be two instead of one to come to the councils of Europe calling for general disarmament in vain. But as the capitalist nations go on arming and starving their peoples to prepare for war, there might sooner or later come more changes, and more peoples might offer themselves as members of a league of cooperative nations, who do not have to seize one another's lands and trade, but who are able to stay at home and build up their own productive systems, freed from crises and threats of civil war, and engaging in trade only as they want products, and not because they have an inevitable surplus which they have to get rid of under penalty of unemployment, starvation, and ultimate revolt of their working classes.

There lies the road, whenever you are ready to travel it. Meantime, I say to you: "Expect no peace!"

What We Can Do

Comment on Mr. Sinclair's Article

AN EDITORIAL

We agree heartily with a very large part of Upton Sinclair's article, especially his analysis of the motives actuating the Chamberlains of France and Britain, the role of Soviet Russia, and the desirability of a world collective society as the one means of guaranteeing permanent peace. But there are overtones in the article, particularly those related to the present emergency, which deserve further consideration.

Mr. Sinclair seems to imply that it is vain to struggle for peace so long as "competitive nations compete." What he says about "capitalist nations arming and starving their peoples to prepare for war" is true but his implicit conclusions are doubtful. The main conclusion apparently involves a separation between the struggle for peace and the struggle for a collective society. The struggle for peace is relegated to the status of an illusion; if we cannot get a collective society then we must be resigned to war.

Two things need to be said about this view.

First, the numbers of people in every land who will immediately join in the struggle for peace are vastly greater than those who are prepared to accept and work for a collective system. The call for peace is the broadest platform on which a united popular movement can be based. To make the belief in Socialism a requirement for adherence to a peace movement would tragically play into the hands of the actual makers of war.

But the struggle for peace cannot be carried on with abstract sentiments alone. If the capitalist system produces the conditions of war, then any serious struggle for peace will have to come to grips with those conditions. It would be a mistake to require that the struggle for peace should *start* with Socialism; but Socialism may very well be the end of such a struggle in many specific cases. That is something for the development of the struggle to decide; it must not be a condition for undertaking the struggle. This is the second vital point.

Meantime, it is very unlikely that the slogan "Expect no peace!" will do anything to advance the struggle for peace *or* for Socialism. On the contrary, the people have it in their power to decide both of these questions. That power depends on our unity and determination, upon our practical efforts. We who favor Socialism believe that the seeds of war will be present as long as capitalism remains. Others favor peace without subscribing to this belief. Both need to work together for their common immediate goal—peace; both will learn much, from their own experience, on fundamental social issues in the process.

Peace, in our time, can be preserved on condition that the broadest possible movement be organized among the people and their organizations in the factories, farms, schools, communities. The overwhelming majority of the people in the capitalist nations, no matter what their ideas about a collective society, do have very positive and profound feelings about the preservation of peace. The capitalist rulers are keenly aware of this mass sentiment and, indeed, their most cunning strategy sometimes takes account of this sentiment for their own purposes. It was Chamberlain who posed as a man of peace in the very act of betraying peace in the Czechoslovakian crisis. Our job is to rally the majority of people on a positive program for peace, uniting those who believe in Socialism with those who do not as yet; there is no surer road to Socialism than the experiences gained in such a struggle.

On a number of other questions, Mr. Sinclair's expressions seem dubious to us; we feel it necessary to take issue with one more.

At the very outset, in analyzing the causes of modern wars, he discusses Germany, Italy, and Japan in terms which the fascist rulers have themselves made popular. In Germany's case, for example, it would seem that the driving force towards war is the alleged insufficiency of food, raw materials, and colonies. Nothing is said of the political and economic system which Mr. Sinclair emphasizes as paramount later on.

Germany before Hitler did not threaten the rest of the world with war. Russia under the Czar was an aggressive warmaking power. In both cases, the objective physical situation remained the same. The change in policy must be traced to political and economic causes, not the food supply or the population problem—both of which, incidentally, are constantly made worse by fascist aggressions since all the booty goes right back into the war machine for further aggressions. In this respect, Mr. Sinclair strikes us as inconsistent, for he quotes approvingly from Kropotkin—whether Kropotkin was right is beside the point—that Britain, certainly less lavishly endowed with natural resources than Germany, "could grow on its own soil not merely all its own food, but all the food for all the other people on the face of the globe."

These points at issue merit further discussion, in our opinion. We raise them because we feel that Mr. Sinclair's article is, in largest part, a fertile discussion of the present world crisis.

Dewey for D.A.!

Streamlining and Bartonizing the GOP

PAUL G. McMANUS

WHAT the auto show will bring in the way of shiny new gadgets we New Yorkers are not yet privileged to know, but one thing we already have—the streamlined, knee-action, free-wheeling, bruce bartonized 1938-39 model GOP elephant. Gone is the old horse and buggy of fond memory. Gone is the plug hat. Gone—or at least temporarily out of sight—are the silk-piped overstuffed weskits. The Republican Party of New York State has gone "liberal" on us. Tom marches on!

It was all done without mirrors, of course. The boys simply got together at a conference and agreed that the old model had to go on the scrap heap. Their man was Thomas E. Dewey, racket buster par excellence and already nearly as important in the popular imagination as Dick Tracy.

Nor did the Republican high command calculate incorrectly. Tom Dewey is far and away the strongest contender the GOP has put in the state field in sixteen years. With dozens of convictions to his record, the smashing of a number of rackets, nothing serious against him in the way of public statements on social issues, and a phenomenal press, Dewey is now the sole bright hope of the GOP bigwigs. An ex-choir boy flaying the devils of corruption in the wicked city is always sure-fire in the countryside, and Dewey is no exception. And aided by the publicity wizardry of Bruce Barton, the man who made an advertising genius of the humble carpenter of Nazareth, Dewey is going to be no slouch of a vote-getter, even in the big cities. Progressives cannot afford to be too optimistic about defeating the gentleman. It will take clarity on basic issues, unity of the labor and progressive forces, and work—lots of hard work and organization—to beat the Republican reactionaries for whom Dewey is the front.

It is probably the question of program and issues that puzzles most naive citizens in this campaign. On the surface it would appear that the Republican platform is liberal and that Dewey, who was elected district attorney of New York County along with Mayor LaGuardia last year, is as progressive as his Democratic-Labor opponent. Did not Dewey say in his acceptance speech that it is the function of the state to protect the people "from economic catastrophes which sweep away their means of livelihood through no fault of their own?" And did not Dewey suggest a revamping of the entire Republican position when he declared in the same speech:

> It is not the function of a political party to die fighting for obsolete slogans. It is the function of a political party to seek positively to represent the whole people in the solution of their daily problems.

Then again, Dewey, like Cal Coolidge's famous minister, is firmly agin sin. The 1938 GOP position on gaudy vice and malignant cancer is uncompromising. It's flatfootedly against both. These and the kind words in the Republican platform about collective bargaining, relief, and the Negroes will undoubtedly confuse some people. But the politically thoughtful will not be fooled for a moment. There is one acid test for all political candidates, irrespective of party label or platform trapping. The test is: *What basic social forces and groups support each candidate?*

Viewed from the point of view of the answer to this question it becomes crystal clear that Mr. Dewey is today nothing less than an attractive front for the most reactionary forces of the state. The powerful utility interests, with whom the upstate Republican organizations are intimately tied, supported the nomination of Dewey at the Republican convention.

On the relationship of forces the lines of progress versus reaction will undoubtedly become ever sharper and clearer as the campaign progresses. It will be inevitably a struggle of the progressive camp—labor, the New Deal forces, and many of the middle-of-the-road Democrats—against the forces of reaction, dressed up in this case by the figure of the highly publicized Dewey. The very logic of his position will compel Dewey more and more to take openly the position of the anti-New Deal crowd. Dodge the fundamental issues as he will, they will return to plague him.

More revealing than anything else of the tricky demagogy of the Dewey backers is their position—and his—on the decisions of the Republican-controlled Constitutional Convention. Here Dewey goes along with the blatant tories of his party who foisted the vicious, obviously partisan apportionment proposal (Amendment 2) on the convention. An interesting question is raised by Amendment 2. How can Dewey go before the people of the crowded cities as their champion when he is in league with the same crowd which is trying to freeze into the State Constitution a proposal which gives the rural areas exactly twice the representation granted the cities?

Already some of the spokesmen of reaction, aware that there is nothing to be gained by attempting to kid the mature New York electorate, are urging the Dewey forces to meet the New Deal head-on. Writing in his column on October 6, Arthur Krock, chief of the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times,* does some coaching from the sidelines in an anti-New Deal vein. Wearing the rather transparent veil of "an observer striving for detachment," Mr. Krock thus advises John Lord O'Brian, running mate of Dewey and opponent of New Deal Sen. Robert F. Wagner:

> Mr. O'Brian's best chance lies in a frontal attack on Senator Wagner: for the one-sided favoritism of the law that bears his name; for his failure—which still persists—to suggest any correction; for the evil fiscal practice he wrote into the Social Security Act and has never recanted; for the vote to confirm Justice Black; for his apparent preoccupation with the grievances of one economic class to the exclusion of all others, though equally his constituents. Also, it would appear that good tactics on Mr. O'Brian's part would include a challenge on the President's Supreme Court Bill, and stress on that part of the Saratoga platform which, though timidly, advocates decentralization of relief.

Mr. O'Brian might as well go the whole anti-New Deal hog, suggests Mr. Krock. "Mr. O'Brian, it would appear, has everything to gain and nothing to lose by making an issue of the Wagner act," he continues. "The CIO is against him, anyhow, and soft-pedaling will not win votes in that quarter. The AFL can be divided unless Mr. Wagner goes so far in proposing amendments as to vex his CIO followers. And business men and farmers of all economic sizes who otherwise might stay home on election day will have a real inducement to exercise their privilege of suffrage if Mr. O'Brian vigorously attacks the Wagner act's flaws and the NLRB."

Mr. Krock's tips are addressed directly to Mr. O'Brian but that they are also intended for the entire Dewey ticket is obvious. Dewey and his managers prefer, however, to let Mr. O'Brian and others make the frontal assault on the New Deal. They apparently plan to stick to the division of labor in which Dewey's running mates assail the New Deal while Dewey thunders against vice—although never repudiating the attacks on the New Deal made by his partners. The Dewey strategy is plain. He banks on the solid Republican vote in the rural areas and at least a split among the middle class in the cities with a vote from labor fractionally higher than any other Republican could get; that is, the normal Republican vote plus whatever the Dewey reputation, charm, and newfound GOP "liberalism" can ensnare. That is why his campaign managers have mapped tours for him almost exclusively in the large urban centers where Democratic pluralities are normally high and independent Labor strength is making itself felt.

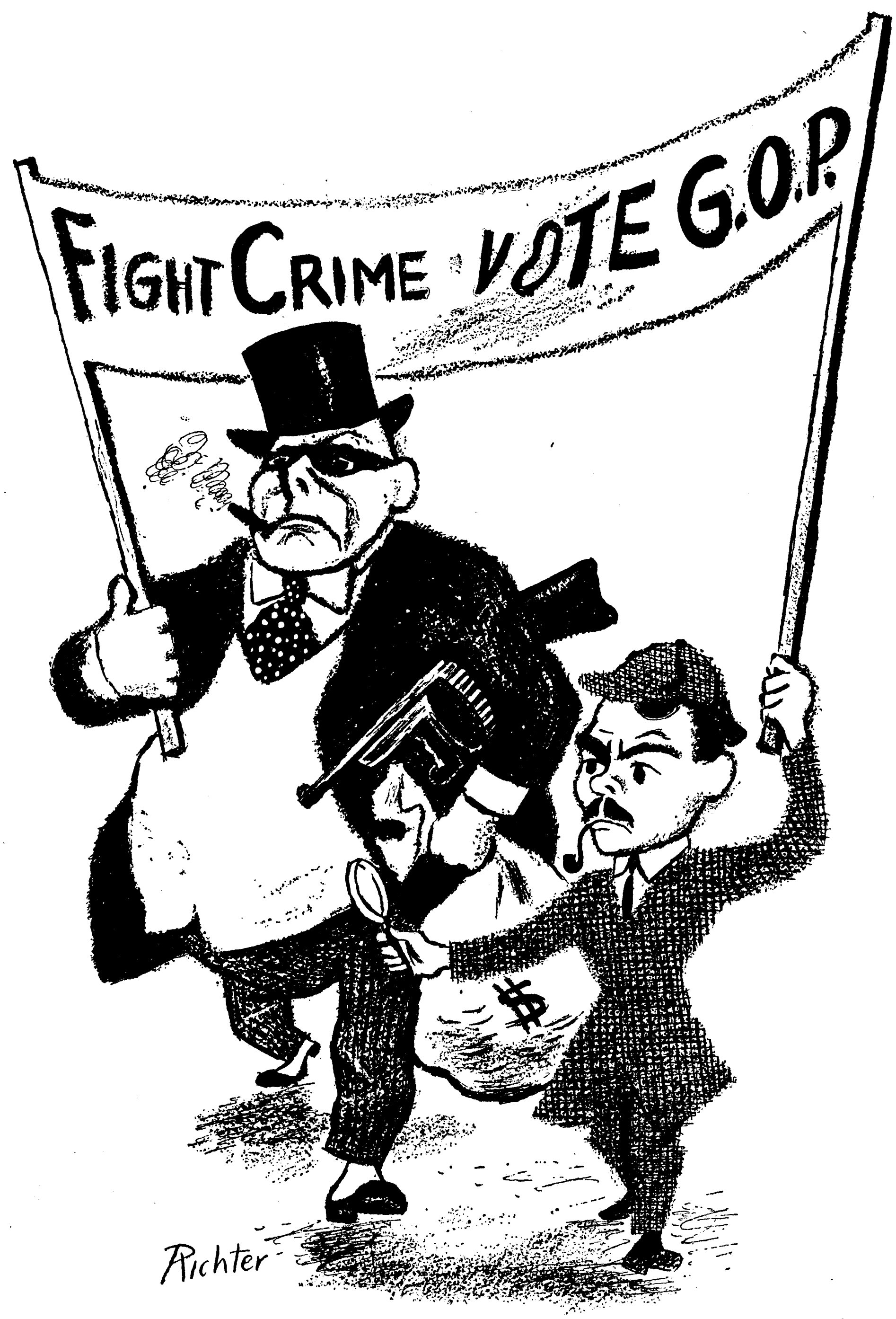
Superficially viewed, it seems a clever strategy. But not clever enough. First and foremost, there is the organized labor movement. Both the New York State Federation of Labor and the State Council of the CIO are flatly against the Republican ticket. That means a solid, organized group ranging between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000. The American Labor Party, which has at least half a million votes in the state, is out for Lehman.

(Dewey received 93,000 votes for district attorney on the Labor Party column in New York County last year. These 93,000 votes will swing in a body against him, which, in itself, is no mean blow.) While the Dewey managers are fishing for help from the hundreds of thousands of LaGuardia supporters in New York City they are to date getting little encouragement. LaGuardia, who as yet has taken no position as between Lehman and Dewey, has made it plain that he is 100 percent for the New Deal.

