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the Jews Do?**

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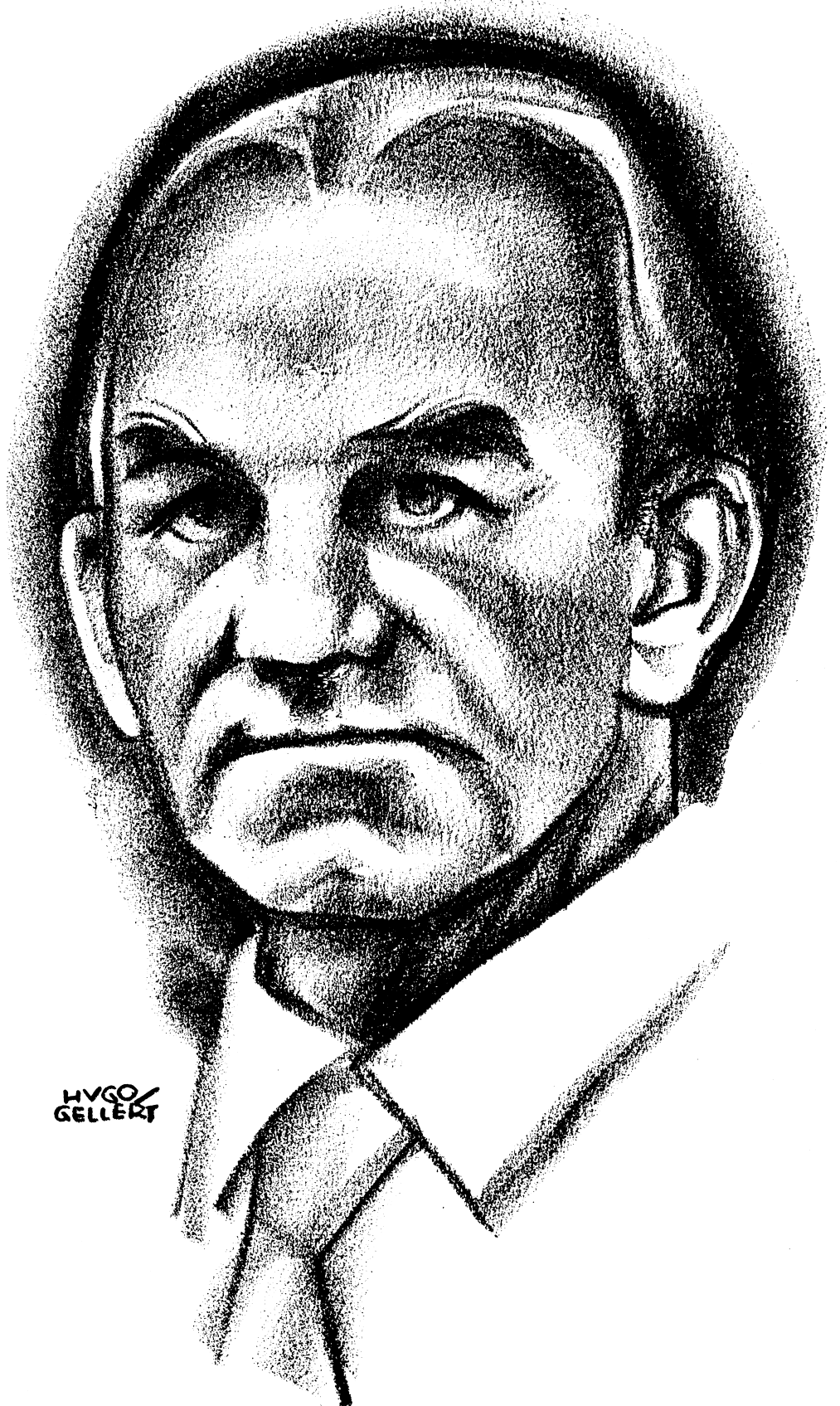
JAMES DUGAN

**Cartoons by Gropper,
Richter, Adolf Dehn,
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**ON THE COVER
Tom Mooney
TURN TO PAGE 3**

JAN. 10, 1939

New **FIFTEEN CENTS**
MASSSES



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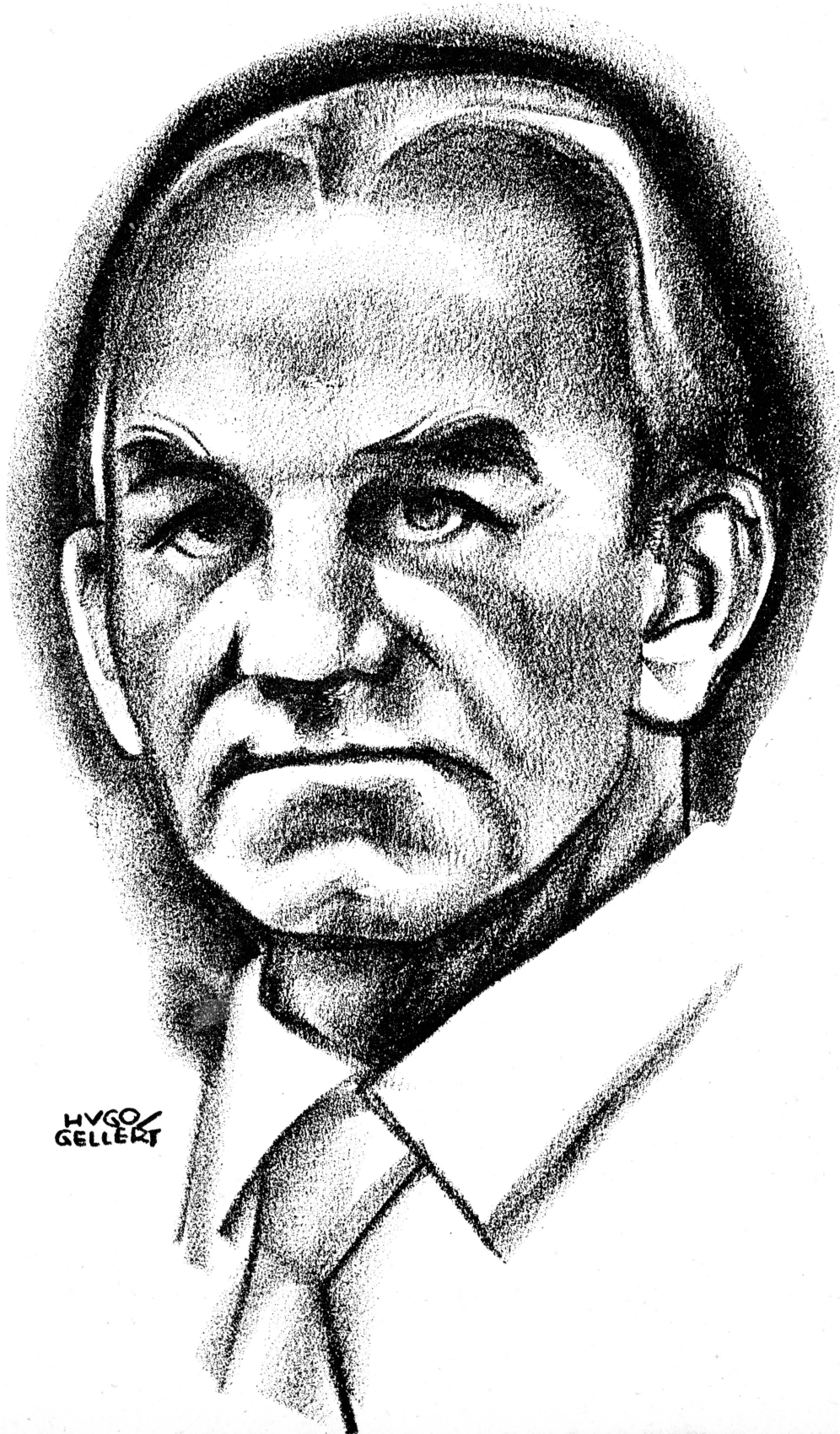
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NEW MASSES has long been recognized as the leading exponent of the culture of the left, but never before 1938 did it actually take its place as a sponsor of a whole series of cultural events. For last year this magazine held under its own auspices no less than fifteen events with a combined attendance of over 25,000.

Beginning with our First Composers' Night of Music and the Anna Sokolow debut, the list soon grew to include the now famous debate between Earl Browder and Frederick J. Libby; the NEW MASSES Spring Ball and Annual Ball; a series of six lectures by the magazine's editors; the *I Like America* Art Show, Martha Graham's *American Document*; the recent *From Spirituals to Swing*, the preview of Irwin Shaw's *Gentle People* on New Year's Eve, and numerous lectures in cities other than New York.

The success of this program has led us to expand even more. We have established a functioning department of the magazine, to be known as NEW MASSES Cultural Affairs, which will act as a coordinating unit. Under the leadership of Tiba Garlin, who was so largely responsible for the success of last year's program. Cultural Affairs is already at work on an extensive series for 1939.

At present four events are definitely scheduled. Within the next two weeks Sender Garlin, recently returned from three and a half years as Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Worker* will speak on the Soviet Union, at a place to be announced next week. On February 26, at the Alvin Theater in New York, NEW MASSES will present Anna Sokolow, in her first concert of the season, for the benefit of the Medical Bureau and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. At Town Hall on March 19 we will present the formal debut of Mordecai Baumann, baritone, accompanied by the pianist Milton Kaye. And in the near future we will sponsor the Second Annual Composers' Night of Music, a varied program similar to last year's success.

The development of this department will depend to a large extent on the response and recommendations we receive from our readers. Between Ourselves will be the medium of suggestions and announcements.

Concerning *From Spirituals to Swing*, Eugene Holmes of the Department of Philosophy of Howard University, Washington, D. C., has written us: "We journeyed up once more to a splendid concert. Quite a group from the faculty and also from Washington came up and they were all richly rewarded. It was as nearly perfect as a musical event of that kind could be. Not merely thrilling to hear and to see Bechet, Basie, Sister Tharpe, Big Bill, Ammons, Lewis, and Johnson, but educational in the really best sense of that word. For it succeeded in showing us the roots, the growth, and the flowering of a truly indigenous art form. If you continue with this sort of thing you can depend upon more and more support from us here in the provinces."

Louis Debin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., offers some criticism of the arrange-

Between Ourselves

ment of the concert, which, he feels, was not properly unified and coordinated. "A presentation of the Negro music in its chronological sequence, aided by explanatory comments," Mr. Debin says, "would have done much to win over the audience and to clear up many common misconceptions that exist in the minds of those people who go in only for 'long-hair' music." However, the writer adds, "I came to hear certain things, heard them, and was highly pleased."

We have had numerous requests for copies of the program notes of *From Spirituals to Swing*; these notes are still available and may be obtained by written request.

By way of New Year's greetings, NEW MASSES has received from its readers a number of encouraging comments. David Venitsky, of Huntington Park, Calif., writes, "I think that NEW MASSES is truly an indis-

pensable magazine. Without it I would remain in the dark. It is NEW MASSES that shows the light. May it continue to do so for years and years to come." And Mrs. Robert L. Nutt, Jr., of Lynnhaven, Va., thinks that "even if the articles were not so good, the magazine would be worthwhile for the cartoons, drawings, etc., alone." Bernard Gurmack of New York City is particularly enthusiastic over Robert Forsythe's column, "Weeping Is Not Enough" (January 3 issue)—"It makes one's blood tingle," Mr. Gurmack says. "I am passing it around among my friends as a fine example of dialectical materialism simplified. A good job, well done!"

Correction: In the brief article, "Maritime Wages," published in our January 3 issue, the National Maritime Union was mentioned as responsible for the improvement of shipyard

workers' living conditions. The particular union under discussion was the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America.

Who's Who

SAM RUSSELL is the Barcelona representative of the London *Daily Worker*. . . . Bertrand E. Pollans is a rabbi who is working at present in the field of general education, specializing in historical research. He is just completing a novel about Jewish middle-class intellectuals. Mr. Pollans is a member of the Alumni Association of the Jewish Institute of Religion. . . . Lucien Zacharoff is a frequent commentator on international aeronautic affairs for leading American and European newspapers, magazines, and technical journals, including the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the North American Newspaper Alliance, *Sportsman Pilot*, *Aviation*, *Aero Digest*, *Air Review* (London), and *Die Stunde* (Vienna). He is the author of the article, "Lindbergh vs. the Experts," which appeared in our Nov. 1, 1938, issue. . . . Meridel Le Sueur is a Minnesota writer whose work has frequently appeared in these pages. . . . Clarence Weinstock has contributed many book reviews to NEW MASSES. . . . Herbert Aptheker is the author of a booklet, *The Negro in the Civil War*, which has just been issued by International Publishers. Mr. Aptheker, a teacher at the Workers School, contributed an article on Negro Slave Revolts to *Science and Society*. . . . Robert Terrall, whose work has appeared in NEW MASSES before, is a free-lance writer formerly on the staff of *Time*.

Flashbacks

EX-CONGRESSMAN LANZETTA, who this week calls on Congress to refuse to seat Vito Marcantonio because he is president of the International Labor Defense, ominously reminds one of some precedents on which Tories may be willing enough to rely. Congress excluded the Milwaukee Socialist, Victor L. Berger, for the second time, on Jan. 4, 1920, because he had opposed the World War. . . . That same week in 1920, five duly elected New York Socialists were denied seats in the State Assembly, being told: "You who are seeking seats in this body have been elected on a platform that is absolutely inimical to the best interests of the state and of the United States." . . . Tom Paine, condemned by the British for opposing the best interests of their profitable empire, issued *Common Sense*, the manifesto of the American Revolution, on Jan. 10, 1776. In it he made the first important call for a Declaration of Independence, sensing that "the present winter is worth an age if rightly employed." . . . Thanks to the vigilance of a *Flashback* fan we are able to correct an error which crept into last week's copy. The quotation on the American labor movement, taken from *Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels Correspondence, 1846-1895*, should have been attributed to Engels and not to Marx.

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Hugo Gellert (drawn at San Quentin Prison, May 1, 1930)

Tom Mooney's Day

Labor Finally Has Grown Strong Enough to Set Him Free

MICHAEL GOLD

Now, after twenty-two years, Tom Mooney will emerge from his living tomb, not a criminal who has sued for mercy and been pardoned, but a proud fighter for a cause, who has won.

It was because he was a militant labor leader that Tom was framed, and locked in a prison. But labor finally has grown strong enough to set him free.

Has there been a greater story symbolizing the class struggle of our time? And is there any other man's life that is so linked to all the great social forces of today?

We are living in the epoch of the breakdown of capitalism. The World War, which cost ten million lives, was the first signal that the rulers no longer knew how to rule. That war created the atmosphere which made it possible for the bankers and bosses of the Pacific Coast to frame Tom.

He was sentenced to be hanged. But in far-off Petrograd the Russian Revolution was entering its second and Socialist phase. Certain followers of an obscure agitator named Lenin held a demonstration in 1918 before the American consulate. They carried banners reading, "Free Muni." The consul did not know who this "Muni" was. The reporters did not know. The American press played it up at first as some sort of mysterious Russian joke. But soon they found out that the Russians were not only serious, but better informed than they. There was a "Muni"; he

was Tom Mooney, a labor leader locked up in San Quentin, Calif.

Thus it was the Russian Revolution that made Tom's case world-famous, and saved him from the gallows.

Followed the years of the capitalist boom and the capitalist depression. American labor went through various cycles of demoralization by prosperity, then by hunger. It was never united, nor did it have any clear program.

But now it is uniting and finding its soul. The democratic front is labor's and the people's newly forged weapon against the fascists. It worked well in the recent elections in California. And it brought in a governor who will free Tom Mooney.

The imperialist war sent him to prison; the Russian Revolution saved him from death; the developing democratic front has brought him vindication and freedom: yes, it is the story of our hard and tragic, yet hopeful, time.

All the dynamics of today were working in 1916 when Tom was arrested. He was a rugged young Irish-American labor leader, the Harry Bridges and Mike Quill of the time. Twice the bosses had tried to frame him on dynamite charges, and had been exposed.

But they finally got their man, with the help of the war fever that Wall Street was rousing in order to protect its huge loans to the Allies.

The climax of the war campaign came on July 22, Preparedness Day, when factories

and offices were turned out *en bloc* to march in parades in all the cities. It was a Chamber of Commerce holiday, and someone, now believed to have been a member of the same gang of German spies and saboteurs who blew up the Black Tom munitions works, threw a bomb at the parade in San Francisco.

Ten persons were killed, and scores injured. Fickert, a foul-mouthed, hard-drinking vigilante, was the capitalist mercenary then occupying the district attorney's office. He had been trying to get Tom Mooney for years; now he used the horror and hysteria of the bombing as a means. To arrest any man as a suspect under such circumstances was enough to rouse a lynch mob against him; to arrest a labor leader and pacifist was as good as hanging him.

1939 is not 1916; but from the Tom Mooney frameup to the Reichstag fire there is a visible thread. Fascism has taken over and intensified all the familiar tactics of embattled capitalism, of which the frameup has always been a favorite; thus Fickert was a forerunner of Hitler.

Tom Mooney was found guilty by a jury, and sentenced by a judge to hang.

It is also part of the dynamics of the case that Lillian Symes, secretary of the California Socialist Party at the time, sent out a circular letter to the membership warning them not to help in the defense of Tom Mooney, because

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Hugo Gellert (drawn at San
Quentin Prison, May 1, 1930)

Tom Mooney's Day

he was undoubtedly guilty. Miss Symes is still performing the same sort of role in current events; she is now a rabid follower of Trotsky and warns Americans against the "guilty" Soviet Union.

There was no Communist Party then, of course. Tom Mooney was not a Communist or an anarchist. He was a trade-union militant, but that was enough for "Socialists" like "Comrade Symes."

It was the anarchists, at that time a radical group still retaining some integrity and influence, that set up the first defense committee for Tom Mooney. Robert Minor, then America's most famous cartoonist and a recent convert to anarchism, abandoned his great art and went out to the coast to lead the defense.

It was dangerous and disheartening work, for the West Coast had been roused to a lynching spirit against Tom. But there were forces in California that had always fought the monopolists and their lynching bees and

frameups. They were the reformers like Fremont Older and Lincoln Steffens, and they found, as Frenchmen did in the Dreyfus case, that their own cause was defeated so long as Tom Mooney was in jail.

So here again is a thread from 1916 to 1939; the alliance of working-class radical and middle-class reformer against big capitalism, which has always had a fascist heart.

Between the combined efforts of that great editor Fremont Older and his group, and the group led by Bob Minor, the defense was enabled, only a year after the trial, to make the first crack in the case of the district attorney.

Oxman, one of the prosecutor's principal witnesses, was proved to have been merely a courthouse rat, a perjurer for small cash, and not the respectable cattleman that Fickert had rigged him out to be. A letter from Oxman to a friend was found, in which he asked his

friend to come to San Francisco to testify in a certain trial and make some easy money.

Every day after that first crack, every month and every year, witness after witness was similarly unmasked. Some confessed to their perjury; others were exposed by documents they could not deny. When their life records were investigated, not a single decent character was found among them. They were a group of flophouse floaters, prostitutes, small-time confidence men and gamblers, police stoolpigeons, and courthouse hangers-on. District Attorney Fickert had picked them up and drilled them. The climax of his exposure came when President Wilson sent in an investigating commission headed by J. B. Densmore of the Department of Labor. This commission planted a dictaphone in Fickert's office and the conversation recorded there was a detailed account of the frameup, told with brutal gusto between daily sessions with the official whisky bottle.

