

VINCENT SHEEAN on the Third Writers Congress

NEW MASSES

J U N E 1 3 , 1 9 3 9 F I F T E E N C E N T S A C O P Y

Hearst Is Still Alive!

BY ROBERT TERRALL

With Illustrations by William Randolph Hearst

Does Chamberlain Mean Business?

THE FACTS OF THE ANGLO-SOVIET PARLEYS

Richard Goodman Cables from Europe

The Ku Klux Klan Rides for a Fall

MIAMI'S EPOCHAL ELECTIONS

By Jake Martin

My Voyage Through the Soviet Pavilion

WHAT THE VISITORS THINK OF IT ALL

By James Dugan

GROPPER, GEORGES SCHREIBER, RICHTER, BARBARA MORGAN

BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE Third American Writers Congress, held in New York last weekend, was an impressive demonstration of the solidarity of progressive writers in support of democratic culture. Hundreds of leading writers participated in the congress. They discussed their specific craft problems, the problem of widening the audience for progressive literature, the economic problems of authors, and the social program best calculated to advance the interests of peace and democracy. The writers voted to support the progressive legislation of the New Deal and a policy of concerted action to resist fascist aggression. We plan to comment at length upon the proceedings of the congress in next week's issue.

A lot of people at the Writers Congress went to an NM party last Thursday night where Corliss Lamont presented Bob Hallowell's painting of John Reed to NM. We reproduced the splendid painting in last week's issue and many of our readers, who were invited to see the picture, have been coming up to our offices. Lamont said John Reed's painting could hang in no worthier place than in NM and all agreed. Louis Aragon was there. Quite a few persons from all around were there: Matthew Joseph-



Robert Terrall

This is the Robert Terrall of our series on metropolitan newspapers. To those who doubt his existence, we give the following facts, all of which can be checked: Terrall was born in Nichart, Mont.; he got his college training at Harvard, graduating in 1936. He edited the Harvard "Lampoon." After college he traveled in Europe for a year or so and returned to write for numerous American publications and, later, to join the staff of "Time," where he served as a business writer and book reviewer. He joined NM's staff a few months ago.

son from Connecticut; Sylvia Townsend Warner from England and Josephine Herbst from Bucks County, Pa.; Malcolm Cowley, Vincent Sheean, George Seldes, Donald Ogden Stewart, Ella Winter, William Blake, Christina Stead, Newton Arvin, Joseph Freeman, Max Lerner, Joshua Kunitz, Valentine Ackland, Harry Slochower, Charmion von Wiegand, Georges Schreiber, Kenneth Fearing, W. L. River, Franklin Folsom, Marjorie Fisher, James Benet, David McKelvy White, Edwin Berry Burgum, Sender Garlin, Richard Wright, Alexander Trachtenberg, Robert Forsythe, Robert Terrall. Earl Robinson played his inimitable banjo and, as all social notes must have it, a good time was had by all.

The article by Ernst Toller which appeared in last week's issue was his speech at the recent Congress of PEN Clubs held at the World's Fair.

The Photo League, whose documentary work has been appearing in these pages, announces a survey course in photography beginning July 6 and continuing every Thursday evening throughout the summer months. Subjects include the Miniature, Camera, Portraiture, Photo Journalism, Color Photography, and Photomontage. A beginners' class will also be conducted every Wednesday evening. All classes will be held at the Photo League headquarters in New York City. The photomontage classes will be conducted by Barbara Morgan who did the montage which appears with Robert Terrall's article in this issue.

The West Side Committee Supporting Progressive Councilman Candidates is sponsoring a lecture and concert of hot jazz from recordings, Sunday, June 11, at 8 p.m. at Steinway Hall, New York City. James Dugan will be the commentator.

NM has taken over the air-cooled Music Box Theater, N. Y. C., for a special showing of the new satirical, musical revue *From Vienna*, entire production and cast by the Refugee Artists Group. Charles (*Pins and Needles, Sing Out the News*) Friedman is the general director. The show promises to be the wittiest sparkling hit of the summer show shop season. Draw a heavy line around the date—Thursday, June 29.

Tickets for *From Vienna* are \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10, and 83 cents. Mail orders will be accepted now. Write NM, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York City, or call Martha Pearse, CAL-Edonia 5-3076.

We are informed that all the ultimate profits of *From Vienna* will go solely to the cause of German Refu-

gee Artists. A distinguished list of sponsors has enthusiastically attached their names to the production of *From Vienna*. They include Irving Berlin, Edna Ferber, Charles Friedman, Max Gordon, Sam H. Harris, Moss Hart, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kaufman, Herman Shumlin.

Reminder to our West Coast readers: NM's newly opened West Coast Bureau, under the direction of George Willner, is at 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Rm. 287, Hollywood, Calif. Readers and friends of NM are cordially invited to drop in.

