

new masses

3-18-47



**RED-SPOTTER
ON THE SPOT**

by A. B. MAGIL

GREECE:

WHAT PRICE EMPIRE?

by John Stuart

NMU:

STORM WARNING

by Frederick N. Myers

MARCH 18, 1947

15¢

Why 16 pages this week

We have been forced, this week, to appear in sixteen pages.

There was no alternative. Either that, or not to come out at all. Funds were lacking for the regular thirty-two page issue.

At this writing we do not know if there will be a **NEW MASSES** at all next week.

You know the reasons. Last week we told you **NM** required \$2,500 a week from its financial drive. We have received about a third of that amount.

Hence this critical moment.

We urge you to respond immediately; to summon your friends and inform them of **NM's** crisis. If you fail, your magazine will die.

If you delay your response, next week may be too late.

Ask yourself how you will feel that day when there is no **NEW MASSES**. That day will be here next Thursday, March 20, unless **NEW MASSES** receives \$5,000 within the week.

THE EDITORS.

(See coupon on page 4.)

new masses

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How to Spot a Communist	A. B. Magil	3
Portside Patter	Bill Richards	4
More Than Money: an editorial	John Stuart	5
Strong New Voice	The Editors	6
NMU: Storm Warning	Frederick N. Myers	7
Letter From Prison	Gerhart Eisler	9
South Carolina: "They are still battling"		10
Monroe, Georgia: a poem	Paul B. Newman	10
J. Parnell Thomas: Headsman	Virginia Gardner	11
The Archbishop Says No: an editorial		12
A Note on Opera	Isidor Schneider	13

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HOW TO SPOT A COMMUNIST

Step right up folks—only ten cents a Look or three cents at other Times. Or you can even learn the secret formula by going to a movie.

By A. B. MAGIL

“**H**ow to Spot a Communist”—for ten cents *Look* magazine of March 4 tells you how in an article by Leo Cherne. It’s a bargain. And if the price of that package of slightly used, semi-stolen goods were nothing at all, it would be a bigger bargain still—and more nearly in keeping with its real worth. I thought Cherne, who is executive secretary of the Research Institute of America, dreamed the idea up himself with the help of only the customary research in the collected works of Martin Dies, Ernie Adamson and J. Parnell Thomas, but it seems I was wrong. The *New York Times* of February 26 informs me that it was the Friends of Democracy, Inc., headed by L. M. Birkhead, that originated these sure-fire tests for detecting a Communist.

Friends of Democracy, Inc., is, the *Times* says, a liberal organization. It has done some excellent work in exposing our native fascists. But the minds of Dr. Birkhead and certain of

his colleagues seem to be cobwebbed with confusion as to who are the friends of democracy (unincorporated) and who its enemies (incorporated or not). Friends of Democracy is trying to move in two different directions at once: anti-fascist and anti-Communist (the latter being the path on which the fascists, from Goebbels to Gerald L. K. Smith, want all friends of democracy to move). This sometimes leads to unexpected results.

For example: On the very day on which Friends of Democracy’s “convenient thumbnail formula for detecting American Communists” appeared in the press, the same organization awarded a plaque to the Italian underground film, *Open City*, “for its dramatic portrayal of the struggle against fascism.” Hundreds of thousands of Americans who have been stirred by this remarkable film will applaud this choice. By its award Friends of Democracy does more than honor a powerful work of art: it furthers the battle for democracy in our country and

everywhere. But I wonder, Dr. Birkhead, whether you realize that this film has a direct connection with your other statement: that is, *Open City* tells us how to spot a Communist. Of course, you’ve seen it. *And of course, you know that the hero of “Open City” is a Communist.* (Whatsat?) I said, THE HERO OF “OPEN CITY” IS A COMMUNIST.

Go to see it again, Dr. Birkhead, and listen carefully. At a number of points you will hear intimations that Manfredi, the heroic Resistance leader, who is tortured to death by the Nazis, is a Red. But the most direct statement comes when the Nazi inquisitor makes a last effort to bribe the bleeding and horribly mutilated underground leader. “Look,” says the Nazi, “you are a Communist.” And he promises Manfredi amnesty not only for himself, but for his entire party—the Communist Party—if he will betray the other Resistance leaders. Do you remember Manfredi’s answer? How can you forget it! Half-

conscious, lurching against the chair to which he is strapped, this Communist and anti-fascist, gathering his last bit of strength, spit with scalding contempt into the face of the Nazi ape-man. *That act of defiance, that prodigious heroism and moral grandeur, that refusal to betray under the most bestial tortures, that readiness to die for freedom and democracy—this, Dr. Birkhead and Mr. Cherne, is how to spot a Communist!*

Yes, there were thousands of Manfredis in Italy. In France his name was Gabriel Peri and Pierre Semard and some seventy-five thousand—*seventy-five thousand*—other names of Communist martyrs. And in America his name was Hank Forbes and Herman Bottcher and Dave Doran and Ben Leider and the hundreds of other American Communists who gave their lives in Spain, in Europe, in the Pacific so that the rest of us might be free.

OF COURSE, Communists have no monopoly of anti-fascist heroism. *Open City* also shows us a Catholic priest who works in the Underground and likewise refuses to betray and is put to death. But the priest's nobility is no more an individual thing than the Communist's. It springs from the fact that, disregarding the Vatican as well as the warnings of liberals like Dr. Birkhead (whose counterparts may be found in all countries), he served his people by fighting in the Underground side by side with the Communists and others. When the Nazi inquisitor, in an effort to break him down, says: "He [Manfredi] is subversive. He fought with the Reds in Spain. He is an atheist and your enemy," the priest replies: "I am a Catholic priest and the ways of justice and truth are infinite." This too tells us how to spot a Communist!

And Goebbels and Himmler told us in their way. They devised their

own "convenient thumbnail formulas," their sure-fire tests. Every man and woman with a spark of decency—or a trace of Jewishness—became a Communist. Under the slogan of spotting Communists the Nazis set fire to the Reichstag and the world, murdered millions and scarred the living with hunger and ruin.

No one asks liberals like Dr. Birkhead to embrace communism. *But who compels them to embrace the Red-baiting of the fascists and to become finger-men for reaction?* Have they stopped to think where their obsessive attacks on the Communists are leading them—and leading America? Have they examined the kind of bear they've got by the tail with a downhill pull? After all, it isn't Dr. Birkhead and his friends or any other group of liberals who are running our country these days. It isn't their kind that are in control of Congress or the House Committee on Un-American Activities or the FBI. Who will be to blame if John Rankin or J. Edgar Hoover takes Birkhead's "convenient thumbnail formula" for spotting an American Communist—with all its distortions and vaguenesses—and applies it broadly, perhaps even including some of those who are so ingeniously producing these Red-baiting gadgets? It's happened before.