The whole anatomy of the frameup had been penetrated by a powerful X-ray, until not a rotten bone of it was missing from the public view.

The judge who had sentenced Tom now saw the light. Full of remorse, he made a moving public appeal for Tom's pardon. Most of the jury joined in the appeal. A new district attorney named Brady had been elected. He, too, joined the movement for Tom's release. President Wilson intervened. Members of the California Legislature and of the federal Congress fought for Tom Mooney. Hundreds of labor unions joined the fight.

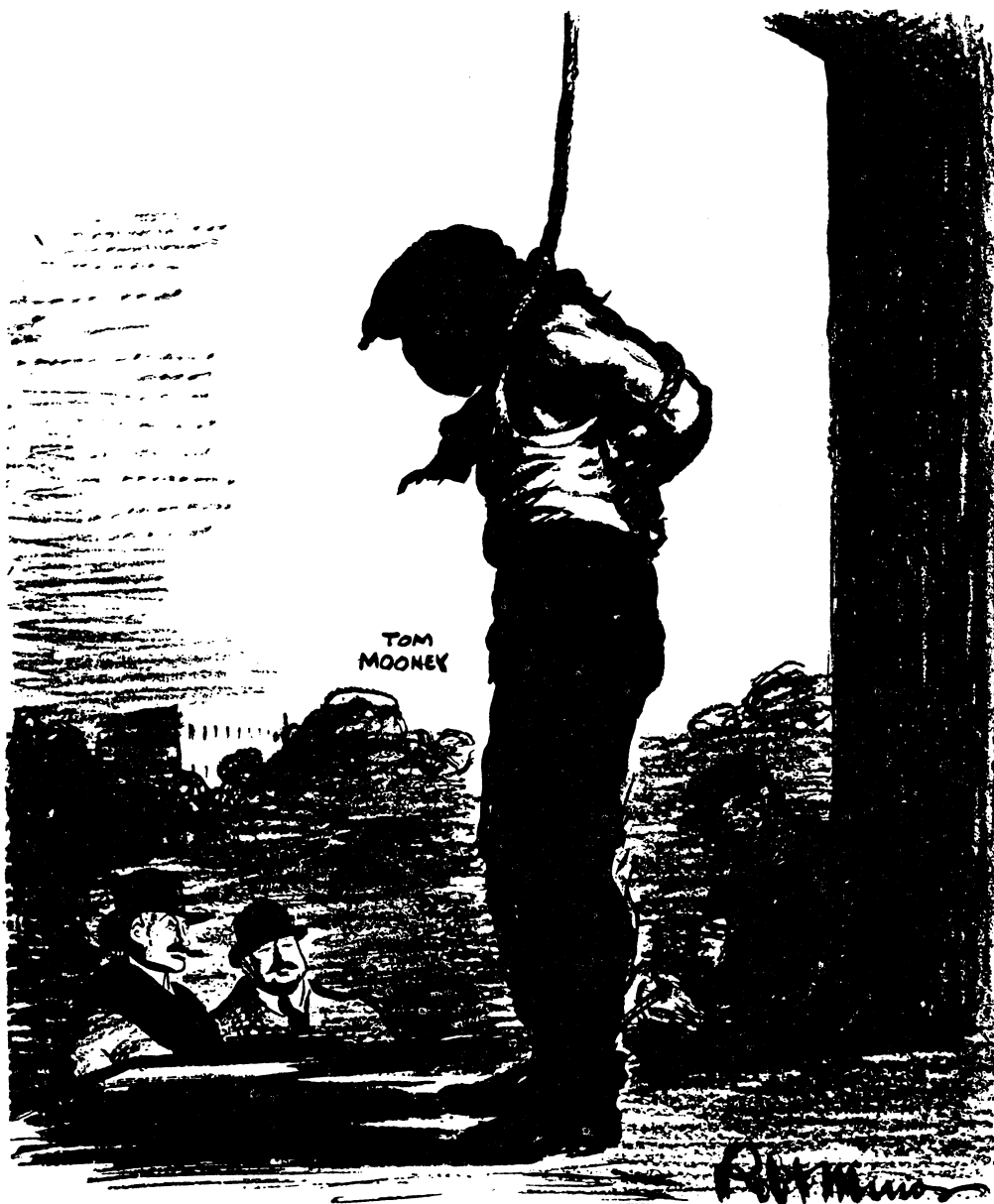
For twenty-two years, hundreds of thousands of Americans signed petitions and contributed money to Mooney's campaign for freedom. In every demonstration of labor around the world, placards asked for his release.

Even the worst enemies of Tom Mooney gave up all pretense that he was guilty. But he still remained in prison.

And when one examines the reason for this, one again finds threads leading from 1916 to 1939.

Tom Mooney was in reality a CIO man born ahead of his time. He had fought the corrupt, flabby reactionaries in the AFL as John L. Lewis has now been fighting them.

It was these labor Tories, working hand in hand with the fascist-minded capitalists, who kept Tom Mooney in prison even after every detail of the frameup had been thrown in huge relief on the screen. (In later years, however, the AFL leadership changed its attitude, and recent AFL conventions have adopted resolutions favoring Mooney's release.) For Tom Mooney had finally become the world symbol of a cause, the cause of militant labor. The Tories were the enemies of that cause. They elected every governor of California during the twenty-two years that Tom was in jail. They controlled the courts and the legislature, they ran the state. They were able to block every legal move made by Tom and his defenders, because they had this political power.



Robert Minor (1918)

"Will You Let Them Do It? The rope is still around Tom Mooney's neck, and in spite of the report of the President's Commission recommending a new trial, he will hang if public opinion and the friends of organized labor do not come to his support."

—THE LIBERATOR, March 1918.



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—THE LIBERATOR, March 1918.



Boardman Robinson (1919)

"Justice for Capitalists—and for Working Men. The indicted officers and gunmen of the Arizona Copper Trust have been set free without trial after an impartial commission appointed by the President demanded their prosecution. Tom Mooney has been sent to prison for life after an impartial commission appointed by the President declared he was unjustly condemned."

—THE LIBERATOR, January 1919.

Tom Mooney, a man serving a life sentence, never lost his morale. That great Irish heart pumped blood into a cool and shrewd labor-leader's brain. Tom conducted every international detail of his own vindication and defense during those twenty-two years, writing thousands of letters, planning all the legal moves, keeping track of every adherent.

And there is no doubt that Tom Mooney saw more clearly than some of his friends and lawyers that the case had burst through the legal channels, and was deeply intertwined with the politics of California, the United States, and the world.

The intricacies of the legal side of Tom's case would fill a small law library. He followed every path doggedly to the end, and never neglected an opening. But at the same time he knew that Tom Mooney might never go out of San Quentin alive unless the control of California's courts and legislative halls was wrested from the hands of the reactionary labor leaders and fascist-capitalists, his enemies and the enemies of labor.

Tom could always have made a deal with them, turned renegade, and had the doors unlocked. He had such offers made to him. There are people on the outside who sell themselves for pieces of silver, or in a fit of pique. But though Tom's very life was the stake, he was never tempted. Because he never lost faith in the people. He knew they would find their true path. Sublimely and simply, this man

buried alive waited for the people to awake to their own glory and power.

But no, he did not passively wait. From his prison cell, Mooney helped organize the people, for their own freedom, and his. Tom Mooney, locked away from the active world, has been as keen a student of politics as there has been in America. I first visited him in 1925, and was amazed at the complete awareness and powerful range of his mind. Along with the legal prosecution of his case, he influenced his thousands of adherents along political lines, conducted a continuous political campaign.

Many people on the outside have lost their paths, have become confused and demoralized during the great political storms of our time. At every turn of the battle, every new emergency, one finds the stragglers, the panic-stricken, the cowards, and the traitors. Is it not a miracle that Tom Mooney, the recluse, the shut-in, has seen events more clearly and steadily than these others? I do not believe that for a moment he ever lost the path.

And think of what it means to be shut away from the books, the journals and newspapers, the conventions and people and battles in such a time, and yet retain a clear perspective! In his twenty-two years, Tom Mooney had to pass his solitary judgment on a World War, a Versailles treaty, the Russian Revolution, the failures of the Socialist revolutions

in Germany and Italy, the rise of Hitler and Mussolini, the great depression, the great marches of the unemployed, the rise of a Communist Party in the United States, the new epoch ushered in by Roosevelt, the CIO, and the rapidly maturing fascism of Wall Street!

Tom Mooney found his way through these events to the popular-front conception. If he had succumbed to the Socialist and Trotskyist ideas, he would not have thrown his support to Olson, he might have opposed Olson, even helped defeat him, as the Socialists and Trotskyites sought to defeat New Deal candidates in many states; it is just possible.

But Tom Mooney came through; Olson came through, and is governor of California. The rising democratic front has won there, and Tom Mooney will go free at last. Is it not an epic of heroism and faith, this story of Tom Mooney, and does it not shame those fainthearts who fear that the fascists can lock up the people in a world prison for the rest of history?

Tom Mooney is a symbol of our time. From 1916, when he was framed by the fascists, to 1938, when he led the people to defeat them, there runs a direct line. It is an unfinished line, extending into the future. Tom Mooney is to be free, and the world will be free. Welcome, brave and faithful Tom Mooney, to the new-old fight for the people's freedom!



GROPPER

William Gropper

Offensive in Spain

Mussolini's Troops Are Far from Barcelona

SAM RUSSELL

Barcelona, January 1 (By Cable).

WITH the beginning of the New Year, it is now possible to form an estimate of the results to date of the latest and greatest of Mussolini's attempts to conquer the Spanish people. That a certain number of Moors, legionnaires, and Spanish troops are being used does not alter the fact that this offensive is essentially Italian and that all operations are made in consultation with the Italian General Gambara. For the first time since Guadalajara, eighteen months ago, Italian troops *en masse* have been used as the spearhead of an attack on Catalonia.

This attack had at its outset three objectives. The first was to cut off and destroy the Army of the Ebro under Modesto, by reaching the sea at Tarragona or Vendrell. The second objective was nothing less than to threaten Barcelona. Finally, the enemy hoped to be able to menace the Franco-Spanish frontier. Apart from the military objectives, important as they are, the offensive has had certain well defined political objectives. Mussolini wished to prepare the reduction of Spain for Chamberlain's visit to Rome on January 11. The reduction of Barcelona was to have been presented to Britain's prime minister as a reason for the betrayal of Spain, as Czechoslovakia was betrayed by the sop of the Runciman mission.

For this reason the present offensive was preceded by the greatest military preparations known in the Spanish war. No attempt was made to hide these preparations. Along the whole Catalan front, behind the bridgehead at Seros and Balaguer and at Tremp, some twenty-two divisions comprising a quarter-million men were concentrated. For a month, fresh troops were sent in from Italy, and tanks, artillery, and airplanes poured in from the Krupp and Breda factories. And then they had to wait. The weather conditions were unfavorable. The Italian troops can't advance without continuous aerial protection. So the attack was held up while the Ebro Army under Modesto and the Army of the East under Perea prepared to meet the storm.

Even on the first day it was seen that the Italians had failed in their initial attempt. The Italian command under General Gambara was quite certain, in spite of the fact that the republicans were aware of their preparations, that they would be in Borjas Blancas by the second day of the offensive and in Gualada by the third day. They were relying principally on the use of motorized units and tanks. It is here that the Italians, and with them the whole plan of the rebel offen-

sive, suffered their greatest defeat. As a result, traitor Franco has already declared—in a speech yesterday—that Barcelona never was the objective of the offensive. The only objective, says Franco, was to free the communications centers around Lérida.

The enemy's plans were known long beforehand by the republican command and troops, and preparations had been made. Every man was eager to get at the enemy. The first contact with the Italians was made by a division which advanced on the right flank in the direction of Sarroca. It penetrated five miles into the invaded area before it came, at dawn, upon the Italian units preparing to continue their advance with the protection of large numbers of tanks.

The first encounter between the Fifteenth Infantry Brigade of the republic and the Littorio Division was the first indication to the Italian invaders that Barcelona was a very long way off. It was here that there began a whole series of heroic deeds in holding up the enemy tanks. Two sections led by officers advanced, with bombs ready, to meet the Italian tanks. The first grenade thrown smashed the leading caterpillar tank, and in quick succession three more were put out of action. The rest made off at great speed, leaving the Littorios to take shelter as best they could, with the morning sun shining down upon them. An example had been given to the whole army, that the tank was far from invincible.

This first tank was put out of action by Julian Anguin, a soldier of the Fifteenth Infantry Brigade. His example inspired the whole army to deeds of untold heroism in the fight of man against machine, republican soldier against Italian tank. Although he has since been wounded, Anguin's action has given the cue to his comrades in every brigade of the Armies of the East and of the Ebro. After his example, three hundred tanks operating in the Segre sector were routed, materially reducing the danger. The heroic action of Julian Anguin has already been rewarded by Negrín. In a letter to the nineteen-year-old hero informing him that he had been promoted to a corporal and awarded the Medal of Valor, Negrín said, "Soldiers, your brigade together with all those of the armies of Catalonia are showing the enemy and the world that tons of Italo-German war material are useless when thrown against a people determined to defend its independence in the field and factory and at the front."

The fiercest fighting so far has taken place on December 25 and 26. On the twenty-sixth, the Italians attempted a broad salient and cut the important Lérida-Tarragona road by striking in the direction of the Sarroca-Artesa-Lérida road. The attack was headed, as before, by tanks. After four continuous attacks and the loss of eight tanks, the Italians were forced to give up the attempt. Exasperated by the unexpected resistance and the destruction of some of their most valuable and essential weapons, on the twenty-seventh the Italians loosed an even more ferocious artillery fire. Nine hundred guns were concentrated in the action on the lower Segre. Unable to pierce the lines in the direction of Borjas Blancas, the enemy attacked farther south. But before Cògull and Albages they met with the same resistance, more tanks being captured and destroyed. The Italians not only met with resistance, but also with counter-attacks, making more difficult the consolidation of the territory they had gained.

By the twenty-eighth, the enemy saw that it had thrown in everything. The Italian March 23rd Division, the Blue Arrows, Black Arrows, Green Arrows, and finally the First and Fourth Navarrese were thrown in the lower Segre sector alone. It was obvious that the trip of Mussolini's Blackshirts to Barcelona was not going to be at all pleasant.

The republican position at the moment is most optimistic, after ten days of the offensive, with all troops and material already thrown in. Of twenty-one or twenty-two divisions concentrated, seventeen have already been used in the attack. After tremendous losses in men and material, the enemy has nothing to show but an area of territory conquered on this side of the Segre which is useless from a military or economic standpoint. The Littorio Division has already been forced to withdraw temporarily because of heavy losses. The First Navarrese have suffered 30 to 40 percent losses and, what is more important, almost all their officers. The main forces on which the Italians have relied, the motorized units and tanks, have been rendered useless by the action of anti-tank squads in every battalion and corps.

The republican commanders and armies realize that there are still very difficult days ahead. One mustn't underestimate the power of material with which, thanks to non-intervention, the Italians are able literally to smash down hills. Yet, even if their slight advances continue to be resisted they will dwindle every day until the enemy forces have been completely worn out. Military secrecy forbids me at the moment to say exactly what the position of the republicans is in regard to reserve forces in men and material. Suffice it to say that they are sufficient to give the Italians a very big surprise in the course of the coming week. It is only a matter of days now before the back of the enemy offensive will be completely and finally broken. The Italians have yet to learn that Guadalajara can be repeated and not only on one front.

What Can the Jews Do?

A Rabbi Discusses the Choices Facing Them

BERTRAND E. POLLANS

WE JEWS face a world of totalitarian peace. Engineered into existence by monocled democrats in partnership with honest führers, we have been asked by them, to put it mildly, to foot the bill. Despite the social purges visited on us from 1450 B.C. to 5 A.H. (After Hitler), we go on hoping that the democracies of America will stand firm against bombed schoolhouses and burned synagogues. If we have become famous as the arch-enemies of the Berlin-Rome creed, we confess to a wanton delight in such fame. Greatness has been thrust upon us by our enemies, homelessness by our "friends." It is a shrewd piece of *Weltpolitik* which means no less than ultimate destruction for us.

What are we going to do about it? Shall we mourn? Tear our hair, put on sackcloth, sit on the ground and recite passages from *Lamentations*? Such demonstrations of despair are best indulged in as luxuries at the cemetery. Every Jew, whether he keeps to the left or right, whether he struts on middle ground or walks on air and contemplates the sun politically, is worried by the lot of his people. What son of Israel and daughter of Jacob does not know that we are the dearly beloved tribes of the totalitarians and the umbrella democrats? Are they not fond of us for our superb willingness to play the role of historic scapegoat in the modern comedy of conquest? In what over-civilized or barbarian country are we not earmarked as a peculiar people?

A peculiar people we are, but in this sense only. We are stiff-necked. We refuse to die even when the logic of history, written by historians, commands us to do so. The Bible designated us as a peculiar people centuries before the noble Aryans proclaimed their peculiar fitness to boss the world. Their economic geniuses still chew the tasteless cud that we are the international bankers, stirring up wars for profit but not for glory. Their cropped-haircut statesmen pamphleteer the world with learned statements against our ancient belief in the rights of all men as human beings. They grind out daily broadcasts to the Gombi tribes that we are the dangerous Bolsheviks who plot revolutions in cafeterias. Soon a diplomatic note from abroad will demand of our State Department in Washington that it close up all cafeterias. Only anti-luncheoners and anti-cafeterians will agree that America must abolish a great democratic institution founded on the right to see what one is about to eat.

Of one crime we Jews have not yet been accused. The common man makes no bones about its nature. He calls it theft. It is practiced by steamship cooks, captains, honest diplo-

mats, and trade-seeking consul generals. In the Foreign Offices of the European nations the pastime is technically known as espionage. In due time some documents will be forged à la Dreyfus affair for the shrewd purpose of exposing the inmates of the Hebrew Home for the Aged as spies. These bearded patriarchs will be charged with a conspiracy, international in scope, of branding pigs with the Kosher trade mark of the Orthodox rabbis. A scoop such as this would be the *pièce de résistance* of Teutonic *Schweineri*. Leave that to the social intelligence of the Elders of Munich.

An ancient accusation aged in the skulls of mighty Aryan thinkers is now being scientifically distilled for wholesale muddle-class consumption. As an amazing rediscovery in modern anthropological thought, what is the nature of this ancient charge? Can it be that we are related to the Martians? Here it is in its streamlined form. We talk a lot. That is really a profound observation. Of course we talk a lot now, as we've talked a lot in the past. Oysters are known for their silent syntax. Beasts are famous for their highly inflected language. The jellyfish can boast of a vast literature.

Sure, we talk a lot! But before we talked we thought a great deal about a universal God as Father and raceless man as brother. As a result of such alien thinking we formulated some suspicious ideas out of our blood and iron experience. Those ideas were social justice, human fellowship, and world peace: subversive propaganda designed to overthrow special privilege of the privileged, for the privileged, and by the privileged.

