

# NEW MASSSES

DOROTHY PARKER

*"Not Enough!"*

Chicago's 900,000 Votes

*Louis F. Budenz Interprets the Windy City Primaries*

The Supreme Court Sits Down

*An Analysis by Leonard Boudin*

The Misery in Perpignan

*An Eye-Witness Account by Art Shields*

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, BIRNBAUM, RICHTER, AJAY

March 14, 1939

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

**N**EWSD DEALERS all over the country have written us congratulations on our policy of changing the cover designs every week. The new covers, they say, catch the eye of customers and arouse their curiosity. Some of the best designers in the country are now working out ideas for NM's weekly change of costume.

Do your friends ask you if you've been to the Soviet Union when you argue the merits of the land of socialism? Bring them and their questions to the Hippodrome in Manhattan Thursday night, March 16, to hear Earl Browder's answers. Browder has "seen the future" and knows how it works. With the spotlight of world attention on the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union, NM presents the outstanding American authority in a discussion of "Soviet Economy in the World of Today." Tickets are 25 cents and 40 cents at NM, Workers Bookshops, and the Hippodrome box office. (Browder will be the only speaker and there will be plenty of time for questions from the floor.)

Ruth McKenney is taking a rest from the drama column in order to devote her time to a series of articles for NM. Her place is being taken by Steve Morgan.

The Keynote Players opened their Keynote Varieties to a loudly appreciative first-night audience, Sunday at the Keynote Club. Their performance is reviewed on page 29 of this issue. *Sunday Night Varieties*, directed by



Robert Capa-Pix

Joris Ivens

The maker of the documentary films, "Borinage," "New Earth," "Spanish Earth," photographed by Robert Capa on the Shantung front, during the making of the Chinese documentary, "The 400 Million."

Nat Lichtman, will give a repeat performance on Sunday evening, March 12, at the Keynote Club, 201 West 52nd St., N. Y. C.

David Ramsey, whose work is well known to readers of NM, will speak on "Science and Fascism" at the Keynote Forum on Thursday evening, March 9.

Four leading progressive cartoonists will appear at the Keynote Forum, March 23, discussing "The Problem of the Cartoonist." They are A. Birnbaum, William Gropper, Fred Ellis, and Gardner Rea. To embellish their remarks they will do rapid sketches on the stage. A record turnout is anticipated.

And now NM, via the Keynote Club, inaugurates a project for the relief of harassed mothers—we'll take your youngsters off your hands Saturday afternoons and offer them a program of cultural entertainment which they'll enjoy thoroughly. There will be progressive films (*Road to Life* is the first on schedule), marionette shows, dance recitals, musical programs, etc. And the children will be given an opportunity for self-expression—activity programs of drama, dance, art, crafts, and singing are planned. A group of prominent figures in the progressive cultural movement will function as an advisory board.

The "Young Keynoters" will be officially launched Saturday, March 18, at 2 p.m. at the Keynote Club, 201 West 52nd St. N. Y. C. Ages eight to fifteen years. Admission 25 cents.

Out of the thousands of people who attended the *Daily Worker* meeting at Madison Square Garden on February 24, there were many who called out "encore Bauman" as Mordecai Bauman finished a stirring song. For those, and for the others whose feelings they represented, Bauman's concert on Sunday, March 19, will afford the opportunity to hear a full evening of his singing. In fact, if the reception he received at Madison Square Garden is any indication, tickets for the Town Hall concert will be scarce within a week. Therefore, it is advisable to get your tickets immediately. Together with songs by Schubert, Wolf, Ives, and Eisler, the following compositions of young composers will be sung: *Song of the Sixth Division* by Lan Adomian; *The Cradle Will Rock* by Marc Blitzstein; *Mill Doors* by Norman Dello Joio; *Poem on Spain* by Herbert Haufrecht; *Song from A Time to Dance* by Goddard Lieberson; *Lullaby* by Alex North; *Joe Hill* by Earl Robinson; and *Death and the Poet* by Elie Siegmeister. These are songs

(and sentiments) which have never before appeared in a recitalist's Town Hall concert, so be on hand for the most unusual program of the year.

The translation of "The Itch" by V. I. Lenin, published in our January 31 issue, should have been credited to Allen Hutt of the British *Labour Monthly*.

An exhibition of prints and paintings by Sid Gotcliffe is being held, March 6-April 6, at the Uptown Gallery, N.Y.C.

NM contributor Sidney Alexander is having his verse play, *The Hawk and the Flesh*, performed on the Radio Playhouse Experimental Workshop of WNYC (N.Y.C.), Saturday, March 11, at 4:30 p.m.

## Who's Who

**A**RT SHIELDS is the NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain. . . . Louis F. Budenz is the editor of the *Midwest Daily Record*. . . . Leonard Boudin, a New York labor lawyer, has contributed frequently to NM. . . . Paul G. McManus is our Washington correspondent. . . . Eugene Holmes is a member of the philosophy department of Howard University. . . . V. J. McGill is an editor

of *Science and Society* and teaches at Hunter College. . . . Alter Brody, author of *Lamentations*, a one-act play, and *A Family Album*, a volume of poetry, has written for NM, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and other journals. . . . Joy Davidman is a well known poet whose work has often appeared in these pages. . . . Cora MacAlbert has contributed other book reviews and an article to NM.

## Flashbacks

**M**EMO to the AFL-CIO committees negotiating peace: the two great Spanish unions, UGT and CNT, signed a working agreement practically uniting the organizations on March 14, 1938. A year of intensified resistance to fascism followed. . . . Creation of the German airforce, part of which has been used against democracy in Spain, was announced March 9, 1935. . . . Three years later, March 12, Hitler invaded and conquered Austria. . . . This week 180,000,000 jubilant Soviet citizens will remind us that reaction is not the only force that has been active in the world. On March 15 falls the forty-first anniversary of the founding of the Communist Party.

## This Week

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXX, No. 12

March 14, 1939

Not Enough by Dorothy Parker . . . . .	3
The Supreme Court Sits Down by Leonard Boudin . . . . .	5
Forever This Spring A Poem by Ruth Lechlitner . . . . .	6
The Misery in Perpignan by Art Shields . . . . .	7
Chicago's Promising Primary by Louis F. Budenz . . . . .	8
Two Documentary Films . . . . .	10
Mrs. James Crow, DAR by Eugene Holmes . . . . .	12
Four-fifths of a Nation—II by Richard H. Rovere . . . . .	13
Robert Loves Nancy by Robert Forsythe . . . . .	15
Short of War, but Stronger than Words by Paul G. McManus . . . . .	17
Editorial Comment . . . . .	19
Reader's Forum . . . . .	21

### REVIEW AND COMMENT

Marxism and the Sciences by V. J. McGill . . . . .	22
"Rats in the Larder" by Alter Brody . . . . .	23
Nazi Classroom by Joy Davidman . . . . .	24
Briffault's Britain by Richard Milton . . . . .	25
"Our Common Ailment" by Cora MacAlbert . . . . .	26

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"The Swing Mikado" by Steve Morgan . . . . .	28
Sunday Night Varieties by Barnaby Hotchkiss . . . . .	29
"The 400 Million" by Joris Ivens . . . . .	30
Mass-Production Art by Elizabeth Noble . . . . .	31

Cover design by I. G. Abrams. Art work by Mischa Richter, William Gropper, A. Birnbaum, A. Ajay, Aimé.

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## Not Enough

Dorothy Parker of the trenchant pen gives her answer to the "New Masses" question: "What are you doing to combat fascism?"

**T**HE editors of this magazine have asked me what I am doing to combat fascism; they took the words out of my mouth. I can only answer them, as I answer myself: not enough.

I think I knew first what side I was on when I was about five years old, at which time nobody was safe from buffaloes. It was in a brownstone house in New York, and there was a blizzard, and my rich aunt—a horrible woman then and now—had come to visit. I remember going to the window and seeing the street with the men shoveling snow; their hands were purple on their shovels, and their feet were wrapped with burlap. And my aunt, looking over my shoulder, said, "Now isn't it nice there's this blizzard. All those men have work." And I knew then that it was not nice that men could work for their lives only in desperate weather, that there was no work for them when it was fair. That was when I became anti-fascist, at the silky tones of my rich and comfortable aunt. But if you ask me what I did to fight fascism then, I can only say I never opened my yap.

### COMES THE WAR

I was horrible, later. I hope you did not know me, back in the days of the World War. I thought—oh, I don't know what I thought, but I thought I thought—that men here asking for a living wage were trying to sabotage our soldiers at the front; and I am pretty fairly sure that I referred to those soldiers as Sammies. There was no Dies committee then, but I behaved like a member of it. There was no such term as "Red," but I could repeat some rather crisp names for the men of the IWW. It was that long ago, you see. I hope you don't remember.

I was influenced, I shall say for myself, and not entirely by the New York *Tribune* and by war hysteria. It was my lot then to know several articulate people who called themselves Socialists, and, as such, took on such a superiority as I have seen since only in Republicans when they too are in an elegant minority. I was unread and had no thoughts—I am not excusing, I am stating—and those Socialists would have thrown me, or you too, I promise you, on the first other side that came up. I no longer see them, after these twenty years. Some of them are dead. And the rest are liberals, too.

I cannot tell you on what day what did



DOROTHY PARKER. *Her wit is awakening others to the danger of fascism.*

what to me. I must have read, I must have seen, I must have thought. But there I was, then, wild with the knowledge of injustice and brutality and misrepresentation. I knew it need not be so; I think I knew even then that it would eventually not be so. But I did not know where to go and whom to ask.

At that time I saw many rich people, and—in this I am not unique—they did much in my life to send me back to the masses, to make me proud of being a worker, too. One must say for the rich that they are our best propagandists. One sees them, clumsy and without gayety and stumbling and dependent, and \$300,000,000 doesn't seem much, as against mind and solidarity and spirit. I saw these silly, dull, stuffy people, and they sent me shunting. It is not noble, that hatred sends you from one side to the other; but I say again, it is not unique.

Then I went to Hollywood, and there, of all places, I found there were things I could do actively to fight the things I loathed. I do not mean in the studios, in the work an employee must do there; I mean in your own hours, and meeting with your own people. And here I want to speak of Donald Ogden Stewart, who has done most for me, as he has for how many hundred others. He was once what I had been, a writer of humorous pieces,

a gay dog, an enlivener of the incessant dull hours of the rich. Then, with a courage that people don't know because he never has mentioned it, he saw what he must do, and gave his vast intelligence, his heart, his whole life to the fight against fascism. He has had socks in the face and blows on the heart; but he keeps on, and he will keep on. I know a great man.

It is to my pride that I can say that Donald Stewart and I and five others were the organizers of the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League. From those seven, it has grown in two years to a membership of four thousand—the last figures I heard—and it has done fine and brave work. With Donald Stewart, I served on the board of directors of the Screen Writers Guild. It is difficult to speak of screen writers. They are not essentially absurd; but such folk as Westbrook Pegler, if I may use the word folk, have set it in the public mind that every writer for the screen receives for his trash \$2,500 a week. Well, you see, the average wage of a screen writer is \$40 a week, and that for an average of fourteen weeks in the year, and *that* subject to being fired with no notice. We need a guild. We have had trouble. Our case, as I write, is up before the Labor Board. I think we must win.

### I WENT TO SPAIN

There are those things that I have done, but anybody would do them. Then, more than a year ago, I went to Europe on a holiday. I was not going to Spain; I was pretty contemptuous, for the reporters, of people who went to Spain, because I was scared stiff to go. I still think that anybody who tells you that he is not scared when shells shake the ground, and iron rains from the skies, and children lie dismembered in the street, is—well, possibly he has an abnormal adrenalin secretion. But in Paris I met Leland Stowe, who had just come back from Spain, and he shamed me into going. He asked me if I didn't want to do something, and then rested his case. I remember using the last cliché—I wish I were dead—about not wanting to use their food, when they had so little. He said to take tins of my own food, and eat their wretched dishes and give my luxurious tins to them. So I was licked, and I went, and I did.

It was that time in Spain. I cannot talk about it in these days. All I know is that there I saw the finest people I ever saw, that there



DOROTHY PARKER. *Her wit is awakening others to the danger of fascism.*



I knew the only possible thing for mankind is solidarity. As I write, their defense in Catalonia against the invasion of the fascists has failed. But do you think people like that can fail for long, do you think that they, banded together in their simple demand for decency, can long go down? They threw off that monarchy, after those centuries; can men of ten years' tyranny defeat them now?

I beg your pardon. I get excited.

Well, anyway, when I came back from Spain, I tried to do what I could. I spoke a great deal, about the people and the things I had seen. It is difficult for me to speak before an audience, and sometimes I think that if I have to hear my voice uttering the syllables of "fascism" once again, I shall vomit. The only extenuation I can offer is that I mean what I say; and that it raises money. I think that order, of course, should be inverted.

But the thing is, I speak only to audiences who think as I do, for no others want my services. The thing is, that when I write a piece about loyalist Spain—oh, most delicately phrased, so that you wouldn't quite know for a while which side I was on—magazines won't take it. I feel that it is my duty and my function as a writer to get my pieces into papers the readers of which do not yet

know, and if one of them or two of them are made to think, then I have done my work. But my work is dismissed, and on the strength of what seems to me a curious adjective—"unpleasant." The last editor, who may as well be nameless because he has all the other qualities of a bastard, told me that if I changed my piece to make it in favor of Franco, he would publish it. "God damn it," he said, "why can't you be funny again?"

#### I DON'T FEEL FUNNY

Well, you see, I don't feel funny any more. I don't think these are funny times, and I don't think Franco is funny. I don't think I can fight fascism by being comical, nor do I think that anybody else can. I don't know what to say to the letters and the voices that ask me, when I write or speak about my milk fund for Spanish children—"And what are you doing for the children of America?" How can you say, "Don't you see, it's all part of the same thing?" How can you answer dopes?

You ask me how I combat fascism, and I hang my head to say I do wrong things. I know many silly people, because I have known them for years, and I cannot keep my face shut when they talk peculiar idiocy; when they say everybody should keep very quiet and do nothing about anything, or when they

shake their heads and sigh that unions are all rackets, or when they murmur, "Oh, well, I'm content to stay in my ivory tower"—oh God, oh God, that dreary ivory tower, the only window of which looks out on the fascist side. I talk loud, and presently scream, and eventually make personal remarks about their faces or the shapes of their legs or the cut of their clothes; in all of which comments, as God hears me, I am perfectly justified; but it is no time for that kind of truths. It is best, I know, to stay away from such people. There will be no convincing them until they see what has happened.

So what I do about combating fascism is to see my own people, and feel fine that we are together and that we are more than any in the world and that our time will come. That is my strength and my life. But when I am not with them, I think I have no waking moment through the day or in the night when I am not guilty, when I am not saying to myself, as I turn from a newspaper story I cannot bear to read or hear a man with six children telling how he may work two days a week in a mill for \$4—when I do not say to myself, "You're doing almost as much as you can, baby. That's fine. But it's not enough."

DOROTHY PARKER.

## Dorothy Parker Said It

**T**HERE was a time, people often tell us, when they never thought twice about giving to NEW MASSES. But today, they say there are so many other things. Spain and China, of course, the refugees, and the Hearst strike, dues for half a dozen organizations. And NEW MASSES, after all, is just a magazine, and it keeps hitting the same people all the time.

There are many things I'd like to say about that attitude, but all I can say now is that it's dead wrong. We recognize all the other causes that must be served; God knows we've told you about enough of them. Apart from them we have no reason for existence. We want to give and give and give of time and money and energy.

But let me say just this: If you let NEW MASSES go under, you'll be turning out the lights in many places throughout America. NEW MASSES is the partisan of all those things you want to fight for and give money to.

If your child is sick, you spare nothing to save him. It is a law of life that life must be preserved at all costs. And this magazine must be looked at in exactly that way. It is no inanimate thirty-two pages of print. It is the spokesman of a way of life that is the only way to maintain life. It is life insurance against the death that is fascism.

It does not embarrass me to draw this sort of comparison, for I know how important it is. NEW MASSES faces death today,

and it must be saved. NEW MASSES' death would be as the death of a child, for it would be the death of a great reason for hope. Its death would be the death of an important fighter in a line that needs every single pound of strength.

We keep hitting the same people, you say. Yes, of course we do, but we keep hitting the same people who are being hit by the fascists, the traitors, by the leaders of the Fifth Column. We keep hitting the same people, all right, but let us stop hitting them and you'll be opening the floodgates to the Bund and its Storm Troopers, to Coughlin and Hearst, to everyone that wants to see the American people lie down, surrender to reaction. The enemies hit hard—every day, all the time, hit brutally, hit to kill. They do not let up. Neither can we. Listen, if you've ever believed anything this magazine has told you, you will sit down this very minute and address an envelope to NEW MASSES at 31 E. 27th St., N. Y. C., enclosing every cent you possibly can. No progressive cause can be allowed to go under until the resources of every supporter are spent, gone. You must let nothing you believe in die. You must save this magazine.

*George Hillier*

BUSINESS MANAGER.

# The Supreme Court Sits Down

With only Justices Black and Reed standing up for the worker's rights, the Supreme Court hearkens to the sacred cry of property. What the employers think they can do.

**T**HE pressure of property has been too much for the Supreme Court. It has yielded to three and a half years of employer, newspaper, and anti-New Deal propaganda against the National Labor Relations Act. In its three decisions of February 27, to which Justices Black and Reed dissented, it has anticipated the would-be "amenders" by making many of their proposals its own.

Senator Burke's proposal to withdraw the Wagner act's protection from any worker found guilty of an offense has been made the law. Senator Walsh's desire that the courts have increased power to disregard the board's analysis of evidence has been granted. Even Mr. Anderson of Missouri, who introduced the first bill attacking the Wagner act, must be pleased. For, although the court adopted none of his suggestions it has fulfilled his purpose of emasculating the act. In short, the Wagner act has begun to go the way of every other "Magna Charta" of labor. It has met the Supreme Court, the private property of private property.

## FANSTEEL WINS

The Fansteel decision is the most devastating of this trilogy. The Fansteel Metallurgical Corp. employed a labor spy, tried to form a company union, and refused to deal with an "outside" union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers of North America, which represented its employees. These illegal tactics led to a sitdown strike. The employer then solicited the return to work of a selected number of strikers. The board ordered the reinstatement of the other sitdowners because of the employer's illegal action in approaching individual strikers while refusing to deal with the union. It also ordered the company to bargain with the union.

The Supreme Court reversed the board's decision. It held that the company had lawfully discharged the sitdowners for the "illegal seizure" of the plant, despite the fact that their acts were induced by the company's unfair labor practices. The court went further: it held that fourteen other striking employees who had merely delivered food and bedding to the sitdowners could not be reinstated because they had "aided and abetted those who seized and held the buildings."