There are difficult days ahead for the American people. Anti-labor bills are a dime a dozen in Congress. The Un-American Committee is using the Red scare fakery to prepare suppressive legislation taken from the Nazi book. In New York state Governor Dewey's legislative handymen are trying to outlaw strikes by teachers and other public employes and to chop down minority parties. For liberals to heap coals on these fires is suicidal folly. This is a time for unity, not division, for struggle, not appeasement. This is a time for *all* friends of democracy to show they mean it.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: Boston starts policy of putting books on trial. "Forever Amber" first defendant.

If Boston can put *Forever Amber*, a frivolous little sixteenth century piece, on trial then the way is paved for the banishment of just about any best-seller. *The Wayward Bus* could be accused of corrupting the city's transit system. *East River* will undoubtedly be found dirty in places. Books like *Citizen Tom Paine* and *The American* will, of course, be too Fast for Boston. It might even be discovered that the egg in *The Egg and I* was a little too hardboiled.

Books could even get into trouble in bunches. A quick glance at a shelf of best-sellers in any store might bring down the wrath of the guardians of Boston morality. For instance: *Lydia Bailey*, *The Happy Profession*, *Pavilion of Women*, *Dulcimer Street*. Or: *The Strange Alliance, As He Saw It*, *From the Top of the Stairs*.

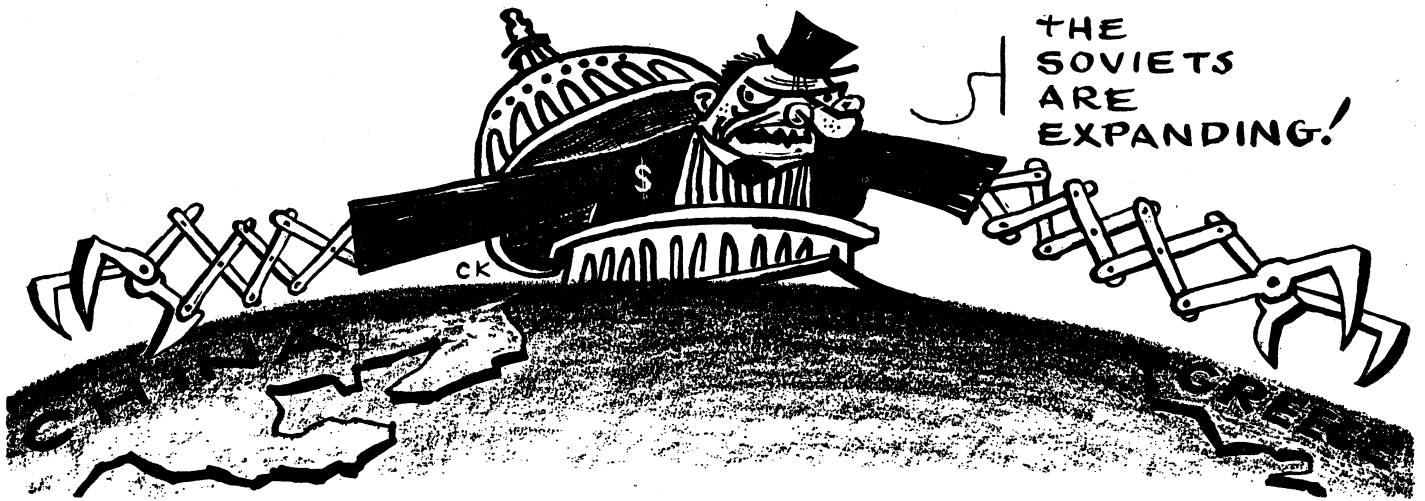
The effect of all this on the incentive of our authors cannot be overestimated. If *all* books are to be banned in Boston it would be equivalent to all books winning the Pulitzer prize.

First thing you know books will be hauled into court for not wearing a jacket.

A new private plane has been ordered for President Truman. It's too bad—the Sacred Cow can practically find its way to Missouri without a pilot.

As great crowds rushed to see President Truman in Mexico City one irreverent youngster was overheard asking, "How much the Pasquel brothers gonna pay him?"

<p>Here's my contribution to NM's fund drive . . .</p> <p>To NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.</p> <p>\$.....is enclosed as my initial contribution.</p> <p>IN ADDITION, I want to pledge \$.....so that</p> <p>NM can fully cover its planned budget. (Please indicate</p> <p>date or dates of your pledged donations.)</p>	<p>Pledge Date(s)</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>City Zone</p> <p>State</p>
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MORE THAN MONEY

An editorial by JOHN STUART

WHEN we place Greece in our special protective custody we are moving a long step further on a road at whose end are the very fires of hell. The price we shall pay is least of all to be calculated in money. Several hundred millions is cheap enough for lordship over the Mediterranean and the Middle East. It is cheap only if all values are computed on adding machines. But if the cost is seen in terms of human assets, in what will happen to us as a nation, and in terms of our future as a people, we will force our rulers to drop this new adventure as though it were the plague itself.

Outright, bolder intervention in Greece now (we have intervened there for the past two years with demonstrations of naval power, support of British policy, endorsement of fraudulent elections) is the prelude to American penetration of the Balkans. We will find that our hired bayonets will not keep out of Athens the wave of new life that sweeps the European continent as a whole and finds its present summit in the Danubian valley. And if we do succeed in cutting Greece from its natural allies we will in no time discover that in Greece we have merely stirred the turmoil that comes from any effort to crush the normal forward motion of a people. In the end we will be the victims caught in a vise from which we will not easily slip through.

After that the only recourse will be war. This is the price for cheap purchases from bankrupt empires. The idea of eventual war has not escaped the men planning to serve as receivers of British failures. Senator Taft answers the critics of his demands for a reduction in the budget by saying that "if we go to war all bets are off." In the present "crisis" over Greece the *New York Herald Tribune* (Republican) questions the wisdom of letting the draft act lapse. From his Olympian heights Walter Lippmann issues the opinion that "The decisions which have now to be made are remarkably similar to the highly strategical decisions of the war." All these seem sense, as does our war-experienced Secretary of State, that Greece involves more than a United States treasury check.

Empire collecting will bring for us the same fate that

now afflicts England. We cannot buy Britain's century-old disasters and believe that it will end in a better way for us. We cannot wear Britain's boots and walk differently. We cannot achieve singly what we could not thus far achieve in alliance with Bevin and Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek.

What a treacherous illusion it is to believe that we are powerful enough to police the world or freeze the present relations among states and within states because our funds are great, our production facilities enormous. To do that for more than a fleeting moment is to defy brazenly the whole meaning of history or of what befell the Hitler regime. To do that we shall have to embark on an armaments economy where wealth will be counted in atom bombs and not in schools, in electronic devices of destruction and not in life-saving laboratories. This "savior complex" of American imperialism will in time disperse our young men to the dead life of the Arctic, the arid wastes of the earth. It will undermine such civil rights as our people have won in more than a hundred years of struggle. A rampant imperialism will corrupt even more our culture of which so many are so proud.

