

THE WORLD GOVERNMENT I'M FOR

by **RICHARD O. BOYER**

NEW

MASSES

January 1, 1946

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**THE WILL TO A
NEW DIXIE**

Gideon Jackson Walks Again. New political currents in the South.

by **MARTHA HAMMOND**

MY TEACHER HATES FOREIGNERS

Seymour Applebaum, 15-year-old New York student, kept a diary the School Board must read.

A GERMAN AMERICANS CAN ADMIRE by **CONRAD REINER**

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: *The Gentle Bush, a chapter from Barbara Giles' forthcoming novel; A GI Comes Home, by David Gordon; About Artists by Artists: by the Soyers, Henry Botkin, George Daniel, Alton Pickens, Elizabeth Catlett; Is the Third Party American? by A. B. Magil.*

BETWEEN OURSELVES

AND so we come to another New Year. There is much to say, in welcoming 1946, much. A great deal of it we have already said in our pages and you know pretty well what we expect of the coming year and what we feel must be done to make this year turn out to the good of our people . . . our people. In these paragraphs we don't want to cover old ground about the issues of today and the coming months. We want to talk a bit about people. Particularly about one person, an American by the name of Art Young.

There was a man. Let's see now, was it a year or two ago that he died? Or was it yesterday? Somehow this great man's memory stays green, doesn't age, doesn't wither. How he would have welcomed this new year! He would have sensed the resurgence of our culture. He would have known that the men returning from the fronts, the young generation emerging from the greatest war of all time, have a lot to say, a lot to do, in the coming year. And he would have helped everybody, especially the fighters of pen and word, encouraged them, nursed them. We are especially proud of Art. As our older readers will know, he and his associates founded the *Masses* back in 1911. He served as an editor of *NEW MASSES* until the day he died. And in his autobiography he wrote: "Establishment of the enterprise gave me a sense of fresh hope. The pages of *NEW MASSES* display vitality that was electric in its effects upon me, and undoubtedly upon other creative workers. Welcoming this magazine and expressing delight that the infant seemed so lusty, William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette* in Kansas, gave it only six months to live. But it has survived all the fears of friends and hopes of enemies that it might die an early death. . . . I have found satisfaction in numerous pictorial contributions to the *NEW MASSES*—necessarily less often in recent times—and it is good to know that this dependable vehicle of social protests exists."

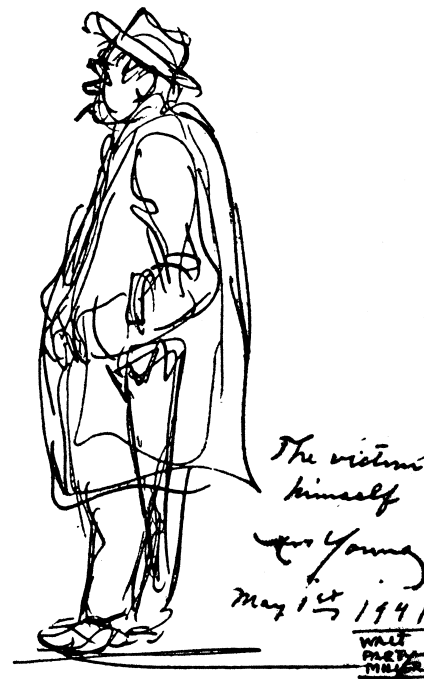
Art, as much as any other man, saw to it that it would exist. His drawings still hang on the walls of thousands of his friends, and more than that, many are etched in their memories. Who can ever forget his slum children looking up at a sky full of stars and saying that they look as thick as bedbugs; or his drawings of Jesus Christ, "the workman of Nazareth" who was to speak at "Brotherhood Hall" on the subject "The Rights of Labor." Or the devastating comment on the hippopotamus-shaped child-labor employer saying to investigators: "You see, it keeps them out of mischief." Or his drawing of Hoover followed by a mangy dog tagged "Depression" with Herbie saying petulantly "You stop following

me, dya'hear? Here I am all dressed up for a second term and you spoil everything." One could go on like this for pages, but it isn't necessary. You remember them.

Well, Art was a fighting man. An artist and a fighting man. He fought evil wherever he found it, and he fought for a way of life to eliminate evil—for socialism. He realized his dream had come true on one-sixth of the earth; he honored and loved the people of the Soviet Union as well as his own. He bitterly assailed the anti-Sovietees, some of whom had been his associates before they turned coat and became enemies of the people. Art fought them, fought everything that corrupts, that lies. He fought for a clean, sunlit world, and he never stopped fighting for that till his last day on earth.

That was Art, Art's life. And we shall do our best, in 1946, to carry on in his tradition.

J. N.



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GIDEON JACKSON WALKS AGAIN

By **MARTHA HAMMOND**

Columbia, S. C.

NOTHING much stirs in that three-story mausoleum which is South Carolina's state capitol but the rats in the basement and the bats in the dome. A few elderly office clerks, rusty and weather-beaten like the statues of the dead Confederate storm troopers in the capitol yard, wander in and out of different departments to swap genealogies and, maybe, speculate on what might have happened if Lee could have held out at Appomattox. The blind girl who sells cokes on the ground floor has more time than she has money or customers. The Confederate museum, covering most of the top floor, is deserted except for odd old ladies who creep in to admire glass-encased pistols, once used to shoot down rebel slaves. But each morning the museum's curator sees to it that the bronze plaques, commemorating different regiments of South Carolina secessionists, are polished bright and clean by a Negro porter whose ancestors may have fought in the black rebellion of Denmark Vesey, down in Anderson County.

The Confederate flag hangs over the raised desks of the presiding officers in the silent, locked legislative chambers as it did in 1861—but not in 1871, when Negro-poor white legislators like Howard Fast's Gideon Jackson and Anderson Clay wrote Reconstruction's code of democracy. What has happened in South Carolina since the counter-revolution of Wade Hampton and his Ku Klux-descended Red Shirts belongs to Confederate archaeology rather than to American history. For South Carolina, first Southern state to secede, went backward to Fort Sumter when it crushed its people and, with them, those statesmen of both races who took up from Appomattox to build America.

When I turned away from the dead Confederates in the capitol, I met the living sons and daughters of Gideon Jackson—600 strong, from every corner of South Carolina—gathered recently for a state conference of their new people's movement, the Progressive Democratic Party. The party was, in turn, acting as host organization for

the National Council of Negro Democrats, meeting, significantly, in the South where Negroes are generally denied the right to vote.

The Progressive Democratic Party numbers both Negroes and whites in its statewide set-up, though the latter are still few in numbers. The party is taking up the fight where Gideon laid it down, just seventy years ago. A little over a year old, it is today the second political party in South Carolina and is easily the most developed, militant people's political movement in this awakening one-quarter of the country bounded on the north by the Potomac and on the south by the Rio Grande. It originally started out under the name of the Colored Democratic Party after the state legislature, last year, had evaded the decision of the US Supreme Court in the Texas white primary case by repealing all laws governing the South Carolina primaries. South Carolina white women then came to the leaders of the new party saying, "Why do you Jim Crow yourselves when the whole state needs something like this?" The new movement then changed its name to the Progressive Democratic Party and wiped out all color bars in its precinct clubs, now covering thirty-eight out of the forty-six South Carolina counties. A white woman contributed the first five dollars to the treasury.

The party nominated a Negro South Carolinian, Osceola McKaine, then clerking in a Columbia store, as its candidate for the US Senate to succeed Cotton Ed Smith, who had already been defeated in the primaries by then Governor and now Senator Olin D. Johnston. In a state where the Republican opposition generally polls only a token vote of around 2,000, McKaine received more than 4,000, running second in a field of four candidates, with Charleston city and county alone casting a thousand ballots for him. The new party, solidly supporting President Roosevelt for reelection, also sent a rival delegation to the Democratic national convention in Chicago to contest the seats of the "lily-white" poll tax dele-

gates. Recently, it polled enough votes to decide the results of two South Carolina municipal elections.

THAT was the background of moral victory for this conference of men and women whose fathers had shaped a new course for the South in those days when the people governed the South. As I started shaking hands with delegates from all the four corners of Carolina, gathering for the opening session on the campus of Allen University, I began to shed the cobwebs which I had felt accumulating on my soul during my visit to the capitol. Here were the men and women who would some day go to that capitol as lawmakers and here were the people, who would help elect them—small tobacco and cotton farmers, trim school teachers from the palmetto bottoms, country pastors following in the tradition of those slave preachers who helped organize the resistance of their kinsmen to the planters; little businessmen, and individuals like McKaine, now an organizer for the Food, Tobacco, Agricultural and Industrial Workers-CIO, who represent a dynamic new force in the South—the modern labor movement.

More than two hundred delegates were present during the two-day conference, whose sessions were held at different times in the University, in neighboring Benedict College, and in a Negro Methodist church. Visitors swelled the attendance to about 600, with the local papers giving the conference much, if critical, publicity. And one note kept resounding throughout those sessions—complete political emancipation for all the South's people plus an all-out drive to qualify every potential voter for the uncertain 1946 elections.

"I don't want anyone teaching my children who is not a registered voter," Mrs. Modjeska Simkins of Columbia, prominent Negro clubwoman and public health worker, said as the house rocked with applause. "I don't want anyone preaching to me who isn't."

Then one woman delegate after the



Weyhe Gallery.

"Obstacle," wood engraving by Leopoldo Mendez.

other, in this state where Negro women generally have only the status of uneducated menial servants, arose to tell how she had organized party auxiliaries in her county to knock on doors, hold blackboard lectures, and pass out literature showing Negroes how to register for the ballot. A pretty young teacher from the bottoms said that she was instructing her pupils in the mechanics of voting in order that they might play their full part as citizens when they came of age. Mrs. Annie Belle Watson, teacher at Benedict College and director of women's work for PDP, pointed out that the poll tax is levied only upon men in South Carolina, and that Negro women constitute an enormous reserve for democracy in this state where forty-six percent of the population is colored.

Back in 1876, South Carolina Negroes were betrayed by the Republican Party, which they had supported, through the infamous Hayes Compromise which left the Confederate oligarchy in political control of the South and the predatory Northern monopolists in economic control of both sections. But these delegates, who quoted from Harriet Tubman, Denmark Vesey and Sojourner Truth in their speeches, who several times referred to Howard Fast's great novel of the South Carolina Reconstruction period, *Freedom Road*, have drawn a lesson from that betrayal. They are giving no blank check to the Democratic Party. They said in their resolutions, pointedly addressed to the Democratic National Committee, that the committee had "glaringly failed to protect the

rights of Negroes to vote in the South." They implied that the committee should use its influence with the Democratic majority in Congress to pass the Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill after a vice-president of the National Council of Negro Democrats, James E. Williams of New York, had tried unsuccessfully to substitute an endorsement of the O'Mahoney proposed constitutional amendment to "abolish" this toll on the ballot.

Touching a sore spot, the delegates passed a resolution asking that organized labor in the South join with Negro political movements in qualifying colored Americans to vote. For as yet in Dixie it must be recorded that labor political action committees have unfortunately been too much influenced by traditional prejudices to give all-out support in the fight for equal suffrage.

NEGRO separatist and "non-cooperation with whites" tendencies, which were expressed by a small group including two Negro editors, C. A. Scott of the *Atlanta Daily World* and Emory O. Jackson of the *Birmingham World*, received scant support or sympathy from the delegates. "Back in 1875, Francis Cardozo and other educated South Carolina Negro leaders rejected further alliance with the poor whites to stave off the impending reaction of the planters," Harold Preece, white Tennessee newspaperman, who spoke at the closing session, recalled: "In 1876, Wade Hampton and the Red Shirts marched in and took over the state capitol at Columbia. If your people reject alliance with my people in 1945, then the same

thing may happen in 1946 that happened in 1876."

Tendencies toward separatism were also opposed by one of the leading figures attending the Council meeting—Dr. R. O'Hara Lanier of Washington, representing Negro Democratic Congressman William L. Dawson of Chicago. Following the conference, McKaine, executive secretary of the party, but speaking as an individual, issued a statement to the local daily, the *Columbia State*, criticizing a speech of Williams' during the conference calling upon Negroes "to fight for their constitutional rights regardless of certain white liberals because they [the liberals] won't go the whole way."

"I wish to take strong exception to this statement [of Williams']," McKaine said. "The liberal whites do not wish to be divorced from the Negro group and cannot be. And Negroes cannot win their struggle for their 'constitutional rights' without the support and cooperation of the white liberals. Moreover, I wish to go on record as opposing Negro nationalism as vigorously and as bitterly as I oppose 'white supremacy.' Furthermore, I shall oppose all attempts to isolate the Negro people from the main progressive political movements in this country whether such attempts are made by Negro or white groups."

The political future of the Southern Negro, destined to carry the poor white to final emancipation with him, is an encouraging one if he can squelch attempts of racists—white and colored—to push him down the blind alley of separation and distrust. In every Southern state today, there is an organized Negro suffrage movement which has received a dynamic new impetus from the Texas primary decision. Only in South Carolina did Negroes consider it necessary to take the initiative in organizing a new political party to contest the poll-tax regular Democratic organization, which is geared to the South's past of hookworm and ignorance rather than the South's future of good health, good education, and good living.

Political lines are changing in Dixie as they are changing in the rest of an America forced to make the decision between democracy and reaction if we are to know peace for these coming generations of man. Inevitably, those lines will change and broaden in the South to include all the disfranchised, disinherited majority of Negroes and poor whites, who may abandon the poll tax Democratic party for something better—as they are already abandoning the hoe for the wheel.



Weyhe Gallery.

"Obstacle," wood engraving by Leopoldo Mendez.

WILHELM PIECK: A GREAT GERMAN

By CONRAD REINER

AMERICAN correspondents in Germany do not often mention his name but Wilhelm Pieck, the chairman of the German Communist Party, is doing a job of uniting German anti-fascists which cannot be ignored. In Pieck's life are linked together all the progressive phases of the German labor movement and his story mirrors the heights and the depths, the successes and the terrible defeats which Germany's workers have experienced.

Pieck will be seventy years old this January. His youth was typically proletarian. After completing elementary school in a little town near Berlin he became an apprentice in a carpenter's shop. It was customary for an apprentice to travel and so he worked in different cities. At nineteen he joined the Wood Workers' Union and the Social Democratic Party in Bremen. This was at a time when the German socialist movement had emerged from the underground into which it was driven by Bismarck. The Social Democrats, seduced by their electoral successes, were revising Marx in order to avoid too sharp an opposition to the ruling class. Young as he was, Pieck became an unrelenting fighter against the distortions of Marxist theory. Bremen employers placed him on a blacklist and finally he was refused work in all factories. As a delegate from Bremen to the Social Democratic convention held in Nuremberg in 1908, he spoke his mind against the reconciliation policies of the Social Democratic leadership. "The party," he said, "should oppose those who try systematically to direct the workers' movement into wrong channels which do not lead to the conquest of political power. The role of the workers is certainly not to be the followers of right-wing leaders."

In time Pieck became the president of the Wood Workers' Union and was elected a deputy to the Bremen parliament. (Bremen was an autonomous German state.) He came to know Rosa Luxembourg and Karl Liebknecht, the recognized leaders of the Social Democratic Party's left wing. Immediately after the outbreak of World War I Pieck took the position of a socialist internationalist and protested the policy of granting the Kaiser war credits. The Social Democratic central committee replied to Pieck by relieving him of his

party functions. He did not yield. On the contrary, the underground became his home. He took to organizing forbidden meetings; he found print shops to publish leaflets and pamphlets right under the nose of the imperial court. On May 28, 1915, demands for peace sounded near the Reichstag building; it was the first women's demonstration against the war, and its organizer, Wilhelm Pieck, was arrested shortly afterwards. After many months in solitary confinement he was sent to the front. In the fire of battle before Verdun and at the Somme, Pieck distributed among his soldier comrades the "Spartacus Letters" directed against German imperialism. The "Spartacus Letters" were prepared by the Spartacus League, which was the first organized expression against the war policies of the Social Democrats.

In 1917, Pieck left his detachment and, though in immediate danger of being executed for desertion, again took up his revolutionary activity in Berlin. His work there became very important because Liebknecht, Luxembourg and Clara Zetkin, as well as other left-wing leaders, had been imprisoned. Pieck was instrumental in organizing strikes against the war as well as aiding in the publication of Spartacus League literature. The police were after him again and early in 1918 he fled to Holland, where he issued and smuggled over the frontier a newspaper called *The Fight*.