Justice Reed's dissent, in which Justice Black joined, points out that under the court's decision a striker guilty of mere nose-thumbing might be irrevocably discharged by the employer. He reminded the court that "disapproval of a sitdown does not logically compel the acceptance of the theory that an employer has the power to bar his striking employees from the protection of the Wagner act." Thus,



Mischa Richter

the court has arbitrarily declared that workers whose actions in a strike meet with its disapproval have lost their rights under the Wagner act. The Supreme Court has heard the sacred cry of private property.

## COLUMBIAN ENAMELING

The Columbian Enameling case presented this situation: The company and a union had a contract containing an arbitration provision. A dispute arose, the company refused to arbitrate, and 450 out of five hundred men walked out on strike. About a week later, two labor conciliators of the Department of Labor were

requested by the union "to try to open up negotiations." The conciliators communicated with the company's president, who agreed to meet with them and the union. Several days later he informed them that he had changed his mind.

Now, the employer, having refused to bargain with his employees, was clearly guilty of an unfair labor practice and the employees had a right to immediate reinstatement. The board so held. But the Supreme Court decided differently. It said this: we will not hold that the employer refused to bargain with the union for there is no evidence that

the employer knew that the union would deal with him.

Yet the record before the court reveals that the union's secretary testified that he had asked the conciliators to open negotiations. And the company's president admitted that he had at first agreed to meet the union and then refused. How, then, can the court say that the employer didn't know the union wanted to bargain with it? By its decision the Supreme Court has substituted its judgment for the board's, despite the statutory requirement that "the findings of the board if supported by evidence shall be conclusive." This infringement of the board's power is the court's facile answer to the cry for "employer justice." The decision also contains the dangerous dictum that an employer, after resuming "normal operations," has no obligation to deal with its striking employees. This may mean that a company, by hiring enough strikebreakers, can destroy the rights of striking employees.

#### SANDS MFG. CO.

In the third case before the court, the employer, the Sands Manufacturing Co., had a contract with an independent union. When the union refused to agree to layoffs, the employer shut down his plant "until further notice." He gave no notice, but immediately signed a contract with an AFL union and through it hired new employees. His old employees were locked out.

The Supreme Court held that the refusal of the independent-union men to accept the employer's terms was a breach of their contract which justified the company in dealing

with a new union. It thus deprived a new group of workers of rights under the Wagner act—those whom it held guilty of breach of contract. The Wagner act, however, provides that "any individual whose work has ceased as a consequence of or in connection with any current labor dispute" is an employee. Since the independent-union men had ceased work because of a labor dispute, they were still the company's employees and had the right to bargain with their employer. The company, in dealing with an AFL union which represented none of its employees, was violating the law.

The Supreme Court, by these decisions, has given support to the forces in our society which created terrorism in Imperial Valley and killed ten steel workers in the Chicago massacre. It has interfered with the NLRB's prerogatives. It has ruthlessly torn sections of the Wagner act to tatters. It has dealt a body blow to labor by inciting employer violation of the act. Many employers now believe that they have *carte blanche* to discharge union employees. Undoubtedly moved by the exultant editorials in the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, two New Jersey firms immediately sent dismissal notices to employees who had engaged in a five-hour sitdown the previous week. It is reported by the *Journal of Commerce* that Detroit automobile manufacturers are canvassing the possibility of discharging "contract violators" instead of arbitrating the issue.

The Wagner act, though amended, is still the law and must be obeyed. But the Supreme Court's decisions will lead to an increase in industrial warfare because nostalgic employers,

believing themselves back in the union-hunting days, will provoke strikes. Nor will labor unions be satisfied with an emasculated Wagner act. While fighting further amendments in court or Congress, they will be forced to depend more upon their weapons of strike, boycott, and picketing, instead of the peaceful solution which the National Labor Relations Act was intended to afford.

The Supreme Court has again shown itself responsive to election returns. In 1937 Roosevelt's attempt to "unpack" the court was reinforced by the approval of the American people. It was during this period that the court upheld such social legislation as TVA, minimum-wage laws, and social security, as well as the constitutionality of the Wagner act. Neither the needs nor the desires of the American people have changed. But the few GOP victories of 1938 have unleashed anti-labor forces which have made themselves heard by the court. In these cases, as in many others, the plasticity of the Supreme Court to the will of the American people is represented only in the dissenting opinions. Those dissents must, as has often happened before, become the law. This is the task before President Roosevelt and the country. The President's responsibility is a grave one for there is now one vacancy on the court and the possibility of others. Our immediate duty is to acquaint him with the temper of the American people. LEONARD BOUDIN.

## Vas You Dere, Sharlie?

Mr. Lindbergh evidently was not, say Negley Farson and Walter Duranty.

WHILE sipping a few beers with some fellow journalists in Cape Town, South Africa, Negley Farson paused in his transgressor's way to tell the following tale of Walter Duranty and Charles Lindbergh.

"I know Walter well," began Farson, "and he is a reliable man. He's got an interesting story of Lindbergh's famous visit to Moscow just before Munich—when Lindbergh did his bit for the dictators by taking a look at Russia's air forces and telling the democracies that they were just lousy.

"All of the Soviet air force that Lindbergh saw was from the airport in Moscow, where he chatted to some military attachés and watched a couple of planes take off. Walter was with him and vouches for the fact that Lindbergh's information was based on no more evidence than that."

The Cape Town *Guardian*, which reported Negley Farson's anecdote, adds:

This confirms the story that when Lindbergh went to put the wind up Lloyd George and to get him toeing the appeasement line by telling him of the weakness of the Soviet air force, he was flummoxed by the old Welsh Wizard's mentioning Voroshilov. Lindbergh didn't know the bloke, hadn't heard of him. And Lloyd George turned on his heel and left the room. He'd heard enough to be more than skeptical of Lindbergh's opinion of Russia's military strength.

## Forever This Spring

This Spring let the world keep out, we said, alone  
Our feet to the path over the woodmint,  
The red-tipped moss, and ours the single flower  
Lovely under stone.

But here before us the hazel boughs are broken,  
The coiled fern flattened by the invader's heel,  
The hot spoor on the crushed leaf marking the course  
That terror has taken.

When buds split and willow strikes like a whip at the heart,  
When the hard fire at earth's core rolls  
In green flame against the destroyers  
How shall we walk apart?

The defenders too are among us: those who command  
The blade of the quick fern, pattern the changing season,  
Reshape the leaf and bind the bough  
With a healer's hand;

And those who have fallen are with us: they shall inherit  
Forever this Spring when the stars of bloodroot burn,  
When light draws from the shadow of running water  
The promised violet.

RUTH LECHLITNER.

# The Misery in Perpignan

Art Shields, writing from the French border, tells of scores of thousands of "heroes in hell." They fled the Franco terror only to find Daladier just as bad.

*Perpignan, France.*

**A**LL the misery I've seen in the slums of Jersey City, in unemployed coal camps, in the Hoovervilles that stood by the road several years ago are nothing to the sights of southern France.

Lovely France of the Pyrenees-Orientales district—radiant snow-capped peaks looking down on the vineyards and the red-tiled houses! Now blotted with sadness and shame.

I saw Lister's soldiers come singing over the Pyrenees to Cerebere. They laughed as they looked at the blue Mediterranean below. They spread their last loaves of bread with tinned meat—for was not more good food coming from France? The Daladier-Bonnet government, it is true, had starved them for arms; had held up guns from other countries coming through France in transit; had forced their retreat and thereby surrendered the Pyrenees border to the enemies of the Republic of France.

They knew this, those bold singing lads, but they didn't know they'd be treated like enemies. They didn't know they were entering hell.

That's bitter talk, but listen to the American boys coming home next month from the stench and starvation of the concentration camps of Argeles-Sur-Mer or Saint Cyprian. (A few of the boys coming home—others left in hell.) Imagine a Hooverville multiplied one thousand times—and you haven't gotten

Argeles yet. You have to smell the excrement of 100,000 people—the French army wouldn't let them build latrines. You have to see 100,000 men and women and children starving—standing around talking of bread; queuing endlessly for bread to be told there isn't any more. You have to see starving army mules eating bark off stakes in the ground—I've seen that. And see Spanish soldiers sharing tiny pieces of that starving mule the next day.

And still you haven't seen this hell. You must see Republican soldiers bundling up together in the same unwashed blanket—they are often chased from the seaside when they go down to wash. See them sleeping on the ground—there weren't enough sticks and slivers of straw to build dog-kennel houses for all.

And still you haven't got the picture. See the Daladier-Bonnet troops, selected men chosen for the task, not the average *poilu*, beating the men who defended their border. I've seen it. And I've talked to an American boy who saw Moorish Spahi cavalymen cut down a Spaniard who shouted, "Viva Negrín!" And I have the stories of British nurses who dressed bayonet wounds inflicted by colonial troops on Spaniards who wanted bread.

Treated like enemies! Walking along the Mediterranean beach at Saint Cyprian—that

white sandy beach now fetid with excrement—I saw a glint in the sunshine. Just one hundred yards away a Hotchkiss machine gun, with a gunner behind it, was glaring at the American section of the Internationals' camp. Two more guarded the wire entrance to the camp a little way off.

## ENDLESS COLUMNS

Guns and rubber hose! I watched the Mobile Guards with rifle on back and rubber hose sometimes in hand, herding refugees into the camps. Endless files of refugees on the roads. The whole world seems to be moving with suitcases, beds, and pots on its back—moving to concentration camps to be treated as enemies by a government that has sold out to Chamberlain and the fascist axis—that has sold out the people of France as well as of Spain.

Bread! Everyone is thinking of bread. I see a bakery truck rush by the refugees on the highway. A nimble lad leaps up from the road and jostles a loaf. It falls. There's a shout of joy and another refugee dives like a football player after it as it spins along the road. Then he shares it with the rest.

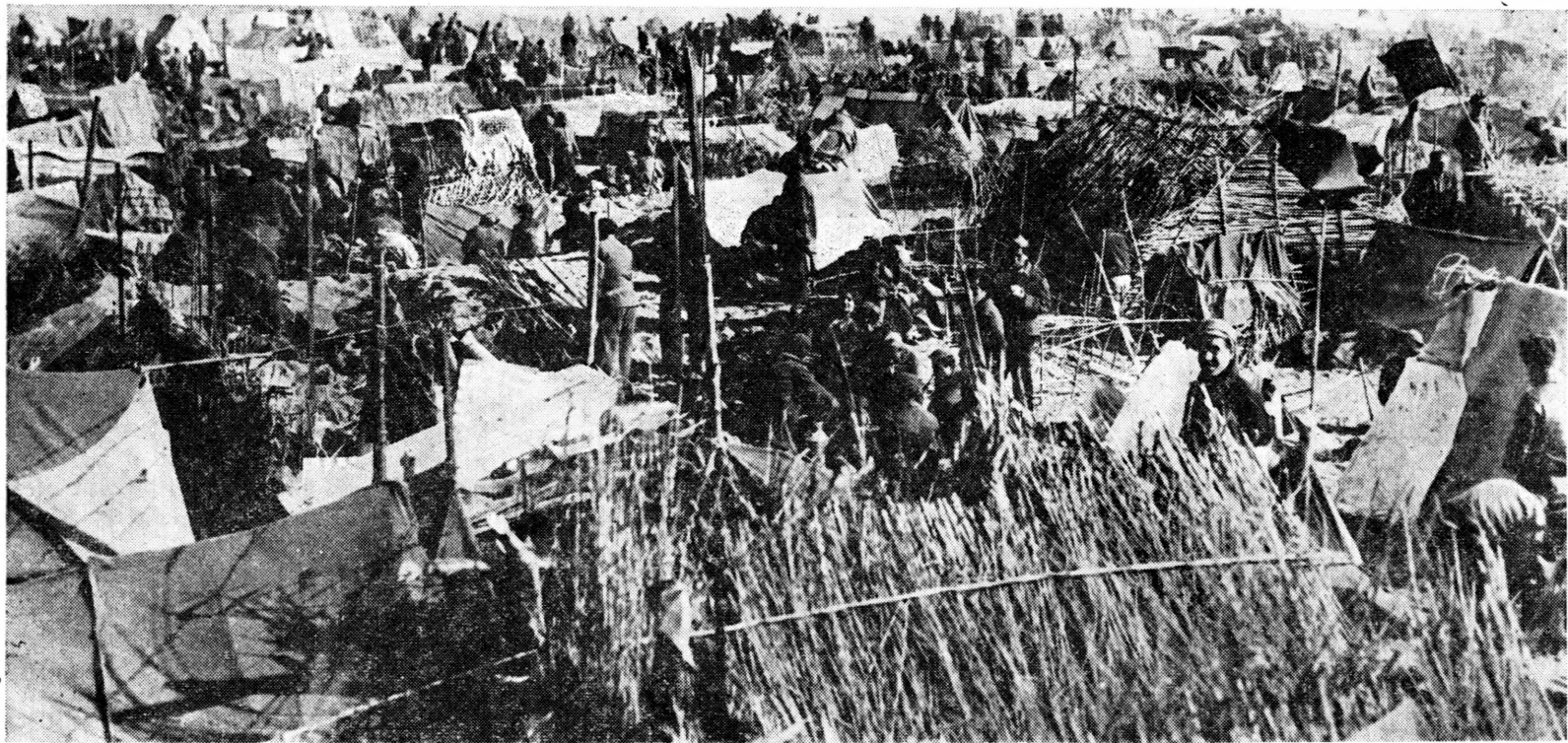
Of course men are dying, women too, dying faster than the government cares to count. "Another body was taken out of this end of the Spanish camp today," an American would say. "I saw four children die of typhoid at



**HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.** Almost a million refugees and disarmed soldiers lie on the cold ground of these concentration camps in southern France. Driven out of their country by Franco, they would be forced back to certain death if the French Tories had their way.

Wide World





Wide World

**HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.** *Almost a million refugees and disarmed soldiers lie on the cold ground of these concentration camps in southern France. Driven out of their country by Franco, they would be forced back to certain death if the French Tories had their way.*

Arles-Sur-Tech," Margaret Powell, Welsh nurse who was temporarily interned there, told me.

I saw them dying at Arles myself—saw human skeletons spitting their lungs out from TB as they lay on straw.

And I saw the dead too, counted five confined bodies waiting for a truck outside a railroad warehouse at Latour de Carol where nearly eight hundred patients were lying on the straw-strewn concrete inside. "Twenty-nine died here," said a Catalan doctor inside. "At least one hundred in all died at Latour de Carol"—the rest at three other hospitals like this and the camp itself.

Georges Ribecourt, war correspondent for the Paris *Ce Soir*, and I wore light overcoats as we visited the Latour de Carol camp. And we were cold. The eight thousand Spaniards camped out on the mountain side there at a height of four thousand feet had no overcoats—not many of them. And half of them had no shelter overhead. Nearly half have just found haven at night in empty railroad cars—the rest huddle on the wind-swept rocks and earth of this Pyrenees pass in sub-freezing temperatures.

Georges stared sadly all the way back on the four-hour railroad trip to Perpignan. "I'm shamed as a Frenchman," he said. "This shocks me more than anything I've seen in the Spanish war."

#### HELL IN PARADISE

The snowy Pyrenees are a paradise to some. Five rosy middle-class French girls coming back with their skis laughed all the way home. They hadn't felt the hell, as had Georges and an old Pyrenees railroad worker who was also outraged as a Frenchman.

This old French Catalan worker proudly told passengers that he is the oldest reader of *l'Humanité* in that district.

*Ce Soir* and *l'Humanité* have done a wonderful job in exposing the concentration hells. Ribecourt's stories, with pictures of starving refugees, are plastered over the front and inside pages of *Ce Soir*; *l'Humanité's* front pages thunder their demand that the Spaniards be treated as honored guests and repatriated to the Valencia-Madrid area where they want to fight. The left section of the Front Populaire is putting terrific pressure on the government.

But Bonnet, the foreign minister, who betrayed Czechoslovakia, is tied hand and foot to the Two Hundred Families and the foreign policies of Chamberlain.

His purpose is to drive the refugees back to Franco, where many will be shot, others drafted for future wars against France itself. Daily, French Mobile Guards, army officers, and Franquista propagandists cajole and threaten the 400,000 refugees—to go back to Franco Spain. But despite the bayonet, the lash, and starvation, the vast majority repel this propaganda. And it goes badly for Franquista propagandists found in their midst.

The Spanish people are heroes in hell.

ART SHIELDS.

## Chicago's Promising Primary

The 900,000 vote augurs well for the New Deal. Kelly vs. Green. The national issues' influence.

CHICAGO did not have to wait long, on the night of February 28, to learn its primary election results.

Anyone riding through the city on the weekend before the balloting would have gained a pretty good idea of what was to occur. Pictures of Mayor Edward J. Kelly were widely displayed in every section of the city, except the Gold Coast. Those pictures were a rough forecast of how the Democratic primary would turn out.

Before one ballot had been counted, the smutty and strikebound *Herald-Examiner* came out with huge headlines: "Kelly and Green Are Victors." This was a typical piece of Hearstian journalism, but in this case it was a sure bet.

Before the counting had gone very far, State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney—hitherto a power in local Democratic politics—had conceded his overwhelming defeat for the mayoralty nomination.

Over in the Republican camp, where the voters had only a choice between two reactionary candidates, William Hale Thompson bit the dust. This hoary politico, backed by the Nazi Bund-Silver Shirt-Coughlinite alliance, was snowed under by Dwight Green, *Tribune*-backed fair-haired boy of the utility interests. Thompson also conceded defeat early in the evening.

Thus ended what the news services termed "one of the quietest elections in Chicago's history"—"quiet" because there was no violence at the polls, but tremendously alive in the great outpouring of voters in Democratic primaries.

#### WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Something had occurred in Chicago on that February 28 which the people of the nation should know about. They have, as yet, been largely left in the dark.

They know, from the usual sources of public information, that the impressive number of 900,000 votes was cast in the Democratic primary, and that this flood of ballots gave Edward J. Kelly the unusual majority of 300,000. They know that a man named Green was nominated by the Republicans in a very light vote compared to that of the Democrats.

But the news agencies, for their own purposes, have played this up as a victory for the so-called Kelly-Nash machine—and have let it go at that. Such is the alibi of Col. Frank Knox, Landon's running mate, for the defeat of his candidate Courtney, an alibi now broadcast through the country by the wire services of the lords of the press.

Such an "explanation" is so far away from the Chicago of 1939 as to be a crude and false caricature. No machine could have brought out those 900,000 votes. No machine

could have induced the steel workers, the packinghouse workers, the army of men and women newly organized in the AFL, and the middle-class people, to come out in such overwhelming numbers as they did.