This is the cost of an adventure in Greece which cannot end in Greece. The imperialist maw is bottomless. Every step compels another. From Greece to Turkey; from Turkey to Palestine, Egypt, India, the Arab world. Compared to what are Wall Street's interests in Greece, they are greater in the Middle East and Africa and Asia as a whole. We shall tread where other fools have fallen. Our Lawrences and our Cecil Rhodes' will be thrusting into hornets' nests that will sting not them alone but each of us. Britain's real crisis is the crisis of her tottering empire. Every impediment to her reconstruction can be traced to the thralldom in which empire has placed her. And her shortage of manpower, her inferior technology, her internal and external deficit, her destructive foreign policy, the brutalities she practices in Palestine are the symptoms of empire disease. Thus shall we be overtaken in the long run if we dare take for ourselves this empire domain.

We are told that we must do this if we are to shore

up "Western civilization" against the encroachment of the Soviet Union, or save Greece from becoming a vacuum filled by communism. What sham this is, what an assault on our intelligence! These were the arguments of the Tojos when they began piercing the body of China. They were the arguments of the Goebbels' when they consumed Czechoslovakia and France and Norway; when they imprisoned Greece itself. No one who remembers the whole recent past will be surprised at the continuity of the argument. Similar purposes bring similar arguments.

In Greece there are thousands of honest men who hate monarchy as did our forefathers. They will have nothing to do with the present regime. Their leaders, including liberals and conservatives, have time and again refused to participate in the cabinet. For this courage they have been imprisoned, tortured and murdered. The Communists are not few in number. They are part of the larger anti-monarchist, anti-fascist movement and their program is the urgent one of democratic reconstruction which will free Greece from foreign domination, give her the opportunity to determine in genuinely popular elections where the country is to go. If the Soviets have influence in Greece, it is because they have stood for Greek independence of any power.

No one in Greece believes the Communist-menace

myth except the handful who believed it thirty years ago and eventually brought the butcher-dictator Metaxas to power with British help. No one believes it now except the missionaries of the British banks (and will we take over the millions which Greece owes London when we take over London's liabilities?) who cringe with fear that their hands may be removed from the switches.

We must help Greece but we must not help bury her. We must give her the help she needs but help that will not go into the hands of black-market profiteers. We must help Greece, but not with bayonets to throttle her democratic forces. We shall thereby be helping the British people too, for it is they who will suffer equally with the Greeks if American imperialism is permitted to enlarge its grasp of the globe.

The way to break that stranglehold is to help democrats everywhere; to see that world imperialism, including American, is in the deepest crisis. America's rulers are behaving the way they are not out of ease over their future. Every measure they adopt is born of fear and greed. Against their fear we can place our confidence, the happy knowledge that world democracy is in the ascendant. Their defeat depends on what we do, how well we do it, and how fast.

STRONG NEW VOICE

"LIFE will assert itself." With this simple phrase-Lenin, writing in "*Left-Wing*" *Communism*, reassured his comrades that the ravings of the ruling class, the slanders, the terror, all the instruments of oppression would never uproot the tree planted by Marx and Engels in the mind and heart of the working class. "Communism springs from positively all sides of public life; its shoots are to be seen literally everywhere." Lenin said this at a time when the bourgeoisie of all countries was on a rampage of Red-baiting, "helping us to get the masses interested in the nature and significance of Bolshevism" by utilizing every medium of communication to denounce it. Today, even though there are gigantic differences in the situation, there are also certain similarities. Let us remind ourselves of our strength, our indestructibility.

It is doubly good that *Mainstream*, a new Marxist literary quarterly, should appear just now. We have waited a long time for it. It shames a man to need a voice and not have one. It baffles a writer to have the right words on his tongue and nowhere to speak them. It is not right that people should sense the truth of their lives and have no one to express it for them. We have all been at fault in not pressing for *Mainstream* sooner.

But it is here now when we need it most, a point of pride for us, a banner of our movement, a bearer of the thoughts which must sustain our people in the coming time of battles.

Readers and writers realize what it means to belong to a movement which, beset by the howling of the reactionaries, taxed with overwork and financial burdens, can still find the resources to publish the finest literary magazine in America. It is in this, as in other tasks, that we are tested, that we show promise of not being behind the fighters for freedom in other countries in knowing what must be done and doing it. We should feel about *Mainstream* as we do about Ger-

hart Eisler; both spring from and are nourished by the people whom they serve.

Does this sound like vanity? It is far from being so. Is it vanity to estimate one's forces, to know who stands when others run away, who loves the truth when others only flirt with it? For that is our duty: to love the truth in word and action.

There are some people who hold up the "weaknesses" of *Mainstream*, observing them gingerly and distastefully. They flash their fine-tooth combs in the air, pulling out the eighth line of this poem and the tenth paragraph of that article. There are always such perfect generals; they rush around the battlefield to see that every soldier's shoes are shined. Yet even these critics should be able to see in *Mainstream* evidence that we are approaching a higher level of intellectual maturity than ever before. We have come to understand better how to inherit the culture of the past. We have learned to criticize more accurately and therefore much more effectively.

Our poets and short story writers are not playing kindergarten or wringing delicate hands over the spiritual disintegration of the ruling class and its hangers-on. They are looking hard for the reality beneath the tangle of American life, the direction of it, the reason for their writing. They work to stem the retreat of American intellectuals before those who try to overwhelm them with money, with threats, flattery or contempt. They deserve the love of the reader, the respect of all writers who have yet not joined them.

There will be time for detailed assessments of *Mainstream*. It is infinitely more important now to recognize its immense value in the fight for life which the American people are waging today. NEW MASSES greets its new comrade, *Mainstream*.

THE EDITORS.

NMU: STORM WARNING

With the skipper off his course, will the seamen's union weather the shipowners' attack? Discussing the problems facing the National Maritime Union.

By **FREDERICK N. MYERS**

EVERYBODY is asking: what is happening to the National Maritime Union? How come Joe Curran is Red-baiting? What is his beef with the Communists? Why did he really resign from the Committee for Maritime Unity? What is this deal with Harry Lundeberg?

The NMU will be ten years old in May—a union that has braved all the storms of the period. Born during the New Deal as a result of years of hard slugging against the shipowners and the AFL fakers, it became the leading progressive union in the country. It successfully battled the shipowners, Congress, stoolpigeons in its ranks, and reached its greatest potency during the war when it took on the subs and Stukas of Hitler and Hirohito.