With the German armies disintegrating and the symptoms of revolutionary struggle developing, Pieck secretly returned to Berlin in October 1918. From that point on he played a most significant part in the events which culminated in the overthrow of the monarchy. Together with Liebknecht he was the moving spirit of the underground organization of shop delegates which prepared the revolution. The leaflet that proclaimed the general strike for Nov. 9, 1918 bears his signature, among others.

On the very first day of the revolution, the Social Democratic leaders sought to prevent its development by allying themselves secretly with Marshal von Hindenburg and other reactionaries. In January 1919, the Social Democratic government attacked Berlin workers with guns and mine throwers. Pieck was arrested along with Liebknecht and Luxembourg and brought to the fash-

ionable Hotel Eden. There the soldiery, which later became the nucleus of Hitler's SA and SS troops, struck down Liebknecht and Luxembourg. On the floor above, Pieck stood, guarded by a soldier, facing a wall. The noncommissioned officer Runge, whose rifle butt had hit Liebknecht and crushed Rosa Luxembourg's skull, was about to do the same to Pieck.

I SHALL never forget the scene I witnessed in a Berlin court in 1930. A liberal weekly had accused the highest prosecutor of the Republic of having favored the murder of Liebknecht and Luxembourg. The prosecutor filed a libel suit, which turned into a terrible self-indictment. Pieck was also present as a witness and was confronted with Runge. What a contrast! There stood Pieck with snowy white hair and a face that looked like a woodcut by a Gothic master. His sharp blue eyes turned on the man before him. Runge was a nervous wreck, for during all the twelve years that had passed since the murder, German workers, recognizing Runge as the killer of Luxembourg, had chased him from city to city. Runge told the court his story:

"... After I had finished Rosa Luxembourg an officer told me: 'You did a fine job. Now go upstairs; there is the editor of the *Rote Fahne* (Red Flag). Shoot him!' On the stairs I met Lt. Krull and he repeated that I had to shoot the editor. I asked who had given the order. He answered: 'Capt. Pabst.'" [Pabst in the twenties became a key figure in fascist military circles and was rewarded by Hitler with a high position in Czechoslovak industry.]

At this point Pieck himself interrupted. "I heard steps," he said to the court, "turned around and saw this man." He pointed to Runge. "He put the rifle to his shoulder and took aim. I shouted 'Don't shoot! Bring me at once to your commanding officer, I have important things to tell him.' Runge hesitated but finally did what I asked him to do."

This saved Pieck's life. He had false papers and was not recognized as a Communist leader. After being taken to prison he escaped. He found the young party outlawed and its leaders murdered. More than ever he threw himself into the fight, constantly hunted

by an army of spies. In July 1919, the Social Democratic Minister of the Interior, Wolfgang Heine, told the Prussian diet: "Yesterday the police made a big capture. Wilhelm Pieck was arrested." There was great applause. Four months later Pieck again escaped.

As months went by Pieck became one of the most important organizers of the rapidly growing Communist Party. He became chairman of the Communist delegation in the Berlin City Council and in the Prussian Diet. And in 1932 Berlin workers elected him to the Reichstag. It was also in that year that from the platform of the Prussian parliament Pieck attacked the Nazi deputies for what they were: "You are mercenaries of the trusts and the Junkers!" A Nazi, six feet tall, followed by the whole Hitler group, stormed down on Pieck and struck him over the head with a blackjack. The Nazi, with his well-groomed brown hair, long forehead and crooked nose, was Prince August von Hohenzollern: the youngest son of Kaiser Wilhelm was taking revenge for what Wilhelm Pieck had helped do to his father on Nov. 9, 1918.

THE last time I met Pieck before Hitler's rise to power was on July 20, 1932. It was the day of the coup d'état through which the then Reichs Chancellor Baron von Papen overthrew the Prussian Social Democratic coalition government, which wasn't reactionary enough to suit him. Pieck was in Kassel preparing to speak at a rally for the forthcoming elections. He did not stay for the rally but returned to Berlin.

Germany's capital was feverishly excited. The members of the republican "*Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold*" forces, mostly Social Democrats, and the followers of the prohibited "Red Front Bund" streamed to their organizations' headquarters and prepared there for battle. I accompanied Pieck on his rounds of the Social Democratic and Reichsbanner meeting halls. Everyone knew him. Despite the deep-rooted animosity which ruled relations between the Social Democrats and Communists at the time, everyone listened to him with deepest respect: "Let us bury all differences! When Social Democrats and Communists fight in a united front, only then will they be successful in defeating the fascist coup d'état."

"Bravo, Wilhelm," "You're right," was the almost unanimous answer. "We are waiting only for instructions."

These came in the evening. The Social Democratic and trade union lead-

ership declared: "Do not be provoked by the Communists!" And another chance was lost for successful opposition to fascism.

Three days before the burning of the Reichstag the last legal mass meeting of the German Communists took place in the Berlin Sportpalast. Pieck spoke, continually interrupted by the supervising police officer, until the latter finally dissolved the meeting. And again Pieck had to move underground with his party. He saw his comrades fall left and right. Thousands of Communists were arrested and killed during these first months of the Hitler regime, among them many members of the Central Committee. Pieck helped in the formation of a network of new underground organizations. Then the Central Committee insisted that he go into exile to save his life.

It is now ten years since the Brussels Convention of the German Communist Party elected Pieck as its chairman. At this conference he formulated the slogan of the unity of anti-fascist groups of all camps. The fascist dictatorship had to be replaced by a democratic republic which could not be a repetition of the Weimar affair, but which would deprive the fascists of all means of agitation and dethrone the regime of the Junkers and the monopolists. Again the tragedy was the inability of the German opposition to unite strongly enough to reach this goal.

It was also at the Brussels conference that Pieck criticized the mistakes made by the German Communist Party, mistakes that contributed to the victory of fascism. All too often the Party allowed itself to be carried away by its hatred for the Social Democratic leaders who, indeed, persecuted the Communists without mercy. But even in a period when the fascists were becoming stronger and stronger many Communists still regarded Social Democracy as the key danger. This rendered more difficult, later on, the winning over of the Social Democrats for a united front against the Nazis, and made it easier for their leaders to block all efforts to this end.

THE catastrophe of World War II offered two lessons to the German people, Pieck told 60,000 Berlin men and women last August. They must change their character, must do away with their servile spirit and submissiveness towards their reactionary masters, and develop a democratic consciousness. The other side of this docility, he declared, was their arrogance toward other peoples; the belief in the superior-

ity of the "German race." There can be no question that this theory exercised strong influence on the German people and particularly on the youth, and that it led to a moral and mental debasement. "Now we have to root out these false and barbaric doctrines, and teach the spirit of humanity, of peaceful collaboration with other peoples, and so create once and forever the guarantee against any further misuse of the Germans for aggressions.

"And finally, there is a third lesson," said Pieck: "At all times—under the Kaiser, in the Weimar Republic, and during the Hitler regime—it was the tactic of reaction to divide the people's forces in order to rule over the whole people. This was particularly fateful for the German working class. There is no other way out than to unite all anti-fascist forces in order to destroy reaction and imperialism. Only by doing this will the foundations be laid for the democratic and national and social unity of our people."

Pieck's political foresight, his never-despairing determination in the fight against reaction, his belief in the best elements of the German people—which never diminished even during the time when Germany sank to its lowest depths—these have made him what he is today—the most respected anti-fascist leader of Germany.

Through Pieck today speak the German Communists massacred by the Weimar Republic and the thousands more killed by the Nazi regime. The anti-fascist fighters of Germany have found in him a strong voice expressing the ideals and hopes they cherish. For Germans, earnestly looking for a new way of life, Pieck has become the symbol of honesty, modesty and unselfishness, the advancement of the working masses, a regard for other human beings and for other nations. This is what he tried to teach German war prisoners in the Soviet Union, where he was a member of the National Committee of Free Germany.

The German political drama has not had the happy ending Pieck hoped for. The liberation of Germany from Hitler's regime was not accomplished by the Germans themselves. However, in the evening of his life, Wilhelm Pieck has the satisfaction of fulfilling the dream he nurtured throughout the half century of his activity and to lend a skilled hand in the reconstruction of an anti-fascist German people's democracy. He is one of those who will lead Germany out of the night.

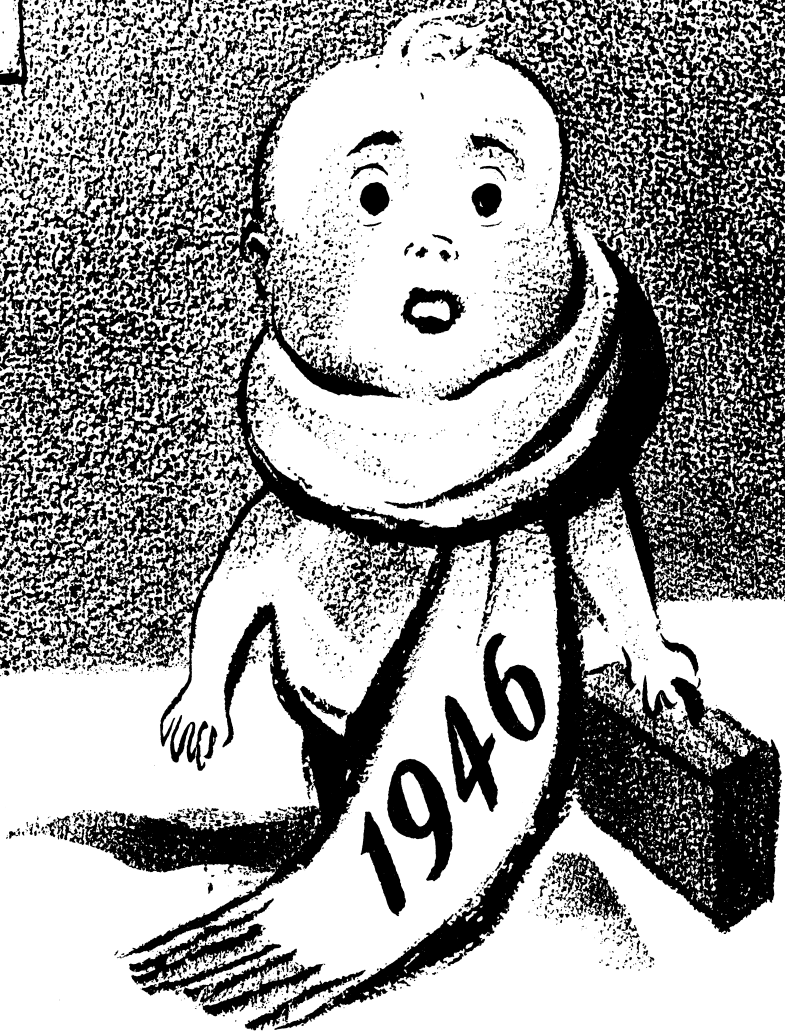
NO ROOMS

NO
APARTMENTS
FOR RENT

SORRY!

NO
VACANCY

ALL
FILLED



GROPPY-

RICHARD O. BOYER'S PAGE

THE WORLD GOVERNMENT I'M FOR

WORLD government as a means to world peace is too cogent an idea and too great a goal to permit it to mean anything to anybody and everything to everybody. It requires more precision than mere good will, more exactness than eloquence. Its machinery for peace must operate as flawlessly and as certainly as the machines of destruction it is designed to negate. The idea of world government as a road to world peace must not be allowed to degenerate to the point where every opponent of peace advocates war through the disguise of its phrases. Already many of its formal advocates are for world peace with everyone in the world save the Soviet Union, for peace with all humankind with the exception of 200,000,000 human beings who happen to live in a Socialist state.

Words can be snares as well as weapons. It was remarked long ago that the Devil quoted Scripture. We have seen men take the word "Liberty" and use it as a device for clipping coupons. Once the clippers even formed a League. We have observed others employing the word "Freedom." By adding "under law" they used it to repress Indian independence and by adding "to work" they used it as a weapon against the labor movement. We have heard the phrase "All men are created equal" quoted by poll taxers refusing Americans the vote if they were too poor to pay for it. There are some who may comfortably declare that these examples are mere exceptions. I think they are exceptions which placed the world in its present plight and brought two world wars within a generation. If this be true perhaps we should be certain that world government is not transformed to world rule or vitiated by adding the words "by us."

IF WE are serious about world government, we will be as interested in its content as in the sentiment that proposes it. In the first place, it seems to me, we must concede that world government is in itself no magic panacea. Whatever the scope of government, the human race remains. Whatever the authority and singleness of law, civil war is as common a phenomenon as wars between nations. A global civil war could be as destructive as an old fashioned world war. Whatever the justice and wisdom of the American government, for example, it did not prevent one of the bloodiest wars in history when differing concepts, operating under one government, exploded in 1861. Winston Churchill can hate the Soviet Union as effectively under a world government as he can under his Britannic Majesty. Messrs. Luce, Hearst and Patterson, with their brethren in and out of the Senate, can fulminate for action against the Soviet Union as freely under a global government as under Mr. Truman.

Second, if we want the fact of world government and not the phrase, we must remember that any government, including a global one, is only a reflection of the society in which it functions. There is nothing sacrosanct or separate in a code of law. By itself it will accomplish nothing. Its force derives from the people who give it being. If the very guts of a society is based on profit, monopoly, cutthroat

competition and the struggle for markets, that fact, in a modern world, makes for war. And such a society will not erect a world state that outlaws itself. There was little wrong in the noble principles of the Covenant of the League of Nations. What made it, in the last analysis, an instrument for war was not the principles but the society in which it operated. To have a just government we must have a just society. Or, to be more pragmatic, to have a world government that works, we must have a world society that works; one which does not periodically break down into war-making depressions, one which does not deny the people of India and three-quarters of the world a share of the world's goods, and one which does not make for war and conflict by its very structure. To yearn for world peace, but to be unwilling to change world society, is merely to kid ourselves.

Most proponents of world government declare that a global code of law would in itself make for world peace. But whose law? American advocates of world law invariably think of Anglo-Saxon law or, at the very least, law deriving from those nations usually grouped together under the impressive title of Western Civilization. They think of world-wide codes providing for liberty of speech, religion, assembly and press and as they name them they eye the Soviet Union with a leering glance. But the Russians believe that the fundamentals of such a code should guarantee the right to full employment, the right to a job, the right and the means of education, the right and the means of leisure and health and a secure old age. There is little doubt that the world might benefit from our Bill of Rights. But what about the provision of the Soviet Constitution that no person shall live on income derived from the work of others?

At this point many advocates of world government speak of the gulf between the East and the West, declare that after all only Western civilization can be united, and begin to use the concept of world government as a concept for world war. Frequently, too, the analogy is made between municipal and national law and world law. But municipal and national law buttress the capitalist system rather than weaken it, while a world law forbidding monopoly from exploiting others would not only conflict with capitalism but would outlaw it, at least in its present form. How can world law exclude the Dutch from Indonesia, the Americans from China, the British from India without changing the economic structure that is the basic reason for their being there?

To those who would rather perish in one terrestrial



Leon Miller.



Leon Miller.

sizzle than change their views the solution is not palatable. For the solution is socialism. It is regrettable, perhaps, that the solution should be so ill-bred, but then so is the atom bomb. Now it may be said that to declare socialism the answer is to be dogmatic. But one might as well say that to declare the automobile better than the oxcart is dogmatic. One works in a modern world, the other doesn't. Socialism works. Capitalism does too. But it works for war because of its very nature.

Now does this mean that you can't work for world government and world peace in the immediate present? It does not.

It does mean that you can't logically whoop it up for Ernie Bevin and his world state when, as he proposes a Parliament of Man, he makes one impossible by the British course in India and Indonesia and by hostility to the Soviet Union.

It means that you can't oppose the smaller unity, the unity of Great Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union, while favoring the larger unity of the world. If the three largest nations can't get along, harmony will not be introduced by adding fifty others.

You can fight for a world government by fighting for the labor movement, the first force broken in any drive toward the reaction that would make world unity impossible, the only consistent brake on the imperialism that leads to war.

