

THE GREAT JAN VALTIN HOAX *by Isidor Schneider*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

MARCH 4, 1941

CRISIS IN THE BALKANS

BULGARIA *by P. Goranov*

YUGOSLAVIA *by M. Pravditch*

Harry F. Ward DEBS, BOURNE AND REED

Censor over America

AN EDITORIAL

Corliss Lamont WHAT MAKES A RADICAL

Ruth Mc Kenney, William Z. Foster, Elizabeth G. Flynn, Beatrice Blosser

Between Ourselves

THE first article in Barbara Giles' series on the "defense" set-up in Washington has been completed and sent to the printer. NM is convinced that the series is one of the most important it has yet run, combining solid analysis with exposure. It deals particularly with government contracts which Miss Giles charges "are being made on terms and under conditions . . . which leaves the way wide open for scandals surpassing those of the World War." Moreover, in her investigations, Miss Giles discovered that a good portion of the dollar-a-year men represent corporations many of which still retain direct ties with Nazi Germany.

The series starts in NM next week. It is must reading for those who want to know what is going on in the nation's capital today. And appearing with it is the second article in A. B. Magil's study of the development of American democracy in relation to present and future problems. The first article, "The Crucible of Democracy," which appeared in the thirtieth anniversary issue, has evoked a great deal of comment from readers. For example, S. R. in Chicago wrote, "Mr. Magil's reappraisal has been particularly stimulating to a group of us out here who have been meeting weekly to study and discuss the history of this country. He has thrown much light on the meaning of the first days of our Republic—and we want him to carry forward his meaningful discussion of the change from a bourgeois to a bourgeois democratic revolution." The second article continues Mr. Magil's reply to those who seek to pervert the American tradition and frustrate the effort to fulfill the promise of American democracy. It deals specifically with the period of Andrew Jackson and the struggle against slavery culminating in the Civil War and the Reconstruction period.

NM has taken all the tickets for an early showing of the play which puts the most talked-of book of 1940 on the stage. Richard Wright's best-seller *Native Son* has now been dramatized by the talented author in collaboration with the Pulitzer Prize winner, Paul Green. Orson Welles is staging the play and producing it in conjunction with John Houseman. NM's theater party takes place on Friday evening, March 14, at the St. James Theater. You can get your tickets now—if you hurry—at NM's office, 461 Fourth Avenue, or at the theater's box office, or at the headquarters of the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade, 66 Fifth Ave.,

New York City. The tickets are priced at \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10, and eighty-three cents. We think that contributor Richard Wright's book will make the most distinguished play of the season.

Other events of interest to NM readers are coming thick and fast. Mike Gold's anniversary celebration, which Ruth McKenney hails in her column in this issue, commemorating the twenty-five years of Mike's literary activity in the labor movement, is particularly significant for NM. For during all the twenty-five years of his activity, Mike has been closely associated with the magazine which he edited, where *Jews Without Money* appeared serially, and to which he has contributed continually. It is with special pleasure that we congratulate Mike Gold and look forward to Sunday afternoon, March 2, when all of us will be at Manhattan Center to cheer him and to hear the other speakers—Earl Browder, Richard Wright, Louis Budenz, Ben Davis, Alan Max, and our own representative, editor Joseph North.

Speaking of anniversaries, a friend of NM sent us what he calls "a concrete testimony to my confidence in you" in the form of a \$100-contribution to the fund drive. And he adds, "To one who has been a reader of the *Masses* since its inception there was, not unnaturally, a nostalgic, though at the same time a very stirring quality, to your anniversary issue, bringing the old timers back to the scene with writings and drawings, many of which seemed created for today. Is it only a blue haze of distance that makes those days seem less fierce than these? At any rate, those days seemed fierce enough at the time, and when I contemplate the intensity and power of the forces against which the *Masses* has been fighting for thirty years, it seems almost incredible, and very cheering, that it has been able to keep up the fight so steadily. . . . New *Masses* of today seems to me to have vigor, force, courage, and confidence. And so hearty congratulations, and warmest good wishes, for more fruitful and effective years."

Joseph North, NM editor, will speak in Boston on Friday evening, March 7, at the Ritz Plaza, 218 Huntington Avenue, under the auspices of the Progressive Book Shop. His topic will be "Mexico, Key to the Continent." And contributor Theodore Dreiser will speak on March 1 at a luncheon given by the American Council on Soviet Relations at the Hotel Commodore, New

York City. His topic will be "American-Soviet Relations in the World Crisis." He will also appear at a big mass meeting at Manhattan Center Monday evening, March 3, on the same subject. Corliss Lamont will be chairman.

Who's Who

GORANOV is the pseudonym of a writer who was for a long time active in Bulgarian affairs. . . . He has been in this country for several years. . . . M. Pravditch is a Yugoslav journalist now living in the United States. . . . Ed Falkowski is a former Pennsylvania coal miner. . . . Dorothy Gies: "There is not a great deal to say. At the University of Michigan I won five Avery Hopwood awards in creative writing, including one for a novel which has been lying in the bottom of a trunk ever since. . . . I spent a year abroad on a fellowship (1937-38), mostly in London. Now I have a job in book publishing." . . . Genevieve Taggard has written several books. . . . Corliss Lamont is the author of *The Illusion of Immortality* and *You Might Like Socialism*. . . . Adam Lapin is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Isidor Schneider was formerly literary editor of NM and is the author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity*. . . . Isabel Cooper's art

reviews have appeared frequently in this magazine. . . . Joy Davidman often contributes poetry and reviews to NM. . . . Other articles by Lloyd E. Trent have been published by NM. . . . Lou Cooper is a young musician and composer.

Flashbacks

IF it will help any to give an idea of what the bill for World War II is going to be, we offer figures on World War I published by the United States government on March 1, 1918. This estimate, which had no reason to over-emphasize the size of the burden which war placed on the people, estimated that the total spent by all belligerents per day was \$116,700,000. This works out at a little over \$80,000 per minute. . . . In defeated, devastated France workers will note on February 27 that this day marks the fifth anniversary of the signing of the Franco-Soviet Pact which, had it not been betrayed by the French bourgeoisie, might well have meant peace and prosperity for France today. . . . And in these days of increasing fascist danger to the progressive movement in this country, it is well to recall the provocation used to suppress the Communist Party in Germany. On Feb. 27, 1933, the Reichstag was burned—by the Nazis.

THIS WEEK

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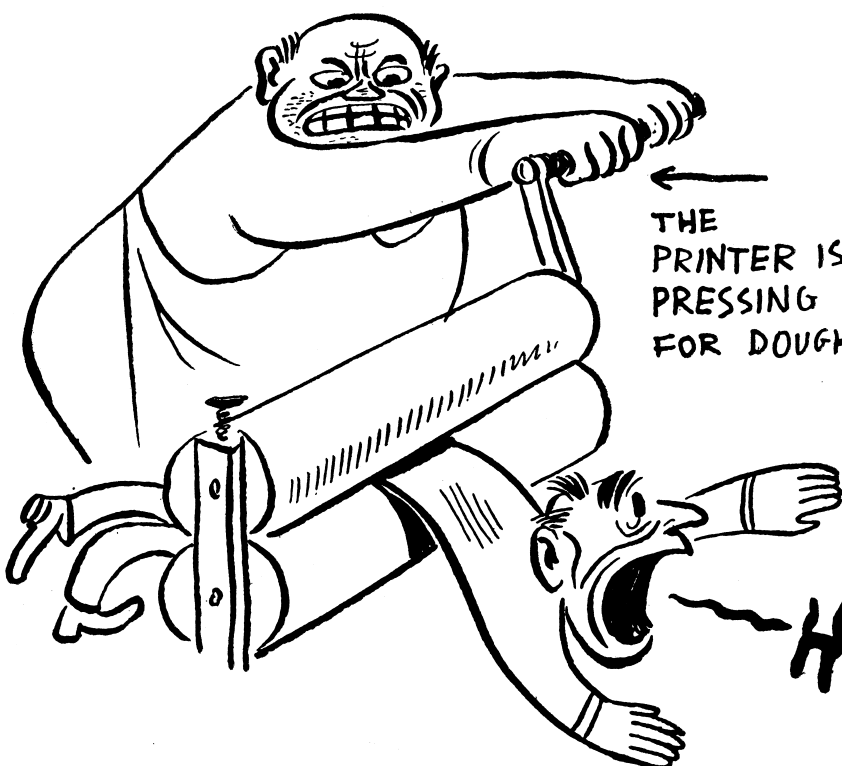
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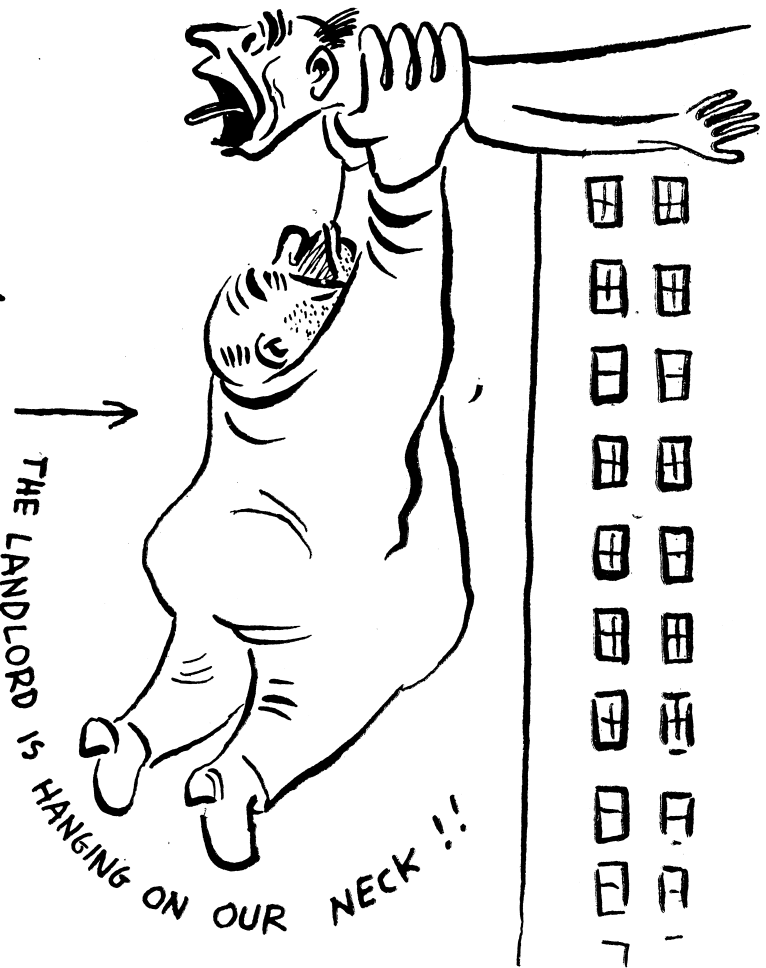
Dear Friends:-

I Ask You —
Why should I have to make an
appeal for mousy? huh?
I would much rather do a
cartoon on the week's important
news —

But look what stops me



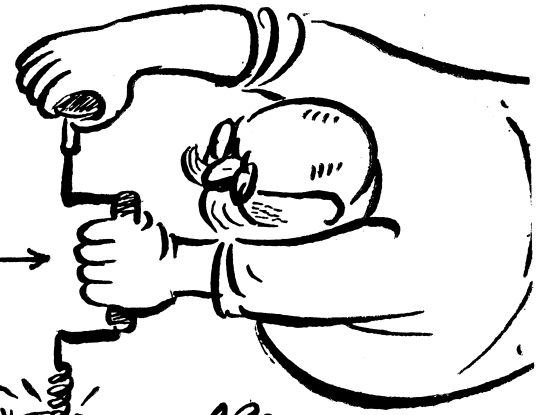
THE PRINTER IS PRESSING FOR DOUGH!



THE LANDLORD IS HANGING ON OUR NECK!!

HELP!

THE ENGRAVER IS DRIVING US NUTS



THE PAPER MILLS ARE TEARING THE PANTS OFF OF US



THE TELEPHONE THE LIGHTS AND THE BILLS WON'T WAIT!

For Pete's sake!
Tear off this
coupon and say,
"Keep your shirt
on boys! and
here's my dough for the

Thank

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Crisis in the Balkans

The world waits to see if Bulgaria and Yugoslavia will be drawn into the whirlpool of war. Their strategic and economic importance. The politics of the small states.

THE present crisis in the Balkans is only one phase of the world crisis brought about by the war. In themselves, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are not decisive countries, either from the point of view of their size, their resources, the technical level of their economy or their strategic position.

But at the present stage of the war, these two countries take on a real importance. From Britain's point of view nothing would be more desirable than a prolonged diversion of German strength and attention in southeastern Europe, even if the British know that they have not the armed forces, the allies, or the strategic position to open up a real eastern front in the near future. From the German point of view, it will be impossible to get into the Near East, so rich in war materials and so crucial in British imperial communications, unless the path is smoothed either through Yugoslavia or Bulgaria, or both.

The British are especially anxious to retain every possible foothold in this area, because among other things they have not given up the hope that a situation may be created which will provoke Soviet-German relations to a breaking point. The Germans on the other hand are compelled to reckon with the deep desire on the part of the Soviet Union to keep the war from her own borders and areas of strategic security. It is this element which modifies the whole character of the campaign that both belligerents are carrying forward, and makes it necessary for the Nazis to move with the utmost forethought and care. But apart from this factor, there is also another, namely the deep desire on the part of the Balkan peoples to keep the war out of their countries, a desire which coincides with the foreign policy of the USSR.

MOST PEOPLE do not realize that Bulgaria was the cockpit of several wars just prior to the World War. In fact, Bulgaria was the scene of an almost continual warfare from 1912 to 1919. In those forerunners to the world conflict, Bulgaria's rulers dreamed of liberating all Bulgarians from the Ottoman Sultanate and becoming, as in medieval times, the major force in the peninsula. But the actual outcome of the Balkan wars was quite different. Bulgaria aroused the Russian czar's anger when its armies threatened Constantinople. Whereupon, its allies turned around and took portions of Macedonia and Dobrudja for themselves. The desire for revenge against her neighbors, the resentment against the czar, and the Germanophile in-

In the Whirlpool

THE passage of another week has not altered the general estimate of NEW MASSES' editorial last week on the Balkan crisis. Things are moving, however, somewhat more slowly than had been expected. Information from Belgrade and Sofia continues to be very unreliable. One Associated Press dispatch spoke of the arrival of German officers in the Bulgarian capital, followed by the arrest of fifty agrarian leaders while students demonstrated against a Nazi occupation. But there was no other direct acknowledgement that "the southward movement" from Rumania of which Churchill spoke two weeks ago had actually begun. Yet it was possible to gauge the progress of the crisis from the intense diplomatic and military activity on Britain's part. No less a personage than Anthony Eden, the new foreign secretary, flew to the Near East, accompanied by no less a dignitary than Sir John Dill, chief of the Imperial Staff. The Turkish protestations of undying faith to the British alliance are intended to mollify British alarm over the pact with Bulgaria. They may also be in the nature of a last minute effort to strengthen the Greeks and delay the Nazis. The British are also reported to have occupied the island of Lemnos, which commands the approaches to Salonica and the Dardanelles, and there were reports of a British expeditionary force on its way to Greece. Yet we doubt that Churchill could accomplish more than another Gallipoli if he tried a serious and full-scale occupation of the Greek mainland.

The immediate struggle between the big imperialist powers is taking place over the Greek-Italian war. The British are trying to hold on to what they have; Mussolini is bringing up reinforcements for a renewed campaign in Albania while Hitler is trying to create a diplomatic relationship among Germany, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria such as would force the already divided Greek ruling class to come to terms. The Nazis hope to use the Greek naval and air bases to facilitate the bombardment of British positions in the Near East, and they are trying to isolate Turkey for the next stage in their campaign towards Suez.

Soviet policy, as we understand it, is exerting its full weight to keep the war from its own frontiers. This is the main factor which compels Herr Hitler to develop his position in southeastern Europe with utmost caution. But we do not believe that the British can exploit this factor to open up any sort of real war front around the Dardanelles.

fluence in the court of King Ferdinand of Coburg all impelled Bulgaria to join the war on Germany's side in 1915.

After three grueling years, 160,000 sons of Bulgaria lost their lives, and 200,000 were wounded—enormous figures for a nation of some 6,000,000 people. And when the peace of Neuilly was signed, Bulgaria's seaport on the Aegean Sea was given to Greece. Yugoslavia took part of Macedonia and Rumania's hold on Dobrudja was strengthened. On top of it all, the Bulgarians were saddled with impossible reparations—2,500,000,000 gold francs to be paid in thirty-seven years.

This debacle aroused deep popular resentment. And this resentment was naturally influenced by the success of the Bolshevik Revolution across the Black Sea. When Boris succeeded his father to the throne, it was a shaky throne indeed. And from then on, the revolutionary working class and the radical peasantry play a special and outstanding role in Bulgarian life. Most Bulgars make a living from the land, at least four out of every five. By contrast with Spain, the agrarian problem is not so much a question of the large landed estates versus the landless peasantry, for in the 19th century upheavals most of the estates were broken up. The fact is that there were 811,395 independent farms in the country in 1931. Only some 600 of these, occupying six percent of the arable land, might be called large estates. It is the *atomization* of the land which lies at the root of the peasant problem. The trend has been toward smaller and smaller farms which are more and more uneconomical to operate. The standard of living tends to decline and at least 200,000 people are compelled to work as an agricultural proletariat on farms which belong to others. This atomization of the land has also impeded the introduction of mechanized equipment. The great proportion of farmers work with the most rudimentary tools, and wooden plows are still common.

ALL THIS has been reflected in political life in the post-war upheaval. From 1920 to 1923 the Peasants Union held power under the colorful leadership of Alexander Stambouliisky. He was a peasant philosopher of the same type as Stephan Raditch in Yugoslavia. He explained most political problems in terms of the virtues of the countryside against the vices of the town and his movement was in essence a protest against the catastrophic leadership which the big-town bourgeoisie had brought upon the country.

But since the Peasants Union was torn between the influence of rich and poor peasants, it soon became an untrustworthy instrument against the rising pressure of the Bulgarian working class.

Unfortunately the young proletarian movement failed to take leadership over the radical peasantry. The result was that in June 1923 a university professor called Alexander Tsankoff was able to carry through a fascist putsch with the support of all bourgeois parties, including the Social Democrats. Stambouliisky was murdered and his peasant movement divided and brutally suppressed. When the working class realized its mistakes and endeavored to change the course of events by an uprising later in the year, it was also brutally suppressed. Tsankoff's name is associated in the minds of every Bulgarian with the most brutal terror. The Communist Party was outlawed and from twenty to thirty thousand individuals lost their lives in the savage terror.

The astonishing fact is that in the face of an eight-year repression, the working class retained and increased its strength. Although the Communists have never been legalized in Bulgaria since 1923 they continued to function within, and influence the Bulgarian Workers Party. By October 1932, deputies of this bloc controlled the municipal government of Sofia, among other cities, their votes having

outnumbered all other parties by ten to one. In 1923, the Communists were numbered 40,000 and gained a vote of 200,000, about one-fifth of the electorate. Nine years later, the Workers Party emerged from an unprecedented terror with a popular vote of 300,000.

This interlude in Bulgarian politics came to a close with another fascist putsch in May 1934 when the progressive deputies were ousted from the Sofia city government and Parliament dissolved. In the next sixteen months, the government changed hands five times and it is from this period that the increasingly personal rule of the king may be traced.