It was the NMU which, through correct mobilization, broke the Little Steel formula in 1945 and paved the way for mass wage increases for the entire labor movement. It was the NMU which smashed through the government's conspiracy to keep American troops in liberated parts of the world by taking action to bring them home, thus exposing the imperialist aims of big business abroad. It was the NMU which put the finger on the shipowners for their big steal of taxpayers' money during the war. And it was the NMU which broke down the discrimination against Negroes and foreign-born on American ships, thus establishing job equality for the first time in the history of the industry.

Because of the principled struggle which this union has put up over the years to gain full citizenship and independence for its members, and because of the leadership it has con-

sistently given to other workers, the NMU has been and will continue to be the main target of union-busters. It is no accident that the worst attack against our union comes at a moment when Republicans have gained control of Congress and the whole drive against the people is in full swing.

While the NMU thus far has survived all attacks from the outside and successfully combatted plots from the inside, as for instance the Mariners' Club machine led by Jerry King in 1938, this present onslaught is coordinated to an unprecedented degree. Its roots are in the offices of the United States Maritime Commission, the National Association of American Shipping, the American Merchant Marine Institute, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the United States Coast Guard and the United States Department of Immigration. The machinery through which this plot is being carried into effect includes the AFL Executive Board, the Trotskyite apparatus, the Association of Catholic Trade Unions and renegade Communists in the New Committee for Publications group. All of these groups have banded together into a supreme attack against the NMU and other progressive maritime unions.

The first victim in this present battle against militant labor was the recently formed CMU, an organization established last May to coordinate the activities of seamen and longshoremen in the fight for wages, hours and working conditions.

The effectiveness of CMU, the first national organization of its kind in maritime history, gave the shipowners nightmares. The specter of

unity was in the bedroom of every ship operator. The employers set out to destroy it. They had as a model for destruction the experience of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, formed in 1934 as a result of the big West Coast strike.

The Maritime Federation, which had given the same strength to the West Coast unions which CMU later gave to all maritime unions, was rendered ineffective by piecing off Lundeberg, who withdrew from the federation in the same manner that Curran recently withdrew from CMU. In Lundeberg's withdrawal from the federation he too yelled "Communist domination," claiming that smaller unions were dictating the policies of the federation, the same argument that Curran used in announcing his withdrawal from CMU ten years later.

The Maritime Federation was dissolved because without all the marine unions as members it no longer had the power to protect any of them. The dissolution of CMU after the Curran attack and withdrawal had to be carried through for the same reason. Lundeberg, in destroying the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, tried to make it appear that he was fighting only the Communists, and not the unity of the maritime workers. But the Maritime Federation was destroyed. Curran's scuttling of CMU is an exact duplicate of Lundeberg's destruction of the federation. The only difference is in the time and the accent.

BUT no matter how much red pepper is poured into this mulligan stew, the battle is still what it always has been—the fight of the seamen to keep their unions against continuing efforts of the shipowners to destroy them.

The present struggle within NMU has developed during the past two years. The battle actually has been one to keep the union on its progressive course. Confusion has been added to the scene this time, however, because of the desertion of NMU president Joseph Curran from the rank and file channel along which he previously had sailed and by the regrouping of forces within the union itself.

This regrouping followed on a change of heart among some of the men who had been associated with the militant waterfront struggles of the

past but who now, out of fear, or a desire to become respectable, or for job security reasons, found it more advantageous to accommodate themselves to an easier path.

The struggle within the union reached the surface at the 1945 convention, where a majority of the delegates, men straight from the ships, mapped out a postwar program for wages, conditions and jobs. The attacks of the shipowners already were being felt sharply by the seamen. The union's program dealt with such basic issues as the forty-hour week, higher manning scales, better crews' quarters, higher wages and job security. The convention recognized that in order to achieve these objectives the unity of all maritime unions must be accomplished.

Just two months later, in September, 1945, the NMU was in negotiations for these very things. The operators were adamant against the demands of the seamen. Negotiations stretched from September until the following May. Meanwhile the other maritime unions were getting the same stall treatment. It was during this period that Harry Bridges came forward with a proposal for a national bargaining front, with all the marine unions taking joint action for their demands. Seven unions accepted the proposal and a convention took place in San Francisco last May which established CMU. These unions then sent elected officials and rank and file delegates in a body to Washington to deal with the shipowners and the government.

The Washington negotiations, coupled with a mobilization for strike on a nationwide scale, resulted in the greatest gains the seamen had ever made. This victory, following as it did upon the heels of the government's breaking of the railroad strike, put new heart into the entire labor movement and made clear that reaction could be defeated if there were united action on the part of the unions.

Even during the Washington sessions, the attempts to disrupt the unity of the maritime unions became apparent. Vincent J. Malone, president of the Independent Firemen of the Pacific, tried to dicker with various agencies to bring about a separate settlement for his own union. Attempts were made on the part of government officials to separate the NMU from the West Coast longshoremen, by of-

fering the seamen a time-off proposition in lieu of the demand for cash overtime.

This jockeying during the CMU negotiations in Washington was aimed at breaking up the united front which the unions had presented to the operators. The delegation as a whole, however, remembering the fate of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, resisted all attempts to disunite them and make separate agreements. At midnight on June 14, just three minutes before the scheduled strike, the shipowners were forced to capitulate, bowing before the strength of the united maritime workers.

Old-timers in the industry, cele-



Joe Curran.

brating the CMU victory, recalled the failure of the unions after the last war, when the seamen had allowed themselves to be separated from the longshoremen and the organizations of both were smashed.

The sun had not yet set on June 15, however, when the shipowners moved into a new offensive against the unions. In the Marine Firemen's Union the Trotskyites immediately opened up against CMU, calling it a Communist-dominated outfit established for ulterior political purposes. The same attack was launched in the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, the American Communications Association, the Marine Cooks & Stewards, the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association and the National Maritime Union.

The first of the unions to vote on CMU affiliation was the NMU. The results were overwhelmingly for unity, with ninety-six percent of the voting

membership on record for affiliation. To the seamen it was a clear and simple case of cash in the payoff.

In September the AFL Seafarers' International Union went on strike for the same things which CMU had obtained and for ten dollars more. In an obvious attempt to create a new differential in the industry, the shipowners agreed to the ten-dollar increase for the AFL. The War Stabilization Board, however, said no. The SIU, a small organization, then struck its ships and put pickets around all NMU ships. The CMU unions, disregarding all the attacks and provocations of the AFL leadership, gave firm assistance to the rank and file and supported the strike. Again, through unity, the government was forced to reverse its decision and the higher wage was won not only for the AFL union but extended to the CMU unions as well.

AFTER September the shipowners concentrated on internal disruption within the unions attached to CMU. In our own union the dereliction of the president caused the greatest confusion and served the operators well. Always before Curran had been associated with the militant program which the union had followed. Publicly he had many times rejected Red-baiting as an employers' weapon to divide and disarm the workers and destroy their organizations. Now he was himself using the same weapon.