Beyond question the decisive force in the campaign will be labor. Disappointing the reactionary Republicans, the two wings of the labor movement have united around the Labor-New Deal-middle-of-the-road Democratic slate. The American Labor Party, following an independent policy, is supporting the New Deal unreservedly and is backing Governor Lehman for reelection, recognizing that while he is of the middle-of-the-road Democratic stripe, he is an ally of labor and the New Deal. While the New York *Times* in its Olympian detachment professes inability to understand the policy of the Labor Party, its supporters do not. Secure in the knowledge that it is the balance of power, the Labor Party demands a voice in the formulation of the platform of the major parties and in the composition of any coalition into which it enters. It is the policy termed by Labor Party State Secretary Alex Rose as one of "honorable reciprocity." When the Democrats failed to name an out-and-out Laborite on their ticket and instead named candidates for attorney general and state comptroller who were associated with the right wing of the Democratic Party, the ALP promptly nominated its own candidates in opposition to these two. Previously when the Democratic county organizations in New York refused a coalition with the Laborites, the ALP showed its independence by coalescing with liberal Republicans in New York and Kings Counties on local candidates. While the New York *Times* sighed editorially for the political chastity of the Labor Party, the leaders of that party firmly refused to be jockeyed into a blind alley. Refusing to accept "principle" à la New York *Times,* and let power go, the ALP adopted a tactic based on principle and insuring the highest possible degree of power for labor's independent political forces. Its tactic is one that insures the maximum success at the polls based on the sound progressive policy of uniting all the progressives of all parties in a common fight against reaction.

The splendid convention of the ALP unanimously reaffirmed this policy and adopted a platform that uncompromisingly supports the New Deal and states labor's independent role. Its platform, with planks on labor, agriculture, the consumer, social security, housing, unemployment, the youth, civil liberties, and power, is sure to find a wide response among the people of the state and can readily be the basis for uniting labor and wide sections of the farmers and other progressive elements. Its one serious platform omission was its failure to have a plank on behalf of Negro rights, an omission which, it is to be hoped, will be corrected in practice. There is little doubt at this writing that the ALP will send to Congress at least two representatives in Vito Marcantonio and Dorothy Bellanca, and elect about ten assemblymen and two state senators.

The Communist Party, which will shortly announce its specific plans, has already indicated through its state secretary, Charles Krumbein, its satisfaction with the unity of the labor and progressive forces. While waging its independent campaign on behalf of such candidates as it may keep in the field, the Communist Party will work with all other progressives for the success of the Labor-progressive coalition. It will place special emphasis in its campaign on unmasking the streamlined demagogy of the "new" GOP. In so doing the Communist Party is simply continuing its policy of aiding in every fashion possible the victory of the forces of progress against the forces of reaction.



Mischa Richter

The New York State Republican Campaign

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True Confession

THE fact that I do not think things through is no proof that I am unable to do so, and those who leap to this conclusion are themselves guilty of slapdash thinking. I can think things through, but I don't like to because I always arrive at conclusions very disagreeable to me and find myself in the company of persons and beliefs with whom and with which I would not be found dead.—WESTBROOK PEGLER *in his syndicated column, October 5.*

Mischa Richter

The New York State Republican Campaign

William Gropper

NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

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No Truce in Sight

IT IS now abundantly plain that there will be no lull, no truce, in the Hitler offensive. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia has now gone far beyond anything proposed or accepted at Godesberg or Munich. Within but a few days, the Chamberlain-Daladier guarantee of Czechoslovakia's new frontiers was proved worthless. It appears now that Hitler may be content with nothing less than the whole of Czechoslovakia, either by outright annexation or through a "puppet state" setup, like Manchuria. The Communist Party has already been declared illegal in Slovakia and Nazi pressure is seeking the same end in the Czech portions of Bohemia.

But even this further disembowelment of Czechoslovakia will not satisfy the Nazi appetite, not even temporarily. Three items in the course of the week's news proves how rapidly new strokes are being prepared. On October 7, Germany made a loan to Turkey of 150,000,000 marks "for armaments and industrial development." A glance at the map will show that the benevolent neutrality of Turkey, or better yet its inclusion in the fascist axis, is indispensable for the realization of the Berlin-to-Bagdad dream of Nazi domination. Secondly, there is very good reason to believe that Nazi activity in Latin and South America will now go forward with a new intensity. Chile seems marked as the first victim, because of its strategic position on the Pacific and the importance of the Chilean Popular Front. The third item is Hitler''s personal attack against Eden, Churchill, and Duff Cooper at Saarbrücken.

This last is, in some respects, the most disquieting. It marks the beginning of a determined drive to intervene in the most provocative style in the internal politics of the bigger democracies. Hitler has already done that with several small ones. It will be recalled that he demanded the resignation of Benes during his Nuremberg speech, little more than a month ago, as a condition for dealing with the Czechs. On previous occasions, the Third Reich has demanded that various left and liberal papers in the democratic countries, critical of his regime, be banned. A number of countries bordering on Germany, such as Switzerland, carried out those orders from Berlin. Now this open intervention in the affairs of the democratic powers, as predicted by Winston Churchill, will get a larger field of operation.

These are the immediate, known results of Munich. The "peace" lie is being ripped wide open by the inexorable development of the great betrayal. That betrayal was put across as the only alternative to war, as a "reprieve." The trouble with this Chamberlain theory is that Hitler never heard of it.

Gains for Labor Unity

IN SPITE of William Green and Matthew Woll, not to mention the other diehards on the AFL executive council, labor unity came a step nearer last week. While Green led one attack after another on the CIO, President Roosevelt wired the Houston convention, suggesting a peace conference. Hardly had the sensation over the President's message died down, when Daniel Tobin, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, was on his feet in the convention, demanding labor unity and calling for an immediate meeting between AFL and CIO heads.

AFL locals all over the country responded to these two appeals for labor unity. Hotel and restaurant workers, various state AFL bodies, jewelry workers, teachers, wired Tobin their enthusiastic approval of his peace plea. CIO bodies, too, among them the Jersey state convention, went on record, as so many CIO meetings have before, approving the trend toward union peace. If President Roosevelt's and Mr. Tobin's labor peace pleas had no other effect, they demonstrated effectively that the rank-and-file union members in America want an end to the war between the AFL and CIO, want a united labor movement.

But these steps towards labor unity also served to expose the real enemies of a united organized-labor movement in the United States. For the ink was hardly dry on President Roosevelt's telegram before Dorothy Thompson and dozens of other tory editorial writers and columnists were jumping into the situation, printing catcalls at John L. Lewis, and demanding labor "peace" on terms that would make the Munich pact look honest.

The burden of the tories' cry last week is this: John L. Lewis is responsible for the split in the labor movement; Green and the AFL executive council offered decent terms a year ago but the power-drunk Lewis refused them; the scheduled CIO conference in November makes labor peace impossible.

Let's examine these hoary lies. First of all, as any mere newsreader knows, John L. Lewis was not responsible for the original split. Who threw Lewis out of the AFL? Lewis himself?

Second: What terms did Green offer a year ago? He suggested letting the original unions in the CIO, the garment workers and so on, come back in the AFL on the old basis. All the new unions, the rubber workers, auto workers, longshoremen, electrical workers, etc., were to be "arbitrated" by the AFL executive council. In other words, Green offered to let the CIO commit suicide.

Third: Lewis and every CIO official have specifically stated that the coming CIO convention is no bar to labor unity. Consistently, regularly, and we believe sincerely, Lewis has worked and talked for labor peace. Exactly the opposite is the case with Green.

Proof of this is the sensational piece of monkey-business Mr. Green pulled at Monday's session of the AFL convention. "Lewis must go before there can be peace," he shouted. Next day, Lewis coolly remarked that he was ready to go, for the sake of labor unity, any time Green was.

Real labor peace is more possible now than ever before. The rank and file of the AFL, plus the officials and membership of the CIO, want peace in the official labor movement. Pressure on the AFL executive council can force unity.

Unity in Action

TWO other events on the labor front showed the unmistakable sentiment among the rank and file of both CIO and AFL unions for a strong, undivided labor movement.

In Wilkes-Barre, Pa., striking Newspaper Guild (CIO) reporters, editors, and clerks found solid support in the whole community. Not only did John L. Lewis' miners rush to the newspapermen's support, but AFL printers, and building-trades workmen, joined to make the strike victorious.

And in Detroit, the remnants of the Auto Workers Union controversy were swept away when the four Martin-expelled officers of the organization were reinstated by the CIO arbitration board. With a reunited union, the auto workers are prepared now to march forward in a great offensive against the auto barons. The labor movement made great gains last week—gains that will have important effects upon the November elections.

Free Tom Mooney!

For twenty-two years a man named Tom Mooney has grown slowly old in California prisons, serving a life sentence for a crime the whole world knows now that he did not commit.

This week, the stoop-shouldered, gray-headed, kindly-faced prisoner at San Quentin opened another telegram: "The Supreme Court refuses to review your case." Another group of judges had preferred technicalities to human rights. But this time the action of the United States Supreme Court was surrounded with certain curious details. For two justices—Black and Reed—were recorded dissenting from the refusal of the court to re-hear the Mooney case. Mr. Chief Justice Hughes himself has often explained to lawyers the "liberal" policy of the Supreme Court on matters of review—the court usually hears such cases when only *two* justices demand it. Why was Tom Mooney's case an exception?

Two—or rather three—avenues of hope remain open now to the aging California prisoner. His lawyers are bringing *habeas corpus* action before the Supreme Court immediately; he counts also on the Democratic candidate for governor in California, if elected, to free him.

But more important: The people of America are determined to set Tom Mooney, one of their own, free. The workers will never forget the man who has sacrificed so much in their cause. Free Tom Mooney!

Jim-Crowing Writers

Nelson Antrim Crawford, well known author and editor of the *Household Magazine,* has resigned from the Kansas Authors Club in protest against the club's exclusion of Negro writers from its 1938 literary contest. In a stinging letter attacking the restriction to "white residents of Kansas," Mr. Crawford writes: "I have always taken pride in the fact that our state was founded on equality of all human beings, irrespective of race. It seems to me not only unfitting but sinister in this time of attack upon democratic institutions that a Kansas organization should prefer the ideals of Nazi Germany to the ideals of our own state." At least three Negro writers who have lived in Kansas, as Mr. Crawford reminded his former colleagues, have produced "more significant literature than most of us white authors will ever produce." He referred to Claude McKay, Langston Hughes, and Frank Marshall Davis. Mr. Crawford might have added that *Story* magazine's Federal Writers contest last year was won by another Negro author, Richard Wright.

Mr. Crawford has found the proper word for the action of the Kansas Authors Club. It is sinister. His own forthright position will be welcomed by all Americans who have not ripped the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation from their history books. We hope that all our readers will write to Mr. Crawford in support of his democratic stand. It wouldn't hurt to let the Kansas club know how deeply their action is resented throughout the country.

State Dept. and Strachey

Outrageous is the word for the State Department's refusal to allow John Strachey, distinguished English writer, frequent New Masses contributor, an American visa. It is no surprise to learn that the State Department is a nest of unreconstructed tories. But it is distinctly a surprise, and a profoundly unpleasant one, to realize that the State Department would go so far as to yield to demands from a discredited American Legion committee to refuse a great English writer and journalist entry into the United States. Americans must feel profoundly ashamed, not only at the cancellation of the visa itself, but at the impertinent and discourteous manners of the State Department. Mr. Strachey was granted his visa a month ago in England; he was informed only when his ship docked that he could not enter the United States. And in the meantime, of course, the semi-fascists on the Americanization committee of the American Legion had been busy.

The last time Mr. Strachey came to America the Department of Labor harried his visit. This time the State Department refuses him the right to put foot on our soil. Democracy will not stand or fall on Mr. Strachey's visits to America—but the action of the State Department threatens the most fundamental rights we enjoy as citizens. Freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly—all these become mockeries when one department of the national government can prevent the visit to America of a famous English writer —and without even the semblance of a reason or explanation.

In these times, when every victory, however small, for fascism feeds the reactionaries here and abroad, the case of John Strachey becomes more than an isolated attack on the rights of an individual—it is a challenge to all who cherish democracy.

Americans must raise the cry: Give the State Department back to the people.

What Dies Overlooked

As the grotesqueries of the Dies investigation fade out, it appears that President Roosevelt has quietly made moves to face the real menace—the one that Martin Dies sought to pooh-pooh—the activities of Nazi spies in the United States. After a conference with Lamar Hardy, United States district attorney for New York, who has been conducting a Federal Grand Jury investigation into fascist espionage in America's defenses, the President announced a plan to correlate the various departments of the government and the military within a special authority to deal with the situation. He will ask additional funds from Congress to make the new bureau possible. Counter-espionage work which has hitherto been scattered among the Army and Navy Intelligence Departments, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the State and Treasury Departments, will now be concentrated on the activities of "unnaturalized foreigners" employed in the defense industries, as for instance in American shipyards where keels are down for seventy-five new ships.

The President made it quite clear that he is not implementing the Dies witch-hunt by his action. He intends simply to go after the military agents of foreign powers, notably the Nazis, who have been so notoriously active here. That the reactionaries whom Dies represents will attempt to utilize the situation to push repressive legislation to be used against labor and the progressives generally is a strong possibility which must set us all on the alert. That has been Dies' line throughout his "investigation," to let the Nazi agents slip through his fingers and try to blacken every progressive personality and movement his mud slingers could reach. The President himself is simply bent on corralling that sinister cast of characters in John L. Spivak's recent *Daily Worker* expose of Nazi activity.

The GOP and the Negro Vote

One of the principal aims of the strategists of reaction in this election is to entice the Negro vote back to the Republican fold. In 1936, for the first time since Reconstruction days, the majority of those Negroes able to vote cast their ballots for the Democratic Party in a presidential election. Since then it has become increasingly clear that the old party lines mean no more in regard to the special problems of the Negro people than they do where the problems of the nation as a whole are concerned. The Republican Borah was one of the leaders of the fight against the Anti-Lynching Bill in the last Congress, while the New Deal Democrats Wagner and Gavagan were the measure's sponsors. And those reactionary Republicans who are now so ardently wooing the Negro vote are hand in glove with such Negro-baiting tory Democrats as Cotton Ed Smith and Senator George.

Apparently, however, the Negro people are refusing to swallow reaction's bait. All polls of the last two years show that President Roosevelt and his policies are even more popular among the Negro masses than among the white population. And during the past weekend further evidence of where the Negro people stand came in the form of the unanimous action of the Eastern Regional Conference of the National Negro Congress, representing 250,000 Negro voters in twelve states, in pledging support to every progressive measure of the New Deal. The conference also outlined plans for rallying the Negro vote behind progressive candidates. Symbol of the bond between the Negro people and the New Deal was the speech of Secretary of the Interior Ickes in which he assailed discrimination against Negroes and pledged that the administration would continue its efforts to secure equality of opportunity for the nation's colored citizens.

Certain it is that the New Deal needs to do much more in the future in this field than it has in the past. The power of bourbon reaction in the South—and to a large extent nationally—rests on the economic subjection and political disfranchisement of millions of Negroes. The fight for democracy cannot be won without making it a reality for those oppressed millions.