You can fight for world government by fighting for the General Motors strikers. If they are defeated one of the

first monopolies of the world, whose plants in Germany prospered nicely under the Nazis, will gain in strength, as will all monopoly. And if you ignore the role of monopoly in the modern world and modern war you are escaping to a dream world with a dream world government.

You can fight for world government by fighting Red-baiting, that great divisive force which gave us Hitler and the Second World War and which may give us a third. This does not mean, of course, that you can't oppose Communism and Communists. It merely means that opposition shall be on the basis of issues, measures, programs and proposals, that Communist measures shall be judged by the same criteria that you judge Republican or Democratic proposals and not by some obscurantist dogma akin to political original sin. Criticism on any other base will inevitably take you to the side of Hearst, Hitler, and, at last, the atom bomb.

You can fight for world government by fighting fascism in China, Rumania and Mississippi, for while fascism remains any talk of a democratic world government is specious.

You can fight for it in many other ways, but the fight must be here and now, for world government is more than a glorious principle. It will be a fact built from facts. It is being born today out of the present world. Its character is being formed by the assaults on the Indonesian people. Its shape is influenced, to however small a degree, by every industrialist mouthing formulas of social peace while he refuses to bargain with his employees. World government will not spring whole and perfect from superior minds and noble souls. We are forming it now by what we do today.

NO RED APPLE FOR THIS TEACHER

By SEYMOUR APPLEBAUM

The Board of Education of the City of New York is currently trying May A. Quinn, high school civics teacher, three full years after initial charges of pro-Nazi teaching and anti-Jewish activity were brought against her. Despite attempts to gag witnesses and in general to sabotage and delay the proceedings, the trial is unfolding a sordid and alarming picture of the kind of anti-democratic influences to which school children in this city have been exposed. What follows is an indication that the May Quinn trial only begins the tasks necessary to make the schools fit places for our children to spend their days.

Seymour Applebaum is a fifteen-year-old student from P.S. 25 in Brooklyn, who so objected to the doctrines of his history and mathematics teacher that he kept a diary of her pro-fascist remarks. NM asked Mr. Applebaum to read his diary to a meeting initiating discussion on the establishment of a Jewish History Week, to counter just such past influences by a positive presentation of the contributions of the Jewish people to world culture. The current article is

a stenotype transcript, slightly abridged, of Mr. Applebaum's speech at the meeting.

WE ARE here tonight to discuss how we can check anti-Semitism through a Jewish History Week, which shows, once again, how important we think is the right kind of education, and how important it can be. The right kind of education in the school requires the right kind of teachers. They are either the vanguard of democracy, or the vanguard of fascism. It is our duty to make sure that they themselves are not the fascists.

In the public school which I attended about a year and a half ago, P.S. 25, my history teacher, Gladys Laubenheimer, who was also the current events teacher, represents one of those teachers of whom we must beware, those who are the real danger to society. I put down a diary of what she said. At least I tried to get some of it down—she spoke very fast, and I couldn't get everything. But I tried to put down notes, and to keep it in regular order,

day by day, because I realized that this was something dangerous.

Mrs. Laubenheimer was a very fast speaker, as I said before. She likes to lean against her favorite radiator and to look at the class with a very grim expression on her face. There had to be absolute order and silence. You could hear half a pin drop. And then, after the first grim look, to make sure we were scared enough of her, she started to talk. The previous term she had been our math teacher, and we also learned a little something about insurance. And during the time she was teaching us insurance, she said, in response to a question by one of the students as to which is better, insurance or war bonds, that insurance was better. She said that war bonds might be all right for someone who wants to fight this war, but insurance, in the long run, pays you better, and you never get cheated by insurance.

She also taught the mathematics of social security. So she said about war bonds that since we had the kind of President we had, what is the difference

between President Roosevelt, who brought about social security in 1933, and Hitler, who brought about social security in Germany in 1934? She couldn't see any difference. They were both the same thing.

The next term, when we had her in history, she began by showing us how we can apply the subject. [Reading from diary] "February 2, 1944: We should learn from history. In the first World War Japan was a good nation, and now she is fighting us. In this war Russia is supposed to be good, but in twenty-five years from now we'll have another war, I know, and Russia might be the cause. Look, she's grabbing all of Europe now."

Then, going on the subject of immigration, which is in the 8-B curriculum, she said, "Anybody who reads the language of any other country should be sent to that country or locked up in jail. In European countries, except Germany, if you don't speak the national language fluently after five years, you are deported. America should do so also. All the foreigners who come to this country always grab everything from the real Americans. Grab, grab, grab—that's all they do. They take all and they don't give anything. They're taking things from us, the real Americans. They should be shipped out of the United States, or put in prison. All people who are not citizens should be interned or deported. People should not be allowed to congregate. All the colonies of people living together, such as Brownsville and Yorkville, should be broken up. There should be no other languages or customs in America. America for good Americans only."

One of the pupils asked: "Do foreign papers include the Jewish papers?" The answer to this question was "Yes." The second question was, "To what country should the Jewish people who read Jewish papers be shipped, Mrs. Laubheimer, since the Jewish people have no homeland?" Mrs. Laubheimer avoided answering the second question, saying that all publications and papers of these people should be stopped.

IN OUR class almost all the students were Jewish, with the exception of one Negro girl. Mrs. Laubheimer never directly attacked the Negro people, and seldom directly attacked the Jewish people. But she did in one of the current events classes bring up a very inciting and vile issue of racism. "We should not fight another part of the white race as we are doing now.

Why do we fight the Germans? After all, we are all white. This is a racial war. War between the yellow and white races. The yellow race think they are superior, but they are really inferior. The Japanese are fighting us with terror in mind, and we should do likewise. When they attacked Pearl Harbor, they were perfectly right from their point of view. Nothing can be wrong in a racial war. From our point of view we can do anything. We should not fight Germany. We should back up and organize and attack the yellow race." Later on she said that she disliked everybody and every place in Asia.

The next week, on Monday, Feb. 7, 1944, in history class Miss Laubheimer continues: "I was sitting in the subway and I saw a man with a white beard reading a foreign paper. And you know what I felt like? I felt like getting up and slapping that man and taking the paper and tearing it up. But I felt too much like a lady to do such a thing. The government should do that, and should lock them up or send them some place. Boys and girls, I want to make a plea to you." (But she wasn't pleading with us, she was ordering us. Her face looked grimmer than ever at this point.) "If your parents follow any alien customs or do strange things such as certain rituals of race or religion, or follow strange and foreign traditions, or do anything like that, stop them. Don't allow such a thing, don't allow such un-Americanism to go on in your homes."

She said many things. Day after day she kept on along the same lines, sometimes less vicious, sometimes more vicious. There are many other excerpts, but here's one very important one. I decided to get up, because I was fed up with this; it was rather disgusting. And I said that any person has a right to read any language he wants to. This is a free country. Why do they teach languages in high school, if one is not allowed to read or learn any other language? A person has a right to live his own way. That is America, that is democracy, freedom, individuality and culture. She told me to sit down, and that I had no right intruding, and that I was a "bad boy."

The next day she brought in a statement made by a "great man," Theodore Roosevelt, who fitted his times with a strong American nationalism. He had his good and his bad points. But she took from his "Creed of Americanism" to show how I was wrong and how she was right. She said that people should not be hyphenated. What did she mean

by that? She said that people have no right to do anything except in a certain pattern of life, which is her pattern.

When I got up and spoke she said, "Most of the trash of America comes from Europe. I once heard a very smart man, a very brilliant man say that though America is called the melting pot, one has to put in gold to get gold out." That man must be an alchemist.

SHE continued, "You can't make stew from garbage, or good Americans from most foreigners. They are the garbage, the trash of all countries. You can't take trash and make decent Americans. Put dirt in the melting pot and you get nothing out but dirt, the dirt you get from immigration." That is, most immigrants, except a few, like Carnegie. She said a few nice people came to America. I wonder if some people came from Germany to see that we became real Americans?

A few more days passed, and every day I had a nice long list of words, some of which I remembered, others I forgot; they dissipated into the atmosphere, and into the minds of the students. Later on I found out that this had a direct effect even in other classes where she was not so outspoken. Her attitude and her way of approaching the students directly influenced their method of thinking. She kept on saying things like: "People who speak other languages or follow strange customs can get like certain nations who wait for their chance to get the most from others, the real Americans. They must be deported." And she continued on that line, repetition and repetition, but with little twists here and there. On February 16, 1944, again in history class, she said, "All people with communistic ideas or who try to support Russia in any way should be deported." Perhaps she was only trying to give the shipping companies a lot of business.

Later on she told us that strange, weird people with alien ideas are trying to turn us against our real benefactors, the millionaires. They are the only ones who built America. Take a look at the book: didn't Carnegie endow our libraries, didn't Rockefeller give us a Rockefeller Foundation? What did these guys who complain about the millionaires ever do for America? They are aliens. Don't believe them. She said that only in extremely rare cases was any wrong ever done by the rich. I suppose she meant Marshall Field.

Tuesday, March 14, in history: "In this country until ten years ago with our present administration, we always had a

Projection of a Day

On the day when the Savoy
Jumped clean over to Seventh Avenue
And started jitterbugging
With the Renaissance,
On the day when Abyssinia Baptist Church
Threw her enormous arms
Around St. James Presbyterian
And 409 Edgecombe
Stopped to kiss 12 West 133rd,
On that day—
Do, Jesus!
Manhattan Island whirled
Like a Lionel Hampton transcription
Played by Inez and Timme.
On that day, Lord,
Willie Bryant and Marian Anderson
Sang a duet,
And Paul Robeson
Teamed up with Jackie Mabley,
And Father Divine said,
Peace! It's truly wonderful!
On that day
My Simple Minded Friend
Was simple no more—
Because the time had come to be wise—
On that day when Freedom
Opened up our
Skies!

LANGSTON HUGHES.

government of laws. Now we have a government by men, a dictatorship. In Germany and Italy they also have a government by men, and now we have that kind of government in America. Congress has become a rubber stamp for the Executive. Those men are bureaucrats. It's a Nazi-like government."

The next day she called them "Communists." "They are crooked politicians who couldn't win an election, so they take appointive jobs. What is America coming to? When you are old enough to vote, don't vote for bureaucrats. Tell your parents not to vote for the corrupt people of the present administration." That was a few months before the elections. "The OPA, the FHA, and all those other bureaucratic organizations show a terrible state of affairs. They are becoming more and more dictatorial and will ruin America if allowed to go on. But something should be done. The people don't like it. Many are getting restless. Certain real Americans are going to do even more. Just wait and see! In a certain city unions wanted to make a soapbox speech. I

don't like the unions. But I wouldn't stop them from talking."

"We don't want to be run by bankers and dictators like we have now in Washington. Hitler thought he could get away with it and he has the United States Army after him. What will be done for our government? But there are many people who are not sleeping, and they will do something. This goes back to Asia, the strange continent from which the world is being endangered."

Mrs. LAUBENHEIMER then told us a story of a trip to Naples. She said Italy was the second worst place in the world, second only to Asia. Asia is the worst place.

"I have travelled a lot, and over great portions of the world. I have never seen conditions so terrible as in Italy, especially in Naples. If you could only see that dirt, you'd realize what kind of people they are. Some of the Italians may be clean on the surface, but they are really all dirty." There were no Italians in the class.

She called on Florence Brunfeitel,

who spoke on a Russian discovery that the onion and garlic have curative powers for wounds and colds and that they have certain chemicals, not yet fully understood, which help the growth of tissue and stop the destructive germs. Mrs. Laubheimer told her to sit down and said, "I don't care what the Russian scientists say, I don't trust them. I'll wait for American scientists to discover it."

A very important point, one which is real anti-Semitism: one of the pupils spoke of a Jewish family in Odessa, hiding in a cellar for two years in order to escape the Nazis, and that the Russians helped them. Mrs. Laubheimer said, "Who are the exterminators, the Russians or the Germans? Not all Communists are Jews. There is no honor among thieves. Too many Americans are blind to our greatest danger. If Russia hadn't been so evil, she might have won against Finland."

And that continued on and on, until the Parent-Teachers Association finally got wind of it and brought it to the principal. The principal first said he couldn't believe it of "that teacher, the finest teacher, the most reputable one we have in the school." But finally, by her own admission, because she seemed to be very proud of the fact that she had such "real American idealisms," it occurred to him that she was that way. Yet he fought us every step of the way, because he wanted a promotion.

Dr. Wade, receiving news and signed affidavits on this case, not only prevented her dismissal, but said "there are five thousand teachers like her. What do you want to do, throw her out?"

We must eliminate fascism in the school system. What good will it be if a teacher steps up and says, "Well, I'm supposed to teach you about the Jewish History Week, but why talk about these Communists? I never will in my life."

Mrs. Laubheimer many times attempted to break the bonds between the students and the parents and students. She spoke of the women in the shopping section, on DeKalb Avenue, as "these filthy women." Now who are these "filthy" women? They are our mothers who go to shop. When she finally received word that she was not allowed to say anything, she said, "If I can't say these things, I'm not teaching. They don't want me to preach democracy. So I'm not teaching anything."

Mrs. Laubheimer was finally "punished." She was transferred from a school in Brooklyn to a school in Manhattan.—The Editors.

The following is the first chapter of Barbara Giles' forthcoming novel, "The Gentle Bush," to be published by Harcourt, Brace.

Time: 1896

"Let the gentle bush dig its root deep and spread upward to split one boulder."
—Carl Sandburg: "The People, Yes."

ANTICIPATION waked him early. It was a holiday, he was on a visit, and this morning he would get *café noir*, instead of *café au lait*, before rising. *Café noir* served in bed was for people of twelve years or older; not until next December would he have it except as a treat.

To sleep after six o'clock—and it was just five minutes past—was impossible. The room smelled, not exactly bad but very old. All of the upstairs rooms at Tante Abelle's except her own had that odor of decaying wood, wallpaper paste, and something like dusty carpets, mingled with a stale sweetness as of wine that had been spilled long ago. This was partly because of the dampness: Michel remembered how his grandfather, who had traveled outside the state, used to say that in Louisiana the smallest smells stayed and grew in the walls of a closed room. And Tante Abelle, living here almost alone, hardly ever opened the windows.

He sat up and struck a match, holding it high, in order to make sure he had counted the clock-strokes correctly. Satisfied on this point he lay back on the pillow but almost instantly raised himself again, this time to light the small lamp near his head and survey the room which he had sleepily entered last night for the first time. Its familiarity gave him a faint shock: everything was so like that at home. There were differences, of course, as in the placing and shapes of the furniture; but an essential sameness, as pervading as a light, in all the particulars—the marble tops and brass ball-feet on tables and bureaus, the deep graceful carving in the woodwork, a regulation *prieu-dieux* surmounted by a statue of St. Joseph. . . . even to the dried-up magnolia leaves that had been blessed last Palm Sunday, jutting out from behind an oil portrait. He did not need a stronger lamp to know that there would be some dust in the depths of the carving and a few scratches on the furniture, perhaps even a rip in the old-rose velvet drapes at the French windows. (For why bother about such details when the objects themselves were so good and had belonged to dear Papa or poor

THE GENTLE BUSH

By BARBARA GILES

Grandmere or Tante Somebody, or perhaps had some association with the Civil War?)

The chill of moist air pressed on his shoulders and chest where the bedclothes had slipped off. He considered lighting the fire himself instead of waiting for Zenobie to do it when she brought the coffee, but decided against it, recalling how vigorous Tante Abelle had been last night on the subject of "spoiling darkies by doing their work for them." Instead, he sat all the way up and put on a dressing-gown, then, in a sudden unbearable restlessness, shoved on his slippers and pulled open the long windows opening on the gallery.

Dawn was only a patch of dull colors in one corner of the sky, a lessening darkness mixed with a little fog, but the air outside was warmer than in the room. Michel stepped out on the gallery. Now he could see spaces between the layers of fog; it was lifting quickly. And those colors in the East, if dull, were quite definite. It was going to be one of those nearly Spring days that sometimes came in February. A perfect *Mardi Gras*!—no need to wear a coat over his costume.