The old-timers in the industry might have understood it. They had seen leaders collapse before in the face of employer attacks. But some six thousand of the original builders of the union had given their lives in the war. The composition of the NMU's membership changed considerably during the war. The maritime industry expanded to include a large body of men, most of them very young and working for the first time. A large number of these new seamen came on the ships straight from the Government training schools and Government shipping halls where they had been given a good dose of anti-union, anti-Communist propaganda. Many of them had no knowledge of the early struggles of the marine workers in building their unions. The shipowners had planned to use these new workers as their base for this new attempt to destroy the union.

Coupled with this influx of new-

comers was the return to the industry of men whom the government had removed from the ships during the war because of their Nazi leanings. This element had always been the shipowners' base for company unionism on the big passenger liners. Aboard the ships again they resumed where they had left off before Pearl Harbor, thus heightening the confusion and preventing the real issues from becoming clear to the crews.

The NMU is now faced with a lockout in June when the agreement expires. The operators are determined to do this year what they failed to accomplish last year because of the CMU and united action. They mean to destroy the maritime unions and return the industry to the condition that existed before the NMU, when shipowners could hire and fire at will and pay seamen whatever they felt like.

Almon K. Roth, president of the National Federation of American Shipping, who recently testified before the Senate Labor Committee, declared that the industry will not tolerate united action of seamen and longshoremen; injunctions must be restored; the industry must have the right to bargain with unions one at a time.

In addition to all of this the NMU and other marine unions now are faced with a condition known as run-away ships. American operators are transferring the registry of American ships, operated by American capital, to foreign flags, particularly Panamanian and Honduran. This enables them to replace American with foreign crews, by-passing the union. This makes the fight for jobs much more critical. In order to carry through this major swindle the shipowners must divert the seamen's attention. This can best be accomplished by internal disruption.

If the National Maritime Union is to survive this biggest of all attacks it must direct its attention and energies against the shipowners and their political spokesmen in Congress. It must reestablish unity with all maritime unions, seamen and longshoremen, CIO, AFL and independent. It must reject the real outside influences, break through the shackles which the shipowners have put upon its energies, and become once more the fighting union that gave citizenship to seamen and led the whole labor movement in action.

Letter From Prison

This is an excerpt from a letter from Gerhart Eisler to his wife. We urge our New York readers to attend a mass meeting which is being called by the Civil Rights Congress to protest the continued imprisonment of this heroic anti-fascist refugee. Speakers at the rally, Thursday, March 20 at Manhattan Center, will include Rep. Vito Marcantonio, Mrs. Eisler and Albert E. Kahn.

March 3, 1947

DEAR HILDA: Prison with your letters is really a pleasure. But all my collected compliments I shall have to express later. When this "later" will be one cannot know. *In things like this, however, one must always count on long-drawn-out battles and one must never have any illusions.* The scoundrels will do everything to prevent my being freed on bail. They have used their whole arsenal—no slander, no dirt, no lie was spared. Excellent! We can now prepare methodically our own dishes. This would be easier if I were out on bail, but it will have to be done from here, from prison, with the help of friends and lawyers. The main thing is to make it very difficult for the scoundrels to get anything easily, to force them as much as possible to unmask their provocations; to show their real intentions, their hypocrisy. The task of the lawyers consists in using in the most *scientific* manner every technicality. To bring the real significance into this technical battle will be my task and the task of the progressive Americans.

Please ask my publisher to send *The Lesson of Germany* to every member of the House of Representatives, to Judge Caffey, to the Attorney General, and to the President of the USA with my compliments: he shall charge the cost against my royalties.

I read with great pleasure in the newspaper the chart of the British Communists which estimates that there are 18,500,000 organized Communists in the world. Add to this the fact that there are hundreds of millions who are friends and allies of the Communists, that there are quite a few states where Communists play a leading role and remember at the same time the innumerable provocations, tortures, killings, imprisonments, wars of all kinds against Communists, and you cannot help smiling with contempt about the efforts of the American Red-hunters, about the American ersatz Hitlers. And even if I have to pay a high price—it will hurt them in the eyes of the whole decent world and in the eyes of all decent Americans. No one should have "black moods." Everything taken into consideration, life is beautiful. But don't get me wrong! I miss you very much. I don't like prisons. For the last few days I have had a bad cold and a bad cough, and never in my life have I in one day washed my handkerchiefs so often.

Please thank for me the *German-American*, its staff, and readers, for their birthday greetings and for their great efforts in my behalf. Also express my special gratitude to the NEW MASSES and to the *Daily Worker* for everything they are doing.

I hope the scoundrels leave you alone, although one never can know. "*Es rast der See, er will sein Opfer haben*" [from Schiller: "The sea is stormy and demands its victim"]. I read with great pleasure about the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek's armies in Shantung and Manchuria. Best greetings to all my friends.

GERHART.

Federal Detention House,
New York.

Listen to the Rumble:

SOUTH CAROLINA: "THEY ARE STILL BATTLING"

Columbia, S. C.

Here in Columbia the Negro people are fighting back and fighting back hard against reaction's attack. Back in 1944, in a special session, South Carolina repealed all laws which connected the state with the primary election activities of the Democratic Party, the purpose being to insure "white supremacy" and make impossible Negro voting in that party's primaries. That was fought savagely at the time by the Negro people, and they are still battling. Here is a letter sent by the militant local of the NAACP to the home of every one of the 170 members of both houses of the state legislature. Yesterday the body of that historic letter was broadcast over the local radio stations (at least two of them); it has appeared in cut form in the local "State" and "Record," and the battle is raging. I think the readers of NM might well be interested in seeing this letter in its entirety.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

February 7, 1947.

TO MEMBERS of the 87th General Assembly of South Carolina.

Dear Sirs: We are confident that we are not alone in the realization that thousands of white South Carolinians have smarted under the lash of disgrace and outrage occasioned by the acts of the "white supremacy" extra session legislature, sired three years ago by Olin D. Johnston, then governor, to circumvent the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Smith vs. Allbright, thereby aiming to render the Negro citizens of South Carolina permanently impotent as a part of the state's electorate. Certainly, among those South Carolinians who have been cowed and embarrassed by the acts of that infamous extra session Assembly are to be found some of the men who served in it, as well as some members of the present Assembly.

South Carolina congressmen and assemblymen realize and must concede that everything is wrong with a farcical set-up which is styled a unit of democracy—a state—in the world's greatest republic, but which conspires to steal the ballot from forty-three percent of its electorate. Honest South Carolina politicians cannot rest comfortably when they remember that they are being paid by all, but represent only a part of the people of South Carolina. They know that they cannot get by eternally with this subterfuge, chicanery and thievery. And we know that scores of South Carolina politicians and thousands of their constituents as well as many other thousands of white citizens who would participate in constructive, truly democratic government if it were made available to them in South Carolina, regret that this state gave birth—during the war for the Four Freedoms—to the most diabolic scheme of the twentieth century to nullify democracy as it is defined.