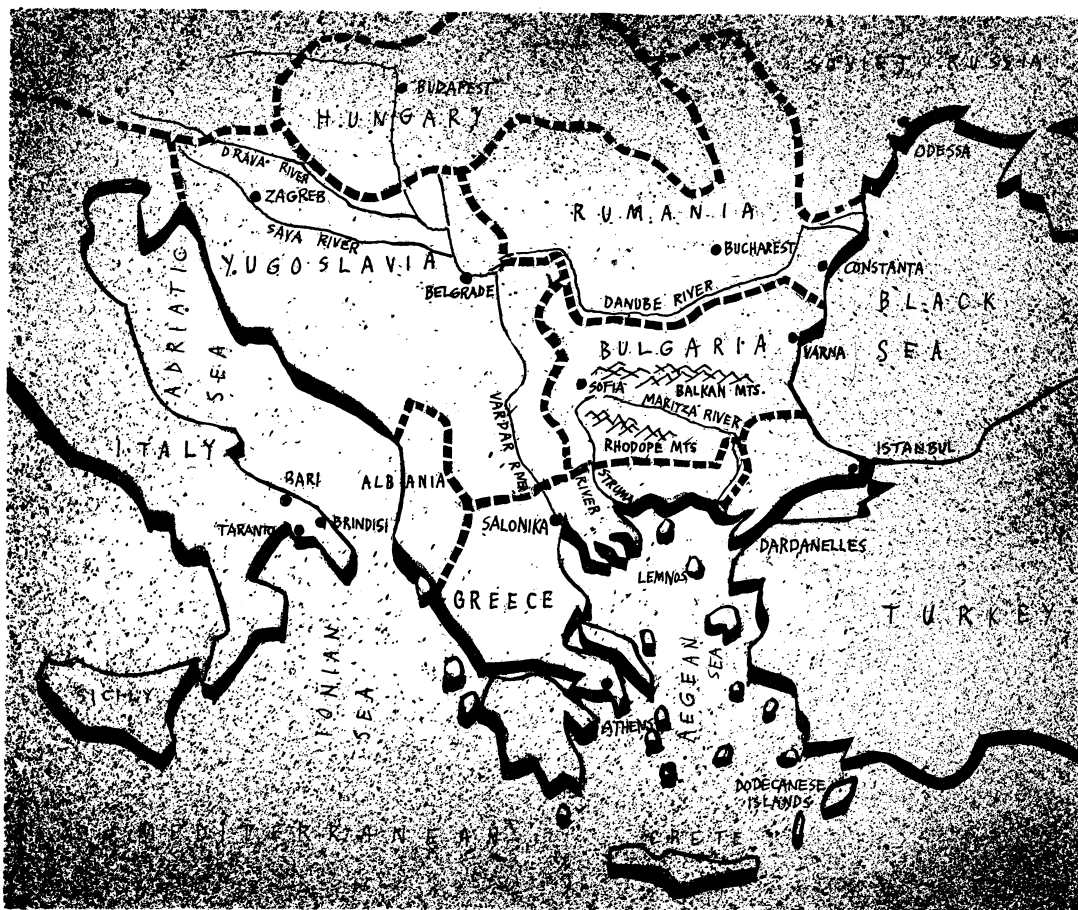
From this time onward the resurgence of German imperialism and the appeasement policies of Britain and France begin to overshadow the economic and political life of all the Balkan countries. Historically Bulgarian politics was influenced by the considerable British, Dutch, and French financial control, through state loans and investments. And after the war, although Bulgaria was a defeated power, British as well as American bankers invested heavily in the rehabilitation of the country. For example, in 1926 an Anglo-American loan was made to help Bulgaria resettle the refugees from those territories which had been turned over to Greece and Yugoslavia in the peace treaties. Perhaps

an even more striking indication of imperialist influence in Bulgaria is the proportion of foreign capital invested. In 1937, there were about a thousand limited liability corporations registered in the country with a paid up capital of almost 5,000,000,000 levas. Nine hundred and forty-six of these were purely Bulgarian concerns with a capital of almost 3,000,000,000 levas. But the remainder amounting to just under 2,000,000,000 levas belonged to west European capitalists. Thus, ninety percent of the companies controlled only forty percent of the capital; the remaining ten percent controlled forty-eight percent of the capital.

The German fascist offensive after 1934 did not substantially change the Dutch, French, Swiss, Belgian, and British control in Bulgarian economy. But German imperialism took another and equally powerful form: a rapid increase in the share of Bulgarian exports which went to Germany and a jump in the German share of goods which Bulgaria imported. In 1923, Bulgaria bought only twenty percent of its goods from Germany. By 1939, it was taking sixty-five and a half percent from Germany. And while in the former year it was shipping some eight percent of its goods to Germany, sixteen years later the figure exceeds sixty-seven percent. Bulgaria has no oil, but she has coal and her mines also produce iron, copper and aluminum. The last three commodities were certainly useful to Hitler, while Bulgarian tobacco, grapes, wheat and fruit naturally found a ready market in central Europe.

But if the resurgence of German imperialism attracted some sections of the ruling class, it had an opposite effect among the working people and peasantry, especially since the main drive of German fascism was apparently directed against the USSR. Thus the saying became popular: "the king is pro-German, and the queen pro-Italian, and the people pro-Russian."

The outbreak of the war in the West nullified the remaining Anglo-French influence and gave the Bulgarian bourgeoisie hopes of advancing their own interests at the expense of their neighbors. But since the pact and the war demonstrated the ability of the USSR to maintain its neutrality, the great masses of the Bulgarian peoples were even more attracted to the Soviet example. Moreover, the new German-Soviet relations made it relatively impossible even for the pro-German sections of the ruling class to continue a hostile policy toward the USSR. Thus, since the fall of 1939 the whole trend of Bulgarian life has been toward rapprochement with the Soviet Union. In the early autumn of 1939 a group of deputies of the Bulgarian *Sobranie* visited the Soviet agricultural exposition. Soviet newspapers and literature circulate in Sofia more freely. In the spring of 1940 a commercial agreement was signed between the two countries. Steamer service was opened on the Black Sea and an airplane line went into operation—developments which all tended to make it more difficult for Bulgaria to break its neutrality and naturally strengthened the



Vardar River valley is the only real passageway between Salonica and Yugoslavia. This is where Allied troops came through in the summer of 1918 to knock Bulgaria out of the War. Other strategic routes from Bulgaria are through the Struma River valley and along the Maritza River which flows along the Bulgar-Turkish border and the Greek-Turkish border. Between the Struma and Maritza deltas lies the territory Greece received from Bulgaria by the Peace of Neuilly. British forces are acknowledged to have control of Crete. Turkish troops control the Dardanelles.

deep bonds between the Bulgarian people and the USSR. In fact, the Soviet government supported the return of south Dobrudja to Bulgaria last summer, an area which Rumania had torn away during the disastrous second Balkan war in 1913.

Whatever the Bulgarian ruling class has decided to do in the face of the intense German pressure, and whatever the outcome of the present crisis, at least one thing is beyond question: the first opportunity which the Bulgarian workers and peasants get, they will take the only steps that are possible in south-eastern Europe as the alternative to fascist domination, namely the course of affiliation with the USSR. PETKO GORANOV.

YUGOSLAVIA is one of the "succession states" of the last world war, a land in which is found every type of national and class antagonism. Like Bulgaria it is an overwhelmingly peasant country, but unlike Bulgaria, whose population is largely of a single nationality, Yugoslavia is a conglomerate state, composed of some 6,000,000 Serbs, 5,000,000 Croats, 1,000,000 each of Macedonians and Slovenians, not to mention non-Slavic nationalities such as Germans, Hungarians, Albanians, and others. Unlike Bulgaria also, Yugoslavia faces antagonisms which arise from religious differences, which play a not-inconsequential role in political life. The Croats and Slovenians owe their allegiance to the Vatican, while the Serbs adhere to the Orthodox Church. And along the southern and southeastern borders will be found hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs of the Moslem faith.

These complexities are a direct result of the way Yugoslavia was formed in 1919. The Kingdom of Serbia, which had expanded in the Balkan wars at the expense of Bulgaria and the Ottoman empire, was the main Balkan ally of the Anglo-French forces in the World War. The pro-French orientation of the Serbian ruling class was therefore a major factor in building the new jigsaw state at the Versailles conference tables. On the other hand, the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy set the Croatian people adrift, to form a logical counterpart to the Serbs in the new state.

Economic distinctions within the new kingdom cut across national lines. The Serbs were mostly agricultural, living under very backward conditions similar to those of czarist Russia. Industry was not highly developed although some sections of the commercial ruling class visualized an economic renaissance through trade outlets in the Adriatic and the Aegean Seas. Illiteracy was high and primitive agricultural methods general. Among the Bosnians and Montenegrans in the far south tribal relations often prevailed, with patriarchal traditions strong and the influence of Turkish feudalism still apparent. Croatia and Slovenia, while largely agricultural, had nevertheless been developed by Austrian as well as west-European capitalism. Illiteracy was negligible.

The rich valleys of the Sava and Drava Rivers pouring into the Danube provided some of the best grain land in Europe.

After the honeymoon days of the unification were over, the Serb bourgeoisie took the dominant role in the country, repressing both the Serbian and Croatian peasant movements, fiercely persecuting the working-class trade unions and the Communist Party. The Communists, whose strength will be gauged by the fact that they gained sixty out of the 300 seats in the Parliament as well as the control of the Belgrade municipal government, were suppressed in 1921. The same thing happened to the Croatian peasants' party, which in those years was under the leadership of Stephan Raditch, a figure that parallels Alexander Stambouliisky in Bulgaria. Like the latter, Raditch was brutally murdered by reactionary gangsters in 1928. It was after this murder in which two other Croatian deputies to the parliament lost their lives that the dynastical dictatorship of King Alexander set in, in the first days of 1929.

All political parties and trade unions were disbanded. Thousands of workers, peasants, and intellectuals lost their liberty, and hundreds if not thousands their lives in Alexander's dungeons. Even Matchek, a bourgeois-nationalist politician who inherited Raditch's mantle, was sentenced to three years in prison.

During all those years Yugoslavia was one of the pillars of French influence on the continent. Its foreign policy was therefore bitterly anti-Soviet, aggravated also by the activity of many Russian White Guards in Yugoslav public life. Yugoslavia was one of the key states in the Balkan entente, fearing the Bulgarian and Hungarian revisionist ambitions. And during that period Yugoslavia also felt the pressure of Italian imperialism, whose appetite was whetted for the Dalmatian coast.

KING ALEXANDER was murdered in the fall of 1934 when he arrived in Marseilles with the French foreign minister, Louis Barthou. The latter assassinated at the same time, was the father of the French mutual assistance pact with the USSR, a staunch believer in collective security and the League of Nations. Just as his passing opened the way for the full development of the "appeasement" policy in both London and Paris, so the demise of Alexander opened the period of the fierce inner struggle in Yugoslavian life. The new regent, Prince Paul, was pro-British and fiercely anti-Soviet. But in 1934, German imperialism began to make inroads in Yugoslav economic life, similar to the inroads in the other Balkan lands. Copper, aluminum, and other ores in which Yugoslavia is rich found ready markets in Hitler's rearmament program even though owned by Belgian, Dutch, and French capital.

This naturally affected internal affairs. The Croatian bourgeoisie under German and Italian auspices began to claim new positions at the expense of the Anglophile and Franco-phile Serbian upper classes. Little noticed by the rest of the world, the Cvetkovitch govern-

ment made a truce with the Croats only a few days before war was declared and Dr. Matchek, the Croat leader, was brought into the Cabinet. Croatia won an ostensible autonomy, but the foreign policy of the Coalition Cabinet remained the same, following the trend of the war in Europe. We can note this exception, however: the changed relations between Germany and the USSR made it possible for the Yugoslav government to accede to popular pressure and turn to friendlier relations with the USSR. The trade agreement between the two countries was signed in the winter of 1939 and diplomatic relations were at last established in the middle of June 1940.

There is no question about how the Croatian and Serbian people feel about the war. It has brought them manifold hardships. The British blockade has cut off Yugoslav exports from the west. The blockade has been intensified since the fall of France and the struggle in Greece. The Belgrade government has capitulated to severe German economic demands: all the grains, the foodstuffs, the raw materials of Yugoslavia are leaving the country for central Europe, with the result that the cost of living has jumped and there is a shortage of materials in industry. The reforms promised by the Matchek-Cvetkovitch Cabinet in August 1939 were never realized. Freedom of press and assembly have not been re-introduced. The Cabinet governs without Parliament for months on end, and municipal elections have been postponed. In the last few months, in order to curry favor with Berlin, anti-Semitic decrees have been introduced and the universities closed.

THE PEOPLE of Yugoslavia have had a twenty-year experience with French and British imperialism, and it has not been happy. In the past few years and especially the last twelve months, they have had a foretaste of the hardships which German domination has brought to all the peoples of Europe. That is why the feeling grows stronger all the time for closer relations with the Soviet Union, where the working class has built socialism, transformed the village, and taught a score of different nationalities to live with each other in peace. There is a popular anecdote in Yugoslavia that illustrates this feeling:

It seems that two soldiers were returning to their barracks one night after a few too many drinks. On the way they met up with their commander whom they failed to salute. Deeply outraged, the officer took them by the shoulders and said: "Don't you recognize your commander any longer? Salute!" To which the tipsier of the two tipsy soldiers replied . . . "Naw, we don't recognize any commander except Voroshilov. Voroshilov, he's our commander!"

In the specific historical moment, this attitude may not be strong enough to counteract the pressure of the big imperialist powers. But when the tides of war have ebbed, there is no doubt in which direction the Serbs, the Croats, the Slovenes, and other Yugoslav peoples will turn. M. PRAVDITCH.

Murder in the Mines

Ed Falkowski visits the disaster-haunted country where hundreds of miners have been killed. How their deaths could be avoided. The menace of mechanical mining without safeguards.

Cadiz, O.

LIFE in Cadiz is normal again. On November 29 last, this tiny community rose to sudden tragic distinction when a blast in the Nelms coal mine of the Ohio & Pennsylvania Coal Co., six miles from here, took thirty-one lives. On March 16, 1940, seventy-two men perished in a blast at the Willow Grove mine near St. Clairsville, seventeen miles away. In less than a year 103 miners of this region were killed.

Truckloads of mine-lumber roll along through the Cadiz streets toward mines located among steep, outlying hills. Miners carrying huge dinner buckets clamber into their jaloppies, setting off to work. The nearest mine hereabouts is six miles away; some miners ride as far as fifty-two miles to get to their work. And they consider themselves lucky to have a job at all.

Cadiz is typical of the dozens of small towns scattered in this area. Rising up from the center of the town is the courthouse, a monumental pile of brownstone crowned by a four-faced clock. All of Harrison County comes here to transact its legal business. But apparently there is little legal business to transact. The courtroom is nearly always deserted. So are the offices, save for a typist or a clerk. One sees little traffic in the streets; mostly huge buses rumbling on toward Wheeling and Pittsburgh. There is a spurt of life in the lobby of the Custer Hotel and around

the bus station. The rest of the town seems perpetually deserted. It has the quiet of any mine town when the mines are in operation, and the men either at work or resting.

At the foot of the courthouse stands John A. Bingham, famed Abolitionist, imaged in bronze. Bingham was one of the great men who came from Cadiz, "the proudest little town in America." A bronze plaque in courthouse square records the famous ones who also came out of the town! General Custer and Lincoln's Secretary of War Stanton, Clark Gable, the Hollywood star, and Percy Hammond, the critic. Perhaps the recent mine blast will go down in local annals as one more cause for distinction.

ONE HEARS of old patrician families whose history goes back to pioneer days. They live in ancient rambling mansions and seldom come in contact with the general community. An aura of local sanctity attaches to their names. To the natives they are semi-mythical beings living in a Valhalla of great wealth. A few of them assumed a mortal incarnation on the occasion of the recent mine disaster. The bank president himself was reported to have been seen scooping bean soup from an enormous pot to feed the tired rescuers at the mine. It is said this personage actually sweated in his eagerness to display a sacrificing spirit. He has since retired once more

into a gilded obscurity to become a local legend. But, for the nonce, everyone had a good word to say about the coal miners. Even the *Cadiz Republican*, which has consistently failed to find miners of any news interest for its columns, congratulated the miners as men "who can take it."

This editorial accolade was unusual. For the miners are comparative newcomers to these ruggedly individualistic communities. That is to say, they came after 1900—the year local mining developments began to scale upward. Miners are still rated by natives as "foreigners."

For even as the chain stores have come to Main Street, blitzkrieging the patriarchal grocer from his old-time trading post, the machines have come ripping and tearing at the very bowels of this once prosperous farming country. The hand mine was slow in developing; its owners lacked the means to expand it into adjacent country. But today the mechanical mine has come. It is playing havoc with farming. The Hanna Coal Co., largest individual operator in this part of Ohio, is running a series of strip mines using monster electric shovels to slice through hills and valleys to uncover underlying deposits of coal. And the strip mine is ruining the farms. Coal company agents are running about in these valleys inducing farmers to sell. Even the oldest settlers are disposing of their land.

"Why do they do this?" I asked a farmer in the county courthouse.

"Because every one else is," was the reply. "What's the good of your farm after the strip mines have cut away all the land around it and taken away your drainage? A farmer has to sell. He is promised work with the company on the strip mines. So we have the farmer himself helping to destroy his own farm. . . ."

AND AFTER the coal hunters have come and gone, what then? Will there remain only raw clay banks where orchards once flourished and sheep ran on green spaces amid the wheat? No one knows. There exists no law requiring operators to restore the land and make it tillable again.

"It'll be ghost country," said Milton Rondschein, editor of the *Cadiz Republican*, to me. "I see no solution ahead. It's too bad coal was ever found in these hills. And the worst is that after the coal is all taken out, the farmer will have no land to go back to."

This wave of ruin is overtaking not the dispossessed or the unemployed but the well-to-do, the old, established families with a long century or two of struggle and thrift behind them.

Riding with a bus driver over these hills toward Piney Forks I was shown the locally



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famous Sutherland Orchard—a family orchard in existence “for as long as I knew anything or my dad. . . . It’s just been sold to the Hanna Coal,” he said dolefully. “A strip mine is going to run through it.”

We rode on for a short distance. “Yes,” he resumed sadly, “I remember when all the hills around here were covered with sheep this time of year. You don’t see it any more. . . . See that abandoned old farmhouse on that hill there? Lots of those around here now. And what ain’t abandoned, the coal companies get anyhow. . . .”

One must ride out into the hills to get to the mines. Each hill side and mountain cleft has a mine drift or shaft sunk into it. The mines range in size from a coal hole operated by from three to five miners to immense deep-shaft workings employing hundreds of men.

Piney Forks, a short distance from Cadiz, is a typical mine camp with a huddle of houses clinging to steep hillsides along a narrow clinker-paved road that loops around the mine tipple. At its foot are the lamp house, bath house, and other buildings of the mine. To the right of the tipple is the gob pile, smoldering in a dull cherry-red glow, giving off a bitter smoke that stings the nostrils. The smoke is everywhere. It tarnishes the silverware on the table after a few days, turning it a light yellow, then a deep brown. It smutches the wash hung out on the lines. Miners’ wives use the cunning of a sea captain in anticipating the direction of a wash-morning’s wind in an effort to save the results of their work from the everlasting soot. Since 1910 the gob pile has been smoldering in Piney Fork. And it is only when the mine shuts down for a long period that it burns out at last.

There are a few drinking dens here, a company store, a miners’ co-op (reported doing fine), a decrepit Miners’ Hall. There is a huge, barnlike, company hotel filled with “boarders.” Kids may be seen riding on sleds down steep sides of coal banks or filling buckets with drinking water at the corner pump.

The Piney Forks mine, another Hanna company, works two or three days a week. Since 1937 the miners here have earned but three full-week pays. All the rest of the time the mine has been working “slack.” Today an imminent pickup in working time is rumored. But it brings little new hope to the coal digger. For the mine “has gone mechanical.” Machines replace hand loaders. Of the 900 presently employed, 500 are slated to be laid off. Gloom has settled over the community. No one knows what the future will bring. A foregone conclusion seems to be that the “strong” union men will be first to be dropped. And so no one as yet grumbles about present conditions difficult though they are. Always on the eve of a layoff there is a sudden quiet among the miners. No one has grievances. Everyone knows it is the “kicker” who will be first to go when the change comes.

What is to happen to those laid off? Certainly there will be little enough to seek in other mines. At forty a man is no longer deemed employable. Machines mean the elimination of the older men. “The companies need the young men to make old ones out of them,” a miner explained to me. “But they can’t make young fellows out of us old ones!”

AT FAIR POINT, near St. Clairsville in Belmont County, I found a community from which the mining industry had gone some three years ago. Prior to that, the place was, according to one of the older natives, “not a coal mine but a gold mine.” It boomed and bustled with activity. It attracted hundreds of Italians and Poles and Slovenians and had work for them all. But now only the stumps of the former tipples remain visible, like unburied bones against the hillside snow. Where the strip mine was is now a snowfilled gulch. Some of the luckier miners have jobs, riding miles across the hills to reach them. Others face the cheerless prospect of not knowing what is to become of them. They sit and wait year after year. For what? They don’t know. And their children, the Catholic priest told me, are suffering from malnutrition. There is actual shortage of food in some of the homes.

This part of southeastern Ohio produces 4,000,000 tons a year—a fifth of the total coal production of the state. It employs 4,000 miners. But the emphasis today is on less men and more output. Everywhere, the machine is coming, the men going.

Both of the recent disasters in this area have been attributed to mechanical mining. Old miners contend it is difficult to maintain mining safety under a speedup. The mine develops faster than the miner can take care of it. The dust in the machine-worked areas is so thick that at times the gleam of a buddy’s lamp cannot be seen from a few feet away. This coal dust is highly explosive. A single spark from a defective machine can set it off. This is what happened in the Nelms mine when thirty-one were killed last fall. The machines in use there were of the US Bureau of Mines “permissible” standard but lacked bolts and other parts and failed to seal in the spark that caused the fatal blast. Ventilation was also inadequate. Two days prior to the blast a mine inspector reported the conditions unsafe. He failed to re-

main at the mine long enough to see that something would be done. Nothing was. And thirty-one men died.