For four thousand years we expressed those ideas undiplomatically in their naked form. Now they are swathed in racial bandages, muffled in speeches of chauvinistic nationalism, and profaned in broadcasts by an American who calls himself a Catholic priest. We talked without end to the world at large and gabbed frequently to ourselves. It appears now that what we had to say was a lot of pure nonsense. We talked our heads off about the Ten Commandments but murder, adultery, theft, and covetousness were committed in the names of noble objectives. We talked our hearts out about the Sermon on the Mount, but orations on salvation through riches made the Sermon on the Mount sound like a cowardly squeak emanating from an ant hill.

The nations, with the exception of some true Christian groups and individuals, were terribly irked by our persistency. In our futile

attempt to convince the world that our talk was at least free from the beauties of *Schrecklichkeit* or the virtues of chronic indigestion, we mastered about seventy languages. Even then we were either misunderstood or shut up periodically by a method that is known now as the purge. Strange as it may seem, we were never told to go back to where we came from. Now, before we can even say anything, we are told to go back to where we came from. Ah, if we could only go back to where we came from, we might be able to adjust ourselves to the world by the latest technique of appeasement. But Arabs, appeasers, and stern totalitarians stand in our way on the "principle of self-determination." So what can we do now, we ask you, but talk to ourselves about our dilemma. We can punctuate our words with commas of protests to the sun and periods of reflection to the moon. We may keep this up for a while, but sooner or later we must act.

Four alternatives to a way out of our sizzling dilemma present themselves to us. They are suicide, assimilation, Ghettoism, and resistance.

In weighing the first alternative we must consider its practicality and its effect on the tender conscience of the world. There are fifteen million Jews scattered all over the world. Wholesale suicide for fifteen million Jews is a task of epic proportions. How shall we go about it? What methods can we use and how expensive would it be? Well, criminals use the gun, the rope, a dose of poison, or an injection of some deadly virus. On second thought, the last three methods would involve too much suffering for us. Many of us do not possess the stamina of a Job. After all, no totalitarian would be so cruel as to deny us the right to be selfish in regard to our self-extermination. Only a rat would object. The bullet at close range appears to be the most effective and the least painful way of suicide. One practical difficulty stands in our way. How are we going to obtain fifteen million bullets from the munitions manufacturers who already are swamped with exclusive orders from foreign nations for *Der Tag*? Heaven forbid that we should think of standing in the way of *Der Tag*!

Assuming that we can obtain the necessary supply of bullets to blow out fifteen million brains, we would hesitate to carry out our plan because of moral considerations. Why? Unfortunately, we are a tender-hearted people; as tender as the pink little body of a newborn infant. Did we not always give ear to the rabbinical injunction: "If I am just, be thou just; if I am merciful, be thou merciful"? It is in our blood. How can we, therefore, function as the engineers of a ghastly spectacle that would shock the civilized conscience of the world? No, three times no! The nations could not really bear the sight of it. We weep at the thought of the tears they would shed at our demise. If we killed ourselves we would violate their feelings of gentility; their most sensitive un-Christian love for us. Even if no

power on earth could deter us from our course of action, the nations would still have to witness the horrible sight of fifteen million cadavers ready for burial. No! It simply will not do.

Perhaps the gradual elimination by group suicide, so that we could bury our own dead, would be the most practical and humanitarian thing to do. This might be achieved by organizing an international corps of gravediggers and an international brigade of sharpshooters. The latter aggregation would be composed of World War Jewish veterans; men who fought for British imperialism, French security, German *Weltmacht*, Italian regeneration, and the self-determination of Poland, Rumania, Hungary, et al. To spare the world the lacerated suffering our monstrous act would entail, all Jewish groups in all countries would retire to forests and uninhabitable places such as deserts and swamps. It is hoped that we won't need passports or the flight tax to make the trip. We expect to stage a much better show than the one recently produced by our Polish brothers in new No-Man's Land. Thus, out of sight and out of mind, the sharpshooters would commit the act and the gravediggers would perform their task.

But who would shoot and bury the gravediggers? Why, the Huns of the Greater Reich who love their *algolagnia*: i.e., their pleasure in pain. With the burial of the last Jew, we speculate on what would happen should the Messiah suddenly appear on the scene. First, he would find no Jews to redeem. Second, he would automatically lose the job for which he was created by Providence. Let us stick to actualities. The Messiah will come when men least expect him.

It is taken for granted that all of the fifteen million Jews would heartily subscribe to our program without the advice of a non-Jewish non-intervention committee. Yet we do not exclude the possibility of opposition from a large group of Jews who would demand a solution by any of the other alternatives such as assimilation, Ghettoism, and resistance. What could we do then? We would have to call a meeting and talk it over. Since we are talking to ourselves while the apostles of appeasement are reshaping the map of Europe, it is nobody's business what alternative we decide on. Let us give some consideration to assimilation. Maybe that method will not violate any nation's right to self-determination. In weighing assimilation as the second alternative, some facts of experience come up for consideration. What does our history say in regard to our experiments in assimila-

tion? Instances of the failure of assimilation are too numerous to cite here. Any good Jewish history is full of them, for the curious and the skeptical. The modern example is graphically illustrated in the case of German Jewry. Hitler's race theory smashed the fond hopes and illusions of the most German of German Jews. And where did Hitler get his theory? Out of his own dried-up skull? Certainly not. Incapable of any original idea, he pilfered it

from the works of Gumplowitz, a German Jewish sociologist, who formulated the elaborate theory known as the *Rassenkampf*; i.e., race struggle. Hitler stole this theory and set it up against the theory of the class struggle by Karl Marx. In other words, he set the idea of one Jew against the idea of another Jew and produced a synthetic idea: the racial purity and superiority of the German people.

We admit that his was a mental feat of cockeyed proportions. What he actually achieved in terms of mathematical improbability was the proposition that 2 plus 2 equals 7¼. If ideas are private property, the Führer is the most consummate crook in human history. But if they are public property he is indubitably the genius of ultimate confusion. That is neither here nor there. We were talking about assimilation with a sneaking fondness for harmless digression. If the advocates of assimilation have failed in the past, it was due to their short-sightedness, their inability to see beyond their noses. We suggest in all seriousness that real assimilation

may be achieved by means of plastic surgery. Briefly speaking, we could shorten our noses, fifteen million of them. Such a nasal project would have to be financed by our bankers, that is, if there are any left. We might even float an international loan and earmark the funds exclusively to meet the costs of such a profit-bearing business enterprise. We would have to build clinics and hospitals, obtain the services of expert surgeons, and accumulate a vast store of medical supplies.

As to the type of nose that would make us look at least non-Jewish, that is a problem for the Jewish anthropologist. The Chamberlain nose, for example, is suspiciously contoured like a non-Aryan beak. Adolf Hitler's nose seems to possess the features of a pronounced mongrel type. Benito's nose is, anatomically speaking, a poor imitation of the mad Emperor Caligula's smeller. The shape of our noses to come is not so easy to determine. The very nature of the problem would stir up a hornet's nest among those



Pogrom



Pogrom

Lithograph by Victor Szues

who prize their Semitic schnozzles very highly. Who, by the beautiful Semitic profile of Jesus of Nazareth, would not be proud of his smeller?

If our enemies object to our long noses, let them argue it out with nature. Long noses we have. With a memory like that proverbial one of the elephant we never forget who are the public enemies of mankind. During our enforced pilgrimages from the Ur of the Chaldees to New York City and all points west we acquired a canine sense of smell for the fragrance of human goodness and the stink of evil. Now, if nature had endowed us with short noses, our whole course of history might have been changed. We would never have left off sniffing at the fleshpots of Egypt. Our days would have been numbered along the River Nile, not as Hebrew slaves but as 100 percent Egyptians; and Moses would have been unearthed in the twentieth century as the famous mummy of Amenhotep the Sixth. Our enemies, sad to contemplate, would have been deprived of their divine right to employ us as the scapegoat for the good of the totalitarian world order. Even if nature allowed us to carry out our plans, there is an unwritten law among us that ten Jews individually conspire to have ten different opinions on every subject. Consequently, we might as well give up the idea of assimilation by plastic surgery and speculate briefly on the third alternative—namely, Ghettoism.

The stay-where-you-belong system of life was a practical success in the sixteenth century. It was the age of the Ghetto. We were isolated from the rest of the world and thereby avoided Jew-baiting and pogroms—that is, whenever the authorities regarded them as a hindrance to balancing the palace or church budget by the fiscal mulcting of Israel. Although we lost contact with the progressive culture outside, we developed deep streams of mystical thought and eagerly computed the years of the coming of the Messiah. Instead of his advent, came the French Revolution. The Ghetto walls fell before the vigorous attack of young democracy. What are now the remnants of liberty, equality, and fraternity are being whittled away by the tory carpenters of appeasement.

Under the circumstances, it may serve our interests to return to a modern version of the Ghetto. This time we should see to it that its walls are constructed of reenforced concrete. A strip of land about a quarter of a mile wide outside of the walls could be filled with electrified barbed-wire entanglements. We can stipulate no guarantee against the intrusion of disgruntled totalitarians who might cut through the wire to enter our walls. We cannot be held responsible for the totalitarian bulls that will thunder anathemas upon those who try to communicate with us. Why should they want to communicate with us anyway? Inevitably to rediscover the lost treasures of the democratic heritage deposited in our safe-keeping. The nations would soon find out that the Ghetto would be a bad thing for the

sanctity of the state. Their rulers would be compelled to adopt extreme measures against the discontented totalitarians who would be unquestionably corrupted by the immoral democratic practices of our Ghetto.

Failing such measures as torture by the latest scientific instruments in order to save even one totalitarian soul, the rulers would have to destroy the Ghetto, but not its Jews. They would need us for a special purpose, that of reappearing on the totalitarian scene in our famous role of scapegoat. However, we do not exclude the possibility of a bitter conflict between the führers of the world for the possession and control of the herds of scapegoats. It is even conceivable that a world war would follow and we would be indirectly responsible for the pretty carnage. For when führers fall out they stop at nothing, even to enlist the aid of the Martians. By the heavens above! We have no right to return to the Ghetto and cause such a bloody rumpus. For the sake of some millions of pseudo-Christians in the world who have never stopped talking about their love for us, we renounce the alternative of Ghettoism.

Then what? Shall it be the last alternative: resistance to the last ditch? When the Holy Land was our own we were able to hold off the mighty legions of Rome for more than a



Soriano

Nazi Lullaby

Rockabye my babe and slumber,
Not a Jew from Alp to Humber,
Rabbi, Socialist, or priest;
Not a book from west to east,
Not a scientist or scholar,
Not a hamburg below a dollar.
Safe from democratic dangers,
Rest and grow to fight with strangers.
Sleep and rest each little fist,
Then awake and tug and twist;
Sturdy leg and arm and shoulder
You will have when you are older.
Crawl to strengthen back and chest.
Hitler guards the German nest.
Strong of body, strong of limb,
You will grow to fight for Him,
Perfect body, white and red—

But oh, that useless little head.

ARTHUR M. SAXE.

year. But today resistance is a tall order for fifteen million Jews without a single bayonet, a tank, a cruiser, or a bomber. Many Davids there may be among us to face the Goliaths but we possess neither sling nor stone to equip them for battle. What we do possess in the way of heavy artillery and machine guns are some ancient scrolls and prayer-books. Of course we can boast of scholars, scientists, artists, lawyers, business men, and musicians to map our defenses. Last but not least, we have our bare hands and a rich residue of historic memories and prophetic hopes born of despair. Ah, but we forget something vital. Until the Messiah decides to come on a white horse or in a trans-Atlantic clipper, we must talk it over.

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Quiet, Please

“THE slogan of ‘hush, hush’ raised by reactionary Jews toward increasing anti-Semitism in America seems now to have been adopted as a policy by the *New York Times* also,” comments the *New Times*, publication of the Communist workers of the *New York Times*, and gives the following story as proof:

The *New Times* recognizes that the *New York Times*, since it is owned by Jews, has always—and correctly—sought to avoid the tag of “Jewish newspaper.” In this effort, however, the *New York Times* has now actually bent over backward into actual anti-Semitism itself.

The attitude of Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher, illustrates this policy. The story goes that he met Harold Laski, English economist and also a Jew, on a train between New York and Washington recently. During their conversation, Mr. Sulzberger remarked that it would be “an unparalleled misfortune” for the Jews if Felix Frankfurter were appointed a United States Supreme Court Justice. Mr. Sulzberger went on to say that the occupation of high places by Jews only increased jealousy of Gentiles and therefore anti-Semitism.

“Well, then, Mr. Sulzberger,” Professor Laski told the publisher, “since you occupy one of the highest places in American life today, I assume you intend now to sell the *New York Times* to Gentiles.”

Treatment of anti-Semitic news by the *Times* has been generally to tone it down. The now famous broadcast by Father Coughlin on November 22, in which he attempted to prove Communism and Judaism synonymous and which was immediately repudiated by Station WMCA, received a few inches under an “M” head on an inside page the next morning. Yet, Coughlin’s renewed slanders against Jews got columns of space beginning on Page 1 a week later.

The *Times* had the smallest, mildest heads of any paper in the city on the persecution of German Jews in the days following the assassination of Vom Rath. Frank L. Kluckhohn’s dispatches from Mexico have consistently misrepresented the Mexican government as pro-Nazi and anti-Semitic, whereas the very opposite is true. In all the stories the *Times* has printed about Mayor Hague of Jersey City, not one word of his notorious anti-Semitism has appeared, despite facts given in the *New Republic* and elsewhere.

The *Times* has not printed a recent line concerning the ban on Jews in employment by Ford, the Edison utilities, National City Bank, and many other concerns. It has never raised a protest against “quotas” for Jews entering private colleges. It prints ads for resort hotels that will not take Jews as guests; it accepts help-wanted ads for Christians or Gentiles only.

The Student Convention

What the ASU Wants

RICHARD H. ROVERE

FOUR years is a student lifetime, and the American Student Union, which has just finished its fourth convention, will soon have turned over an entire generation. As an organization, the ASU has grown from the five hundred founders who met in Columbus, O., in 1935, to well over twenty thousand members and the acknowledged leader of five times its actual membership.

For its fourth convention, the ASU came back to New York City, which has been the home town of the student movement ever since Jack London and others started the Intercollegiate Socialist Society before the war. It came back to New York and back to City College, where student liberalism has always been strong. It was gratifying to the delegates to find a City College where the famed umbrella slinger, Frederick Robinson, who once expelled Joe Lash, the union's executive secretary, had been replaced by Nelson P. Mead, a leader of New York's liberal educators. Dr. Mead greeted the delegates at the Hippodrome meeting and spoke at length on democracy in academic administration.

The convention posed itself three problems in definition: "The Kind of University We Want to Study In"; "The Kind of America We Want to Live In"; "The Kind of World We Want to Live In."

Joe Lash gave the first report. The good university, he maintained, would be the one most cognizant of the America and the world for which it was planning its students. Old-line education by itself is worth precious little unless it is fused throughout with a consciousness of the real problems of students. These include the obvious hazards in our economic organization, unemployment and insecurity, as well as the heightening of these that would come with war and fascism. Education fighting fascism is education fighting for its own existence, and the whole campus, from the Sanskrit scholars down, must be made aware of this. This problem of preparation for life has infinite ramifications, Lash said, and he enumerated some:

The problem of the organization and content of the curriculum warrants more extended discussion. Today it is frequently true that college students will be informed on the interior decoration of a mummy's tomb but incapable of decorating their own home; they will be familiar with the texture of the Roman toga but a novice in buying a suit; they will discuss the marriage customs of the Zulu, yet in their ignorance make a mess of their own personal relations. This is not a plea for abandoning the studies of archeology, Roman history, and anthropology, nor for the subordination of the general to the particular. The college must consider,

however, whether its courses shall be pointed to the few students who may become scholars in subjects, or to the generality of students who, unless subject matter is presented to them in terms of their own problems of living, will not assimilate that subject matter.

Lash's masterly report, with its indications of a thousand problems beyond, yet related to, the things with which the ASU has traditionally been concerned, was a sign of the growing maturity of the organization. To be a liberal organization, the ASU need not—indeed, should not—discard, *a priori*, all the fixtures of college life. At the Hippodrome meeting speeches were preceded and followed by cheerleaders. Dr. Nelson Mead's eloquent defense of democracy in university administration was followed by the introduction of the Student Stomp, which, the publicity committee assured, was an entirely original creation. The relation of the Stomp to democracy may have been somewhat tenuous, but it brought forth applause and excitement which would have found no counterpart at another affair taking place a few blocks away—Brenda Diana Duff Frazier's coming-out party, at which some \$50,000 was spent. *Un-Americana*, a musical based on the Dies committee and authored by Leo Rifkin; speeches by Joe Lash and James Wechsler; and a solemn tribute to students who had died in Spain, rounded out the meeting.

Discussions on the kind of America students wanted to look forward to came midway through the sessions. The meeting of the commission on civil liberties, at which Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union spoke, drew the most fire. Baldwin argued the case of complete freedom for the propagation of all doctrines, even those promulgating race hatred. But the commission's majority was heavily against Mr. Baldwin. Ralph Hetzel, unemployment director of the CIO, led the discussion on the situation in the professions; Mrs. Thomas F. McAllister, chairman of the Women's Division of the Democratic Party, and A. A. Hartwell of Labor's Non-Partisan League, talked on practical politics, Max Yergan on Negro problems, and Reinhold Niebuhr and Max Lerner on the student ethic. Almost without exception, the America the delegates wanted was one in which the New Deal would continue its exercise of government power to provide real social security. They were anti-monopoly, pro-labor.

The pervasive shadow of Munich hung over the student convention. It was true there, as it is true everywhere today, that no genuine discussion on any subject could

take place without Munich insinuating itself in some fashion. Always there was the necessity of pointing out how Munich had made previous assumptions untenable, how the possibility of a Munich for Spain or China would further alter the general stratagem.

Basically there was very little difference of opinion on the essential direction. The delegates voted a program of collective action, of raising the embargo on Spain and applying it to Japan. A significant test of the strength of student isolationism came in the commission on neutrality legislation, led by Clark Eichelberger of the Foreign Policy Association, when Miss Robin Myers, an observer from the oddly named Youth Committee Against War and a hardy perennial of the student movement, introduced an isolationist resolution. It was voted down by 310-7.

The subdivisions of the general question of peace—national defense and that part of national defense of particular concern for students, the Reserve Officers Training Corps and the President's proposal for training civilian pilots—provoked the most discussion. These were questions that have sharpened in significance since Munich, and questions, too, with which the students had little experience.

Over the general proposition that Munich had made effective national defense a question of importance to progressives there was little debate; over the definition of effective national defense there was a great deal. A student member of the Society of Military Engineers gave an intelligent discussion which served more to indicate the problem's complexity than to give statistics. A delegate offered the hilarious suggestion that the cruising range of our battleships be limited to one hundred miles. The ignorance, however, was healthy and conscious, and the ASU went on record as favoring strong national defense as the necessary counterpart of our internal techniques for the preservation of democracy. Definition was left dependent upon further investigation of the problem, and intensive study was recommended to all delegates.

The ROTC has long been a concern of the ASU. Its reactionary leadership and compulsory status in publicly endowed schools have made its organization fundamentally anti-democratic. On the other hand, these are things alterable by democratic processes. The ASU voted for collaboration with democratic elements in the ROTC and at the same time for a program for democratization and the removal of compulsion. Similarly, President Roosevelt's plans for training civilian pilots was approved, with the reservation that the project be civilian-controlled.