It can be only a question of time before South Carolina will be forced to answer in the tribunals of this nation for the "extra session" outrage, the prize formula of which may now be used by Georgia to plunge that state once more into the depths of political despair, and to disqualify in other

countries the efforts of Secretary of State Marshall just as South Carolina jeopardized the diplomacy and nullified the prestige of retiring Secretary Byrnes.

Because we are confident that a way will be found to guarantee the ballot to Negroes in South Carolina in the election which decides state and county officials who rule them and whom they help to pay—because we feel that maybe "the time is later than you think"—we are requesting the 87th General Assembly to go on record as deploring the action and requesting a recall of the extra session maneuvers by which South Carolina declared itself beyond the province of the highest tribunal of this nation.

If South Carolina is to move constructively and uprightly in the postwar world—and there are indications of trends in that direction—the elected leaders of this commonwealth must have the intelligence, the vision and the fortitude to do the right, proper and democratic thing for even the least of its citizens, irrespective of group, or of economic or social status. Either—apart—we fall, to remain on lower levels of existence, or—together—we rise to the fullness of political, educational and economic well-being.

Will you gentlemen continue to smart and quiver under the stigma of your "extra session" disgrace, or will you, for all our sakes, acquit yourselves like free men and embrace before a keenly discerning world the democracy in which you claim to believe and for which many of you fought alongside American black boys whose history is unblemished by the record of a traitor?

It is high time that the "white supremacy government of South Carolina" should redeem its eighty-seven-year-old history by producing some statesmen.

Very sincerely yours,

J. M. HINTON, *President*

Mrs. ANDREW W. SIMKINS, *Secretary*
South Carolina Conference of the
National Association for the Ad-
vancement of Colored People.

NEW MASSES invites its readers to contribute to its "Listen to the Rumble" with accounts of what they see and hear of the many notable signs of our time—North, South, East and West—wherever they are.

MONROE, GEORGIA

Reddening leaves still waver on the bough
That trembles in the chill December air
Though on the road the leaves, once bloodstained, now
Are brown as trees the lingering fall lays bare.
The rust brown cotton withers in the fields
Field-hands have picked and left to bitter ground,
And from the red and gullied earth the yields
Of summer winter harvests all around.
The corn is bare upon the furrowed earth
Where starlings flutter in the blackjack pine
And winter floods, beginning now, unearth
No new thing in the sumac red as wine,
Yet he who walks in winter on this lane
Can hear the summer voices of the slain.

PAUL B. NEWMAN.

J. PARNELL THOMAS: HEADSMAN

Washington.

PEERING down from the gallery of the House and seeing the dapper Parnell Thomas stepping briskly about, chatting here and there with Republican leaders, the casual visitor might think that here, in this smiling, perfectly tailored, bald little man, is a soul without a care in the world. At first flush, he personifies the exuberance of the Republicans now in the saddle. The tailor helps, too. What lies beneath those built-up shoulders I do not know, probably nothing more impressive than lies between the graying temples, but his figure has a certain chestiness as seen from the gallery, like a pouter pigeon's.

But Rep. Thomas, nee Feeney, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, has problems. He told me so. It came out just all of a sudden. I was asking him, among other things, about Greece. "Does it make your Irish blood boil?" I asked. "I presume you are Irish."

"Yes, I must have some Irish blood," he said. Then, his head sinking forward, he said in unwonted tones of dejection, "Well, I'll tell you. I have problems of my own, enough to keep me busy. I've not got around to thinking about Greece."

I tried to cheer him up by showing him a little item from the morning paper about how Britain's Queen Mother Mary still was in glowing health. It was headed: "QUEEN 'IN PINK.'" Now that we were taking over the British Empire, I said, maybe he should investigate this. He put on his glasses, examined the story. "Why, that's just silly," he said, without a single flash of his well-made false teeth. Clearly, life is not all a bed of roses for the Republican head of the Un-American Committee, who used to be so full of fun when he was in the minority.

I heard him muttering something about Greeks who at any rate were "good patriots and not Communists." I asked him to repeat it.

"I said good, regular patriots and not Communists," he replied belligerently.

"The French premier wouldn't agree with you," I said, pointing out he had declared that French Communists were patriots.

With his usual finesse Rep. Thomas

**Un-American Committee's
chairman sharpens the axe.
He's got fifteen bills . . .**

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

replied to this by hollering, "Then the French premier ought to have his head examined. He ought to see a psychiatrist."

Now the previous day I had talked to Rep. Thomas briefly, but he had had to rush back on the floor and had permitted me to call on him again the next morning in his office. On the first occasion he had told me about the fifteen bills, "all beamed on un-American activities," in his snappy language, which various members of the committee were introducing. But he was cagey about saying what was contained in them, except for those already introduced.

One of those was his own bill (HR 2275), which for setting up undemocratic procedure has never been equalled, unless it was in the McCarran rider passed in 1946, which allows the Secretary of State to fire any employe at will, as the State Department is now doing along with War and Navy. The Thomas bill would set up a commission which, without being required to furnish any charges or bill of particulars, could conduct a hearing and on a finding that any US employe's loyalty "is in doubt," could fire him or her. "Any finding . . . shall be final and conclusive and shall not be subject to review by any other authority," it declares. But he specifically denied that other bills were aimed at labor. That is what he said then.

And he insisted, then, that it caused him no concern that committee after committee was horning in on the Un-American Committee's field. (Eight committees, including the President's commission on loyalty, are vying to set up their own standards and procedures on loyalty alone.)

"We have such a popular product," he said. "I can't blame them for wanting to get in on our territory."

"Weren't you peeved, though," I

asked, "when the House Labor Committee got the edge on you in publicity by getting your scab witnesses from the Allis-Chalmers Co. before you could put them on?"

"No," he said, "we're generous. And our knowledge is so much greater—and that of our staff so much more expert—on the subject that we don't have to fear. It just happened once, anyway."

"But doesn't it sort of bother you?" I asked. "I mean, you pick up the paper, and from the testimony described, you can't tell whether it's from the House Labor, or Senate Labor, or Senate Judiciary (Lilienthal), or House Judiciary or Un-American Committee—they're all hunting for Reds."

"No," he said, "it doesn't bother me if they want to get a nickel's worth of our product. It really doesn't peeve me a bit. Honestly."

"And when you have some union, or rather ex-union member, scheduled—"

"Scheduled is the wrong word," he said, thoughtfully. "Let's say we're looking into a situation."

"How does it work out? Does Chairman Hartley of the House Labor Committee (a fellow-New Jerseyan) call you and say if you don't mind they're going to use the Bridgeport local guy, or the Allis-Chalmers guy—"

"No; we didn't even know they were going to have the same kind of witnesses. We're conducting an independent investigation," he said, apparently as an afterthought.