Who's Who

RICHARD GOODMAN is NM's European correspondent. . . . Vincent Sheean's forthcoming book, *Not Peace but a Sword*, is the Book of the Month Club's selection for August. . . . Georges Schreiber, whose work is of course familiar to NM readers, is an internationally known caricaturist; his book of *Portraits and Self-Portraits* was published a year ago. . . . Art Shields was correspondent for NM and the *Daily Worker* in Spain during the last weeks of the civil war. He has just returned to this country. . . . Simon Doniger is

director of the Jewish Child Guidance Bureau. His doctoral dissertation was on Soviet children's books. . . . Ruth Lechlitner is the author of a book of poems, *Tomorrow's Phoenix*. . . . Moissaye J. Olgin is editor of the *Jewish Daily Morning Freiheit* and New York correspondent for *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. . . . Joseph Starobin is editor of the *Young Communist Review*.

Flashbacks

WAT TYLER's peasant rebellion began June 10, 1381, with the seizure of Canterbury in England. . . . Tom Paine, chief pamphleteer and agitator of the First American Revolution, died June 8, 1809, in Greenwich Village—a group of houses a mile north of the city of New York. The following day the author of *Common Sense* was followed to his grave by a single coach full of mourners, among whom were two Negroes. . . . Harriet Beecher Stowe, propagandist of the Second American Revolution, was born June 14, 1811. . . . Sailors on the Russian armed cruiser *Potemkin* revolted June 14, 1905, declaring their solidarity with the strikers in Odessa.

This Week

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Hearst Is Still Alive

No one will touch him with a ten-foot pole these days except his 149 executives, and they are well paid for it. The first of two articles on his two New York papers.

ONE night several months ago the final version of next morning's city edition of the *Journal and American* had been corrected, a little late as usual, and sent downstairs. The most conspicuous thing on the front page was a signed editorial by William Randolph Hearst, set in 10-point type. The few members of the staff left at that time of night were getting ready to turn off the lights and go home, when a querulous message came over the wire from San Simeon: "Think my

editorial would look better in 12-point." The staff took off its coats and sat down to make over the front page. People are saying that after a long, dishonorable life Hearst is just another employee of the Chase National Bank, which allows him a little extra spending money now and then; his editors make sarcastic remarks behind his back and his employees ignore him. The staff of the *Mirror* and the *Journal and American* only wishes it were true.

Chase National has certainly taken away some of his nicest vases and sold them at auction. But in March, when *Time* reported that Hearst's editors were beginning to disregard his orders, Hearst ordered them to play up all libel suits against the Luce publications and to pan Mrs. Luce's plays. No editor disregarded that order. The *Journal* ran a front page story headed, "*Time* Garbles Facts, Jury Finds." Of course Hearst is seventy-six, and fairly decrepit. Everyone in the organiza-



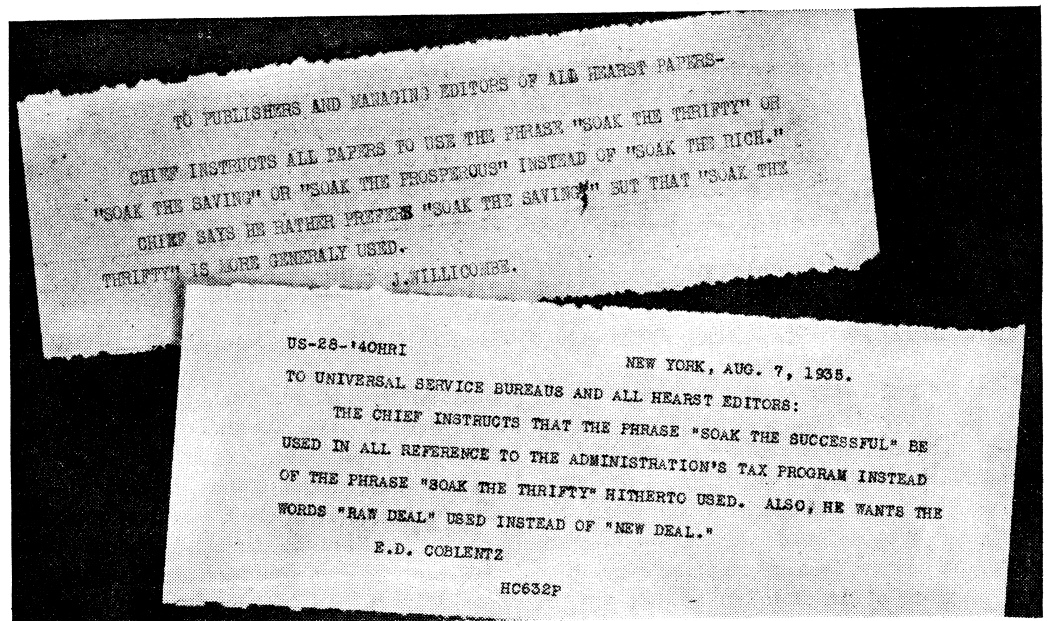
Photomontage by Barbara Morgan



Photomontage by Barbara Morgan

tion has a story of how he mistook one of his current executives for someone else who has been dead since before the war; still, there is some dispute in Hearst city rooms as to the exact degree of Hearst's senility. He still sends out signed editorials once a month, and he has taken to making frequent radio speeches. If he sends fewer telegrams now than he used to, it is because he has made up his mind on so many minor points in the course of his career that the available minor points are just about used up. The Hearst press is still the Hearst press. No one is allowed to forget it.