#### THE 900,000 VOTE

These thousands went to the polls because they were aroused and informed. They cast their ballots in such large numbers because they had been quickened, by a great educational campaign, to the urgency of a New Deal Chicago, of a Chicago which would make for progress because it was linked up with President Roosevelt's New Deal.

That sworn enemy of progress, the *Tribune*, in its brazen bravado which disdains refined tactics, has blurted out something of the truth. The Chicago Democrats, it admits, "are fellow-travelers of the New Deal" and February 28 was a "Democratic day."

But in its bitter effort to belittle the New Deal, the *Tribune* ascribes the victory to the "handouts" and "easy money" which the national administration affords for the local Democrats. Neither "handouts" nor "easy money" could bring out the army of Democratic voters who responded in the primaries. But for McCormick, WPA, PWA, federal housing projects, and national health programs are "handouts"—and these the people did determine should be continued and expanded.

The people of the nation can put this down in their political notebooks: "The people of Chicago voted for the New Deal as the representative of progress—for their city and for America."

This was not only registered in Mayor Kelly's huge majority. It was also shown in the successes of New Deal aldermen, particularly in wards hitherto thought difficult to win for the New Deal.

In the Second Ward, where the Republican Party has maintained a vise-like control by hiding behind the figure of Abraham Lincoln, an outstanding Negro New Dealer, Earl B. Dickerson, ran first in the poll. In the Fifth Ward, Dr. Paul H. Douglas—well known liberal backed by Mayor Kelly—also came in ahead of the field. In the Forty-eighth Ward—a heavily middle-class section—the New Dealer Robert S. Quirk ran ahead of the reactionary Republican incumbent, Masson, favorite of the *Tribune*.

#### KELLY, A NEW DEALER

The issues were presented sharply to the voters—and the voters decisively made their New Deal choice. Mayor Kelly came out in clearcut fashion as a supporter of the New Deal. He reenforced his emphatic statements on that subject with pressure on congressmen for the passage of the President's proposals



Acme

BIG BILL THOMPSON. Right he was when he said he'd never wear the halter he holds in this campaign picture. The people of Chicago never gave him a chance.

Illinois and expressed his criticism of any Dies-led investigation.

His opponent, Thomas J. Courtney, had been placed in the campaign by Knox's Chicago *Daily News* for the specific purpose of splitting the Democrats and weakening the New Deal. The Courtney-Knox campaign consisted of an effort to dress the state's attorney in the mantle of fake "reform" (an imitation Tom Dewey, if you please). It centered around the propaganda that Chicago should solve its problems without regard to national issues, thus seeking to cut Chicago off from the national New Deal.

Presented with this choice, Chicago was electrified into motion. Unity of labor was achieved in a manner that Chicago has not seen for years. The American Federation of Labor unions got into the battle strongly behind Kelly and New Deal aldermen. The CIO unions and Labor's Non-Partisan League responded in like manner.

This unity of labor—now much more significant because of the organization in recent years of steel, packing, and other former citadels of the open shop—swept on and affected the middle classes. We see in this primary a number of middle-class wards going for Kelly and the New Deal, in contrast to the confusion among these people in the congressional elections of 1938.

This new independent role of labor was matched by another new phenomenon—the unity of the progressives in the neighborhoods. In such areas as the steel section, Packingtown, and the North Side there emerged strongly knit community movements, bringing an independent progressive force into the wards.

These young but powerful progressive groups—developing wide discussion of the issues in the "grass roots" of the city—encouraged the New Deal candidates, from Kelly down, and influenced them to come out more boldly for progress.

#### THE ICKES CAMPAIGN

Out of the preceding campaign to draft Harold Ickes for mayor, there had also been formed "A Better Chicago League," which brought together middle-class people with labor groups—and served to stimulate wide consideration of Chicago's problems.

All of these developments not only led to a quickening political consciousness on the part of Chicagoans but opened the way for wide political education. In this latter job, the democratic-front paper, the *Daily Record*, made a distinct contribution. Three hundred thousand copies of this paper, in two special weekend editions, were distributed in every ward and precinct—and served to arouse the people and to bring them to the polls. Although only one year old, it can be said that the *Daily Record* emerged from this primary as a serious political factor in the city's life.

The *Record* was the only newspaper in Chicago to support the New Deal candidates wholeheartedly. The evening *Times* conducted a wishy-washy campaign in support of Kelly

but evaded the issues throughout. On the eve of the primary it gave such comfort as it could to Courtney by reprinting an article by one Milton Mayer, from the *Nation*, which, in view of Chicago's serious realities, proved to be a schoolboy's smart-aleck essay.

#### THE "NATION'S" ARTICLE

Mr. Mayer did all he could to aid the morning and evening colonels in the defeat of the New Deal, by hinting at the Trotskyist proposal to boycott the primaries. Facts, of course, were of no concern to that gentleman—and in his very first sentence he was guilty of two misstatements. It was a very pretty conceit, no doubt, to write that Mayor Kelly is the candidate of the Communists and Colonel McCormick of the *Tribune*. But it was lacking in one essential—truth.

McCormick has been hell-bent for a large primary vote (and now for the election) of Dwight Green, who will contest the runoff on April 4 with Kelly.

The Communists have their own candidate, Jack Johnstone, in the field for the purpose of bringing forward the issues and emphasizing the urgency of unity of the progressive forces.

The Communists did prove in the primary campaign a whirlwind of energy in arousing the people, in bringing pressure on organizations to get into the fight, in stressing the need for unity behind the New Deal. They performed a service in that respect which contributed greatly to the large outpouring of the voters.

#### NOW FOR THE ELECTIONS

Chicago, now with one great victory to its credit, is looking forward to April 4. The New Deal candidates will go into the campaign with a great advantage won in the primaries. But they will have practically every large newspaper in the city against them. They will have the powerful utility and banking interests opposed to them. It is now on the order of business to arouse the voters to another great march to the polls—to clinch the achievement of a New Deal Chicago.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ.

### Executions in Barcelona

A GREAT number of clandestine leaflets were circulated in Barcelona during the first week in February, to protest vehemently against the executions *en masse* by the occupation forces with the full knowledge of the authorities. These leaflets have the names of ninety-five persons executed in the suburb of San Andrés alone, the majority of whom were working men from a metallurgical factory. They also protest against the lack of food and the prohibitive prices of the few provisions that can be found.

In the face of this evidence it is useless for the rebel apologists to attempt to propagate the idea that the "Nationalists" treat the population of occupied territory with any sort of justice.

on WPA. He spoke to the Workers Alliance and unequivocally championed adequate WPA appropriations.

The mayor declared, as the campaign went on, that he was "the only New Deal candidate," and sought to back this up with his official acts—appointing a committee of seven, including outstanding liberals and representatives of labor, on the committee to supervise schoolboard appointments and educational policies.

#### HE "MADE MISTAKES"

In regard to the conduct of the police in the 1937 steel strike, he admitted publicly that he had made "mistakes" and declared that a different policy would be pursued in the future. Prior to the primaries, he had given indications that this pledge would be carried out, in his handling of the stockyards strike, where the CIO was victorious.

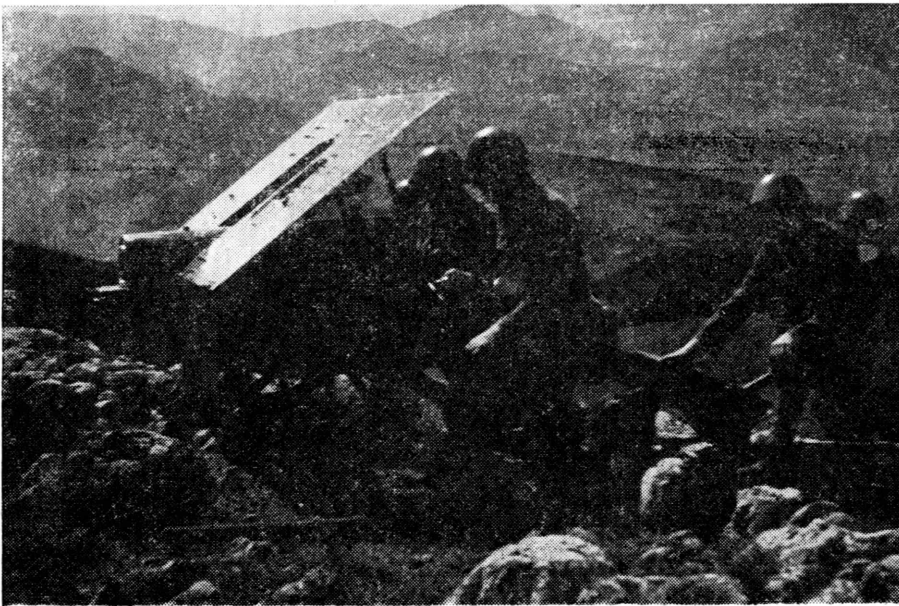
The mayor opposed the little Dies bill in



Acme

**BIG BILL THOMPSON.** *Right he was when he said he'd never wear the halter he holds in this campaign picture. The people of Chicago never gave him a chance.*





*"On the north Bohemian hills, the army took its advance position in front of the great underground line of fortifications." May 21, 1938.*



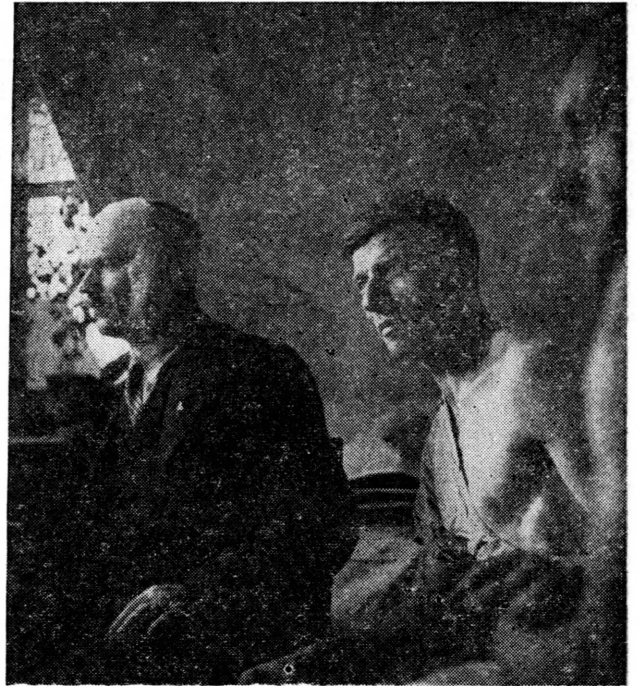
*"German Democrats, Czechs, Catholics, and Jews had been murdered in their beds, or sometimes shot down by snipers in the streets." Sudeten couple beaten with Nazi rubber truncheons.*

## Two Documentary Films

Herb Kline and Joris Ivens record history in Czechoslovakia and China

**T**HE photographs on this page are from Herb Kline's story of Czechoslovakia which begins with the threatened invasion and ends with the Munich betrayal and the entrance of the German army. The quoted parts of the captions are from Vincent Sheean's commentary on the film's sound track.

On the facing page are a group of stills from Joris Ivens' film of China's defense against the Japanese invaders. The photography is by Robert Capa.



*"Czech and German workers, who had been victims of Nazi roughhouse tactics in the area, planned a big meeting for solidarity." Egerland.*



*"Henlein's smile says: 'This is a good show.'" Nazis stage demonstration at Eger.*



*"Children of German anti-fascists, many of whom had already suffered from Nazi aggression."*





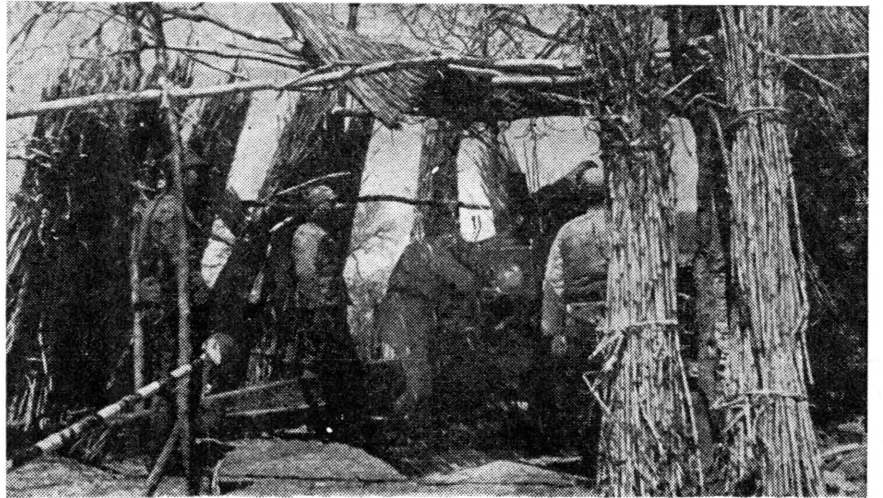
This "Minute Man" hoes his rice field within grabbing distance of his rifle, leaning against the tree.



A wall on a street in Hankow decorated with pictures of Japanese atrocities and war slogans.



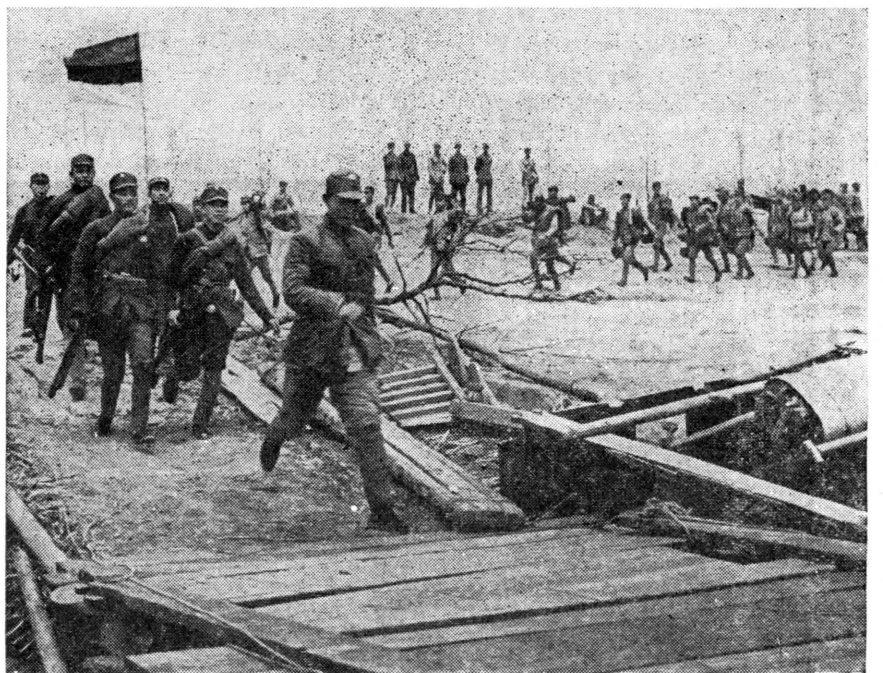
A delegation at the dedication of the monument to China's Unknown Soldier at Hankow.



Chinese heavy artillerymen, expertly trained since the war began, operating under camouflage on the Shantung front.



Wounded Chinese who have received first aid leave the Shantung engagement for a base hospital.



The victorious Chinese infantry in double step over the Grand Canal, advancing toward the recapture of Taierhchwang.

Robert Capa-Pix

## Mrs. James Crow, DAR

The Anderson case exposes the fancy-dress "patriots." Mrs. Roosevelt and the people blast Jim Crow.

**E**ARLY in February a committee representing the Howard University Concert Series was told that it could not present Marian Anderson in Constitution Hall, an auditorium owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution. On February 15 the Washington Board of Education denied a petition of the same committee for the use of its largest high-school auditorium. The board reversed itself on March 3, but it was its first action that was significant.

These two actions laid bare a cancerous growth which had localized itself for the moment in the nation's capital. As a result of the investigations and protests which followed on the heels of these actions, Washingtonians were shocked at the revelations which were brought to the surface. From the San Francisco Exposition, where Miss Anderson is appearing before packed houses, to Texas and Boston, the nation was bowled over at the news of this fascist-like tactic. Protests began to pour in to the impervious DAR and to the Board of Education. Washington citizenry, up until recently apathetic because of their votelessness, reacted immediately, called meetings, circulated petitions, consolidated their forces, and organized the Marian Anderson Citizens Committee. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt resigned from the DAR.

Perhaps an incident of such magnitude was needed at this moment of "headline hysteria," pogroms, and labor-baiting, to bring home clearly to American Negroes and to progressive whites the true meaning of the present and future roles of the DAR and fascist-minded school officials. It showed them, too, that cowardly acts like that of one of the three Negro board members, John H. Wilson, who walked away before the vote was taken, are reflections of pusillanimous leadership which has infected certain phases of Negro life. It is showing them the great value to be gained when Negroes and whites work together in common cause. For it is just this kind of active cooperation on such basic and important issues which illustrates that there is nothing ethnocentric about Marian Anderson's art, that democracy is threatened whenever the forces of reaction display their power.

The Negro citizens of Washington were surprised when they learned that no more than twelve tickets were ever sold to Negroes for Constitution Hall events. They did not know that the DAR Board of Governors had ruled that no Negro artist could ever sing in its sacred "tax-exempt" hall. According to Dr. Houston, counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the question as to whether citizens can be barred from proper use of the hall is one that will be taken up at a later date. Significantly, the

DAR has seen fit on one occasion, last year's Folk Festival, to relax its rule, when it permitted Maryland Eastern Shore oyster shuckers and other Negroes to appear in the hall. Its august president, Mrs. Henry Roberts, declared at the San Francisco Fair that these "rules are in accordance with the established customs of the Washington district."

### PUSSYFOOTING

The manager of the hall, when cornered about the availability of Miss Anderson's date, pussyfooted that the date was taken, but added as an afterthought that it could not have been let to a Negro artist anyway. As a result of these statements, the officers of the Bronson Cutting Lectures hope to be able to cancel the remaining two lectures in the series. The nature of the protests pouring in to the DAR and to Congress indicates a strong possibility of congressional investigation into this high-minded patriotic organization, whose tax-paying should be subject to scrutiny.