Youth's Opportunities

AMERICAN youth has been envied for its rich opportunity and criticized for its heedless flamboyancy, but opportunity and flamboyancy are words that do not appear in the National Youth Administration's latest survey. Taking the records of 6,500 young people on New York City's NYA rolls in the summer of 1936, the investigators have brought forth a picture drawn by youth itself.

The report shows that of those studied less than half had ever been gainfully employed and only 15 percent had been able to find work—and then, of course, only for a short time—in the fields for which their schooling had prepared them. Sixty-one percent of those interviewed had been unemployed for at least one year and 36 percent had been out of work two years. The bulk of them were sons and daughters of working-class families, most of them on relief, and 69 percent the children of immigrants. Typically enough, the parents of nearly half of these young people had been eager to see that their sons and daughters were trained for work which did not entail the misery they themselves had known; many had prepared or begun to prepare for commercial and professional work, only to find that none of these fields offered any opportunity, and that their position, with advanced training, was all the more unbearable.

Lest it be thought that NYA appropriations have been sufficient to mitigate some of these disappointments, the report shows that the young workers turn over practically all they make to their families, that the largest section of them spend not more than $1.50 *for an entire month's lunches,* that movies, dances, and lectures were unknown luxuries, with more than half reporting they spent no part of their money for any of these.

The report is a significant document. What it tells is hardly news, but it sums up the bitter meagerness of life among the youth of our American one-third. The NYA has reported on both the necessity and the inadequacy of its own work.

Questions on the Crisis

THE following letter explains itself. We are sure that it states what many other readers are thinking. It is a challenge to every reader as well as to ourselves for it requires a reexamination of policies and problems.

TO NEW MASSES: As the foreign editor of a daily newspaper I follow events abroad somewhat more closely than most people. I have learned by experience that neither I nor anyone else can predict them at all accurately. But I have also learned that I can put some reliance (if not always complete confidence) in Communist diagnoses of new situations and proposals for meeting them.

This is written on the day of Czechoslovakia's acceptance of the Hitler-Chamberlain-Daladier deal. Shame and consternation are widely felt, and uncertainty about the future. Millions of anti-fascists urgently need a reasoned explanation of what has occurred, a frank statement of what must be feared and what may be hoped for, and a program offering a good chance of success under the changed conditions. I put the following specific questions in the hope of evoking such a statement.

Of necessity, we have chosen only the most important and our answers must be brief though the questions themselves are complex and, in some cases, impossible of finality because the situation which called them forth is not finished. We hope to return to others later.

Why did Chamberlain and Daladier complete a deal that obviously injured the national interests of Britain and France?

THEY were faced with a conflict of interests. Serious opposition to Hitler's demands required joint action with the Soviet Union and greater participation by the masses of people in the formation and execution of policy. Capitulation to Hitler, on the other hand, reduced France to a second-rate power and brought Britain face to face with future Nazi demands for the surrender of vital imperial positions.

This is one of the several respects in which 1938 differs from 1914. Twenty years ago, the biggest reactionaries were able to pose as the foremost patriots. But the existence of fascism has made a great difference to the capitalist world. The class interests of the British and French tories, identical with the class interests of the fascist axis, can be bolstered only by sacrificing that very system of security, those very allies, which these tories built up before Hitler seized power. The patriots of yesterday are the traitors of today. It is notable that Daladier made no effort to deny France's strategic losses in the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia.

But serious opposition to the fascist world offensive confronts the Chamberlain circles with what is, for them, a less desirable alternative. It would require the extension of democracy as the answer to the fascist demand for the abolition of democracy. It would require the unity of the people, a unity impossible without giving the working class a voice in the determination of policy and better conditions of life and labor. But the allies of Hitler in the democratic countries are also the chief exploiters of the people. They fear their own people more than the enemy of their country.

Ironically, though Hitler has vowed to come to a "final reckoning" with France, his French allies like Flandin and Bonnet fear the class consequences of a lasting defeat for the Third Reich. They remember how close Germany came to social revolution in 1919; it seems unlikely that German capitalism could withstand a second collapse. The repercussions upon French capitalism of such a possibility critically inhibit the patriotic zeal of the 200 families. Here again, 1914 differs from 1938—this time because of the social significance of the Soviet Union. The Chamberlain circles have to choose between their class positions on the one hand, and democratic national interest on the other. To maintain that position, they betray their people and their democracy.

How were Chamberlain and Daladier able to put it over?

THE masses of people were thoroughly awake to the danger of a second and more terrible world war. The Chamberlain strategy was to pervert this genuine and profound popular feeling into the service of its very opposite. Hitler dared to raise his demands and deliver his ultimatum because he knew, in advance, that Chamberlain's circles were prepared to hand over Czechoslovakia without resistance; Lord Runciman's memorandum, dated Sept. 21, 1938, three days before the Godesberg meeting, gave Hitler all he wanted before Hitler even asked for it. But then, the British ruling circles carefully cultivated the war scare in order to confront their own people with a false alternative: war or surrender to Hitler. Had the British tories not encouraged Hitler in the first place, there would have been no Nazi demands and no war scare; having encouraged Hitler to make his demands, they used that very fact to complete the treachery.

Why did not the French Popular Front stop the sellout?

THE French Popular Front unites the Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists. It was formed only after the working-class parties, Socialist and Communist, had achieved a substantial measure of unity among themselves. Without this working-class core, the Popular Front is powerless. And the working class must itself be unified, otherwise its middle-class allies, whether in a Popular Front or not, fall victim to extreme reaction.

In this emergency, the Socialists failed to stand by the Communists against Daladier, thereby preventing effective labor leadership within the Popular Front. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, applauded Chamberlain's flights to Hitler. In the Chamber vote on the Munich betrayal, the Socialist deputies supported Daladier. On Daladier's demand for further decree powers involving a vote of confidence, the Socialist deputies—abstained. The Communists voted both times in opposition alone.

As a matter of fact, this split in the working class did not begin with Czechoslovakia. It began when the first Blum government initiated the "non-intervention" policy with respect to Spain. The Czechoslovak crisis posed essentially the same issue in sharper form; the seeds of the Czechoslovak betrayal were sown during the previous surrenders.

The Radical Socialist Party, characteristic of the middle class in general, responds not only to pressure from the left but also from the right, depending upon the unity and determination of both camps. The pressure of the extreme right on this party has been both consistent and determined. Only sufficient pressure from the people, within which the working class must form the core, could counteract this influence. This core, since the Socialist leadership supported, even if somewhat nervously, Daladier, was lacking. There is no substitute for working-class unity, no matter what the policy. There is certainly no substitute at a time when middle-class allies are of the utmost importance. The Popular Front in France did not stop the sellout because the Radical Socialist and Socialist leadership prevented it from operating as a Popular Front against fascism.

Can we expect any considerable period, say two years, without another Nazi grab and, consequently, another war crisis?

VERY probably not. We expect the Nazis to hasten and broaden their offensive rather than the reverse. They know that disgust and disillusionment are bound to overtake their French and British "fifth columns," the Chamberlain and Daladier governments. Fascist economy, moreover, cannot properly digest new conquests; the booty is thrown back into the war machine which, in turn, requires new adventures. The Nazis have always operated on the theory that speed and surprise are essential to aggressions. Those who expect a lull or truce of any considerable period have learned nothing from the past. It should be remembered that Austria was annexed on March 11, 1938; little more than two months later, on May 21, Hitler made his first great effort to take Czechoslovakia. It took only two months then and it may not take more than six months, at the most, now for another aggression.

Is it still worthwhile to seek collective security? Is it likely that Russia will go on trying to cooperate with Britain and France?

IF IT is worthwhile to seek peace, then it is still worthwhile to seek collective security. For what is the alternative? A regime of international terror in which the fascist axis will fatten up on one small nation after another in preparation for a trial of strength with the big democratic powers. The alternative to collective security is collective chaos and war. There is some confusion between the need and desirability of collective security with the progress made to achieve it. Collective security is like peace and plenty in this respect: the less you have of it, the more you need it. If the democracies fall apart, you get the Czechoslovak betrayal and no collective security; if they stand together, you get no betrayal and collective security. It is "still worthwhile to seek collective security" because there is no other way to control the forces of war.

We think that the Soviet Union will try to cooperate with the French and British people against any further aggressions and the entire fascist world offensive. If the French and British governments follow the desires of their people, the Soviet Union will cooperate with them. If they betray the needs of their people, the Soviet Union will not cooperate in the betrayal. This matter of cooperation is not a static problem. It depends not upon the Soviet Union but upon the governments of France and Britain, and, for that matter, every other including our own. It depends above all on action by the people to force their present governments to pursue a collective peace policy or bring into office new governments which will.

Soriano

"Peace in Our Time"

Soriano

"Peace in Our Time"

Forsythe's Page

Wanted: A Theater

WHENEVER a new theatrical season starts I get a yearning for the old Theatre Union down on Fourteenth Street. The place had been well known when Eva Le Gallienne had her Civic Repertory Theatre there but it really got in swing when the Theatre Union began blowing the roof off with radical plays. For a time plays were put on in which ideas were expressed in the most violent fashion and without concern that somebody in ermine might be offended.

What got me thinking of all this was the recent opening of Harold Rome's and Charles Friedman's *Sing Out the News*. A Music Box opening is always swanky but this audience had me baffled, for sables ran riot over the place and yet the tone was distinctly pro-Roosevelt, pro-New Deal. They applauded the President, hissed Hitler, and almost tore the joint down over a production number concerning "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones," a new baby in a Negro family. From the scene within the theater, it seemed plain that the revue was to be the greatest sensation in years—and yet when I went next door for a drink after the show I began to hear different opinions. It wasn't that the revue was good or bad but whether the carriage trade would stand for it.

It has become trite to speak of the "carriage trade" and yet it is literally true that the group which come in taxis, wearing fur coats, do set the tone of the American theater. Nobody takes their critical opinions seriously but unless they support a show it has little chance of survival. As a consequence, managers and playwrights always have that dumb, impalpable mass to contend with. In any preliminary discussions of a play, that specter is always present and it is never a matter of what a play should say but how much it can say and still not frighten away the $4.40 patrons. When one keeps those restrictions in mind, it is plain that Rome and Friedman have done a fine job; on the basis of what they might have done, it is just as plainly far short of what they themselves would have liked to do.

If I have given the impression that all such considerations were absent at the Theatre Union, I hasten to correct it. One of the most pathetic pictures of those days was the cast of the Theatre Union waiting up anxiously for the early morning papers to see how "uptown" was going to take the new play. Even down on Fourteenth Street it was necessary to get the carriage trade if the more expensive seats were to be sold. There was a continual inner struggle between the desire to do plays which would be afraid of nothing and the knowledge that such productions would be lambasted by the critics and avoided by the moneyed patrons. As a final ironic touch, the company emigrated uptown and produced its last show in the middle of the theatrical district, somehow hopeful that the gap could be bridged between vigor and violets.

As anybody knows who has been close to the theater, that dilemma still remains and not only waters down plays which could be a great deal better but keeps other plays out of production entirely. The consequence has been a rash of what might be termed "tired liberal" plays, a few revues which have been extremely careful to be gay and bright even about tragic subjects. How, for instance, would any playwright treat the problem of unemployment? If he is justly bitter and violent about it, he will be dismissed by the critics and the pewholders as one-sided and without a sense of humor. If he does it by song, and necessarily it must be a sad song to treat a sad subject, he will be accused of self-pity. What he must be is brave and gay in the face of adversity; he certainly must not be rebellious. The critics will admit that he has every right to be angry and rebellious, but will add that such a state of mind lends itself badly to art.

We have been thankful for a few plays which allowed us to get our teeth into a problem. The finest radical plays we have had are *Stevedore* by Paul Peters and George Sklar and *Waiting for Lefty* by Clifford Odets. To the suggestion that they may have been exciting only to audiences already convinced of the woes of the workers, I ask what difference. No more fallacious doctrine has ever been promulgated than the theory that our enemies can be won over if only we coo like doves. *Stevedore* and *Lefty* are good plays by any standard of criticism, but what made them thunderbolts was the very fact that audiences felt like getting on their chairs and yelling. That emotion, I submit, came as much from the gratitude of the audience at finding words spoken fearlessly and honestly as from a recognition of the worthiness of the script. Most plays of today carefully halt at just the point when they might become serious. In the theater I constantly have a feeling of frustration, such as comes when one sits in a courtroom and almost goes mad at the failure of counsel to ask the one question which would clear up the entire mystery. What we have in the theater are qualifications, "fair-mindedness," a perversion of the truth by obscuring the important facts and balancing the truth by various untruths, thus giving a "fair" picture.

What make the WPA productions the best shows in town is the fact that they are freest from hedging. O. K. Bovard, until recently managing editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, became the greatest newspaper man in the world because he would never allow his reporters to be satisfied with a surface story. He insisted that they keep digging until they got the *essential* facts, which is quite another thing from the ordinary facts. The Living Newspaper plays do that very thing on the stage. In "*. . . one-third of a nation . . .*," *Power, Triple-A Plowed Under*, they spoke out, not being satisfied to present a mere dramatic picture. They got down to the truth of things and gave performances which made everything else on Broadway seem lifeless and unreal.

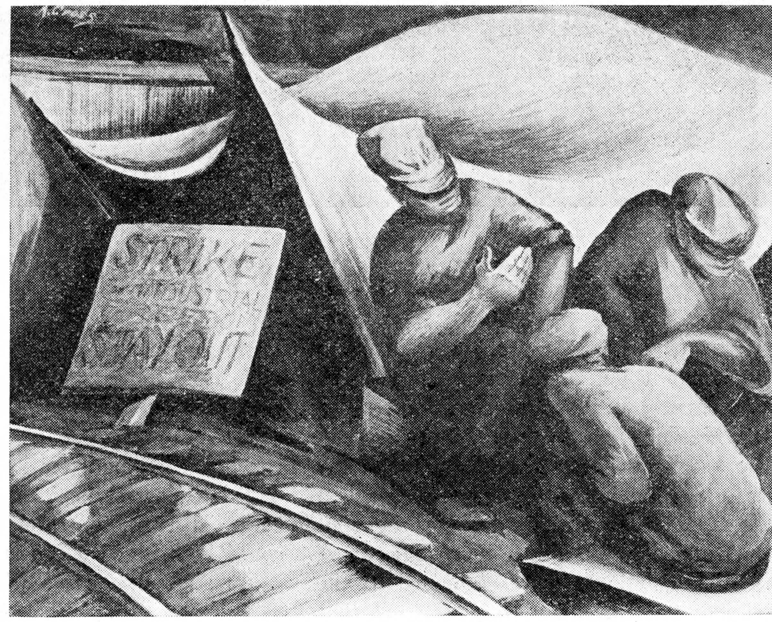
In any great play there are illuminating moments in which the performance is lighted up as if by an oil-tank blaze. What are we getting now in our theater is an avoidance of all such moments. It is necessary to be careful; it is necessary to win an audience by reasonableness and good humor. We must be witty and liberal. The most radical playwrights have been weakened by the circumstance that if their plays are to be acted at all, they must conform to standards which are made on Broadway and not in heaven. And that supreme artistic quality, indignation, has been almost eliminated from the American stage.