The Nelms mine of the O. & P. Coal Co. is officially listed as a “gaseous” mine. Not so the Willow Grove mine of the Hanna Coal Co. at Neffs, near St. Clairsville. The US Bureau of Mines experts contend that a machine spark ignited a gas pocket on March 16 of last year when seventy-two were killed, the gas in turn setting off coal dust. But coal company experts hold that the blast was due to careless handling of powder by one of the employees. No agreement has been reached.

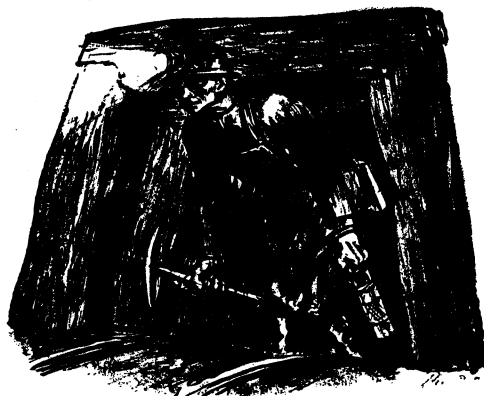
State officials went far to give the Hanna Coal Co. adequate protection during the investigation that followed the disaster. After the first day’s hearing, held in the St. Clairsville courthouse where it was attended by miners’ widows and by miners, it was moved to Columbus. The stenographer taking the testimony was barred by a restraining order from the court from making a copy available to the counsel of the United Mine Workers. Union representatives were not allowed to cross-examine witnesses. The hearings were presided over by George A. Strain, chief of the Ohio Department of Industrial Relations. Last year Strain hastened to Washington to testify in the House against the Neely-Keller Federal Mine Inspection bill which would permit federal supervision of mine safety.

That greater publicity attended the accident in the O. & P. Colliery in Cadiz is explained by townsfolk here on the grounds that for years the Hanna Coal Co. had been trying to acquire the Nelms mine property without success. And it was the Hanna Coal Co. that now sought to put the rival concern “on the spot” by exposing to the world the scandal of its mining conditions.

What about mining inspection? Ohio has approximately 1,163 active mines, large and small. The state employs a total of nineteen mine inspectors—less men than are engaged in supervising a single fish hatchery in the state. On the findings of this inadequate staff depend the lives of some 20,000 miners.

Political patronage plays an important role in the mine inspection service. Jobs go as political plums to assiduous vote-getters. The lives of the miners are pawns in a game of cheap politics.

There are signs, however, that the miners may soon take matters into their own hands. Recently at the Wolf Run mine they struck down a section which they deemed too unsafe to work. At the Rail Run No. 3 mine in Dilles Bottom, similar action was taken. The miners are in revolt against the scandalous conditions under which they must work. While the union wages a fight in the state legislature for a new mine code with teeth in it, a code suited to the new methods of mining, the miners propose to lend weight to this effort by enforcing safety regulations by strikes. Certainly no other alternative is in sight.



Harry Sternberg

ED FALKOWSKI.

March 4, 1941 NM



Harry Sternberg

The Annunciation

There were Maria, Alberto, Sophie, Henry, and Sandro. All of them in the fields from dawn to sunset. And the other? A short story by Dorothy Gies.

THE father stirred, churning up the drowsy covers of the bed, one arm with its great clenched fist flung over the edge. The mother crept out from under the quilt and slid into her man-shoes by the bedside. She saw the glazed red eye of the sun through the fragment of paper-stuffed pane.

The morning was quick and hard with frost. She scraped away the ashes from the coals in the stove and poked in paper and kindling. Her heavy shoes moved silently over the bare floor, only her hands shook a little, red with cold, rattling the pail handle.

The children were no more than black doll-heads in the big brass bed in the corner. Maria, Alberto, Sophie, Henry, Sandro: she murmured their names under her breath—she would not call them yet—and leaning against the table a second, laid one palm on her apron front. And the other? She would get him a patron saint who was a great one, Jose maybe, like his father, or Manuel, Jacinto. . . .

"Mamita?" murmured the eldest girl out of the sleepy folds of the bed.

"In a minute I call," the mother said, putting the water on the stove.

Today at last they would finish the beet-topping, she thought, and they could go back to school. They were late already by three, four weeks. Jose, the father, could read and write a bit. She wanted that the children might, too. A fine thing it was to read from a paper that whispered to you turning the pages.

She went to the window and stood looking out while she gathered up her heavy black hair hurriedly into a knot and clamped it fast with a pin. The stripped sugar-beet fields stretched out, ribbed and skeletal in the barren sunlight. Moving her lips she tried to count again: ten, fifteen acres they worked this year. For each acre they would get ten dollars; take out twenty-five Mr. Francis had already paid Jose in June after the first hoeing. That would be—that would be—she groped and floundered in the dark fastness of higher learning. That would be all until next June.

Maybe the relief lady would give them paper for food if need came. Maybe she would ask them many questions and then give them nothing. One could not tell.

She tried to think how to tell Jose what she had to say, turning back now to the bed. She must say it today.

He lay there still unmoving in the bed, snoring loud, and she saw the great heavy fist hanging over the side, shadowed with black between the knuckles.

"Jose," she whispered. He might be mad and shake her up and shout names when

she told him, or he might be quiet and sullen, and thick, and not speak to her, like when it was about Sandro.

"Jose," she whispered, bending over the bed. "Jose." He roused himself and yawned tremendously. "All right, I get up now." She turned away toward the stove. Better to wait a bit, she thought, stirring corn meal in the boiling water.

After a while she woke the children. "It's got colder today," she said. "Put on your stockings." She lifted the little one, Sandro, and carried him into the closet room to put him in bed with his grandfather.

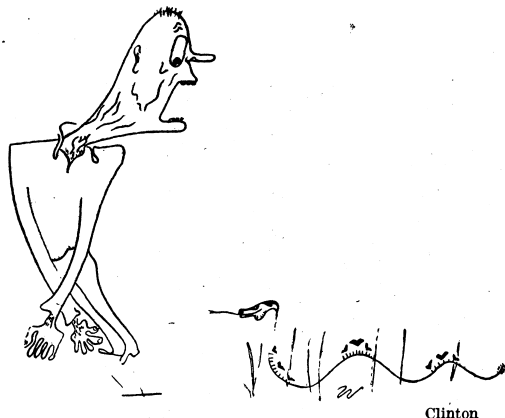
"You feel better, *abuelito*?" she asked the old man. There was scarcely a mound in the cover of the bed over the frail old-man's body. Only the head lay on the pillow, blue and cavernous, like a stone face seen in shadow.

"I have pain," he answered as always, gravely in Spanish. He did not speak English, though he had been here with his son for five years. "I have pain but I am well enough."

Sometimes she could not stop her sinful thoughts. She wished that he would die. It was a great trouble to care for the old man. Every day to wash his wasted flesh, to clean the bed he lay on, to feed him always with a spoon, to hear at night the long thin sobs he let go in his sleep. Twice they had sent Alberto flying through the dark to fetch the priest, only to have the sacrament light up again the fire in his dark old eyes.

In the evenings Jose sat by his father's bed, and they talked in low tones about things she could not understand. Money, land, people, war . . . what would come one day in Mexico. Sometimes the other beet workers came by, Locharez or Cassante, and they too sat on wooden boxes by the closet oil lamp, and the old one's voice came out in tranquil halting Spanish.

Talk, talk, talk, she thought. It did not make them meat and bread. It was not for women, their talk.



She laid the child in the crook of his grandfather's arm. "Be still, Sandro, don't move a bit," she cautioned. "Stay under the covers good."

For a minute she looked down at the pair, the waxen closed lids of the grandfather, and the merry black eyes of the child roaming over the ceiling. A sharp blade of anger cut her heart for an instant. There might be room for the new one if the old man would go. . . .

Maria was dishing out the boiling gruel to the other children. At twelve she was assistant mother in the household, and her face had a pinched look of perpetual anxiety as if she had grown up too soon.

"Maria," wailed the seven-year-old Henry. "My socks is gone. I'm not going to wear any."

"You've got to. It's terrible cold," said Maria, mulling through the chest behind the stove while she stirred with the other hand. "Here, look in here."

"Them are mine!" cut in Alberto, snatching, and in a second the two brothers were sprawling together on the floor.

"Stop that!" cried their father, lifting his dark face all bearded with lather from the wash basin. "Do you hear me?" he cried lifting a boot. "You'll get a lickin' both of you!" They subsided into sullen threats and Maria delivered the stockings to Henry.

Only Sophie sat utterly tranquil and apart in the noisy household. The two pigtailed of black hair framed her little face bent earnestly over the gruel. She had small delicate features, but she was blind in one eye from an accident with a beet knife when she was six. Just now Sophie was making a flower garden in the gruel with her tin spoon. A flower garden like Mrs. Comstock's in town. Trees here. Water here. Red flowers here.

The boys ate voraciously, smacking noisily to outdo one another. They were small for their age, and looked exactly alike, with sharp dark faces, and wrists hard and thin as blades from long work. There was no milk for the porridge. When would they have a cow, Alberto wanted to know. The Papa might get one with Mr. Locharez perhaps when he gets paid for the fields, said their mother.

But the Papa frowned and gulped down his thin coffee grunting, "Shut up about cows. You think we are rich like the Comstocks, do you?"

The mother sat in stricken silence, dumb and afraid. What would he say when he found out? And what would they do with another. . . .

When the meal was over, she bundled the four children up to go with their father. Only Alberto had a coat Mrs. Comstock had given him. The others wore sweaters with a cloth

of flannel inside. It was bitter work slicing beet tops on a frosty day.

"Maria," the mother admonished in a low voice, "don't let Sophie touch a knife even if they tell her to. She must keep sorting."

"Come on, kids," the father called from the door. The trucks are comin' again at ten, and we've only got three hours." He started out across the field.

Suddenly the mother called the children back from the door. "Wait," she said, "wait."

She ran to the flour bin and drew out a long dark bottle, bearded with white. "Don't tell Papa I gave you some," she murmured, pulling out the cork. It was a present from her sister in Bay City, whose husband was in a distillery.

She poured a half cup of wine for each of the children. "Now," she said, "you be warm for a little." They drank it down solemnly from the common cup like the Father at holy communion. "Good," said Henry, licking the purple rim from his mouth. "Good."

When they were gone, over the bony hard fields toward the slicing barn, she set to washing dishes and straightening things. The grandfather—he could wait a bit for breakfast, she grumbled to herself.

Putting away dishes in the cupboard, she found the knife hone Jose had forgotten. They would need it before noon, she thought. She wrapped her ragged shawl over her head and crossed the path toward the barn. The wind sheared over the naked field and whipped the shawl around her. She had to be careful where she stepped on the frozen ridges.

The children knelt inside the barn, slicing the tops off the beets. The Pischek children and the Locharez children and several others were there, too. Sophie and Rosa Pischek sorted the beets into heaps, and the other children pounded off the tops. None of them had mittens and their hands were rimmed from pounding.

"I brought your papa his hone," the mother said.

"He's out there," Maria pointed to the shed.

The mother lingered watching them. "Are you cold, Sophie?"

"No, Mama."

"She's slow as a bug though, Mama," said Alberto.

"No, I'm not!" cried Sophie. She looked at the fringed beet tops, and they were like the horses they'd seen in a movie once in town, and she laid them out in rows with their manes flying.

The mother hunted a pin out of her underclothing and pinned Sophie's sweater higher around her neck.

"Be careful, Henry. You're going too fast. You don't have to keep up with Alberto."

"I cut just as fast, Mama! Look!"

She found her husband in the tool shed, fitting a handle to a shovel. The other men stood outside loading up the truck. She waited a moment watching his enormous hands at work, holding the shovel as if it were a spoon.

"Here's your hone," she said timidly. She did not like to bother him at work.

He grunted without looking up, "Put it there."

She laid the blade on the shelf and turned to go. Just then a sickening spasm came over her, welling up to her throat from far inside, and she caught the door knob reeling, pressing hot knuckles to her mouth. The nausea shuddered over her with old wretched familiarity, and the room went whirling blind before her.

Jose caught her by the shoulders and held her up. Slowly everything cleared and she breathed again.

"What is it?" he said gruffly.

"The new one," she answered low, her eyes on the floor. Now he knew. Now he could do what he liked. She waited. His hands clenched tighter on her shoulders. At last she looked up pleading.

Jose's eyes fell sharply to her waist and then went staring out the open door. "Well," he said slowly, dropping his hands, "next year we take more acres."

Slowly she picked her way back over the corrugated ground, empty-furrowed, stony. She felt as if her child clenched up with hate inside her, knowing its life bound up with the fields. Spacing, planting, thinning, hoeing, summer long under the sun till dark. No rest for any of them till the last day of autumn slicing.

What did one do, she asked the relief lady once. The lady gave her some printed papers and told her to read them and she would not have to get children. "I do not read," the mother said, "I will take it to the priest." But the relief lady frowned and shook her head and took the paper back.

Wearily the mother threw off her shawl inside the house and went to fetch Sandro to feed. She could hear the old man making rhymes in Spanish, and the little boy's chuckling replies.

"You have to wait for breakfast," she told the old man coldly.



A PRINT from a Lenin Memorial folio produced by Chicago artists.

"When you are ready," he answered.

"Always waiting to do on people around here," she muttered, lifting the child out.

Suddenly she sat down on the broken stool by the bed and burst into long shaking sobs. Burying her face in the baby's neck she wept in an anguish of despair.

"You have trouble?" said the grandfather, creaking his great skull toward her.

She could not answer.

"Tell me," he said.

"There's going to be another. I don't want it. There's no money for it." Her voice broke with misery.

"Hai," he said, "it's too bad."

"We take more fields to work next summer, Jose says. We all work harder than ever. Even Sandro work then. Just so we feed one more. Just so he can grow up to work for the beets."

"It's too bad," the old man breathed softly.

"There's not enough for us. There'll never be enough for him. Everything is bad. Everything in the world. Mother of Jesus, if I could be dead!"

"It's too bad," murmured the grandfather, lifting out his hand to lay upon her knee. She stopped crying and stared at the hand, crinkled and yellow and paper-thin, written over and over in blue ink.

"Listen," the old man said, "everything will come out someday."

"No," she said wearily, moving to get up. "It won't ever come out. We'll never have anything. Everything in the world is bad."

"Listen to me," he went on. "I know what I say. You work for me. You wash me. You feed me and give me medicine." He paused and two breaths came quickly. "You cover up the sores so they will not come through. You tell me I am better. I know I am not better. The sickness eats out from inside."

"No, no," she protested, stroking his wrist, suddenly ashamed for her evil thoughts.

"Yes," he said sternly. "I know. All you do for me will not make me over. It will not make me like him, will it?" He touched Sandro, and she looked at the smooth child-face. "He will take my place. He will be healthy and clean." The eyes looked at her out of their burnt-out holes, and she stared back at him, wondering.

"Do you see? It's like that in the world. They are all trying to keep something dying alive, to wash away its nastiness, to cover up its sores and hide its sickness, and prick it to life when it nearly goes out. But it's sick inside too, and it has to die." The voice broke off, and she fumbled after the words, uncomprehending yet dimly reassured.

"Abuelito," she whispered, "and then?"

The blue shadows deepened in the cavernous face, and the gray eyelids flickered nearly shut. He said softly, "One day there will be a young boy in the world in place of an old man." His eyes closed. "You will see, I tell you. . . . Now go away. I want to sleep."

But the mother sat there still, hugging the child's head tight between her breasts.

DOROTHY GIES.



A PRINT from a Lenin Memorial folio produced by Chicago artists.

What Makes a Radical

Corliss Lamont says a little learning in psychoanalysis is a dangerous thing. Look to the "day-to-day experience with the insecurity, poverty, and violence of capitalism."

APOLOGISTS for the capitalist system, ever hard-pressed in finding logical arguments to support their position, have long since made a practice of attempting to discredit radicals by attributing to them frivolous or disreputable motivations. Thus they claim that we who have come to believe in and work for socialism as the way out for mankind are impelled in this direction by all sorts of strange and obscure Freudian complexes. We have either an Oedipus complex, an inferiority complex, a publicity complex, a romantic revolt-against-our-elders complex or a will-to-power complex. We were either unhappy or neglected as children, had disastrous love affairs as adolescents or adults, or became maladjusted or unsuccessful in our work. In short, we are all alleged to be misfits or neurotics in one sense or another.

This kind of amateur psychoanalysis has been dealt some telling blows in a recent study made by Professor Goodwin Watson of Teachers College, Columbia, and partially summarized by him in the January issue of *Common Sense* magazine. This study was based on the records of 745 men and women, most of them white-collar workers, who in the year 1934 came for vocational guidance to the Adjustment Service maintained by the Carnegie Corporation through the American Association for Adult Education. Professor Watson divided these clients into three groups: *Radicals*, who believed that the economic system should be drastically changed, that socialism would be an improvement, that a strong left-wing party was needed, that government should own industry and that revolution might, perhaps, be a good thing; *Neutrals*, who were undecided on these issues or who rejected about as many of the radical positions as they accepted; and *Non-radicals*, who were opposed to all the beliefs of the radicals and wanted no drastic change of any kind in the economic system. Of the total group, nineteen percent fell into the radical class, fifty-five percent into the neutral and twenty-six percent into the non-radical.

Through a variety of tests Dr. Watson separated the group into five divisions according to their personal happiness and feeling of satisfaction in life. After further careful study he found that there was no significant difference in the distribution of radicals as between the divisions composed of those most happy and most well-adjusted emotionally and of those least happy and most badly adjusted emotionally. And Dr. Watson concludes: "It would seem that the theory that radicals are those who have had personal maladjustments and who are driven by their inner conflicts into revolutionary action, has no very sound base."