When William Allen White called Hearst a "hitch-hiker on Landon's bandwagon" Hearst editors got the wire: "Chief doesn't think White interesting or important; a false alarm and an old, broken down one at that." Hearst has his friends and his enemies (most of whom were once his friends), and everyone on his papers knows who they are. But he has always been wayward in his loves and hates, and sometimes he changes his mind too fast for his own men. Bugs Baer innocently wrote a column the day after election, 1936, in which he said, "It was a glorious victory for the right to boondoggle and the pursuit of government checks." It had to be killed, of course, for early that morning Hearst had pretended to change his mind about Roosevelt, to make his readers think he was a good loser. Another time one of Bugs Baer's columns had to be pulled because of a joke in it about J. Plunderbund Morgan, which was the way



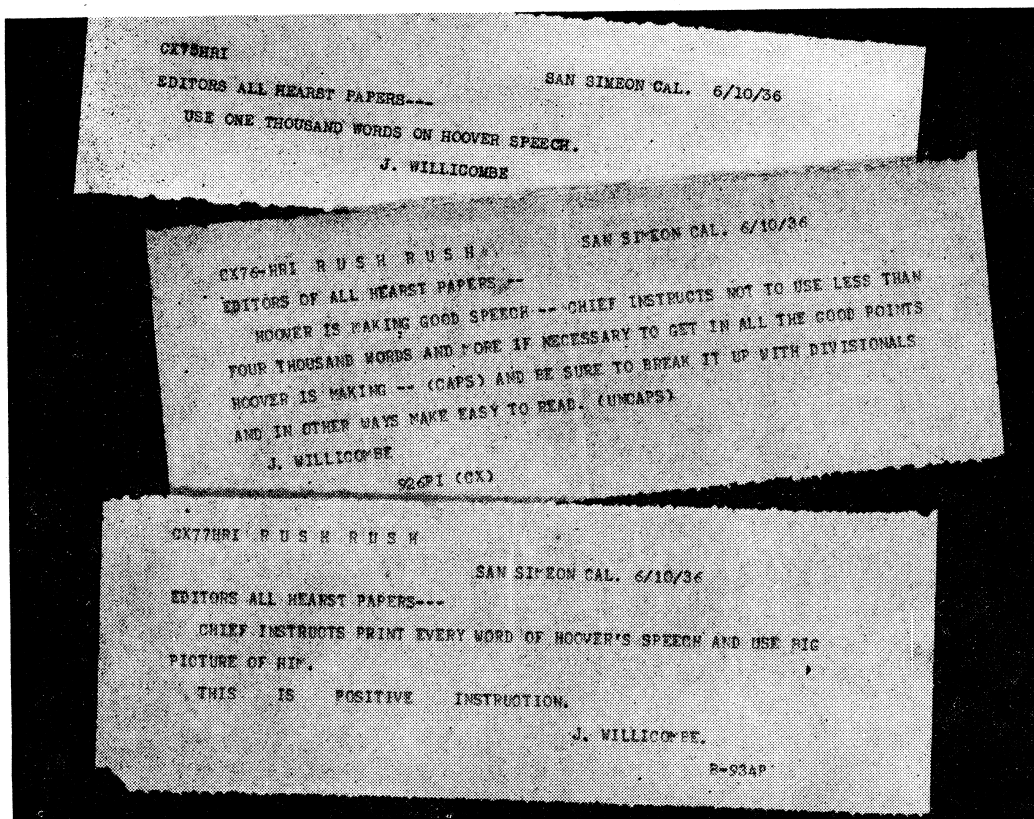
DON'T SOCK THE RICH. Hearst didn't like President Roosevelt's tax program, being in the upper brackets himself and sympathetic to other people in the upper brackets.

Hearst used to refer to that financier. The *Journal* and the *Mirror* don't mention Mr. Morgan now, because he doesn't like publicity. They have other heroes: Dies, Moseley, Reynolds, Coughlin. During last fall's election the *Journal* had a series of pictures of Cotton Ed Smith making faces for the cameraman, and Hearst wired it never again to use such unflattering pictures of respectable peo-

ple. When the *Post* and the *Telegram* were running unflattering articles last year about Frank Hague of Jersey City, Hearst described him for his papers' guidance as "merely a dominating leader with a devoted following in a democratic community." Last year the *Mirror* ran off a special John J. O'Connor edition for distribution on primary day in the Sixteenth Congressional District. It didn't help John J. O'Connor.