Where do we stand now? Even a play like *Waiting for Lefty*, which has been played by workers' theaters over the world, was kept on Broadway with difficulty. The Group Theatre made money with *Men in White*, which was ultimately an innocuous boy-and-girl tale even though the cast fought hard to have lines inserted which would have allowed the play to say something important about a hospital system which is kept alive by the whims of the wealthy. What the future holds for the Group, I don't know, but there is a plain knowledge within the organization that only by the cleverest maneuvering can anything outspoken be uttered on the Broadway stage. In the face of this, it becomes increasingly harder for the company to maintain itself as a radical theater. Since it plays on Broadway, it is necessary to play within the rules or perish. That is not an easy problem to solve, even with the best intentions.

What I would like to see is another theater downtown and one which will be firmly ignorant of what the New York critics think and entirely independent of the ordinary Broadway audience. The charge that it will be a narrow theater, catering to people who are already convinced, moves me not at all. I am concerned in my wishes entirely by my needs. There is a crying need for a place where indignation will not be frowned upon as unsporting and where emotion will not be laughed at as juvenile. I want good plays but nobody can convince me that a play is a bad play merely because it says what needs to be said.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

"Bowery Hotel" (oil) Carl B. Nyquist (Washington, D. C.)



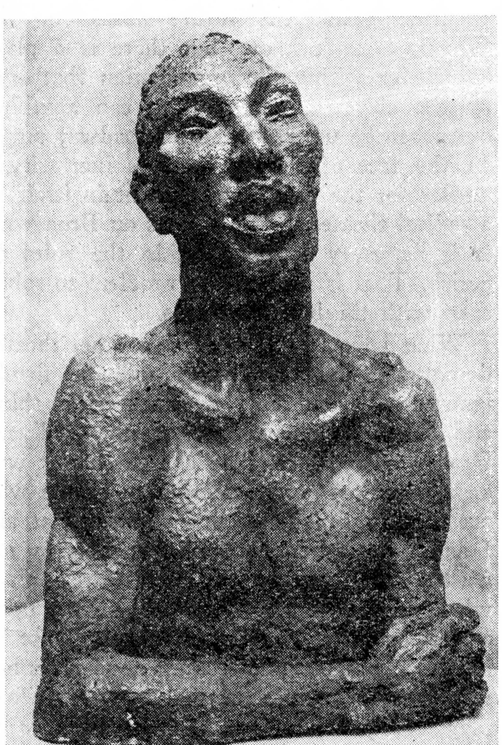
"C.I.O. at Inland" (tempera) Adelyne Cross (Chicago)

Living Art in a Museum

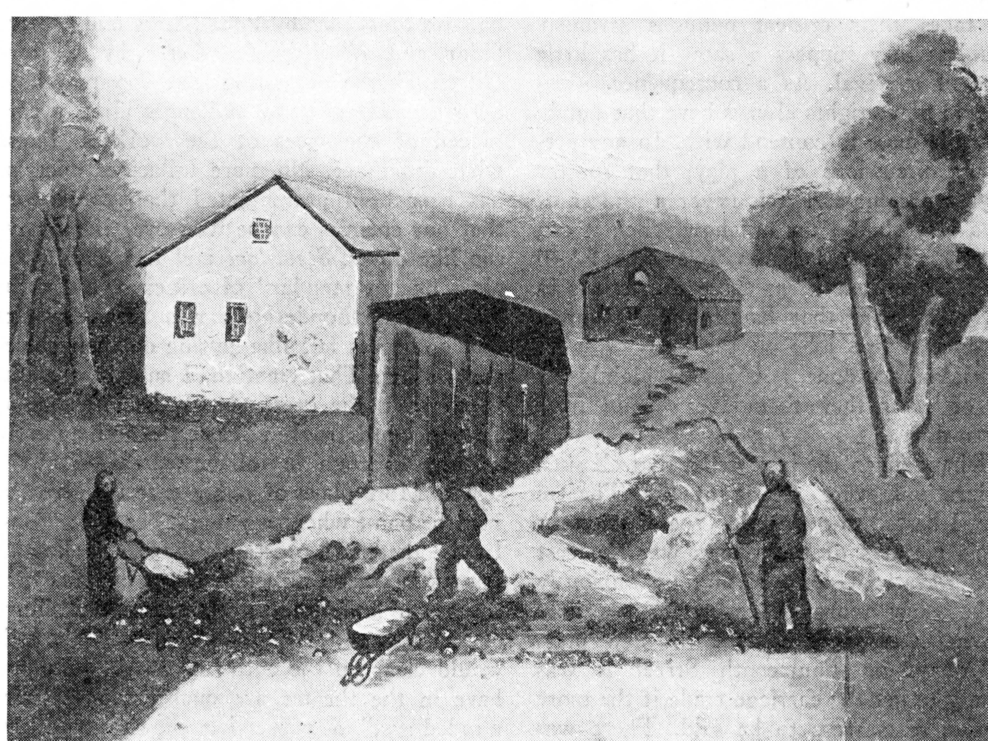
ART MUSEUMS, for the average man and the aspiring artist, are cool, dim places where one may go in proper reverence upon a Sunday afternoon to scan the visible relics of great men. The bronze doors of museums have remained closed while the artist is alive. You die and the tomb gets you and the museum gets your work. You can't eat these rewards and you can't buy baby shoes.

An up-and-at-em museum in Springfield, Mass.—the Springfield Museum of Fine Arts—has recognized this fact. With an announcement that reads like a manifesto, the museum is holding an exhibition of the work of members of the various Artists Unions of America—those of the District of Columbia, Baltimore, New York City, Ulster County, N. Y., New Jersey, Sante Fe, Cleveland, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston. They are young men, average age twenty-seven, painting and carving away with the material of contemporary life—the artists whose residue will duly adorn the museums of tomorrow. That this museum recognizes that they are working now, that they are reflecting life in our tortured time, and that their unions have contributed to the value and direction of their work, is a most laudable event in the art world.

"Man Reading" (oil) Adelaide Fogg (Boston)



"Figure" (plaster) Louis Wilkes (New York)



"On the Road" (oil) Herman Maril (Baltimore)

A New Deal on the Campus

Departmental Democracy in New York's Colleges

HOWARD SELSAM

LAST week the teachers in New York City's great system of public higher education had the privilege and the pleasure of balloting for their department chairmen and for other officers to represent them for the next three years. At City College, Hunter College, and Brooklyn College, all teachers on the permanent staffs went figuratively to the polls to select their more immediate superiors, their delegates to the higher governing bodies, and their committees on appointments and budget. Thus was inaugurated the most widespread and sweeping reform in the history of American colleges and universities, in accordance with new by-laws enacted by the New York City Board of Higher Education in June and effective since October 1. And thus was brought one step nearer the realization of President Roosevelt's plea, addressed to the American Student Union last December, to make "our schools and colleges a genuine fortress of democracy."

The democratization program provides for the admission into the faculty of all instructors who have given three or more years of service, the election of all department chairmen by the faculty members of their respective departments, the establishment of a faculty council consisting of three elected delegates from each department, including the department chairman, and the setting up of departmental committees on appointments and budget, consisting of an equal number of elected representatives of each rank included in the faculty. Together with a tenure program enacted by the board at the same time, which is integrally related to the reorganization, this represents a tremendous forward step in American higher education. The significance of this progressive victory is better appreciated if one realizes that the regular full-time teaching staffs of these three colleges embrace some 1,200 men and women and that they have a combined student body of approximately twenty thousand.

The typical department in the city colleges, prior to the present changes, was, like most departments, perhaps, throughout the country, ruled by one man, its chairman. He alone had the authority of making recommendations for appointments, for promotions, and dismissals. He determined, within the limits set down by the board, the salaries of his staff. He promoted whom he would, appointed needed committees which were responsible to him alone. His job was, short of presidential displeasure, held for life or until his retirement. He could determine the textbooks used and the contents of courses. To incur his displeasure might well be to commit academic suicide. The new program not only makes the chairman an elected officer but changes radically his position in the department. The elected committee on appointments, composed of one representative from each faculty rank plus the department chairman, will now vote on appointments, promotions, dismissals, and salary increases. It will prepare the budget, both for personnel and equipment. Educational policies, texts, curricula, and the organization of courses will now be determined by the department as a whole, excepting the probationers. Since the probationary period cannot be more than three years, these provisions exclude a relatively few. But even they are allowed a consultative voice in department policies. Some departments, it is true, have functioned democratically in the past, but if they did so, it was in virtue of the will of the chairman. It was understood that his recommendations to higher authorities were to be his own. This gives in brief a picture of the changes wrought by the new plan on a departmental level. The new faculty organization embodies these changes, in large part, on the level of the whole college.

Foreign observers have frequently commented on the contrast in America between our political democracy and the autocratic organization of our colleges and universities. This contrast is not difficult to understand when viewed in the light of three important historical considerations. First is the fact that our earliest institutions were established by church bodies for the training of a professional clergy and the inculcation of religious orthodoxy. Of the nine institutions established before the American Revolution, only one, that of Philadelphia, which is now the University of Pennsylvania, was not a church institution. Further, of the twenty-seven colleges in the country by 1800 (a few of these existed only on paper) at least sixteen had clergymen as presidents. Obviously, in virtue of both their origin and their purpose these institutions can scarcely be expected to be dominated by the democratic ideal. Secondly, the period of great university expansion in the decades following the Civil War was marked by the encroachment of the men of great new fortunes. When Rockefeller, Huntington, Armour, and others gave fabulous endowments or bequests to institutions of higher learning they and their heirs or the corporations they represented also secured a fair measure of control over university policies and organization. Hence it is not surprising that many of our greatest institutions reflect in their internal setup the organization of the great corporations which financed them. Thirdly, municipal and state institutions were ripe plums for the corrupt political machines which have so characterized American public life and they became only too often centers of patronage and plunder.

The Tammany machine in New York City found our colleges an easily manageable adjunct of Tammany Hall. As the mayor appointed the trustees (the Board of Higher Education), and they the presidents and department chairmen, who in turn appointed all members of the teaching and clerical staffs, there was a relatively rich field for rewarding political friends. And since further, these institutions expanded rapidly with the growth of the city, there was also, as in the case of the public schools, opportunity for graft in the purchase of sites, the erection of buildings, and the purchase of supplies. While the picture of the internal organization must not be painted too darkly—for these institutions did perform a significant public service, perform it moderately well, and attain a reasonable reputation for scholarship and educational achievement—there was always the threat of a presidential political appointee being forced into a department over a chairman's head, of budgetary pressure against a resisting chairman, and in many cases a disastrous demoralization of members of the staff. "Yes-men" were produced in the ranks, and higher up a set of "teeny-weeny Mussolinis," to use the happy phrase of John T. Flynn of the Board of Higher Education. The faculties, consisting only of those of professorial ranks, were domineered over by the presidents, while the instructors and tutors, who came especially during the depression to comprise a majority of the teaching staffs, and who frequently possessed the qualifications for the higher ranks, had no voice in the determination of college policies. All of these conditions were especially flagrant in the City College, ruled over in a semi-feudal manner by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, its president.

During the past few years two major developments, moving in a progressive direction, came increasingly into conflict with the old order. One of these was the LaGuardia triumph over Tammany in New York politics. The other was the growth of the unionization of college teachers in the city, first as part of the Teachers Union, Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers, and since January of this year as a separate local, number 537, known as the New York College Teachers Union. With more and more LaGuardia appointments to the board, and especially with the LaGuardia-American Labor Party triumph at the polls last November, the Board of Higher Education took on an increasingly progressive complexion. Agitation for increased democracy had been growing among the staffs, especially among the lower categories, and thus when the union developed and promulgated a series of reorganization proposals during the winter of 1937-38, wide interest was aroused among the staffs. Working in cooperation with other organizations in the colleges, such as the associations of instructors and tutors, and the American Association of University Professors, the College Teachers Union asked the Board of Higher Education for democratic reorganization which would provide for the extension of faculty membership to include instructors; faculty voice in the budget and in the selection of presidents and deans; faculty representation at board meetings; elected department chairmen; the formulation of policy by the department as a whole; and elected committees on appointments and promotions.

Approximately at this stage a board committee, headed by John T. Flynn, was appointed to prepare proposals on reorganization. The committee solicited information on the subject of organization from institutions throughout the country, appealed to the faculties and other staff organizations for proposals, and studied the program of the union. When the committee had more or less satisfied itself on its program it called an open hearing to which interested organizations and individuals of the staffs were invited. This hearing, held on April 12, 1938, lasted from 3 p. m. until nearly 1 o'clock in the morning. Never had employees in New York's city colleges experienced such an occasion. The hearing itself was a significant lesson in the democratic process. The participants ranged from the union's spokesmen to the department chairmen and deans. Among the chairmen and deans there were progressives who did not fear democracy, but welcomed it. But the majority of their spokesmen were highly, even sharply, critical. Some thought it "revolutionary" and pleaded with the board's committee for more time, for moderation, lest the colleges be turned over to the machinations of Moscow. Calm and eventempered, through trying hours, Mr. Flynn stood on the ground that if democracy could not function in colleges, among educated men and women, then it could work nowhere. The give and take of this conference, its repartee, the sallies and retreats, the innuendoes and bald assertions, will never be forgotten by those who were present, whether they were persons who felt that their world was falling down on their heads or ones who saw the promise of a new, freer, and more effective academic life.

Finally the draft program was revised, submitted to the Committee on Curriculum and By-Laws under the chairmanship of Chauncey Waddell, reexamined in a second open hearing, and adopted by the board on June 27. But all was not smooth sailing. Blocs and cabals were formed around reactionary chairmen who knew what they stood to lose by the democratic processes proposed. One such chairman resorted to the public press and the result was a headline in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* of May 17: REDS BACK PLAN TO REORGANIZE CITY'S COLLEGES. There followed a long and hysterical story, given to the paper by Prof. Earl Martin of Brooklyn College, who was later to achieve grander notoriety by testifying before the Dies committee. Among other things, Professor Martin stated: "It is my opinion that the hue and cry that has been raised about dictatorial departmental heads [he himself was chairman of the Biology Department] and other administrative authorities has back of it radical propaganda the object of which is to cause the disintegration of our present organization." He further claimed that the plan under consideration by the board would destroy leadership on the part of administrative authorities, create a feeling of insecurity, decrease scholastic standards, and "ultimately turn control over to the Teachers Union."

Now that the elections have occurred and the reorganization of the colleges is taking effect, it is possible to evaluate roughly the new democratic plan. In the first place, it is to be noted that the program is far from complete democracy and from the program of the College Teachers Union. The board still retains the final decision in all matters of policy and personnel. The newly created faculty councils, and not the enlarged faculties, are actually the governing bodies within the colleges, subject however to a veto by a two-thirds vote of the faculty. The council is weighted on the professorial side. Nevertheless, the advance is an impressive one and is worthy of study on the part of all college and university staffs and administrations throughout the country. The elections within departments have of themselves proved the practicality and value of the plan, even though it is not to be expected that its full force should be made immediately evident. In Brooklyn College the elections returned fourteen of the nineteen former chairmen or acting chairmen. One department had a tie vote, yet to be resolved, while the other four elections represented a definite progressive victory. At Hunter College fifteen of sixteen chairmen were returned. At City College six former chairmen failed of election out of a total of twenty-six departments. At Hunter, the change was one involving the substitution of a competent for an incompetent incumbent. At City College at least three of the changes represented the replacement of a reactionary by a progressive while the other changes may be regarded as of doubtful value. Two important points are to be noticed. One is that, for better or worse, the present incumbents were elected. The other is that the changes were in almost all cases meaningful and principled. But of greater significance is the change in atmosphere and attitude. In the words of Ordway Tead, chairman of the Board of Higher Education, this democratic plan envisions the department chairman as "a leader among equals."