HE WAS not, however, so excited about the *Mardi Gras* as by the coincidence itself—the gayer weather so well suited to the day—and elated by the fresh sharpness of the air and the enormity of space before and above him. The planes of ascending mist were accents on the distance upward, just as the tree-tops, dark against the dim air, marked off the long stretch of yard and, ending at the road, made him aware of invisible canefields beyond. The impersonal quality of the hour gave him an intense pleasure. "Now I can think!" he told himself, and did nothing but recall mornings exactly similar to this one in their freedom of loneliness and the opportunity to think. At home, he would have run down to the kitchen for

his coffee and saddled his horse himself, to ride until breakfast. With the taste of *café au lait* fresh in his mouth, its stimulus spreading through his veins, he would gallop through a cold, nearly colorless land, over an earth so flat that he could see the church spire at *Trois Demoiselles* three miles away. Only field workers, Negroes and Cajuns, were on the road at that time, and he shouted a "bonjour" to them as he went past, wondering and half laughing at the tired, sullen faces of some of them. He himself did not know how to feel anything but happy at this hour. The winter-dull trees and dried moss, the desolate marsh odor, and the stinging air—all so different from what he had left in the house, to which he would return—were of an independent world, friendly because it was his own, it demanded nothing of him. An unreal world too, whose borders he crossed for only a half-hour each day. But didn't the unreality make it that much more precious? The question flew over him, like the shadow of a bird, before he had even grasped its outlines; for by then his determination to think seemed so easily realizable that it could always be put off until tomorrow.

Tante Abelle had not thought to offer him one of her horses, although Papa had told her of those early excursions in order to brag about Michel's horsemanship. "You should see how he goes! Like a crazy person, and at that time of day too. One of my men told me about it—it seems they call him 'that bad little boy of Mr. Agricole's!'" And he had clapped Michel on the shoulder in a comradeship of recklessness. To be called bad in that sense was plainly a compliment. And this was something of a joke on *Agricole Durel*; because it was just during those rides that Michel, pursuing a thought which always trembled ahead of him in the light that edged the tree-tops, was able to feel that Papa was not so important as he was supposed to be, that he might, indeed, not even be feared.

To make up for the ride today there was the novelty of the place—and no matter how familiar his room had seemed, he could always find something new in a piece of land he had not actually lived on. Nevertheless his thoughts slid into a quieter key and, without abandoning the effort to discern whether the farthest tree was a chinaberry or camphor, he began to recall the conversation last night at supper, the words flowing slowly up through his mind almost as though he were reading them:

PAPA: "But why do you call this place Shadowdown?"

TANTE ABELLE: "Oh, poor old M. de la Grabert named it—because there were so many shadows in the yard and on the house. That was before they cut some of the trees in front. It is a sad name, it seems to me, especially when you think that right next door we have a plantation named Beau Soleil. It is sixty years old now—I am speaking of this house, not Beau Soleil—or at least it will be sixty next year. M. de la Grabert built it in 1837: you can see the date on the hitching post out front."

PAPA: "I believe my father knew a M. de la Grabert. He used to speak of three de la Grabert girls . . ."

TANTE ABELLE: "To be sure! Antoinette, Annabelle, and Alexandrine. Didn't your papa know about Alexandrine? She was the one who never married but lived all alone here, and

when she was quite old someone strangled her. She used to sleep with cornmeal in kidgloves on her hands, to keep them white, and the murderer stuffed those gloves down her throat. They say it was a lover she had jilted when she was young. But I do not know—someone told me it was the darkies who worked for her; that she had not been paying them and they knew she kept a barrel of money in her room."

PAPA: "Well, we had a case like that in Lafourche Parish, only it was not so sad. This was a half-Indian woman who had leprosy anyway; they shoved her prayer-beads almost into her stomach. Me, I would not pick out a leper to strangle!"

At that they had all laughed—Papa himself and Tante Abelle and Mr. Thadee Fauchaux, the cousin who

helped Tante Abelle manage the plantation. Michel remembered the noisy sound of their laughter, the way Mr. Fauchaux congratulated Papa on his joke. A flicker of aversion passed suddenly over his mouth, and his face for a moment took on the inward, "obstinate" look which so exasperated his father. He turned to thinking about the Mardi Gras plans Tante Abelle had made for him and his sister Nicole. Relatives of his father whom he had never seen before, a whole family of them, were coming to dinner; and then all the children would put on their masquerades and drive into town for the benefit party given every year by the church. Surely that would be fun: to meet strange cousins, visit a new town, and go to a party; yes, and this very morning to see the Bayou Teche of which he had read in Longfellow's *Evangeline!* It made real all the other places and the persons mentioned in his Sixth Reader to know the Teche actually existed, that it flowed right through Shadowdown, within two hundred yards of this house. Of course, Grandpere had lived on its banks for years, just six miles from here, and had told him about it; but it was something else to see for himself. To come upon the evidence of something he had first encountered in a book was, for him, much more stirring than to read about anything he already knew from experience.

"MICHEL!" Nicole's voice, soft but urgent, sounded from outside the door to his room and he hurried to let her in. It did not surprise him to find her fully dressed, although Tante Abelle had begged her to sleep right until breakfast. No doubt, too, she had lighted the fire herself. She was more restless than he, and more privileged in some respects because of being a girl and having rather uncertain health. Well, she certainly did not look unwell this morning. Like Michel, who was exactly a year her senior, she had the sort of skin that flushed easily, especially from excitement, and she was excited now.

"I saw a Mardi Gras!" she announced immediately, the French accent strong in her clear, rapid speech. "A little colored boy—he must be Zenobie's—running up and down the kitchen gallery. I have been watching him from the window, and he is the funniest, sweetest thing. Come see!"

They ran as quietly as possible to her room, Michel feeling happily that Mardi Gras with all its fantastic pleasures had just this minute officially opened, with



Head of a Man, lithograph by Sally Mewhinney.



Head of a Man, lithograph by Sally Mewhinney.

Nicole as its herald. She looked the part somehow, in that dress of dark red stuff with narrow gold braid on the white collars and cuffs, and her face so rosy, her eyes shining in a way that suggested the glint of eyes looking through a mask—perhaps because they were a little slant, and deepset although more than large enough to start her aunts' admiring moan, ". . . like a little angel's." When Michel, following her example, dropped down on the broad window-seat in her room and leaned forward, pressing his forehead against the pane, he felt the slight trembling in her arm, which came from the effort to brace herself securely, as a quiver of intensity.

The little boy had gone inside. "He will come back," Nicole promised. They waited, while the soft, cool air flowed in on them from a crack between the top and bottom windows, and the fire threw an uncertain warmth on their backs. Below Michel's watchful attentiveness ran a delicious sense of the perfection of blended contrasts, now and at other times: February day and Spring sky; ice-cream eaten in winter before an open fire; the rich pungence of some purely white flowers, like cape-jasmine; and how someone had said poetically of his mother (whom Nicole was supposed to resemble), "She pleased the artistic feelings while she warmed the heart." There was a design in the window-curtain, a small, precise pattern of gray lattice-work splashed with roses—but red roses, of a peculiarly deep, striking red, dominating without upsetting the secure order of their background.

"Look — now!" Nicole seized his wrist. The kitchen was part of a former Negro cabin, attached at right angles to the house. Its gallery, crossed with two broad areas of light from the open doors, was easily visible to the children. The little boy emerged into the light, withdrew for a moment, then came out and began a high leaping dance the length of the gallery. He wore a clown suit too large for him, long flapping white gloves, and, for a mask, a paper sack over his head with holes cut for the eyes. As he danced he sang. Both voice and gestures were extraordinarily comical: exaggerated, crazy, with unexpected nuances of burlesque—a sort of mimicry of abandon, a parody of Mardi Gras. As though he was expressing a joyful, ridiculous secret all his own. Nicole's handclasp tightened and she murmured rapturously, "He is so happy." Michel, since he was a boy, did not agree openly with this senti-

mental comment, but he knew what she meant. It was the same thing at Christmas or at other Mardi Gras, that feeling of reassurance under all the disorder of festivity and make-believe, the knowledge that people were happy, that they were *all* happy, so no matter how silly or gay things were they must be right since everyone shared in them. It refused admission of those secret, sudden uncertainties that were likely to steal the completeness from ordinary pleasures. For the ordinary pleasures were real and therefore subject to the intrusion of reality. Enjoying them he might still be reminded of a look (as for instance his father's, when he said, "You make a fool of yourself, you are a coward")—or of his fear, and his shame too at being frightened, that time he had seen a Negro woman who, believing herself unobserved, was staring straight before her with a remote hard expression, a *thinking* look, that had made her seem just like a white person. . . . But on days like this the very disorder expressed an order of its own, a harmony of freedom. The pretenses were of kindness, the artificiality flowered in illusions of carelessness and affection. He could believe that the smiles were everlasting and nobody suffered. . . .

THE song that the child sang had no meaning, but they knew it well:

"Mardi Gras, chicklin' pie,
Tell your mamma she's a liah!"

He paused to get his breath and Nicole exclaimed softly in disappointment, but then he went on, the dance more exaggerated and his voice rising hoarse but higher.

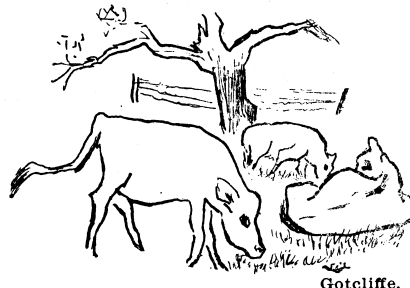
"Let's throw him a *cinq-sous*," Michel suggested.

"Tante Abelle might not like it. Besides, he is not a monkey."

"She won't mind if *you* do it. He can spend it, too, and a monkey can't."

"Well—let's each give him one. If Tante Abelle fusses, I'll say that I threw them both."

"I am not afraid of her." Michel reddened slightly. "It is Papa, you know, who will be mad, mad."



"No, he won't. He is being nice before Tante Abelle so she will like him and us too. I am going to do it!" She jumped up and got a tiny purse from the bureau, dumping the contents on slavia confirm once more the over-the seat between them. They each took a nickel and Michel raised the lower window, softly so the dancer would not hear. "Pitch it hard," he instructed, "so it won't miss the gallery." They leaned out, poised to throw, when Nicole whispered, "Wait!" Mr. Fauchaux had come from around the back of the house and was starting up the gallery steps. As the children watched, he stopped short to look at the masquerader. They expected him to laugh, or to say something. Instead he just stood there. Then suddenly he rushed forward and jerked the little boy hard against him—his slaps, sharp as ruler cracks, were like exclamation points in his shouting speech: "*T? cochon! . . . T? chien! . . . You wear gloves, hein? . . . You hide yourself? . . . Niggers show their black skins Mardi Gras the same as other days! . . . You will remember that . . . I will make you remember! . . .*"

It was all over very quickly. The little boy—he had screamed only once—crept off around the house toward the back and Mr. Fauchaux stormed into the kitchen to have it out with Zenobie for permitting the masquerade. Michel slowly lowered the window, taking his time before he looked at Nicole. She had drawn back into a corner of the window seat and there was a tenseness about her forehead.

"He is a silly, bad man!" she burst out. "Hitting a little boy just for wearing some old gloves—it is so stupid!" The last word seemed to give her a certain satisfaction and she repeated it, "It is *stupid*."

"*Quel peu de raison*," Michel agreed, with a grown-up little shrug. "Well, I suppose that is all. Here is your *cinq-sous*." He tossed it lightly to her and immediately thrust his hand back into the pocket of his dressing-gown, to hide the fact that it was trembling slightly. To be sure he had seen people (as well as dogs) beaten before. They did not mind, either, as much as you thought they did. Just the same, this was the Mardi Gras—the last Mardi Gras he really expected to believe in, since he would be twelve next December and the more necessary it became to believe in the illusions of affection and happiness the less possible they seemed as anything but a make-believe that was bound to end in the austerity of Ash Wednesday.

A GI COMES HOME

By DAVID GORDON

FOR some time we had been asking ourselves the question—"How will it feel to get back home?"

The men had been under fire with little rest for periods varying from one month to ten. There were a sprinkling of very low-pointers. Some had come right before and some soon after we had been pulled out of our positions on the Elbe River in Germany. Lucky stiff, the boys said. They didn't have to get into combat so soon.

"Funny. I just can't get the feeling that we're going home," Carmine said aboard the ship—the *Cristobal*. That was the unbelieving and unexcited feeling of most of the men. The same quiet reaction had met the declaration of V-E Day. At that time we were busy occupying the area called Schaumberg-Lippe. We had been out of the lines two weeks. It was good that the business was over and we had won, as everyone had expected. But in the Pacific war was still on and we knew that we were slated for a long ride to that area.

But several days before we embarked we learned that the Pacific war had ended and that our job in the Far East would be occupation. No more fighting—and everyone was damned glad. But as long as we were still in the Army, home did not feel too close. A man in the Army never knows what he may have to do next. He wants to hear a good rumor, a rumor which gets him to safety and home.

We weren't silly about the homecoming. We knew that we would return someday—and in the near future, despite the cracks about becoming thirty-year men. We knew that most of us would get furloughs or discharges and that most of us would remain in the States. But we didn't trust our emotions.

For example, Ralph: "I know what's going to happen to me. When I get a block away from my house, I'll stop, set my duffle-bag down on the sidewalk and just look and look and look. And I won't believe I'm home. When I get inside and meet the folks, I know I'll break down and cry like a baby." And Andy: "I've been thinking of all sorts of things I'm going to say to my wife when I meet her. But I'll bet I'll be lucky if I manage to say 'Hello, honey!'"

We were to come into Boston harbor at night, and no one did any serious sleeping until the first light-buoys were seen. Many stayed awake until they saw the chain of harbor lights. But by midnight everyone was asleep.

We breakfasted at 4 A.M. After that most of us hung around the rails. We were a few miles from the dock, and the running comment was, "When the hell do we pull in?"

A tug boat with a Negro band on it, with lots of WACS and assorted military, came to welcome us. A huge sign hanging from the tug read: "Welcome home. Well done." We were gratified, but not overwhelmed.

As we moved to dock, boat and ship horns and factory sirens set up an ear-splitting howl. Company by company we debarked. It was good to see the USA once more. It was good to see the port installations intact. The factory chimneys smoking. No debris was piled high in the streets. Instead, automobiles, buses and trucks streaming through the avenues. The children and some of the grown-ups waved to us.

The men laughed good-naturedly at the WACS, working with enlisted men, strutting and shouting orders as they led us to the train. At the train, Red Cross wagonettes ran through the double lines, passing out doughnuts and milk. When they returned the empty bottles, the boys said to the Red Cross women: "Thank you very much." "Much obliged." "That was swell." It was better than powdered milk.

As we approached a round-house, along the route to Camp Miles Standish, the engineers blew the whistles of more than a dozen engines. On the top floor of a frame house was a large, crude sign reading, "Welcome home, Buddy." There were other welcome signs tacked onto homes and billboards. When kids saw the train coming, they ran a couple of blocks for close-ups of their returning "heroes." All sorts of people smiled and waved.

Not bad at all. Some of us wondered how many thousands before us were greeted the same way.

No, not bad at all. Besides, it was bright-sunny, there was plenty of green to the left and right and the farms looked opulent.

At Camp Miles Standish we were welcomed by a colonel who kept every-

one laughing. He promised us a speedy passage from the camp. The men all said the colonel was a good guy—and that's something. The food was plentiful and unimpeachable and the PX was loaded with stuff we could buy. The beer supply seemed endless. Hundreds of men discovered the telephone service was good. From colonel to private the men emerged from the booths dripping sweat but happy.

LESS than twenty-four hours after our arrival, the first big batches began to move out. I was with several hundred men from the regiment which left for Fort Dix, where we were to get orders for our thirty-day recuperation leaves. It was a fine ride, through Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. Again it was nice to see everything standing, people working and to be on a fast-moving train—in the United States.

It wasn't so nice looking at the newspapers. Some factories were shutting down, reconversion might be slow. We had heard talk about reconversion for a long time and we had read a few items about it in *Stars and Stripes* and in *Yank*. We had been half hopeful about the future. But what we read on the train didn't sound so nice.

I asked Bill what he would do after his release. "Don't know about getting out. I may do a hitch. I haven't made up my mind."

Bill didn't want to talk about it. I had asked him the same question back in Germany and he had said the same thing. Roy had encouraged him. Roy had said:

"Sure, Bill, you stay with me. You know, Dave, a guy can get along pretty good in the Army, during peace. I know the ropes. I've been in for nigh on three years. You get fed and clothed, maybe really learn a trade. What'll I do if I get out? Or Bill? Probably won't be jobs for us anyway. And we're only twenty-one now. We'll still be young when we finish our hitch."