"Well, is your general aim to prepare the setting for the passage of anti-labor legislation?"

"No," he said blandly, "there's no effort to influence legislation and no collusion."

NEXT morning Chairman Thomas again presented a cheerful exterior. I had been cooling my heels next to a colonel for fifteen minutes or so when he came in, bright and smiling. The man-about-townish Congressman has what border on banjo eyes, and they looked a little weary, but he explained he'd been up early having breakfast with the New Jersey American Legion, an experience

which he seemed to take in his stride. After all, the Legion had awakened him to the evils of communism. He had gone into the Legion in about 1922. He agreed that the awakening had come a bit late. He was certain that he was awakened by 1934 or '35, when "the Workers' Alliance went into the legislative halls of the New Jersey State House."

"I called 'em a Communist front outfit then," he said proudly. "Yes, 1934." For one second he was silent and I wondered if by any chance he was figuring up the number of years he'd been repeating himself.

You can see how it might be for a Republican hack of Wall Street to work his way from the New Jersey state legislature to the House and finally to his heart's desire—being head of the Un-American Committee—only

to have his thunder stolen. I reminded him that I had read Eric Johnston's proposals on Page One of the *Times-Herald* the night before. The *Times-Herald* had given Thomas a streamer, of course, on his speech of the previous day. He had attacked the Soviets for using "legal espionage" in this country — actually buying patents which several other countries were given free and which federal law requires be made public.

"What did he say?" he said quickly.

"He asked the House Labor Committee," I explained, "to pass legislation so that an employer could fire a worker as a Communist without having to go before the NLRB for doing so. In other words, so the man who was fired couldn't appeal to the NLRB."

For a moment what appeared to

be a gleam of envy appeared in the luminous banjo eyes of Rep. Thomas and the natural magenta shade of his complexion deepened. But he was controlled.

"My guess," he said with some acerbity, "is that when we get through with our fifteen bills Mr. Johnston's proposal will not be necessary. We have a bill coming up," he said, forgetting apparently that he had told me the previous afternoon that they had no interest in anti-labor legislation, "which will remove Communists holding official positions in labor unions." He told the virtues of the forthcoming bill, to be sponsored by some member of his committee and, like his own bill, referred to the committee for "study."

"I wouldn't permit any Communists to hold office," Rep. Thomas said. "But at the same time unions would be

THE ARCHBISHOP SAYS NO

An Editorial

IT is a commonplace of American life that the Roman Catholic hierarchy is in politics up to its ears. Virtually every American city with a sizable Catholic population has the equivalent of what in New York is called "the power house"—the political *alter ego* of the Vatican's spiritual shepherds. And public officials, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, find it expedient to consult, flatter, appease—and occasionally take orders from that center of superior authority.

The mechanism through which pressure is exerted and hints, intimations and commands transmitted has usually been hidden behind a formal facade of non-intervention in political affairs. But evidently we are now in a period of experimentation with brasher and more direct methods. The Republican election victory, the epidemic of labor-crucifying bills in Congress and many state legislatures, and the recent Supreme Court decision holding it constitutional to use public funds for bus transportation to parochial schools have emboldened the men of the hierarchy. Perhaps they consider the Austin-Mahoney bill introduced into the New York legislature a good opportunity for testing out a new tactic. Rarely has there been a more brazen exhibition of Vatican-inspired interference in American political life to nullify the will of the people.

The Austin-Mahoney bill, sponsored by a Democrat and a Republican, aims to outlaw all discrimination in public and private educational institutions in New York State. As is well known, Negroes, Jews and Americans of Italian, Polish or other "non-Anglo-Saxon" extraction must run the gauntlet of the quota system that operates in hundreds of colleges, universities and professional schools throughout the country. In many places Catholics also are victimized. In New York State this situation has evoked such wide popular protest that an organized movement has arisen to

outlaw these racist practices. This movement, known as the New York State Committee Against Discrimination in Education, unites some two hundred organizations, including the American Jewish Congress, Protestant and Catholic groups, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, CIO and AFL unions, and many others.

It was at the initiative of this movement that the Austin-Mahoney bill was introduced in the 1946 session of the legislature and reintroduced this year—however, weakened somewhat by the elimination of a provision to cancel tax exemption for offending institutions. With such widespread support, the outlook for passage of the bill at this session seemed good. Suddenly two weeks ago a bombshell exploded in the midst of the campaign for the measure: the New York Catholic Welfare Conference issued a statement attacking it. A few days later Coadjutor Archbishop J. Francis A. McIntyre of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York blasted the bill as one "formed after a Communist pattern" (because it described education as a state function). In an effort to meet the objections of the hierarchy, the leaders of the fight for the bill proposed further diluting amendments. But no ray of hope or charity has come from Cardinal Spellman's throne. And the heat generated from the powerhouse has reduced to jelly the spine of one of the bill's sponsors, Senator Walter Mahoney: he has proposed postponing all action for a year.

But tens of thousands of young men and women seeking a higher education can't wait. The battle against fascism and all its racist excrescences can't wait. Nine hundred years ago an emperor abased himself before a Pope at a little castle in Italy whose name has become a symbol. Shall the people of New York go to Canossa? The fight for legislation to outlaw the shameful relic of cultural barbarism that besmirches our schools must be won in New York and in every state.

given every chance to clean their house themselves."

"But the law would be coercive, wouldn't it?"

"According to that all laws are coercive," he said. "Are they, is that what you're saying?"

"No, we've got a couple of laws that protect the people's rights—like the Wagner Act—or maybe we won't have when you all get through with it?" I asked.

"Our law would protect the rights of the individual laboring man," Rep. Thomas said now, apparently recalling, rather belatedly, the patter which Senators Ball, Taft *et al*, in combination with the NAM and US Chamber of Commerce, have adopted. Interestingly enough, Eric Johnston spoke not for the Motion Picture Association he heads, or the Chamber of Commerce he used to head, but for the Committee for Economic Development—which recently felt it necessary to get out a new statement of principles declaring that it was not a Communist organization.

I ASKED Rep. Thomas if he knew that the American Civil Liberties Union had attacked his so-called loyalty bill, and had condemned the arrest of Gerhart Eisler, Austrian refugee now detained at Ellis Island and recently cited for contempt by the House. Eisler refused to answer questions by the Un-American Committee until he had made a statement of his own.

Rep. Thomas apparently was taken aback. He was "surprised" at the ACLU, he said. "The old Dies committee never found that the ACLU was a Communist front organization," he said, and if such a florid, flaccid countenance with such untroubled eyes could express bewilderment, his did.

"Did you think no one could defend a Communist who was not a Communist, Mr. Thomas?" I asked.

"I'll put it this way," he said. "They've got a right to criticize the bill. 'Right' isn't the word I mean. They've got a right to criticize on Eisler, too. But the first criticism may be a little bit justified. But Eisler's nothing but an enemy alien. He admits he wants to return to Germany."