The quondam liberal superintendent of schools, Dr. Frank Ballou, basing his actions on the "Organic law of 1906" setting up the dual school system, quoting only what he wished, wormed his way round the issue to the complete disgust of every right-thinking American. These recommendations, like the denial of the DAR, ought to give delight to the fascists and an opportunity to throw back into our face these samples of capital bigotry. This guide of children's destinies could say, "We have in Washington a dual system of education, which requires that the two races be separated. . . . Why, they were going to pay her \$1,750. . . . That is a great deal of money for one evening." This truncated angle of intolerance roused Washingtonians to such fury that they acted in the only way they knew, a bombardment of letters to the daily press. The letters continued, but the protestants, in the most natural fashion, gravitated together in church, hall, and union meetings. Lawyers, congressmen, diplomats, government officials, union leaders, pullman porters, teachers, physicians, musicians, writers, ministers, unemployed—all have congregated for one purpose, to protect culture, to combat the hydra-headed monster, Jim Crow.

A very important development arising out of this was the golden opportunity the Negroes had for finding out their friends, their enemies, the half-emancipated and the fence-sitters and the invertebrate. On this issue the Negro press the country over was as one. But, with the exception of the Richmond *Times Dispatch*, the Scripps-Howard Washington *News*, the Philadelphia *Record*, and only one or two others, Washington papers and those nearby displayed contemptuous and arrogant



MARIAN ANDERSON. *The Negro singer whose snub by the DAR rocked the nation.*

disregard both for the intelligence and the aroused sentiment of their Negro readers. Almost without exception, these defenders of freedom of the press, the *Times-Herald*, the *Post*, and the *Star*, all of Washington, made the central issue revolve around the absence of a public-owned auditorium. The *Post* could brazenly editorialize, "It should be obvious that in neither case (DAR and Board of Education) was any slight to the famous Negro singer intended." The *News* did have the decency to admit where the culpability lay, and the Philadelphia *Record* advised congressional action, commenting that the ancestors of the DAR "would be heartily ashamed . . . that such advertisement of bigotry serves the purposes of those who profit from anti-American propaganda."

### "GREATEST WOMAN SINGER"

It is enough that the artistry of Marian Anderson has been acclaimed the world over. Kings and queens, the people of the Soviet Union, and the Scandinavians, all have heaped the highest praises upon this great singer. When one reads of Toscanini's accolade, "A voice like hers is heard once in a century," or the encomium of Sibelius, "My roof is too low for you, madam," this exclusion is all the more criminal. When one reads in the London *Daily Mail* that "she is the greatest woman singer alive," and learns that she is booked for seventy-five concerts this season—more than any other American artist has ever been engaged for in advance—the disgust which must follow on knowing that this unparalleled artist cannot appear to proper advantage mounts higher as time goes by.

The artistic world and cultural organizations have been aroused to concerted action. The disgust they have registered and their sad protests are in many ways the commentary that renders permanent defeat to all ivory-tower artists. At his concert last week, Jascha



MARIAN ANDERSON. *The Negro singer whose snub by the DAR rocked the nation.*



Heifetz, who has been touring for the benefit of Jewish refugees, said, "To think that this hall in which I played has been barred to a great singer because of her race made me ashamed. I protest, as the entire musical world protests, against such a sad and deplorable attitude." Heifetz was joined by Lucy Monroe, Frederick Jagel, and Kirsten Flagstad in protesting the ban. Miss Monroe said that it was difficult to believe that "they won't let the greatest singer in the world sing in an auditorium of the nation's capital." Leopold Stokowski and Lawrence Tibbett have protested; the members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, playing in the hall on February 28, voted to protest, as has the Musicians Committee to Aid Spain. The Washington Chapter of the League of American Writers and their national president, Donald Ogden Stewart; the American Union of Democracy—numbering among its members Herbert Agar, Chester A. Arthur, Van Wyck Brooks, Elmer Carter, Walter Damrosch, Deems Taylor, W. C. Handy, Burgess Meredith, Jean Muir, Lynd Ward, William Allen White—the Descendants of the American Revolution, and many other similar organizations have swelled the protest.

The Marian Anderson Citizens Committee, beginning with twenty-odd organizations, now numbers more than seventy. Marian Anderson will sing on April 9. The committee held meetings daily, it bombarded Congress, in order to right a wrong. This determination alone brought to light conditions which those outside Washington did not dream existed. More than that, it served to awaken Washington's 150,000 Negroes to their benighted problems. It focused attention on the severe relief problem of Negroes in Washington, on job discrimination in the government, and it sharpened the physical fact of a dual school system and its consequences. Above all it made the whole of Washington more vote-conscious than ever, even though concerted efforts have been made recently for suffrage for the District of Columbia. Finally, Washingtonians and all those who have watched the outcome are thinking of what can happen to art and culture, how they can be threatened. They see that art and culture can be free only when the atmosphere in which they arise and the conditions of democracy are also free.

EUGENE HOLMES.

## Frenzied Finance

THE famous Skoda works have been sold and payment for them made in New York recently to the tune of \$8,800,000. Here's what happened.

The Skodawerke, a Czechoslovak firm, was sold to an Anglo-Czechoslovak group of financiers who are operating the famous arms factory for the benefit of the Krupp interests. The payment was made in American dollars in New York and the profit was made by a French syndicate that held most of the Skoda stock.

Does that give you an idea of the Capitalist International?

# Four-fifths of a Nation—II

What the American Medical Association is and is not doing about the inadequately cared for 80 percent.

THE American Medical Association was founded in 1847, when doctors were first coming into their own as scientists. The four decades previous had seen the greatest advances in the history of medicine. In that period René Laënnec discovered the use of the stethoscope; John Bright discovered the disease that bears his name; and the non-criminal treatment of the insane was introduced by Philippe Pinel. In the year the AMA was founded, Ludwig Semmelweis, a Vienna biologist, discovered the contagious nature of puerperal fever, and thereby made childbirth the relatively safe operation it is today.

The wave of discovery and invention precipitated a mighty battle between real medicine and quackery of one sort or another. Mary Baker Eddy, queen of all faith-healers, was not even to be heard of for thirty years, and the faith-healers, in 1847, held out against all comers. The sort of quack who today advertises his herb cures and rejuvenating potions in the sex pulps could then hang his shingle alongside that of the physician whose practices were based on the fruits of authentic research. The standards of the medical schools were low, and the diploma of any school was a practicing license.

In the face of these menaces a number of legitimate doctors from all over New York State met in 1846 to consider ways and means of raising the standards of their profession. Their only accomplishment at that meeting was a decision to meet again the next year and form a national organization. This they did, and named themselves the American Medical Association.

### AMA HISTORY

For its first twenty years the AMA was little more than a paper organization of doctors, publishing occasional reports and holding conventions about which the membership knew nothing. Nevertheless it was a healthy organization, in some senses functioning like a trade union, and the leadership took the proper initiative in acting for some of the principles on which the AMA was founded. They cracked down on the medical schools, seeing that the good ones held up their standards and doing away with the bad ones.

In 1866, after twenty years of comparative inactivity during which a deficit of \$404.02 had been accumulated, someone got the idea that really put the AMA across. Why not capitalize on the buying power of the membership and publish a journal which would be the advertising medium for all the products used by doctors. So in that year the *Journal of the American Medical Association* was founded, and since then both the *Journal* and the AMA have prospered mightily.

Today the AMA is a gigantic, feverishly active organization which has a tremendous but seldom calculated effect on American life. Its membership is approximately 110,000—the great bulk of American doctors. Broken down into state and county bodies, there are 2,055 distinct subsidiary groups. Its setup is nominally democratic but actually a ruling clique of officers and a large section of the House of Delegates, supreme council, fix policies and control the potentialities of the AMA as a pressure group. No one would ever guess, by reading official declarations, that 80 percent of American doctors believe health insurance inevitable and 70 percent actually favor it. Yet these were the figures the Gallup poll released last summer.

The voice of Morris Fishbein is the one the public knows best. The unctuous Babbitt of his profession, Fishbein never put in a day as a practicing doctor. He has been editor of the association's *Journal and Hygeia*, the lay publication, since 1924. He is one of the most tireless speakers and prolific journalists in the country, making one hundred public addresses a year and grinding out fifteen thousand words a week. Fishbein has a record probably second only to Rockefeller's Ivy Lee in the business of getting press releases published as news stories and magazine articles. Whereas the average publicity man must fight with editors even to get his stuff printed, Fishbein's books, his NEA column called "The Family Doctor," and his articles—all straight press-agentry—double his AMA salary of \$20,000.

The AMA officialdom has shown its tory hand on many occasions, but at present there are two major fights in which it has taken the wrong stand. First, and more important, is the issue of the national health program, the issue of government taking an active part in maintaining public health; and the second is on the various plans for voluntary health insurance. Although it is being shoved, with some reluctance on its part, into something approaching a sensible attitude on both of these, the essential reaction is bitter resistance.

### VOLUNTARY INSURANCE

Washington is the center of the voluntary-health-insurance fracas. Late in 1937 a group of federal employees borrowed \$40,000 from the Home Owners Loan Corporation and set up the Group Health Association with themselves and their families as benefactors. For \$26.40 per individual and \$39.60 per family, the members were to get very nearly complete medical service, including obstetrical care and surgery. They could have up to three weeks' hospitalization annually.

There was nothing unique about the GHA; similar plans had been in effect in other places

for years. All, to some extent, had been sabotaged by the AMA, but on this occasion organized medicine decided to let go with its biggest armament. The *Journal* editorialized: "Physicians who sell their services to an organization like GHA for resale to patients are certain to lose professional status." The Washington medical society took the tip from headquarters and fired the doctors who were working with the GHA. Washington hospitals suddenly found the heat put on them to deny their facilities to both patients and doctors connected with the GHA, and the private hospitals complied. The openness of the attack is shown in an amazingly frank resolution passed by the District Medical Society on Nov. 3, 1937:

*Whereas*, the Medical Society of the District of Columbia has an apparent means of hindering the successful operation of Group Health Association, Inc., if it can prevent patients of physicians in its employ from being received in the local private hospitals; and

*Whereas*, the Medical Society of the District of Columbia has no direct control over the policies of such hospitals as determined by their lay boards of directors, except through its control of its own members serving on their medical staffs; and

*Whereas*, conflicts between the Medical Society of the District of Columbia and any local hospitals arising from attempts to enforce the provision of Chapter IX, Article IV, Section 5 of its constitution [this clause prohibits any professional relations between members of the society and any doctor, organization, or group not "approved" by the society] should be assiduously avoided if possible because of the unfavorable publicity that would accrue to its members; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, that the Hospital Committee be and is hereby directed to give careful study to all phases of this subject and report back to the society, at the earliest possible date, its recommendations as to the best way of bringing this question to the attention of the medical boards and boards of directors of the various local hospitals in such a manner as to ensure the maximum amount of practical accomplishment with the minimum amount of friction and conflict.

Beyond that the medicos let down their hair and went in for a real campaign of coercion which, under more serious circumstances, would have brought far more than the anti-trust laws down on them. A man with acute appendicitis was rushed in the middle of the night to a Washington hospital. But his doctor was a GHA man whom the hospital would not permit on its premises. The staff doctors bickered for hours, finally having a house man do the job.

Most of the year that the AMA and GHA were going at each other, the New Deal stood by silently and went on with its own plans for a national health conference in July of 1938. During the conference, when popular feeling in favor of government health service was running high, Assistant Atty. Gen. Thurman Arnold charged the District Medical Society and the AMA with violation of the anti-trust laws. This was good New Deal strategy. Although Mr. Arnold said that "It is not within our province to see that any one method of furnishing medical service shall prevail over

CLAIRVOYANT, Magnetic and Electric Physicists, have recently furnished a house on Quincy avenue, in QUINCY, MASS., where they are still healing the Sick with good success. Board and treatment reasonable. Address, QUINCY, MASS. 6w—June 6.

ANY PERSON desiring to learn how to heal the sick can receive of the undersigned instruction that will enable them to commence healing on a principle of science with a success far beyond any of the present modes. No medicine, electricity, physiology or hygiene required for unparalleled success in the most difficult cases. No pay is required unless this skill is obtained. Address, MRS. MARY B. GLOVER, Amesbury, Mass., Box 61. (ft)—June 20.

MRS. MARY LEWIS, by sending their autograph, or lock of hair, will give psychometrical delineations of character, answer questions, &c. Terms \$1.00 and red stamp.

**FAITH HEALERS:** *These ads from a Boston newspaper of the period show the sort of thing the AMA was founded to combat. (Mary Glover, in the center, is really Mary Baker Eddy.) That was in 1847, but in 1938 Morris Fishbein, reactionary spokesman of the AMA, is out to protect faith-healers. "Fifteen million Americans," he writes, "prefer not to call upon doctors . . . but to depend on Christian Science and other healers." So why, he concludes, should these people have real doctors forced upon them by a national health program?*

another," it was generally conceded that the blow dealt the AMA officials was altogether conscious.

From August until December a federal grand jury listened to evidence on both sides and wound up by indicting the AMA and various groups and individuals from here to Houston, Tex., including twenty physicians and Dr. Fishbein. "Conspiracy in restraint of trade," they called it.

The Department of Justice is on solid ground, and it is prepared to see this thing through. But the Fishbein crowd feel their jobs and power being threatened, and they too are determined to continue even if it means going to the Supreme Court. The hierarchy may see concession as the safest strategy and decide that by giving a little ground they will stand a better chance later on. There are signs of this. Some local societies have condescendingly stated readiness to work with group plans; the Washington society has introduced something called Mutual Health Service, which approximates the others, except for one all-important particular: it is a producers', not a consumers', cooperative. And this issue of whether the doctors shall have full power or whether they shall share it with patients is the one on which AMA officials will remain adamant until they are licked.

#### AMA VS. NEW DEAL

When the Social Security Bill was up for consideration in 1935, the AMA's lobbying group, the Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation, knifed the provisions for public health. That was when the AMA could put something over without any embarrassing publicity.

Two years later the first fissure in organized medicine appeared. A group of four hundred members, headed by Dr. Hugh Cabot of the

Mayo Clinic, formed the Committee of Physicians and drew up a Statement of Principles and Proposals. "The health of the people is the direct concern of government," it read. The proposals did not call for any system of universal health insurance but asked only for expanded federal services.

The document was submitted to President Roosevelt and to many high-placed doctors, most of whom approved. However, when it was read to the House of Delegates, it was howled down by the reactionary majority. "Hectic commotion and waving of fists resulted," reported the press.

The AMA was uncompromising on government "interference" until long after the Washington conference last July. When Josephine Roche announced at the National Health Conference that the government planned an excursion into health problems, AMA lay delegates showed real interest, but the officers calmly took it upon themselves to register the association's objection. When Hugh Cabot, speaking for the Committee of Four Hundred, suggested that the profession as a whole might not feel as its officers did, Olin West shot back: "I don't know whether the medical profession is any more proud of that gentleman than he is of the medical profession."

These quotes are interesting only as they bear on later developments. It should first be noted that the government's health program is pretty difficult to oppose. The figures that back it up were carefully compiled, and are safe from attack if only because there are no others. Any American knows that there are areas with no health facilities, public or private, and it takes no great logic to reason that this is unnecessary in a country with our resources. Thus, when the issue was made public, the opposition could gain no foothold. Even the reactionary press finds it hard to make a case for needless death and disease, and it can give little space to the Fishbein-West-Abell arguments, which are palpably silly.

#### "DOCTOR KNOWS BEST"

The opposition has two or three points which it works to death. First, they maintain that doctors, who should know most about these things, never see the terrible conditions described by the amateurs. They're always ready to treat charity patients, they say, and they point to figures showing that the average doctor gives away \$2,000 annually in free treatment. *Ergo*, whoever suffers from inadequate care has only himself to thank. This is perhaps the most sincere of the arguments for it comes from that section of the rank and file opposed to the program. But it is supplemented by the reactionaries, who argue that in a free, capitalist system all should have "free choice of physician." Both these completely neglect the millions who are unable to reach doctors and the millions more who are forced to choose whoever is at hand.

The top Tories smartly couple their dislike of the program with an attack on the New Deal. All this talk about health has been

stirred up since the depression, they say. If government will let business alone, prosperity will return and people can pay for their needs. For details, see any Hoover speech.

That the AMA is beginning to see where this leaves it is shown by its action of last fall, which is the more amusing because it so obviously contradicts the statements made during the health conference. In September the House of Delegates met in the Red Lacquer Room of the Palmer House in Chicago. The session was scheduled to patch up their position on the national health program. As in the case of the GHA, they did so with the proviso that patients should have no part in determining their own welfare and that health insurance should not be compulsory (another way of saying it shouldn't be tied up with the government). Nevertheless, they did approve specific parts of the program, and congratulated themselves on being real progressives. "Many people," said Fishbein cheerily, "will be surprised at the progressive action of the delegates. Of course I am not. I helped to work it out."

Don't be misled by this. The AMA, unless the rank and file go to work on the leadership, will be a factor in fighting the health program. The big shots won't surrender any power to the people. Fishbein's new technique is to pull long faces over the persecution of great scientists by the public. Look at Pasteur and Semmelweis, he says, look at Bruno and Galileo, look at me—great men are always hounded by the mob.

A real evaluation of the influence of the AMA is not easy. I hope I have made clear the differences between the leadership and the membership. As has been pointed out, the AMA was founded for legitimate reasons, and it did its job. Even today its value as a research organization cannot be questioned, and the *Journal*, except when it politicalizes, is a useful medium for medical advance. The AMA still exposes a good many obvious quacks, though it never touches the great big quacks who extort completely unjustified fees; they, of course, are its leaders. But one thing is clear: the reactionaries will fight to the end to see that the masses of the people and the great number of honest doctors who want improvement in health conditions—and who would, incidentally, benefit economically by government health service—do not increase their power. It's up to the ordinary patient and the ordinary doctor to fight them. Maybe doctors need a union?

RICHARD H. ROVERE.

### Japanese Biology

THE instantaneous alibi department of the Japanese War Office presents the following quote from the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri* as a sample of its work:

The Peking-Hankow railway has been cut off; China's artery is severed. Any red-blooded animal would have died, but not the amoeba that China is.

Or as the French say: "Cet animal est merchant; quand on l'attaque, il se defend."

# Forsythe

## Robert Loves Nancy

FOR years I have been in love with Nancy Astor. I don't want to hear any criticism of this, because after all a man's life is his own. You have your taste; I have my taste. Nancy has never given me a sign but I am not one to be discouraged easily. Right now I am storing up charm at a rate that will make me the most irresistible man in the world in a few years' time. I am going to be a member of the Cliveden Set before I die, and nothing can keep me from it.

This ambition is nothing new with me but all the eagerness in my nature was stimulated

last week with the simultaneous appearance of two articles on Cliveden. Nancy wrote of it in the *Saturday Evening Post* and G. Bernard Shaw came through in *Liberty*. *Life*, as usual was scooped, having nothing better than the Heywood Broun Set at play on the master's Hell's-Half-Paid-For-Acres.