I remember when Bill and Roy had said that all the king's horses couldn't get them to remain in the Army. But that was after Ossenberg and Rheinberg, after the Rhine crossing and after some of that shooting to cut the Autobahn.

We roared into the Bronx. Men

sighed when they saw the tall, tightly packed apartment buildings.

Morton jumped, pointed and exclaimed: "There's that trucking company I worked for for five years and that's the cafeteria I always stepped into for a cup of coffee!"

The New York City boys didn't jump the train when we pulled into Pennsylvania Station, but they all felt pretty much like Joe, who said, "What a shame. If they'd let me get off here, I'd be home in fifteen minutes."

We had stopped to change engines and were on our way again soon. Now the train was agonizingly slow. We kept stopping and stopping. Tempers flared and words were hot. It took us as long to get from Penn Station to Dix as from Standish to Penn Station.

"So that's the way they treat combat troops?"

"Don't we get any priority on this damned road? Why do they make us wait and push those civilian trains through?"

"We're going to lose an extra day of leave."

We pulled in at dusk. Well, maybe we could get out Sunday, Monday the latest.

Breakfast was good. Showers and shaves and everyone sprucing up. Combat badges and ribbons being transferred to fresh clothing. Brand new stuff, except some sun-tan uniforms, for whoever wanted it.

THEN we waited and waited, hour after sweating hour. Medical and engineer and other small non-combat groups got their orders and by early Sunday afternoon were on their way home. But what about the 137th Infantry?

All afternoon passed by—and nothing happened. Before supper, there was an announcement over the PA system that a check showed that the 137th had been paid aboard ship and that, therefore, the men were not to receive partial pay now. No one had asked for it. No one had even thought about it. We only wanted out.

Hopefully we listened to the PA calling the 137th after chow: Attention, men of the 137th. We have run short of train tickets. There will be a delay until we can get them.

Well, we didn't tear up the place, but no one felt like telling jokes. Everyone was in a sullen mood.

It was about eight P.M., already dark, when the first groups were called. At nine P.M. I got my copy of the order.

I told Bob I would wait at the car with his wife and intercede with the MPs if they should ask her to get the car off the grounds. It was already long past regulation time. About nine-thirty Bob, Mac and Slim arrived. We got out.

We rode along smoothly for a few miles. The night lights along the highway were lively. Suddenly, a motorist raced his car past, cut in directly in front of us and then whizzed on.

"Why, the dirty road-hog!" Bob said. A chorus of condemnation arose simultaneously among us. Yes, we were certainly back home.

Bob took me to the St. George Ferry. There wasn't much of a crowd. I stopped about twenty feet from the gate and set down my two bags. Little by little people filled in the spaces in front of men. Then they were all around. I was an island with people crowding in on me. But I held firm. There was no point waiting for another ferry, I figured, so I remained.

Close to me were three elderly women who made me think of the *Woman's Home Companion*. I couldn't help eavesdropping the first truly all-civilian conversation I had heard since debarkation:

"It was a delightful evening and you folks must visit with me soon."

"Genevieve, I've heard you say that for three years. Isn't that so, Martha? I dislike terribly for people to say 'Come over some time' and never make a specific time. I just hate that sort of thing because it doesn't truly mean anything."

"Don't you think I'm right, Martha?" continued the first speaker. "I like to speak frankly. I like to call a spade a spade. I don't mean anything by it, Genevieve, dear. I don't want to offend you."

THE ferry moved swiftly over the smooth Hudson. The dock lights on Staten Island and the lights from Manhattan brought thoughts of Christmas and of the darkness in Europe.

Old Lady Liberty was bright as ever. About her loomed the dim forms of the skyscrapers. This was New York and home.

The streets of lower Manhattan were empty and in familiar New York style the taxi-driver deposited me at my house with almost terrifying speed.

And there on my apartment door was a sign: "Daddy—Welcome Home, Daddy." Ina, two-years-and-eight-months old, had hung it. My wife and I tried to believe that I was home. We

stood there together, surrounded by my duffle bags.

We wakened Ina gently. She wasn't startled. She kissed her daddy (and her daddy kissed her). After showing me Jack and Jill going up the hill to fetch a pail of water, which was all around her room in pictures, she went back to sleep.

Well, that was my homecoming. I couldn't ask for a better one.

Unfinished

The airwaves stood still last Sunday night when from the heart of Texas an unschooled Waco farmer spoke the sentiments many parents in the South, and elsewhere as well, have smothered within their breasts. Dorie Miller, USS Arizona messman who manned a machine-gun and downed eight Jap planes during the attack on Pearl Harbor, with two other heroes was being honored by theaters being dedicated in their honor at Treasure Island Naval Base.

Conery Miller, father of the deceased hero who was killed in action in the Coral Sea, December 1943, was interviewed in his home in Waco, Texas. He was asked whether things were better because of his son's sacrifice.

"No," said Mr. Miller in a resolute voice.

The interviewer gasped, floundered, but persisted, asking, "Do you mean to say things are no better?"

Again Miller gave a decided and firm "No."

The interviewer tried again and the panic almost showed through his voice as he tried to press some sort of explanation from the father to take the edge off the response. Weren't some things more hopeful? he pleaded.

"Well, maybe," said the father, "but I don't think so. If I could have had my 'ruthers,' I'd rather have my son back."

The program stalled. You could hear the announcer sputter, and then the program moved quickly to other things. Earlier in the program, Orson Welles had paid a glowing tribute to Dorie Miller and praised the Navy for the progress made in dropping color bars during the war.

The theater dedicated to Dorie Miller has a seating capacity of 1,500 and is open to all races. A wooden plaque placed there at present will be replaced soon with a permanent memorial to Miller's heroic deed.

—Amsterdam News,
New York, Dec. 15, 1945.

IS THE THIRD PARTY AMERICAN?

By A. B. MAGIL

THE most indestructible ghost in the American political scene is the third party. We are accustomed to talking of our two-party system as men once talked of the divine right of kings. It has become institutionalized, authoritative and infallible, and in so many minds it has become almost synonymous with democracy. No doubt many Americans would be surprised to learn that there is nothing in the Constitution about a two-party system—nothing about political parties at all. But it seems, nevertheless, to have become as rigid a part of our unwritten basic law as the right of the Supreme Court to veto legislation.

It is true that the two-party system has been a fixture of our political life for more than a hundred years, and not since the Republican Party supplanted the moribund Whigs has a major party been ousted from the setup. What is often overlooked is that no less persistent than the bi-partisan system have been the efforts to break the two-party monopoly. In fact, since the Civil War practically every progressive current has found it necessary to seek an independent channel, whether or not this took the form of a new political party. And no less significant: from the early beginnings of the American labor movement at the dawn of the Jackson era it has sought independent political expression, returning again and again to the idea of a labor party.

If we consider only the period after the Civil War there were the National Labor Reform Party, the Greenback Party, the Anti-Monopoly Party, the Union Labor tickets (whose successes in the 1886 elections were noted by Frederick Engels), the National Union Labor Party, the Granger and Farmers Alliance movements, the Socialist Labor Party, the People's Party (Populists), and the Bryan Democrats. And in the twentieth century there have been the Socialist Party, the Bull Moose Progressive Party, the Nonpartisan League in the Northwest out of which grew the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, the Communist Party, the La Follette Progressive movement, Upton Sinclair's Epic movement in California, the Washington Commonwealth Federation, the local Farmer-Labor Parties of 1935-36, Labor's Nonpartisan

League, the American Labor Party and the CIO Political Action Committee. And all these parties and movements have been anti-monopoly.

What is enduring in the American party tradition therefore is not simply the two-party system, but the interplay of the two-party pattern with its opposite: independent political action tending toward organizational separation.

These movements also reflect the strains within the two-party structure. Each of the major parties represents conflicting social and political trends which in other countries would constitute separate political entities. They are held together not by any unity of program and purpose, but by the party machine, which has the power to reward or punish, and by the legislative obstacles in the way of forming new parties. It is in times of crisis that the strains produce actual fissures.

It is sometimes forgotten that during the early years of the Roosevelt administration there emerged a number of independent movements, including a considerable trend toward a Farmer-Labor Party, all of them expressing the widespread dissatisfaction with the administration's policies of that time. It was only when big business reaction turned sharply against FDR and he turned toward labor for support that these movements merged with the New Deal wing of the Democratic Party and lost their independent character. For ten years Roosevelt and his policies were the centripetal force which held together not merely the strife-ridden Democratic Party, but that anti-fascist coalition of which labor and the Negro people were the chief components and without which the Democratic Party could not have won the 1944 election.

WITH the passing of Roosevelt, the administration lost not simply its leader, but its direction, its program and spirit. The little men with the big bomb are making chicken tracks on the road of history. After writing a record in foreign affairs that is a national catastrophe, Truman has now succeeded in alienating both labor and the Negro people by advocating oppressive, anti-strike legislation and permitting the emasculation of the FEPC. And he has capped his paltry opportunism by al-

lowing (and no doubt encouraging) the administration leaders in the House to convert the full employment bill into ersatz, minus even the mention of full employment and the right to work.

That is why there is again talk of a third party. George Addes, secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers-CIO, writes in his semi-annual financial report: "We must think in terms of the Political Action Committee becoming the nucleus of a real third party movement that will serve as the beginning of mobilizing liberal elements from all political parties." The *Chicago Defender*, leading Negro weekly, has editorially voiced its disillusionment with the Truman administration and, rejecting the Republican Party, has called for a new party alignment. The Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and the Professions, which came into being behind Roosevelt's reelection, has been lambasting Truman's policies on the atomic bomb, China and other issues.

Progressive Democrats are seething. Said Rep. Walter K. Granger of Utah in the debate on the full employment bill: "We have three parties. Some of us are sitting in between the two. We want to be good liberal Democrats and do the right thing for the people we represent, and yet we are stymied. We have got to either go to one extreme or the other. I believe the gentleman [Rep. Charles LaFollette, R., Ind.] is talking sense when he says we have arrived at the time when the political parties need revamping, or that we should do away with these party labels and get into the place where we belong, and be politically honest and not fool anybody."

Republican voices too are being raised, voices that find no balm in the Brownell Gilead, nor comfort in Dewey, even though they still cling to the GOP. Newbold Morris, who was candidate for mayor of New York on Mayor La Guardia's No Deal ticket, spoke up for such Republicans at a recent PAC dinner, and Rep. LaFollette has spoken for them in Congress.

I am discussing trends and not a mature and integrated movement. These trends will grow in 1946 and perhaps seek organizational form. If they are to have roots and power, they must

be anchored in the labor movement. And if they are not to become mere futile sects, they must embrace all that is best in the Democratic and Republican Parties, as well as the large body of independent voters uncommitted to either party. The third party movements will at first assume a variety of forms, and it is proper that the approach be flexible. New York already has a third party, the American Labor Party, and nation-

ally there are the Political Action Committee, National Citizens PAC, and such significant movements as the Independent Citizens Committee. All these need strengthening. And labor unity becomes more crucial than ever.

Whatever the form independent activity takes, the 1946 election will offer an opportunity to express a new vision of America and to build against the stratagems of the parties dominated by

the financial and industrial oligarchy a new alliance against war and fascism and for all that is connoted in a people's peace. And I strongly feel that our experience in the stormy days ahead will only underline the obsolescence and barbarism of a system that permits the people, like Moses on Mt. Nebo, to gaze from afar on abundance and peace, but never to enter the promised land.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Freedom for What?

THE attempts to tie in "press freedom" provisions with UNRRA aid failed, but the press barons have not given up the game, whose stakes are far bigger than most Americans realize. An aggressive campaign has been started to write such provisions into UNO and into future treaties. Hugh Baillie, president of UP, demands a press "bill of rights" to be made part of the UNO charter; and the American Society of Newspaper Editors has established a standing committee to campaign for such rights. This committee, among its other exploits, has elicited from the public-relations-conscious great man, General Douglas MacArthur, exactly the statement it desired. This statement advocates inclusion, in all forthcoming treaties, of a provision guaranteeing "a reciprocal free press and open communications facilities."

On the face of it this looks lovely, but a glance behind the facade yields different scenery. Mr. Baillie's world press "bill of rights" demands that:

1. News sources, particularly official sources, shall be competitively open to all.

2. Transmission facilities shall be competitively open to all.

3. There shall be a minimum of official regulation of the flow of news itself.

The catch is in the phrase "competitively open." With its immense economic advantages and superiority in resources and mechanical techniques such "competitively open" conditions would inevitably lead to an American monopoly. But there are still more ominous significances in the phrase, which connotes the extension of the American conception of news gathering everywhere. In this concept news is a business, first,

and only secondarily a public service.

Our news gathering, as a private enterprise, has proved dangerously chaotic. Not only does it lead to such obvious violations of the public interest as the scandalous AP newsbreak on V-E Day, but every day's newspapers, with their calculatedly misleading heads and angled opening paragraphs, are crammed with violations. These promote a general confusion with the result that, in spite of our immense technical advantages, many observers have been forced to admit that the average Soviet citizen is far more correctly informed than the average American citizen.

Actually, how free is our "free press"? So long as big newspapers are owned by millionaires—and nothing else is possible under their setup—so long as the main source of newspaper income is from advertising, they are not and cannot be free. They must be the servants of the class with whose interests they are in organic economic connection; and they must express the prejudices of that class.

This is starkly reflected in the reporting in the American press on the USSR and those European countries, including England, which have nationalized any part, however small, of their economy. This reporting has been flagrantly false and slanderous.

In effect, then, the campaign to incorporate "free press" provisions in the UNO organization and future treaties is a campaign for an American press monopoly and for an unrestricted and irresponsible "freedom," similar to that practiced against the "Reds" at home, to slander and oppose other nations. Our capitalist press lords will fight hard for such a new domain and for such a potent weapon against all states whose programs they regard as a menace.

Does Merger Matter?

THE Army and Navy's intermural quarrel over unification is another example of how large problems are drowned under a torrent of little ones. The whole business strikes us as farcical. A primarily technical issue is magnified out of all proportion while the key question of foreign policy is inundated by presidential platitudes. Mr. Truman spent approximately 6,000 words in his message to Congress on the merger of the armed forces yet, beyond some well-chosen homilies, he had nothing to say on maintaining the war alliance into the peace. In the whole message the United Nations are mentioned twice, and the rest is merely a repetition of General Marshall's views on the reorganization of the services. If anything the Truman message is an elaboration in more specific terms of his imperialist Navy Day speech. The United States, he says, bears the "burden of responsibility for world leadership." And for that apparently we will need a streamlined, oversized military apparatus just in case there are other states which do not believe that all the moral virtues of the world reside in Washington. Quite obviously the doubters will have their minds changed for them by an accumulation of fire and steel operated by a coordinated command.

If a unified army, navy, and air force is seen as part of an upbuilding program to increase the strength of all three arms in order to make them second to none, then the picture becomes clearer. But it becomes absolutely clear if these steps are viewed as part of establishing a foundation of unrivalled power on which aggressive American foreign policy can stand. There is the singular meaning of Mr. Truman's remark that

"our foreign policy should take into account our military capabilities and the strategic power of our armed forces." And that also explains his casual, indifferent references to the UNO. A policy which derives its power from the dynamo of collective security will do away with Mr. Truman's persistent effort to flaunt American moral supremacy (read atom bomb) in the face of others. In fact it will dispense with all such tempests in teapots as the unification issue and place it in proper scale. It will not matter a tinker's dam if we have one secretary for national defense or 101, if our foreign policy continues in the direction it has taken. Peace can only be maintained through an indivisible alliance of the Big Three. Any other course signifies that because coalition arrests the worst features of American imperialism it must, therefore, be discarded.