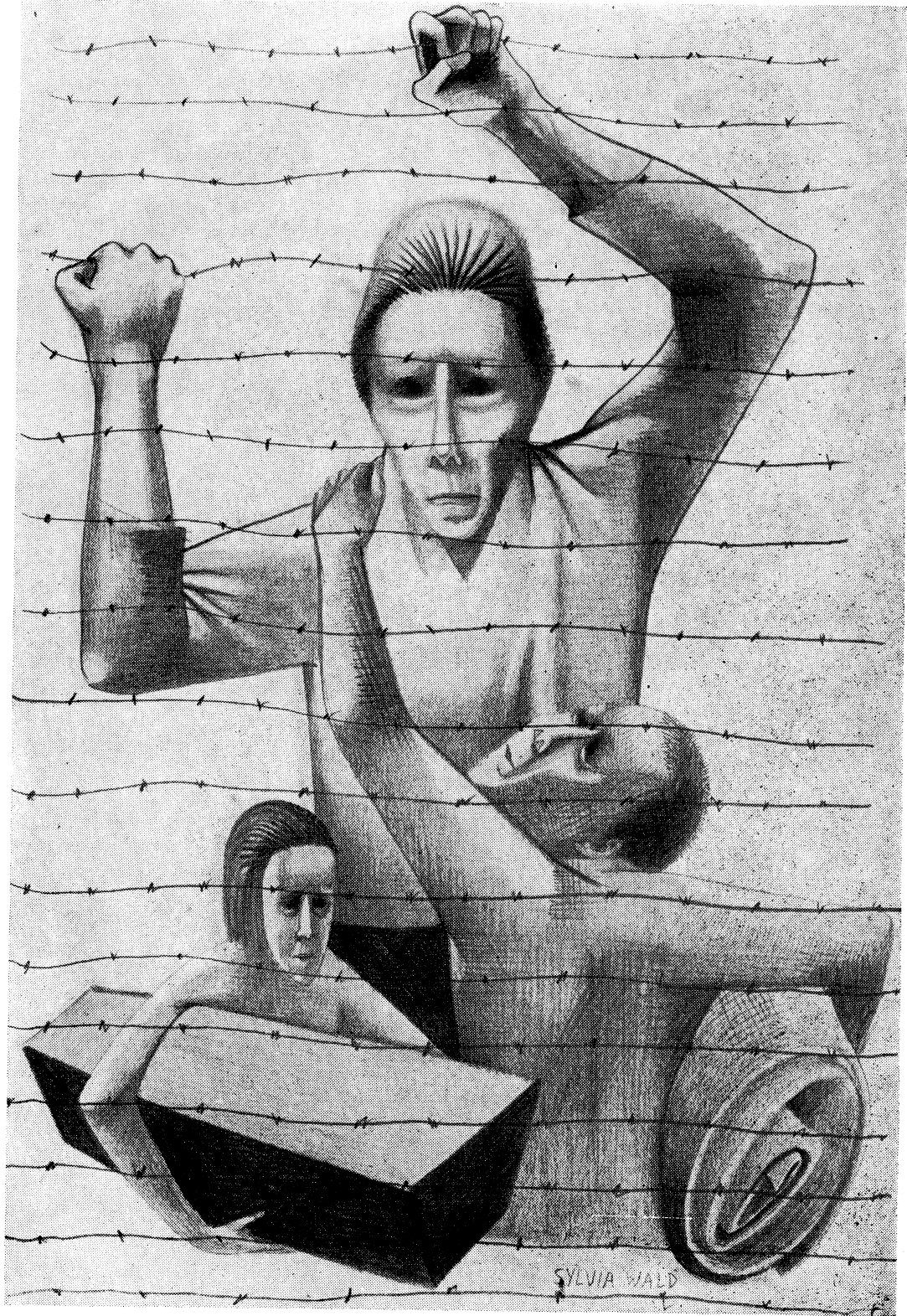
But when Professor Watson looked into

the educational background of these 745 individuals, he did find a definite correlation between education and radicalism. Of those who had no schooling beyond the eighth grade, only four percent were radicals; of those who had some high school training, ten percent; of those who graduated from high school, sixteen percent; of those who went to college,

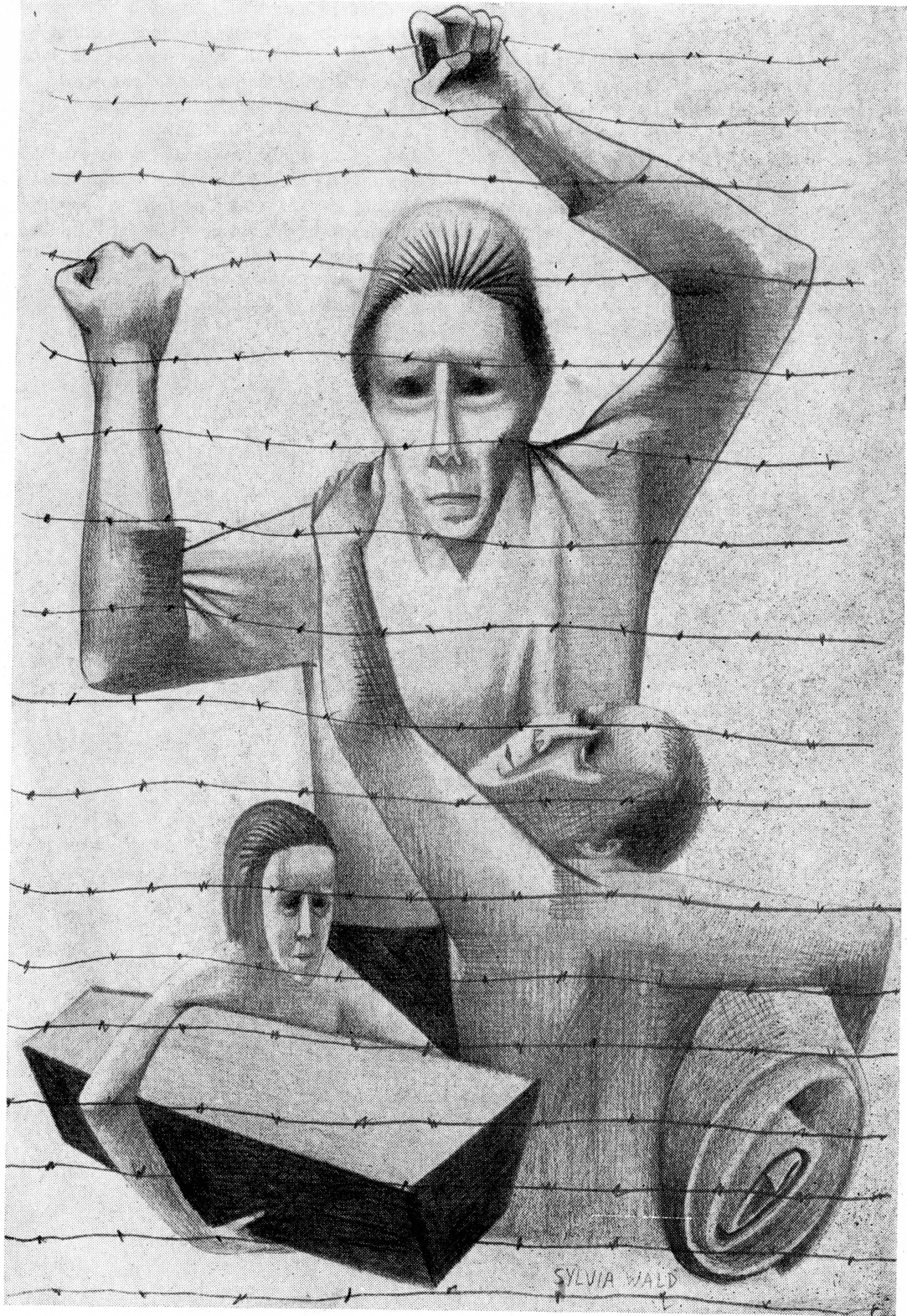
twenty-one to twenty-six percent; and finally of those who took post-graduate study, no less than forty-five percent. He adds, however, that the teachers are not to blame for this terrible state of things! "There is every reason to believe," he says, "that if no teacher ever expressed a word of his own opinion, but the students in higher education were given only



A DRAWING by Sylvia Wald



A DRAWING by Sylvia Wald



A DRAWING by Sylvia Wald

the simple, bare, hard facts of how our economic system has been working, the results would be quite as much 'radicalism' as our study has shown."

While these various findings seem logical and significant, the Watson report does have certain weaknesses and certainly cannot be considered conclusive in respect to American radicals as a whole. Not only is 745 too small a sampling, in my opinion, from which to draw nation-wide generalizations, but that sampling is also unrepresentative in that it is made up entirely of people living in New York City and vicinity and of persons either unemployed or having trouble with their jobs. An equally serious drawback is the preponderance (about eighty-five percent) of white-collar workers in the study. This last consideration makes it difficult, if not impossible, to reach reliable conclusions on the basis of Professor Watson's finding that the lowest proportion of radicals in the group was among factory workers. To a degree Dr. Watson acknowledges this point when he states that his study concerns the "verbal expression of opinion" and that "maybe if we had studied aggressive forms of action, we would have found the factory workers more effective than the intellectuals."

Of similar purport is his suggestion, already quoted, that the essential thing in the development of radicals is a knowledge of "the simple, bare, hard facts of how our economic system has been working," a knowledge that can of course be acquired in other ways than through *formal* education. Those other ways include chiefly the workers' first-hand knowledge of the "simple, bare, hard facts" in their day-to-day experience with the insecurity, poverty, and violence inherent in the capitalist order; and in their unceasing efforts to win a better life for themselves through trade union organization and other forms of the class struggle. The history of radicalism in European countries has invariably shown that the industrial proletariat constitutes the backbone of the movement toward socialism. And America, as the most highly industrialized nation in the world, is certainly no exception to this rule.

DESPITE, HOWEVER, my various reservations concerning Professor Watson's study, it does stand out as an important piece of research that tends to refute those half-baked Freudians who are always trying to explain away radicalism in terms of some psychological abnormality and also tends to establish reason, in the form

of educational activity, as a decisive factor in bringing over individuals to the left. I have myself always thought it absurd to claim that a passion for social justice and an intelligently organized economic system, any more than a passion for truth, springs mainly from some sort of personal neurosis or maladjustment. One might as well argue that only neurotics can take seriously the comprehensive idealism that is so integral a part of the American Dream. The reactionary misuse of Sigmund Freud has, I believe, far-reaching roots in our entire cultural and economic situation. For under capitalism, with its stress on competitive individualism, the profit motive, and narrow self-interest, it is quite natural to assume that genuine social-mindedness must be due to peculiar complexes and quirks in the human personality.

I would not, of course, deny for a moment that Freud's work, properly applied, has an important place in modern psychology. Nor would I deny that there are undoubtedly individual radicals who have been pushed toward the left by neuroses of one kind or another. Every great social movement is bound, too, to have its lunatic fringe. But I would suggest that in so far as certain radicals are psychologically maladjusted, their maladjustments may well have arisen *subsequent* to their support of socialism instead of prior to it. It is none too easy, especially in critical times like these, to be a functioning radical. For instance, the Dean of Canterbury, speaking of the publication in England over a year ago of his book on Soviet Russia (now a current best-seller in the United States under the title of *The Soviet Power*), writes that "few could have endured greater vilification or suffered more violent attack. . . . Any one who would stand outside the crowd trying to see and tell the truth must pay the price in friends estranged and families divided, in social ostracism and the antagonism of what is most powerful in society." One can imagine that the Dean has had to make some pretty profound personal adjustments to the consequences of sticking by his principles. Not all radicals, however, are able to make such adjustments quickly and successfully.

In America today those radicals who have refused to surrender to the pressure of imperialist conflict and the hysteria of terror-stricken liberals are necessarily taking the rap to some extent. Meanwhile the amateur psychoanalysts are peddling 'round the hoary canard that anyone who does not climb on the careening capitalist bandwagon must be motivated by a "martyr" complex. And leading American psychiatrists, as Harvey Merrill reported in the *NEW MASSES* of November 26, are organizing a campaign to show that it is chiefly psychopaths who object to taking part in war. All of this depressing fantasia without music raises in urgent form the old question "Who's crazy now?" and in general points to the conclusion that a little learning in the field of psychoanalysis is indeed a dangerous thing.

To the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

Say of them

They knew no Spanish

At first, and nothing of the arts of war

At first:

how to shoot, how to attack, how to retreat

How to kill, how to meet killing

At first.

Say they kept the air blue

Grousing and griping,

Arid words and harsh faces. Say

They were young:

The haggard in a trench, the dead on the olive slope

All young. And the thin, the ill and the shattered,

Sightless, in hospitals, all young.

Say of them they were young, there was much they did not know,

They were human. Say it all; it is true. Now say

When the eminent, the great, the easy, the old,

And the men on the make

Were busy bickering and selling,

Betraying conniving, transacting, splitting hairs,

Writing bad articles, signing bad papers,

Passing bad bills,

Bribing, blackmailing,

Whimpering, meaching, garroting,—they

Knew and acted

understood and died.

Or if they did not die came home to peace

That is not peace. Say of them

They are no longer young, they never learned

The arts, the stealth of peace, this peace, the tricks of fear;

And what they knew, they know.

And what they dared, they dare.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Debs, Bourne, and Reed

These three, Dr. Harry F. Ward declares, symbolize the unity of worker and intellectual needed to achieve socialism. The Marxian analysis and the American Dream.

The following is the speech made by Dr. Ward, Professor of Christian Ethics at Union Theological Seminary, at the thirtieth anniversary celebration of NEW MASSES.

THIS is a thirtieth anniversary, and my contact with the magazine covers its whole span. I remember well when the *Masses* appeared as a new star in the journalistic firmament. Its light was not cold and distant, but warm like the heart of the workers it spoke for. When the war came, it voiced an opposition different from the objection of the individual conscience. The IWW got smashed and the left-wing Socialists silenced, so the *Masses* was the only voice speaking the opposition of the workers who are the victims of both the slaughter and the exploitation of war.

Since the war I have read continuously the *Liberator* and NEW MASSES. The other day I was looking through the latest effusion of one of those writers who find it profitable to attack the Soviet Union. With a typical sneer he referred to "the credulity of readers of the NEW MASSES." You see where that puts some of us. But I'll tell you where it leaves us. It leaves us with more solid reasons for the faith that was in us at the beginning, the faith that a classless society can be accomplished in the United States; it leaves us with enough facts to be able to recognize a plain ordinary liar when we meet him.

OF COURSE there have been times when I have disagreed with the magazine. If that did not happen it would not speak well for either the editors or the readers. When a man tells me that he has lived thirty years with his wife, and there has never been a difference between them, I know that he is either a very good liar or a very poor husband. But I have noticed that there is a difference these days between disagreeing with NEW MASSES, and with the *New Republic* or the *Nation*. When one disagrees with the NEW MASSES one gets his teeth into something that is worth chewing on, no matter which way he comes out. But when he disagrees now with the liberal weeklies he gets nausea at the beginning, because the difference is over the principles of liberalism which they are supposed to defend.

In the more than twenty years that I have been teaching in New York, the *Liberator* and then NEW MASSES have been on the students' required reference list in a course that is based on journalistic sources. So on this birthday of the magazine I hand the editors the knowledge that there are a few young preachers in several denominations scattered over this country whose eyes they have helped to open, whom they have helped to

make immune from the subtle poison now being distilled by the liberal weeklies and to stand firm in this day of testing with the people and against the war-making imperialists.

Thirty years is a big slice out of a man's life, and in this thirty there have been world-changing events. The pace of history has been speeded up. But it will move faster in the next thirty, and there will be a bigger job for the magazine to do. Out of several contributions to the development of American life, and to the worldwide interests of mankind, with which it can be justly credited, I wish briefly to mention two.

One was emphasized for me by three of the names which were picked out of the past by the editors for emphasis in the remarkable anniversary number—Randolph Bourne, John Reed, Eugene Debs. Two intellectuals and a railroad worker. One of the intellectuals with an analytical mind of chilled steel, the other with a brilliant and powerful capacity for historical journalism; the working man a typical small-town, close-to-the-soil, mid-Western American citizen. For the period between the Civil War and the World War, Eugene Debs embodied, just as Abraham Lincoln did for the period between the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, the essential greatness of the common people of this nation. The magazine that united these men in a common struggle was thus doing much to achieve that unity of purpose between intellectuals and workers, without which the transition from capitalist to socialist society cannot be accomplished; to realize that combination of theory and practice without which theory becomes sterile, and practice remains inadequate; to make possible the day when every intellectual will be a worker, and every worker an intellectual.

This unity was not fully manifest in the old *Masses*. Its original declaration of purpose "in the interests of the workers" was still in the mode of our early utopian socialism. Its mood was a trifle patronizing. It sounded a bit like doing something for the workers which, as I noted in Russia soon after the Revolution, was one of the prime causes of the break between the former intelligentsia and the rising peasants and workers. The early relationship between workers and intellectuals in the magazine was mainly a romantic attachment, but it soon became a realistic and enduring union. And this has done much to make possible the increasingly common ef-

fort of professionals and other workers in the CIO and in united front activities which, in a further union with the workers of the soil, will provide the forces able to make the social change this nation now desperately needs.

The other contribution of the magazine to the development of the American people and their effectiveness in the world crisis which I wish to mention, is its combination of Marxist analysis with the dynamic which lies in the American Dream and the historic struggle to realize it. This is another combination which is indispensable to the transition from capitalist to socialist society. It is the distinctive emphasis of NEW MASSES which was not present in its predecessors. Then dialectical materialism was scarcely known or discussed by American philosophers, and the Marxist methodology was used only by a few pioneers. The equalitarian democracy set forth in the Declaration of Independence contains a powerful drive towards the classless society, but alone it can never reach its goal. Powerful as it is in its social urge, left to itself it becomes an easy whip for the imperialists to use in taking the people into war and our own variety of fascism. But, united with Marxist analysis, the American desire for social equality makes the people invincible, able to overcome all their enemies.

I SUPPOSE at a birthday party one is expected to wish the magazine another thirty years of life and growth. But there are some other people who have something to say about that. Behind the scenes at Washington they are oiling up a powerful wartime censorship machine. So what! In the last war they suppressed the *Masses*, and in due time NEW MASSES appeared. So if they suppress this one, they will later get another still more powerful, with more millions behind it. Rooted in their strength, its articles and stories, its verse and drawings, will have a vitality even more superior to the products of a dying capitalist culture than are those of the present magazine.

The other day I got a letter from an old friend of mine, who is nearing the end of his course. Living in a community of retired professors, surrounded by blind reactionary contentment, he is weary and discouraged. But at the end his trembling hand penned a brave slogan: "We will go down with our flag flying." That is a good word, but it is not good enough. If and when the editors of this magazine go down with their flag flying, they will remember another word. It has from time to time been shamefully perverted by the churches, but it expresses an incontrovertible fact in history and in life—

WE SHALL RISE AGAIN.

HARRY F. WARD.



Creating a War Psychosis

Adam Lapin tells why the newspaper correspondents are being fingerprinted in Washington. The all-aid-to-Britain legislators go all-out-for war.

Washington.

GOVERNMENT workers these days wear large green-bordered badges with their pictures in the middle when they go to their desks in the low, white, Navy and War Department buildings on Constitution Avenue. Marines and soldiers stand at the entrances and look them over carefully, particularly the younger stenographers. Visitors are not permitted in these buildings without previous appointments. They are escorted to their destination by guards. So much red tape was necessary before congressmen could see officials about a little contract for the home town manufacturers that Secretary of War Stimson had to set up a special desk for them in the lobby to speed things up.

Newspapermen have been harassed by police, guards, and flunkies of all kinds in trying to go about their routine business of gathering news. At first they were confronted with the nightmare of getting separate badges and identification cards for each forbidden building. But the President graciously consented to issue an executive order making the new White House press card, which includes the correspondent's picture, into a general credential. Washington's many correspondents just had to line up in the billiard room in the White House basement and be fingerprinted and mugged under the supervision of Secret Service men. President Roosevelt must have been amused by this little episode. He told correspondents long ago that they ought to be fingerprinted. As a matter of fact, FDR has been obsessed for years with the need for fingerprinting everybody.

Most of this is, of course, hocus-pocus of an obvious kind. Everybody knows that spies don't saunter into government buildings and stroll out a few minutes later with secret blue prints under their arms. But badges, identification cards, and spy scares do promote war psychology.

AND THE SPEEDY CREATION of a war psychology is now one of the administration's big problems. The time has come when the administration is anxious to drop some of its own pretenses and frauds of the past few months. After all, it was only a year and a half ago that the late Senator Pittman told the Senate on behalf of the administration that the now forgotten Neutrality Act "is the most important legislation that has ever been proposed to Congress or ever enacted into law for the purpose of keeping out of a European war." And it was only a half year ago that the Democratic platform proclaimed: "We will not participate in foreign wars, and we will not send our army, naval, or air forces to fight in foreign lands, except in case of attack."

Now the time has come to end all this non-

sense. Too many people still want to stay out of the war. The administration wants the American people to get the idea that the step-by-step method of getting into war is at last reaching the inevitable climax. Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, tells a House Committee that "We're in the war." Dorothy Thompson says the same thing to a meeting in Constitution Hall presided over by Mrs. Roosevelt, and generously offers the lives of millions as a none-too-great sacrifice. Senator Josiah W. Bailey, that sourpussed old reactionary who was called a "faithful representative" of the Duke Power Co. by Secretary Ickes in 1938, boldly proclaims to the Senate: "I'm ready." When Senator Bailey was through with his speech, he was surrounded by colleagues who vigorously pumped his hand.

THE ADMINISTRATION has gone a long way toward making the physical and military preparations for war. Now we are to go in for what is politely termed moral preparedness. That is why censorship is becoming more and more part of the Washington scene. George Creel is a frequent White House visitor. Lowell Mellett, former Scripps-Howard editor, and now director of the Office of Government Reports, is expected to get the benefit of Creel's advice and become the head of the new censorship apparatus. Bright young newspapermen are reported to be getting offers of \$4,000-a-year-jobs, with the promise that while the money may not be too much to start with they will have lots of authority as members of the censorship staff. Archibald MacLeish has been lining up pro-war intellectuals for some time by giving them jobs in the Library of Congress.

President Roosevelt brought all this to a head when he told newspapermen that he thought it was unethical, immoral, and unpatriotic for members of Congress to reveal, or for newspapers to print, stories based on what administration spokesmen said before executive sessions of congressional committees. He stated specifically that he was not only referring to matters that could by stretching a point be labeled as military information but even to such things as tax legislation. A number of men stood up to the President and peppered him with pertinent and sharply put questions about government censorship. The President denied all, of course. He was simply asking for cooperation from the publishers. Apparently there will be no coercion—except

where it is needed in the case of progressive and anti-war publications that choose not to cooperate and would prefer to oppose the war.

SENATOR NYE recently estimated that there were thirty Senators who were ready for an immediate declaration of war. The cordial reception to Senator Bailey's speech indicates that this was no exaggeration. Perhaps a third or a fourth of the House is already in that frame of mind. Most of the rest aren't opposing the war. They're going along. They assume that it's coming, and they expect to vote for it when it does. There is plenty of war hysteria in Washington. But there is even more fatalism. And it seems from here that this is the particular brand of goods the administration is trying to sell right now. Hence the deluge of "we're in the war" statements. It will be the most immediate job of Lowell Mellett, Archibald MacLeish, and others to promote the idea that we're already involved. They will then be expected to proceed without too much delay to the next stage of flag-waving, union-busting, band-playing, Liberty Bond-selling war fever.