The late Hugo George Roboz, who liked to be considered the *Mirror's* foreign editor (he wrote all the Stalin articles), wrote a mild little series last year about Hitler. But Hinson Stiles, the *Mirror's* managing editor, said, "Public opinion is inflamed right now," so it didn't run. The Hearst papers do not pretend to be impartial about Hitler. All news of America in German papers has either been made up by Goebbels or supplied by Hearst's International News Service for \$500,000 a year. General Goering used to write signed articles for Hearst. German pictures don't get much attention abroad except on Hearst movie pages. Several months ago, when Goebbels replied to a speech by Roosevelt, the *Daily News* head was "Anti-Nazi Grumbling Admitted by Goebbels," and the *Mirror* head was "Flat Lies Laid to Roosevelt." It was the same story.

It isn't surprising, considering Hearst's friendly feelings toward fascism, that he is one of America's leading isolationists. He gives windy speeches over a national hookup about the purity of Hitler's motives, and the *Journal* and *Mirror* reporters then spend three or four days getting people to say that in their opinion the latest utterance of Mr. Hearst was statesmanlike. The reporters are having an increasingly hard time finding such people. Hearst's Washington man, George Rothwell Brown, spends his time thinking up news to prove that Roosevelt wants to get the country into war. Last month Hearst had him circulate a kind of war-or-peace Gallup poll



MR. HEARST'S MIND CHANGES. Arthur Brisbane was not allowed to write about the Roosevelt administration because he had once said recklessly, "Roosevelt is at least trying, which is more than Hoover did." But when Hearst sent the first order reproduced above he was fairly grudging, for he and Hoover were not on good terms at the time. But later, when Hoover was on the air, he reconsidered; and when Hoover really got going he was positively swept away.

among all congressmen, containing such questions as "Should the United States arm for a war of aggression? Should or should not this great United States make its own genuine democracy safe and maintain its beneficent influence throughout the world by preserving its own liberty, its own independence, and its own strength and safety?" Not many congressmen bothered to answer. Hearst said they didn't DARE bring their real views into the light of day.

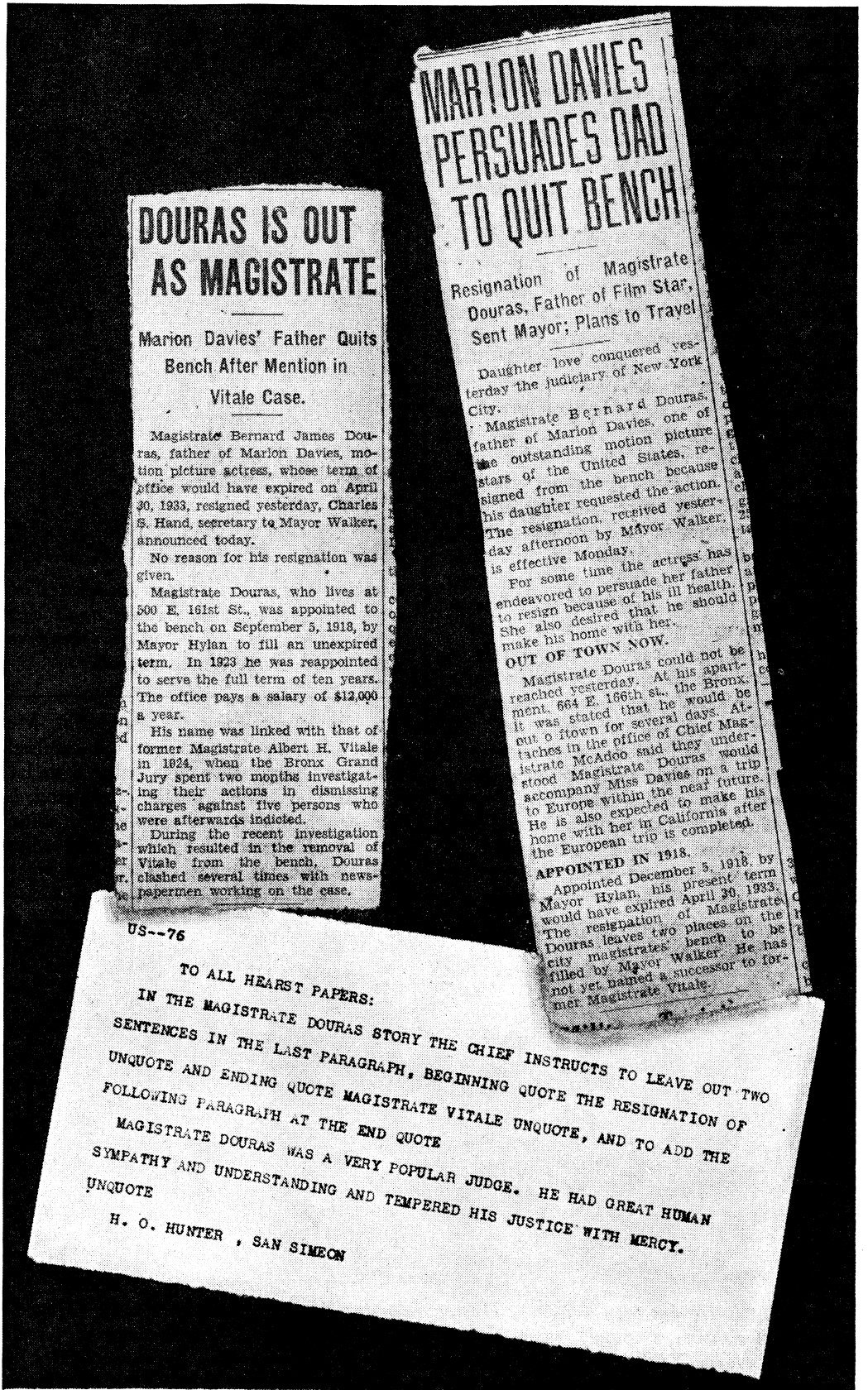
On January 30 of this year Hitler spoke in the Reichstag. He asked for colonies, as usual, and added expansively that perhaps his friend Mussolini ought to get a few colonies too. Hearst wired his editors with some satisfaction that it was a peaceful speech. Just after midnight the *Journal* set up an article saying that the stock market was "relieved over Hitler's conciliatory address," though the stock market, of course, wouldn't be open for ten hours. One of the editors asked for a new lead on the INS story in the light of Hearst's instructions, but after thinking it over INS decided that Hitler's speech hadn't been so peaceful after all. Last month Hearst had his editors play up what the duke of Windsor had said about nations being subjected to "poisonous propaganda," which is Hearst's own point exactly. But international complications lately have been getting too much for him. Last year, at the start of the fighting at Lake Khasan between Japan and Russia, he sent out a number of conflicting orders and finally decided to "steer a neutral course," which, for Hearst, is extremely rare. Between the Yellow Peril and the Red Menace, he couldn't make up his mind.