The ASU will be a channel of the New Deal, both in its domestic policies and its developing anti-fascist foreign policy, on the American campus. Next winter a national student assembly will be called under the leadership of the ASU. There, it is hoped, 250,000 students will be represented by delegates instructed to take what actions are in line with the student desire for the extension of peace and democracy.



Richter

Mischa Richter

“IN THIS CORNER...”

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ESTABLISHED 1911

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A Program For Congress

THE 76th Congress has opened in an atmosphere filled with ominous overtones. The Garner-Hoover coalition is organizing its cohorts for the further unfolding of the tactic of the flank attack on the New Deal which achieved important gains in the elections. There is suddenly much talk about the "mandate" of the elections among the very people who denied that the overwhelming Roosevelt victory in 1936 constituted a mandate for further advance of the New Deal program. The nature of this new alleged mandate is indicated by the *New York Times*, which states editorially that the main task before Congress "will be that of revising the work of its immediate predecessors." And, it continues: "The demands for revision will center about the federal relief system, the Wagner Labor Relations Act, at least some aspects of the new Wage-Hour Act, the Social Security Act, the farm program, and perhaps certain features of the tax system." Of course we are assured that the proposed revisions are not designed to emasculate these measures, but are "a consolidation and a safeguarding of the real social gains that have been made."

The mandate of the 1938 elections was a real one, but it was quite different from that which the tongue-in-cheek "revisionists" are seeking to impose on Congress. The people demanded a swifter and more adequate realization of New Deal objectives, and the Republicans made the most of their gains by demagogically promising to meet this demand. What the majority of the people want is a program of genuine social and national security. Such a program must truly consolidate and safeguard the gains that have been made by expanding WPA, broadening

and liberalizing the Social Security Act, refusing to tamper with the National Labor Relations Act, greatly extending the federal housing program, legislating cost-of-production prices for the farmers, providing liberal credit facilities for small business men, curbing monopolistic policies, ending the pernicious activities of the Dies committee, revising the un-neutral Neutrality Act, and setting this country on a course of positive action for peace.

Whether or not such a program will be enacted and the tory coalition defeated will depend to a large extent on the degree of organization and unity of the labor and progressive forces during the coming months. Potentially, the most powerful lobbyist in the country is the American people.

A New Declaration

A TRULY stirring idea has come out of Hollywood, in the "Declaration of Democratic Independence" now being offered for the signature of twenty million Americans. This eloquent indictment arraigns the Nazis in the same language used of George III in 1776; it accuses them of nothing less than "a design to reduce the world under absolute despotism." As enemies of freedom of speech, press, worship, and assembly, as violators of international law, as torturers and pillagers, and as plotters against peace, the present masters of Germany are declared "unfit to be the friend of a free people," and the President and Congress are petitioned to break off all relations, diplomatic and economic, until "Germany is willing to reenter the family of nations in accordance with humane principles of international law and universal freedom." Signed by fifty-six of the most prominent screen stars, directors, and writers, the document is an accurate summary of the estimate most Americans place on the Nazi regime.

Further organized expression will be given to the anti-fascist sentiments of the nation in the fifth national congress of the American League for Peace and Democracy, opening in Washington January 6 for a three-day session. The authentic voices of millions will be heard at the congress, demanding an end of the present Neutrality Act and the formulation of a positive peace policy to check the worldwide offensive of fascism. The congress will naturally concentrate much attention on the pro-fascist forces at work in the United States, and the speech scheduled by Secretary of the Interior Ickes promises to be a powerful contribution to the fight for democracy at home. His subject is the Dies committee, and we can look forward at long last to a thorough working over, by a completely authoritative adminis-

tration spokesman, of this most dangerous of all current un-American activities. Everyone who can get near a radio should listen to this speech, Friday, January 6, at 9.30 p. m.

Franco-Italian New Year

ALMOST on the eve of his departure for Rome Mr. Chamberlain has received a Nazi New Year's nosegay in the form of intimations that Germany intends to build up her submarine fleet until she achieves parity with Britain and to construct two more Class A cruisers. At the same time Premier Daladier is grimly making the rounds of Corsica and the French African colonies in what might be interpreted as a determined, if somewhat frosty, New Year's greeting to his dear friend Benito. And before leaving, Daladier sent his other dear friend Neville a billet-doux saying thanks a million, but France would not be in need of any mediation services in her little dispute with Italy (or in plain English, keep your Runciman stiletto out of my back). Thus the great big happy Munich family demonstrates the virtues of "appeasement."

According to the *New York Times*, "the new expansion of the German navy evokes no enthusiasm in London, which sees itself forced to take counter measures that can only intensify the armament race." French naval circles are also reported to be "greatly disturbed." There is no indication of the reaction of Washington, but a German submarine fleet on a par with Britain's would undoubtedly constitute a great potential menace to American shipping.

It is against this background that Chamberlain and Mussolini are preparing to concoct a new witches' brew when they meet on January 11. It is no secret that Spain is the chief tasty morsel that they hope to be able to throw in the pot, with Chamberlain very considerably closing his eyes to the fact that the Italian press is openly boasting of the participation of four Italian divisions—forty thousand men—in the Franco offensive in direct violation of the Anglo-Italian agreement of last April. Will the Munich conspirators succeed? The United States, whose own security is so deeply involved, can be decisive in making the answer an emphatic negative.

For Loyalist Spain

WHILE General Franco and his foreign allies are having their difficulties in Spain, their war against democracy is meeting with increasing opposition on the part of the American people, according to the latest Gallup poll. This shows that 76 percent of the voters giving their opinions favor

the loyalists, while only 24 percent are pro-Franco. In February 1938, 75 percent sided with the loyalists and in February 1937, 65 percent. The increase in pro-loyalist sentiment in the past year, however, is actually greater than is indicated in the 1 percent rise. In February 1937, the Gallup survey reports, about one-half of the voters favored neither side, while today this has declined to one-third. Thus, support for the loyalists has increased from about 38 percent to 51 percent of the total number of voters.

Highly significant too are the results of the poll among Catholic voters, which show 42 percent siding with the loyalists and 58 percent with Franco. When it is remembered that the authority of almost the entire hierarchy and its press has been thrown to Franco, the high percentage of loyalist support among Catholics is remarkable.

Further evidence that a growing body of Catholic opinion, despite the rantings of gentlemen like the Rev. Joseph F. Thorning and Father Francis X Talbot, takes seriously the best teachings of the church is the appointment by President Roosevelt of George MacDonald, leading Catholic layman and a papal marquis, as chairman of a committee of ten prominent Americans formed to raise \$500,000 for the processing and shipment of 600,000 barrels of flour to feed starving civilians in Spain. The Catholic magazine *America*, edited by Father Talbot, has denounced our government's decision to provide this flour, on the ground that Franco does not need it and the entire shipment will therefore be distributed in loyalist territory. Even if this were true, since when is it Christian doctrine to deny food to the women and children of the opposing side? Or is this the same type of "Christianity" as that practiced by General Franco's bombing planes against civilian populations?

Scientists Against Fascism

THE growing social awareness of American scholars was clearly reflected in the conventions of the various learned societies which were held during the holidays. At no time in the nation's history have scientists and teachers and writers been so concerned with the link between their special disciplines and the general social problems of the day. Our scholars are realistically examining the relation between the laboratory and life. They are in no mood to evade the fascist threat to the world's science, culture, and democracy.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting at Richmond, explored the social implications of science and the scientific method. A new organization, the American Association of Scientific Workers, was created to carry out the reso-

lution of the convention to place science at the service of democracy and social progress. It is significant that the newly elected president of the association, Dr. Walter B. Cannon of Harvard, is one of the leaders in the American Medical Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Three hundred outstanding anthropologists, at the annual convention of the American Anthropological Association in New York, condemned the fascist attempt to pervert science to serve the theories of race hatred. In a vigorous resolution, the scientists agreed that "Anthropology provides no scientific basis for discrimination against any people on the ground of racial inferiority, religious affiliation, or linguistic heritage." Dr. John Swanton of the U. S. Bureau of American Ethnology attacked the Nazi view that wars are necessary because of "population pressure," and accused "the modern Nazis" of "destructive outbursts of fanatic frenzy such as have periodically debased mankind." At Providence, Prof. William A. Oldfather, president of the American Philological Association, discussed a parallel between the social problems of the ancient and the modern world. He warned that "As civilization was then organized, an imperialistic system of forcible and legalized exploitation, it was not worth preserving." At the Cleveland convention of the American Speech Teachers convention, one professor read a paper analyzing Hitler's "hysterical and hypnotic" speeches. At Washington Prof. P. W. Bridgman of Harvard told the American Association of Physics Teachers that the same kind of "courageous and intelligent" thinking which the physicist applies in his laboratory must be applied to social problems.

Every convention reflected this new social orientation. In some instances, the results were only partly satisfactory. On the whole, however, this year witnessed a consistent effort to defend science and culture by defending democracy against fascism.

All for a Nickel

BERNARR MACFADDEN has always been a sort of runner-up to William Randolph Hearst in the field of fascist journalism, and now that Hearst is on the wane, Macfadden is making a strong bid to be No. 1 man. He is doing rather well, if one recent issue of *Liberty* is any indication. The January 7 number leads off with an editorial by Bernarr which proves that Hitler's treatment of the Jews in no wise compares with the crimes John L. Lewis has visited on the American worker. Further along is an article called "What We Fight For," by Yosuke Matsuoka, of the Japanese Cabinet Advisory Council; then there is "I Am a Prejudiced Southerner," by Frances Ran-

som, which is exactly described by its title; George E. Sokolsky writes on "Triumphant Private Enterprise"; Mussolini's Commander Attilio Gatti writes of Africa, a subject he should know well after Ethiopia; and the closing article is "What the Dies Committee Overlooked," which makes Mr. Dies something of a piker among Red-baiters.

\$50,000 Tootsie

LET no one say the rich are unproductive. They may drone around the grogshops with their Queen Bee, Elsa Maxwell, and they may sun themselves in Florida, but they concentrated on one super-production last year. We refer to Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, eighteen, who brought out the 398 of society at a \$50,000 shiveree at the Ritz last week. The elder, or wax-museum, division of the Social Register came out of the woodwork to join the saloon division for the pageant. There were old dames who nearly lynched themselves with ropes of diamonds as they gandered at the doings. There must have been many a brimming eye at the thought of the two absentees, Richard Whitney and Coster-Musica, but the survivors the law can't reach carried on.

Brenda is a cute little doll who has \$4,000,000 and enough clothes to cover a trainload of Hitler refugees. It is conceivable that a child of this age might be developed into a useful citizen but Brenda has too much against her at the post. She has the burden of symbolizing the cultural ideals of the rich; she is their ikon. She is the symbol of Cholly Knickerbocker's diamond garter clasps and an editorial in the *Sun*. The little kid works hard, and it was feared that the debut party might be postponed due to the long morning hours she put in standing guard in the chromium jookeries of wealth. But the ceremony was saved shortly before midnight when Mama brought Brenda through a flashbulb guard of honor.

The press worked itself into a fine beady lather. The affair was too hard on the average stomach to receive strictly objective reporting. Of course Hearst's man, Cholly, was true blue. Cholly has the fascination of a Raffles for diamonds and pearls and he celebrated every bauble his gaze encountered. His report might be compared to a Cartier catalogue. Captain Patterson, the homespun sage of the *News*, got editorially excited about what the Reds would say. Under the reassuring caption, "O Pish, Tush," he scotched the thought that the \$50,000 might be better employed in some social cause. Does not this money give widespread employment to caterers, florists, dressmakers, busboys, and stomach pumps, hinted the captain. He was so exercised that his piece ended without the punch line, "Two ships for one."

A famous time was had by all, the breakage was low, scarcely anyone surrendered his dinner behind the decorations, Brenda earned a rest, and seven million citizens of the town went about their immemorial routines, selling pants, getting pink slips in the mail, sighing over the European situation, and saying to each other over the newspictures, "Gee, what a tootsie."

R. I. P.: Socialist Party

WITHOUT eliciting so much as a passing tear, the New York State Socialist Party has ceased to exist as an independent political party. Dissolution was decided on by a referendum of its membership following the sharp decline of the party's vote in the last election and its loss of legal status. The referendum also voted to have Socialists join the American Labor Party as individuals.

This decision brings to an end the activity of a party which has existed in New York State since 1901 and with whose name there were formerly associated some of the finest traditions of the American labor movement. It is an ironic commentary on the recent history of this party that its act of self-dissolution was the most positive contribution it made to American political life during the last two or three years of its existence. For the disappearance of the Socialist Party in the state which has been its traditional stronghold is only the culmination of a process of degeneration that holds important lessons for the entire labor and progressive movement. After years of post-war stagnation and decline under the leadership of an opportunist and corrupt right wing, new left trends began to emerge in the Socialist Party about 1932. These left trends won the day at the 1934 convention of the party, where the Old Guard leadership was defeated and a militant, though confused, declaration of principles adopted. Despite many vacillations, the Socialist Party began to move toward united action with the Communist Party and the adoption of militant policies.

At the 1936 convention the Socialist Party split with the Old Guard; but simultaneously it embraced the Trotskyites. The embrace proved fatal. Beginning with the 1936 election campaign, the party, under the leadership of Norman Thomas, increasingly isolated itself from the progressive forces of the country and adopted policies which repeatedly played into the hands of reaction. As a result, its national membership, which had grown from 10,389 in 1931 to 19,121 in 1935, declined steadily until at the end it numbered no more than about three thousand. In recent months the Socialist Party devoted its main energies to attacking the

New Deal, the American Labor Party—which it now sanctimoniously urges its members to join—the Soviet Union, the loyalist government of Spain, advocates of concerted efforts to curb fascist aggression, and progressive movements in all countries. Symptomatic of its degeneration was the action of Sam Baron, alternate to its National Executive Committee, in appearing before the Dies committee and giving an exhibition of pro-fascist slander and vilification. The liquidation of the party thus merely marks the formal burial of what had become a decidedly ill-smelling political corpse.

Strength through Joy

THE monkey house of the National Socialist zoo rocked to its rafters with a scandal last week. Herr Doktor Goebbels, supposedly in bed with influenza, was revealed to have been the object of a sound beating by some friends of a movie actor Goebbels had thrown in a concentration camp, so that the Doktor could mooch his girl. The Doktor is the head man in the German movie industry and he doesn't believe in allowing any grass to grow under his couch. True Germans are Pagans, the Doktor has said, and he was trying it out for himself.

The ideological structure of National Socialism developed several squeaks over the incident. Frau Goebbels, another movie find of the Doktor's, didn't like the business. The wives find it a little harder getting to be Pagans. She attempted to huff off to Finland to seek a divorce but Hitler said no. This was very unsporting and un-German and, worse yet, it would have deprived Hitler of a capable hostess who knew the right forks to give the guests when they sat down to carve up a neighboring state.

The Case of John L. Childs

ABOUT a year ago, Professor John L. Childs of Teachers College withdrew from the Teachers Union. His decision to part company with the trade-union movement in his profession was publicized neither by himself nor by the press. His absence from the union was not widely noted, since Professor Childs had not participated actively in the affairs of the union, despite repeated requests that he do so. Last week, Professor Childs decided to inform the world that his action of a year ago was a protest against the "Stalinist domination" of the union in New York. He found a willing collaborator in Edward Levinson, Red-baiting labor reporter for the *New York Post*. Between the two of them they provided the press with a hot "scoop" based on the event which nobody had seen fit to publicize for a year.

Two questions will occur to the reader. Why should Professor Childs use this moment to explain his year-old action? What objective truth is there in his charge that the New York locals of the American Federation of Teachers are undemocratic?

In the past few weeks, articles have appeared in the *Nation*, *NEW MASSES*, the *American Teacher*, and other progressive journals, attacking the undemocratic procedures which led to the closing of New College, a liberal institution associated with Teachers College. There is abundant evidence that the retreat on Morningside Heights was engineered by reactionary trustees and administrators. The members of the faculty were not consulted. The budgetary question was used as a smoke-screen to hide the real question of progressive education. Professor Childs has scrupulously refrained from taking a position which might be distasteful to the administrator. In a recent letter to the *Nation*, he revealed that the attack on his stand had gotten under his skin. Together with a few of his colleagues, he raised the Red issue by declaring that the *Nation* article on New College showed "the hand of a political sect in American life which operates on the principle that it will destroy whatever it cannot rule." This letter was followed by his attack on the Teachers Union. The conclusion is inescapable that an effort is being made to discredit the organization which is most vigorously prosecuting the New College case. The Red issue is serving to confuse an immediate issue between progressivism and reaction.

The Teachers Union flatly denies the charges of Professor Childs. The union officials point out that policies of the organization are decided at open executive board meetings, general membership meetings, and by referendum. Professor Childs has refused to serve as chairman of the important Educational Policies Committee, to which he was elected. Outstanding educators have issued statements repudiating Professor Childs' position. Prof. Franz Boas, the eminent anthropologist, last week applied for membership. Robert K. Speer, professor of Education at New York University, condemning the Childs ballyhoo, declared, as a genuine trade unionist, that "Anyone deeply concerned about the union and its tactics would not resign; he would stay in and fight." Herbert Wechsler, professor of Law at Columbia, described the Childs attack as "a distorted view of the situation." The Teachers Union is a progressive and democratic union which has grown rapidly and won important educational reforms in the past few years. Its fine record, and the eagerness with which its members have defended that record, constitute a sufficient answer to Professor Childs and the labor-baiting press.

Forsythe's Page

Their Last Refuge

IT SEEMS to me that democracy can scarcely stand more than eight additional Saviors. It is now being saved by Martin Dies, Father Coughlin, and Senator Burke of Nebraska. The latter is particularly important because he represents a new order of rescuers.

I can best explain what I mean by telling you that the train I travel to work on in the morning is filled with brokers and bankers reading the *New York Herald Tribune* and hating Roosevelt. When the train comes to a stop at a station, it is impossible to determine whether the ensuing noise is the screaming of brakes or the cooperative gnashing of teeth of Westchester commuters at reading some new edict by our President. A friend of mine refers to these daily commuting trains as the Assassination Specials because they are filled with individuals who, if their own declarations are to be believed, would shoot any Roosevelt like a dog and consider it an act of patriotism.

From among this set has arisen a new philosophy of Americanism which is allowing these gentlemen to credit themselves with being the true defenders of democracy. Their argument runs like this: A democracy is that form of government which allows the greatest latitude to the private citizen and limits the activities of the government to the smallest possible sphere. Ergo, the attempt of the New Deal to organize the government so that it may function more efficiently is a direct attack upon democracy. Ergo, the defeat of Roosevelt is imperative if democracy in this country is to be maintained.

This doctrine comes with the most vehemence from staunch Republicans who have fought for years to maintain the protective tariff, a device by which the federal government uses its powers to protect the interests of private business and achieves a standard of public interference in private affairs of such unparalleled virtue that big business has burned incense to it for generations. These are the same gentry who have joined one with the other in trade associations which have allowed the individual member all the freedom of a convict kept in solitary. If you were in the building business and wanted to buy cement, you would find that the bids of the individual companies belonging to the association did not vary so much as a penny. In buying steel you would have the same experience. If you wanted to go into the business of making bottles, you could do it only if you had the consent of the Hartford-Empire Co.