The administration appears to have definitely decided to get "cooperation" on the labor front, with the threat of government blackjacking for those trade unions that do not give up the good fight for which they were organized. Both William Knudsen and Sidney Hillman told the House Judiciary Committee that they preferred this kind of procedure to drastic anti-strike legislation, although Knudsen did venture the opinion that there were "some very good suggestions" in the compulsory mediation setup in the Smith bill. Hillman is concentrating on getting as many trade union leaders as possible to make no-strike pledges, and to give him ample notice before strikes take place. "Cooperation," always backed by a threat of government condemnation and pressure, was the heart of the administration War Labor Board plan.

The servile attitude of the British labor leaders is one of the important reasons for the practically unanimous decision among administration officials against drastic anti-strike legislation at the moment. Churchill's labor lieutenants are an inspiration here in the midst of growing demands for higher wages. When a Republican congressman demanded that Knudsen tell him who was really in charge in England, the auto magnate calmly replied that as far as he knew Churchill was still running things. And Wendell Willkie gave Ernest Bevin and the other labor leaders with whom he conferred in England a clean bill of health. He was reported to have told an off-the-record luncheon: "If Bevin is a Socialist, I'm a Communist."

ADAM LAPIN.



Herman

Strictly Personal

by RUTH MCKENNEY

Mike Gold

THIS column has had me tongue-tied for days. Along about last week I noticed an advertisement of the party Mike Gold's friends are giving him March 2 to celebrate his twenty-fifth year in the American labor movement. I cheered hoarsely as I headed for the typewriter. For years, now, I have been mentally composing valentines, love letters, and tributes to Mike Gold, but there never seemed a decent excuse actually to get these assorted billets-doux into print. After all, you just can't go around paying tribute.

So I put a nice sheet of clean paper in the typewriter, shooed Polly, my dog, outside, cleared my throat, and wrote across the top, "A Tribute!" I spelled tribute wrong, so I took that sheet out, found another fresh one, and tried again. After several abortive efforts I got to the first paragraph. At this point Polly scratched to get in, and on the way to the door I picked *Jews Without Money* from the bookshelves and spent the next hour thoroughly enjoying myself.

Well, anyway, I fear I digress. Polly settled down under the typewriter, sighed, and went to sleep. I typed out nine paragraphs and then stopped to read them. They were solemn and stuffy and rather frightful. The well-known gent from Mars would make Mike out to be an aged patriarch, complete with long white beard and a hollow voice. Of course it is all true that Mike is not only a distinguished, accomplished writer, with fire and technique, but also the inspiration of every young writer worth his salt. Just the same the inspiration of young writers sounds like Tolstoy in his over-ripe years, and I hope I am not committing *lese majeste* to say that while Tolstoy wrote some wonderful books, he behaved a little silly in his old age. God forbid I should make Mike Gold sound like an old Tolstoy.

At this point Polly woke up, threw herself against the door several times, and eventually got outside where she began to stalk a piece of old brown paper, no doubt resembling a possum or something. As I watched her, it occurred to me that I was getting nowhere. What I needed was a fresh start. For instance, the first time I met Mike Gold. I sketched in the background—a Theater Union party and me fresh and dumb from the rolling open spaces, to wit, Ohio. Celebrities, or what I thought were celebrities, a dime to a dozen. And then Mike Gold sitting off in a corner and my first glimpse of

his extraordinary face, not only conventionally handsome, but shining, and gleaming and even glistening with a sort of inner warmth and good humor. I wrote a neat paragraph about how few people looked like what they were, except for Mike, whose face was an index to his equally extraordinary heart. Well, and so on.

By lunch time I had about three pages, which I read over during my dispiriting little meal of raw carrots, cabbage and lettuce with mineral oil dressing. So nourishing, so good for you, and not a calorie loose in the whole disgusting mess. Ah, well. It was probably the old carrots that led me to sweep up my three pages, and groaning, tear them into small, neat, careful bits. This operation took a good deal of time, during which I reflected that Mike, the *bon vivant*, for that's how he turned out in those frightful paragraphs, was even worse than Tolstoy, decayed.

I rose, kicked the rug, upset an ash tray, and walked up the lane for the mail. The mail consisted of several ads beginning, in that chummy way, "Have YOU ever wanted to take off those extra pounds?" Also a letter, forwarded from the Biltmore Theater (adv.) from a reckless youth of nineteen summers. He enclosed a picture, mostly pimples, and offered me either honor and marriage or what he enthusiastically described as a "friendship by mail." Setting this missive aside, I broke into another box of typing paper and rushed a fresh sheet into the typewriter with a serious, hurried gesture. No more time to waste. I must begin at once, to write the graceful, easy, but deep and serious piece about Mike Gold I had always wanted to do.

This time I started on Mike Gold, the columnist. I did a little introduction about how columnists like myself were constantly staggered by Mike Gold, who day after day turned out essays of wit and charm, depth and feeling, with never a blank to trouble his conscience. Encouraged by this start, I trot-



ted ahead, pointing out that no less a critic than Heywood Broun had said that Mike proved that nothing was too good for the working class—his daily pieces were models of good writing, good taste, clear and logical ideas. Yet, in the teeth of gents who said the masses wanted only pulp and bilge, Mike was, without argument, by far and away the best loved writer the American proletariat had in its heart. Indeed, I went on, is there another writer in the whole country whose anniversaries could be celebrated with such great parties as the one scheduled for March 2?

I hate to seem repetitious, but, as you have guessed, I stopped about the third page on this opus and after a moment of soul searching, aimed the crumpled sheets for the wastebasket. Where was Mike the searching critic, where was the author of the attacks on Wilder, the recent torrid finishing of the Mumfords and other such small fry? Where was Mike the brilliant NEW MASSES Editor? My dreary little piece on Mike the columnist made him out to be a genial humorist, when who would not shudder under the blazing thrusts of Mike Gold, angry and keen? And two days later I was still trying to fit together a column which would somehow give a fairly decent picture of Mike's varied, but always richly exciting career as a contributor to the *Daily Worker*. On Wednesday night I finally polished it off, not good, but surely comprehensive. My husband read it and said, "But you left out about Mike at Passaic, Mike on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In fact you left out Mike as a Communist."

My husband went back to Fred Allen on the radio while I retired to the study, practically in tears. How do you possibly write a piece about Mike Gold? He's not only a critic, he's a great creative writer, not only a columnist but a poet. He is a practical hard-working Communist—a Communist with the sort of unobtrusive modesty that keeps him shy and always in the background. But still a man who lives in the hearts of people everywhere in America.

So I sat down to try again, but this time a little helplessly. I tried to write down some of the pride I feel in being part of the great movement that produced Mike Gold, and I did my best to describe Mike, brilliant and powerful, but still modest and unselfish. But as you can see from this recapitulation, it bogged down in big words, for the idea is clear but it is hard to put the deep emotion into words.

This column, then, is an apology. It's not about Mike Gold, because I'm not a good enough writer to do a piece on the man who has so faithfully and beautifully reflected the life of the American people in fiction, verse, drama, and political comment. I just can't begin to say the truth about Mike, so instead of writing him a tribute, I intend to be there Sunday, at Manhattan Center, two bells, to cheer myself hoarse. It may not be very literary, but at least when I stand up with everybody else to tell Mike happy anniversary, I shall make myself clear.

Readers' Forum

What Price Housework?

TO NEW MASSES: I agree with Harrison George that Ruth McKenney has done a grand service in discussing the position of women.

The friendly dispute between them (NM, Feb. 11) is whether a mother's work in the home is "unpaid labor," without exchange or use value, unproductive, and not socially useful. Ruth argues that we should not insult women by pretending that we think housework is useful or appealing to their interests as housewives. Harrison double damns housework as gruelling, monotonous drudgery. But he insists it is useful, and is paid for "in keep," by subsistence—food, clothing, and shelter. He argues that a man's wage is a *family wage*. "Petty domestic economy," as Lenin called it, is a hangover of the handicraft period of home industry; machinery has taken a large part of "woman work" out of the home, such as textile, needletrades, soap making, beer, butter, and cheese making, food preserving, etc. Machinery could do considerable of what's left if we had "large scale socialist economy," as Lenin said. The collective way of life in the Soviet Union illustrates this.

If all married women were childless in America they would probably all work in industry, which would mechanize domestic work. But under capitalism two situations are forced on working-class mothers. Some must stay home because of their dependent children. Others are driven out ruthlessly to help support their children, and must do their housework, as well. Marx and Lenin condemned both the breaking up of the family under capitalism and "the stultifying and crushing drudgery" forced upon poor mothers. Whether they are "paid" is not essentially important, although Marx states in *Capital*, in *Wage-Labor and Capital*, and *Value, Price and Profit* that wages include what is necessary to perpetuate the race of laborers. "The man like the machine will wear out and must be replaced by another man. Besides the amount of necessities required for his own maintenance, he wants another amount of necessities to bring up a certain quota of children that are to replace him on the labor market and to perpetuate the race of laborers" (*Value, Price and Profit*). John comes home on Saturday night and hands his wife the pay envelope. She pays the family's bills. They all subsist, including mother. But suppose John decided to go "equalitarian" and pay Mary wages—say half his earnings. Under capitalism it would become an immediate absurdity. They'd both pay the same bills with the same money and be broke just as quickly. It's six of one or half dozen of the other.

I think Ruth is wrong when she argues that housewives do not perform *useful* work. It is drudgery for WPA workers who dig with hand shovels instead of steam shovels. Still, it's useful work. Housework is far more useful than a lot of jobs for which good money is paid under capitalism. We all agree that it should be reorganized, mechanized, socialized to eliminate waste, duplication, and drudgery. We cannot abolish diapering babies, wiping their noses, feeding them, keeping them clean, teaching them to talk and walk. To free the individual mother from a twenty-four-hour job, and put it on a professional basis, to

have collective nurseries, kitchens, and laundries, is a belated recognition of just how socially necessary and useful is all the work she has performed so long and laboriously under capitalism.

There's always danger of generalization in discussing the subject "Women." Ruth's title "*Women Are Human Beings*" seems somewhat outmoded to me. With the winning of suffrage, the rapid growth of labor unions, and general public activities of women, it is practically axiomatic in America. Exceptions in backward areas are where men are not human beings either.

That women are human beings is a true statement, but it leaves me cold. It isn't enough to be a primate mammal in the world as it is today. What class you belong to, and what you do, are more important. The term "*women*" like "*men*" is too general for political discussion. Women cannot be lumped together as a sex. "Women" is not a term defining an age, racial, national, or class group—as are youth, Negro, Irish, and labor. Women are approximately half of all of them. There are no problems common to all women. Ruth's first article, in the Dec. 17, 1940 issue, oversimplifies, I fear. The problems she poses such as "career or home" are probably important to some women, though plain "getting a job" is not a choice but a necessity with most young women. "Fear of not getting married" is not the bugaboo today it once was. Certainly few women give up their jobs and expect to be supported. They are lucky in this period of unemployment if they don't find themselves with a husband to support.

The problems of women are as varied and complex as the categories of women. There are women of the capitalist class, rich, idle, secure. Their "problems" are not our concern. There are women of the working class, wage earners, employed or unemployed; wives who work in the home and the "white collar" salaried groups. Capitalist women and working women are divided, as men are, by the chasm of conflicting economic interests. This explains why rich women who advocate the "Equal Rights" Amendment, fight for equalization of property and inheritance laws and custody of children but are willing to have protective legislation for women workers scrapped as unconstitutional.

We are interested primarily in the problems of working women, who include native and foreign born; Negro and white; urban and rural; highly skilled and common labor; mothers in industry and women who work at home; women on relief and on projects; widows and old women on pensions. They are not inarticulate and unorganized, far from it. When Ruth says: "*For women the church, the cradle, the backyard gossip; for men the affairs of the world*," she leaves too much out of account. Millions of women are involved in public affairs. They are politically active—as Republicans, Democrats, Communists, etc. Forty-five percent of the electorate in N. Y. state and fifty-one percent in Illinois are women. It isn't only the rich and upper middle class who belong to clubs. When the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor prepared a report to the International Labor Office favoring protective legislation for women, ten women's organizations cooperated in the factual study. All women's clubs are not purely social and cultural. The General Federation of Women's Clubs which represents 2,000,000 women lists 282 separate community projects of their members such as juvenile courts, appointment of women physicians in asylums, kindergartens, reduction of fire waste, day nurseries, public baths, playgrounds and swimming pools, incinerators, traveling libraries, extermination of mos-

quitoes, etc. We are ignoring a reservoir of "feminine ferment," as Marx called it, by not evaluating and utilizing women's clubs in America.

Besides these, over 800,000 women are labor union members. Sixty percent of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; seventy percent of the laundry workers and seventy-five percent of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, are women. The American Federation of Women's Auxiliaries and the CIO Auxiliaries represent the women relatives of every important union in America. Women are in parent-teacher, consumer and co-operative, as well as fraternal organizations such as the International Workers Order. I wish space permitted me to describe the activities of Finnish women, as I have known them. A Women's Congress to mobilize all these groups, each progressive along some line, would be tremendously effective. It should not be hard to agree on a general minimum program, such as the Child Labor Amendment public day nurseries, health and housing, fighting the high cost of living, equal pay for equal work, etc. We might learn where women really stand on peace. I am sure that Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and David Dubinsky of the International Lady Garment Workers Union do not express the heartfelt, though suppressed desires of their women members when they whoop it up for war. A Women's Congress is a great idea. We'll see what we can do to realize it.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

New York City.

TO NEW MASSES: It was decidedly interesting to read in NEW MASSES Harrison George's letter to Ruth McKenney on women. I would like to suggest—very humbly, as I also am a woman—that Harrison George had better be sure *his* slugging is scientific.

Mr. George speaks of the "dignity and usefulness, in a socially necessary Marxian sense, of women's present role." Well, Mr. George, just listen to this:

"Notwithstanding all the liberating laws that have been passed, woman continues to be a *domestic slave*, because *petty housework* crushes, strangles, stultifies, and degrades her, chains her to the kitchen and to the nursery, and *wastes her labor* on barbarously *unproductive*, petty, nerve-racking, stultifying and crushing drudgery." [The first two italics are Lenin's, the last two, mine.]

Lenin said that, on June 28, 1919, and it appears in a little pamphlet published by International Publishers in 1938, "Women and Society."

Lenin would certainly be amazed at Mr. George's assertion that if we say women's labor in the home is socially unproductive, we "deprive them of any right to make demands upon this society"! What the women are demanding is a chance to be socially productive—and no power on earth, no slogan or formulation, can possibly stop us from making such a demand. We are not demanding any charity *from* society; we want to become an equal part of society.

Let's analyze, for the moment, this business of woman's labor being "socially necessary" because it creates labor power. Labor power must be sharply distinguished from labor. Labor power, says Marx (*Capital*, Vol. I, p. 186) "is to be understood [as] the aggregate of those mental and physical capabilities existing in a human being which he exercises whenever he produces a use-value of any description." Labor power is the "capacity for labor." All of the millions of unemployed possess labor power, but they are not given

the opportunity to "exercise" it. Labor, on the other hand, is work itself, the actual *process* of producing use values. In a commodity producing society, it is labor, work, which creates value as it creates products.

In other words, it is the worker's labor which creates the value of the commodities his employer sells. It is *his* labor, *in the factory*. It is not his wife's labor, just his own. And out of the values he creates, the employer pays him his wages. True, the housewife, by feeding and caring for him, helps to maintain his labor *power*. But it is not that which is the value-creating force. She, then, is no more than his assistant; and today she demands the right to participate in production *directly*, not merely as a secondary influence. Women are not satisfied to give the men strength and inspiration for work, for building beautiful buildings and a great country; they want to do some of the building themselves.

Lenin says, "Even with the fullest equality, women are still in an actual position of inferiority because all housework is thrust upon them. Most of this work is highly unproductive, most barbarous and most arduous, and it is performed by women." And again he speaks of the "petty, stultifying, unproductive work."

Is women's work "paid"? No, definitely no; no more than slave labor was "paid." Lenin often speaks of the "domestic slavery" of the women. The wage, says Marx, is determined basically by the "value of labor power," and "the value of labor power is the *value* of the means of subsistence necessary for the maintenance of the laborer." In other words, the value of labor power is determined by the value of the things the worker *buys*. Compare, for instance, the situation of a miner or textile worker in the South with that of a city worker. The wife of the city worker rarely bakes her own bread, sends out at least a part of the laundry, buys most of the clothes ready made. The wife of the miner or southern textile worker, on the other hand, makes her own bread, does her own laundry, makes the clothes for herself and children by hand. This is the living proof of the fact that the lower the pay of the man the more work the woman has to do—her work is *unpaid*, a charge neither upon her husband, nor upon the capitalist who hires him. The more work the women do, the cheaper the labor power of the men.

Woman's labor in the home, drudgery as it is, often made unnecessarily so by the inconsiderateness of her husband, is today socially unnecessary from every point of view. One of the important aspects of capitalism, according to Marx, is the fact that it gives the *material* basis for the freeing of the woman. It not only forced her into the factories in large numbers, but it made possible the doing of household tasks on a mass-production basis. There is no longer any real reason for 22,000,000 women to cook 22,000,000 dinners every night for 22,000,000 separate men. It is now possible for a few hundred thousand individuals, men and women, to prepare adequate meals for the whole people—as the patrons of New York's expensive restaurants can testify. The laundry, the baking, the cooking can all be done *outside* the home. The children can be cared for in modern scientific nurseries, nursery schools, and schools. The small household tasks that remain of necessity, if shared equally by husband and wife, are trifling.

This is what capitalism has the productive capacity to do. But only socialism can carry this out. Lenin said repeatedly: "Women are crushed by their domestic drudgery, and *only socialism* can relieve them from this drudgery."

Women's labor in the home is peculiarly unpro-

ductive, because, in a world of mass production, she works *alone*. Marx points out that mass production, cooperation, releases a new force. "When the laborer cooperates systematically with others, he strips off the fetters of his individuality, and develops the capabilities of his species." A woman, working in a large kitchen in cooperation with other workers, works better, her labor is more productive, and through her labor of cooperation she releases hundreds of other women to engage in the production of other articles for society. Women, under socialism, who work in their own kitchens, help to *consume* the product in social goods of their husband's labor. Women in industry are themselves adding to the total accumulation of social goods. Their labor is productive, that of the housewife is not. Lenin says: "The abolition of the private ownership of the land, the factories and the works, and this alone, opens the way for the complete and real emancipation from 'domestic slavery' by passing from petty, individual domestic economy to large-scale social economy."

"This transition is a difficult one, for it is a matter of remodeling the most deep-rooted, habitual, case-hardened, and ossified 'system' (it would be more true to say 'outrage and barbarism' and not 'system')."

"The main task is to draw the women into socially productive labor, extricate them from 'domestic slavery,' free them from stultifying and humiliating resignation to the perpetual and exclusive atmosphere of the kitchen and nursery."

We cannot solve the problem by saying "socialism will fix it," but we can solve it *only* under socialism. Our job *today* is to organize the women to fight for better wages and conditions for their husbands, but an important part of getting them to engage in *that* fight is showing them that we mean it when we talk about "equality," and when we say that their present inferior status is *unnecessary*. In my own experience with working-class women I have found that they respond to that approach more quickly and more sympathetically than to a purely economic one. "The emancipation of women workers must be brought about by the women workers themselves," says Lenin, and they cannot liberate themselves unless they are made aware of the possibilities for doing so.

New York City.

BEATRICE BLOSSER.



On the State

TO NEW MASSES: With much interest I have read G. S. Jackson's splendid article, entitled *Germany's Real Rulers*, in the February 11 issue of NEW MASSES. Jackson sets out to answer the following general question: "What is German fascism? Is it capitalism? Is it socialism? Or is it something totally different from both?" And I think he does a very good job. But to make it complete it is necessary for him to carry his penetrating analysis still further.

What Jackson establishes in his article, I believe, can be summarized briefly as follows:

1. That German industry is owned by capitalists, especially big capitalists.
2. That these capitalists are reaping big profits through this ownership.
3. That the German state enforces various policies protecting and furthering the profitable capitalist ownership of the industries.

All this is fundamental. It proves beyond successful contradiction that the Nazi state is a capitalist state and that German capitalism remains intact as a system. It is necessary, however, to supplement this basic proof with an analysis of the structure of the Nazi state itself.