The democratic process, wherever and whenever established, has to function with human

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Near Catalonia

We have the sweet noise of the sea at our back,
And before us the bitter shouting of the gun
And the brass wing of aeroplanes and the sun
That walks above us burning. Here we wound
Our feet on metal fragments of the bomb,
The sword unburied and the poisoned ground.
Here we stand; here we lie; here we must see
What we can find potent and good to set
Between the fascist and the deep blue sea.

If we had bricks that would make a wall we would use them,
But bricks will break under a cannon-ball;
If we had iron we would make a wall,
But iron rings and splinters at the bomb,
And wings go across the sky and over a wall;
And if we made a barrier with our earth
They would murder the earth with fascist poison,
And no one will give us iron for the wall.
We have only the bodies of men to put together,
The wincing flesh, the peeled white forking stick,
Easily broken, easily made sick,
Frightened of pain and spoiled by evil weather;
We have only the most fragile of all things the man,
And the heart the most iron admirable thing of all;
And putting these together we make a wall.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

materials it itself did not create. Miracles are thus not to be expected in institutions long dominated by machine politics. Democracy has been formally launched, however, in New York City's public colleges. Its major aims, as set forth by Mr. Tead, are the improvement of the quality of education by the spreading of responsibility and creation of collective leadership, by the revitalization of democratic experience by bringing it into the immediate life of the teachers, and the improvement of morale through people's doing what they themselves have come to want to do rather than what they are told they must do. Pitfalls and dangers exist, but with a strong union, the closest cooperation of all progressive individuals and organizations on the campuses, and a dominantly liberal board of trustees, a democratic front can be forged which will prove of inestimable service to the staffs, the students, and the community at large. The city colleges are on their way towards becoming fortresses of democracy.

Profits for the Few

CORPORATION tax returns for 1936 recently published by the U. S. Treasury Department show that 203,162 corporations in this country reported an aggregate net income (or net profits) of $9,477,980,000, while 275,695 reported a deficit aggregating $2,156,-055,000. *Economic Notes,* publication of the Labor Research Association, says of the Treasury report:

> Figures are not yet available showing the relative size of the corporations making profits and those reporting losses, but it is probable that the figures, when issued, will indicate an equal or higher concentration of profits in the large companies than was apparent in the Treasury reports on corporation income in 1934 and 1935. The 1935 figures showed that 84 percent of aggregate net profits was piled up by 4 percent of the companies reporting.
>
> But even with all the "little fellows" and all the reported losses included in the aggregate picture, and subtracting the net deficits from the net incomes, we find a final net income of $7,321,925,000 for all the corporations reporting. And the net income, even after payment of all taxes, came to $6,130,536,000. When this is compared with the gross income of all companies, we find that the consolidated net income was 4.6 percent of the gross. (It was over 9 percent for the companies reporting net income.)
>
> "On the face of it," admits the *Magazine of Wall Street,* commenting editorially on the report, "this may not appear to be a great deal, but the return was no larger in 1928 and only one-tenth of 1 percent larger in 1929. It is the generally accepted view that 1928 and 1929 were years of great profit in which, by present-day standards, there was no governmental interference with business."
>
> This organ of Wall Street finds some explanation for the high profit return of 1936 "in the increased efficiency and attendant lowering of production costs common to nearly all manufacturing." In other words, the increase of labor productivity and the introduction of speedier speedup systems have contributed in large part to holding up the profit level to that of the boom period before the panic of 1929.

Debate on Humor

A Letter from Hollywood

ELLA WINTER

SINCE NEW MASSES had a debate on humor recently, it may interest readers that Hollywood has just looked up the subject with some seriousness. At the first of a series of discussions, to be held at the newly opened Book-of-the-Day Shop, on La Brea, under joint auspices of the League of American Writers and the bookshop, the evening was started off by Donald Ogden Stewart asking: "Humor—asset or liability?" The negative was filled positively by Robert Benchley of the *New Yorker* and *Sweethearts* (to be released, in technicolor). Mr. Stewart made the point that the "crazy" humor of the twenties in America was a symbol of defeat and despair, and that even though NEW MASSES isn't as funny as the *New Yorker,* it is more of an asset in helping to change the world.

Mr. Benchley said humorists wrote because they had kids to put through college, not to save the world, but that humor had always scoffed at something in the society that is; in the twenties they made fun of cliches. But, he said, humor wasn't taken very seriously; in the movies, for example, straight writers got paid a lot more than funny ones.

Hollywood's humorists had turned out to take part in the talk and it was the kind of turnout you have learned to expect in Hollywood. Phil Dunne, son of "Mr. Dooley," one of the best humorists of his day, had in tow Ellis E. Patterson, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor; Dunne is himself vice-chairman of the state Democratic organization and chairman of the Motion Picture Democratic Committee. Frank Morgan, comedian of the theater and movies, asked whether any historical movement had been killed by humor; Fredric March said Mussolini was laughed at on the screen and didn't that help defeat him? Konrad Bercovici said one must distinguish between humor and satire, and satire always had to be against the existing order. Sid Perelman thought humorists didn't always have the gift of satire, that it wasn't lack of desire that didn't let them be Swifts or Popes; and Budd Schulberg, who has been writing a series of searching Hollywood stories for *Collier's,* wanted to know just how far humor could be effective in uncovering social sores.

The *New Yorker* came in for a lot of criticism (many people here have strongly objected to the mean-spirited "Profile" of Earl Browder which wasn't even funny). Aline Barnsdall, wealthy oil-owner of California, who has been interested in Tom Mooney for many years, said surely Germany, Russia, and Italy showed that you didn't need humor to be successful in political life; in fact, they showed you had better be deadly serious. Miss Barnsdall illustrated her own concern by buying three Groppers (including his beautiful *Migrants*) which were on show at the bookshop.

Several speakers made the point that *Pins and Needles* and Cabaret TAC were as good weapons as any the progressive movement has forged. Charles Brackett, president of the Screen Writers Guild, Viola Brothers Shore, Deems Taylor, at present working on musical scores with Walt Disney and Stokowski, Florence Eldridge, and others contributed enthusiastically to the debate, while Ray Mayer, active in the Anti-Nazi League and TAC shows, made a warm plea for treating the fascist danger seriously and not letting a wisecrack interfere with the deeply felt appeals people were making for Spanish orphans and Chinese wounded.

Among those who attended were William Wyler, screen director, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Gershwin, Charles Butterworth, John McClain, Hy Kraft, Sterling Holloway, Mrs. Adelaide Schulberg and her daughter Sonya, seventeen years old and author of a novel, Ted Paramore, and Laura Perelman. While no decision was reached, people had plenty of ideas to take home with them. At midnight groups were still standing in the street arguing.

One fact emphasized and returned to by speaker after speaker was that Robert Forsythe used humor to his high purposes with complete success. There wasn't any dissent to that.

Dan Rico

Dan Rico

Return

A Short Story

SAUL LEVITT

Everything was right—weather, the crowd waiting, that last letter—and yet her heart hammered, there was no stopping it. Even watching the boat come in, hearing them cheer, knowing it was that boat at last and no other, not the Hamburg-American or the Furness-Bermuda boat. And there it was, coming past the statue, it couldn't possibly sink. And perfect day, what a day, blue just blue that's all. Yet her heart hammered. And at last he came down and the fear in her flew up ahead of her, raced back and forth frantically. She tried to hold it, push it deep down because there he was—so much was right in him coming home just like this—just the same except that that sun must have been terribly hot to have darkened him to a deep bronze, his red hair combed back and beginning to twist a little on the right side the way it always does. Like an old canvas brought up out of the cellar and nothing faded, nothing changed, the details right—but his arm in a sling! The fear rose up in her, in the swaying crowd, under that peaceful blue sky at the pier where the ship lay still—the arm, he had never written! Ah, but she'd known it! He wouldn't tell her——

She held him close, she listened to him answer her, his voice amazingly the same, yes, the same—"That! That's funny, you go through eight months of it and nothing happens, but just four days ago I slipped near the rail and fractured the wrist, it'll be out of splints in a week."

"Is that all, you're sure it isn't something *else,* something much worse like gangrene poisoning or something—how are you?" she asked again, for the fifth time.

He smiled down to *that* tooth, the one chipped a little, his eyes were smiling in the old way, except perhaps that there were more of those tiny wrinkles.

"I'm all right," he said again, smiling broadly, and how he stands there in front of her looking big and capable, how he brushes his hair back, it is all the same again, all the little moves he makes are the same, everything the same, and he kept smiling, looking into the North River glinting in the afternoon sun.

"I've arranged something," she said rapidly, "that is, if you're not tired, Hal, I saw Joe and Mary Colman yesterday and I said to them if you're not too tired when you get back, we might go out to the country for the day——"

"I might call up my uncle," he said, frowning a little. "Do you know, Helen, there's something I ought to be doing but I can't think of it." He shook his head. "About calling up Uncle Sid, that can wait, I guess, that can wait a little while, let it wait——"

"We'll go up to Coopersville," she said rapidly, "do you remember Coopersville, darling."

"Oh, God, of course I remember it," he said gently, "I've never had more than one wife and one honeymoon."

The fear fell back. She held his good arm tightly, they walked across town, they rode, they went in to eat. She called up Joe and Mary, who came down to the restaurant on Forty-second Street. Once during the meal he held the knife down absently and cut it deep into the cloth through to the table. He flushed, and put down the knife rapidly.

They rode up along the shore, racing. She watched Hal as he sat there, and he kept smiling at the sky and the river and sometimes looking backward along the road.

"What are you looking at," she said, following his gaze.

"I'm not looking at anything."

"I thought you were looking at something, that's the third time you've looked back."

"Nothing at all, except maybe there's something I ought to do that I can't remember—and it'll just have to wait," he laughed, putting his arm around her shoulders. The fingers were bronzed and strong looking, grasping her shoulder. She tried to twist his fingers but they wouldn't twist. His hands had always been hard like that. There was in fact nothing at all that was different. It was like a dream of something. It was uncanny. It was the same road, and the day they went up, it had been like this, sunny and clear, with the cars ahead and back of them making a big, peaceful parade. Except that now Joe and Mary were there instead of Hal and her being alone in the dinky with Hal at the wheel.

The day the same as you looked out on the road and the river. She shivered. Blue like this and she sitting next to him that time, holding his one hand sometimes when he held the wheel with the other, trying to twist his fingers and the fingers strong and not giving.

Yet she shivered, she held it down but she felt it writhing, a great bundle of shiver like the ancient bag of the winds, ready to open and blow, blow, blow the sun, the day, the grip of his hand into nothingness——

She took out her handbag and fixed her hair and powdered her nose until Mary said: "Are you crazy, Helen, trying to powder your nose *now?*"

And she put the handbag away, watching Hal. He was squinting and smiling into the afternoon sun. Coopersville at last at 2 o'clock and out beyond the town to the cottage. The same old lady stood in the entranceway.

"Well, well!" said the old lady.

"It's us again," said Helen, "we're happy to see you remember us."

"Why, of course I remember you," said the same old lady, "you were both shy—you're looking good, the both of you, and not a day older. In fact you look as if you're having another honeymoon if you don't mind my saying so."

The four of them sat on the porch after the old lady went in. The birds sounded and the leaves of the trees sounded. The white clouds, little patches of them were still and off in the distance a blue haze loitered around mountain tops. The bench creaked.

"Do you remember our first day here, Hal," she said, trying to twist his fingers.

"Of course I do," he said.

"Oh, you wouldn't remember that, you've been through too much, and it's too long ago."

"But I do."

"Do you remember our first afternoon here?"

"We went out on the lake after dinner."

"And after that——"

"We pulled the boat up on the other shore and walked through the woods."

The happy flush rose in her face, watching him remember.

"Let's go!" he said.

They went down to that lake, that honeymoon lake with the trees circling it which bend in the wind and little waves strike up in the lake and they sat in the canoe but this time she paddled because of that arm which he had to fracture in the stupidest kind of accident coming home. She tried to follow that old path across the lake toward a certain birch tree and she scanned the opposite shore and found the tree. At the prow Hal sat, watching the shore.

"Remember?" she said.

"Of course I do," he said, turning, "I'm not a wooden Indian."

And she pulled the canoe up on the shore near the birch, with Hal helping. The red canoe lay halfway up the shore. The trees were still. They stood on the shore.

"Hal!"

"Yes."

He kissed her.

They walked along the path through the woods. They found the big rock, the same as ever. A squirrel standing up, then scuttling off, making a rustle through dead leaves. They sat there, with his arm around her shoulders. But she shivered and shivered in his arms, watching him smile, his eyes smiling but his brow crinkling. It was uncanny, it was as if nothing had happened since then. The fear rose up in her, up to a blue sky like that honeymoon's blue sky, it would not down, it was there, she could not down it. And they walked again, out of the little clump of woods. He was smiling fixedly. Not since he had gotten off the boat had it changed.

Overhead that blueness, the grass green underfoot. A picnic party nearby making music with an accordion. It was very still. It was very green. And there was music in the air.

He smiled, watching a child toddle across the field. "What I was trying to remember," he said, pointing, "something about children —if it was a boy we could name it——"

"Is that what you were trying to remember," she said, laughing, throwing her head back to watch a bird circling peacefully.

"Something like that," he said in a puzzled voice, looking up, and looking he began to writhe in her arms like a strange animal, his body hard as iron, he was pulling out of her arms—and free of them! His voice was crying, harsh, metallic, at a child toddling across a field under a wide-winged bird—look out! he shouted, look out! get down! His eyes swung around the horizon, and the voice harsh, rocking across green fields to the mountains, was warning the world.

He was running ahead of her, far ahead. She sobbed, she ran after him and found him —the pain and anger in his eyes! She cried, holding him and crying, trying to wipe it all out of his eyes—"are you all right, Hal darling, are you all right," she said, crying.

"I'm all right," he said, limp against a tree, wiping his forehead.

Yes, she had been right from the beginning. She had been right reading between the lines of his first letter. She had been right. She had always known it.

"I'm all right," he said, smiling softly, "except that I just managed to remember what I've been trying to remember since I got off the boat——"

"Are you sure you're all right, Hal," she said sobbing.

"I'm all right," he said, "except that maybe I ought to go back again."

It was very still and peaceful and green all around them. He leaned against a tree, smiling faintly. There were little patches of white cloud in the sky. And in the next field the flock of cows lifted heads, waiting for the farmer.

She could see how tired he was—under the skin burnt by that olive-field sun, under the strength of his fingers he was tired and sinking down at the foot of the tree. He slept in her arms as the sun went down on the perfect day, a faint but inflexible smile on his face even in slumber, and she knew now that it was hopeless, he was cleft in two in her arms, not to be made one until the earth was made one and she must ride with that mighty fact or it was all lost.