Goering's Friend

THE man to watch with special vigilance in the next few months is Charles Lindbergh. He is emerging more and more from the underground and his speech made last week before the Aero Club in Washington is among his first efforts to propound a new line for the America Firsters. In essence the line is an old one, but it is mended and braided to suit the times. Hardly surprising is his support of a world organization. Even the tarnished native Hitlerites know better than to fly smack in the face of deep and widespread public desire for world unity. And, of course, what Lindbergh seemingly supports with one hand he pounds down with the other. His conception of world organization is that it be led by the western peoples. From the large point of view here is, with fresh embellishment, the old Nazi racial idea of inferior and superior nations. In terms of actual geography and politics it means world organization with the Soviet Union, China, India—in fact the better part of the world—relegated to secondary positions. All this is expounded as fulfilling the highest ideals of Christianity. Revealing, too, is Lindbergh's insistence in effect that the world organization be guided by those professing belief in Christianity. Here again the fact is that there are more non-Christians than Christians in the world. But the special significance of this proviso becomes clear when it is remembered that a little over four years ago Lindbergh said that every Christian everywhere must fight against



"We named him Republican Landslide."

diplomatic and military relations with the USSR. This, then, is what Goering's friend considers to be effective world organization. And he is still Goering's friend, for no one can read his special pleading for the war criminals on trial at Nuremberg without sensing immediately that his demand for more "humility and compassion" in dealing with the Nazi butchers is intended to save their necks. Perhaps Lindbergh knows that if all the war criminals in every country were brought to justice he too would be among the first placed in the dock.

Why Franco Lingers

THE French note to Washington and London proposing in effect a diplomatic break with Franco has once again significantly thrust the Spanish situation to the fore. Evidently the French people, like the overwhelming majority of plain Americans and Britons, feel the time has come to quicken words into action. Hot, angry phrases against fascist Spain have been plenteous these past months and Franco's representatives did not get into the San Francisco

conference, while the Potsdam agreement singled Franco's regime out for special, unflattering mention. Truman and Bevin have voiced some harsh remarks about a government which, as Frank Gervasi pointed out in *Collier's* two weeks ago, collaborated actively with Berlin and Rome throughout the war. Gervasi, citing new found secret documents in Berlin, underscored what NEW MASSES and other anti-fascist organs had contended for years, that the Caudillo did his level best to get into hostilities on the Axis side, and that though he didn't, it wasn't his fault and his regime is none the less responsible for thousands of American and Allied casualties. Yet Franco continues to enjoy Anglo-American recognition, and more than that, actual economic aid.

As matters line up for the present, it appears London is most hesitant of all the big powers to make the break, primarily because of big imperialist stakes in Spain's raw materials. Imperialists get along much better with fascists than with democrats. Our own State Department is in something of a schizo-

(Continued on page 21)



"We named him Republican Landslide."

READERS' FORUM

Sincerity in Films

TO NEW MASSES: Back in NM of September 11 "J.B.M.," citing Matt Wayne's article on "Sincerity in the Theater" (July 3), asks us to make again that good grey resolution we have so often asseverated—and then forgotten. For years, we American Marxists have agreed with Wayne and J. B. M. that "a sincere and progressive purpose does not make a sincere piece of art if it lacks artistic integrity, and conversely, that a true work of art need not be passed over because it does not contain a direct call to action. . . . The truth itself is political." In support of this critical canon, NM pages have repeatedly pointed to Marx's and Engels' preference for the accurate novels of the royalist Balzac to the tendentious tracts of the socialist Zola.

Yet, no matter how many times we piously take the vow, it seems we just can't refrain from going and sinning some more. For instance, in the very same issue, Joseph Foster contributes another of those "stirring reviews of thoroughly corny movies" deplored not only by J. B. M. but by most NM readers of my acquaintance. He mechanically evaluates *Pride of the Marines* as superior to the *Story of GI Joe* because "here, for the first time, the soldier discusses the problems on his mind. . . . We hear talk [oh felicitous phrase!] of full employment, the GI Bill of Rights, discrimination, organization. . . ."

Having thus established the ideational content as kosher, Mr. Foster then takes space to laud—true, with a few minor reservations—the dialogue, the exploitation of the medium, the believable people, the battle scenes, the brilliant script, the direction, and the acting.

Yet, ignoring for the moment the two sequences in which praiseworthy social ideas are unimaginatively and stagily presented, what—as Stalin loves to demand—are the facts? At the outset, let us admit there is much deserving of praise; and the credibility of Schmidt's reactions, the realistic Philadelphia setting, the pathos of the central problem, the occasionally effective use of the sound track, the avoidance of Hollywood glamor.

Still, the blunt artistic truth remains: there are the mushy love scenes; the rejection of dramatic development in favor of coy narrative episodes; the sentimental cast of Lee Diamond's exhortations; the avoidance of exploring Schmidt's psychological readjustment in favor of the speechifying, tear-jerking symbolization of his reaccepting Ruth; the quick, happy ending that glosses over the basic social and psychological problems raised by Schmidt's plight.

All that Joseph Foster passed over for the sake of a couple of well-intentioned speeches. Yet it is a dramaturgical truism that meaning in the theater is effective not through oratorical mouthings but through thematically determined action. For example, the wordy discussion in the hospital about jobs and discrimination was a slight episode that left far less of an impression than blind Schmidt's method of lighting a cigarette. Furthermore, even the speeches were bad because they were falsely tendentious. The average GI audience would jeer off the screen the discussion that took place on the train between Diamond and Schmidt. Anyone who has been in service knows the GI response to the Diamond-Maltz's question about choosing between combat service and shore duty, even if the former didn't guarantee a life of blindness. The average Joe is only too willing to let Jimmy Cagney or Albert Maltz be a hero and fight the Japanese; he would far rather escape with Sylvia Sidney or keep his eyes and return to Eleanor Parker. And that is precisely the reason that *The Story of GI Joe* is so incontestably superior to the schmaltzy story of Schmidt. The first is the real thing, an accurate Balzacian depiction of our combat soldiers; the other can be characterized only as a tendentious Zolaesque distortion.

Furthermore, since "the truth is political," it is not surprising that GI Joe gets in its licks about the problem of postwar employment. The Italian dogface tells Pyle he may look him up some day for help in getting a job. Pyle manages a wry smile and looks away, murmuring, "Yeah."

It's long past time that we rejected the agit-prop "direct call to action" in favor of "artistic integrity"; in dramaturgy, that integrity has its source in conveying a message not by tendentious speechifying but by its thematic development through the progressive conflict of characters in action—as John Howard Lawson has so well demonstrated in his *Theory and Technique of Playwriting*.
Cleveland. J. H. C.

On "Wildcat" Strikes

TO NEW MASSES: Of all the issues facing the workers and members of the UAW, the one which most directly affects the working class as a whole is the current security plan offered to the Ford Motor Company by Robert Leonard of the UAW. To my mind, this cannot be supported by progressive union members for a number of reasons.

1. If the current plan is adopted by the union and by the company, it would penalize

union members for instigating or participating in a so-called "wildcat" strike. All well and good, but what is a "wildcat" strike? Any walkout which is not authorized by the union leadership? If so, the recent walkout of the rank and file of the International Longshoremen's Association was a wildcat strike, and if the members who participated were fined individually and had to accept financial responsibility for the walkout, the security plan does nothing but make it possible for a reactionary leadership of a union to keep its rank and file from any independent action even when the situation calls for it, as it certainly did for the longshoremen.

2. The UAW proposal states that if the union and the plan committee cannot agree as to the guilt of the worker involved, the case shall be referred to an umpire for settlement. With all respect to the particular umpire in a given case, a worker cannot help but feel that his future is in the hands of one man. Any such referral to an umpire is a definite defeat for the union. A union, to be strong and to remain the agent and representative of the worker, must have ability to force its decision on the management. Any concession of the strength of a union to maintain this position is typical of the "peace at any price" revisionist tactics which unfortunately predominated in the last few years. The current situation in the UAW, if tolerated by the rank and file, can only lead to similar demands by capital in every future contract negotiations with other unions. The very idea of "security" for capital leaves a sour taste in my mouth and in the mouth of every right thinking union member in the country. Capital's security still lies in the state, and until such a situation is changed, it is the right of the rank and file to be allowed to walk out even if the leadership of his union shall not endorse it.

New York.

JOHN LESSER.

Socialism—

TO NEW MASSES: Thank you, thank you, thank you, Comrade Boyer, for your article on "Stand-up Fighters"!

I have been trying to say that sort of thing to my fellow members ever since I came into the YCL and then the Communist Party. But all that my husband and I ever received for our pains were sneers that we were making "sacrifices" of ourselves and rebukes to the effect that "that was no way to fit in with the American environment." As a result, of course, they became almost useless to our Party and gave most of their energies to the more "respectable" organizations. With our older members, I think, it's a carry-over from the old "underground" days, and with our newer members it is undoubtedly the influence of Browder revisionism which dominated our movement when they entered it.

I feel very strongly that we *must* build a Communist Party strong in numbers and great in enthusiasm for and understanding of socialism. Only socialism can avert the threatening tragedies of depressions, and United States and British imperialism leading

us into unimaginable world war. Reform measures of any type can only stave it off, at most. And the atomic age is no time for stalling—or kidding either, as you point out.

We have in America the objective requirements for socialism. The subjective requirements won't come by themselves. And if the Communist Party doesn't educate and agitate our people for it, who will?

Your article was something we badly needed. Thank you again.

Neosho, Mo.

LEE STEINHART

P.S. My husband agrees with me fully and so do the soldier comrades I have spoken with here.

Who Will Bring It?

TO NEW MASSES: I received the readers' questionnaire, filled it out and mailed it. I said that I would like to see articles making clear what Communism really is, debunking the planted and cultivated idea that it is just the other side of the fascist coin.

A great change has come over the common people here in the past few years. Mexicans, Negroes and whites fraternize in public places and sit most anywhere they wish on the busses covering the working class areas. They do it in such number and with such ease of manner that old Jim Crow keeps his head hid under his wing and hasn't the courage to squawk about it, and there is a common awareness that the curse of mankind is the unequal distribution of the food, housing and commodities.

Communism is strong in the hearts of the people but they haven't recognized it for what it is. They don't know the name for it. This feeling of all for one and one for all has grown to be a powerful thing of the masses but they have had it dinned and dinned into them by capitalistic, syndicated newspapers that Communism is something to be shunned.

Those of us who walk ahead of the others often have our progress impeded by our own friends and loved ones who believe as we do but have not the courage to voice their opinions lest they be branded as Communists all because the people themselves do not know what Communism is: that it is government of the people by the people themselves.

If the writers for NEW MASSES, those who know how to explain it, would say it again and again and again, and the readers of NM would work overtime getting the magazine into the hands of others, it would help educate the people. The masses relieved of their fear would liberate themselves.

San Antonio.

LEONORA SWEETLAND.

Why Franco Lingers

(Continued from page 19)

phrenic state: part of it wants a break because Falangist operations, sponsored from Madrid, constitute an increasing embarrassment to American interests in Latin America. The other part, dominant at the moment, fears a break with

Franco because that would help the Spanish republican cause. Soviet policy, needless to say, has been unalterably opposed to any traffic with Franco, with which it has no diplomatic relations.

Negrin's visit to our State Department may or may not have special significance. His initial visit to our authorities must token, however, that the differences among our policy-making officials which have become aggravated in recent weeks, are approaching climax. These differences, we can be sure, will not be resolved along lines helpful to democracy, unless the diverse pressures of our people are synthesized into a single, irresistible movement that will force the rupture. That break would be of

inestimable value to the democratic forces of Spain, straining to the final overthrow of the fascists.

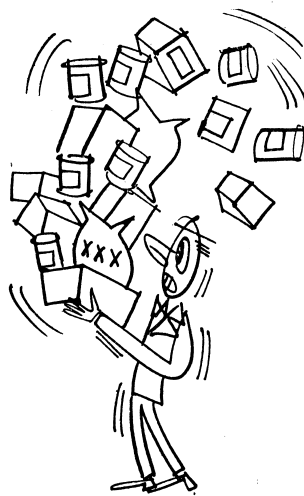
Smothering the Baby

THE day when you can go to your local television house to participate in the opening fall session of the United Nations Organization in the USA, or watch the finish of an international track meet in Moscow, or the opening night of the *Comedie Francaise* is still some distance away. But a pack of gentlemen who know just what is technically involved have only just been caught in a classical conspiracy of monopoly capital to put that day even farther off. Some of these gentlemen face the public behind the names of Twentieth Century-Fox Inc., Paramount Pictures, Inc., General Precision Equipment Corp., Scophony Corp. of America and Ltd. of Britain, and Television Products, Inc., and three others, officials in the cartel-making outfits, individually. The charges of conspiracy to monopolize and suppress two revolutionary systems of television which would make possible the projection of television pictures on movie-house-size screens are brought by the US Department of Justice's anti-trust division. At stake, for the corporations, are the billion-dollar superprofits of the movie industry which doesn't relish the thought of television competition, and for the rest of us, as usual, all the benefits of technological advance.

Here in the proverbial nutshell is the bankruptcy of monopoly capital, 1945-46. The fantastic ramifications of financial interests for whom the status quo in Hollywood, Aintree, etc., is pay dirt, want no revolutions in entertainment (or education) which might upset their yearly dividends. So they agree to smother the baby in its crib.

Whatever we try to do to thwart the stifling designs of these giant combines, we cannot expect that the full development of such discoveries as television and atomic energy machines will really mature until production no longer hinges on whether this or that group makes profits, in a word, until socialism is here and here to stay and the profit makers are the people themselves. But while we work towards the understanding which will make the undoing of monopoly's inevitably restricting hand politically possible, the use of all the anti-trust measures now on our legal books will at least help loosen the strangling grip a little. The Justice Department should be supported to the hilt.

Help!



New Masses' main hall is full of packing boxes waiting for your contribution of canned goods and packaged food to help GM and other strikers to win their battles. If you are in the vicinity of 104 East Ninth St., N. Y., between the hours of 9:30 A.M. and 6:30 P.M., bring in your contributions to help fill those boxes.

Our readers outside New York should get in touch with their city CIO Councils, or in the case of smaller cities, they should write to their state CIO Councils where to send their contributions of foodstuffs.—The Editors.



Poem or Novel?

BEACH RED, by Peter Bowman. Random House. \$2.50.

ACCORDING to the publishers, who have released two disclaimers of responsibility, it is at the author's insistence that this book is issued as a novel instead of as a poem. The author's given reasons are not dictated, as would be fitting, by a modest recognition of deficiencies. The text is separated into lines, he declares, to represent the breaths of a man in action; and it is cut into sixty two-page lengths to represent the first hour of action of an invasion landing on a Pacific isle. Unfortunately, there is nothing in the effects achieved to justify these devices.

Since Mr. Bowman insists on our considering his book as novel we have to report that it is a very rudimentary specimen of same. Almost anything in our time has been passed as a novel; and Mr. Bowman's candidate, despite its machinery, would have earned a right to the title had his soldiers come through as characters and the action developed in terms of these characters. But the soldiers are only poster figures, and the action poster backgrounds. Open the book anywhere and things seem to be in enormous motion—but the motion stays fixed, and comes to no more than painted gesture.

It would be a pleasure to report that if *Beach Red* fails of being a novel it succeeds as a poem. But there is too little music in Mr. Bowman's hectic lines, and the imagery is either banal or overstrained. There are passages in which nothing is allowed to be itself, but is forced, via simile or metaphor, into something less satisfactory. This results in that literary acne, the purple patch, and it disfigures the entire book.

Finally, it would be a pleasure to say that if it is neither good fiction nor a good poem, it is a good guide to the thinking of the GI. But that pleasure, too, is denied us. At one moment Mr. Bowman thinks it was a good cause he was fighting for, but at other moments he is being either cleverly or melodramatically cynical over it, and over the GI's part in it.

Beach Red, however, has some telling descriptions of the instruments of war and the soldier's relations with

them; and some vivid passages on the flora and fauna of a Pacific Island jungle. That scarcely seems enough to explain its selection as a Book of the Month Club choice unless one assumes the editors to be over-susceptible to tours de force, or the poverty of our literature to be even greater than I think it is.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

A Negro "Middletown"

BLACK METROPOLIS: *A Study of Negro Life in a Northern City*, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.

"BLACK METROPOLIS" is Chicago. But it might just as well be any large American Northern city with its growing Negro population. For other Northern cities some of the details might differ but the over-all picture would remain much the same as that revealed in this valuable sociological study. Hence, the present volume possesses a larger reference than the area in which it was actually carried out.