The reason for this is, as Jackson indicates in his article, that since the rise of Hitlerism, the Social-Democratic, liberal, and the bourgeois press have developed the contention that there has been a middle-class revolution in Germany whereby the "revolutionists" have seized control of the German state and have allowed finance capital to remain in only nominal ownership of the industries. Their argument runs to the effect that although the big capitalists financed the Nazi's march to political power these same capitalists now find themselves bossed about by a set of middle-class masters who control the capitalist state in their own interest.

The prevalence of this notion, which also finds widespread acceptance among the masses, makes it necessary, if such illusions are to be dispelled, to show the organic identity between finance capital's ownership of the German industries and the Nazi control of the state. To do this effectively requires a thorough-going analysis of the class composition of the leading cadres of the Nazi party, of the government apparatus, of the officer caste in the armed forces, and of the key leaders of the various public and quasi-public institutions influencing mass opinion. We must also show in full detail the direct connection between the great financial interests, and the state. It is indispensable to demonstrate conclusively that the German state is made up predominantly in its basic positions of capitalists and their faithful servitors. All this a careful analysis will make clear beyond any doubt.

Jackson does touch somewhat upon this side of the problem. He correctly says that "in Germany there was a closer fusion of the state and finance capital than in any other country." But this vital proposition remains undeveloped. His references on the matter, while correct, are inadequate. Whereas to develop this point elaborately is the nub of the whole question. Such an all-sided treatment of the subject would completely rout the false assertion that not the capitalists, but the "revolutionary middle class" controls the state.

In view of the foregoing, I believe Jackson would do a real service by writing another article, supplementing his present splendid piece of work by carrying his Marxian analysis of capitalist Germany into the structure of the state itself.

While I am on this subject, may I add that in agitation in the United States it is necessary similarly to develop more thoroughly the capitalist com-



Waldman



Waldman

position of the American state than writers have been doing in order to dispel more effectively the illusions among the masses that the state is a democratic institution standing above all classes. By the same token, but in a reverse sense, writers must also more painstakingly bring forward the worker-farmer-intellectual composition of the Soviet state, as a major point in the fight to destroy the current slander that the Soviet state consists of a bureaucracy which exploits and oppresses the people for its own benefit.

New York City.

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER.

Damaging Contrasts

TO NEW MASSES: This comes from Ernie Pyle's column in the *World-Telegram*. Pyle, as you probably know, is the wight who hacks for Scripps-Howard:

"The hotel's big dining room has been moved to a lower floor, the better to keep away from bombs. Here the waiters are all in formal clothes, an orchestra plays, and bellboys hurry about calling people to the telephone. . . . On each table stands a handsomely printed card which says: 'This room is provided with special protection from blast and splinters. The inner wall is fourteen inches thick. The outer wall, five feet distant, is nine inches thick. The brick joints in each wall are strengthened with steel mesh, and the two walls support each other by sixteen connecting steel rods. There are nine floors of steel construction, above this room. The air-raid shelter is immediately below.'"

While this group of Londoners (plus Pyle), secure in bomb and splinter proof shelters, listen to an orchestra as they are fed by waiters in formal clothes, there is another group of Londoners who are also faced with the problem of shelters. Here, in excerpts from various letters recently published by *The Daily Worker* and NEW MASSES, is what they write:

"You ask in your letter about safe shelters. Well, I have not seen any or heard of any, except in the big hotels and rich houses. There are only brick surface shelters for us (we don't count Anderson's Shelters) wet and miserable, and I've seen that they are not even splinter proof, let alone bombproof. The mass of the poor people have no protection against the bombs. . . ."

This is one aspect of the two different styles of living now possible in London. Here is another set of quotes—on the food situation. The first two are from letters to the *New York Times*:

"We have, so far, suffered no hardship from lack of food, nor has anyone that I know of. Certain individual items on the shopping list are scarce, and some prices have gone up. These advances chiefly affect the imported luxuries."

And here's the second:

"I've made lots of jam—filled the coal cellar. The children are well and I've more money than I can get out to spend—isn't it funny?"

And here's Pyle, the wight, bobbing up again:

"On my first morning here [London] I asked if it would be possible to get an egg for breakfast. I not only got an egg, they brought me two eggs, ham, toast, jam, and coffee, and they've been bringing the same thing every morning. Honestly, I feel ashamed to eat it. . . . But my life now is at least a true picture of how it is possible to live in London if you pay the price. And the price I pay the hotel is \$6 a day, which includes breakfast. While Pyle with his \$6 per feels ashamed (and meanwhile chokes down his two eggs, ham, toast, jam, and coffee) and while the ladies who are published by the *New York Times* suffer no hardships from lack of food, make lots of jam and

have more money than they can get out to spend, this is the food situation as faced by another group of Londoners:

"Everything is so dear; eating apples are 10d a pound, lemons 8d each; potatoes are cheaper, but not good. We make our ration of tea do all right although it is only two ounces each. . . . I have not had an egg for eight weeks, and we are going to have cheese rationed now."

And again:

"Butter ration is back to 2 ounces a week. Since A. takes hers to her husband in a hospital, we just eat butter at one meal (extravagantly) and spend the rest of the week on margarine or rare dripping."

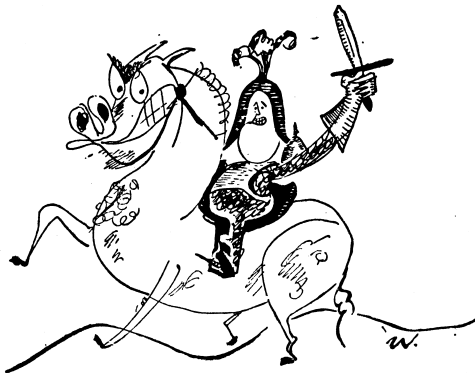
And finally:

"We got your last food parcel but don't spend more. We can't afford to pay the duties."

Though these various letters seem to contradict each other *they are all no doubt true*. One English lady *does* have more money than she can spend while a second can't afford lemons at 8d apiece, and a third gets put on a two-ounce butter ration. One English lady *does* have a cellar full of coal while the second gets a three-quarter CWT coal ration. ("The dampness everywhere is dreadful. We are only allowed three-quarter CWT coal at a time and bad coal at that. There is no firewood to be got, only what can be picked up from the debris of the bombed houses around us.") If you were to read only the big-business press you just wouldn't get this idea. Their unanimity is startling. They describe England (with Churchill, Halifax, and Bevin, et al., at the helm) as a One-Happy-Little-Family-Bravely-Facing-a-Critical-Situation, as a One-For-All-And-All-For-One-England, as a Share-And-Share-Alike-England. From the commercial press you'd think that the government (Churchill himself) falls over its (or his) feet from sheer eagerness as it (or he) rushes off to correct any least fault that turns up during the progress of the war. You have to go to the left-wing press to discover that the tragic inequalities of the pre-war days are now heightened thousandfold; to discover the measure of cynical brutality with which the British bureaucracy gives the people the run-around, starves them, ignores their most pressing need (adequate air raid shelters); to discover that "sacrificing one's all for Great Britain" starts at the bottom but doesn't quite percolate to the top . . . what does percolate to the top is profits, large war profits.

For me, the most fruitful point of comparison is the reaction of both sets of letter writers toward the RAF bombing of Germany. The lady who has all the money and the jam and the cellar full of coal ends her letter with:

"Cheerio—lots of love and remember the Germans are having a hot time from our RAF. It's my most comforting thought. When are you going to make your mincemeat?"



Clinton

while the lady who is rationed on two ounces of butter a week writes:

"During the first few days I noticed a tendency to try and cheer themselves up by saying, 'Well, I hope we're doing it to them good and proper!' But that is not heard now, because they have begun to ask themselves, 'What is the good of it all?' There is no comfort in the thought that another woman's home has gone too like yours, whatever nationality the other woman may be."

I like best of all the closing paragraph of the lady who gets a three-quarter CWT coal ration.

She writes:

"But we are not in despair. We go on hoping some day the people of the world will wake up and cooperate and rule themselves and not go on keeping the rich ones any longer."

With which I'll close my own letter.

New York City.

BARRIE STAVIS.

Peonage

TO NEW MASSES: Your readers may be interested in knowing something about the history of recent efforts that have been made to advance the fight against peonage.

Seventeen months ago, largely as a result of the flight of several Negro peons from Oglethorpe County, Ga., and the work of William Henry Huff, a Negro attorney in Chicago, the International Labor Defense established in that city an Abolish Peonage Committee. This committee aided other debt slaves to escape, assured their security and instituted legal proceedings against the peonage plantation operators.

The latter effort called for the cooperation of the United States Department of Justice and, particularly, the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Yet, though conclusive evidence of the widespread existence of this criminal practice of peonage was presented to that Department it consistently put off taking action. (See the article on the subject in NEW MASSES, May 28, 1940.) But as the matter gained publicity and as organized pressure was brought to bear, the Department promised, last May, to act.

In that month an FBI investigator, Mr. Penny, interviewed some of the escaped peons, *fingerprinted them*, and departed. Five months later another investigator from the same bureau, a Mr. Owens, questioned the fugitives, took down their testimony, received affidavits, and left. A little later two attorneys of the Department of Justice, Mr. Looby and Mr. Lyman (the latter of whom visited the peonage area and declared the International Labor Defense had been conservative in its description of conditions prevailing there), repeated the action of Mr. Penny and Mr. Owens—and here it is February 1941 and nothing has been done.

And it appears that the present administration, which has officially sanctioned Jim Crowism, killed the anti-lynching bill, and scuttled the move to end the poll tax, and which is dominated by southern bourbons like Representatives Eugene Cox (of Oglethorpe, County, Ga.!) and Martin Dies, and Senators Glass, Bilbo, George, and Harrison, is determined to do nothing about the appalling fact that *millions* of American citizens are today actually held in a state of enforced servitude, though they have committed no crime.

Months ago Mr. John P. Davis of the National Negro Congress declared that only "considerable and constant pressure" upon the Department of Justice would affect any appreciable results. Exert that pressure by telling Atty. Gen. Robert Jackson to wipe out slavery in America and to do it immediately.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Censor Over America

AN EDITORIAL

THE Roosevelt administration and the National Association of Manufacturers took the lead last week in a systematic attack on free inquiry in the press and in the schools. President Roosevelt called for "voluntary censorship" of facts vitally related to the welfare of the American people. The manufacturers called for a censorship of textbooks which present evidence, however valid, that we are not living under the best of all possible economic systems.

What we are witnessing is the unification of the effort to impose a gag on America. There have been scores of symptoms before. But up to now these symptoms may have appeared sporadic to many observers. Up to now there has been a pretense that repression is aimed only at Communists. Great skill has been exercised in disguising both the nature and the extent of the attacks on education and intellectual independence.

But the events of the past ten days prove that with the deliberate intensification of the war crisis big business and the war administration are so confident of success that they reveal objectives which previously they were compelled to disguise. They are rapidly passing from the stage of hypocrisy to the stage of naked dictatorship.

The report to the National Association of Manufacturers by Prof. Ralph West Robey attacking textbooks is the open expression of a drive to fascize our schoolrooms. It barely pretends to be anything else. The clear purpose of the report is to encourage on a much wider and more systematic scale the burning of schoolbooks which has already taken place in a number of American communities. Taking the view that any book which in any way raises doubts as to the absolute and eternal perfection of the existing system of property relations is *ipso facto* un-American, the spokesman for the manufacturers concludes that suppression is desirable. The NAM, representing the monopoly wealth of the country, is to dictate the beliefs of every American pupil. If any teacher is brought into conflict with these beliefs through his scientific studies he is to be denied a hearing.

The Robey report embodies the philosophy which animates the Dies committee in Washington and the Rapp-Coudert committee in New York. These attacks on education are the American equivalent of the Japanese campaign against "dangerous thoughts." It is no accident that books and educators should be the first targets in the offensive, whether in Germany, Italy, England, or the United States. For the tyranny which finance capitalism seeks to exercise over the people cannot be sustained by reason. It cannot endure scientific analysis. It can only rule through the deliberate stultification of intelligence supported by military force.

That is why the past week also witnessed a renewed attack on the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, which the Dies committee has decided to smear. We hold no brief for every phase of the Institute's activities, any more than we endorse all the

600 books on the Robey list. We have indicated our differences with the Institute before, and we shall continue to do so. But the basic principle involved is that no effort to examine the propaganda of the militarists and big industrialists will be tolerated under the administration gag program. The most elementary tenets of critical thought are considered a menace and condemned as unpatriotic. The fact that the Institute has conducted a very poor study of "Communist propaganda" has won it no immunity. What makes it obnoxious to the warmakers is the very premise of untrammelled inquiry.

Another expression of the censorship trend is apparent in the report that the War Department last week banned the sale of nine publications in government-operated post exchanges at army stations. Among the blacklisted periodicals are *NEW MASSES*, *Friday*, *Youth*, the *Daily Worker*, *Opportunity*, and—the *New Republic*. The reason for the suppression of *Opportunity* is clear; a journal of Negro opinion, it has fought Jim Crowism in the army. The reason for the suppression of *NEW MASSES*, *Friday*, the *Daily Worker* is also clear; they oppose American involvement in this war. One can understand also the reason for the suppression of *Social Justice*, *Facts in Review* (an official Nazi paper), and a sheet enticingly called *Nazi Nudism*; for it is a cheaply clever practice nowadays to smear bona fide expressions of progressive opinion by lumping them with violent, fascist, racketeering outcries. But the *New Republic* is there too, hoisted by its own petard. All its elaborate confessions of youthful error have been to no avail; even to the minute degree that it retains a semblance of liberalism it is anathema to those it would befriend.

There is nothing quite so painful as the spectacle of Prof. George S. Counts pleading the cause of Prof. Harold Rugg against the National Association of Manufacturers. Throughout the past year Counts has been the leading front man for the assault on intellectual freedom in America. As president of the American Federation of Teachers he led the attack on progressives in the union. Counts directed a Red hunt timed beautifully to advance the purposes of every enemy of culture in the country. He laid down the barrage for the offensive. His defense of Rugg therefore is ironical. For Counts himself has assisted the cultural lynching parties. And Rugg's own discomfort has not been alleviated by his painstaking efforts to disassociate himself from the Reds.

We are witnessing, in short, the increasingly clear outlines of the classical fascist pattern. At first the fire is directed at the Communists. To provide an ethical front for this attack, to make it appear like an idealistic mission, reaction requires the services of the liberals. But after a while, it becomes tragically obvious, even to some liberals, that the real object of attack has been democracy, everything progressive. The concentration camps of Germany, France, Italy, and Spain are full of *New Republic* editors. And America is still part of a planet where the law of cause and effect operates.

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Tantamount to War

THE fate of the lease-lend war dictatorship bill may have been decided by the time NEW MASSES comes off the press. That its passage would mark a turning-point in America's relation to the imperialist war cannot be doubted. In the last few days the Democratic-Republican supporters of HR 1776 have been so confident of the imminence of this turning point that they have just about dropped the seventh veil of pretense concerning the true intent of the bill. Not since March and April 1917 has the Senate witnessed such arrogantly bellicose speeches. During the election campaign we were assured that all these steps toward war were actually short of war and, in fact, the only assurance that America would not be dragged into the European conflict. All that was, as Wendell Willkie so aptly put it, "campaign oratory." After November, the very phrase, "short of war," became obsolete. Finally, with the drive to enact HR 1776 nearing its climax, the gentlemen who only a few months before had pledged, together with the Democratic and Republican platforms, to keep this country free of entanglement in foreign wars, openly welcomed the idea of military participation.

What goes on in the Roosevelt administration's mind these days was inadvertently revealed by Secretary of Commerce Jesse H. Jones, when he told the House Currency and Banking Committee that the United States is "in the war; at least we're nearly in the war; we're preparing for it." This shows what the administration thinks of the wishes of the ninety percent of the American people who are against entering the war, or of the United States Constitution, under which only Congress has the power to declare war. But evidently the administration believes—and not without justification—that if Congress passes HR 1776, it will be tantamount to a war declaration.

The Senate debate was a sickening revelation of duplicity. Senator Bailey of North Carolina, reminded that when the lifting of the arms embargo was being debated in the fall of 1939, he had opposed American involvement in the war, cynically acknowledged that he had "changed his mind." The assistant Republican leader, Senator Austin of Vermont, called on American boys to "go out and fight to save Christianity and the principles of freedom from the ruthless de-

struction of a fiend." And the so-called opposition? Having agreed with the backers of HR 1776 that aid to the big business war-makers of Britain was a good thing, they attacked the bill because it was not explicitly directed against the Soviet Union! In these contending forces was revealed the moral degeneracy of capitalism, its abandonment of every vestige of decency and truth.

But though millions of words have been spoken in Congress during the past few weeks, it is not there that the last will be said. On April 5-6 representatives from all parts of peace-loving America will gather in New York at the American People's Meeting called by the American Peace Mobilization. The decisions of that meeting may prove to be even more fateful than those of Congress.

Luce Talk

AND from another quarter comes the refrain: "We are in the war." It is not often that we recommend articles in our more poisonous contemporaries. But not for a long time have we read anything that so well exposes the role and war aims of American imperialism as an article in the February 17 issue of *Life* by Henry R. Luce, that daring young Wall Street man who by dint of initiative and the cash of two Morgan partners became publisher of *Time*, *Fortune*, and *Life*. In slightly more euphemistic language the article expresses virtually the same ideas as the speech of Dr. Virgil Jordan, head of the National Industrial Conference Board, before the Investment Bankers Association which NEW MASSES exposed in its December 31 issue.

"Whatever the outcome of the war," Jordan said, "America has embarked upon a career of imperialism, both in world affairs and in every other aspect of her life. . . ." ". . . the twentieth century," says Luce, "must be to a significant degree an American century." (From Berlin comes the Hitler echo: ". . . German century.") Or, as the February 28 issue of the *United States News* puts it: "Decisions . . . are being based on belief that, if anybody is to run the world hereafter, it should be US." Jordan in his speech last December stripped the false face off the aid to Britain program. "At best," he said, "England will become a junior partner in a new Anglo-Saxon imperialism. . . ." "In any sort of partnership with the British empire," writes Luce, "Great Britain is perfectly willing that the United States of America should assume the role of senior partner."

And now that Mr. Luce, like certain US senators, believes that HR 1776 is in the bag, he drops a few additional truths. "All this talk about whether this or that might or might not get us into the war is wasted effort. We are, for a fact, *in* the war." A war to defend America against possible invasion? Nonsense, says Wall Street's fair-haired boy. "Even that very word, defense, has been full of deceit and self-deceit. . . ." Is our national policy today limited to the defense of the American homeland by what-

ever means may seem wise? It is not. We are *not* in a war to defend American territory. We are in a war to defend and even to promote, encourage and incite so-called democratic principles throughout the world." "So-called" is right. And Luce makes clear that first and foremost of these "so-called democratic principles" is to convert Asia from a territory which is "worth only a few hundred millions a year to us" into a bonanza "worth to us four, five, ten billions of dollars a year."

Free Browder!

THE commercial press will discover yet that it can't dismiss the imprisonment of Earl Browder with a news story and approving editorial. Only a week has elapsed since the US Supreme Court sustained the frameup of Browder and another Communist leader, William Wiener, on absurdly petty, technical charges of violating the passport laws. Yet hundreds of protests, most of them by wire, have come already from as far as Latin America. Every one of them emphasizes an obvious, fearfully important truth: that Browder is being "put away" because of his leadership in the people's campaign against war. All of them recognize the brazen transgression of justice and its portent for civil liberties. All vow intensified support of Browder himself and progressive ideas which are inseparable from the man. The protests, the "Free Browder" rallies testify to a fact which the wardens and hangmen of capitalism never learn—you can't imprison ideas and they grow fastest in a citizenry aroused by injustice.

The honest militancy of those protests is in conspicuous contrast to the attitude of once-liberal weeklies. The *New Republic* editors recognize the verdict against Browder as political persecution but "do not blame the Supreme Court . . . there seems no doubt that he broke the law." The *Nation* adopts a "legal" tone. It doesn't like the *way* in which Browder was persecuted; it would "prefer the more direct approach adopted in the case of Harry Bridges," who is to be tried by the Department of Justice on the charge of being a Communist, with deportation as the penalty. The *Nation* editors explain that they don't care for the law under which Bridges is being tried but the trial will "clear the air." Once it has been established "legally" that membership in the Communist Party is a crime, Miss Freda Kirchwey and her staff will sleep more easily.

Lo, the poor liberal—mumbling and pawing over "the law" while the whole spirit of justice is violated by lawless men of war!