In short, the reactionary gentlemen who for

years have struggled to get themselves either a monopoly of business or have urged that the government interfere to protect them from foreign competition have now become the most fervent advocates of the fullest freedom of action. And guess what Mr. Roosevelt is in their eyes. He is a fascist. He is undermining democracy. And it would be a good thing if somebody took a shot at him. Not because he is helping the poor and making the rich be honest; but because he is destroying the very foundations of this republic!

Yet anybody who uses his head even for the faintest bit of thinking will know that Senator Burke, for example, has fascist tendencies. His struggle against the President's court-reform plan, the Reorganization Bill, and other measures of the New Deal were supposedly based on Senator Burke's determination to save our democratic form of government. However, it was interesting to note that when the senator returned from a trip to Europe this summer, he informed the ship reporters that Hitler was a great man. His glowing words about the success of the Nazis in Germany were in the nature of an advertising blurb.

It is always the same. You can smell the phony democrats a mile off. Like the lady who protests her virtue, they protest their liberalism too much. But they are the new menace in this country, nevertheless. In adopting these tactics they have been able in certain important instances to put themselves on what seems to be the liberal side. They wangled the Supreme Court and reorganization issues about until they became battles in which they were defending democracy against the tyrant. They will keep the thing going as long as it pays them dividends, coming out as full-fledged fascists at a later and more propitious moment.

As an instance of their interest in their chosen subject, they will, at the drop of a hat, begin quoting the words of the Founding Fathers. It seems that this government was formed by a set of men who were divinely guided and fully informed of what their descendants would be thinking 150 years later. Hence the perfect democratic system of checks and balances. The more checks and balances the better. If any proposition arises which will allow government to function for the benefit of the people generally, this must be stopped at once by a check or it must be balanced with something so obnoxious that the original endeavor will be useless.

One can only look forward to the incoming session of Congress with a shudder. The

amount of flag-waving and freedom-mouthing will surpass all former records. The air will be full of solemn words uttered by weasel-eyed small-town lawyers who have a permanent crick in the back from bowing so long to the local light-company president. These musty old thugs will be shouting Americanism at the top of their lungs, seemingly carried away by the strength of their emotions but really always practical enough when it comes to voting as the big boss back home desires. Among the young reactionaries there will be many who are determined to be ready when opportunity knocks. The Hitler example has not been overlooked by our own little dictators, and there is the conviction in the heart of many a young sadist that *he* is the proper man to save America from the rabble. If patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, there are going to be a lot of awful people huddling together in that retreat this session.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



Fred Ellis

Note for the Superintendent

Death in the apartment house—
Unflowered, unfriended—
Is a mild goodbye and sendoff in
A hearse, all walking ended.

The living kind man stumbled on the law
Of property, and hence the loss.
The hearse is at the curb; a blind man
Drives a blind man to the station house.

Fate and the Corporation bleed to do it.
Who could have guessed?
The mild, kind man he was,
So lately dressed.

In decent self-respect, not pride,
But love—for two clear daughters and
A quiet wife, for friends
And animals and all open land.

The closed dark now,
Revenge of Corporation
Against the single money changer
Without its education.

MARSHALL SCHACHT.



Fred Ellis



Fred Ellis

Faster, Farther, Higher

Soviet Airmen Dream of a World-Girdling Flight, Non-Stop

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

The second Soviet transpolar flight to America in 1937 set a world's non-stop distance record which stood until November, when three British bombers surpassed it with their flight from India to Australia. But weeks before the man who led the Soviet flight across the Pole had anticipated such an eventuality and the following article tells how his country plans to meet the challenge to its aerial supremacy.

IN 1937 they landed faultlessly at the North Pole in the most extraordinary mass flight in history. In daring individual-craft performances, they flew twice across the Pole to America, the second time setting the present world non-stop distance record.

Last year they furnished a profound scientific and military lesson with an aerial non-stop jaunt from Moscow to the vicinity of Vladivostok, and three of their women military flyers hopped non-stop from the Black Sea to the White Sea. Their assaults on world records in every classification are keeping the Paris headquarters of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale busy certifying the new marks.

Ever present in the international aviation circles is the question of what the Soviet airmen will do next to improve on their own achievements, not to mention last year's round-the-world streak of Howard Hughes and the trans-Atlantic survey flights by the American, British, French, and German flying boats.

The Soviet airmen's lusty appetite for further conquest of nature grows in direct proportion to the magnitude of their latest exploits. Is there an aviator in any country who would not be understandably restless under the spiritual and physical stimulus of the knowledge that all of his land's resources are at his beck and call in any enterprise designed for the advancement of human progress?

Outside the Soviet Union, the most difficult thing to cope with in connection with any projected flying novelty originating there is to convince even the friendlier of foreigners that the scheme is out of the "daydream" category. So broad in their scope are the ambitions of Soviet aviation that at times those unfamiliar with the extent of its material resources, with the high degree of formal training and creativeness of its manpower, may even be excused in their I'm-from-Missouri stand.

But Soviet aviation, perhaps more emphatically than any other Socialist activity, has been living up to Marshal Voroshilov's dictum that "Nothing is impossible to a Bolshevik." I am sure that on the basis of past performance and its present reputation, considerably more

respect than on some former occasions will be commanded by its latest "fantastic" plan when in another few months it becomes better known abroad. The foreign specialists who have been familiarized with the newest grandiose plan are taking notice.

What is it all about? The plain truth is that the incredible Bolsheviks now propose to *fly non-stop around the world, across both Poles!*

In the forefront of the sponsors of this idea is Brig. Gen. M. M. Gromov, leader of the second transpolar flight last year. He once wrote: "In our splendid country are being materialized the best, the boldest concepts and plans of progressive mankind. We, flyers, are being convinced of it better than anyone else—from our own experience." And again, "It is very difficult not to daydream in our remarkable land where even a fairytale becomes reality."

Some day the letter written last summer by two Leningrad schoolboys asking Gromov to settle their dispute on the feasibility of such a flight may rank with other historic documents of world aviation. I translate it below in full:

Dear Mikhail Mikhailovich:

We, two comrades, have decided to turn to you with a request to settle our heated argument. The controversy is this: Is it possible to stage a round-the-world non-stop flight, Moscow-Moscow, say, along the route followed by the American airmen Post and Hughes?

One of us ardently defends the possibility of such a flight, if not in the immediate future at least in a few years. Attesting in favor of this possibility are Chkalov's and your own flights, Moscow-North Pole-United States, which, had you so desired, could have extended to the Panama Canal if not farther. Bearing out to the same effect is the giant leap from Moscow to the vicinity of Vladivostok by Heroes of the Soviet Union Kokkinaki and Briandinsky.

The other debater retorts that neither the crew nor the machine can sustain the huge strain of a non-stop trip along so lengthy a route.

We both believe implicitly in our aviation and in our marvelous airmen who have already shown the world that there are no limits for the performance of the Soviet aircraft. We do want to believe that the round-the-world non-stop flight, Moscow-Moscow, will be made by Soviet flyers.

And so we earnestly ask you to answer the following questions:

Is a Moscow-Moscow flight around the world possible at all?

When can it be accomplished?

How much time will such a flight consume?

I. GORDON

Pupil of School 23, Frunze District

I. SOLOVEY

Pupil of School 32, Dzerzhinsky District
Leningrad.

Gromov replied that the more optimistic of the two young letter-writers was also the more prophetic.

Unquestionably [Gromov answered in part] the realization of such a trip demands a special machine. Such a plane can never be particularly speedy. Studying the problem of distance, making their complex computations, the designers have arrived at a law like this: The faster a plane flies, the shorter the distance which it can cover non-stop. Nevertheless, modern technology possesses the requisites for the construction of a machine for record flying, developing cruising speed of 250 to 300 kilometers an hour.

How soon may the non-stop Moscow-Moscow flight around the world come to pass? I personally think that the flight can be accomplished within the next year or two.

You ask how much time this non-stop flight may consume. The calculations, to which I referred above, testify that such a flight is likely to last eighty to ninety hours. Of course, it will impose great tension on the flyers' strength, demanding great endurance, energy, and courage. But the whole world has again and again been shown that Soviet airmen possess all these traits.

Although it is a bit too early to open nominations for the personnel of such a flight, there will probably be no dissenting vote at the mention of Gromov as a logical leader. He belongs in such a scheme not because he is its most active backer, but because of his unequalled contributions to this branch of aeronautical sciences, especially the setting of the non-stop distance record, and his status as the foremost theoretician of the technology of record flying.

To be sure, there are other Soviet and non-Soviet airmen whose training and experience entitle them to inclusion in the crew. Soviet birdmen are the first to pay homage to competent flyers abroad. Colonel Serov, a master stunt-pilot of pursuit craft, is concerned with other, actually pressing, aspects which are succinctly summed up in his article published in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*:

Experience of world aviation shows that for such a flight it is best to select a plane capable of flying at high altitudes. It is even possible that a strato-plane will be necessary for this purpose.

There are several essential characteristics of non-stop distance aircraft on which the authorities have been in agreement for the past few years. Obviously, it must carry an adequate supply of fuel. The technicians have been solving this problem virtually exclusively by extending the wing span. Soviet distance craft have been marked by a span ranging between 20 to 35 meters. The fuel has been normally distributed in several tanks mounted along the wing interior, this incidentally endowing the wings with greater stability in mid-air.

But sufficient fuel does not settle the question of distance coverage. Economical consumption is indispensable. Hence, a variable regulation of the carburetor function is arranged beforehand, in accordance with a schedule of operations drawn up for each successive stage of the flight. At various periods, as the fuel tanks are emptied, the plane alters its altitude. This, on the one

hand, results in the most favorable utilization of fuel, and, on the other, increases the speed of the plane. Only by blending both these factors can the maximum non-stop coverage be squeezed out of the machine.

Then there is the matter of choosing a suitable propeller. As noted, it is not the aim of distance flyers to attain record speeds, the average from European experience being perhaps about 180 km./h. Considerable advantages are believed possible in distance flights from the use of three-blade propellers; this has been verified by long-range cruises of France's Dewoitine type D-33. As for variable pitch, an otherwise unmistakable trend in modern propeller operation, in this particular type of flight, the variability is not expected to be of help.

One of the most critical moments in the progress of the world's first non-stop aerial circumnavigation will be the take-off of the overloaded ship. The distribution of the load while still on the ground is as inadvisable as its concentration when in mid-air. There is a mathematical limit to safe distribution of load, governed by the wing spread, beyond which it is dangerous to proceed without running the hazard of impairing the sturdiness of the airplane.

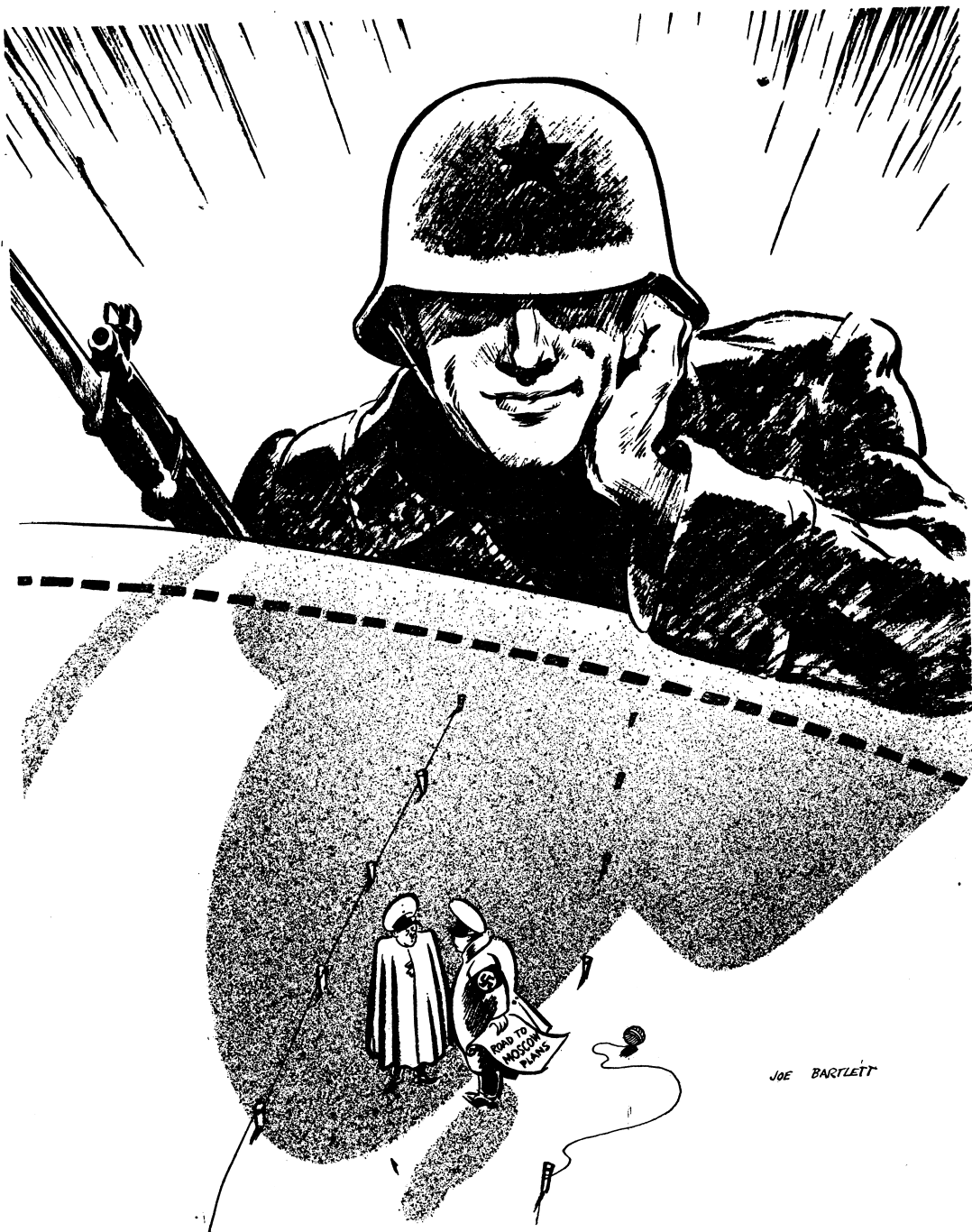
A thousand and one special technological problems are now being worked out apropos of the project, most of them receiving Gromov's personal painstaking attention. For the past few years he has been threshing out many of them in his writings. Here it is possible to acquaint the reader only with generalizations and those phases of his work which lend themselves to popularization.

Gromov's guiding philosophy is illuminating and reassuring in regard to the soundness of his self-imposed assignments. When he landed in this country, he was introduced to a noted American pilot, who, returning a compliment from Gromov, answered graciously: "After your achievement, there is very little left for us Americans to do." Recalling that remark late last summer, Gromov commented:

Certainly, there is a great deal of excessive modesty in those words. Although the Americans are learning much from us, it would be great conceit to think that we have already accomplished everything, that foreign aviation is in no condition to break our records. One must not forget for a minute that aviation is an exceedingly dynamic branch of progress. Aviation is moving forward with seven-league steps in all countries. Individual records last a few months, at times only a few days.

And although, this year, none of the capitalist countries has undertaken much of anything to display the might of its aviation, yet they already have abroad new machines and flyers who are capable of surpassing the world distance record. Many general staffs, unwilling to publicize the secret of the completed constructions, forbid record flights even in the machines that are already assimilated.

It goes without saying that our Soviet aviation, called upon to guard the peace of the nations, also has not stood still this year. We have every opportunity at our disposal for answering any attempt to beat our world record with an even longer flight.



"Do you feel a little chilly, Hermann?"

J. Bartlett

Gromov buttresses his theorizing with documentation. He pointed to Kokkinaki's flight last year, as an index of the potentialities of Soviet aviation. An ordinary, serially produced plane reached the Far Eastern frontier within a day. Considering this and his own record-breaking trip together, Gromov said:

Had we been flying . . . in a machine of the same speed and with a decent distance range, we could have cut our time between Moscow and North America practically in half. And now our crew will consider it the greatest happiness to be entrusted by the party and the government with any new, more difficult task.

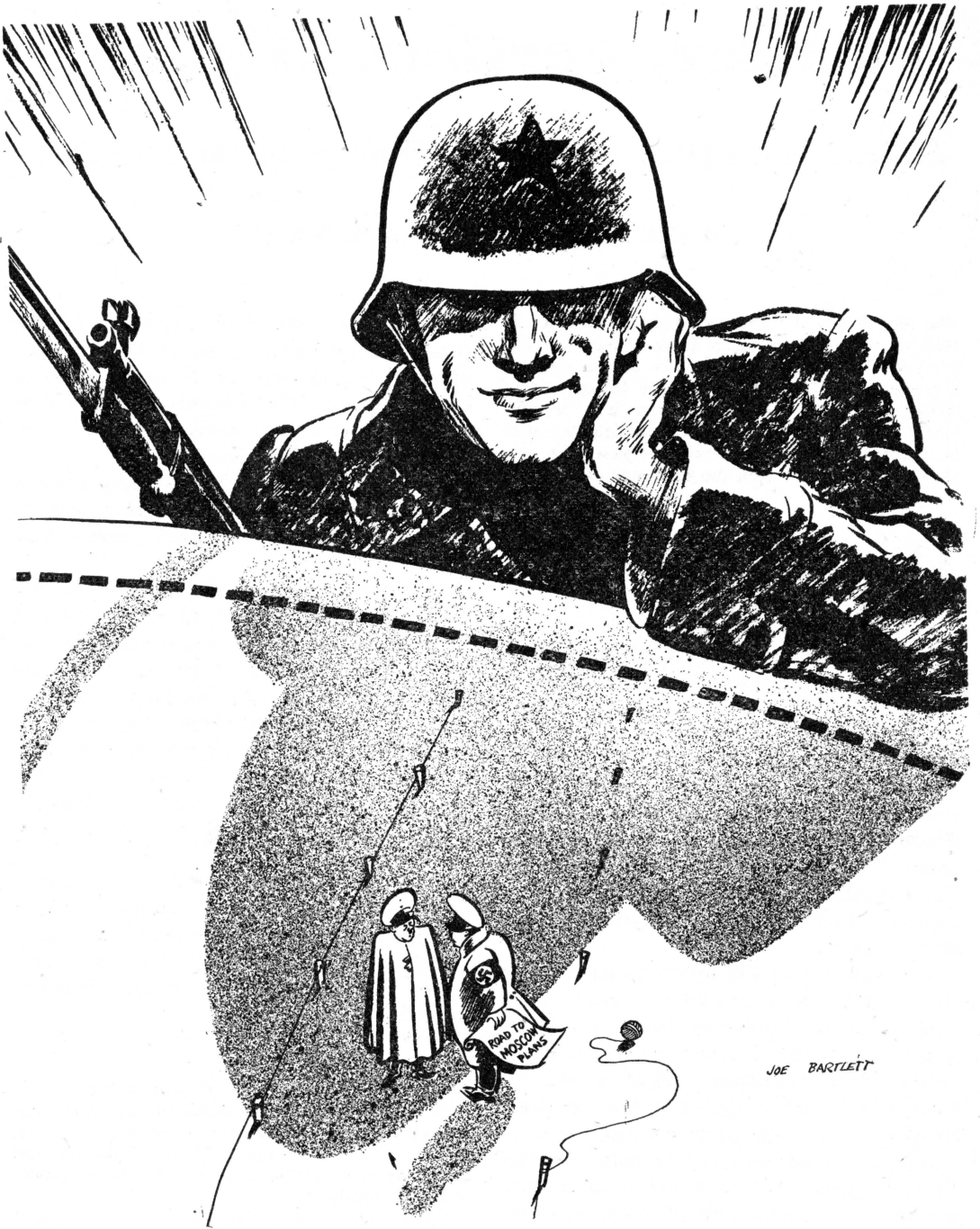
What will these new, more difficult tasks of the near future be like? What does this gifted veteran—who is at home in the overweather stratosphere though he makes his plans with his feet solidly planted on terra firma—regard as the most absorbing thing to come? In the reluctant manner of a genuine scientist he

nevertheless commits himself to the belief in the possibility, nay the inevitability, of a non-stop flight around the world, soon.