Working from the Department of Sociology at the University of Chicago, Drake and Cayton set as their problem the answers to the following three questions: (1) To what degree is the Negro subordinated and excluded in relation to white people in the society? (2) What are the mechanisms by which the system is maintained? and (3) How do the lives of Negroes reflect this subordination and exclusion?

The result is a sort of *Middletown* and *Middletown Revisited*, a work, indeed, worthy to be ranked with the Lynds' studies, and one the social significance of which is perhaps greater than theirs. For there is no greater crisis today which confronts our American democracy than the so-called Negro problem. I say "so-called" because as every guilty white should know (and every white is guilty whether he knows it or not) there is, in fact, no Negro problem. The real problem is that of the white man, and that is not only the Negro's problem but it is even more so the white man's problem. The manner in which the white man treats the Negro is merely a symptom of the white man's sickness, not the Negro's. The white

man has created the Negro's sickness, and in a very definite sense the white man is the Negro's sickness, as Hitler was the sickness which caused the death of 6,000,000 European Jews. Before the ills of the American Negro can be cured the American people will have to be cured of the ills which afflict them and which, in turn, cause them to visit upon those whom they are able the sins which their social heritage has bequeathed to them.

Nothing of this is said in this volume, and it is for that reason that I say it here. The authors do quote with approval a passage from an editorial in *Life* which puts the matter very cogently: "The dilemma, of course, is this: the basic tenets of the American creed make all men free and equal in rights. Yet in fact we deny equal rights to our largest minority, and observe a caste system which we not only criticize in other nations but refuse to defend in ourselves. This makes us living liars—a psychotic case among the nations." There is no use our saying that we obviously cannot go on like this, for obviously we have gone on like this for a very long time, and there is nothing to prevent us from continuing to go on like this for an even longer time, unless it be that combination of human decency, courage and intelligence which, during the last century, won the day, against seemingly overwhelming odds, for the abolitionists and emancipationists.

In the case of race relations we have today an increasing body of workers who, possessing the necessary qualities, are attacking the problem from all sides. They are not fighting a losing battle. The atom bomb permitting, I am convinced that they will win many great victories, but without a very substantial reorganization of the overt ideals by which our society lives these victories can never be complete. The ideals we believe in and the ideals we live by must be a unity, not the disunity they are at present. To be morally flabby may be convenient, but when it results in cruelty and injustice, there are stronger names than "sickness" and "psychosis" by which such a state of mind can be called, and one of them is "cowardice," and another is "guilt," the lack of courage to face oneself and do what one knows to be the right thing.

Messrs. Drake and Cayton are social

scientists. In *Black Metropolis* they have presented a dispassionate account of the Negro community of Chicago, its history, its growth, its structure, functioning, the mental and social status, and the hopes and fears of its members. It is a big book of more than 800 pages and many admirably clear tables, charts, graphs and maps. I have never read a more clearly written book, nor one written with greater objectivity. Here are the facts. This is how Bronzeville lives, how white people cause Negroes to live, and why. It is a terrible indictment of the white people who enforce such conditions upon their fellow men. By bringing the facts so clearly and dispassionately out into the open, and by stating them so realistically (by means of interviews which are reproduced, and by other devices) the authors have rendered a great service towards the improvement of Negro-white relations in Chicago and elsewhere in the United States. The facts revealed in *Black Metropolis* will provide the data upon the basis of which practical steps in the way of definite social action can be taken to improve Negro-white relations, and the eventual lot of both.

Black Metropolis is primarily a sociological study; nothing of a psychological analysis has been attempted, but nevertheless the psychological structure of the various classes of Bronzeville inhabitants emerges pretty clearly, again the product of white people.

From beginning to end the book is absorbingly interesting, remarkably well written and thoroughly sound. It is a major contribution to the literature of sociology and the better understanding of the society in which we live.

There is a long and eloquent introduction by Richard Wright, and a valuable concluding methodological note by Professor W. Lloyd Warner.

M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU.

to the violence of his war experience. The poems accurately reflect a considerable portion of the total area of a combat soldier's reactions to the event and the events of war. He sees how our soldiers set out for war, *a few determined, most with an inward stare*. He observes soldiers on the verge of action where

*Only a crackling match and tiny light
Unnerve the mummied silence
where they wait.*

He knows, as only a combat soldier can, how "Each must enter battle quite alone." He voices the soldier's indignation against those who broadcast the war like a game. And he notes the civilian's final inability to know the ultimate truth of war.

*Starting out of slumber though
they weep
They can afford their grief whose
flesh will keep.*

An anti-fascist before the war, he resisted the all-too-common persuasion that the millennium was being ushered in. Neither does he give way to cynicism or despair. His faith is surer, more certain because he sees

*His war a temporary cause
Though as for the last of wars he
arm.*

*Still as if his love, as if his faith
Knew farther than he sees,
He loves; he arms again. . . .*

It is in itself a considerable achievement to be able to conclude a book of war poems on such a note at the present moment in history.

ALEX COMFORT's *Song of Lazarus* is in an entirely different key. The title poem as well as the other poems of this collection are but a continuation in

verse of the theme of his novel, *The Power House*. Speaking through Claus, one of the characters in the novel, Comfort summarizes his view of the war as follows:

People ask, what is the use of life to a slave? That's bilge—what's the use of freedom to a corpse? . . . Everyone today who has a whole body is liable to find himself in the wings of a stage melodrama. They take him to the stage side. There is a crime being committed—there's the villain, whiskers and all—there's the victim yelling blue murder. "Act up to your principles," whisper the thimbleiggers and prompters. You wish to help—every step you take crushes an innocent person—before you reach your objective, you are drenched in blood. . . . Act up to your principles, save civilization—once more you set out, a trail of irresponsible ruin behind you. . . . You set out to save your fatherland and find yourself butchering Jews. You set out to save the Jews and find yourself butchering civilians in crowded cities. . . . one of these days I shall write a history . . . concerning the battle of the Thugs and the Humbugs, and how the Humbugs learned terrorism from the Thugs, and the Thugs hypocrisy from the Humbugs; in which they invaded a large area of the civilized world to demonstrate their belief in Order, and the Humbugs butchered the population of a few dozen cities to uphold their conception of liberty and decency.

This clumsily concealed defense of fascism (belief in Order, salvation of the fatherland, and of course no butchery of civilian populations) is repeated in his poems. Only this time Comfort hides his unredeemable corruption behind the mask of Lazarus, resurrected *not by Christ but by Poetry*. As Lazarus, he complains that he has *lain grovelling under the bombs of the Bringers of Freedom*. As Lazarus he declaims:

*over our heads and lives
root bloodstained Gadarenes
blood fills their little eyes
squealing out Liberty.*

But the scholarly Comfort is not content with such open self-revelation. He writes a long, nostalgic soliloquy, *Aeschines in Samos*, in which the aged and exiled Aeschines bemoans his lost youth and his dead friend, the banker Argas. The poem in itself has no bearing on Comfort's central theme. But the meaning of his choice of the eloquent Aeschines as the spokesman of his nostalgic lines becomes apparent when we recall that Aeschines was the political opponent of Demosthenes and that the struggle between Aeschines and Demosthenes has been characterized as "a duel between the ablest champion and the craftiest enemy of Greek freedom."

Poets in Contrast

NO ECLIPSE, by Ray Smith. Prometheus Press. \$2.

THE SONG OF LAZARUS, by Alex Comfort. Viking. \$1.75.

AS COMMANDANT of an ambulance platoon attached to the Fourth Armored Division, Ray Smith took part in the battles of Normandy, northern France, the Bulge and Germany. During the campaign in the Saar he was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

The quiet tone of his book of war poems, *No Eclipse*, is in sharp contrast



H. Miller



E. Miller



Drawing by Hugo Gellert

1870

1924

LENIN MEMORIAL MEETING

SPEAKERS:

EUGENE DENNIS

Member, National Secretariat, C.P.U.S.A.

BOB THOMPSON

Chairman, New York State Communist Party

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Aeschines was an Athenian fifth-columnist serving the interests of Philip of Macedon against Athens, a politician whose career bears a striking resemblance to the career of Laval—with the single exception that Laval didn't come off quite as easily as the Greek.

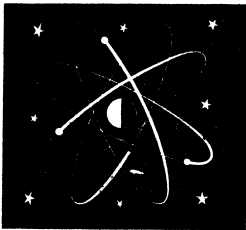
There remains one more remark to be made about Alex Comfort. He is not content to be the detractor of all the dead in whose name he presumes to speak in the character of Lazarus; he is not content to besmirch the name of the dead and defenseless Stefan Zweig by dedicating a poem to him: he seems absolutely perverted in his compulsion to defame by dedicating *The Song of Lazarus* to Paul Eluard, who is known to have participated in the literary phase of the French resistance movement and who as a participant in that movement can hardly be suspected of sharing Comfort's views. DAVID SILVER.

Diagnosis vs. Therapy

SEE HERE, PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, by H. Sabin Bagger. The Island Press. Paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.50.
OURSELVES, INC., by Leo R. Ward. Harper. \$2.50.

BAGGER's book is an excellent popularization of the findings of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee, the Black Committee on lobbying, the Bone patents reports, the Tolan investigations of migrations of defense workers, the Truman reports on the defense program, and the TNEC monographs on cartels and trusts. Those findings, the results of the labors of serious, intelligent bourgeois politicians, are summarized aptly by Mr. Bagger: "private capitalist economic power constitutes a direct, continuous and fundamental threat to the whole structure of democratic authority everywhere and always." Here, in lively style and attractive format, are presented salient facts as to concentration of industrial and agricultural wealth, the corruption of press and radio, the control of patents, the machinations of international cartels, and the consequent obsolescence, for big business, of such naive virtues as patriotism. In the words of President Grace of Bethlehem Steel: "Patriotism is a beautiful sentiment, but it must not be allowed to interfere with business," or Pierre du Pont: "We cannot assent to allow our own patriotism to interfere with our duties as trustees for our stockholders."

But, while Bagger's diagnosis is sound, his suggested therapy is meager and nebulous. At one point, he seems to



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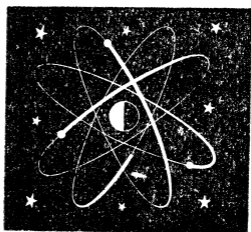
Drawing by Hugo Gellert

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be yearning for a return to "a decent profit in fair competition" to be assured by an "impartial umpire" in the form of some strangely detached, ethereal "government"; but at another he admits that a handful of our largest corporations "control the manufacture of all the necessities of life" making them "so powerful that they could withstand an attempt of the government to regulate their activities."

Leo R. Ward, a professor of philosophy at the University of Notre Dame (whose book carries the imprimatur of Archbishop Spellman), sees, similarly, in our society, "no effective democracy, but a sort of plutocratic aristocracy." He quotes with approval the remark of a fellow priest: "I am sick and tired of seeing men go through life half killing themselves for money and half robbing others, and then at the end by five minutes of confession and sorrow trying to square it up."

Professor Ward sees the solution in the cooperative movement tailored to the Rochdale pattern of 100 years ago. But given the facts of our economic life as it is today (and as conveniently summarized by Bagger) one is forced to the conclusion that cooperative organizations—rural or urban—are doomed to play an insignificant role and because of their environment are prone to degenerate into appendages of the dominant capitalist interests. Because of this the movement serves to dissipate the creative, revolutionary energies of the masses. Moreover, and in a positive sense, the insistence on an avoidance of politics, which characterizes the cooperative movement, serves not only to dissipate but to mislead these energies.

In spite of these fundamental reservations, however, Professor Ward's book has value for its descriptions, based on first-hand, personal contacts, of many cooperative groups, and for its demonstration of the growing awareness of the inadequacy and peril of the continuance of the present system of monopoly capitalism. **HERBERT APTHEKER.**

Worth Noting

A "NEW ORLEANS Jazz Concert," sponsored by the Greenwich Village chapter of the American Committee for Yugoslav Relief, will be held at Town Hall, New York, on January 1. The program will include Bunk Johnson and his New Orleans band, Creole folk music by Gottschalk played by Vivian Rivkin, Creole folk singers, and music of the river boats, street parades, Honky Tonk, etc.

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ABOUT ARTISTS BY ARTISTS

By the Soyers, Henry Botkin, George Daniel, Alton Pickens, Elizabeth Catlett

Kaethe Kollwitz

IN THE death of Kaethe Kollwitz (1867-1945) the world has lost one of its great proletarian artists. From the very beginning of her long career she dedicated her fine talent to the cause of the working men and women everywhere. She gave herself to this cause unstintingly, with simplicity and artistry. Her themes are birth, motherhood and all phases of the human struggle. Through constant application and severe discipline she achieved a clarity of expression rare in these days of floundering and experimentation. It is strong, vigorous work and only in the compassionate tenderness of her many "Mother and Child" versions could the uninitiated divine the hand of a woman.

Kaethe Kollwitz has often been compared to Millet, yet I can think of no two artists more dissimilar. They are as unlike as the times in which they lived. Millet's worker is a heroic figure, but inarticulate and voiceless—the "Man with the Hoe." The worker of Kaethe Kollwitz, on the other hand, is a city dweller, a child of the industrial era. He is fully aware of the great chasm that lies between those who make things and those who own the machines. He is a class-conscious member of the world proletariat.

Kaethe Kollwitz was a truly heroic figure. She lived her art.

MOSES SOYER.

David Burliuk

THE new Burliuk show at the ACA Gallery is an event. It is one of the artist's best shows. As usual the pictures brim over with life, with dazzling and astonishing forms and colors. The artist is a philosopher and magician—he is never dull. Almost everything he paints has an engaging freshness and resolute honesty. His work is impregnated with ideas, expressed through his strong per-

sonality and unique talent. These seem to add the facilities of the journalist to that of the painter.

With his tumult of lines and colors he translates nature with an intensity rare in American painting. Some of his sea pieces and radiant landscapes are miracles of exciting color and joy. These pictures actually sing—his blues and yellows are punctuated in places with red spots—his figures dance and the whole world comes to life. In others, his folk-like approach is more pronounced and we see curious sulphurous apparitions and sardonic images floating from mysterious backgrounds.

In his canvas "Advent of the White Horse," with its smiling yellow sky, Burliuk becomes a visionary and invokes the future with a vocabulary that is all his own. It's a kind of universal language charged with the nervousness of our epoch. His ornamentation and exotic detail also give the picture a quality of strangeness and frenzied mysticism. In "Childhood Memories" the pigment is applied so heavily it resembles a heavy paste and is almost too dazzling.

Burliuk's pictures are not always beautiful—they are intense and rather than search for a balance and harmony of colors, he concentrates on significance. Their intoxication and brooding meditation seem to belong to another world—as in "Discovery." Here the color is restrained and we find the vestiges of classic antiquity emerging from a garbage can. Burliuk humanizes objects—he gives luxury and grandeur even to shells and pebbles until they shimmer and effervesce like fascinating images. Some of his landscapes with their trance-like characters suggest the fantasy of surrealist art. They are the product of intuition and dreams and approach the land of his birth.

After these other canvases his paintings of Japan seem a bit tame and picturesque—lacking that flamboyant vigor and passion so typical of his later work. Mr. Bernard Smith has supplied a very able foreword to the catalog.

HENRY A. BOTKIN.

Salvador Dali

AT THE Dali exhibition one of the important paintings is called: "My Wife Nude Contemplating Her Own Flesh Becoming Stairs, Three Vertebrae of a Column, Sky and Architecture." If one dispenses with this title and removes from the picture the figure with the fluted back, which the wife is contemplating, there remains a quite naturalistic study of a nude. The same can be done, with similar results, with most of the pictures in the show.

Although art critics and even artists strain to find something good to say about Dali's paintings, the one positive thing that can be said is that he began as a highly gifted and talented artist with a very fecund mind. The intense novelty of his very first exhibition (even before the "Melting Watches") struck one with the force of an electric shock. But since then his work has been cheapened by sensationalism and has become destructive in its influence by its showy cynicism. A gifted mountebank, he is taking advantage of the general interest in the bizarre and the fondness for being shocked; his work is marked by pornographic suggestiveness. Dali serves the decadence of our capitalistic intellectualism and the cynicism which it uses as a mask to hide from realities.

Psychoanalysts can deal expertly with Dali's assertion that he aims ". . . to lighten old myths with often unexpected gleams . . . according to scientific methods of interpretation . . . such as psychoanalysis, morphology, etc." To this reviewer, however, he seems to exploit our interest in psychoanalysis, using it insincerely and sensationally.