Hearst was always more attached to the New York *American* than to any other of his papers. Telegrams were going out constantly from New York: "Editors Hearst morning papers and afternoons where no mornings (RUSH!): For your information, N. Y. *American's* head on page one Landon editorial for Friday follows—(One line)—GOVERNOR LANDON SPEAKS." The *American* was the perfect example of Hearst journalism. Hearst was particularly lordly when he heard that labor unions and the teaching profession were organizing a boycott of the *American*. "There can be no compromise with COMMUNISM," he said. But he was somewhat hurt. He told Arthur Brisbane, "We've got a good paper, Arthur, and it's not our fault we can't sell it."

Hearst, off in San Simeon, surrounded by fifteenth century bric-a-brac and the prettiest girls in Hollywood, never saw the piles of postcards in the *American's* office; but his editors were scared. When Goering's series was running in the *American*, the editors filled up the rest of the paper with desperate little items about Jewish weddings and Jewish charities. Advertisers don't like boycotts. Gulden's Mustard Co. wrote in suggesting that whenever the *American* printed stories about a loony "Coordinator of the Order of '76" named Royal Scott Gulden, it make perfectly plain that the Order of '76 had no connection

with the mustard. When the last issue of the *American* appeared on June 24, 1937, about the only advertising it had left was for the other two Hearst papers. There was almost no news in it either. One of the front page stories was about Al Smith being photographed with a llama in the London Zoo. There has never been much news in a Hearst paper. The sign on Hearst trucks is "Read the *Journal-*

American, It Prints the News," which is just about the worst possible description of the *Journal-American*. The *American* was worse. The dozens of regular columns and departments took up most of the paper, and the special features ordered by Hearst crowded news off the front page. People stopped reading Hearst, being either outraged or bored. There was one thing you could say for Hearst's edi-



MR. HEARST EDITS A STORY. The clipping on the left is from the New York "World-Telegram"; the one on the right, of course, is from the "American." The order applies to the last paragraph.

torials—they were getting monotonous. Circulation dwindled through 1936 and the early months of 1937. When it folded neither the *Journal* nor any other paper got any of its circulation. It just vanished. There was a time when anything Hearst touched turned to circulation; now the *Journal* sells presidential spoons and encyclopedias (at a slight profit) to keep on coming out at all. The *Mirror* got the *American's* AP franchise, but all the *Journal* got was a half-dozen executives, a couple of dozen columnists, and some labor trouble.

Like the Rumanian army, Hearst papers have a high proportion of officers to men. Hearst likes to hire expensive executives away from other papers, give them three-year contracts, an office and a secretary, and only then discover that there is nothing for them to do but stare at the East River. Even executives who are sitting out their third or fourth Hearst contract don't have much to do. Once someone on the *Journal* gave a party for Walter A. Young, the paper's associate publisher, but Mr. Young wasn't able to get in because nobody knew him. When William Randolph Hearst, Jr., the *Journal's* publisher, worked for the *American*, he used to call up the paper from the Stork Club late at night to impress his friends. During the teamsters' strike last year he helped roll paper which the teamsters wouldn't move into the *Journal* plant. One reporter said he was less surprised to see his publisher strikebreaking than to see him working.