In her characteristically modest way Nancy was proving that there was no such thing as the Cliveden Set. I must say this gave me a twinge because a mere country house is nothing to me; there must be a Set or I stay home. However, it soon became plain that



"WHAT Cliveden Set?"

A. Birnbaum

Nancy meant there was no *bad* Cliveden Set, no wicked group sitting about knitting swastikas. She says this is all the invention of a little Communist sheet and has become believed all over the world, proving how effective the Communists really are. She rather tartly tells these people off:

Some of the columnists have implied that my objection to Communism is that this creed threatens wealth. Nothing of the sort! Communism denies God and religion. It breaks up the family. These, to my mind, are the fundamental crimes of Communism. That's why I have fought it as a political faith.

This should set at rest any rumors about Cliveden and perhaps afford a suggestion to the Communists. All they need do is get adjusted with God and gather the families about again in a decent way and they will have Nancy right with them. Naturally they will also have many of Nancy's friends because they are bound to follow her no matter where she goes. Since among Nancy's oldest friends may be numbered Lord Lothian, Hitler's firmest admirer in England; Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the *London Times* and Hitler's firmest journalist admirer in England; and J. L. Garvin, editor of the *London Observer*, and Hitler's most devoted admirer in England, the Communists may have some difficulty, but it will be worth it all if Nancy is won over.

The coincidence that the Astor families own the *Times* and the *Observer* has nothing whatever to do with the opinions of Messrs. Dawson and Garvin, says Bernard Shaw, who is quite hurt at the things said about Nancy. Personally, I wish Shaw would keep out of this. Just between us I think he is in love with Nancy himself and I don't like it. If his love is platonic, mine is platonic, but that doesn't alter the fact that he spends most of his spare time at Cliveden. He tries to mollify me by his statement that the guests at Cliveden have the distress of meeting *him*, "an implacable and vociferous Marxist Communist of nearly sixty years' standing." The effects of his boring-from-within are something short

of phenomenal and I think he should stay home and try to figure out how a Marxist Communist of nearly sixty years' standing could have written those last plays of his.

It is quite true that Nancy failed to clear up the Lindbergh business of frightening the British to half-wittedness with tales of the German air strength, but she made that up at once by saying that one of her great heroes was Dwight Morrow, Lindbergh's father-in-law. This should settle the Lindbergh scandal once and for all. Nevertheless, just to silence the skeptics, I wish she had clarified her former statements that Lindbergh had said nothing about air strength, that she had not had dinner with him at the time in question, and that it hadn't been dinner but lunch. However, no gentleman will question a lady's eating habits and I am willing to drop the matter.

The similarity between Nancy's article and Bernard Shaw's article is striking but I can't believe there was anything premeditated about it. They both point out that Viscount Astor, Nancy's husband, fought desperately against being shunted into the House of Lords; they refer to Nancy's campaign against the rum trade; and Shaw, I must grudgingly admit, puts his finger on the real problem when he writes:

The Astors have become the representatives of America in England; and any attack on them is in effect an attack on America. . . . It is important to genuine good relations between the two countries (now very important politically) that the American press should stand by the Virginian lady.

These are stirring words and will be a rebuke to those who feel that if we must have representatives in England they be somebody but the Astors. The Astors are there, they are established, and it our duty to support them no matter what they do. Since it has been so well established in this country by Carter Glass that a Virginian can do no wrong, our path of action is clear. We must support Mr. Chamberlain, whose policy Nancy is so certain is the right one, and we must say no word

which might be a reflection upon a lady who at proper intervals has revisited Virginia for several weeks.

In these trying times it is a warming thought that the two great countries can be brought together so closely by this little woman I love. She writes about her meeting with Stalin and how they talked of Great Britain, and how strange it was that a small island governed one-third of the world. Nancy told Stalin she thought the explanation of it was the British character. "Look at the map," she says she said. "It can't be might; it must be right. It's something in their thinking."

The neatness of this entrances me, for I have read a great deal about the ruthlessness with which England conquered India and parts of Africa and I am relieved to know that thought and not force is responsible for the empire. In a way it is a lesson also of the role that can be played by a brilliant hostess who deigns to travel. It is hardly likely that Stalin had ever thought of the matter in this way and his astonishment and relief must have been as great as mine.

The picture she gives of life at Cliveden makes it all the more imperative that I join the group without delay. It is sad that Ramsay MacDonald will no longer be there, sitting about in his knee breeches in the hope that royalty may drop in, but I will be in the center of world thought, English thought, the thought that wins continents. How the Colonies, and particularly Virginia, could have been so thoughtless as to desert the Mother Country has always interested me. At the moment it rather shames me. Perhaps on my first visit to Cliveden I could do something to rectify the error: I could take Carter Glass and Senator Byrd along as gifts to the sovereign land. If this will not be enough, I could take others. I have quite a list.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

## Their Master's Voice

Who some of the admirers of Gerald L. K. Smith are.

IN CASE you imagined that only lump-heads, screwballs, certified psychopaths, and Charlie Coughlin admired the American führer Gerald L. K. Smith, the following blurbs from the handbills for a Flint, Mich., rally for his "Committee of 1,000,000" should reassure you:

H. L. Mencken: "Gerald L. K. Smith is the greatest orator of them all—he begins where the next best leaves off. Not the greatest by an inch or a foot, a yard or a mile, but by at least two light-years."

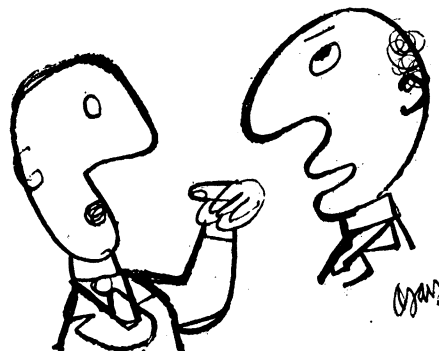
Mark Sullivan: "He combines the qualities of Billy Sunday, William Jennings Bryan, and La Follette the senior."

Lowell Thomas: "The most fearless and dynamic orator in America today."

New York *Herald Tribune*: "All the spellbinders in America put together will not make one Gerald Smith."



*"He goes around frightening private capital into hiding."*





# Short of War, But Stronger Than Words

Next week the Neutrality Act comes up for revision. Here are the plans. See who supports them. The axis speaks.

Washington.

WELL laid plans to stiffen America's foreign policy will begin to move to a head next week when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee begins hearings on proposals to revise or repeal the Neutrality Act of 1935.

Butressed by its overwhelming victories in the preliminary skirmishes over national defense, and with the way well paved with recent strong statements by President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull, and Senator Pittman, the administration is pressing its advantage in an effort to remove congressional hindrances to the maturation of foreign policy. The added necessity of either renewing or replacing the "cash-and-carry" provisions of the Neutrality Act, which expire on May 1, lends further impetus to the move to reevaluate America's international responsibilities at this time.

## EVERYBODY DISSATISFIED

Debate on the national defense measures made one thing manifest—that all shades of political opinion in both parties are keenly dissatisfied with the existing statute. Frequent outbursts of oratory revealed that three years of the Neutrality Act have served only to sharpen the antagonisms between two schools of thought: those who urge more rigid and mandatory laws enforcing complete isolation, and those advocating international cooperation to restrain aggressors. The balance between them is much closer than the votes on defense measures might indicate. While from this distance it is difficult to pick a winner, general indications point to a relaxation of the neutrality laws rather than otherwise. Much, however, will depend upon public reaction in the next week or two.

Since the beginning of the present session of Congress, four major measures designed to influence our foreign policy have been introduced in the Senate. Three of them now lie before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and they typify the division of sentiment on the issue. The first, around which the brunt of the battle probably will rage, is a bill introduced on January 4 by Sen. William F. King of Utah, flatly to repeal the Neutrality Act. That bill, should it muster sufficient strength to become law, would return to the hands of the President unhampered control of America's foreign policy. It would reinvest the Executive Office with its traditional authority to supervise America's international relations and to take any and all steps, short of the actual declaration of war, necessary to preserve America's democracy and national safety. Under it, the President would regain the now prohibited power to distinguish between aggressor nations and the victims of aggression and to prohibit the shipment of war

materials to the one while extending necessary aid to the other.

## ISOLATION

The isolationists flew into a veritable tantrum at King's proposal, and in a mad scramble, stalwart Senator Nye of North Dakota that same day jammed into the hopper a bill to prohibit, under penalty of a \$10,000 fine or five years in jail or both, the sale of arms, ammunition, or implements of war to any nation, with the sole exception of nations on the American continents actually engaged in war with non-American states.

The antagonisms were running high when early in February the administration, through the agency of King's fellow-Utahan, Sen. Elbert D. Thomas, sent up a middle-course trial balloon. Thomas proposed retaining the Neutrality Act as a base, since "in such critical times as we now face, it would be unwise to attempt abrogation or radical revision of the . . . act," but recommended two major revisions: first, that the embargo against belligerent nations of arms, ammunition, and materials of war be extended to include "materials of use in war." This would broaden the embargo base to include such war necessities as scrap iron and steel, cotton, copper, machinery, oil, and similar vital commodities. And second, that the President be empowered, subject to ratification by a majority of both Houses, to designate as an aggressor any nation engaged in war in violation of any treaty to which the United States is jointly a signatory, and thereupon to exempt the victim from application of the Neutrality Act. Since the United States is joint signatory to treaties with most of the world's fifty-two nations, this would provide a simple definition of aggression and permit appropriate action.

Thomas' two revisions would accomplish Roosevelt's purpose of enabling the United States to take steps "short of war, but stronger than words," to curb aggressors, while still leaving it within Congress' jurisdiction to take the definitive action. The isolationists and the reactionaries have jointly denounced the proposals, protesting against any designation of aggressor nations as such, but those of middle-of-the-road persuasion seem to have taken rather kindly to the compromise.

## REFERENDUMS

The fourth proposal, sponsored by twelve senators of various political colorations, and now awaiting the action of the Senate Judiciary Committee, is a variant on the "neutrality" method of restricting the freedom of the Chief Executive in the international sphere. It would substitute for congressional action a constitutional amendment requiring

a national referendum before declaration of war, unless the United States or its possessions are invaded. The measure, a modification of that introduced in the House last year by Rep. Louis Ludlow of Indiana, and there defeated, is bitterly opposed by the administration, which contends that a free hand and the ability to act at a moment's notice are vital to national defense when unpredictable aggressors are at large in the world.

The Neutrality Act was their first major offensive, and swiftly on its heels came the Spanish embargo. Then a barrage of admonitions against "foreign entanglements." In recent weeks the outcry has increased, and not all of it has been above the line of false insinuation. Shortly after President Roosevelt's conference with the joint Senate and House Military Affairs Committees, unsubstantiated rumors came seeping through unrevealed sources: words put in the President's mouth, "Our first line of defense is the Rhine." Sharp repudiation stemmed the campaign, but a new web of rumors, spun around the sale of planes to France, swiftly replaced it: "Arming France is an 'entangling alliance'!" "Roosevelt's 'secrecy' leads to war!" Last week a new, more horrifying specter was conjured up on the Senate floor: "If the American people ever learn what the President actually said at his conference with the Military Affairs Committees, they will be 'shocked and stunned!'" No more. No open accusations. Just that sinister veil: "They will be shocked and stunned by the secrecy and what was said there."

## THE AXIS SPEAKS

To these campaigns the general outcry is added. Sen. Gerald K. Nye, in the closing days of the last session, offered a resolution to lift the Spanish embargo because his campaign for reelection demanded it; now that he is reelected, he refuses to reintroduce that resolution, despite a recommendation by the North Dakota State Legislature urging it. Instead, he tells the Senate and the country: "There will be no war in Europe this spring, this year, or next year, unless the United States encourages, urges, and eggs Europe to it." Sen. Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina, America's beer-hall baron waiting for his putsch, admonishes Uncle Sam to "keep his nose clean and avoid involvement in the domestic and internal affairs of the other nations of the world." Vandenberg, Johnson of California, Hoover, Ham Fish, Silver Shirt spokesman Shafer of Michigan—the list is long. But the significant echoes from Berlin and Burgos, Tokyo and Rome should be sufficient warning to the American people.

PAUL G. McMANUS.



# New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

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## Treachery in Spain

AS WE go to press the following facts—out of the welter of deliberately confusing reports—appear to have been established concerning Spain: There has been a military *coup d'état* and the Negrín Cabinet has been knifed. Mercenary generals, who bided their time to strike for Franco, have struck. Treacherous politicians, like Juan Besteiro, emerged from the shadows to stab Madrid in the back. "Uncontrollable anarchists"—whose tactics rendered them easy marks for Franco agents, joined the lineup. The contemptible Trotskyites moved in on the scene. The cowards and the vacillators were herded together by Chamberlain agents. All banded together in true Fifth Column fashion to do the dirty work that bombs and shrapnel and hunger could not do.

They realized they dare not appear as advocates of surrender. They cloaked themselves as the "true defenders" of Spain, those first confused hours of their uprising. Then the air began to crackle with negotiations for peace, with speeches aimed to discredit the Negrín government. Obviously the truth is that Besteiro and General Casado had been negotiating secretly beforehand; British agents had been operating as go-betweens. The infamy was staged; the treachery premeditated, planned. The way had been paved by the recognition of Franco by Chamberlain and Daladier. When they thought the moment was opportune, the capitulators came into the open. They seized the governmental offices; they captured the radio. They arrested hundreds of honest people who sought to continue the war; they began negotiations for final surrender.

Who are the people who banded together in this conspiracy? Juan Besteiro, the Right-Wing Socialist whose role throughout the war was one of vacillation and surrender. Trusted by few, respected by none, he did not dare raise his voice when the Negrín

government called the Cortes at Figueras in the bitter difficulties after Barcelona fell. There Negrín rallied the people to continue the fight. Besteiro's counsels were not heard; he did not dare to speak openly. Casado was a military man who awaited the appropriate moment to betray the republic; they won the unpolitically minded Miaja, whose fame arose out of his connection with the heroic defense of Madrid *by the people of Madrid*. Undercover Trotskyites gave them counsel; assisted in the treachery.

The Madrid betrayal had been planned for weeks; the reactionary press throughout the world attempted to confuse Spain's democratic allies everywhere; one could not discover a kernel of truth in the mess of lies that appeared on the front pages and over the radio.

That was the setting—every traitorous force in the world helped to set up the camarilla of cowards. And what is happening in Madrid has consequences that affect every man, woman, and child in the world. If the conspirators are successful, world war is that much nearer. The perpetrators of Munich will call for a second Munich. For the conquest of Spain is not the ultimate goal of Hitler and Mussolini. It is a step in their plans for world conquest. And the world must be aware.

There is little doubt that Spain is living through its most crucial moments of the war; but friends of Spain, of all that the republic has fought for these thirty-one months of heroic warfare against terrible odds, will not be dissuaded from continuing the fight. As we go to press soldiers are fighting in Madrid's streets against the betrayal; fighting against terrible odds. The example of the people of Madrid is imperishable. Betrayed by Chamberlain and Daladier, who made this latest treachery possible, they will not stop in their struggle. It will go on in a thousand ways: secretly in the conspiratorial cellars of town house and peasant hut; openly in the hills in the form of guerrilla warfare; by word of mouth, by leaflet, and by heroic deed. The people of Spain—as the people of all the world—will have the final say.

## Raw Meat for Tories

APPARENTLY the administration is once more going to try the experiment of conciliating big business with a little raw meat. Complying with a request from Senator Harrison, tory head of the Senate Finance Committee, and Representative Doughton, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, the Treasury Department has started a hunt to find a tax or two which "acts as a deterrent to business." Both Secretary of the Treasury Mor-

genthau and Secretary of Commerce Hopkins have recently expressed themselves as favoring modification of any such tax or taxes.

It should be noted that all of this has come out of a clear sky. There has been no concerted drive by Wall Street for tax revision. Recent objects of attack have been WPA expenditures, the National Labor Relations Act, and the New Deal's foreign policy, rather than taxes. Moreover, the administration had indicated, in President Roosevelt's budget message in January and in a statement by Secretary Morgenthau before the House Appropriations Committee on January 18, that moderate tax *increases* would be necessary. Why, then, the sudden concern about reducing taxes?

Without professing to know all the labyrinthine ways of administration strategy, it is evident that certain New Dealers believe that the way to break the congressional log-jam which is blocking the President's program is to toss a few concessions to the tories. This may be very neat strategy. The only trouble is that it won't work. The policy of appeasement, whether in the domestic or foreign spheres, never has. Senator Harrison has already taken advantage of the Morgenthau-Hopkins statements on taxation to raise the demand for sharp curtailment of federal social expenditures. And the National Economy League has prepared a budgetary blueprint for slashing relief, public works, and payments to the farmers. Concessions on minor issues are, of course, sometimes unavoidable. But the tax question is no minor issue. It cuts across every phase of government activity; it is central to the whole struggle between progress and reaction. This kind of raw meat can only serve to whet the appetite of Wall Street.

## The New Pope

THE Catholic Church has a new spiritual leader. Pius XII, the former papal secretary of state, faces the task of the epoch: to save his church from annihilation by fascism. There is evidence to indicate that he is aware of his task; that he knows that the fight against the bankrupt despoilers of all peoples must soon come into the open. He can see that the ruinous policy of "appeasement" which some members of the Catholic hierarchy have forced upon the church leads but to utter ruin. For to fascists "concordats" mean as little as any other temporary treaty that they may fool their dupes into signing.

Support for Hitler or Mussolini in any way can now become nothing but an endorsement of the wholesale confiscations of Catholic Church property in the fascist countries. Even *America*, that most reactionary



organ of the Jesuits in the United States, points this out in its March 4 issue:

Many Catholics do not know that change that has come over Italy and, without realizing it, they may be harming the Catholic cause by continuing to extol the Duce as though he were still the Duce of several years ago: when they continue to seek far-fetched excuses for every act of his against the dignity and liberty of man, against the church.

After wholesale support of Franco and his Nazis and fascists in Spain, the more intelligent of the clergy here are faced with the bitter fact that the church has lost the Spanish people; its property destroyed by fascist bombs; its wealth dissipated in paying the bills for those bombs and shells used to kill its communicants and wreck its churches.

Pius XII faces a stern task. If the Vatican turns its face from the fascists and joins the peoples of the world in establishing peace on earth and social justice among workers, it will have as allies all the men of good will in the world, who will help it to prevail over that fascist "fifth column" in its ranks composed of Coughlins, Currans, Thornings, Gomas, and those wealthy Catholics who betray their co-religionists and the public: the Jimmy Hineses, the Judge Mantons, the Hagues, the Ogden Hammonds, the Alfred E. Smiths.