Soviet Conference

ONE of the biggest stories of many months has been badly mishandled by the commercial press. We refer to the story of the eighteenth conference of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. True, there were daily reports in the columns of many papers, but the epochal meaning of the dis-

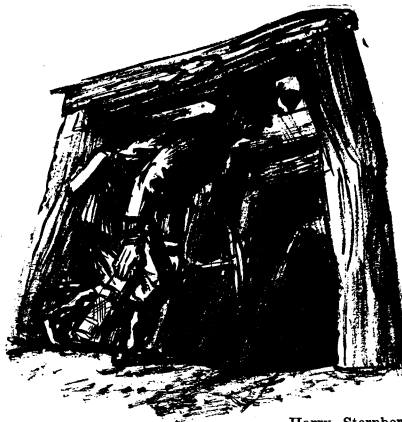
cussion at the conference: the facts of Soviet progress, the critical examination of the past and the audacious planning for the future—all this was nowhere to be found with but one honorable exception: the *Daily Worker*. What our mercenary press was chiefly interested in was an anti-Soviet sensation that could be used to obscure and vilify. Hence the very big front-page headlines on Litvinov's removal from the Central Committee of the Soviet party and the very small inside headlines on what the Soviet people are doing to build the economic might of their country.

But even the Litvinov headlines proved a boomerang. For what the story of the demotion of Soviet leaders and the warnings given to others proved was that the USSR is the only country in the world in which the work of leaders (including the wife of the chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, Molotov) is subjected to rigorous public scrutiny, with those who fail to meet the test being replaced by others who do. The action of the Soviet party conference is another expression of that flesh-and-blood Socialist democracy beside which capitalist democracy is only a shadow.

As for the concrete achievements of Soviet economy, reported at the conference amid much criticism of shortcomings, we have space to indicate only a few. Taking the 1929 level of production as one hundred, the USSR in 1940 reached 534, whereas the United States figure was only 111. Industrial output in the first three years of the Third Five Year Plan increased by forty-four percent; consumption goods during this period rose thirty-three percent. In the three years of the Third Five Year Plan national income advanced from 96,000,000,000 to 125,500,000,000 rubles (and no Morgans and Rockefellers to take off the cream). In 1941 the national income is scheduled to rise another seventeen to eighteen percent, the production of means of production (heavy industry), 23.5 percent, and of articles of consumption, nine percent. There are also great advances scheduled for transport and agriculture. And there will be larger expenditures for education, social measures and the general welfare of the people despite the huge amounts that must necessarily be devoted to the military defense of the country. It is this pageant of unrelenting socialist progress in the midst of capitalist crises and wars that nourishes the democratic faith and gives assurance that mankind shall yet be free.

Chile and Colombia

Two important electoral struggles are taking place at opposite ends of the South American continent, one in Chile on March 2, the other in Colombia a week later. As our readers may recall, the Chilean Popular Front was formally disrupted by the withdrawal of the Socialists in mid-January. This withdrawal was inspired by Oscar Schnake, who revealed the effects of a five-month so-



Harry Sternberg

jour in Washington by plumping for the war and demanding the persecution of the Chilean Communists. Under Socialist inspiration, a bill was even passed in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies providing for a ban on the Communist Party, and while it was awaiting presidential approval or rejection, the Socialists hastened to improvise an electoral bloc such as would isolate the Communists. All this elaborate treachery has now boomeranged. Pres. Aguirre Cerda, himself a Radical Party chieftain, has vetoed the anti-Communist measure. A new electoral grouping has been formed among the parties which comprised the Popular Front: Radicals, Chilean Trade Union Federation, and the Communists included. The Socialists are running a lone slate; their leadership is discredited, and the rank and file is reported to be resigning *en masse*. The Left Bloc expects to gain a full majority of the 146 deputies and the twenty senators who will be elected on March 2, thus ending reactionary control of the legislature. CP prestige was never so high. It now has one senator and expects to gain three, while its present representation of seven deputies is expected to be tripled.

In Colombia, the main struggle takes place within the Liberal Party, which virtually controls the country. Much more is at stake than the election of some 118 deputies and provincial legislators. According to Colombian law, presidential candidates are nominated by blocs in the chamber of deputies; whichever bloc wins the present contest will really win the presidential balloting next year.

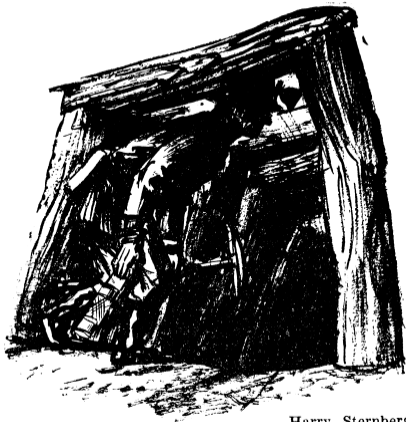
Colombia fronts on both Caribbean and Pacific waters; it is a major coffee and oil-producing country in which large sums of American capital are invested; its politics are therefore of real interest in Washington. But most interesting of all, the anti-imperialist forces have taken a long headstart in the campaigning, and the electoral verdict may prove a sharp rebuff to American imperialist hopes in all of Latin America. The lead in this orientation has come from Alfonso Lopez, ex-president of Colombia, who recently took direct issue with some of Vice-Pres. Henry Wallace's ideas. "We have been offered economic cooperation," Lopez declared in a speech that has electrified his countrymen and resounded throughout the continent, "but it is important to inquire whether such coopera-

tion will be subordinated to the concept that Colombia is to become a tropical reserve of exotic fruits, strange roots, and mineral wealth to be exploited by foreign corporations; that is, a semi-colonial civilization without perspectives, or whether cooperation will be given Colombian industries as will develop . . . greater independence from foreign industries." While there is much in Lopez' program which is unclear, especially with regard to internal conditions, his stand has aroused wide enthusiasm among progressive and labor forces. A Popular Alliance has been formed to support him and the chances of a fundamental reorientation of Colombian politics are very good.

China in Crisis

IT IS possible to judge the gravity of the crisis in China's United Front by a careful consideration of the twelve demands which the Chinese Communist Party has just made upon the central government, published in the *Daily Worker* for February 23. Several of these demands involve restoration of the arms, and compensation to the families of the dead and wounded in the recent massacre of the New Fourth Army units. One of them insists upon the arrest of the Chungking war minister, Ho Ying-chin, who was directly responsible for the anti-Communist campaign; still another asks the annulment of the government orders disbanding the New Fourth Army, the release of its commander Yeh Ting, and a formal apology for his detention. And then there are demands for the immediate destruction of the blockade around the Eighth Route Army zone, the abolition of the one-party Kuomintang dictatorship, the purging of all pro-Japanese groups and their court-martial. Most interesting of all is the demand for the release of political prisoners, among them Chang Hsueh-liang, the young marshal who was responsible for bringing Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists together in December 1936.

The whole tone, and the implications of these demands would indicate that the United Front is under intense strain. And from the demand for the release of men such as Chang Hsueh-liang, we would say that many more sections of the Chinese population are involved in the present internal struggle than the Chinese Communists, powerful as they are. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers, millions of young people, peasants, workers and intellectuals, officers have learned a great deal from the anti-Japanese struggle for independence in the last few years. Beyond doubt, the specific issue of the massacre of the New Fourth Army reflects a deeper dissatisfaction on the part of millions of democratic and devoted anti-Japanese fighters with conditions in Chungking. While changes in the international situation may still effect a cleanup of the reactionary clique in the central government, it is just as likely that China is now passing through a transition toward new political configurations which will take up the struggle for democracy with renewed vigor.



Harry Sternberg

Out of the Sewer

Hearst's anti-Soviet experts sponsor a book by a Nazi spy. The Book-of-the-Month Club foists the hoax of "Out of the Night" upon the public.

WITH the most rabid reactionaries in government and business as its higher-ups, and lately certain liberals entering as junior higher-ups, a politico-literary underworld has established itself and is now in a highly flourishing state. It practices the most openly protected racket in America with the Dies committee (not to speak of other government agencies) as its political protector. Its chief backers are the newspapers, with Hearst in the lead; and the big magazines, led by the *Saturday Evening Post*. Book publishing and the movies have both been opening up new territory to the rackets; and now shirt-fronts and pink cheeks, book judges and reviewers, have taken on new jobs as literary character witnesses for pulps and pornographers.

Psychopaths and political degenerates and confidence men, both of home and European origin, are the mobsters, operating on an ever broadening fringe where upper and underworld meet. The "good people," who once hazarded a shudder over the ex-convicts and perverts on the Dies payroll, have become acclimated to that company; we find them now taking to their democratic bosoms a Gestapo spy!

The products of the racket are of various types. They are delivered by rats of all sizes in the pay of the Dies committee; by provocateurs of all stamps in the labor movement; and, in the literary-journalistic world, by a curious combination of the reputable and disreputable. We now see Hearst as pals with the *Nation*, Isaac Don Levine cheek-by-jowl with Henry Seidel Canby in the Book-of-the-Month Club bulletin. For the war drive has legitimized everything; and liberals, once proud of their inquiring minds, now follow a "no questions asked" policy.

THE SPECIFIC literary-journalist product of the anti-Soviet underworld has gone through a considerable evolution. Though it has an ancestry as ancient as Judas its modern type may be dated from the hysteria of the first post-war years. Its classic then was *Americanism vs. Bolshevism* by Ole Hanson, Seattle strike-breaker. Hanson, a real estate man, was mayor of Seattle during its historic general strike. In breaking the strike Hanson became the hero of the manufacturers, under whose auspices he was sent on a nation-wide lecture tour. Under their sponsorship the ghosts to write *Americanism vs. Bolshevism* were provided and the book was launched. These ghosts, a little clumsier even than Isaac Don Levine, set the pattern, which has since been given certain refinements (its whiskers, for example, have been trimmed) but which re-

mains fixed in its essentials to this day. These essentials are sexual looseness, violence toward the individual, and morbid fanaticism.

Through a long and constantly growing bibliography of scare-mongering along all lines, of sensational political analyses, of falsified history and faked statistics, and of lurid escape and confession stories this pattern has been held to. But it required a twenty-year evolution in technique and the specially favorable circumstances now prevailing to produce the culmination of the genre in that complete sewer distillate, *Out of the Night*. Unquestionably its autobiographical novel structure is closer to the cheap serial formulas, its pornography more circumstantial and detailed than in any previous production of the literary underworld. And through the "spiritual" mobilization trumpeted by the MacLeishes and the Mumfords the cultural world has been put on the ready as never before. The book club judges did their bit. The literary editors did their bit reserving feature space and assigning it to certified big-name, yes-men reviewers. The big-name, yes-men reviewers produced ballyhoo of a super brand; and thus the most shocking episode in recent literary history was polished off. In its course it laid bare the depth of the debasement and the pitch of the inoculated hysteria of American *Kultur* today. A study of this episode is therefore valuable to an understanding of book publishing and literary journalism today, and of the political missions they are now performing. Let us begin with an examination of the book and how it was promoted.

"I TOLD the kommandant weird tales about mass rapes during Stalinist jamborees in Moscow and Paris. Because Communists were the culprits he believed them."

This, according to Jan Valtin, now identified as the Gestapo spy Richard Krebs, and author with the since admitted "help" of Isaac Don Levine of *Out of the Night*, was the method he used to win his way into the confidence of a Nazi official. This is the method he has reemployed, with the same effect, in America. Since Communists are the culprits, any filth is swallowed, and any incredibility okayed.

It happens that two editions of *Out of the Night* have been issued, a longer version which reached the hands of reviewers before the Book-of-the-Month Club made the book its choice; and a later revised edition, shortened on the advice of Book-of-the-Month Club editors. A comparison of the first half of the two texts shows that only non-sexy passages were cut. Not a hair of a prostitute's head was touched.

This is a sufficient commentary upon the estimates of the publishers and the Book-of-the-Month Club judges of the tastes and interests of the American people; of the willingness of these gentlemen to use the methods of a Julius Streicher toward a similar anti-progressive end.

No different were the literary editors and the reviewers they called on. We saw them doing what is ordinarily to be seen only when shyster lawyers defend vendors of pornography as "art" dealers. They acclaimed *Out of the Night* as literature!

We saw them also recommending as substantial truth what they suspected to be lies. Their performance was shameless in its hypocrisy. They wanted to promote the book; at the same time, suspecting it, and fearing that it might eventually be exposed as a hoax, they took the precaution of putting in qualifying phrases to show that they had not been taken in, though they might have assisted in taking others in.

The bluntest specimen is from Orville Prescott of *Cue* magazine. "As to credibility—who can say? Certainly it would be folly to trust a man like Valtin without a few private reservations. Highly recommended."

Vincent Sheean in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* said: "Nobody can confidently assert its accuracy throughout."

Clifton P. Fadiman in the *New Yorker* wrote: "I do not know how much of it is true. (The author, for example, seems to have been born at several different times.)"

Similar reservations appeared in the text of other reviewers, inconspicuously it is true, in order not to detract from their job of floating an anti-Soviet slander, but just enough to protect themselves against any possible day of reckoning. *Probably lies, but highly recommended.*

It should be noted, however, that outside of New York, where the air is a little cleaner and literary regimentation not so far advanced, or the corruptions so comprehensive, there was not the same wild welcome for this night product of Krebs-Valtin and Isaac Don Levine. And even in New York there were exceptions. Lewis Gannett in his *Tribune* column and Selwyn James in *PM* were skeptical and detected the malodorous presence of Isaac Don Levine.

Is it possible that the dignitaries of the Book-of-the-Month Club were moved to overlook the calculated pornography of *Out of the Night*, dismissing it merely as a strong dose of reality, because they believed the book to be authentic? Is it possible that they took the publishers' presentation of the book on faith and did not know, among other things, of the

involvement of Isaac Don Levine in the mess? Is it possible that the literary editors and reviewers did not know?

Let us consider the judges who constitute the front of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Two of them, Henry Seidel Canby and Christopher Morley, know the book business inside out. And one would hardly accuse William Allen White, a third judge, of naivete.

Virtually every reviewer, on the basis of internal evidence such as Fadiman noted, suspected the book. If Selwyn James and Lewis Gannett detected Isaac Don Levine's hand in it, others must have. That the Book-of-the-Month Club knew of Isaac Don Levine's participation (subsequently publicly admitted by Krebs-Valtin in an interview published in the *New York Times Book Review* on February 9) is shown by the fact that the biographical note on the author published in the Book-of-the-Month Club bulletin carries the name of Isaac Don Levine as its byline. And we since learn from *Newsweek* that not only did Levine help write the book, and then reviewed it, but he is also sharing in its profits!

It is not so long ago that Prof. Charles A. Beard received the plaudits of the whole cultural world for reacting to a sample of Hearst Red-baiting by stating that he would not touch Hearst with a ten-foot pole. One of the most conspicuous reasons for this aversion to Hearst in the cultural world was his employment of men like Isaac Don Levine, for just the type of Red-baiting purveyed in *Out of the Night*.

It is a clear indication of the headlong descent into corruption of our cultural life that the Book-of-the-Month Club will take the lead and our major literary periodicals will so willingly follow in promoting any product, or by-product of the activities of this top Hearst hack. And it is interesting to note that Valtin-Krebs himself has since made his debut in the ranks of the Hearst hacks.

There was, of course, if the Book-of-the-Month Club people had cared to check, evidence enough of all sorts, in the book and on Mr. Valtin-Krebs' person, that all was not as represented. They might have been startled to find Mr. Valtin-Krebs' physiological face unscarred though his autobiographical face has been cut to ribbons. Had they checked, such incredibilities as the transit through the Panama Canal of a ship whose crew had supposedly mutined, they would have found that the Panama Canal records and registers did not carry the event Mr. Valtin describes. Canal regulations require that ships passing through be inspected thoroughly before and during transit of the canal.

For people interested in the labor movement there are incredibilities on every page. The most glaring perhaps is the account of Mr. Valtin's term in San Quentin. Mr. "Valtin" represents himself as an activist who organized study circles among the prisoners. Yet there is no mention in the book of Mooney and McNamara.

Further, the astonishing Mr. Valtin who performs miraculous feats of memory in the book such as recalling the exact words of conversations held twenty years back, suffered

strange lapses of memory in the *New York Times'* interview. Apparently the absence of the inspiring Mr. Levine from his side impaired Mr. "Valtin's" efficiency. In the *Times* interview life began for Mr. Valtin in San Quentin. It was there that he first studied and learned languages although in the book he had studied in a "Marxist university" and had already long been polylingual.

ONE COULD GO ON and on and on giving examples. One could reiterate the fact that even without such evidence people accepting the word of an autobiographer who by his own account is a man convicted of attempted murder and a spy and a traitor, must have questionable motives of their own. Those motives are obvious. It is to make a new American career of Red-baiting and anti-Soviet slander.

In this scouring of filth from the gutters of the world, to me the most repulsive thing in the book is the slander against anti-Nazi heroes and martyrs. In *Out of the Night*,

George Dimitrov, who turned the Reichstag fire trial into a great offensive against fascism, is defamed as a sadist and lecher who betrayed his principles and his associates. According to Mr. Valtin, Goering and Goebbels acted in collusion with Dimitrov to procure their own humiliation!

A similar slander is cast upon Edgar Andree, who went to the Nazi axeman, unbowed, after nearly four years of continuous torture, and who shouted, so that he could be heard by other anti-Nazi prisoners, as he faced his executioner, "Death to Hitler! Long live the workers' revolution!" According to Valtin, Edgar Andree, just before his death, told his Nazi guards that he would shout this defiance, adding: "Not one of my boys will suspect that I am in truth nothing but a tired comedian of loyalty to a cause in which I have ceased to believe. Gentlemen, I am ready."

Note the cheap stage rhetoric Mr. Valtin puts into Andree's mouth. But note especially that readers are asked, suddenly, to regard



"Come on up, Valtin. The printer is waiting."

Cassell



"Come on up, Valtin. The printer is waiting."

Casotti

Nazis as respected witnesses, to set Nazi testimony against historical evidence for no other reason than to discredit an act of anti-Nazi heroism. Note that the Book-of-the-Month Club editors did not delete *that* in the editing, and that no book editor protested. They were all apparently content to see the memory of an anti-Nazi martyr besmirched on the testimony of Nazis as passed on to the dubious Mr. Valtin.

It shows a dangerous drift toward the Nazi spirit when slanders against anti-Nazi heroes and martyrs like Dimitrov and Andree are so complacently accepted. We only need remember that Freda Utley's prescription for European peace and plenty—a Nazi conquest of the USSR—has been accepted with similar complacency by the same people, that liberal journals like the *Nation* and *New Republic*, the same Freda Utley whose book Norman Thomas praised; through carefully chosen reviewers of proven anti-Soviet bias, are content to appear as sponsors of this product.

Let the literary editors, let the *Nation* and *New Republic* editors look back into their files. Let them reexamine what they themselves wrote about Dimitrov and Andree. That may provide them with the measuring stick they need, to see how low they have sunk into the anti-Soviet mire.

THREE YEARS AGO in January 1938, *Paar Torn* (Stand Watch), a monthly newspaper published by the Scandinavian Seamen's Club, carried a piece about Krebs-Valtin with a portrait of its subject and the heading "On Guard—Gestapo!" A similar warning was published in the organ of the German anti-Nazi seamen.

Valtin-Krebs admits his Gestapo service in his book but claims that he carried it on in the interests of the anti-Nazi cause. As between his testimony and that of the two anti-Nazi organizations the choice is plain. Krebs convicts himself not only by direct testimony but by the contributory evidence of a devious and filthy mind.

Apart from other motives it is clear that the writing of the book was also done in self-exculpation. Krebs seeks to justify his treachery. His method is to reverse the role. The revolutionary movement betrayed him—betrayed him as an individual, brought him to the sacrifice of family and career. After twenty years, he says, he recognized himself as the deceived and betrayed victim of his fanatic devotion to a cause that recognized no loyalty or obligation to its workers.

Twenty years! But Krebs-Valtin himself records an old crack in the monolith. Some fifteen years before the supposed moment of his disillusion he records his decision "to discard the Comintern, if need be, to win the girl I loved. . . . She meant infinitely more to me than the luckless Hindus. . . . I wrestled with the thought that she was too good, too fine to be destroyed by the Comintern service. I wrestled with the idea that I must discard one to win the other."

What this makes clear is that Krebs' rene-

gacy was ripened or ripening fifteen years ago; and that either by his own wit or by instruction from such learned masters as Isaac Don Levine he knows what the owners of the American press-screen-radio; etc., want the public to want. Oh, that irrepressible Hollywood conflict between the inhumanity of revolution and love that conquers all!

Whereas writers who have been only sympathizers toward radical movements and by no means "activists" such as Mr. Valtin represents himself to be, turned to proletarian and social-conscious themes, Mr. Valtin's literary efforts, at the very peak period of his supposed fanaticism, prove not to have been "Marxist." He writes:

"I saw at once that Firelei [who, by the way, is also represented as a "devotee"] hoped that my writing would open for her and me a life away from the Comintern.

"'They are not Marxist,' I said. 'I just wrote them because I dream of going back to a sailor's life.'"