★

The Truth at Last!

One can truthfully say that the Dies committee is not conducting a Red-baiting campaign, for the simple reason that the Stalinists are themselves the most vicious Red-baiters.—Editorial *in the "Socialist Appeal."*

Readers' Forum

Radio Coverage

To New Masses: George Scott's "Radio Covers the News," in your October 11 issue, failed to include the fact that while the Columbia, National, and Mutual networks featured broadcasts from London, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Prague, Budapest, and Warsaw, they all ignored the Moscow station which was—and still is—on the air every night.

Perhaps Moscow's commentators seemed to our American stations a little impolite. They were forthright in their analyses of the London-Paris sellout. Frequently they punctured with effective irony the cloudy optimism of those who saw or pretended to see in this or that statement in Hitler's two speeches reason to hope that the fascists now intended to live at peace with the rest of the world. For instance, while our commentators were trying to squeeze a drop of comfort from Hitler's announcement that he had no designs on Alsace-Lorraine, one of the Moscow commentators cautioned that Hitler's statement about the German people loving the spires of the cathedral at Strasbourg was not to be taken as the remark of a lover of architecture.

New Masses readers should have an explanation as to why the broadcasting companies omitted the Moscow broadcasts from their programs. Did our State Department have anything to do with it? Or the Federal Communications Commission?

J. J. Legris.

New York City.

Barton Ethics

To New Masses: A few years ago I published in a book of mine *(Rockwellkentiana)* a portion of a letter I had received from an unnamed advertising firm making me the proposition that, for a fee, I should sign for publication over my name an article which they enclosed. And I published my reply to the proposition, as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"Unfortunately for my participation in the game of advertising, I am hampered by certain principles which I hold to be essential not only to the artist but to honest men in general. I would no sooner sign my name to an article I had not written than I would steal another man's design or pick his pocket. That you could expect to find anyone to do this kind of thing is incredible to me.

"Very truly yours,

"Rockwell Kent."

I had pretty much forgotten the incident, and entirely forgotten the name of the advertising firm, until, on reading Ruth McKenney's article on Bruce Barton, in New Masses, both flashed up in my memory. "Why, of course," I cried, "that letter was from Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn."

I might have said that it could *only* have been from Mr. Barton's firm, except that I have learned enough about the practices of advertising agencies to know that such crooked propositions are fairly general practice. I would not, therefore, have it inferred that Mr. Barton's firm is a particularly unprincipled one, but merely that his firm has won its way to outstanding success in a field in which dishonesty is the rule rather than the exception. I believe that Mr. Barton himself would at once frankly admit—if confronted with the letter in my possession—that his firm had made the crooked proposition to me, and, with genuine astonishment, add, "But what's wrong about that? We all do it."

New York voters have no need to fear that if Mr. Barton is returned to the Legislature this fall he will do anything that Mr. Barton holds to be *wrong*. The danger is that this eminently successful advertising man will do what he calls *right*.

Rockwell Kent.

Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Taxi-Driver Playwright

To New Masses: In the article, "Radio Covers the News," (New Masses, October 11), George Scott writes: "Because of this situation Columbia signed up Maurice Hindus . . . Vincent Sheean . . . and, in addition to the usual 'experts,' presented men like Herbert Hodge, a London taxi driver, who made one of the most accurate analyses of the Czech sellout yet to be heard. Broadcasts such as that by Hodge were especially significant in America because of the fact that Britishers were not allowed to hear them." This statement about Hodge is correct as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

It is no accident that out of the many millions in London Edward Murrow, Columbia Broadcasting European representative, chose this "taxi driver," Herbert Hodge, to comment on European developments. Nor was it an accident that Hodge's analysis proved to be brilliantly correct.

Hodge is not only a taxi driver. He is in addition a man of letters.

A brief resume is in order.

Hodge is about thirty-eight. For years he has done night hacking. Also, off and on he had written for years, but with little success. About two years ago he heard about Unity Theatre—London's only and very vital left-wing theater. He joined. He was not sure in what capacity he wanted to work—all he was certain about was his necessity to be part of a left-wing social theater. Under John Allen's (founder and then managing director of Unity Theatre) intelligent and sensitive guidance Herbert Hodge began writing plays. His first, in collaboration, was a forty-five-minute play, *The Bomb*. It was a robustious, audacious, and imaginative social farce, and it proved to be a sensation. The lord chamberlain banned it. But since the lord chamberlain's censorship can apply only to public performances and since Unity Theatre was a private subscription theater, the play could still go on. The play had a very long run and has since been performed hundreds of times throughout England. *The Bomb* has also been published.

Soon after he wrote, and Unity Theatre produced, *Cannibal Carnival*. *Cannibal Carnival* is a magnificent social satire, a play done in bold, broad, cartoonish strokes. It is swaggering and vital and daring. The play was very successful in London and has since been produced in America. (New Theatre League handles the play in America.)

Since then Hodge has written an autobiography scheduled for London publication this fall, has delivered a series of radio talks, and does a weekly page of cinema criticism. When I last saw him in London, July of this year, he was about ready to begin another play—a social satire which promises to be more biting than the last.

Berchtesgaden-Godesberg-Munich did not achieve peace. Another European crisis (but this time let us be ready and let there not be a betrayal) will come shortly. The English air waves may be censored and the English may be denied the privilege of hearing a Herbert Hodge, but we in America will hear him and will do well to listen carefully to his analysis.

Barrie Stavis.

New York City.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Songs Before Sunset

London.

LOUIS MACNEICE'S third book of poems, published over here under the title of *The Earth Compels,* is the best thing produced so far by this perverse, lonely, and appealing talent. MacNeice has written three books of verse; a satirical play in prose and verse, *Out of the Picture;* a translation of the *Agamemnon;* and, in collaboration with W. H. Auden, *Letters from Iceland.* He has been whooped up in England, by critics whose idea of their job is to use one poet as a stick to beat the others with, as the bright hope of the individualists, as the chap who is showing the so-called "Communist group" of poets where they and their "propaganda" get off. None the less, MacNeice is an admirable poet—one of the best we have.

In his "Eclogue from Iceland," printed here, there occurs the following passage:

I come from an island, Ireland, a nation
Built upon violence and morose vendettas.
My diehard countrymen like drayhorses
Drag their ruin behind them
Shooting straight in the cause of crooked thinking
Their greed is sugared with pretense of public spirit.
From all which I am an exile.

I am inclined to believe that MacNeice cannot altogether be acquitted from this charge of crooked thinking himself; and he certainly has his countrymen's knack of shooting straight; his verse, moody, morose at times, brilliantly vivacious at others, is consistently honest and seldom fails to hit the mark. It is often superficial, in the sense that an intelligent tourist's view of a country is superficial, picking out the high lights with trained sharpness and not pretending to get much beneath the surface. Describing the Outer Hebrides, he writes:

On those islands
The tethered cow grazes among the orchises
And figures in blue calico turn by hand
The ground beyond the plough, and the bus, not stopping,
Drops a parcel for the lonely household
Where men remembering stories of eviction
Are glad to have their land though mainly stones—
The honored bones which still can hoist a body.

There is nothing material here which a trained poet's eye and a good guidebook could not give you. At the same time, it avoids the easy sentimentality and the impertinent familiarity with which such a scene is apt to afflict the town-bred poet. MacNeice knows he is a stranger here: he recognizes that here "There is still peace though not for me and

John Heliker

not perhaps for long." Throughout his verse we are constantly aware of a conflict between his deep sense of exile and a certain gay tripperishness which makes the exile more than half tolerable.

In his earlier work MacNeice professed his individualism with a too conscious defiance; now, however, it has sobered down into "Our mild bravado in the face of time." The keynote of *The Earth Compels* is loneliness. It is not merely the personal loneliness evident in the love poems:

Dial her number,
None will reply;
In the shriveled world
There is only I;

It is also the loneliness of the townsman regretting "those islands where a few surnames cover a host of people and the art of being a stranger with your neighbor has still to be imported." The loneliness of the young intellectual of the middle classes, the flat-dweller, the man without working contacts, on whom society has gone bad:

Here in Hampstead I sit late
Nights which no one shares and wait
For the phone to ring or for
Unknown angels at the door;

For the litany of doubt
From these walls comes breathing out
Till the room becomes a pit
Humming with the fear of it

With the fear of loneliness
And uncommunicableness;
All the wires are cut, my friends
Live beyond the severed ends.

We could, no doubt, tell him the way to end this solitude. But there are a number of such exiles in our towns, and they need their poet.

"Eclogue from Iceland" is in many ways the best and most revealing poem in the book. A conversation between two modern travelers and the ghost of Grettir, a saga hero, it draws interesting comparisons between the two worlds and a truthful moral. Grettir, too, was an exile in his time. "And what have you found in Iceland?" he asks the travelers. They reply, "What have we found? More copy, more surface, Vignettes as they call them, dead flowers in an album." This masochistic, self-deprecating note crops up frequently in the poems (it was even more evident in his travel book, *I Crossed the Minch*) and is only one of the many indications that he realizes perfectly well the decay of his class. But, unlike many of his contemporaries, he makes no move to leave the sinking ship: the line spoken by Grettir is MacNeice's signature-tune: "I was the doomed tough, disaster kept me witty." His poetry, there is no doubt about it, does really thrive on disaster at present: it is a genuine poetry of decadence, for all its robust and colorful exterior, a poetry whose senses are sharpened by the imminence of doom, not paralyzed, whose fiber has a certain stoic stiffening that is by no means to be despised. There is a sardonic ring even beneath his occasional bursts of self-pity, which sometimes gives to his verse an inverted sentimentality of the stiff-upper-lip kind, but is for the most part very pleasing.

Like so many poets of today, MacNeice is most successful when he writes of this imminent disaster from an oblique and highly personal angle. That lovely poem, "June Thunder," has this stanza:

Blackness at half-past eight, the night's precursor,
Clouds like falling masonry and lightning's lavish
Annunciation, the sword of the mad archangel
Flashed from the scabbard.

The poem celebrates the transition from youthful love and "All the flare and gusto of the unenduring Joys of a season" to "the maturer mood" and loneliness. The wider disaster is faintly but noticeably adumbrated in lines which at first seem to hold nothing but the sense of personal loss. One cannot be alive in Europe in October 1938 and not see a more than personal application in that magnificent pictorial image, "Clouds like falling masonry."

The stanza I have quoted is worth examining, too, for the light it throws upon MacNeice's technique. First, like several other poems in this book, it is written in a free adaptation of the classical Sapphic meter: MacNeice uses a variety of meters, but seems more at ease with the freer than the rigid ones. Secondly, his images here are more closely related than is usual in his work: he has not yet fully mastered the art of integrating his images, and in consequence he is seen at his best in the longer, looser line where the images can have more play and the lack of intensity is not so noticeable. He has experimented a certain amount with internal rhymes and assonances; but I am doubtful whether such rhyming adds intensity to the stanza unless it is organized in a recurrent pattern; he seems to throw in his internal rhymes rather irregularly, so that, while each one may make its point, the verse texture is not at all tightened up by them. It is difficult to be sure of this, however, without hearing the poem read aloud.

I have referred to the "pictorial" quality of the clouds image. I may be wrong in thinking that thunderclouds look even more like "falling masonry" in certain oil paintings than they do in real life; and I daresay there is a bombing implication in the image as well: but again and again MacNeice's images look to me as if they had been seen first by a painter's eye. This is not to doubt their originality, their accuracy, their refreshing sharpness; this poet's visual sense, like that of most highly civilized people, is well ahead of his other senses. Here are three more quotations which should show this quality in his imagery, and also its attractive naivete:

The great cranks rise and fall, repeat,
The great cranks plod with their Assyrian feet . . .

While over the street in the centrally heated public
Library dwindling figures with sloping shoulders
And hands in pockets, weighted in the boots like
chess-men,
Stare at the printed
Columns of ads, the quickest road to riches . . .

Further out on the coast the lighthouse moves its
Arms of light through the fog that wads our
welfare,
Moves its arms like a giant at Swedish drill whose
Mind is a vacuum.

MacNeice is without doubt an original poet technically. At the same time his publishers go a bit beyond the mark when they claim that "he is one of the few poets today none of whose poems could have been written by anyone else." A great deal of his verse is far more colloquial than most of the extracts I have quoted so far. And it is a colloquialness which reminds me of a poet with whom he might not at all like to be associated, Walt Whitman. Shut your eyes, open them again, and say who wrote these two passages:

With all this clamor for progress
This hammering out of new phases and gadgets,
new trinkets and phrases
I prefer the automatic, the reflex, the cliche of
velvet.
The foreseen smile, sexual, maternal, or hail-fellow-
well-met
The cat's fur sparking under your hand
And the indolent delicacy of your hand . . .

O the self-abnegation of Buddha
The belief that is disbelieving
The denial of chiaroscuro
Not giving a damn for existence!

They are both written by MacNeice. The matter is MacNeice's; but the manner is Whitman. Again, though its material could not have come from any but a twentieth-century poet, and perhaps from none of these but MacNeice, the manner of his poem "Iceland" calls to mind the manner of William Morris' fine and almost forgotten poem, "Iceland First Seen."

The essence of MacNeice's style, in his more loosely organized poems at least, is a kind of chattiness. This both gives his poems their special appeal and ensures that this appeal shall be limited. For the barrier between classes in England is nowhere so evident as in their talk: the conversation of the intelligentsia is highly allusive, and so is the conversation of the working class; but the experience of the two classes is so utterly different that the allusiveness of the one is Double Dutch to the other. MacNeice is not, of course, the only poet in England to be affected by the several languages at present spoken there. It is the first and worst obstacle that even the most revolutionary and politically active middle-class poet comes up against. But when to the handicap of language there is added a professed, fatalistic individualism, a whole attitude of mind summed up in the lines:

Minute your gesture but it must be made—
Your hazard, your act of defiance, and hymn of
hate,
Hatred of hatred, assertion of human values,
Which is now your only duty.

Ruben Perez

—an attitude very far indeed from despicable yet absolutely alien to all but his few fellow-exiles, how can the poet's duty find its proper sphere?

And, while we are asking rhetorical questions, what would the world's workers make of so gay, simple, catchy a poem even as MacNeice's "Bagpipe Music," which opens:

It's no go the merrygoround, it's no go the rick-
shaw,
All we want is a limousine and a ticket for the
peepshow.
Their knickers are made of crepe-de-chine, their
shoes are made of python,
Their halls are lined with tiger rugs and their
walls with heads of bison.

John MacDonald found a corpse, put it under the
sofa,
Waited till it came to life and hit it with a poker,
Sold its eyes for souvenirs, sold its blood for
whiskey,
Kept its bones for dumbbells to use when he was
fifty.

And when, we may add, will the world's workers produce a poet who can give such sparkle to their own themes?