On the basis of study and solution of the problem of distance, climaxed by the establishment of the present world record, we have reached these conclusions. We have all facilities for building a plane in which it will be possible to smash all distance records for straight line, closed circuit, and other flights, without refueling.

How great will this distance be? It is highly probable that we will be able to fly on our old route—from Moscow to Southern California via the North Pole, and *without landing*, to return to Moscow. This distance will total 20,000 kilometers. Such a flight can be made with fewer risks than the one of last year: The danger of ice formation will be completely excluded, inasmuch as the airplane will be able to fly above all clouds at an altitude of 7,000-11,000 meters.

In the last remark Gromov is, no doubt, alluding to the fact that the plane used in 1937 was already five years old at the time of



JOE BARTLETT

J. Bartlett

"Do you feel a little chilly, Hermann?"

its historic leap and its ceiling was severely limited, while the new flight would be essayed in an up-to-date type.

With all his unwillingness to be specific on speculative and unverified matters, Gromov feels his obligation to state unequivocally to the public his own expert opinion on the proposed plan to encircle this planet in a non-stop flight.

Not only does he reiterate, each time more emphatically, his conviction of its feasibility, but he suggests an itinerary: Moscow-Khabarovsk-Alaska-New York-Paris-Moscow. This was the airway traversed by the late Wiley Post, with stops. At an average speed of 250 km./h., Gromov points out, this entire trip can now be covered non-stop within approximately the same space of time as was taken by his USSR-USA flight in 1937. He throws additional light on the outstanding question in the minds of aviation folk: What must be the specifications of the craft designed for the purpose?

First of all, the plane's ceiling must be sharply raised. Dependence on the weather must vanish—planes will fly in the stratosphere, especially since it is there that colossal opportunities for high speed are opened up. Not in vain does the whole history of aviation sparkle profusely with record altitude flights. Flying in the stratosphere nowadays poses the question of distance flying in a different manner, too. If we are already able to cover from 10,000 to 12,000 kilometers in a straight line, then in the nearest future it will be possible to speak of 20,000-km.-long flights. Of course, for this will be needed planes with good aerodynamic qualities and with hermetically closed cabins.

The only postscript that this story requires is a reminder that many months before his squadron landed at the North Pole, the aviator Vodopianov, who is also a talented author, had published a "fantastic" novel in which he had minutely foretold all the circumstances of that epochal adventure. Vodopianov has just come out with another story—"pure fiction" as yet—called "Twice Around The World"!

★

United Sculptors

THE United American Sculptors, a division of the United American Artists, affiliated with the UOPWA, will hold their first annual exhibit at the New School of Social Research, 66 West 12th St., New York City, opening January 7 and continuing through the month.

Eighty exhibits, ranging from the classic to the modern and abstract and including all intermediary stages and schools, is the CIO union's answer to the charge of "regimentation." The union claims to represent the beginning of the first truly American sculpture movement. This new movement has been given impetus by the Federal Art Project of the WPA on which many members are employed, since the expense of materials for this essentially communal art is beyond the reach of most individuals.

Salvation Home

A Short Story

MERIDEL LESUEUR

THE girls looked in at me and sometimes they came in and asked me what I was in for. How did it look outside? When was I going to pop? When they came in they had to watch for the matron, and run when she was coming up the stairs. Alice, the deaf girl, and I wrote notes and looked out the black bars at the snow.

In the cold mornings I could see the girls about to deliver walk slowly down the hall. Every night you could hear screams from someone in labor and day and night the kids squalled in the nursery and the girls would go down the halls trying to see their babies but they couldn't.

At night the policewoman sat up all night at the bottom of the stairs. Every half-hour she went through the halls with a flashlight. She was a great, strong woman and the girls said she pinched and bent your arms when she got hold of you.

I couldn't sleep in there for thinking they would sterilize me. When I went to the bathroom and back I could see in the open doors and the beds would be drawn close together and I could hear the girls laughing and whispering.

Alice said there were electric alarms at the windows. There was certainly no way to escape. I couldn't sleep so I began dreaming about trying to get something to eat again, and it would make me very sick and I would vomit. I asked the matron for a doctor because I didn't want to lose the baby but she said, You are all right, there is nothing the matter with you, you just want to get out of working in the laundry.

Alice told me that somebody was leaving the next day and I wrote a letter to Amelia and this girl I didn't know took it out for me and in about two days I got an answer from Amelia. I read it over and over and I showed it to Alice and she knew Amelia. It seems just about everybody knew her. The letter said:

Don't be afraid, baby. U are a maker now. U are going to have a good child, very good child, young dater or son. The day is near. Take hope, comrade. Dr. will see u soon. We see to that. Take sum hope. Workers Alliance meet nex day from this. Have child happy demand ther be no so bad misry for our peepl like we hev so we can hev our child in gret city with sum joy. See u very soon, deerhart. Amelia.

On Easter we had chicken for dinner and we could stay downstairs one hour longer and talk. There were hundreds of funny papers for us to read sent by some woman's club, and also jigsaw puzzles. Alice showed

me all the people, writing funny things on her pad. There was a pretty girl with blonde hair named Julia who made all the jokes. Nobody could get her down. She said last Easter she spent in a beer joint getting stiff with a guy she had never seen before. Couldn't we have a swell time, she said, if we could push all the tables together and have a beer and something to spike it, with a couple of cartons of cigs, we wouldn't even need any tails.

The radio played *I Love You Truly*, and everyone laughed, and a girl who had one glass eye she lost in a munitions factory said, You son of a bitch if you loved me truly I wouldn't be here—and we all laughed.

I'll be glad to get out of here, Julia said, I'll be glad to say goodbye to this. She said to me very polite, I hope you have your kid here, I think we're gonna pop about the same time.

We'll all go nuts together in this joint, the girl with the glass eye said bitterly.

When are you going to deliver, I asked her.

Hell, she said, if you work nine hours a day and no fresh air you're too damned tired to deliver.

A girl with yellow hair like straw came in and everyone was quiet.

Alice wrote on the pad, A stool.

We all began to read the funny papers. The bed bell rang and the major came in to lead us in prayer. She read from the Bible. Some of the girls could talk together on their fingers, clasped behind their backs. The major talked about the great divine joy of Easter and of motherhood and prayed asking the deity to forgive us for the great sin we had committed and be lenient with us and help us lead better lives in the future. Somebody must have made a mistake about the song because it was *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing*, which is a Christmas song, but everyone sang as loud as they could because it's a pleasure to sing and everybody sang it,

Hark, the herald angels sing
Wally Simpson stole our king.

and Julia began to giggle so that the major said, You may go Julia—and Julia turned at the door and thumbed her nose at the major and I felt an awful tickle of laughter like I was going to hoot and howl. Alice pinched me and smiled and pretended she was singing.

We marched upstairs. You could see all our gingham dresses exactly alike. I undressed and got in the gunny sack and big shoes and I could hear somebody crying in their pillow

from the next room and the cries of the hungry babies in the nursery. Alice touched my cheek and showed me a tiny flashlight she had under her pillow. I didn't feel sleepy so we began to "talk."

She wrote, Don't cry. We, the common people, suffer together.

I didn't know what she meant. How did she know I felt sad? She nodded and wrote again, Nothing can hold us apart . . . See . . . even deafness; then she wrote, Or loneliness. And then—Or fear.

I looked at her. I nodded. She held the flashlight cupped by her hand so it couldn't be seen from the hall.

I wrote, How?

We are organizing, she wrote.

I read it.

Then she wrote, Nothing can stop us.

The matron came down the hall and her face went dark and you couldn't hear a sound. When she had passed, the light went on again and Alice was leaning over the pad.

I read, I am with the Workers Alliance.

I looked at it a long time. I wrote, Amelia too?

She nodded and smiled.

I chewed the pencil and then I wrote, I worked all my life.

She read it and nodded and pointed to herself, shaking her head in a quick joyful way, and pointed to her own breast. She grabbed the pad. She looked at me like she loved me, then she wrote swiftly.

I took the pad. I was excited. I read, We are both workers!

She rolled over, the light went out, and I could hear her laughing. I began to laugh too. When she turned on the light again we could not write fast enough.

I wrote, What does it do, the Workers Alliance?

They demand food, jobs, she wrote quickly.

I looked at the word demand. It was a strong word. I didn't know what to write. I looked at it a long time. She looked at me and when I looked at her she smiled and nodded like she was going through a woods and I was following her. She leaned over and the light shone through her thin hand. She put her hand under her cheek, closed her eyes, which I saw meant sleep, and then she wrote in a bold hand and turned the tiny light on it.

Wake tomorrow!

Hearst Strike

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, who selected Chicago as the chink in the armor of the American Newspaper Guild, discovered to his dismay when he fired his torpedoes that the CNG's armorplate is heaviest below the water line.

More than 500 employees of Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* and *Chicago Evening American* are still on strike, four weeks after the executive committee issued the strike call as a last resort to stop Hearst-management violations of the contract signed last January. Strikers walked out from advertising, editorial, accounting, photographic, circulation, and art departments of the two newspapers, crippling them so severely they have not yet recovered despite the frantic hiring of strike-breakers at bonus wages.

Advertisers pulled their schedules after guild spokesmen presented them with convincing figures showing they were getting only 25 to 40 cents for their advertising dollar in terms of circulation.

One of the largest Chicago food purveyors not only withdrew all schedules for the duration of the strike, but demanded rebates on circulation he failed to get when striking circulation employees lopped more than 85 percent from the combined home-delivery of the Hearst Chicago papers, which boasted of the "Largest Home-Delivery Circulation in America."

Of all the major Chicago newspapers, the *Chicago Daily Times* has given the fairest news treatment of the strike. Radio stations, apparently fearing reprisals from the management, have hidden behind the "controversial" nature of the strike news.

The Hearst papers have trumpeted the untruths that the strike has been ended; that it is a jurisdictional fight between AFL and CIO unions (which many leading AFL union officials themselves have denied); and that the guild violated its contract in calling the strike.

Truth is: The strike is still on. The guild has no jurisdictional fight with any other union in the Hearst plants, here or anywhere else in America. The Hearst management violated their contract with the guild sixty-two separate and distinct times and forced the employees to strike for the preservation of that contract.

The usual beatings and sluggings, terrorism and threats, directed even against wives of striking guildsmen, came in the early days of the strike but a public opinion in Chicago aroused by the spectacles forced police to moderate their course in dealing with the pickets.

Even the "torpedoes," rushed to the strike area by Hearst, proved ineffectual: plug-uglies gave up when police indicated nightsticks might be waved in two directions.

Truly, William Randolph Hearst, who selected Chicago as a chink in the armor of the American Newspaper Guild, discovered to his dismay when he fired his torpedoes that the CNG's armorplate is heaviest below the waterline.

JAY THOMAS.



Adolf Dehn

Debutante Brenda Duff Frazier with the aid of four society boys demonstrates how she drove the Spanish war news off the front pages last week.

Readers' Forum

The Price of Books

TO NEW MASSES: The letters in your issue of December 13, on the price of books, touched off a subject which has been increasingly irritating me. I do not believe that Mike Gold's or Henry Hart's answers give the complete solution, for their solution is—wait for Socialism for books. But this is begging the issue. None brought up what seems to me to be a vital point in the question of cheap books for the masses. That is the question of binding.

The chief item in the Modern Age Books experiment was the paper bindings and the subsequent lowering of cost. The circulation scheme was wholly subservient to the issue of bindings. I figure that the price of a book's binding comes to about one-half of its total cost. And I don't mean cost of production; I talk only in terms of final consumer's cost for I know nothing of the book business, making my observations entirely from what has actually been placed for sale. The first Modern Age books were sold in two editions—paper-bound for 25 cents, cloth-bound for 75 cents. The cloth binding added twice the original price! In 1930 Simon & Schuster tried an experiment in paper-binding their fiction. Paper-bound copies of new fiction by fully paid writers sold for \$1. These books carried a statement that those who wished their books bound in permanent form could "send it back to the publishers with a remittance of \$1 and it will be bound in cloth and returned to you postpaid." In plain words, the book cost \$1, the binding cost \$1.

Simon & Schuster's experiment evidently failed to be commercially practicable for they have abandoned it. But their problem is different from ours.

The Communists have a publishing house of their own—International Publishers—a regular book firm, with a large and capable output. While their books are for sale to the public as are the books of any other capitalist firm, their books in content have a very special and great interest for Communists and their friends. Thus International differs from other houses in having a large organized clientele guaranteed to be interested deeply in anything they put out. They do not have to concern themselves with appearances. Yet they do. International consistently issues cloth-bound volumes in exactly the same manner as any capitalist firm and at consequently the same high and absurd prices. Why?

Let International publish all its books with paper covers and ditch the regular bindings (save for request). Their prices will fall by half. Their books will be within reach of their clientele, 100,000 comrades, and hundreds of thousands of workers, friends, and fellow travelers. Why should I be asked to pay \$1.75 for *The Negro and the Democratic Front* when, sans binding, it could be had for 75 cents or less? What is more important, that the book should look nice on some library shelf or that it should sell to thousands who cannot afford it at its present price?

I would like to read Maurice Thorez' *Son of the People* and so would thousands of others, but I cannot afford \$2 for a single book. Neither can thousands of workers and comrades who likewise would like to read this book. With a paper binding, it would be available at \$1 or less and would be read by thousands more. Which is more important, that it should compare with the books of Harcourt, Brace in appearance, or that it should be read and its message absorbed? The same is true of the many other works published by International. Paper-bind them. If the paper is too thick to look well or to hold together that way, use thinner paper, use cheaper paper. Are we publishing books for the

decades and centuries or for practical use and enjoyment now?

International Publishers is a Communist firm catering to Communists. Let it print its books and issue them in such a manner that Communists and workers can afford to buy them. A price higher than \$1 for any average-size book is an outrage.

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM.

New York City.

Neuberger's Promised Land

TO NEW MASSES: I must take issue, even if belatedly, with Roger Chase's review of Richard Neuberger's *Promised Land* (NEW MASSES, December 22). While I do agree that, as Mr. Chase put it, the book is "an important work well done," I do not think that the interests of the progressive movement are best served by passing so lightly over "some faults that can be found in his [Neuberger's] treatment of labor and political leaders."

In the ninth chapter ("Bridges—Thunder on the Waterfront"), Mr. Neuberger evinces a sad lack of understanding of the basic forces at work in the Northwest labor movement. His description of Harry Bridges is one which might well be piously used by Mr. Dies for his own purposes as an "authoritative source." Writes Mr. Neuberger: "Politeness and courtesy are not words in Bridges' lexicon. He frankly believes the workers and their bosses are locked in a grim and bitter battle, and he treats a conference as a temporary truce between rival armies. Most labor leaders shun strikes. These hold no terrors for Bridges. In fact, they help sharpen the class struggle." Further, in describing the deportation campaign against Bridges, Neuberger unwittingly places his work at the service of the reactionaries when he declares, "the commotion has done Bridges and his cause no good, and it is reasonable to wonder why after nearly two decades in the United States he is still without citizenship." And surely Neuberger is not helping to unite the progressive forces when he speaks thus of (not for) the Northwest liberals, "most of whom totally disapprove of what amounts to Bridges' slavish following of the Communist line."

Certainly, Mr. Chase would stand indicted at least for understatement if he included the following passage as among the "faults": "Most of the men close to the boss of the maritime workers are either Communists or sympathizers with the objectives of Communism. The party line is followed obediently. Radicals who deviate even slightly are excoriated as 'phonies,' 'Trotskyites,' and 'company stooges.'" And the subsequent description of a convention of the Maritime Federation actually borders on Hearstian slander.

Most shortsighted of all is Neuberger's placing of Bridges and Beck in one category as dangers to the well-being of the Northwest. "Beck with his 'goons' and Bridges with his Communist tendencies"—such posing of the question plays directly into the hands of the lumber, shipping, and power interests who seek the destruction of the labor movement under cover of cries of "Communism" and/or "racketeering." Neuberger's whole treatment of the Pacific Northwest labor movement serves to negate its great service not only to the Northwest but to the whole country in paving the way for unity in the labor movement—the unity which registered such achievements for democracy in Washington and California in the recent elections. *And Neuberger should know better!*

Mr. Chase is too ready to let Neuberger's "commentaries on the economic and political struggles of the Pacific Northwest" pass as simply "not ter-

ribly profound." Such treatment of a book which is already being widely read in the Northwest and which will be accepted as an authority for the rest of the country, could only serve to disarm readers in the face of Neuberger's excellent literary manner. It appears to me that Neuberger overreaches himself, and not too favorably for the progressive movement, by trying to transfer the traditions and life of the old frontier of the last century to the present, neglecting the new social, economic, and political forces at work in the twentieth century. The reader is left with the feeling that Northwest politics are crackpot politics and that, as Neuberger puts it, "here is the epitome of the tragic failure to use political democracy to develop and utilize great natural resources. . . ."

Thus it was Neuberger who failed tragically to portray the resurgence of the democratic forces in the Northwest, forces embedded in a host of rich, progressive traditions of struggle against reaction and monopoly. The Northwest has been and remains a "Promised Land" whose promise of continued and greater service to its country in the cause of democracy is the proud boast of its people.

ANDREW REMES.

Seattle, Wash.

Mr. Chase Replies

TO NEW MASSES: I am glad you can find room to print Mr. Remes' comments on my review of Richard Neuberger's *Our Promised Land*. There are several bad spots in this otherwise useful book, and they seem to occur just where they can do the most harm.

Mr. Neuberger, who is generally a pretty good liberal, has tried to liven his story with injections of "conflict" and "action" and in so doing has distorted his picture of the labor and political situation.

Mr. Remes will grant that if I had, in the space allotted me for the review, elaborated on the bad spots in the book as he does in his letter, I would have conveyed the impression that the book is to be shunned by progressives, which I don't believe is true.

I find myself in disagreement with Mr. Remes only on one point, and that is his reference to Mr. Neuberger's "excellent literary manner." It was interesting to me to note how the political distortions to which Mr. Remes refers carry over into literary distortions which impair the general effectiveness of the job. Here is an important object lesson for political writers.

ROGER CHASE.

Tacoma, Wash.

Hitler's Gestapo

TO NEW MASSES: I have a few items of news from Czechoslovakia which might be of interest. The German Gestapo is very active in Czechoslovakia. In fact, they have an office in Prague and seem to have good connections with certain Czech authorities. One anti-Hitler German author was actually kidnapped by them on a train while in Czechoslovakian territory. The line he traveled passes through a loop of German territory, and it was the agent's intention to alight with the victim as soon as the train entered the loop. The author, however, jumped from the moving train, and is now hiding in Prague.