"'Just because of that, let me send them out.'"

Mr. Valtin named three of the manuscripts. The titles were "Scum's Wake," "The Fog," and "Silver Bridges."

WE HAVE SEEN how such people as the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, literary editors, and critics, the very people who hold the highest responsibility for the tone and level of American culture, have put the apparatus of the book world in the service of a product of the underworld. It is by their complacency and cooperation that the descent to Hearstian levels begins; but these gentlemen may not be consulted as to where it is to end.

The full extent of the corruption already spread in the cultural world by the operations of this protected Red-baiting and anti-Soviet racket can be seen even more clearly when one compares the treatment accorded to *Out of the Night* with the treatment given to the Dean of Canterbury's book.

On the one hand we have an author in admitted disguise who confesses to having been convicted of attempted homicide, and to having been a traitor and a Gestapo spy; on the other hand we have a world renowned churchman, identified for some twenty years with progressive causes.

On the one hand we have a devious, morbid, pornographic, Red-baiting book, written to capitalize on the currently fomented spy-scare and war drive hysteria, which promptly earned its author a post among the Hearst hacks; on the other hand we have a clear, documented, factual study of the Soviet Union written with the expressed hope that the information it made available might lead to an unprejudiced attitude toward the Soviet Union, and through enlarged understanding promote American collaboration with the Soviet Union in furthering the restoration of peace in the war-involved areas of the world.

For *Out of the Night* every trick in the book game was utilized—book club selection,

store window displays, front page reviews, continuous book note publicity, front page reviews in the key papers, magazine condensations in *Life* and *Readers' Digest*, radio comments, puffs by the columnists—and reviewers selected for their anti-Soviet bias.

For *The Soviet Power* not even the ordinary routine book reviews. Where it was reviewed at all the book was handed over to known anti-Soviet writers for a literary lynching. This was so even in the "liberal" magazines. The *New Republic* turned over *The Soviet Power* to the notorious pro-Nazi, Freda Utley, whose vicious "review" drew indignant letters of protest from many of the magazine's readers.

Never before have we seen such a shameless choice of reviewers. For *Out of the Night*, the *New York Times* forewent the services of its regular anti-Soviet specialist, the White Guard, Florinsky. Florinsky had failed them on the Krivitsky book. He had pointed out a little too meticulously the seams in that previous masterwork of anti-Soviet fabrication. The *Times* therefore put *Out of the Night* into the safer hands of William Henry Chamberlain who, it was known, had never yielded to scruple in his anti-Soviet bias.

Along with this suspension of normal standards in criticism other decencies went by the board. Never before that I know of has a reviewer done or been permitted to do a signed review of the same book in two important media. But for the surer promotion of *Out of the Night* William Henry Chamberlain puffed it both in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the *New York Times*; and for the completer maligning of the Dean of Canterbury the same William Henry Chamberlain "handled" *The Soviet Power* both in the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Yes, a thorough job was done in foisting, for political reasons, a bad book on the American public and keeping a useful one from any access to it. But the American people are not quite as helpless as the masters like them to be. And today, with printings of over 300,000 copies, the sabotaged Dean of Canterbury's book is outselling *Out of the Night*, for all its frock-coated barkers. Here is the heartening evidence of the American love for the truth.

In conclusion one might remind the Book-of-the-Month Club of a certain item in book club history. There was a time when another book club was a much closer competitor. It slipped out of the running, however, and a contributing factor was that one of its selections was exposed as a hoax. The literary atmosphere at that time was devil-may-care, and the judges of that book club may have assumed that in a period of free-for-all spoofing the public would not mind being spoofed. *But the public did mind.* Today the Book-of-the-Month Club may feel similarly protected by the general anti-Soviet drive, in thinking that it can put over this cheap pornography. But I venture the prophecy that it will find its ultimate loss in prestige greater than the present profit.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Bill Gropper's Show

He applies his wizardry as cartoonist to render his painting "as powerful a weapon as black and white." In the tradition of the Grecos, Goyas, and Daumiers.

WILLIAM GROPPER'S sixth annual one-man exhibition (on view at the ACA in New York) proves that an artist does not lose his soul by mixing in the hand-to-hand struggle of daily life. For twenty years Gropper has been hard at work, brandishing pen, brush, and India ink as if his artist's tools were Excalibur. The sheer physical labor of producing his cartoons for *NEW MASSES*, the *Daily Worker* and the *Freiheit* might well have worn out a less rugged individual. Yet between pen strokes, Gropper finds time to paint a score of can-

vases and to draw and print another score of lithographs. Quantitatively considered alone, the record is amazing.

The important thing, however, about Gropper's paintings and lithographs is not the amount of energy expended in their making, but the ideas and human values which have animated the artist. Why will a man break his back and his heart, working as if he were a dozen men, unless it is because he is fighting for a passionately held conviction? Gropper's cartoons make that conviction clear: He attacks the power of the *status quo*, the

hypocrisy and injustice of capitalist society, the destructive forces of an anarchic industrial system.

In painting (an art to which Gropper has turned after years of service in the front lines as a cartoonist and an art which he practices as seriously and sustainedly as time allows) he seeks to give expression to the same conviction, thereby making painting as powerful a weapon as black and white. In this aim, Gropper calls upon the revolutionary painters of all periods, the Grecos, the Goyas, the Daumiers, who were not content merely



THE GALLERY. One of a series of lithographs from William Gropper's one-man show, now on exhibition at the ACA, New York City.



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THE GALLERY. One of a series of lithographs from William Gropper's one-man show, now on exhibition at the ACA, New York City.

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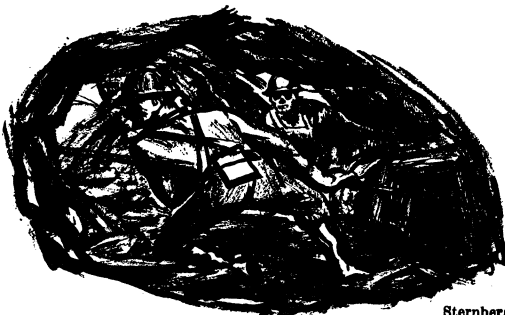
to observe social decay but who sought to change the world by their comment.

Hatred of injustice and sterile social institutions suggests a further premise: the artist must believe in the dignity and worth of human life. Apostles of futility accept social decay; their work blossoms in the crepuscule of a dying age. But those sturdy souls who see a better life ahead must base their fight for social change upon the proposition that human nature contains within itself the potentialities of ever greater flowering. Gropper, who slashes away at corrupt and servile legislators with no pity, nevertheless has all the love in the world for people.

This dichotomy is the essential well-spring of his endeavor, the reason why both his graphic art and his painting are irrepressibly bubbling over with enthusiasm and gusto. Take, for example, the satire on the President, "L'etat c'est moi," in which Mr. Roosevelt bows with the manner of the *grand seigneur* Louis XIV, and oppose it to a frank human statement like "Ice Man." Here are the extremes from which Gropper draws sustenance: facade of rigid social reaction and seething tide of potential human energy on which our hopes of social change are predicated.

Obviously there can be no social change of consequence which is not based on the recognition of the rights and worth of all human beings. And one of Gropper's chief assets as a creative artist (whether cartoonist or painter does not matter; the medium does not constitute categories of superiority or inferiority, only the usefulness and the inherent content) is his *friendliness*. The paintings, "Cigar Maker," "Apprentice," "Rag Picker," "Unemployed," "Young Man," are healthy; they have none of the detached intellectual's scorn for humanity, an attitude which art can easily fall into in periods of decay, but which builds nothing for the future. Or take a satirical canvas, "Singer"; the satire is not an attack on culture itself, but on culture for a small class, which therefore has become distorted and parasitic.

Besides his affirmative humanism, Gropper presents other positive contributions. Some of his canvases are obviously pleas for peace, the three or four based on air raid themes and the fine "They Fought for Democracy in Spain" (reproduced in last week's *NEW MASSES*). The latter painting is, one believes, a fine example of the capacity of art to be a weapon. If it could be reproduced as a poster and widely distributed, it should create a tremendous humanitarian sentiment for the prisoners in French concentration camps.



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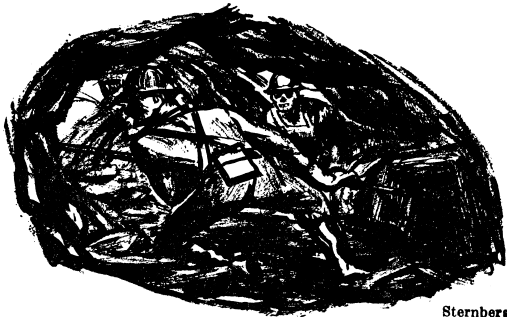
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The Crucible of Democracy

One of the most talked-of articles in the anniversary issue of *New Masses* was A. B. Magil's article, "The Crucible of Democracy." In it he discussed the meaning of Jefferson's fight for the national, social, and international principles of 1776. It was the beginning of a series most timely as a response to the efforts of Tory writers to rewrite history to the advantage of those who believe in the Benedict Arnold-Aaron Burr-John Wilkes Booth tradition.

Next week Mr. Magil will continue his series with a consideration of Andrew Jackson's day to the end of the Reconstruction Period.

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Sternberg

Its success as the plastic statement of a social idea is due not only to the power of the idea stated but also to the esthetic integration of theme with method. This integration does not seem to have been so successfully achieved in the bombardment canvases, where the emphasis is rather on painting problems (surface, texture, color, atmosphere) than on emotions to be aroused in the beholder, which will produce action—first, horror, then organized protest.

Nevertheless, Gropper's progress as painter (that is, as a craftsman using a material, paint) is on the whole gratifying. The air-raid paintings, though perhaps not achieving their fullest expressiveness in human and emotional terms, are extremely well done; pigment is handled with care and with variety of treatment, as well as greater richness than in previous years. In developing greater skill with paint, Gropper is broadening his potential range of communication. In black and white, he has so great a mastery of his medium and his idiom that he can state an infinite number of ideas; in painting, he is in the process of attaining an equal mastery.

The lithographs, mostly on political themes, are a whole show in themselves. At the moment, there is a trend away from black and white prints to the color print. But Gropper's emphatic comments (the word should be "shouts") on current political events are a dramatic reminder that again it isn't the medium which really matters, but what is said. Truly, here he works in the great tradition, coupling acute observation with simplification where it is needed to accent his point. Senators and representatives may be very thick-skinned gentlemen. But the writer would like to wager that the most confirmed party hack would develop an anxiety neurosis if he had one of Gropper's lithographs pasted up on his shaving mirror.

ISABEL COOPER.

Marxist Mania

The Marx Brothers go wacky in "Go West."

FOR slapstick as it ought to be, thank God, there are still the Marx Brothers. Their fans will find only one fault in *Go West*; it has moments without Marx. Whenever you have to look at the pretty boy and girl who supply romantic interest you are bored; the light has gone out of your life. Then Harpo reappears, trying to blow a safe with a small brass cannon, and joy flows back into your heart. The gags are as screwy as ever; Chico still tickles a piano to death, and Harpo still goes all poetic and Keatsy with a harp—this time in a tender duet with a heap big Indian chief.

The plot, as usual, doesn't matter. It suffices to get the three into a desert not without blondes and into the most glorious train ride of screen history, in which a locomotive chases a horse and buggy from Idaho to Grand Central Station. Not until you have

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seen Groucho, Chico, and Harpo madly burning up the train to fuel the engine on their ride to nowhere do you really understand capitalist economy.

There are a couple of competent and whis-kery villains, played by Robert Barrat and Walter Woolf King, and the inevitable romantic pair whose troubles serve as a peg to hang the plot on. But all true Marxists will prefer to the feeble amorousness of these two, that noble romantic scene in which Groucho renounces his statuesque blonde love because he cannot take her back to his ancestral hall, Drooling-on-the-Lapel, and introduce her to Poppa. Or there is Harpo's little trick with the ten-dollar bill and the string. Or—but this could go on forever.

There doesn't seem much point in the occasional songs which hold up the film from time to time, or much tune. The old standby, "Land of the Sky Blue Water," takes top honors with Harpo boiling the water. Old Marxists will miss the penguin-shaped lady with whom Groucho used to have such fun. *Go West* is not, to be sure, as consistently endearing as that loony triumph of some years back, *A Night at the Opera*; it gets a little too incoherent at times, it doesn't let Mr. King sing—and it does let Mr. Carroll. Who cares? It hits you like a quart of champagne. There was that business with the lady's bustle. . . . Go see it.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Cavorting Teachers

Local Five presents a sparkling musical revue.

FAR removed from the clamorous setting of Broadway, and without benefit of publicity, the teachers of New York's Local Five have contrived a witty, full-bodied revue presented under the title, *With Bells Ringing*. First introduced in December 1940, the show has since been seen by over 8,000 people. In terms of trade union theater activity this is comparable to the early life of *Pins and Needles*. Although not as professional, or quite as finished as the Needle Trades show (first edition), it is easily the best trade union theater since the exciting debut of the ILGWU revue.

With Bells Ringing is entirely the work of the Teachers Union. Much to the amazement of the many students who have witnessed the show, the singing, dancing, and acting are done by teachers. Teachers wrote the lyrics, the music, and the sketches. Even the excellent *decor* was designed and built by home talent.

The revue deals with the various problems and virtues of organization, the low character of scabs, the dubious joys of the substitutes' life, the noxious flavor of the budget-wrecking politicians, the discomfort of the crowded classroom, and other subjects of similar point.

With Bells Ringing suffers somewhat from lack of pace and timing, two faults generally, of non-professional shows. It possesses, however, other qualities which most professional

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MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS, by Joseph North, Editor New Masses, Sunday, March 2, 8:30 P.M. Workers School, 50 East 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

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shows lack: a special kind of liveliness that is spontaneous and unstudied and an ardor on the part of the cast, that soon extends to the audience. Under the much neglected Arts Committee of the Teachers' Union, the dramatic group has grown from a handful of striving workers showing sporadic pieces to small audiences, to a full-fledged cast presenting a semi-professional show to thousands of people.

All the performers of *With Bells Ringing* deserve praise, but several are outstanding. Eva Levine and Harry Smith, who do most of the dancing, Jules Adolph, the comic who looks like Charles Butterworth, Carl Schuldenfrei, Jeanette Kleinman, and Charles Crootoff merit special mention. The lyrics and sketches were written by Abel Meeropol, the music by Louis Kleinman. The sets were designed and executed by Bernard Kassoy.

The revue plays every Friday and Sunday at the Pythian on West Seventieth Street.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

Empire via Radio

Wall Street's voice over Latin America.

IN more ways than one, there is the aroma of banana oil surrounding the big broadcasters' feverish discovery of Latin America. The National Broadcasting Co., the Columbia Broadcasting System, and a few similarly high minded organizations first seriously entered the field of international short wave broadcasting a few years ago, chiefly as a form of insurance. In those palmy days of the New Deal, there were hints that the Federal Communications Commission might convince the government that it should set up a few short wave broadcasting stations of its own. NBC and CBS rushed to prevent intrusions of this sort by starting their own international broadcasting.

Until the war-born interest in things south of the border, no one paid much attention to American short wave broadcasters. They beamed programs to Europe, and they beamed programs to Latin America, and it was all a kind of glorified shadow boxing. Occasionally, network publicity men would write proudly of the fan mail; that made good copy. But some people used to say that the short wave stations were really doing nothing much more than talking to themselves. For after all, only a very select few South Americans can afford short wave receivers.

The two NBC short wave transmitters, the CBS station, and the General Electric, Crosley, and Westinghouse stations, were allowed last year to go commercial and take sponsors for programs aimed at Latin America. There have been few sponsors so far. But now that Uncle Franklin is shaking the big stick at our friends down there, the broadcasters smell a chance to make money out of international broadcasting in the near future. WRUL, the Boston short wave station, is nonprofit. Its good intentions can be evaluated by its two

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WRCA-WNBI, the NBC stations, got their first sponsor last year, while the head of NBC's international department was out of town. In his absence an uninformed RCA executive signed up United Fruit Lines for broadcasts to the South Americas. When the NBC man heard about it, he blew up. "That's damned stupid!" he wailed. "Why'd you have to start with United Fruit, of all companies? They're hated from one end of South America to the other!" But United Fruit is still sponsoring a daily news program in Spanish. Other WRCA-WNBI sponsors during the past year have been the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, the Texas Oil Co., the Hotel Astor, and the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

So far, the general program content has been fairly innocuous—news and music with an occasional talk on Hollywood gossip or fashions. The American way is not as crude as that of German, Italian, or English international broadcasters. The news is about as impartial as the wire services which supply it—the Associated Press and United Press. The music is fairly good. The stations are laying an excellent foundation for the day when American international radio propaganda really cuts loose.

And that day may not be far away. Nelson Rockefeller's Committee on Commercial and Cultural Relations, etc., etc., has as head of its radio division, Don Francisco, former president of the powerful Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency. The Don, it should be recalled, engineered the smear campaign against the EPIC movement several years ago.

In another article, I intend to discuss the very astute South American maneuvers of CBS. Meanwhile, I can't resist passing on two favorite examples of radio's Good Neighbor hullaballyhoo. One is a press release with the news that "Vox Pop," an inane quiz program, is visiting Havana, Mexico City, and Puerto Rico, and will use residents there as its quiz contestants. This is hailed as "... an unprecedented move in the history of broadcasting—the first commercially sponsored good-will tour to better Latin-American relations." The other is a statement by a representative of the Crosley short wave station, announcing that Crosley will short wave the Indianapolis Speedway Races to South America: "For of all American events, none warms a gaucho's heart more."

LLOYD E. TRENT.



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New Recordings

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HEARTILY recommended to record fans are the latest releases by Keynote recordings, most of which were written by Harold Rome. Mr. Rome is well known as a composer of social songs in the popular vein. In "Mene Mene Tekel," his facility for fusing satiric, significant lyrics with ear-tickling tunes appears to the best advantage. A rollicking arrangement provided by Clarence Palmer and a mixed chorus is novel and well executed. On another disc, the versatile Mr. Rome performs very entertainingly in his "I Wanna' Be a G-Man" and "Song of the Ads." Keynote has also placed "Ol' Paint, a Horse with a Union Label" on wax. This ballad combines the tang of the cowboy folk-song with good unionism. Written by two cowpunchers from Manhattan, Stratton and Aarons, it proves that good folk songs not only arise anonymously, but are often the product of trained composers.

On several occasions I have referred enthusiastically to the American Ballad Singers. You can now share some of the enthusiasm. Victor has released the long awaited album of American folk art as sung by this group, titled "Two Centuries of American Folk Songs," a comprehensive cross-section of their repertoire. Included are "Grandma Gruns," "The Deaf Women's Courtship," "Springfield Mountain," and many others. The records capture most of the zest, humor, blend, and precision of this ensemble. You should listen especially to the lyrical beauty of "Poor Wayfaring Stranger," sung by Earl Rogers. There is also a magnificent bit, "Upon de Mountain," an anguished melody of Negro protest ("Tired of starvin', won' starve no mo'"). Each ballad possesses its own character and appeal, and Elie Siegmeister has provided the superior arrangements.

Commemorating the golden anniversary of Paderewski's American debut Victor has issued a handsomely bound album of his recordings. The works included have been recorded previously, but apparently have been selected as the most comprehensive representation of Paderewski's art. They include a Schubert "Moment Musical in A-Flat," "Rondo in A-Minor" by Mozart, the Chopin "Polonaise in A-Flat," and the Haydn "Theme and Variations in A-Minor." These are more unfamiliar but first-rate piano classics, and they are played in the intimate style of Paderewski's later years.

The combination of Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony provides the best recording of the Brahms' "Fourth Symphony" I have ever heard. All the breadth, poetry, and dramatic sweep of this great symphony are powerfully communicated. An insistent undercurrent of excitement (especially in the first and last movements) underscores the essentially romantic character of the score. The result is eloquent music.

LOU COOPER.

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NDAC *and* OPM

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These are the initials of the apparatus of "national defense"—the National Defense Advisory Commission and the Office of Production Management. These are the agencies spending billions of the American people's money. For what?

For defense? Or is it really for involvement in what is rapidly becoming the greatest bloodletting in history?

You don't hear much these days about the Nye investigation of the scandalous way in which contracts were handed out in the World War.



- What do you know about the men who are handing out the contracts?
- Do you know the billion dollar companies these men are connected with?
- Do you know that some of them represent corporations with direct ties to Nazi Germany?
- Do you know that a large part of the money handed out in war contracts is going to corporations whose executives figured in the Nye investigation as profiteers, grafters?

NEW MASSES announces the first of a series on "defense" next week, by Barbara Giles, that is of utmost importance to the American people. Tell your friends about it and get them to subscribe immediately. Subscribe yourself if you haven't done so yet.



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