C. Day Lewis.

"Scientific Humanism"

Science for the Citizen, *by Lancelot Hogben. Illustrated by J. F. Horrabin. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.*

Professor Hogben, primarily a social biologist, is against ignorance, war, capitalism, fascism, and also Marxism. He is for the utilization of extant technical knowledge, and the abundant life. Like H. G. Wells, he believes that education will save the world, and he calls the 1,082 pages, 500,000 words, and 480 illustrations which compose *Science for the Citizen* "the second of the primers for the age of plenty." The first was his *Mathematics for the Million.*

He also calls it "a self-educator based on the social background of scientific discovery." By this he means that the scientifically illiterate may acquire more readily more effective knowledge of the natural sciences when these are elucidated by one who is mindful of Francis Bacon's preference (which Hogben quotes opposite the title page) for "such philosophy as shall not vanish in the fume of subtile, sublime, or delectable speculation but shall be operative to the endowment and betterment of man's life."

In his foreword, which he calls his "confessions," Hogben says that *Science for the Citizen* is "the first handbook to Scientific Humanism" and that he has written it for two kinds of people: first, "the large and growing number of intelligent adults who realize that the *Impact of Science on Society* is now the focus of genuinely constructive

Ruben Perez

social effort" (the capitals and italics are Hogben's), and second, for the large and growing number of adolescents who realize that they will be the first victims of "science misapplied."

It is "Scientific Humanism," then, to which Hogben would introduce us and in support of which he produces his "primers." What is it? It is not very clear to Hogben so I will state it for him, employing many of his own phrases. I hope he will show his gratitude by renouncing such pernicious vapidity. Scientific Humanism is this:

The concepts of class struggle and dictatorship of the proletariat are descriptions of dominant tendencies in the first phase of power production, when steam was replacing water power, and are obsolete in an era of hydroelectric power, light metals, internal combustion engines, radio, aviation, artificial fertilizers, and applied genetics. This is not the age of pamphleteers but of engineers, and the spark gap is mightier than the pen. As Alfred Bingham says in *Insurgent America,* a new type of skilled and administrative employee has steadily increased in proportion to laborers who perform heavy unskilled work. The engineer and the highly trained worker constitute a new social group. (An aside, in a whisper: This is the middle class, Lancelot, not a new social group.) It is this "new social group" which must organize the use of technology for a rational cooperation between citizens, for the establishment of a new orientation of educational values, and of new qualifications for civic responsibilities, and for the creation of leisure and abundance. The nationalization of present industries, almost all of which will be supplanted in the course of time, is not as important as the socialization of industries not yet born. National self-sufficiency is not necessarily bad. Cooperative organization can restore the serenity of small community life and promote a lively sympathy with folk who live in other lands.

It is perhaps superfluous to observe that Professor Hogben does not tell *how* the devout wishes of Scientific Humanism are to be consummated.

Such political futility is probably a rationalization of Hogben's disinclination to accept the one tested method for effecting social change in the present era. It would be a mistake, however, to argue that *Science for the Citizen* is merely a part of a systematization of a compensatory delusion called Hogben's Scientific Humanism. It is true that the grandiose plan of the book is suspiciously like commercialism, that the chapter heads and sub-heads are grandiloquent, and that the examples which the reader is invited to solve are sheer swank and commercialized pedantry (many of them require several hours and are beyond anyone who has not kept his college mathematics in use). Professor Hogben is politically uneducated and irresponsible, but he is also a powerful propagandist for the important view that science is the result of social needs and not the outcome of personal idiosyncrasy fostered by disinterested patrons.

I have said that the plan of his book is grandiose, which implies that it is impractical. One might have expected that Hogben would write, after *Mathematics for the Million,* a similar work on physics, or chemistry, or physics and chemistry, and followed that with books on the other disciplines. He might then have essayed a synthesis in one volume that would, simultaneously, define the major scientific principles in all fields, explain the reasoning upon which they are based, and orient them in the social fabrics of their origin and use.

By electing to write the synthesis so soon Hogben has deprived himself of an opportunity to acquire a pedagogical skill adequate to the cognitive and conative demands of such a work as he intended *Science for the Citizen* to be. His fatal haste indicates more of an interest in some private concern of his own—commercial, egoistical, or delusional—than in the needs of his audience. It has obliged him to strive more for bulk than for quality. Quite a bit of *Mathematics for the Million,* including a score of the illustrations, has been duplicated, and Hogben's *Retreat from Reason* has been reprinted piecemeal, as have passages and quotations from his earlier books, notably *The Nature of Living Matter* and *Genetic Principles in Medicine and Social Science.* There is extensive quotation from many authors. The labor of digestion is left for the reader.

This is not to say that Hogben has worked without plan. He has not, he says, "adopted the customary division of science into separate disciplines, such as chemistry or biology. The topics dealt with will be grouped under six main themes: the story of man's conquest of time reckoning and earth measurement, of material substitutes, of new power resources, of disease, of hunger, and of behavior." It will be noted that the sequence in which these themes are mentioned is the chronological order in which man's intelligence grappled with them. There is much to be said, pedagogically, for the idea that such an arrangement accelerates the acquisition of scientific knowledge by the contemporary mind. Moreover, it facilitates the accomplishment of Hogben's purpose: the identification of scientific discoveries by the social milieu and events which gave rise to them.


Soriano

Hogben is properly impressed with the idea that when man began to herd animals instead of hunting them, and began to plant instead of wandering from place to place where edible plants happened to be, the need arose for measuring the passage of the seasons, and later for measuring the earth. Hogben, and J. F. Horrabin, his collaborator-illustrator, are most effective when they deploy the obelisks, pyramids, pillars, and temples of past civilizations in an exposition of how astronomical phenomena enable man to orient himself in relation to space and time. Astronomy and physics, the former very early and the latter comparatively late, were the first thoroughfares down which man stumbled toward the present vast edifice of compartmentalized knowledge.

The first part of *Science for the Citizen* is called "The Conquest of Time Reckoning and Space Measurement" and consists of 341 pages and 216 illustrations, divided into six chapters. It is devoted to explanations of the laws covering the rotation of the earth, the phases of the moon, the earth's revolution around the sun, and interrelated phenomena, and the bearing of all this upon the measurement of time and the determination of distance and direction. Applications of the resulting knowledge to navigation are discussed at length and aptly illustrated.

As Hogben shows, the time and space orientation of man was the great contribution of a strictly agrarian economy. The stability which this orientation at first ensured, and the mobility which it later fostered, enabled men to concentrate their attention upon problems inherent in the performance of physical work. The knowledge resulting therefrom, subsequently classified as physics, is treated in the latter portion of the long first part of *Science for the Citizen,* in which such fundamental concepts as weight, mass, motion, gravitation, the laws of optics, and the nature of sound and light are discussed.

Mining was an important part of that vast social and economic activity of the sixteenth century which is characterized today as a struggle to supplant with free markets the rigid feudal delimitations of trade. Problems encountered by workers in the mines—the raising of large volumes of heavy materials to the surface of the earth and the "noxious fumes" beneath the ground—led to the practical application of physical laws, i.e., to mechanics, and to chemistry. The second part of *Science for the Citizen,* entitled "The Quest for Substitutes" and consisting of 187 pages and fifty-one illustrations, is devoted to explanations of hydraulics, vacuum pumps, elasticity, cohesion, heat, the conservation of matter, combustion, the structure and classification of materials, quantitative analysis, Dalton's atomic hypothesis, Avogadro's hypothesis, molecular weight, density, electroly-

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of NEW MASSES, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Willner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Weekly Masses Co., Inc., publishers of New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publishers, Weekly Masses Co., Inc., 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Editor, Herman Michelson, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Managing Editor, Herman Michelson, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C. Businss Manager, George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: Weekly Masses Co., Inc., 31 East 27th Street, N. Y. C.; George Willner, 31 East 27th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE WILLNER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1938.

Evelyn Cooper, Notary Public.

My commission expires March 30, 1939.

sis, osmosis, and, in extensive detail, to the hydrocarbons.

The third part, entitled "The Conquest of Power," contains 224 pages and 114 illustrations. Of these, 140 pages and eighty illustrations are devoted to electricity and magnetism. The remainder deal with the steam engine, the perfection of the thermometer, various aspects of the weather, the utilization of glass, the establishment of the mechanical equivalent of heat, thermodynamics, and kinetic energy.

In Part Four Hogben is on his own home ground but is the most chaotic. He calls this section "The Conquest of Hunger and Disease." It contains six chapters and 234 pages and eighty-six illustrations. It discusses plagues, sanitation, Harvey's great synthesis and medicine (only thirty-three pages), crop rotation, botany, biology, cytology, the protozoa, Pasteur, fermentation, the overthrow of the idea of spontaneous generation, immunization, the nitrogen cycle, plant growth, carbon accumulation, human digestion, vitamins, evolution, geological succession, and genetics. In that order.

The fifth and last part is entitled "The Conquest of Behavior." It consists of only sixty-one pages and thirteen illustrations. It deals with the physiology of the nervous system, reflex arcs, sensations, a little about the learning process, and some sound remarks on eugenics. The various schools of psychology are not discussed.

Then comes the epilogue of fourteen pages in which Hogben abjures Marxism and plugs for Scientific Humanism.

In a work of such scope it is inevitable that different readers will regret different omissions. For my part I think Hogben should have paid much more attention to atomic physics, to radiation, aviation, photo-electric effects and vacuum tubes, television, agrobiology, endocrinology, and to medicine and psychology.

It is difficult to appraise a book of this sort. Most of the reviewers will avoid any attempt to do so and will give the tin pan of the publisher's ballyhoo a confirmatory whack. The people who bought *Mathematics for the Million* and never read it will buy again. It is soothing to have such books around the house, and there is always the chance that a child will find them and have his whole life changed thereby. But that *Science for the Citizen* will more than cursorily affect the scientific illiteracy of any considerable section of the population is dubious. I venture to remark that this is largely due to the political weakness of the author, and to those personal foibles from which he would be free did he not repudiate the inescapable political corollary of his main thesis.

It is imperative to add, however, that *Science for the Citizen* is a valuable compendium of unusually useful information. There is no person now living who cannot learn something from it. I know of no other book which assembles so many examples of the social origin of scientific thought. To many cultivated readers, who have been insensitive to the effects of society upon themselves and their ideas, it will undoubtedly reveal some of the economic facts of life. Persons other than Hogben must carry them on from there.

HENRY HART.

Revolutionary Artists

THE PAINTING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, *by Milton W. Brown, Critics Group Series No. 8. 50 cents.*

A MOST glorious page in cultural history was written by the artists of the French Revolution. They suffered the miseries of the revolution and the wars of intervention; yet not a single artist of merit followed his patrons in their emigrations. Like the artists of Spain today, they joyfully hailed the birth of freedom, and undertook to preserve and make public the great works of the past, to give free art-instruction, and to devote their talents towards making a weapon for the revolution out of their art. David, Robespierre's friend, was their indisputable leader. For too long posterity has known him as an opportunist, a coward, or a tyrant, but today we are realizing that our revolutionary ancestors either have been adopted by the reactionaries for our own confoundment, or so blackened that we ourselves have repudiated them. We have had to snatch Jefferson from Tammany Hall, Lincoln from the Liberty League, Robespierre from the Devil, and now David from the Academy.

Milton Brown, in his essay *The Painting of the French Revolution,* introduces his subject by analyzing the various artistic tendencies of the eighteenth century—rococo, *la grande manière,* genre, and classicism—as expressions of class tendencies. The body of his book is devoted to several exciting chapters on the position of the artist in the revolution, the esthetics and criticism of the period, and the character of the painting of the revolution. This essay is a remarkable piece of work in many respects: remarkable for its excellences, its scholarship, its penetrating analyses, and its richness, but also remarkable that it can be so fine a piece of work in spite of its flaws. There can be no question that the author intends to present a Marxist analysis of his study, yet too frequently he allows himself luxuries in a field where he is not a master, and wanders from the discipline of dialectic materialism. There are frequent unnecessary generalizations, such as "Doing, which is essentially the materialization of thinking . . . ," which give his analyses an unfortunate idealistic framework. These generalizations are caused by a laudable desire to search out prime factors. However, instead of appreciating them as factors, the author makes independent entities of them. In his last chapter, he states, "The art of the French Revolution was a sort of synchronization of the various social, economic, cultural, and esthetic currents. . . ."

Yet, I am certain, it is not his understanding that cultural and economic currents are independents to be synchronized with one another.

It would be a great mistake to lay undue emphasis upon Brown's idealistic errors. The entire conception of the study—an interpretation of art in terms of class forces—is Marxist. The author is a young scholar, and as he matures we can expect a deeper understanding of Marxism. In his *Marxist Approach to Art* (Dialectics, No. 2) written after the present work, there is a much more consistent Marxist approach.

Brown devotes much of his essay to a consideration of the esthetics of the period, and shows how the very foundations of bourgeois society prevent an adequate solution of the problems raised during the revolution. Liberty, the great slogan of the revolution, became a source of controversy. The active revolutionists found liberty in service to the revolution. To David there was no conflict between freedom and utility. To him, liberty meant furthering the revolution. To many, however, liberty meant freedom to paint as they chose. "The characteristic of genius is independence" and "artists are free in essence" was their position. This controversy of liberty versus utility can give us much insight into our own variation of art versus propaganda.

The great contributions to painting, it is important to know, were made by the revolutionary artists for whom this problem did not exist. David is slowly gaining recognition as the giant he really was during the revolutionary period. His *Oath of the Horatii,* the *Death of Marat,* the *Death of Lepelletier,* and the *La Maraichère* (probably also by David) are indisputable masterpieces which in their time were the cause of public demonstrations. No artist since has painted so powerful a figure as *La Maraichère,* the woman of the people. Here is a portrait filled with the assurance, the nobility, purposefulness, and ruggedness of the revolution. Here, in this simple portrait is expressed the strength of the revolution.

The great significance of this study of French Revolutionary painting is that it is the first study in English where an entire period in all its complexity is sincerely studied, with an effort at understanding the character of

Charles Martin

Charles Martin

the period and its art. In practically every other lengthy study, the authors do violence to their subject in order to make it fit some preconceived notion of what a Marxist interpretation of the period should be. Brown, however, goes to the richness of the source material, studies the painting with the insight of the scholar and artist, and thus can make a most stimulating and valuable contribution to the understanding of an important period in history.

The book is well illustrated, and the Critics Group should be complimented for making it possible to obtain such a volume at so low a cost.

MARGARET DUROC.

London Tower

THE MONUMENT, *by Pamela Hansford Johnson. Carrick & Evans. $2.50.*

It is heartening to see writers whose delicate talents would once have confined them to the portrayal of small psychological intricacies now attempting to move in a larger world. Increasingly, the sensitive mind turns not inward but outward. It is tortured not so much by personal conflict as by events in Spain and Czechoslovakia, and it has been forced to realize that inner problems are world disturbances seen through the wrong end of the telescope. I should say that a writer like Pamela Hansford Johnson would, ten years ago, have been smoothly turning out stories only a few levels above women's-magazine fiction. Now she has written two novels transcending her present ability in their honest recognition of the forces which mold and move her harried people.

In her former book, *World's End,* Miss Johnson wrote a sentimental but moving account of a young English working couple whose love was destroyed by fear and insecurity. In *The Monument,* she extends her scope, with an unfortunate loss of the poignancy which the very simpleness of *World's End* achieved. For while the author's emotional sympathies and convictions are wholly right and true, there is no gain in intellectual grasp to fit her for a larger field. *The Monument* is diffuse, often merely slick in its always competent narrative: it never gathers itself together to make a whole.