The rest of the *Journal's* staff has no trouble keeping busy. The copy desk has to make over the front page almost entirely for each edition, one of the little necessities of Hearst journalism. The *Mirror* is making feverish experiments with new type faces. The old sensational heads look out of place now that there is seldom anything very sensational about the stories. Both the *Journal* and the *Mirror* rewrite the news in the other afternoon papers. The *Telegram* and the *Post* may have a small staff, but at least

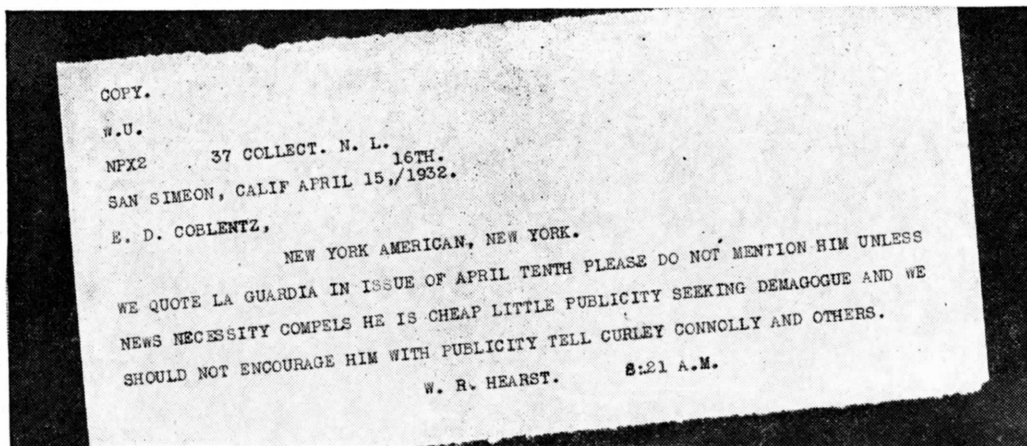


FASCIST PUBLICITY. It is never printed in Hearst papers except by direct order from Hearst. Not that some of his editors don't agree that Mussolini is a human dynamo, but they know that saying so is bad for the circulation. Mussolini (as well as Franco and Goering) used to be on the Hearst payroll.

they are larger than the *Journal's*. Most papers get their first editions out carelessly, in a great hurry, then take pains with later editions. The *Mirror*, on the other hand, has just enough men to get out the first edition. The day side goes off after the first edition deadline, and the night side consists of two

or three perspiring rewrite men. An office boy goes around to the *News* building for a bundle of the *News's* first edition, and when he brings it into the *Mirror* office the whole staff grabs a copy and opens it up to see what the *Mirror* missed. When the *News* office boy brings the *Mirrors* into the *News* office, everyone grabs a copy and opens it up to read Winchell. The *Journal* building on South Street is a good ways from the other papers, so the city editor sends a boy to one of the busy intersections downtown to phone in the front page stories of the *Journal's* competitors. But the speedup on a newspaper is different from the speedup in an auto plant. A reporter can cover so many stories in the course of a day; any more than that don't get covered. After working for Hearst a while a reporter gets philosophical. Even the straw bosses are afraid the *Journal* and the *Mirror* are about the two worst papers in the country, and there's no use breaking their neck trying to improve them.

The *Journal* has the dirtiest city room in New York. One of the office jokes is that Hearst should install a decompression chamber in the lobby so the staff wouldn't get the bends. The *Mirror* has two toilets for its entire staff, one of which usually doesn't work. There are, in fact, few pleasant things about working for Hearst.



LA GUARDIA. He has been poison to Hearst, ever since he helped kill the sales tax (Hearst's favorite legislative proposal) when he was in Congress. After LaGuardia was elected mayor of New York the Hearst papers, despite the above order, were compelled to mention him now and then, more or less ungraciously. As late as 1936 an editorial in the "*American*" said, "Patriotic citizens of New York are asking in dismay, IS FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA THE MAYOR OF THE AMERICAN CITY OF NEW YORK OR DOES HE THINK HE IS THE MAYOR OF A BOLSHEVIK ANNEX OF MOSCOW?"

About the only consolation is the Newspaper Guild. The first guild units on the Hearst papers were formed just after Hearst returned from one of his vacations in Bad-Nauheim, and it may have been the contrast that made him so sore. No Hearst employee has any illusions about Hearst, such as people who work for a paper like the *Times* may still have about a pious publisher like Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who has never had the opportunity of sending plug-uglies charging into a *Times* picketline swinging crank handles. The guild has cost Hearst a lot of money. A fairly large number of Hearst executives devote themselves exclusively to fighting the guild, and Hearst executives are expensive. The 149 who get their names in the paper every year earn a total of \$5,500,000. Creative workers like Cholly Knickerbocker get quite a bit too but the Hearst rank and file naturally gets substantially less. The writer of the daily interview on the *Mirror's* editorial page got nothing at all for six months last year, being a Yale man and willing to work for the experience.