## Red Herring Chokers

CIVIL liberties in New York are menaced once more as the notorious McNaboe bill advances on its legislative course. The solid support accorded it by the Republican majority in the State Senate emphasizes the essentially anti-New Deal character of the measure. Although ostensibly aimed at barring Communists—those who "believe in the overthrow of government by force and violence and the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat"—from civil service and teaching positions, its sponsors have given clear indication that it is aimed at all progressives.

In answer to a charge by Senator Dunnington that the bill's purpose was to remove Simon W. Gerson from his position as assistant to the borough president of Manhattan, Senator McNaboe replied, "There are ten thousand Gersons—members of the Teachers Union—in the public school system"! He went on to mention the CIO, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the American League for Peace and Democracy as organizations whose members would come under the ban of the McNaboe bill, and lumped Lieut. Gov. Charles Poletti with others characterized as "Reds."

It is significant that the McNaboe of the anti-democratic bill is also the McNaboe of the sales-tax bill—and that his leading Re-

publican aide in the fight against civil liberties, Sen. Pliny Williamson, is also leading the drive to cut the state budget and reduce social services.

Meanwhile in the Assembly, John A. Devaney is introducing a "streamlined" version of the McNaboe bill, phrased in more ambiguous terms and aimed ostensibly against those who advocate overthrow of the government by violence or "other unlawful means"! The very ambiguity of this measure makes it all the more dangerous. Although neither the McNaboe nor the Devaney bills really apply to the Communists—as Earl Browder emphasized when he told Senator McNaboe last year that the Communist Party resolutely opposes those who would deprive the American people by force of their democratic rights and institutions—it is important to remember that the courts customarily use such legislation as an instrument against civil liberties. New York State's senators and assemblymen ought to hear from their constituents concerning this latest threat to democracy

## Krupskaya

PERHAPS the greatest tribute that was paid Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, came from the children of the Soviet Union. Numerous among the half-million who passed by her bier to pay their last respects, they left wreaths which read: "To our dear Nadezhda . . . we shall strive to be like you."

Thus ended a half-century of brave labors in behalf of the people not only of Russia but of the entire world. Nadezhda Konstantinova Krupskaya died at the age of seventy; and yet she died too soon. One of the oldest members of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, she, more than anybody else, would have exulted in the projects of the Third Five-Year Plan—"the five-year plan of blossoming of socialist culture," as *Pravda* put it. As assistant people's commissar of education her work would have found utmost expression in this period. As it was, she was the recipient of thousands of letters from the youth, particularly from the "bes-prizorni"—the homeless waifs of the war years who had found their way and had become zealous and productive members of the socialist society. She guided them, inspired them, brought them to a rich life.

She fought ceaselessly to continue the policies of Lenin: her voice was one of the strongest against the traitors who attempted to betray the Soviet people to the enemy. She aided Stalin in his task of destroying the influence of the Benedict Arnolds of the USSR.

Krupskaya's tradition is not ended with her life: it is just at its beginning. She sowed the seeds of socialist culture: she

leaves as her bequest to humanity the full harvest.

## Free Speech

THE recent Madison Square Garden meeting of the Nazi Bund and the counter-meeting in Carnegie Hall sponsored by the Council Against Intolerance in America have served to focus attention on means and methods in the struggle against fascism. We confess to being singularly unimpressed by those who point to the Nazi meeting as a triumph for free speech. If it is, then God help free speech.

Almost as disturbing as the Bund meeting itself is the blindness of certain liberals to its implications. Apparently the lessons of Germany, Austria, and Spain have been lost on them. Thus Jay Franklin, in a recent column, not only defends the Bund's right to hold meetings and carry on activities designed to destroy democracy, but goes out of his way to attack Dorothy Thompson because she exercised her democratic right to laugh at the Nazi speakers. This is a variant of the cowardly hush-hush policy which leads to surrender to a fascism in the name of appeasement. And the *Nation* likewise opposes any curbs on freedom of speech for the sworn enemies of all freedom.

We believe, however, that Dorothy Thompson, with whom we have many differences on other questions, was much closer to the spirit of democracy when she wrote after the Bund meeting:

If this democracy allows a movement, the whole organization and pattern of which is made by a government openly hostile to the American democracy, to organize, set up a private army, and propagandize on this soil, we are plain saps. If it mobilizes the police to protect this movement against the opposition of American citizens who believe in the Declaration of Independence, it is committing a crime against itself and paving the way for disaster.

Many of those who oppose restrictions on the activities of fascist groups and individuals argue, as does the *Nation*, that "the strictest enforcement of any curbs on freedom of speech would be directed against the left, not the right." This danger is real, but it cannot be avoided by inaction. For that matter, even the most clearcut legislation can be perverted by interpretation. The present wages-and-hours law and the National Labor Relations Act could in the hands of a reactionary administration serve quite opposite purposes. Shall democracy therefore be ruled by fear? Such a democracy has already signed its own death warrant.

Ultimately, the best guarantee against the perversion of present or future democratic legislation is the strength and vigilance of the progressive forces.

# Reader's Forum

## Letters across the Sea

**T**O NEW MASSES: The Corresponding Group of the Left Book Club in England is continually getting requests for American correspondents, and as the secretary of the group, I am appealing through your columns for readers who would like to exchange letters with people in England or the British empire.

The Left Book Club is a non-party body, and its aim is to help in the terribly urgent struggle for world peace and a better social and economic order, and against fascism, by giving (to all who are determined to play their part in this struggle) such knowledge as will immensely increase their efficiency.

There is very great interest in England about the way things are going in the USA and it is by the exchange of letters that we can learn about your country. If anyone who reads this would like a pen friend, I would be very glad if he or she would write to me. The address is: Left Book Corresponding Group, 71 St. Mary's Mansions, Paddington, London W.2, England.

London, England. **URSULA FOOKES.**

## Response to Our Appeal

**T**O NEW MASSES: After reading the eloquent plea from our Chinese friend and the stirring appeal from George Willner in the last NEW MASSES, I am fully convinced that all lovers of liberty and democracy must act now before it is too late and that we must all put our shoulders to the wheel of our cause and pull together. Thus we will expose and rout our deadly enemies, the fascists. Enclosed you will find \$1 to help NEW MASSES keep going—the magazine which is the true guardian of American democracy.

Brooklyn, N. Y. **EDWIN F. MARSHALL.**

**T**O NEW MASSES: I sent one dollar bill last week. Here is another. It seems hard to believe that you should have difficulty, with 25,000 subscribers, to get at least \$1 per subscriber in support of the fight you are waging against fascism. I hope to have the privilege of continuing to support your fight for democracy.

Brooklyn, N. Y. **HAROLD ASHLEY.**

**D**EAR ROBERT FORSYTHE: I have NEW MASSES on my desk every week . . . I send \$5, for I too want a magazine like NEW MASSES. . . . Keep up your noble work. I am nearly seventy-one, but I love radical thought.

New York City. **T. C. WARREN.**

**T**O NEW MASSES: I read the appeal for help which you sent my parents and I am sending you 25 cents which, although it is a small sum, I hope will help. I read all the issues of NEW MASSES and they help in my school work and in combating the lies of my teachers about republican Spain. I am twelve years old.

Chicago. **LYDIA MORRISON.**

"I have seen the future and it works"—Lincoln Steffens on the U.S.S.R.

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## Marxism and the Sciences

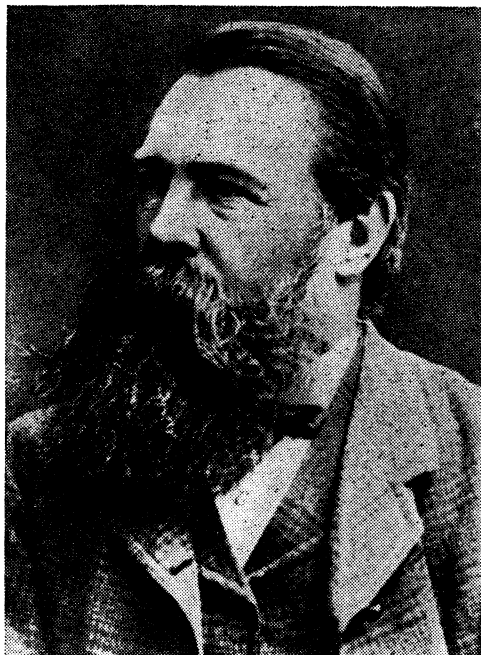
V. J. McGill reviews J. B. S. Haldane's latest book. A compact, brilliant, and rigorously clear presentation.

**A** GREAT many tears are being wasted these days over the decay of the novel, poetry, and the drama, and some sigh for a new literary form. Although such lamentations occur in almost any period of history and go back at least to "the battle of the books," some critics (and one doesn't have to think only of Joseph Wood Krutch) seem to feel that the present decay is unique and final, or that decay of any sort is inconsistent with growth and progress. In the meantime the popular exposition of science, a literary form which the critics apparently regard as non-literary, has made remarkable progress in the past few years without their saying a word.

Technics of the highest order have been developed. Rigorous clarity has been achieved without the use of the symbols and technicalities which have become the natural language of the physical scientist. Humor, dramatic suspense, love of the marvelous and of the clever sleuth have all been enlisted to put over science to the people who really count—the masses. The English have set the pace. The brilliant popularization of Eddington, Jeans, Russell, and Hogben are as absorbing as any novel and have been read by everyone but the literary critics.

These books all suffer, however, from certain defects: Eddington's and Jeans' from the wistful attempt to derive religion from science, Russell's and Hogben's from too much empiricism. Nor do any of these writers, with the exception of Hogben, succeed in portraying the interaction of science with society or the material forces which impel the development of both. Isolating science from industry, politics, and from all realistic questions concerning the future of society, they fail to give their work that social responsibility which is required for a completely democratic art. For the real thing we must turn to a younger school of British scientists, to Haldane, Levy, Bernal, and others, including Hogben, of course, in spite of his empiricism and Hegelophobia.

The present book by Prof. J. B. S. Haldane (*The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences*, Random House, \$2.50) fulfills all our expectations. It meets the high level of exposition attained by the great British popularizers of science. It recounts the growth and recent advances of not one, but practically all, the basic sciences; and it connects them in a coherent picture with social struggle and progress. The unifying force in his wide-flung array of facts and explanations is the Marxist philosophy, which is briefly described in the first chapter. It is a remarkably compact account of the basic principles of this



FRIEDRICH ENGELS. His "*Anti-Dühring*" is a classic exposition of Marxist philosophy and the sciences.

philosophy, arranged in the following order: the unity of theory and practice, materialism, and dialectical materialism. Well chosen quotations from *Capital*, *Anti-Dühring*, *Feuerbach*, *The Origin of the Family*, and *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* give weight to his argument as he advances, while many illustrations drawn from modern science reveal the explanatory power of Marxism today. Thus, interpreting the principle that "freedom is the recognition of necessity," he gives not only the classical Marxist illustration that "man is to a considerable extent a slave of economic conditions, until he recognizes the fact," but also his own example:

Let us take [he says] the following statement: "If you drink water polluted with bacillus typhosus, you will probably get typhoid fever." That statement is substantially true, until we recognize that it is true, and take action based upon it. . . . Now the curious thing is that when the statement regarding typhoid was not only put forward, but was made the basis of action, it ceased to be true. . . . You have to add to the words "you will probably get typhoid fever," "but not if your water is boiled or chlorinated, or if you get yourself immunized." In other words, by recognizing necessity, you are able in that case and in many others to circumvent it.

This passage is quoted at length because it is a simple example of the kind of contribution that the volume makes throughout.

While grateful for such passages, one regrets that Haldane, in others, does not dissociate the Marxist theory of "leaps" from the "emergent evolution" of Morgan, and that he makes no attempt, as does Levy, to relate the progressive approach to absolute truth, as described by Engels, with modern probability theory, but after all his book is a short one and the author makes no pretension to completeness.

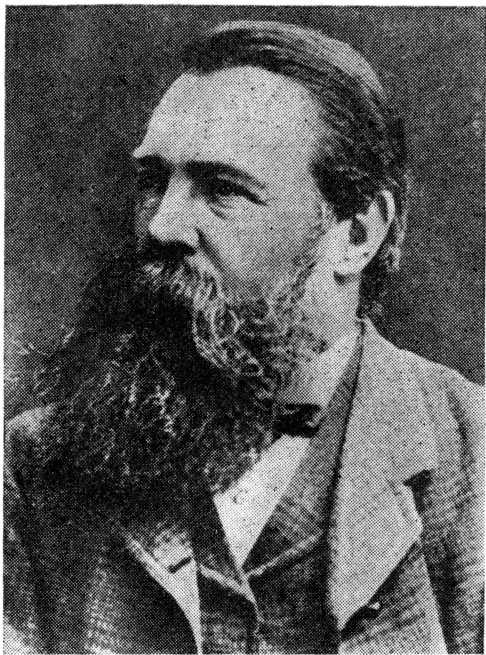
In discussing the development of mathematics, Haldane shows that the influence of economic factors upon the development of science, which is usually completely disregarded by mathematicians, is of fundamental importance, though not by any means a complete and sufficient explanation. He quotes from Engels' famous letter to Block for added lucidity, and concludes that large trends of development in mathematics can be explained by economic change, not the details.

. . . . we cannot explain a great deal of what went on in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when, largely as a result of the good advertisement given to mathematics by its early application to practice, particularly to navigation, chairs of mathematics were endowed, and mathematical research went on under its own momentum.

Under its own momentum, and subject in part to its own laws of development, the author might have added. This is what some Soviet scientists have in mind in speaking of the "gnosiological roots" of a science. But the comparatively free development of research was only made possible by the economic success of mathematical invention.

Being a Marxist, Haldane is concerned not only to refute his opponents, but also to understand their position. In criticizing idealist interpretations of relativity, he remarks that we must allow Eddington a measure of truth. "Even if we think that he is standing on his head, in that position he can perform intellectual operations which the rest of us cannot perform standing on our feet!" Eddington, he explains, may be right in thinking that certain aspects of space as understood by science today may be human constructions. Here he hits upon a question which Marxists will have to investigate exhaustively in the future: which parts of science are conventional and which reflect the structure of the world? In modern physics and chemistry it becomes amazingly difficult to determine. Of special interest in this connection is the author's insistence that Marxism is not a final system, but responds quickly to every genuine advance of science. He quotes the remarkable passage in which Lenin, two years before the publication of Einstein's theory of relativity, appears





FRIEDRICH ENGELS. *His "Anti-Dühring" is a classic exposition of Marxist philosophy and the sciences.*

to anticipate, or to adumbrate, one of its basic ideas.

The remainder of the chapter is taken up with a brief account of the sensational theories of Milne and Dirac concerning the expanding universe. Their work, Haldane believes, "introduces the historical process into exact physics," and remains in close harmony with Engels' thought. Moreover, Milne's work resuscitates the notion of simultaneity which had been meaningless in Einstein's theory. Thus, as Haldane says, Milne negated Einstein's negation of simultaneity, a process which he finds occurring continually in the history of science. That all dialectic is summed up in this process, as he once suggests (page 53) is, however, too beautifully simple to be true, as he fully recognizes in other places.

The main point of a brief, very lucid section on the quantum theory is that this theory, in spite of the efforts of idealists to infer agnosticism or free will from it, adds far more to our knowledge than it takes away; and that in spite of the views of Jeans and Eddington it raises more difficulties for them than it solves. Although the behavior of individual particles of matter seems to be unpredictable in certain respects, our statistical knowledge of groups of these particles is very accurate, Haldane argues, and the individuality of a particle, often impossible to determine, is probably far from absolute.

In the chapter on biology we find the author at home in his own field. In discussing the problem of mechanism and vitalism, he provocatively suggests that there never has been such a thing as a 100 percent machine or a 100 percent individual. But keeping the reader in suspense as to just how the individual differs from the machine, he hurries on in beautifully compendious language to tell the history of the gene or chromosome theory and to recount some of the more famous experiments in genetics. Here, and elsewhere, he repeatedly points to exemplifications of the dialectical process, both in theory and in nature. Thus he describes the contradiction which arises in species where the males, fighting among themselves for females, develop weapons or instincts which may weaken the species in its struggle with the environment and other species. His conclusion is that the theory of evolution will probably develop along dialectical lines on the basis of a Darwinism detached from its political implication of unrestricted competition.

The last two chapters, on psychology and sociology, covering ground more familiar to most readers, do not sustain the high standard of the book. The same deft brilliance and accuracy are there, and many insights and apt quotations, but not the knowledge of the special fields in question. Indeed, psychologists and sociologists reading these sections would find little that could be called psychology or sociology, for they are obviously written by a biologist or ecologist with only a nodding acquaintance with these subjects. That is not to say that psychologists and sociologists could not learn a great deal from

these chapters, for there are some topics which they have systematically neglected. For example, sociologists have largely neglected the relation of genetics to their subject, and all the technical questions involved in the cultivation of plants and animals, both by primitive and historical societies. More important, they have neglected the relation between their subject and the theory of developing society, that is, Marxism. In Haldane's book they will find an abundance, but not what they expected. Perhaps they will find that a great deal of their science must be scrapped if they are to take full account of history, the class struggle, and developmental forces of society.

Haldane has written this book, as he says, with the full expectation of being criticized, but the criticism this reviewer has to make seems paltry as compared to his appreciation. "A Marxist," Haldane says in the preface, "must not be too afraid of making mistakes." He does not mean that Marxists should throw caution to the winds, but that they should abandon the stultifying aim of perfectionism. Haldane's success should stimulate other scientists to like attempts.

V. J. MCGILL.

## "Rats in the Larder"

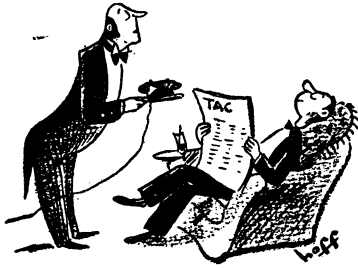
Joachim Joesten's exposé of Nazi domination of Denmark. Reviewed by Alter Brody.

FOR years Scandinavia has been press-agented as a sort of political sanctuary set in the northeastern corner of Europe, where by some benign conspiracy of the geographic, ethnic, and social ecology, the *genus democratia* is being preserved until such a time as it is again safe for it to roam the earth. Here, in kingdoms where kings wear caps and their Social Democratic prime ministers wear top hats, democracy milks its blue-ribbon cows and eats its *smorgesbord*. There are no depressions, no strikes, no racial or religious problems, no need of arming against threats of foreign aggression. Butter instead of cannon is the slogan and liberty is as plentiful as milk. In fact, when Norman Thomas returned from an intensive three-day study of the Soviet Union and stopped at Copenhagen, he exclaimed that it was a relief to



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be able to breathe the air of freedom again.