In the book are four people living in contemporary London. A wealthy Jew and his son, Rafael, refined dilettantes in living, desirous only of personal escape and peace, refuse to take sides, even as they see the tides of anti-Semitism sweeping upon them, for at the moment money can buy them aloofness from the battle. Contrasted to these is Albert, the clerk, for whom any private life at all is made impossible by harrowing economic responsibilities. There is Mrs. Sellars, a lifelong worker in the Labor Party, to whom a temporary release from insecurity means an opportunity for more devoted work in the movement. And finally, Mary Captor, a successful young novelist, whose marriage to Rafael brings tired flight from the demands of a confused parlor Socialism.

While all these are clearly symbols of ideas, the ideas themselves fail to jell. The book deteriorates for pages on end into a finicking insistence on insignificant detail, into merely superficial story telling. On one hand is political emotion, on the other "human interest," and the two never quite fuse. It is as if clarity in social thinking were inimical to creation instead of its nourisher.

The reader cannot help feeling that the author is often in the same position she attributes to her novelist who abandons direct propaganda for a theme "sociological but nonpolitical" with relief, for "she had not the knowledge and courage to plow further on towards the goal she had chosen." This fear of coming to grips with her own implications means that the writer cannot make her points within the framework of her story but is driven to such wooden devices as making them through a mystic voice from "the monument," the ivory tower, which at last decides that one must descend into the street and beat one's pen into a plowshare. But this transformation must be guided by rigorous thought as well as by a generalized good will which reiterates the axioms of progressive movements. Theory is also an instrument of passion, for without it such writing as this loses in impetus and warmth and is overwhelmed by the very mechanization the avoiders of theory fear.

MARJORIE BRACE.

★

Brief Review

DYNASTY OF DEATH, *by Taylor Caldwell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.75.*

This novel offers a realistic if not very new picture of the growth and operation of a munitions firm from 1837 to just before the World War. It is all there: the war propaganda, treason, international intrigue, buying of public opinion, business unscrupulousness, monopoly, labor oppression—everything, in short, that has been turned up in congressional investigations and publicized in books like *Merchants of Death.* And these particulars are presented credibly and, on the whole, forcefully.

The trouble is, the author has all but smothered his story with a "plot" fantasy involving some thirty-five members of the dynasty's families, practically all of whom marry their cousins. They wrangle continually: the cynics fight the idealists, the philistines battle the poets, and ambition triumphs over true love. They also clench their fists, turn white with anger (or jealousy or terror), utter death-bed curses, and slap faces, until you begin to wonder whether more aspirin isn't the best solution for the munitions problem.

Ernest Barbour, the ruler and genius of the firm, is built up from a fairly plausible figure into a bogyman at which children would more likely laugh than quake. It is a pity that the author, who shows he is aware of his capitalist villains' readiness not only to kill people in wartime but to shoot them down on the picket line and let them die from the diseases of poverty, still presents little better motivation for their actions than one finds in the born-cussedness theory of old-fashioned moral melodramas.

BARBARA GILES.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

An American Document

BRINGING dance to the people in a completely concrete manner, NEW MASSES lifted the curtain on the 1938-39 dance season, presenting Martha Graham and her group to an overflowing Carnegie Hall in the brilliant *American Document,* the dancer's moving testimonial to the greatest of American traditions—democracy.

Presented first this past summer in the small Armory in Bennington, Vt., where a granite needle stands in memory of the Revolutionary battles fought in its hills, it came to a packed house and jammed aisles; and a people alive to the worldwide offensive of reaction against the simplest tenets of freedom, rose in ovation to a *Document* which opened with a reading of the Declaration of Independence, danced for the Emancipation Proclamation, and ended with a stirring appeal for a militant democracy to preserve and further its victories.

In form the composition remains, as it was in its Bennington presentation, an episodic theater piece built rather loosely along the lines of a minstrel show, the minstrel show, incidentally, from which "much that is typically American in mood and sentiment was precipitated" (Alain Locke—*The Negro and His Music).* Anita Alvarez and Thelma Babitz (two completely gratifying dancers) are the end-men; the interlocutor, Houseley Stevens, Jr., whose commentary weaves through the *Document,* keeps it knit, makes for immediate contact between dance and audience, a more immediate intelligibility. There are the "Walk Arounds" led by the "principals," Martha Graham and Erick Hawkins, sensitive solos and duets, and the chorus, executing its tense and vigorous group movements, led by Sophie Maslow.

But a surer knowledge of purpose has come to the composition, both in text and performance. Loose ends have been drawn in, the work is tighter, more firmly integrated. The opening *Declaration* (of Independence) remains unaltered but the "Indian Episode" with its poignant *Lament for the Land* takes on current significance, brings to mind migratory workers, the increasing ranks of the jobless—land becomes a symbol of security and the composition connects with the streams of refugees leaving their fascist-invaded lands and homes. The Indian Episode loses its nostalgia.

The "Puritan Episode" comes into its own. Originally a love duet and interlude, it becomes an integral section of the composition, gains depth and meaning as a manifestation of the rebellion of reason against the tyranny of the church of Cotton Mather.

"Emancipation Episode," built on Negro themes (musically and choreographically both), adds to it Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." To jubilee it brings the knowledge that the struggle for Negro liberation was (as is today the struggle for Negro rights) part and parcel of the constantly urgent struggle for democracy.

The climatic Declaration (of faith in the American people), originally a solo, now draws the whole cast into what amounts to a mass chant and call. Picking up from "After Piece 1938" with its jobless, its lack of security, its growing class-consciousness, and its will to democracy, the choreography takes on tone, climbs in its militant Declaration to a magnificent climax—compelling, demanding that the American people remember its tradition, collect its strength, remember that their country was conceived and molded in the struggle for democracy, that it carry forward.

A magnificent composition, *American Document* was magnificently performed. Martha Graham's dancing is legend; Erick Hawkins, and the dance group in its entirety, performed with its usual verve and precision. Houseley Stevens, Jr., did the interlocutor justice. Roy Green's music and the costumes by Edythe Gilfond were well done. The accompaniment by Louis Horst and Norman Lloyd was good.

John Heliker

It should be stated that an audience new to the dance medium must still have difficulties with the work of Graham, the spoken word more easily understood than the choreography —and theirs is not completely the fault. However, with *American Document,* dance moves a good step forward toward the whole people —this must be understood to appreciate fully Martha Graham's contribution to a people's art.

OWEN BURKE.

Hitchcock on a Train

AMONG the film makers of the pulp category (which began with *The Great Train Robbery* and might be illustrated this week with *Too Hot to Handle*), Alfred Hitchcock, the English director, is the only one who takes the primitive beauties of the chase, the locomotive, the beautiful-girl-in-danger—elements with which the commercial film was born—and adds to them a genuine esthetic subtlety and a gift for characterization. If Hitchcock had another sense to boot —a seventh sense of social forces, we would need wait no longer for the bourgeois film to come of age. To be sure there are some political notes in his new picture, *The Lady Vanishes,* but they are the conventional attitudes of conservative England and not basic to the plot. His little band of Englishmen and women, aboard an international train who protect a spy in their group from the agents of an anonymous Central European dictatorship, muddle it through rather than funking it out in the style of Smelly Neville.

The Lady Vanishes is in motion always; a train going somewhere, whistling and diving into tunnels, the cataract roars of the driving wheels and the percussion of clicking rails muffling conversation, people lurching through corridors and prattling small and big in the compartments—this is a situation anxious and expectant in itself. Hitchcock is fascinated with the enigma of trains — like Thomas Wolfe, who turned a rail journey into a wild ride down the stars. One of the greatest of Soviet Russia's dumbshows, Trauberg's *China Express,* builds upon the evocative flight of a trans-Asian train, with class conflicts and the fight of the Chinese against imperialism taking place upon the train as it hurtles along like the spinning earth itself. The train is a microcosm. The Locomotive God which horrifies William Ellery Leonard gives Alfred Hitchcock his headiest effects.

Hitchcock is the master of the spy story which, in *The Lady Vanishes,* he tells in the most tantalizing fashion since his own breathcatching *39 Steps.* The suspense is diminished, resolved, and then redoubled, under Hitchcock's skillful invention. He contrives brilliant film business; acute humorous bits which come solidly from the characterizations rather than from disembodied gags. He uses objects symbolically—a pair of glasses, a wrapper from a tea package—and the secret message that his spy is carrying is contained in a tune which gives the sound track a real role in the story. With Fritz Lang, Jean Renoir,

Give Hitchcock his train for the basic dynamic, give him his spies chasing and being chased, and he will add still another tantalizing element—the misunderstood protagonist who can't get his own allies to believe the danger that threatens all of them. The agonies while this poor person struggles against the incredulity of those who can help him is an additional suspense. Hitchcock's villains who are always trying to catch the English spy are also believable. In this picture Paul Lukas has the role. He introduces himself to the unsuspecting hero and heroine as a surgeon from Prague who once performed a miraculous brain operation on a British Cabinet Minister.

Aboard the train there are two English cricket fans, hurrying back to the All-Empire Matches. These gentlemen conduct their ostrich interchange about the crucial series in the midst of the most harrowing developments—symbols of the painfully normal Englishman who finds it very hard to believe the intrigues of the Continent. It takes a convincing bullet through the hand of one of this delicious pair to awaken them to action. A new juvenile, Michael Redgrave, comports himself ably in the role of a flip young folksong collector who comes to the aid of beautiful Margaret Lockwood, the bewildered girl-in-danger. Dame May Whitty is the spy who vanishes, and the usual superb support of a Hitchcock film comes from the others. It is stout Mr. Hitchcock's whimsical practice to sign his work with a brief personal appearance. If you will look quickly at the next-to-last scene, that of the arrival of the train, you'll see the great man himself, genuflecting to the lens.

THE OCCURENCES of *There Goes My Heart* were thought up by the noted newspaper oracle, Ed Sullivan, after a studious perusal of *It Happened One Night* and, one suspects, his own columns. Guess who the heiress falls in love with. Give up? A reporter who has been sent out to write a nasty story about her.

The question fondly posed in the fan gazettes—where are the stars of yesteryear?—is answered in *There Goes My Heart.* In addition to such adroit contemporaries as Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, and Patsy Kelly, the film gives us Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong, Irving Pichel, J. Farrell McDonald, and Harry Langdon. The soul struggles of an unhappy billionairess hardly wrench my heart of late, but the pill is coated with enough sugar to make it pass. For this, credit Fredric March, Patsy Kelly, and some old comic situations. JAMES DUGAN.

Hurricane On Broadway

MODERN critics sniff at melodrama. Your true-blue intellectual is supposed to scorn a play climaxed by violent events over which the characters themselves have no control. Now I hate to seem simple-minded, but the truth is a good rousing melodrama always has me sitting on the edge of my seat chewing my fingernails.

So I cheered all the way through the new WPA production, *Big Blow,* which winds up in the most terrifying hurricane I've seen in this or any other year on Broadway. The play, a dramatization of his own novel of the same name, by Theodore Pratt, is a tale of life among the Florida "crackers." *Big Blow* centers around an attempted lynching, a Holy Roller meeting, and the gentle love story of a Nebraska farm boy and a Florida orphan.

While the plot itself is necessarily violent, and sometimes progresses by a series of jumps, the drama is peopled with several well drawn and beautifully played characters. Amelia Romano, a strikingly lovely young woman, is easily the star of the production, with her gentle protrait of Celie Partin, the waif of the Florida lowlands. Doe Doe Green does a magnificent job with the Negro farmhand who escapes a lynch mob when the hurricane strikes the community.

Mr. Pratt, who had the difficult task of making his Florida "crackers" credible to Northern audiences, adds a series of interesting portraits of Southern farmhands, beaten by nature, ignorant, pitifully poor, easy victims for any vicious propaganda. In the memorable camp-meeting scene, his Holy Roller preacher plays on the need of these isolated farmers for excitement and happiness.

Big Blow will inevitably be compared to the famous *Tobacco Road.* Mr. Pratt's play is not so expert but it suggests, at least, that hope is not dead for the American "dark people." *Tobacco Road* is a story of complete depravity; Mr. Pratt's drama indicates that the Florida "cracker" is only human, that he feels sorrow, pity, and remorse.

Federal Theatre audiences are so accustomed to expert productions that they take them for granted. The WPA has done a magnificent job with *Big Blow.* The sets are more than good, they are excellent, the incidental music is provocative, the direction is notable.

Big Blow is a good show at any price. You can see it for a quarter, and don't miss it.

ALISON SKIPWORTH, whom I have always admired, opened last week in a sad affair called *Thirty Days Hath September.* It's a terrible play and not even Miss Skipworth can make it better. RUTH MCKENNEY.

NEW MASSES

51 East 27th Street, New York City • CAledonia 5-3076

October 13, 1938

Dear Reader:

I am the man with the job nobody covets; whom nobody loves. I am the man at whose desk there forms the endless line of creditors; to whom the editors say, each week: "But damn it, the magazine MUST come out THIS week!"

I am the business manager of NEW MASSES.

Remembering the repeated appeals NEW MASSES has made, you might ask why we continue the struggle . . . why not throw up our hands and admit we are licked?

Political reasons aside, for the moment, important as they are, we go on battling to publish the magazine because we cannot admit defeat when SO LITTLE stands between the present struggle and stability.

TO PUT NEW MASSES ON A FIRM FOOTING FOR THE NEXT YEAR WE NEED MERELY TWENTY THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

That's all . . . just twenty thousand. A number that would be of small matter to the business manager of one of the slick paper magazines who, with thousands of dollars at his command for promotion purposes could get twice that number, if it was a matter of life or death for the magazine, as it is for NEW MASSES.

My advertising appropriation is nil. Publicity channels, for obvious reasons, are closed. I have just one way of obtaining the twenty thousand new subscribers the magazine needs in order to continue publishing.

I have a list of present subscribers. The total is just about twenty thousand. I say to myself: "If EVERY current subscriber would get JUST ONE new subscriber . . . "

And this being the only way, I put the question to you. Shall NEW MASSES continue . . . yes, more than continue . . . shall NEW MASSES for the first time in its existence know that for at least a year its only problems are those concerned with improving the magazine . . . shall NEW MASSES for the first time in it's existence be able to avoid recurring financial crises and the resultant appeals to its readers?

Just ONE new subscription from you, multiplied by the number of other subscribers who are reading this letter, is your answer in the affirmative. Answer in the negative and you will be able to say, sorrowfully I am sure if the time should come, that you were in on the death of NEW MASSES.

There's a friend, relative, co-worker, fellow union member -- someone, by Heaven, whom you know and who should be reading NEW MASSES! Go to that person. Invite him to your home. Have tea with her, or beer with him. Speak about NEW MASSES. About subscribing. About what the magazine has meant to you. What it will mean to them. Above all . . . about subscribing.

My appeal is for at least ONE subscription. This ONE is essential. This ONE means, in the end, twenty thousand. And this, believe me, is needed to save NEW MASSES.

Sincerely yours,

George Willner

Business Manager