The guild calls Harvey Kelly, Hearst's migratory labor adviser, the best organizer it ever had. There is no time wasted in generalities when the guild unit on a Hearst paper is negotiating a contract. If Harvey Kelly mentions freedom of the press he is

hissed. Once he said that the reason the *Mirror* paid lower salaries than the *News* was that "*Mirror* people don't work as hard as *News* people." The guild observers booed for ten minutes. "I guess that didn't go down so well," said Harvey Kelly. Another time he said that *Mirror* jobs "don't take any more brains than a wooden Indian." After a few minutes he apologized. The present management negotiator is a man named Thomas Brennan, whom the *Mirror* shop paper refers to as Bopeep Brennan because he seems so bewildered. He is from out of town and doesn't know much about conditions on the *Mirror*, but when one of the regular *Mirror* executives makes a remark he says, "I'm doing the talking here." The *Mirror's* grievance committee, which negotiates with the management all the year round, sometimes isn't as polite as it should be. There are always plenty of grievances on the *Mirror*. Kelly signed a contract because he had to. The *Mirror* voted to strike last year and the *Journal* almost struck the year before. Both times Kelly gave in. The only reason there hasn't been a Hearst strike in New York is that the Hearst general staff preferred to provoke it in Chicago.

Among the peculiar collection of company unions which Hearst has promoted to fight the guild, one of the most peculiar is an or-

To publishers and managing editors of all Hearst papers—play the European situation fully, but do not be alarmist.

There will be no war. England does not want war. France will not act alone. Germany has done what every nation knew she would do sooner or later, namely occupy her own territory. The suddenness of the move is all that creates surprise.

Hitler's speech is not defiant. It is conciliatory.

Tell the complete facts and be impartial. Do not inflame public opinion. We got into one European complication and that is enough.

W. R. HEARST, San Simeon, Cal.,
March 8, 1936.

ISOLATION. Hearst was so impressed by the wisdom of this order that he had it printed and put up on bulletin boards. Nothing has happened to change his mind about Europe since.

Copy Book

CX57-40 TO PUBLISHERS AND MANAGING EDITORS OF ALL HEARST PAPERS-- MORNING AND EVENING-- ALSO TO THE MANAGEMENT OF ALL NEWS AND FEATURE SERVICES -----

PLEASE TAKE EVERY OFFICIAL STATEMENT THAT COMES OUT OF RUSSIA WITH A GRAIN OF SALT.

WHEN THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT SAYS THAT ZINIOVEF OR ANYBODY ELSE CONFESSED TO THIS, THAT OR THE OTHER THING, IT ONLY MEANS THAT THIS IS WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DESIRED TO ISSUE AS THE CONFESSION.

IT ONLY MEANS THAT THIS IS WHAT THE GOVERNMENT OF RUSSIA WANTS TO PUT BEFORE THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD AS APOLOGY AND AS EXTENUATION FOR THEIR CARNAGE AND CRUELTY.

IT DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN THAT THERE IS ONE WORD OF TRUTH IN THE STATEMENT.

IN FACT, AS A RULE, THE PROBABILITIES ARE THAT THERE IS LITTLE OR NO TRUTH IN THE STATEMENT.

CONSEQUENTLY, PLEASE ACCEPT STATEMENTS OF CONFESSIONS, STATEMENT OF CONDITIONS AND ALL THAT KIND OF THING, WHEN ISSUED AUTHORITY BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT, OR WHEN GIVEN BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT TO CORRESPONDENTS, WITH A LARGE GRAIN OF SALT.

AND PLEASE SAY THAT THIS CONFESSION IS ALLEGED BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT TO HAVE BEEN MADE, OR THAT THESE FACTS ARE ASSERTED BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AND ALLEGED TO BE TRUE.

W. R. HEARST, SAN SIMEON, CAL., JAN. 16, 1935. 1243AF

HEARST DISPLAYS HIS SUSPICIOUS NATURE. News from the USSR can't be relied on like the handouts from the Italian and German propaganda offices.

ganization which started a few months ago: the Friends of the Phoebe Apperson Hearst Post of the American Legion. A dubious representation of the war veterans in the organization belong to the Legion Post, especially the executives, who have to have something to do with their time. Last summer Joe Connolly, general manager of all the papers, signed a circular letter to the employees of King Features Syndicate saying that he would deal with their representatives if the guild were defeated in a Labor Board election. Someone told him the letter was a violation of the Wagner act, so he withdrew it hastily, but not before some of his brighter employees had got the idea and formed the Kingsyn Employees Association. The Friends of the Post is a corporate subsidiary of this association. It has put up posters on the bulletin boards, and a few people wear little bronze buttons, something like the guild's buttons, around the office. They have meetings. Every Hearst paper has a few writers who are known to the staff as the Patriotic Experts. On the *Journal* the principal Expert is Kent Hunter, a former captain in the Naval Intelligence, who writes the stories about Red atrocities and Communist infiltration into schools. He says he has the biggest file on Reds in New York. Some people call him Kent (Witch) Hunter. Nobody on the *Journal* talks to him except the other Patriotic Experts. He used to have a desk in the city room, but he was miserable there, so the management now lets him do his work in a corner of the Sunday department. He is, naturally, a member of the Legion Post and one of the leading spirits in the Friends. He once said, "The hell with the guys you work with—the front office pays your salary." It isn't a very big salary, the market for Patriotic Experts at the present time being fairly liquid, but he gets a byline.