"How do you think he got in a concentration camp, Mr. Thomas?" I asked. "Don't you know it was for fighting the German government?"

"He was in a concentration camp in France," he said, impatiently. "I

don't know about all that—it was the internal politics of France."

"You admit that he was no prize package for Hitler, don't you?"

"He wouldn't be a prize package for any government, he was nothing but a professional revolutionary. But revolutionary or not, he was an enemy alien."

"Then would you call the political prisoners who died at Dachau enemy aliens?" I asked.

"You're putting words in my mouth!" he cried excitedly.

"No, I'm not, I'm asking you a question."

"I don't know anything about it," he said. "We're concerned about Gerhart Eisler, not Dachau. I don't blame the FBI for keeping him under surveillance and arresting him."

"You just asked for his being kept under surveillance?" Yes, he said, apparently anxious to make it clear the FBI was responsible for the rest.

When he said that he had someone waiting and that I must finish, I asked for one more question. By this time we both were standing.

"What is your real aim?" I asked. "Of course illegalizing the Party is just a small part of it. What are you really driving at?"

"My real aim," he said excitedly, waving his arms and pacing about, "is to make it impossible for any of you Communists to stay in this country. As I told you a year ago, I'd buy you all one-way tickets to Russia. If I buy you one will you take it?"

He opened the door here and shouted to the old gentleman who had been waiting to see him, "This girl's a Communist."

"And extremely proud to be one, Mr. Thomas," I said.

A NOTE ON OPERA

by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

SOME weeks ago I remarked, in a review of the current musical version of *Street Scene*, upon the recent paucity of American opera, noting that it has almost vanished as an art form. I attributed that, principally, to the intensifying hold of realism in the theater. This makes opera, with its conventions and its subordination of realistic casting and acting to the

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- Strategy for Survival *by B. Mark*
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- A New Fortress is Rising
by Alexander Bittelman
- Poetry—
 DPs *by Mariba Millet*
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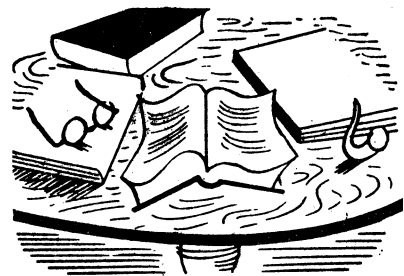
By its basic difference from ordinary
 drama—the substitution of song for
 speech—opera, it seemed to me, would
 always have to be unrealistic. For that
 reason I considered the most promising
 direction for modern opera to be that
 taken by Marc Blitzstein, who uses
 symbols, but selects such as express and
 concentrate contemporary realities.

Since then I have seen a perform-
 ance of opera which has made me alter
 my opinion. At this performance two
 operas by Gian-Carlo Menotti were
 presented, a one-act comedy, *The*
Telephone, and a two-act tragedy,
The Medium. As the performers sang
 the modern American speech of these
 well-constructed plays I realized that
 singing was no greater a handicap to
 an illusion of reality than the missing
 wall of the unavoidable three-walled
 stage.

When I looked for the elements
 that made for the realism of the Me-
 notti operas the following suggested
 themselves to me. One was the fact
 that the auditorium was of normal size,
 permitting words to be heard as words,
 not as launching platforms for musical
 tones. This further fostered a commu-
 nication between audience and actors,
 difficult in the ornate caverns to which
 Grand Opera has been traditionally
 condemned by its origin as “conspicu-
 ous waste” displays of princes.

But the most important element, of
 course, was the basic one, the dramatic
 music in which the plays were voiced.
 Menotti has the gift of making music
 speak. Speaking, ever clearly, words
 that had dramatic force, the music
 nevertheless continued to be flowingly
 music. Its dramatic realism is not ob-
 tained by reducing the melodic line to
 recitative. There are aria-like rises and
 varied combinations of voices—quite a
 full use of the usual operatic resources.

How does Menotti manage his
 realistic effects? I have not the training
 to attempt an analysis that might de-
 fine the musical techniques. One thing
 seems obvious, however. The musical
 and dramatic movement was perfectly
 integrated, the reward for writing his
 own libretto. Menotti composes
 dramatically or dramatizes musically,
 whichever you prefer—the processes
 are simultaneous. There is never that
 disparity between the music and the
 words which bedevil even some of the
 greatest operas, making it an ad-
 vantage, actually, to sing them in a
 foreign tongue, an artistic semi-suicide



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that has come to be taken for granted.

It is significant that the three American composers — Blitzstein, Gershwin and Menotti (Virgil Thomson may be a fourth, but I have not heard his opera) who have had some measurable success in the form have been, in some sense, their own librettists. Two, Blitzstein and Menotti, wrote their own librettos and Gershwin worked with his brother-librettist in a collaboration so close as to amount to co-authorship. This would indicate that success in composing contemporary opera requires, if not the composer-librettist identity that we get in Blitzstein and Menotti, the kind of close partnership that is customary in our most successful musical-theater form, the musical comedy.

Menotti's writing of his own libretto is so important in its bearing on future possibilities in American opera that I may have given an exaggerated impression of its quality. Menotti's dramatic writing is good enough by ordinary standards. It has dramatic invention, naturalness, and eloquence and wit where they belong. But it is wasted on curiously trivial matter, or, more precisely, on matter trivially dealt with.

The Telephone spoofs the use of that modern improvement as an instrument of gossip. It does not penetrate, however, to any social or psychological understanding that might deepen the spoof into satire. There is a flaw, too, in *The Medium*, which deals with a woman whose guilty consciousness of fraud is frustrated from the penitential solace it seeks by the faith she has inspired in her dupes. Where *The Medium* goes astray is in a sub-plot involving a mute that displaces the main plot at the end, overloading the dramatic line. Menotti is compelled to it by his resort to an ambiguous mysticism in an attempt to evade his dramatic problem. He imputes an instinctual knowledge of the saving answers to the mute who cannot, however, communicate them, and who dies with the secret shut in his corpse. But clearer answers and a more dramatic solution lie in the relation of the medium and her dupes—and a store of social and psychological understandings that Menotti has consequently failed to reach.

But talent is richly present in this composer-dramatist. More traditional than Blitzstein's, more reflective than Gershwin's, his music suggests still another, and realistic, direction for American opera.

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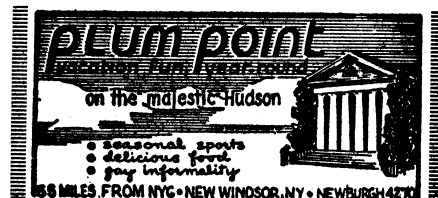
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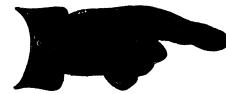
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