According to the well informed author of this book (*Rats in the Larder*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.50), Mr. Thomas must have been suffering from a stuffed-up nose when he was in Copenhagen. It turns out that the well worn phrase "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark" has never been so odoriferously true since that night it was first recited at the Globe Theater.

Now that Hitler has redeemed the Austrians and Sudetens, he is thumping on the table for the return of Germany's former colonies. But for some reason Herr Hitler is too modest to inform the world that Germany has already started to carve out its colonial empire. And its first colony is not Czechoslovakia or Hungary or Yugoslavia or Rumania but nice little Nordic, Social Democratic Denmark.

The author of *Rats in the Larder*, Joachim Joesten, is an international journalist who has that invaluable combination of social, political, and military insight that is so necessary to the understanding of contemporary events. He has spent many years in Copenhagen and Oslo as foreign correspondent for the French and Swiss press and his sensational revelations of the Nazi domination of Denmark are documented with facts, figures, and quotations.

The Nazis are developing an entirely new technique of colonial administration in their Danish colony. Its advantages over the old-style British and French technique are obvious. First of all there is no administrative expense. The natives are encouraged to "govern themselves" according to instructions from the Berlin Foreign Office. This includes a censorship of the press so far as the activities of Germany and her allies are concerned which should be the envy of the British army of occupation in Palestine, Egypt, Iraq, and India. Even the Aryan laws are enforced. In 1937 the Danish minister of justice circulated all registry offices forbidding them to marry aliens if one party happens to be Jewish and the other "of pure German blood."

Second, there is no need of an army of occupation. Instead, a German army corps has its base within striking distance of the Danish border and arrangements are made with the Danish government that no fortifications should be in the way. To facilitate the plans of the German General Staff, the Danish government has been "invited" to continue the great military "autobahn" which debouches on the Danish frontier, to Copenhagen. Whatever army, navy, or fortifications Denmark is permitted to retain are by official arrangement auxiliary to the German war machine—being so organized and disposed as to be able to fulfill only one function, that of preventing the British fleet from coming to the aid of Denmark.

Third, there is the all-important item of economic exploitation. This complicated imperialist racket has been so beautifully simplified by the Nazis that the most moronic New York policy racketeer would have no difficulty in running it. Here is the idea. The Nazis,

as is well known, produce cannon instead of butter. The Danes, on the other hand, produce butter instead of cannon. What could be more natural than an exchange of butter for cannon? Perhaps such an exchange might even have been of benefit to Denmark. But the Nazis had a better idea. It was cannonballs, or rather the threat of cannonballs, for butter. There is no other way to explain the secret trade agreement still in force between Germany and Denmark, on which the Danish press is not permitted to comment. This agreement binds Germany to accept good Danish butter, other dairy products, and bacon, and send to Denmark whatever articles she wants to get rid of, regardless of Danish needs. It is arbitrarily presumed that there will be a specified yearly balance of trade in Germany's favor and Denmark is to hand over in advance to the Reichsbank *in foreign exchange* the equivalent of this hypothetical balance.

The Nazis found payment in good English sterling for accepting good Danish butter such a profitable transaction that they ordered more and more butter, until the balance of trade swung heavily in Denmark's favor despite all the worthless goods that Germany dumped on the Danish market. But Denmark is still forced to hand over the agreed amount of English sterling to cover the non-existent German balance of trade. The net result is that Germany gets half the dairy products that Denmark produces and the English pounds that Denmark receives for the other half. Had Denmark been run as an old-style colony it would have been shut out from the English market and Germany could not have extracted from it the invaluable foreign exchange which it so desperately needs. Perhaps it is this profitable experience with Denmark which has tempted the Nazis to consider returning the "redeemed" Sudetenland to their other colony, Czechoslovakia.

There have been attempts by Sweden and Norway, who are less immediately exposed to Nazi aggression, to draw Denmark into a Scandinavian Defensive League. But instead of grasping at this chance of freeing herself from Nazi control, Denmark has brusquely rebuffed her Norse neighbors. Herr Joesten has pithily summed up the pacifist policies of the Stauning government: "We won't fight. . . . If we really can't help it, we had better fight our friends than our enemies."

ALTER BRODY.

## Nazi Classroom

"The Age of the Fish," a novel about fascist school life.

**I**N ERIKA MANN'S *Schools for Barbarians* we have been shown the mechanics of Nazi education; in Odon von Horvath's magnificent and somber novel (*The Age of the Fish*, Dial Press, \$2) we may see the results. The fish of von Horvath's title is the heartless, mindless killing automaton of the Nazi ideal, more specifically a boy who murders a classmate out of cynical and brutal curiosity. But none of



the characters of the book is exempt from the chilling influence of fascism. The teacher who tells the story, denounced for remarking that Negroes are human, is frozen by fear into an inertia in which he almost acquiesces in the rule of the fish. The gentle Catholic priest who has learnt through punishment to keep his mouth shut; the children ruined and starved and prostituted by exploitation in industry; and the schoolboys, who are the future of Germany, with their minds a thick fog of hatred, combine to make Odon von Horvath's book a more powerful indictment of fascism than any catalogue of brutalities.

*The Age of the Fish* tells of a class of adolescent boys and their teacher, who holds his post precariously in the face of the boys' hostility to anything suggestive of thought. This is not ordinary schoolboy laziness; it is an attitude enjoined by every screaming loudspeaker, glorified in headlines on every newsstand, and the teacher must challenge no statement, however absurd or vicious, since the official radio is responsible for every piece of filth the boys utter. It is a relief to him, at first, when the boys go to the military camp (thoughtfully located not too far from a camp of girls) but it is not long before the boys try practical application of their brutal doctrines; in the publicity and stress of the resulting murder trial the teacher succeeds in freeing himself from his slavery to the fascist idea.

*The Age of the Fish* does not paint a picture of complete decadence, however, nor is revulsion at Nazi aims confined to the older generation represented by the teacher. In the Nazi school, faithfully writing Nazi dogma on their examination papers, there are four boys who feel that Negroes are human after all. They form a club, joining with young workers; they meet secretly to read forbidden books.

"We meet and talk over everything we've read," one tells the teacher in confidence.

"What then?"

"Then we go on to discuss how things should be in the world."

It is the clear thinking of these boys that restores to the teacher a portion of his faith in humanity; and it is these boys who track down the fish, the murderer, and bring about his destruction. At the end of the book the teacher, leaving for an African mission, finds on his desk a letter: "Our best wishes to the Negroes.—The Club."

This, then, is the future that von Horvath sees, the triumphant brotherhood of man even in an atmosphere poisoned by Goebbels. For the present Germany is living in the age of the fish, the cold time, the age of dull cold malevolence and the shark's tooth. Nor does the book neglect the economic implications of fascism; the pale children who sit all day in windows, painting dolls, recur significantly like a leitmotif to shame the murderer's mother into confession.

Von Horvath did not die in a concentration camp; a tree fell in the Champs Elysées to kill him; nevertheless this admirable writer was another victim of the age of the fish that

smashed his world and drove him to an alien city. This book, which no one can afford to neglect, strikes his blow at the fish, however—and it is also a profound and moving novel, memorable for restraint and directness, and for a human sympathy that shows the Nazi school-girl, trained and drilled like a soldier, weeping in the woods because she wants to wash and do her hair.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

## Briffault's Britain

English myth exploded in "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire."

ROBERT BRIFFAULT'S *Decline and Fall of the British Empire* (Simon & Schuster, \$2) is not Gibbousque, nor was it intended to be. The book was originally called *The English Myth* but after Munich the publishers' editor, Quincy Howe, whose position on matters British corresponds almost exactly to Briffault's, felt that only the parody of Gibbon's title would fit this book.

It is no denigration of Briffault's researches to say that they are not so complete as Gibbon's. His aim was quite different. He wanted, in the first place, to explode once and for all the host of notions generally described by the book's original title. As an Englishman himself, he wanted to assure us that Britons are not a race born to rule. As one who knows, he wanted to say that an old school tie is no better than the cravats you and I buy at Jake the Haberdasher's; public school education is no synonym for decency, and mankind has produced worthier specimens than Rupert Brooke. Most of us know that these things are the brain children of the best press agents the world has ever known, but it is good to have it all said in Briffault's furious and caustic style. The myth of Britain should command fury.

He wanted, also, to say something about England's part in world affairs today. Ever since Marshal Foch tried to force both the Allies and their enemies into a concerted attack on the Soviets, says Briffault, there has been no letup in capitalist hostility toward the workers' state. The capitalist world daily plots against the USSR, and Britain, the center of capitalism, is the chief plotter. Much of Hitler's and Mussolini's ranting about the menace of Bolshevism is directed and financed from the City. The British ruling class is experienced as well as corrupt—a devastating combination. If the Cliveden gang have attempted no fascist coup, it is because they see that they are getting their way without fascism.

I think we can all go that far with Mr. Briffault. But his next step is one that has raised a barrier between believers in collective security and sincere progressives like Robert Briffault, Quincy Howe, and Shaemas O'Sheel. Since the net result of Britain's actions is exactly the same as those of the fascist states, why cling to the fiction of British democracy? Speakers run down the government in Hyde Park of a Sunday afternoon,

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but it goes little further than that. Britain is a corrupt old mistress, maintaining a pose of friendliness and tolerance for the common people while she sleeps with the brash young bandits across the channel. Ergo, collective security will not work; Britain would never play ball, and France—whose democracy, Briffault says, is as limited as Britain's—is Chamberlain's pawn. Let's give up collective action, and let the workers of the world work for socialism on their home grounds and hope to hell they get it before fascism kills them.

But the point is that as long as there is a ballot in England and as long as working-class organizations are not suppressed, exactly that long must the English people and the people of other democracies search for a basis of cooperation. A democracy is a form of government wherein a people can work for political and economic change. The ballot enables them to expel a reactionary government or put pressure on it under threat of expulsion. Those conditions do obtain in England, so there is hope; even if it were the slimmest hope in the world—and it is more than that—it should be worked for all it is worth. The other way lies defeat and despair. We need not approve British imperialism; we are free to analyze the precise extent of British democracy. We need only accept the premise that we are here considering a government that can be changed if its masses are aroused.

That is the problem, simply one of definition. Briffault misses it by a mile, I think, but his book is still eminently worthwhile. He has enough material to rid anyone of Anglophile myths; the book should be used as an historical essay of the finest sort. If the author's thesis for the present seems not so sound as it might be, he provides us with the materials for going beyond his own conclusions.

RICHARD MILTON.

### 'Our Common Ailment'

Dr. Harold Aaron's book tells the truth about constipation.

THE misuse of laxatives has made constipation a major public health problem in the United States. Most of the \$300,000,000 spent annually on patent medicines is sacrificed to the mumbo-jumbo created by the laxative advertisers. Dr. Harold Aaron, the medical consultant to Consumers Union, gives the facts about constipation and nails the lies of the advertisers in a witty and informative book (*Our Common Ailment*, Consumers Union Publication, Dodge Publishing Co., \$1.50) which stresses the social causes of "our common ailment."

Functional causes are responsible for the majority of cases of constipation; only a small percentage are caused by organic disease. Dr. Aaron considers these functional causes in what he calls "The Sociology of Constipation," and agrees with Dr. Philip Brown of the Mayo Clinic that constipation is "merely

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part and parcel of the general social economic struggle."

The part the emotions play as functional causes is well known in the common experience of the purging effect of fear. A converse emotional role is seen in the inhibiting effect of pressure of work, worry, and feeling of general insecurity. The relaxation so essential to the good performance of any body function is impossible in the rush before work and the rush during work. In many factories workers are either not allowed or are afraid to leave their places. (Remember the plight of Charlie Chaplin in the washroom in *Modern Times*.)

The condition of toilet facilities is an inhibitory factor often overlooked. Strange as it may seem in a country famed for its plumbing, there is a real lack of adequate toilet facilities in the United States. Dr. Aaron reports that in sixty-four cities, more than 450,000 homes are without toilets. In rural areas the situation is worse. Approximately 750,000 people in North Carolina have no kind of toilets. Since the publication of Dr. Aaron's book a survey has been made which reports that of eight million homes examined in 203 cities, fifteen out of every hundred are without private toilets.

Advertising gibberish and "the eminent Sir Arbuthnot Lane" are responsible for the widespread notion that constipation causes a fearful miscellany of diseases from cancer to offensive perspiration. Dr. Aaron says that constipation does *not* cause a single major disease. It may contribute to the development of a variety of symptoms varying with the individual, such as headache, biliousness, depression, etc. But constipation does *not* cause the much advertised "auto-intoxication" and acidosis which are alleged to produce these symptoms. All evidence indicates that "auto-intoxication" does not exist. As for acidosis, to which Dr. Aaron devotes a sprightly chapter, "Be Wise—Don't Alkalize!"

CORA MACALBERT.

[Editor's P.S: Dr. Aaron's book was quoted in *Time's* Medicine Department to the effect that bran is a material unsuited to human consumption. The following story appears in the February issue of *High Time*, published by the Communist Party members at *Time*: "W. K. Kellogg Co. (All-Bran) disagrees with Dr. Aaron. It believes that bran is just the thing for a constipated nation; and it indignantly withdrew \$250,000 worth of advertising from the Luce publications. Once, long ago, Mr. Luce was fond of saying that a magazine which didn't lose an advertising contract an issue wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. Since then the price of paper has gone up. Diplomatic representations were made to the Kellogg Co. through the customary channels. Would it restore its advertising if *Time* said it was sorry? Well, maybe. Three weeks later, on the shakiest newspeg of the month, a seventy-line account of the work of a Dr. Bernard Fantus appeared in *Time's* Medicine Department. It seemed that Dr. Fantus made experiments with bran. He was very enthusiastic about bran. He ate it himself, all the time. In January, Kellogg's All-Bran comic strip was back in the Luce publications."]

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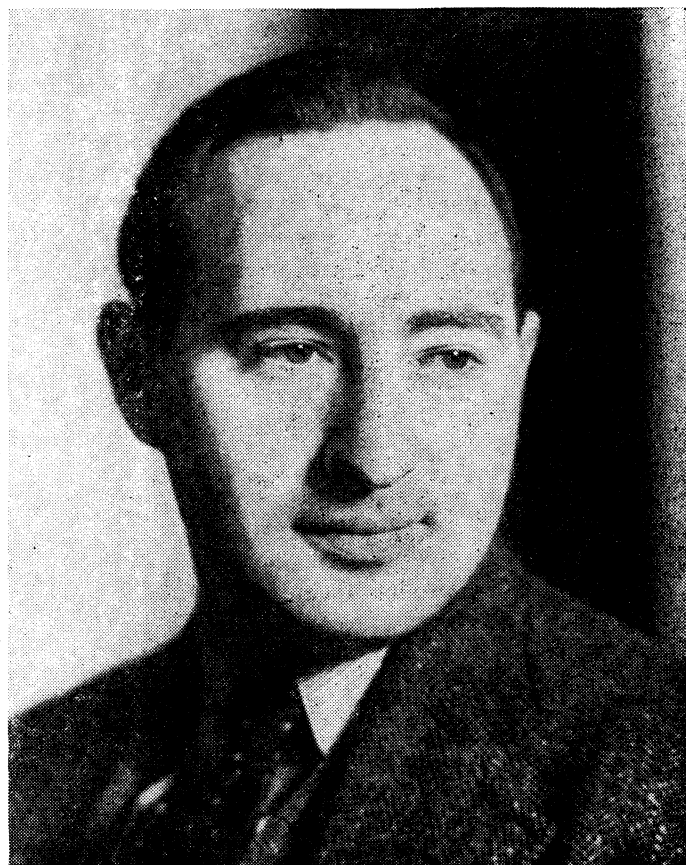
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## S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

## "The Swing Mikado"

Federal Theater's production of Gilbert and Sullivan, with all-Negro 'cast, is native Americana . . . Vaudeville, Frank Fay variety, resists death of a national institution.

**T**HE Federal Theater's production of Harry Minturn's conception of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* is as native a bit of Americana as the ice cream cone. And like the cone it is here to stay.

It is difficult to enumerate the high spots. *A Wandering Minstrel*, *Three Little Maids from School*, *Here's a How De-Do*, *Flowers that Bloom in the Spring* are just a few of the songs from one of the hottest scores written in recent centuries. And, of course, one of the sublimely ridiculous moments is the spectacle of the Mikado meting out jitterbug justice and trucking out a suitable punishment for every crime. The whole thing might be a little shocking to the more orthodox Gilbert and Sullivan fans but one feels certain that Messrs. G & S themselves would have loved it.

Throughout the production the atmosphere is electrically charged. One doesn't quite know what will happen next. Everything goes—from mugging, hoofing, and moaning low to a weird brand of shimmying in certain sections of the chorus. If W. S. (The Play's the Swing) Gilbert and Sir Arthur (The Madrigal Goes Round and Round) Sullivan were alive and kicking and commissioned by J. J. and Lee to do a *Hellzapoppin'* in their own inimitable style, one feels that the Federal Theater version of *The Mikado* is exactly what they would have turned out. But there is more to it than that in this rendition of an old favorite by an all-Negro cast. There is the sensation of the "common" people expropriating a classic and, while retaining everything worthwhile, infusing it with a new vitality drawn from their own culture.

There are quite a number of slow spots but each of them is forgotten when the next high spot comes along. A prevalent feeling among the critics was that there wasn't quite *enough* swing. They felt it was too legitimate. A matter of opinion, of course. I, for one, was inclined to feel that any more swing might have been too much of a good thing. I choose to believe that Mr. Minturn consciously exercised a restraining hand so as not to dissipate his idea. But you'll see it and judge for yourself. For see it you must—and you will—provided you know someone who knows someone who can dig up tickets for you.

Even if time were to dim the luster of his other noble achievements, Franklin D. Roosevelt will surely be remembered as the President who was indirectly responsible for casting the grinning Herman Greene as Ko-Ko and Edward Fraction as the goofiest looking Mikado who ever had feathers growing out of a high hat. Maurice Cooper as Nanki-Poo,

Mabel Walker as Katisha, Gladys Boucree as Yum-Yum, and Lewis White as Pish-Tush are adequately, though not ideally, cast. There is some nice choral work and the dance encores of *Flowers that Bloom in the Spring* are especially good.