The technique displayed in these paintings is thin and, incongruously enough, considering the subject matter, medieval. Plastically, he has not found a new form in art (like Picasso, Rouault, etc.). The compositions are poorly organized, full of holes. The forms are trivial. The general tone of the paintings is usually flat, cheapened by highlights. Most esthetically satisfying is the early "Still Life of Bread in a Basket."

Dali is a phenomenon that at its best

may reflect some of the chaos of our time. But great artists try to find order in this chaos.

RAPHAEL SOYER.

Jose de Crefft

AT HIS recent show at the Passedoit Gallery Jose de Crefft, the Spanish sculptor now resident in this country, exhibited seven sculptures in as many media. Not a considerable production in point of numbers, perhaps, but certainly so from the viewpoint of creative imagination and craftsmanship. None of the works was similar to another in form or idea. Mr. de Crefft will not repeat his successes past or present. Constantly experimenting, striking out on new paths boldly, he maintains that he will not become a creature of habit, for that way lies sterility. "Atlantis," a massive yet delicate head in serpentine marble, is like no other head he has ever done before or, probably, any he will do hereafter. Some may object to its asymmetry; yet that is a great part of its charm.

"The Kiss," in Mallorcan marble, a simply-carved boulder highlighted by polished faces and hands, was the most popular figure in the exhibit. This surprised the sculptor, for it is distinctly modern in spirit and handling. Mr. de Crefft feels that it is a tribute to the broadening taste of a public who no longer demands pictorial sculpture. The other exhibits were equally impressive in imaginative grasp and form. "The Fallen Angel" in blue stone is beautifully modelled, suave yet strong, and shows how a masterly sculptor can make intelligent use of a curiously shaped stone seemingly lacking in sufficient volume for a good figure. It is saved from excessive sweetness by the strong head and powerful arms.

"Nigeria," a tall figure in snakewood, was in some ways the least successful piece in the show. The only sculpture in wood, unpolished (de Crefft does not believe in making furniture out of sculpture), it seemed out of place among the stone figures. Perhaps it was, for Mr. de Crefft does not consider wood a modern medium. When wood is used as wood, it is in the spirit of the Renaissance. Most sculptors use wood as clay or stone, which he feels is a violation of the medium.

Mr. de Crefft hopes that his work will encourage young sculptors to work in direct carving rather than in clay. He believes the relationship is more personal, more direct; the product a more personal expression of the artist's spirit

unobscured by the cleverness, affectation, and suave sophistication of clay modelling.

To see de Crefft's latest show was to understand the direction of modern sculpture.

GEORGE DANIEL.

Gregorio Prestopino

MANY artists have convictions about the world which they project through the medium of painting. In art, beliefs which are only intellectually assimilated result in cold detachment. Human sympathy and comradeship are the rarest of qualities in painting.

This rare ingredient you will find in the canvases of Prestopino, currently at the ACA Gallery. This artist may never have been a stevedore or docker himself, but he paints them like "a man on the job." The exhibition concerns itself entirely with the ordinary working man; there is no hint of the theory book or the studio in the whole lot, so personally identified is the artist with his subject.

The thirteen pictures shown are all more or less anecdotal. There is danger of work of this kind becoming too illustrative or caricatured. To my mind some of the smaller canvases, depicting individual figures or a close-up head, do not escape this danger. However, there is not one piece that doesn't give you a bang. It is the kind of painting that anyone, from the eclectics to an East River bargeman, can understand and enjoy.

To my mind all of Prestopino's finest qualities are united in the painting, "The Death of Snappy Collins," which tells of the tragedy of "Snappy," killed by a fall, and the bewilderment and awe of his companions in the presence of death. A canvas in a lighter vein is a fantasy: "The Engineer's Dream." Its wonderful humor has serious overtones. These seem to be the two principal facets of the artist's work—the serious, as in the harshness and brutality of a workman's life—and an ironic humor.

Underlying all of Prestopino's themes, even in his crisp brushwork, one has the sense of vigorous well-being and the dignity of labor. In the entire exhibition, there is not a canvas that you cannot live with in your parlor, if you have one.

ALTON PICKENS.

Negro Artists

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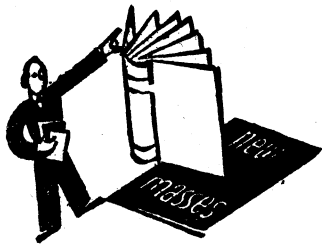
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hibit which it is circulating throughout the country. The present exhibit, which has just left the Brooklyn Museum after a month's stay, is called "The Negro Artist Comes of Age."

The title in itself is an insult. Negro artists have contributed to American culture since the late eighteenth century when Joshua Johnston, a well-known and skilled portrait painter, worked in Baltimore. And there seems to be little purpose in such a separate exhibit. Were there a school of Negro art there might be some justification for it. But the wide diversity of style here displayed proves there is no Negro art as such in America.

Most of the paintings and sculpture have one thing alone in common. They show that the Negro artist uses subject matter that he knows best—the struggle of the Negro people for equality of opportunity and full democratic rights. Artists represented in this category are well known—Romare Bearden, Eldzier Cortor, Ernest Crichlow, Sargent Johnson, Jacob Lawrence, Hughie Lee Smith, Charles White, John Wilson and Hale Woodruff, among others.

There is in my mind, and possibly in those of the majority of young Negro artists, no reason for such all-Negro art exhibits, unless to show, in some way, the continuous struggle of Negro artists against tremendous economic and cultural barriers. Such a show as this one adds to the cultural restrictions and lessens to an extent cultural equality of opportunity.

The work in this show is generally of a very high caliber. The American Federation of Art would do a much greater service to art in America if it would scatter these paintings by Negroes through some of its other traveling exhibitions. Let us do away with restrictions once and for all.

ELIZABETH CATLETT.

Roundup

THE second annual Portrait of America exhibition conducted by the Pepsi-Cola Company under the auspices of Artists for Victory, Inc., was a sad affair. Let me hasten to say at the beginning that it is not the fault of the artists, nor of the Pepsi-Cola Co., which deserves high praise for its genuine desire to sponsor contemporary American Art in a practical manner. The fault should be placed at the door of the Artists for Victory, Inc. It bungled the affair sadly by imposing a triple-jury system (traditional, modern and combined) in spite of universal protest from artists of all

schools, who insisted that art is art and should be judged on that basis alone. The exhibition was further marred by the irresponsible installation of the pictures (I am certain that artists were not consulted) by Mr. Leon Gabo, who designed for the purpose a "pana-ramp" which involved a so-called "parapet wall" and other foolish things. The result was that you couldn't see the pictures at all. The pictures that were fortunate enough not to be 'pano-ramped' were hung too high, "skied." The lighting, too, was wretched. It was hard and harsh. Interior decorators have never done artists any good. Had the exhibition been installed in a dignified manner, it would, I am certain, have presented an altogether different aspect, for among the exhibitors are many of our outstanding artists.

THE WHITNEY ANNUAL (Whitney Museum of American Art): This exhibition might also be called "Portrait of America." In contrast to the Pepsi-Cola exhibition, it is handled with respect for the artists. On entering the museum one is immediately struck by the unusual number of abstract paintings. Filling almost the entire lower floor, they give the exhibition a somewhat dated, post-World War I Parisian character. Still-life paintings of many types and sizes, I remember, were characteristic of the Whitney shows of some ten years ago. One is also impressed by the high technical quality of the majority of the work on exhibition. Indeed, the American preoccupation with techniques at the expense of content and observation from life is too much in evidence. However, the show contains many paintings that are bold and original and speak well for American art and its future. Outstanding are the contributors by Weber, Evergood, Kuniyoshi, R. Soyer, Kopman, Cikovsky, Gwathmey, Hopper, Ilvan, Burliuk, Levine, Gorki, Levi, Rise Pereira, Gropper, Refregier, Heliker, Floch, Stamos, Crawford, Wilson, Liberte, De Martine, Cowles and many others.

JOHN TAYLOR ARMS (Kennedy Gallery): This exhibition consists of ninety-six examples from thirty years of etching. John Taylor Arms is unquestionably one of the greatest masters of this difficult and personal art. His work is incredibly delicate yet strong. It bespeaks a terrific discipline. It is also imbued with a love of nature and of man-created beauty. It is an impressive and beautiful exhibition which no student of etching can afford to miss.

EUGENIE SCHEIN (YMHA, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave.): Sincere studies of the dance in many of its aspects by an artist of genuine talent done with fine observation and understanding of movement.

CONTEMPORARY PRINTS (Buchholz Gallery): A beautiful and well selected exhibition of prints by European and American artists, among them Barlach, Chagall, Kollwitz, Lipchitz, Matisse, Miro, Picasso.

MASTERPIECES OF FRENCH ART (Rosenberg Gallery): Important examples by Corot, Manet, Cezanne, Renoir, Courbet and others.

STANLEY BLACK (Gimbel, Macy Union Headquarters, 125 West 33rd St.): Mr. Black is an active member of Local 2 of the Department Store Union. He works all day and paints at night. Although he has had no formal training, his work shows keen observation and genuine talent. Like other primitives he is fond of allegories, his most ambitious one being "Four Freedoms." His best paintings are his landscapes and street scenes. The color is often rich and full, and his feeling for texture is unusual. It would be nice if his union, which is so proud of him, could award Mr. Black a scholarship to enable him to study art seriously.

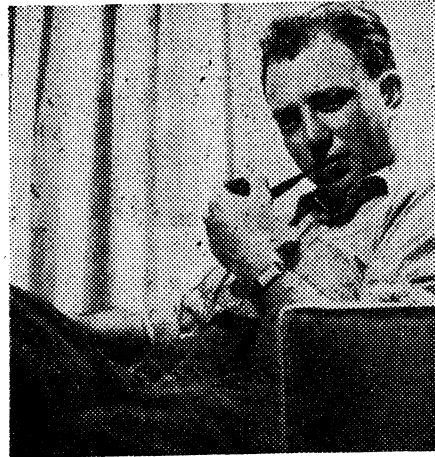
MOSES SOYER.

FILMS

THE British film makers are clever fellows. They manage to endow the Empire mentality with great nobility, as witness *Colonel Blimp* (the original, not the hashed-up neighborhood house edition), and the current *Adventure for Two* (Winter Garden). They poke fun at the national traits with seemingly amiable objectivity, but the laughter turns into the argument that a people that can joke at itself needs no change in social systems. They utter the word "communism" out loud, in adult fashion, as though they knew it represented a lasting universal concept, instead of a booby trap that might explode in your face. But behind this bland mask they say to the rising tide of radical sentiment in England, "you may have something, but so have we; you give a little, and we'll give a little."

In *Adventure for Two* a Soviet Ma-

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rine engineer is sent by his government to England to work out some plans with a British boat builder. The discussions between these two, and the personality clash between the Russian and the daughter of the house (love interest) provide the give and take between the two systems. I will recall, as closely as I can, some bits of dialogue that illustrate the process.

KUZNETSOFF (meeting the shipbuilder for the first time): You probably inherited this business.

BOATBUILDER: On the contrary, I am what is called a self-made man.

[Russians are supposed to think that all wealth is inherited.]

K: All the English think of is money. Why have you worked the way you did?

B: I wanted security, a nice house, a piano and a garden.

K: But you had all those a long time ago.

B: I can't stop now. I have my obligation to my employes.

K: Your employes don't need you. They can get along better without you.

B: Maybe. But there are good employers and bad employers.

K: There should be no employers. All employers exploit their help.

B: My motto is "Service and Duty." That could do even for communism.

K: It could.

In similar fashion the film admits that maybe the end product of colonial policy is conquest, but then look at the benefits received by the colonies. (All that the British do is full of school-tie ethics—if only the people of Java, Palestine and India weren't too obstinate to see it.) If, in the eyes of the world the British ruling class is perfidious, selfish, money-grubbing, hypocritical, anti-democratic, the British don't mind; they are vastly amused.

At heart the British gentry are gentlemen: they are at one with the British workers in respecting the Russians. The shipbuilder is no less cordial than his foremen, and if he is less avid for Soviet ideas it is only because he is a more worldly man. But he is willing to accept the Russian as a son-in-law, and he is for unbounded friendship with Russia, provided his British workmen admit the virtues of English life.

By creating this warm spirit of friendliness with the Soviet Union, the film makes the arguments for imperialism very persuasive. A fine cast helps along. Lawrence Olivier comes so close to creating the illusion of Russian character that at times you forget that he is only an Englishman talking to Englishmen.

THE new Soviet film, *Once There Was a Girl* (Stanley) is mostly about two little Leningrad girls in wartime. Both Nina Ivanova, aged nine, and Natasha Sashipina, five, are brilliant actors: the smaller one has special gifts of singing and mimicry. Yet their work is sometimes marred by what I found to be the first instance of self-consciousness in Russian film children, something different from the endearing, spontaneous behavior of the kids in *Lonely White Sail*, *University of Life*, and many others. It may be due to the use of the closeup, wherein they "register" emotional reaction and indicate other responses to direction.

Dealing with the siege of Leningrad, the film includes many moving episodes. But in its over-all quality it lacks the power and spaciousness of the documentary *Siege of Leningrad*. It suffers from its confined studio locale and would have been helped by the inclusion of actual shots of the siege.

"IT HAPPENED AT THE INN" (at the Fifty-fifth St. Playhouse) is bound up in a number of statistical notes. It is the first wartime French film to be shown here, and the second MGM International film to be distributed (the first was *The Last Chance*). The fact that it won top honors in international film festivals both in Switzerland and Rome is mystifying. Its well-flavored group of characters produce some genuinely funny episodes, but the muddled story wastes their talents most of the time. It is meant to be a murder mystery set in a comedy frame, but during its course the film attacks, then justifies, the tight-fistedness of the French peasant; ridicules, then admires, the city man in the country; makes of the title character a knave, then a man of solid worth; pictures the great-grandfather of the clan as a grasping and feeble idiot, then as an idealist of incomparable sagacity. Had this film made up its mind it might have made an entertaining product out of its many good ingredients.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

The GI "Hamlet"

IN THE course of his duties as director of GI entertainment in the Central Pacific Area, the noted actor, then Major Maurice Evans, put on a *Hamlet* that, according to reports, "left the boys yelling for more Shakespeare." It is this "GI *Hamlet*" that Mr. Evans has just brought to New York, mounting it handsomely in the Columbus Circle

Theater, where it appears set for a record run.

The emphasis in this production is on speed and clarity. Though there are some minor abridgements of the text, the speed is gained mainly by an adroit arrangement of the scenes, which succeed each other with no more than momentary pauses. There is only the single stop between the two acts into which the play is here divided to break the continuity and, as by then becomes almost physically necessary, to relieve the tension.

The acting is proportionately paced. There is none of the statuesque posing that gets into the ordinary, self-conscious performance of a classic. The costuming helps along. Much of it, except in the court and sentry scenes, is in more or less modified and unobtrusive modern dress.

In effect, the *GI Hamlet* is a strictly functional production, designed for an audience that can bring few historical and literary associations to help it out. It depends on the dramatic impact and bends enunciation, pace and emotional expression to that purpose. This functional production proves as welcome to the presumably more associative New York audience as to the G.I.'s, and left the audience I was part of calling as lustily for more Shakespeare.

But this vigorous production has the effect of somewhat overbearing the poetic part of Hamlet's character. Hamlet's indecision often appears to issue from his situation rather than from his nature. Such scenes as that of Hamlet closeted with his mother lack, in the action, the neurotic hints that coil in the lines. Though the soliloquies are brilliantly rendered they sometimes sound more like philosophic reflections than exclamations of a divided soul. And the standout scenes are where Hamlet appears decisive and even aggressive, as in the caustic passages with Polonius and with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and in the magnificently muscular duelling with Laertes in the closing scene.

Yet, over-vigorous though it is, Evans' *Hamlet* is the best of the four I have seen. To that primacy the supporting cast, particularly the King uncle, contribute much. But more than anything else, the success comes from the fact that the acting embodies and above all makes clearly heard all the lines of what is, to my mind, the most marvellous writing in all dramatic literature. In no other production of Shakespeare have so many of the words "sounded." And that is enough to make it great. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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