During the crisis a huge German Junkers bomber—latest design—was brought to Czechoslovakia by the crew, which did not want to fight for Nazi Germany. Germany demanded that the four men be handed over on the grounds that they had committed a common crime, i.e., they had stolen German property. The Czech authorities handed the men to the Gestapo, who took them to Germany. One of the men, an Austrian, escaped and is also in hiding near Prague.

F. H.

Kingston-on-Thames, England.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Why Read the Old Writers?

CONSERVATIVE and liberal critics are always complaining about the fatal uniformity of ideas in Soviet intellectual life. Strange, then, that they have not found it necessary to review the vigorous critical controversy recently waged by prominent professors, editors, and critics in the USSR on the problems of sociological criticism.

The present discussion (*Literature and Marxism. A Controversy*. Critics Group Series, No. 9. 50 cents.) is rooted in changes affecting the whole approach to education in the Soviet Union. It will be remembered that Stalin's sharp attack on the literary and history textbooks of the vulgar sociologists, and on the school of history led by Pokrovsky, led to a revaluation of the causes and significance of historical and cultural phenomena. Before Stalin's article, many sociologists had the habit of placing all events and individuals in set historical and social categories. The character of any individual was automatically deduced from his class position, and he was embalmed in this or that group of exploiters. This method spared one the trouble of weighing anything or anyone carefully; if the ensuing corpse was too long, one merely cut off his feet to fit the textbook. Man's consciousness and will were discarded in favor of the inevitable course of social relations; the individual became a bottle into which the predetermined experience and insight of his class was poured. When people today read Shakespeare or Tolstoy they are supposed to taste the ideology of the rising bourgeoisie or that of the Russian landed proprietor. Heaven forbid that they should think they are enjoying a reflection of reality.

This attitude finds an able exponent in Professor Nusinov, of the Institute of Red Professors, who obligingly reduces his position to absurdity in such statements as "A great writer is one whose creative activity gives a synthetic typical expression to the psycho-ideology of his class" and "The concept of 'false idea' is not identical with absolute truth, absolute justice. It is a class concept. The true and the false depend upon the standards of a given class."

Nusinov's opponents, chiefly Kemenov and Lifshitz, of the Marx, Engels, Lenin Institute, point out that such a theory would be completely alien to Marx and Engels, who said, in *German Ideology*, that "Men produce their circumstances just as much as circumstances produce the men." How do men

produce their circumstances? By passively reacting upon the sensations and ideas to which their social position entitles them? Or by seizing upon reality with a view to understanding and transforming it? By juggling the symbols of their class to expedite the "progressive" exploitation in which it is engaged? Or by burnishing the mirrors of their minds, the better to reflect the world which surrounds them? Were Shakespeare, Goethe, Tolstoy merely the talented apologists of oppressing classes, whose literary genius is independent of their insight? Or were they men who, despite the influence of the average ideology of their class, penetrated reality so deeply as to make discoveries contrary to their previous convictions and prejudices? Is their literary greatness dependent upon the artistry with which they defend ideas whose truth or falsity is irrelevant as long as they are the products of the author's class? Or is it based upon their development through and beyond those conventional ideas to a perception of events, of realities, which may often result in their arriving at conclusions diverging from or even opposed to their narrow class interests? In other words, are the spectacles of class so thick that one sees nothing outside, even with the brightest eyes; or are the vulgar sociologists merely generalizing their own dullness?

In the course of his assault, however, Lifshitz makes a number of remarks for which another critic, Levin, takes him to task. After having stated that the class nature of spiritual phenomena is determined not by their subjective coloring, but by their depth of comprehension of reality, Lifshitz goes on to

say: "From this objective world comes the subjective coloring of class ideology. It is a *conclusion* and not a *premise*." In his eagerness to prove that the writer's penetration of reality and not his class position determines the character of his work, Lifshitz ignores class position as a powerful factor in determining whether the mind will or will not be able to arrive at truth. Some writers, like Tolstoy, succeed only in their last works in breaking the intellectual shackles of their class, to adopt that conclusion which is, incidentally, the tacit premise of another class. Others never break from the premise imposed upon them by their class status. Minor literature is filled with such figures. On the other hand, the great writers do not just proceed from premises to conclusions. In their effort to overcome the intellectual bonds of the society in which they live, their original premises are negated and replaced by new ones. Or else, like Balzac, their penetration of reality destroys, by implication, their ideological premise, as they welcome the stream of life which flows over and through them.

Levin is likewise dissatisfied with Lifshitz' designation of the nobility and bourgeoisie as "merely two parasitic classes" and he points out that although today these classes have forfeited their positive progressive significance, their domination was indispensable and warrantable during certain historical periods. Kemenov is also chided for saying that "It is impossible to interpret Shakespeare as the great people's poet of England and at the same time as the ideologist of the bourgeoisified nobility, because these two conceptions are absolutely incompatible." "Very well," Levin says. "And so, Shakespeare was no nobleman, no incipiently capitalist nobleman, and no bourgeois. What was he, then? Did he have a class status? Or does that exist merely for plain mortals, while the gods of Parnassus soar above the classes?"

Levin is in turn attacked for attempting to prove that Gogol's tragedy consisted in the fact that, though he wrote as the critical but friendly ideologist of the reactionary landowners, his very criticism acquired revolutionary significance through the dialectics of history. One recalls Chernishevsky's estimate of Gogol as a man who, "regardless of the fact that as a thinker he was prone to err," nevertheless "remained to the end of his life true to himself as an artist . . . and was consumed with a passionate hatred for all that was base and vile."



Chet La More

Lifshitz, answering Levin, asserts that the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie became progressive classes only when their activities coincided, directly or indirectly, with the interests of the people, and that it was only the impetus of the people which transformed the struggles over booty into episodes of the progressive development of mankind. And this holds for the ideologists of these classes as well; only those who sank their roots into the people attained greatness as liberators of the human mind.

Finally, the critic Mark Rosenthal accuses the vulgar sociologists of being metaphysicians because they are unable to understand how a writer can be moved by contradictory ideas, while history itself is constantly shoving paradoxes right under their noses.

A complicated, sometimes bad-humored controversy. The disputants' failure to understand one another has its temperamental aspects. Everyone is very anxious to prove something, to produce generalizations which will be universally applicable. This gives the arguments their negative character, deprives the analyses of flexibility, and makes us lose sight of the subject—not writers in general, but the individual writer creating under specific conditions in this or that period of history.

The writer's life, like the history of men, is a process. His faculties and knowledge do not develop evenly; in the course of his growth all the elements of his environment and of his own nature and abilities come to grips with one another, fighting for mastery, for the possession of that identity which we, later on, call Shakespeare or Goethe or Tolstoy. The form of society, the class from which he springs, his friendships, opportunities, and fortunes, his access to the culture of the past and of his own time, and to the common people, a healthy or neurotic personality, and, finally, his mental powers, all contribute their share to his creative work. And each of these plays a more or less important part in one period or another of the man's life, depending upon material and psychological factors which are sometimes within and sometimes out of his control.

Society, too, develops unevenly, and so there is no guarantee for the simultaneous advance of the various arts, sciences, and systems of thought. The high development of the novel does not necessarily involve an equal flowering of lyric poetry; victories of metaphysical thinking may parallel a decay of critical realism, essential to the novel.

Then one must take into account the vacillations and confused ideas and movements within that class which is being forced to abdicate and that which is struggling to assume power, confusion arising from the objective circumstances of transition and revolution. This confusion is increased by the fact that the connection between ideas and material conditions of life is sometimes very difficult to perceive. The inversion of reality is so accomplished that the system of ideas develops its own momentum, and therefore seems no longer to be based upon economic and material facts. The writer is this confusion concentrated.



Charles Martin

That is why Balzac or Gogol can retain a conservative political philosophy which he is unable to relate to his daily experience and which, therefore, the actions of his characters flatly contradict. This is the clue to such a phenomenon as Knut Hamsun, who, despite his contact with workers and peasants, comes to a morose, reactionary end. The clash of society and individuality, of theory and practice, of the given idea and the bitter fact, is rarely resolved in the literature of the past. Every critical estimate is useless which disregards these contradictions or finds them meaningless. In the writer history, man's work, crystallizes its results and presages its future.

Conversely, to say that the writer is the ideologist of a certain class does not mean that he is its apologist. If this were so, the great bourgeois writer Lessing could not have the revolutionary significance for us which he has. Lessing, as a critical realist, was developing, even in the course of his bourgeois polemics, thoughts which were soon to be unacceptable and dangerous to the German bourgeoisie. Thus the great realists who contributed to the material and cultural liberation of mankind in their own time, now become the heritage of our own, proletarian revolution, through their affirmation of values and rules of life which the people have always treasured.

CLARENCE WEINSTOCK.

America's Stake In the Far East

THE FAR EASTERN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES, by A. Whitney Griswold. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.75.

PROFESSOR GRISWOLD of Yale University has written a monumental work of the first importance to every student of the Far East and of American foreign relations. No matter what opinion may be held of this or that specific point, taken as a whole the book is a remarkable achievement in scholarship. It involved enormous and exhausting labor, partly because of the intensive treatment given to each period, partly because of the vast scope of the entire enterprise.

In effect, Professor Griswold set out to complement Tyler Dennett's *Americans in Eastern Asia*. Dennett's great work, published in 1922, brought the story of American involvement in the Far East down to the turn of the century. Griswold starts where Dennett left off, with the annexation of the Philippines in 1898, and goes on to the present. In these days of extreme crisis for America's stake in the Far East, a careful and comprehensive treatment of the last forty years has been badly missed. Professor Griswold has supplied the much-needed integration.

I found the chapters dealing with the Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, and Taft periods superior to those on Wilson and the post-war era. This was probably inevitable, however regrettable. For one thing, much of the necessary official material on the last twenty years is not yet available. For another, Professor Griswold was fortunate in obtaining permission to make use of the private papers of the two men who inspired and guided John Hay in the enunciation of the so-called Open Door policy. William W. Rockhill, an American diplomatic agent, was confidential adviser to Hay. Alfred E. Hippisley, a British diplomatic agent, was confidential adviser to Rockhill. Professor Griswold makes liberal use of the Rockhill and Hippisley papers and they are unfailingly of interest and importance. This intimate, behind-the-scenes material is, of course, largely lacking for the later period. It has often occurred to me that writers on American post-war policy in the Far East would confront an almost impossibly barren field had not former Secretary of State Stimson pulled back the curtain just a bit in his book several years ago.

In an academic sense, then, Professor Griswold has produced a work of outstanding merit. But he has not been equal to the larger problem. He has given his material only a minimum of philosophic insight. This is a pity because American Far Eastern policy presents such rich and puzzling issues in world politics.

Since the days of John Hay, no American administration has dared or cared to scuttle and run in the Far East. John Hay wrote notes. Theodore Roosevelt, as Professor Griswold puts it, "tried world politics," first against czarist ambitions to dominate China, then against Japanese aggressions to conquer China. Taft used "dollar diplomacy." Wilson stubbornly challenged Japan's claims at the peace conference. Harding and Hughes pushed forward at the Washington conference and obtained the Nine-Power Treaty. Coolidge and Stimson resorted to the "non-recognition" doctrine. Today, Roosevelt and Hull are giving loans to China.

What accounts for this continuously headstrong resistance by the United States to British, czarist, or Japanese hegemony in the Far East? Admittedly, from Hay to Stimson, no American diplomatic effort has been much of a success. The important thing is that the efforts have never stopped, no matter how many the setbacks. The United States is still



Plate 3: Pierrot and Harlequin (Casandre)

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in there trying. Professor Griswold, like so many other academic students of the Far East, falls victim to the easiest and least rewarding explanation of all. He tends to consider the whole thing a mistake and wonders why American secretaries of state have never learned from experience.

Thus, for example, he flatly declares that the history of the past forty years shows "that attempting to preserve the territorial integrity of China was not and never has been a truly vital American national interest." The qualifying phrase "truly vital" is a weasel expression of doubtful meaning which Professor Griswold repeats on another occasion. After demonstrating that America's *immediate* economic stake in Japan is far greater than in China, he concludes: "In view of these figures it would have been a gratuitous calculation that rated the Open Door in China an American national interest of vital importance." In another place, he criticizes Taft for ignoring "the growing economic importance of Japan to the United States, contemplating, rather, the pot of gold at the end of the Chinese rainbow." The plain implication is that America's "vital" interest lies, if anywhere, with Japan.

This review is no place for an exposition of the contrary viewpoint. It is in place, however, to point out that Professor Griswold's "solution" is no *explanation* of the trial and error, effort and failure, discouragement and repetition, which mark American Far Eastern policy over the entire period. This desire to safeguard the Open Door and China's territorial integrity could not have persisted for so long had it not satisfied a vital national interest. It could not otherwise have been pursued by successive administrations, despite differences in party, temperament, and situation. John Hay's policy was not an accident, a personal foible. It had deep roots in the future, in the direction of American imperialism. It satisfied a profound need and was thus perpetuated by his successors in one form or another.

The importance of Chinese territorial and political integrity to the United States is a subject of greater subtlety and complexity than a mere reference to trade statistics would indicate. Had our relative trade with China and Japan determined our national policy, then, I insist, that policy over more than forty years is more a mystery than ever. The persistent and stubborn defense of the Open Door leads me to suspect that larger issues than trade *at any given moment* are involved. American capitalism, as befits the richest country in the world, is an international power with world stakes. Its primary investment and commercial field abroad has been Pan-America but that has not exhausted the potentialities of American capitalism. The Far East has always loomed as the testing ground of the future, as a ratio of growth and strength. Since no capitalism can remain static and yet prosper, the more farsighted capitalist interests have always shown a special concern for future possibilities in the Far East. The absence of a concrete stake has served to make American

policy indecisive and inadequate; the presence of a crucial historic stake has served to make American policy persistently and continuously antagonistic to any bid by another power for exclusive political and economic control of China. A victory for Japan in China today would be a first-rate defeat for American capitalism. The proof of this lies in Professor Griswold's excellent collection of facts.

THEODORE DRAPER.

Anti-Slavery Leader

LETTERS OF JAMES G. BIRNEY, 1831-1857, edited by Dwight L. Dumond. 2 vols. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$10.

THIS collection of the correspondence of a leader in the anti-slavery fight in America is of very considerable importance. It is a mine of information about America's greatest reform movement and about great Americans, Negro and white, who made it possible, from Charles Ray to William Leggett, from Theodore Weld to Gerrit Smith, from Henry Bibb to Gamaliel Bailey. And since the subject of the work was twice the presidential candidate of the Liberty Party (in 1840 and 1844) his correspondence throws light on the national political scene and on the bickerings, splits, and difficulties within the anti-slavery movement itself. This is especially true of Birney's correspondence with his son William, and with Bailey, the editor of the Cincinnati *Philanthropist* and later of the Washington *National Era*.

Birney himself personifies each stage of the anti-slavery movement. As a young man he is a large slaveholder in Alabama and in Kentucky. The cruelty and indecency of the system finally drive him to the emancipation of his slaves and to the espousal of the cause of colonization. In this stage he is still anxious to do nothing "to disturb the minds of the slaves." But colonization accomplishes nothing. What can one do when the Negroes simply refuse to be colonized? After sixteen years of effort the society succeeds in sending but 2,203 Negroes to Africa—about one-fifth the rate of increase of Negroes in Tidewater Virginia alone. The slaveholders "give you their dollar or their twenty-five and talk in favor of colonization . . . [but] they plead they cannot live in the South without slaves." They support the cause in the hope of getting rid of the walking refutation of the entire slavocratic ideology, the free Negroes, for that "will give them a more quiet and undisturbed possession of their slaves." And they will support it only for this. If one suggests that colonization is to lead to emancipation, he bucks a stone wall, for the slaveholders "are determined not to have [slavery] touched *in any way*."

Birney then takes a cautious step forward and advocates gradual emancipation. He is still anxious to deal with the slaveholders, to conciliate them, to win *them* over to emancipation by honeyed words. A few months of

futile activity along this line convinces Birney that gradualism is defeatism and that conciliation is reaction. By 1834 he espouses immediate emancipation via political action to be taken by the non-slaveholding majority of the Union. He never does get to the point of advocating force, by white or Negro, for slavery's overthrow, but he does oppose the use of the nation's armed might for the repression of the slaves.

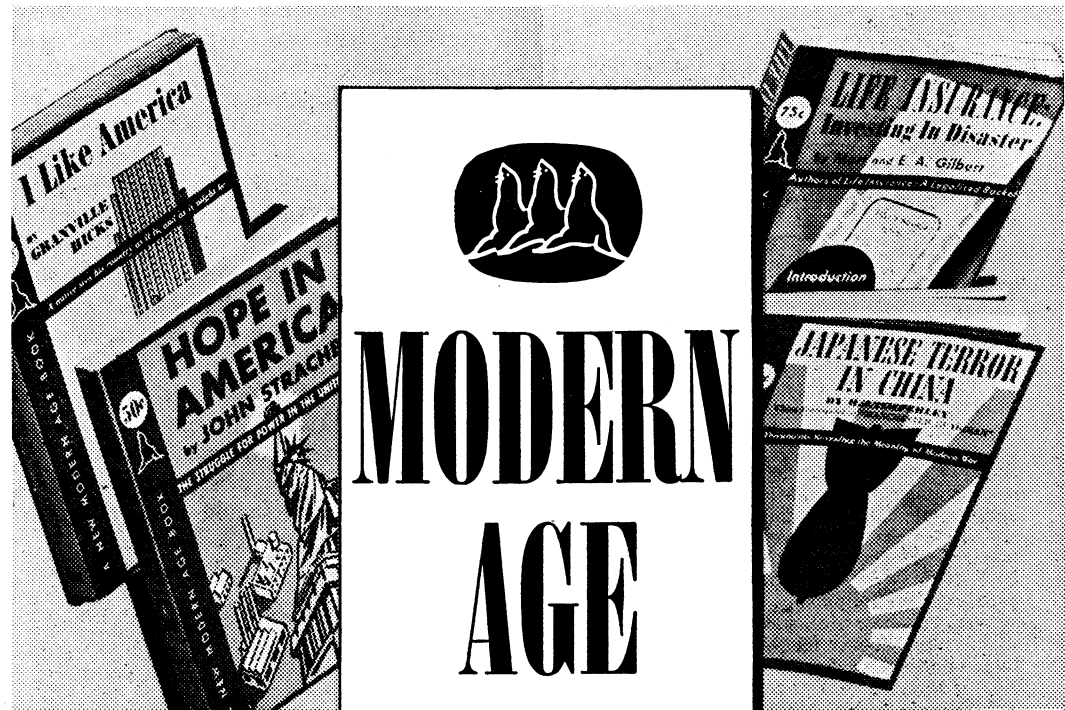
Probably the two most important contributors to the strength of the Abolitionist movement were, first, the inevitable broadening of the struggle into a battle for the maintenance of the democratic rights of the white people as well as the obtaining of those rights for the Negro people, and, second, the heroic fight of the Negroes themselves for their own freedom.