## FRANK FAY'S VAUDEVILLE

I have the strangest feeling that if someone were to really take the trouble and carefully scrutinize each of the corpses in Irwin Shaw's *Bury the Dead*, he would emerge with the startling revelation that one of the corpses is none other than our old friend Vaudeville. Seldom has a stiff offered such resistance to the last rites. Last Thursday night the persistent ghost gave up Frank Fay on the stage of the 44th Street Theater (N. Y.). Mr. Fay has resurrected a fairly representative Palace bill with all the trappings. Some of it is first rate. Here and there an individual act or bit is quite wonderful. You gape open-mouthedly

as the magician puffs smoke out of a dry and empty pipe. You sit tensely and sway sympathetically with the trapeze artist. You howl at patient Smith and Doctor Dale. You are entertained, yes. But there is something missing—something vital, something intangible—your own youth, perhaps?

A thousand memories dance into your brain—Dapper Dan . . . Louisville Lou . . . make the world safe for democracy . . . kibbo . . . cake-eater . . . Alabama bound . . . Woodrow Wilson . . . flapper . . . singers, dancers, jugglers, acrobats, comics. Vaudeville—symbol of a golden age; symbol of a naive, unconscious America. Gradually, as you sit there watching the mimes and clowns and tumblers, you begin to comprehend the enormity of the gulf that time has placed between you and your own past, between the old Palace days and Frank Fay's Vaudeville.

In one way or another, I am certain, vaudeville will always be with us; the form may



SWING. Part of the cast of the modernized "Mikado." Chicagoans kept the Federal Theater show running at capacity for five months before it opened in New York.





*SWING. Part of the cast of the modernized "Mikado." Chicagoans kept the Federal Theater show running at capacity for five months before it opened in New York.*

be altered by or partially absorbed into radio, pictures, television; or the content revitalized as in Cabaret Tac. But I am afraid that vaudeville as such, vaudeville in its simple, naive, old-fashioned form, vaudeville as the great national institution it once was, is gradually disappearing from the American scene. Mr. Fay has valiantly placed himself between the bier and its final resting place. His attempt to postpone the inevitable interment is courageously assisted by a variety of loyal gravediggers, pallbearers, professional mourners, and just out-and-out stooges. There are, as indicated, the dexterous, baffling trickster Glenn Pope; the hilarious buffoons Joe Smith and (Dr. Kronkheit) Dale; the Merry-Macs and others. Eva Le Gallienne's Juliet, unfortunately, is not at all satisfying. By far the most exciting performer on the bill is Elsie Janis. Miss Janis is still a topnotch artist and her impersonations of the Barrymores, Will Rogers, Fannie Brice, and George M. Cohan are superb. Frank Fay is fairly funny most of the time but one can't help wishing he'd be faster about it. One of the big surprises of the evening is an unknown and unheralded newcomer named Johnny Barnes. He is an eccentric dancer of genuine ability with original routines and a most refreshing personality.

It will be interesting to see how many people are willing to pay \$2.75 to see a dying friend writhing in an oxygen tent. Me, I still like *The Swing Mikado*.

STEVE MORGAN.

## Sunday Night Varieties

Keynote Players knock them out of their seats.

THE late Wilson Mizner once compared the dramatic critic to the eunuch "who knows a hell of a lot about something he can't do." This reviewer falls short on the knowledgeable side of that definition, but as a customer who paid \$1 for his seat at *The Sunday Night Varieties* of the Keynote Players, he can report that the show is well worth the price of admission and he would like to see some of the acts again. An intelligent packed house liked it, buzzed about it during the intermission, and you had better start reserving your seat now if you want to see a repetition of the revue next Sunday night or even the week after.

Twenty sketches, skits, song numbers, and dances make up the fulsome show. The music is excellent, containing at least two hits that will be heard around town for some time. Bernece Kazounoff and Sylvia Fine wrote it all and played it with snap and wit on two pianos. The settings by a mysterious gent called Nado were marvels of what can be done on a small stage with a rag, a board, and an electric bulb. The sketches by Samuel Locke were good, with four stars reserved for his *Cliveden Keeps Cool*. Bill Matons' choreography, Barbara Guerdon's costumes, and Nat Lichtman's direction got bows all around.

Here is a check list of the whole show from

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Round Table Discussion with

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\* Since on March 16 Earl Browder is speaking on "Soviet Economy in the World Today" at the Hippodrome under the auspices of New Masses, there will be no Forum on that date.

the writer's point of view, with an attempt to give a personal enjoyment rating:

1. *Thank God for the Atlantic and the Pacific.* A swell opening, good lyrics, well enunciated.

2. *Tattooed Lady.* Danny Kaye sang John La-touche's rube song excellently. No social content, but clever.

3. *Jota.* Ward Harris' music made a good ballet background for this dance act of Bill Matons' group. The audience liked it a whole lot.

4. *Lullaby.* Claire Vermonte sang a Spanish mother's lullaby but I couldn't get all the words. It seemed to miss.

5. *Quo Vadis Dick Tracy?* A knockabout skit on the fashioning of a Dick Tracy strip. Acted with manic violence but with not so hot material.

6. *Blahzay!* Excellently set, acted, and paced satire on the Fifty-second Street Beebes. Perfect lyrics. Not a flaw.

7. *I Don't Want To Be Scarlett.* Dolores Irwin in one. Lyrics a bit muddly, delivery a bit forced. Costume very good.

8. *Cliveden Keeps Cool.* Very funny skit, good acting, particularly by Danny Kaye as Chamberlain. A wow ending when the bombs fall on Cliveden and Chamberlain sends greetings to the workers' republic with a demand for planes.

9. *De Larkos Do a Drama.* Satire on what an adagio team does when it gets cast into a drama. Pretty funny.

10. *Home Is Where You Hang Your Heart.* Claire Vermonte sings a hit song very well. This will be around town for some time.

11. *Physical Culture.* Danny Kaye sings a very funny lament of a Macfadden devotee. It brought down the house.

12. *Prof. Mather Lewis and the Three Trustees.* A Matons arrangement of a clipping from the *New York Times*. To me the clipping was more amusing than the dancing. But the audience seemed to like it.

13. *Down on Downing Street.* Sylvia Fine's chorus finale for the first part. Very good with good pantomime by Danny Kaye.

14. *Sunday in a German Park.* This didn't quite come off for me, but the audience liked it a lot. The kid's gag about the zoo elephant giving her a peanut wasn't bad.

15. *The Theater and What's Left of It.* A good song of revolt by a Victor Herbert soubrette who can't make out the new trend in the theater. Funny, well costumed and delivered.

16. *Wolf of Wall Street.* A fast and funny skit about the marriage of a Big Bear.

17. *Who Killed Vaudeville?* A good pantomime by Mervyn Nelson and Sherle Hartt. All the bad vaude acts rolled into one. Very clever. I'd like to see more good panto like this.

18. *Vultures of Culture.* An amusing song, well done. Very good lyrics.

19. *American Rhapsody.* Kenneth Fearing's poem with two dancers. I couldn't get the poem; dancing very symbolic; but the audience must have had a lot of dance fans.

20. *Times Have Changed.* A rousing finale that brought the audience to its feet.

There will undoubtedly be a lot of touching up and improvement before the next show. But even as it is, it's more finished and entertaining than most \$3 shows.

BARNABY HOTCHKISS.

**"The 400 Million"**

Joris Ivens tells of his film expedition to China.

**A**FTER John Ferno and I finished *The Spanish Earth* with Ernest Hemingway, we decided that we should continue filming contemporary historic events in documentary form. There was Spain and now there should be China and the epic struggle against the Japanese aggressors. With some of the backers we had on the Spain picture—History Today, Inc.—consisting of Luise Rainer, Lillian Hellman, Dorothy Parker, Dashiell Hammett, Clifford Odets, Dudley Nichols, Ernest Hemingway, Archibald MacLeish, Herman Shumlin, and William Osgood Field, we laid plans in New York and Hollywood.

In January 1938 I took off on the *China Clipper* from San Francisco to Hongkong, where John Ferno and his assistant joined me from Marseilles. We flew to our base at Hankow in Central China on the Yangtze. There we discussed our project with Madame Chiang Kai-shek and others in the government.

In April our first location trip brought us to the South Shantung front. We traveled with a large motor van and a smaller car, targets for Japanese bombers and strafing. We filmed the troop movements toward the Japanese-held town of Taierhchwang and entered the recaptured town with the victorious Chinese. From the roof of the only building left standing we photographed the triumph.

At the end of April we went back to our base at Hankow and prepared an expedition to the remote Northwest, up to the Inner Mongolian border, to record how the unity of the people, even in the farthest provinces, is contributing to final victory. We traveled along the gray plains of the Yellow River as far as Lanchow and photographed for the first time the building of the road from the Soviet Union to the juncture of the road coming from Burma—the only lifeline of heroic China. Dust storms were a great hazard in these travels. Then we went back to Hankow to make pictures of China's National Military Council with General Chiang Kai-shek.

Our last trip—south to Canton—occurred a few days before it was captured by the Japanese. John Ferno and I came back to America on the *Clipper* and delivered our film to Helen Van Dongen in Hollywood, for editing. Then followed months of work with the writer of the commentary, Dudley Nichols, who wrote *The Informer*; with Hanns Eisler, the composer, who had scored my Dutch film, *The New Earth*, long ago; with Fredric March, who speaks the commentary, and with the many other generous people who gave their time and services for China.

*The 400 Million* is a straight documentary picture—not just a war thriller—it is about one-fifth of mankind, 400,000,000 people, fighting off a savage invader and at the same time building an independent, united nation with grand spirit and rich cultural accomplishment.

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**GOINGS ON**

**ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS** of the Week every Sunday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, 2nd floor. Admission 20 cents.

**"FASCISM and SCIENCE"**—Lecture by David Ramsey, contributing editor of Science and Society Magazine. Thursday, March 9, 8:30 p.m., at Keynote Club, 201 West 52nd St. Admission 35c.

**CLARENCE HATHAWAY** lectures on "The Growth and World Significance of the Communist International," Saturday afternoon, March 11, 2:30 P.M. Auspices of the Workers School, 35 East 12th Street, 2nd floor. Admission 25 cents.

**NEW PRINTING**, "Justice for the Jew," just released, available to all interested in problem of anti-Semitism. Send postcard for free copy. No obligation. American League to Combat Anti-Semitism, Suite 1308-E, 270 Broadway, New York.

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**Mass-Production Art**

"Prints for the People," a slogan soon to become reality.

"PRINTS for the People" has been the slogan of progressive printmakers ever since the economic crisis turned the artist away from the collector-patron market and made him face the realities of his social function. Now, at last, 25,000 people really are to have prints, to own them, to possess prints of their own—and at a cost no greater than the daily paper. This is the best news that artists have heard for a long time.

For the announcement made last week at the ACA Gallery, when representatives of the United American Artists, the Brooklyn Museum, and the IWO discussed details of the plan to make and distribute prints by mass methods, is truly an historic one. The exhibition to be held at the museum from May 19 through September, "Fine Prints for Mass Production," is the first step in breaking down the artist's snobbery about "quality."

All prints accepted for the exhibition must be suitable for reproduction on power presses. From the hundreds of lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings (no mediums are barred), six will be chosen. These six will be purchased from the artist with a cash payment far more generous than any financial reward he is likely to receive from the consignment-commission system of selling the limited-edition print. The six prints will then be published by the IWO in an edition of 25,000 portfolios and sold to their members at a price not higher than 15 cents a portfolio.

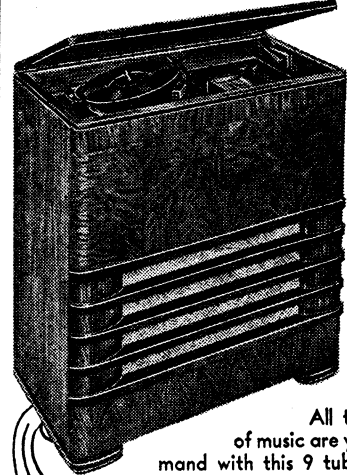
The exhibition is open to all artists. Entry blanks must be filed by April 1 and prints received by April 15. Complete technical data and essays discussing the historic development of graphic art as a people's expression are included in the brochure *Good News for Printmakers*, published jointly by the Brooklyn Museum and the United American Printmakers, copies of which may be obtained from the museum for 10 cents.

The exhibition of paintings and drawings by William Gropper, successfully drawing to a close at the ACA Gallery, is an excellent demonstration of what sort of graphic art is suitable for mass production. The drawings, mural cartoon and gouache reproduced in the February 28 issue of *NEW MASSES*, show the powerful, incisive simplification of tone and value which make Gropper's black-and-white work so significant both as an expression and as a means of communication.

There is no maundering around with intermediate tones which subdivide the gamut from black to white into a million millionth values. Gropper slaps the crayon, ink, Chinese white, or whatever it may be, on the paper with decision. After the idea has been put over, there is time to think about art, quality, subtlety. But first the idea must be communicated. And the methods for communication are simplicity, directness, conviction.

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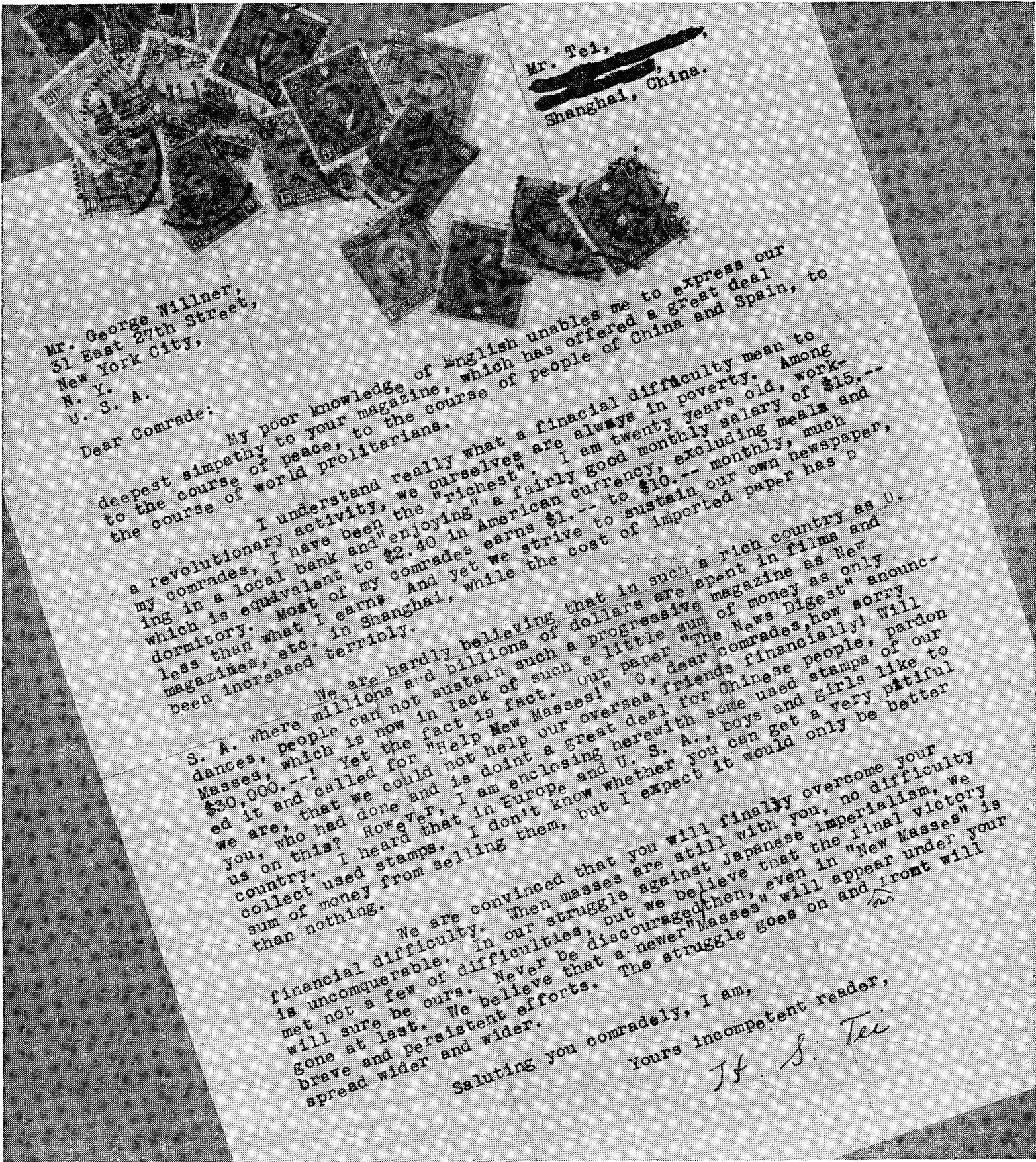
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Mr. Tei,  
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Mr. George Willner,  
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New York City,  
N. Y.  
U. S. A.

Dear Comrade:

My poor knowledge of English unables me to express our deepest simpaty to your magazine, which has offered a great deal to the course of peace, to the course of people of China and Spain, to the course of world proletarians.

I understand really what a finacial difficulty mean to a revolutionary activity, we ourselves are always in poverty. Among my comrades, I have been the "richest". I am twenty years old, working in a local bank and "enjoying" a fairly good monthly salary of \$15.-- which is equivalent to \$2.40 in American currency, excluding meals and dormitory. Most of my comrades earns \$1.-- to \$10.-- monthly, much less than what I earn. And yet we strive to sustain our own newspaper, magazines, etc. in Shanghai, while the cost of imported paper has been increased terribly.

We are hardly believing that in such a rich country as U. S. A. where millions and billions of dollars are spent in films and dances, people can not sustain such a progressive magazine as New Masses, which is now in lack of such a little sum of money as only \$30,000.--! Yet the fact is fact. Our paper "The News Digest" announced it and called for "Help New Masses!" O, dear comrades, how sorry we are, that we could not help our oversea friends financially! Will you, who had done and is doing a great deal for Chinese people, pardon us on this? However, I am enclosing herewith some used stamps of our collect used stamps. I don't know whether you can get a very pitiful sum of money from selling them, but I expect it would only be better than nothing.

We are convinced that you will finally overcome your financial difficulty. When masses are still with you, no difficulty is uncomquerable. In our struggle against Japanese imperialism, we met not a few of difficulties, but we believe that the final victory will sure be ours. Never be discouraged then, even in "New Masses" is gone at last. We believe that a newer "Masses" will appear under your brave and persistent efforts. The struggle goes on and fromt will spread wider and wider.

Saluting you comradesly, I am,  
Yours incompetent reader,  
H. S. Tei

**T**HIS is a Chinese worker's challenge to you. For our part it multiplied our determination to do more for the H. S. Tei's of the world, to enlist all America on their side. What about you?

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Do this. Sit down now and send us \$1, \$5, \$10—whatever you

think will correspond to what H. S. Tei has done. Give it to the fund to keep this magazine throughout the next year. We're asking \$30,000—the minimum for existence.

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