Walt Whitman once declared that "where liberty draws not the blood out of slavery, there slavery draws the blood out of liberty." Birney clearly saw this by 1835: "The contest is becoming—has become—one, not alone of freedom for the *black*, but of freedom for the *white*. It has now become absolutely necessary that slavery should cease in order that freedom may be preserved to any portion of our land." Mail was censored, books burned, petitions tabled, presses destroyed, homes mobbed (by "very respectable gentlemen" with mayors and police looking on), assemblies forbidden, some citizens "sent to jail for protection," and others murdered. Neutrality was impossible. Slavery was a cancer in the body of the nation. If it were not excised it would destroy the republic and all its citizens, white and Negro, North and South.

The Negro people needed no such object lessons to goad them into battle. They were the shock troops in the fight for their own liberation and therefore for the security of the democratic rights of all other Americans. Some of these leaders are noticed in these volumes—Frederick Douglass, James M. Smith, Theodore S. Wright, Charles Ray, Henry H. Garnett, William H. Day, George B. Vashon, William Whipple—and a hint is given as to their inestimable value as pamphleteers, newspaper editors, organizers, and lecturers in the cause of freedom. And probably of even greater importance than these men in arousing the conscience and the will to struggle of the American people were the evidences of the brave endeavors of the slaves themselves to break their bonds.

Here were men who, through almost incredible labor and patience, had saved up enough money while slaves to purchase their own freedom and then, while free, accumulated funds wherewith to buy their parents or children. Here were others "escaping in great numbers through Ohio to Canada. . . . Such matters are almost uniformly managed by the colored people." And incessant reports of revolt and conspiracy made a mockery of the carefully built up fiction of slave contentment and docility.

The Abolitionists asked questions: Will you help this man and woman and child who



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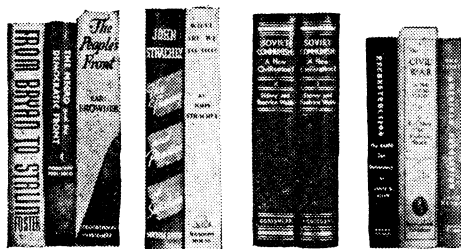
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have walked for many weary miles seeking liberty? Or will you heed the "law" and serve as a slave-catcher? Are you proud of the efforts of your diplomats to get foreign nations to return escaped slaves? Are you content to see the army of your country used to repress and subdue the efforts of slaves for freedom? Would you aid the Bourbons in suppressing servile rebellion? It was the necessity of giving a definite answer to such questions that turned the early weak emancipationist movement into a mass crusade for the abolition of slavery. And it was the day-to-day struggles of the Negro people that brought these questions to the fore.

Anyone who wishes to understand this crusade, which forms the most stirring chapter in America's history, should not neglect the correspondence of James G. Birney.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Terror In Majorca

A DIARY OF MY TIMES, by Georges Bernanos. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

M. GEORGES BERNANOS, who detests the present allies of the Catholic bishops and archbishops in Spain, is a Catholic himself and a royalist. But this is not as important as the fact that he was in Majorca in July 1936 and saw things happen which may make devoted Catholics in America wonder if Franco's Moors and mercenaries, Mussolini's bombers, and Hitler's business men are exactly what is meant by Christians.

M. Bernanos was cycling into Palma one sunny day to attend mass when he was stopped by a patrol of Falangists and told to go home; he was in the line of fire. The Majorcans had never paid any attention to politics. There were not a hundred Communists on the island. Catalan troops landed in Porto Christo in August, but they got no farther and went back to the mainland. So the counter-revolution in Majorca was not aimed at revolutionists but at "traitors to the movement of salvation," meaning anyone who had voted for the government, or had anyone in his family who had voted for the government, or knew anyone who had voted for the government. At first it was spontaneous, merely individual Falangists settling old quarrels; then there arrived in Palma an Italian named Count Rossi (he was not a count), who put it on a business basis. M. Bernanos' son was a lieutenant in the Falange; he was known as a royalist; he stayed in Majorca till March 1937, in which seven months, on a little island you could walk across in two hours, there were three thousand men, women, and children assassinated. The streets were quiet, business went on as usual, and all the time fifteen people a day were being killed. M. Bernanos was horrified, then more horrified when he found himself ceasing to be horrified. Terror was routine. Hate and fear fused into a new emotion. And the terror would have burned itself

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out in a few weeks, he says, if the church hierarchy had not turned it into a crusade.

When the Catalonians were driven out of Porto Christo, a number of priests were present to minister to the prisoners and their wounded. One by one, as the last sacraments were given, the representatives of the church handed the prisoners over to the representatives of Count Rossi, who shot them. Then the dead were divided into two piles, those who had received absolution and those who hadn't; gasoline was poured over them and they were burned. M. Bernanos saw the result two days later: two piles of "blackened, shiny creatures, contorted by the flames, some of them counterfeiting obscene poses in death, which must have been very distressing for the ladies of Palma and their eminent confessors. A reeking tar oozed out of them and smoked there in the August sunshine."

M. Bernanos is no ordinary objective reporter. He writes a hard, subtle style that will give trouble to readers who have not had the leisure to become accustomed to the intellectual devices of theological writing. He sets up straw opponents, supplies them with eloquent, ironic speeches, then debates them into the ground. It would be a dangerous method for a less honest writer; but M. Bernanos sincerely tries to understand why, though the church has had more power in Spain than anywhere else in Europe, nine-tenths of Spaniards, including the army, are anti-clerical; why His Excellency the Archbishop of Majorca made the sign of the cross and sprinkled holy water on a shipment of Italian machine guns. He concludes that the majority of the hierarchy, as it always has, chose what it thought was the lesser evil, but that simply as a matter of practical politics it may have made its choice too soon.

Only part of *A Diary of My Times* is about Spain; what M. Bernanos saw there he is afraid he may soon see at home in France. He has one of his imaginary debates with Adolf Hitler, who draws a parallel between France now and Gaul twenty centuries ago, divided into warring factions, ripe for the conquering peace of a Caesar. Bernanos' personal solution was to leave for South America shortly after this book was finished. His political solution is to restore the true monarchy, which he knows is not likely because of the people who are royalists today in France. His heroes are St. Louis and Joan of Arc, and naturally there are no St. Louis' and Joan of Arcs at the present time in French politics.

So his book is no statement of the case for democracy, in Spain or elsewhere. He is inclined to include Russia with Germany and Italy among the lost nations of Europe, and he makes the silly identification of bankers, whom he doesn't like, with Jews. But the book made more than a literary sensation in France when it appeared, and it has since divided even official Catholic opinion on Spain. It is to be hoped that friends of the editors of the Brooklyn *Tablet* will present them with a copy.

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S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

Revolution in the Caucasus

IN *Friends*, a big new picture from Lenfilm, the subject is the unity of national minorities—how the people of the mountainous Caucasus united against czarism in 1915-17. Here were Ossetians who hated the Ingushes and fought for a few feet of their neighbors' grain fields. Here were the cattle-herding Kabardans who reached for a knife when the Cossacks appeared. And here were the princes and landlords who held their vast acreages by fomenting disunity among the starving peasants.

Into the Caucasus comes Alexei, the Bolshevik, to unite the hill people against their common enemy. We welcome the cunning Chapayev at last again in Alexei, for he is played by Boris Babochkin, the famous creator of the Soviet film's greatest hero. He is introduced to peculiarities of his party assignment when he is set upon by two robbers as he approaches the mountain pass. The robbers are Beta, an Ossetian, charmingly played by Nikolai Cherkassov, of *Baltic Deputy*, and Mussa, an Ingush, done by S. Kayukov. The two hate each other but fate has thrown them a great prize—an aged nag whose bony sides seem sleek as an Arabian steed to these starving wretches. The commissar sizes the robbers up immediately and gives them a fine meal, ending up by giving Beta the horse and Mussa the price of the horse. Alexei has learned something for his gifts and he comes to the villages with an understanding of the situation.

The task of making this story credible—how one man could transform tribes who have been warring for centuries into friends in the revolution—is a challenge to the ability of a screenwriter. The authors, N. Tikhonov and L. Arnshtam—the last is also the director—have done it in good fashion. One scene in which Beta, Mussa, Alexei, and the Kabardan, Umar, meet and exhibit their old hatreds for each other, only to be conquered by Alexei's practicality, is a particularly careful and convincing piece of dialogue writing and direction.

The picture is mounted with some of the most beautiful camera work to come from the USSR in many years. Rapoport, the photographer, has the matchless peaks of the Caucasus Mountains, the arid sunlight and dust of these stone towns, as his setting. He allows the physical scene to permeate the picture in a kind of regional feeling that is rare in the film. Peculiarities of a place rarely get

their due on the screen. I can only think of Jean Renoir's *Loves of Toni* as a comparable film in which the setting is truly a player in the play.

Cherkassov has a character of simple dimensions—a rude and twisted fellow of the high hills. Alexei loses Beta's manhood with the Bolshevik message and Cherkassov gives meaning to the change. He is a "character" actor so profound that one cannot imagine the nature of the offstage Cherkassov.

The picture is in slow tempo, with too much tableau composition for my taste. The script goes right ahead but the cutting room has been slow with the scissors. This is my standard beef about Soviet films. The Soviet film is real and permanent and it deserves the expert presentation given Hollywood shoddy. Timeless things often need the touch of mode to make them recognizable.

Dimitri Shostakovich furnishes the film with another of his unobtrusive and dramatic scores. The film is dedicated to the martyred Kirov, whose own revolutionary activities were localized in the Caucasus; although it is not directly biographical the film's Alexei characterization is true to the memory of Sergei Kirov.



Painting by Lena Gurr (ACA Gallery)

ANOTHER FINE PICTURE about the World War has come along in Warner Brothers' *Dawn Patrol*. There have been many predecessors on this theme of canteen episodes among a group of soldiers; in fact, this story was itself first made in 1930 for Richard Barthelmess. Here is "A" Flight of the Royal Air Force at their base in France in 1915—the captain, Basil Rathbone, whose nerves are cracking from his task of sending green pilots out to death in riddled ships; Captain Courtney (Errol Flynn) and Scotto (David Niven), the deadly veterans of a year of combat; a stolid adjutant (Donald Crisp); and the other pilots who toast the next man to die in their nightly cognac battles in the canteen.

With restraint very similar to that of *Grand Illusion*, the suspense of the picture depends on these desperate tableaux in the barracks, rather than in the aerial dogfights with the *Boche*. Never appearing on the screen, but always present on the other end of the telephone, are the brass hats whose colored pins send young England down in flames. There were doubtless many temptations to throw in a few teary toasts to the King, God Bless 'Im, but the script by Seton Miller and Dan Totherah rigidly keeps to the business at hand, scorning the touch known as Zanuck.

David Niven, as a whimsical dipsomaniac, who knocks off ten jeraboams for each enemy plane, appears at great advantage and Mr. Rathbone's role is a sympathetic one. The doom-laden atmosphere, fine photography, excellent acting and direction, recommend *Dawn Patrol* to your attention. I don't see that it is an especially valuable anti-war tract, because of its resigned mood, but it is a story told with feeling.

JAMES DUGAN.

Half a Great Play

A GREAT American play opened at the National Theater last week, but it was jostled from the stage before it was half over. What ousted it was a muzzy back-to-the-land mysticism that mocked its brave questionings with the hollowest of answers, and left the cheated onlookers with a sense of almost personal outrage.

It was heart-warming to see *Everywhere I Roam* unfold the grand pageant of pioneering

America. There is an air of spacious promise as *The Man and The Wife*, symbolizing those Midwestern farmers of a hundred years ago, gaze out over their field of golden wheat, and find it good. Johnny Appleseed, beloved wanderer of our folklore, comes scattering his seed to wish them luck. The cities are growing and calling for more food. The pioneers toil, and to urge them on come Jim and Jay, the men of money, craving profits. Flour mills are opened, Jim and Jay corner the wheat, there are riots, men are killed, the threads of history are dyed with blood. The country opens up in earnest, and the toil becomes back-breaking, but the mechanical reaper comes along to solve that problem. More wheat fields planted, more land filled up; the allegory gains in richness and color. Jim and Jay, perambulating appetites, push through their railroad and real-estate deals, and range the earth to bring in immigrants. All this is painted in with sure, sweeping strokes, with power and poetic imagination; choral singing and spirited folk-dancing aid notably in realizing the feeling of a continent fulfilling its destiny, of great masses of people in motion. The basic elements of a tremendous dramatic statement have been laid down; simply and naturally the conflicting motives and roles of the producers and exploiters have been brought into the picture.

Then the authors, Arnold Sundgaard and Marc Connelly, lose their way, or decide it is too difficult a way to follow to the end, for the play begins to concern itself, not with the lives of the millions—now held in bondage to Jim and Jay—but with the soul-searchings of those few who have strung along with the capitalists, and have been corrupted. *The Man and The Wife*, forsaking simple things, begin to think of money and fashion. They feel they have lost something, and so they have, but the audience has lost something much greater, in having its mind wrenched from the grand issues of a nation's destiny to the relatively microscopic problems of unwise investors. The crash of 1929, finely conceived as a banquet at which the money lords gorge themselves to death, practically brings the play to an end. There is, to be sure, a final scene where *The Man and The Wife* sit again on the land—just as alone as they were when there were no other people to be together with—and decide that they have the answer: plant more wheat. Johnny Appleseed is on the spot once more to wish them good crops, and presumably another Jim and Jay are on the way to take in the harvest. The story has come full cycle, and ends in dismaying fatuity disguised as hope.

Too much cannot be said for the production. Robert Edmond Jones' sets are invariably right, and the dances staged by Felicia Sorel, in particular that of the railroad workers, have pace and fire. Of the players, Dean Jagger and Katharine Emery rise to the fullest demands of their spacious roles as *The Man and The Wife*, and Paul Huber and Arthur Barnett are finished villains as Jim and Jay, with just enough comic

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flavor about them. Johnny Appleseed is given an endearing interpretation by Norman Lloyd.

Bright Rebel, Stanley Young's earnest play about Byron, says all the true things about the poet in a succession of scenes that are almost as static as stereopticon slides. Given a moderate acquaintance with the facts of Lord Byron's tumultuous career, the playgoer can gain the pleasure of recognition, in contact with the author's sympathetic and humane point of view. But if one demands in addition the excitement of an achieved illusion of reality, one is going to be left still demanding after the last curtain has fallen—on a knockabout death scene that is truly deplorable. Mr. Young understands Byron's significance as a one-man opposition to the horrors of the early industrial era in Britain. He feels so deeply the importance of what he has to say that he has forgotten his partner in the enterprise of getting it said, the audience. Sternly denying himself any assistance from the resources of stagecraft, he tells his story in a straight line, from Byron's salad days in Newstead Abbey, when his first poems appeared in 1809, to his death fighting for Greek independence in 1824. In the process Byron emerges as a man ablaze with social anger, which he certainly was, and also as a bit of a milksop, which he certainly was not. His verbal victories in the atrociously managed society scenes are too easy, and his defeat and self-exile from England are also too easy. The main point comes through of course, and to this the conscientious performance of John Cromwell contributes a great deal. For the rest, the cast seems to be pushed around rather than directed; whatever zip and go might have been injected into the script by expert staging is altogether missing.

On the other hand, experts are what *The Merchant of Yonkers* has plenty of, and to spare. First there is Thornton Wilder, who writes with ease and grace; then Max Reinhardt, who directed; then Jane Cowl, June Walker, Percy Waram, and Nydia Westman, seasoned troupers all, and a splendid supporting cast; and amusing sets by Boris Aronson. So much talent has been lavished on the little farce that it almost conceals the sad fact that there is nothing, literally nothing, to it. Mr. Wilder explains that he took a Viennese comedy of 1842, itself based upon an English original, and turned it into a piece about Yonkers and New York in 1880. It concerns a silly, grasping merchant who goes a-wooing at sixty, his niece's elopement, and the escapade of his two employees, who run off for the day. They become all mixed up in a gilded cafe on the Battery, together with a merry widow of a milliner and her bashful assistant, exchange identities, hide behind screens, and finally get sorted out and married off. It was good homemade jam, spread thick, for the first half of an evening, and it must be recorded that the second-night audience—a benefit for the MacDowell Colony—seemed to find it tasty. But when the latter half of the evening turned out to be just more of the same, only spread thinner, it set your teeth on edge. The author

has allowed himself to spoof the whole business by sending his players up to the footlights from time to time with little homilies on the Meaning of Life. That doesn't help.

H. M.

UNALLOYED SEX doesn't bring out the playgoers the way it used to, as a new producing company, Contemporary Stage, will shortly learn. Doris Frankel's *Don't Throw Glass Houses*, the group's first effort, dealt with a brand of sexology which is about as contemporary as a dinosaur. Three people—Communists, for the sake of a nasty dig—have retired to the country to solve a not very perplexing problem of which of the two men the girl really loves. The playwright recognized that she didn't have much in that situation, so she brought in three more people—a society matron, her debutante daughter, and the daughter's sniveling, dyspeptic fiancé—who are stranded in the neighborhood by the original dramaturgical device of a flat tire. A dull scramble follows. Miss Frankel's idea of a devastating quip is to have one Communist accuse the other of a "rightist deviation" when Communist No. 2 falls in love with the debutante. A very unfunny evening is made actually obnoxious by having the three fake Communists display prominently the emblem of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

R. H. R.

MAURICE SCHWARTZ' PRODUCTION OF *Who Is Who* invites comparison with the Soviet film *Professor Mamlock*. In the former, a famous Jewish mathematician seeks to escape from his past and his people. He desires, as nothing else, to be assimilated. The drama involves the turmoil into which this effort throws his life and that of his children. In the end, he returns to *his* people. Professor Mamlock, a famous physician, sought to escape from politics. He desired, as nothing else, to forget that Hitler was in power. In the end, he returned to *the* people, to anti-fascist politics. Both men are the victims of Hitlerism, though Professor Schelling of *Who Is Who* managed to come to America.

But whereas *Professor Mamlock* is superbly done in the language of art, *Who Is Who* is abstract, schematic, wooden. The problem it poses, itself so powerful among the Jewish people in this time of exodus, remains a problem, never a slice of life. The second act is especially guilty in this respect. In the most artificial way, the dramatist, H. Leivick, brings all his characters together before a judge, symbolic of the audience and the world at large, and has them speak their pieces. Some of the speeches are effective, but put together they are not theater.

A young actress, Miriam Riselle, runs off with the acting honors. She plays the professor's crippled child with authentic, if a little too agitated, feeling. Mr. Schwartz is himself as the professor, and Jacob Ben-Ami as the judge. Samuel Goldenburg, Genia Schlitt, and Isidor Cashier perform capably in supporting roles.

T. D.

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Opening night dripped with sentimental whoop-nanny about *The Return of Vaudeville* and at the final curtain everybody in the packed house stood up and cheered the assembled performers and then the actors and the audience together sang *The Star Spangled Banner*. Good old vaudeville.

High spots in the present show are Al Trahan with his wonderfully expansive one-syllable laugh and his good-as-ever burlesque piano accompaniment of his concert-singer stooge, the European Wiere Brothers' absolutely topnotch, furiously precise pantomime clowning, Fats Waller at his piano with exuberant Myra Johnson vocally aiding him no end, little Molly Picon somehow getting across in spite of the cheap pretentiousness of her songs, and Eddie Garr's clever impersonations and his perfect drunk act.

There are also a great many very very low spots. Naturally. That's vaudeville. Good old vaudeville. And bad old vaudeville.

J. C.

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