ROBERT TERRALL.

Ivory Tower For Rent

Vincent Sheean points out the emergence of writers into the life of our time and their loyalty to the people who are building our society. His address to the Third Writers Congress.

IF CONTEMPORARY writers by and large seem more anxious about their adjustment to society than the writers of other ages were, it is clearly a result of the social revolution which is in progress throughout the world today. The objective result of the socially revolutionary forces, whatever their nature, is to raise more and more of the submerged classes to the surface of life, to a share in its rewards sometimes—although, so far, not often—but at any rate to a share in its desires and responsibilities. The division between a literature of the cultivated and privileged class and a literature existing for the whole people is disappearing; and although there will probably never be a time when special artists do not exert their efforts for a special and limited appreciation, the consciousness of social change has affected writers as much as any other group of workers, and inflicts upon most of them a passionate desire to find their right place in relation to the life of their time.

This is neither so difficult nor so new as it sometimes appears to be in a period of violence and uncertainty, when the tendency is to forget the past with a whole heart. Writers have always, or so it seems to me, been acutely aware of the social forces which produce and determine them. Their struggle is and always has been to state at least once their own particular truth, and in attempting to state it they may try and try again; but that truth, whenever it does get itself stated, exists in permanence and beauty only because of its relation to the whole life of man. That was as true of Plato as it was of Walt Whitman. I can hardly bring myself to believe that the celebrated ivory tower, of which we have heard so much, ever contained many tenants. Retirement from life has been the recourse of some few spirits unsuited to struggle.

"WE ARE MANY"

The solitary poet or philosopher, whether he thinks of gods or of insects, thinks of them in anthropomorphic terms. And the other sort of recluse, the artist concerned with the emotions of a very few human beings, can give them permanent truth and beauty only in so far as they coincide with a general perception, and beat in time with the general pulse. Henry James, for example, poured out an embarrassment of long novels filled with technical accomplishment, which give an effect nowadays of elaborate and beautiful embroidery, suitable for museums devoted to such purposes, but only in the rarest moods, and at the most untroubled times, suited to the mind and temper of a contemporary human being.

We know that the writers of the past were themselves a small, special class, writing, until

the mid-nineteenth century, for a larger but still small, special class. We are many and we write for many. We have, and always shall have, special artists who wish to work in seclusion for a limited number of their spiritual kin, but we notice an odd thing that happens to such artists nowadays: either they achieve their seclusion all too well and wither away almost unnoticed, or their work strikes unwittingly in tune with a more general mood and becomes a part of the life of our time. And, what is more, the events of the past few years, the crumbling and shifting and reconstruction of societies that had once seemed to be in equilibrium, have disturbed many of these special artists so profoundly that they, too, have emerged into their share in the general life.

We ask ourselves—and this is, probably, the origin of the League of American Writers—what we can do. The immediate and obvious reply is to do our own particular task as well as we can. But since our task involves so many other people, other people who are at once the material, the meaning, and the destination of what we write, we are made aware, the moment we begin to think of it, that we are working with and for an immense brotherhood.

This brings us at once into a field of ideas which used to be labeled, with some distaste, as "political," and therefore outside the proper realm of a proper writer. I think we can safely agree that there is hardly any phenomenon nowadays which is not to some degree political, as has always been true in time of great social change. And without engaging in that subcellar of political life which usually goes by the name of "politics," and consists chiefly in the effort to get jobs, we can exercise two rights which are at the same time obligations—the general right of all Americans to defend principle and belief, as well as the special right of the contemporary writer to integrate his effort into the general effort of those towards whom he feels the greatest responsibility. In some cases there may be a conflict between these two rights or duties. In this hall I think there can be scarcely any. We are many and we write for and of many. Our responsibility is to that brotherhood whose progress we wish to accelerate, to our brothers who work in other materials, in the mines, on the railroads, in the cotton fields, and not only in one country, although nature and environment give us one country first. Our effort, thus understood, will be integrated into the general effort of the American workers, industrial and agricultural, white and black, however remote our particular task may appear to be from theirs. It will be integrated into the general effort of the mass

of mankind against social and economic reaction everywhere, and if nature has given us one country first, it is also true that the inventions of man have brought all the other countries very close to us, so that the success or failure of progress or reaction in any part of the world must profoundly affect our own course. Without surrender of the particular character of our work as writers, we thus take part in the associated and related effort of every progressive force wherever it may be found, in or out of factory or field, political parties, trade unions, universities; and thus in the whole life of our people. For the opposing force, that which would impede or overwhelm the effort to bring all the people of the earth to a share in its development, is in fact not a force of life, but of death.

THE MASSES VS. FASCISM

We have amply observed the effects of reactionary force in other countries. The members of this League were deeply concerned in the struggles of the Spanish people against military and clerical fascism under the patronage of Hitler and Mussolini. On a platform honored by the presence of the president of Czechoslovakia it is hardly necessary to say how the events of last September and of this past March affected the sympathies of this League. And in Germany itself, as in Italy, there are forces which are for the moment overwhelmed, to which the writers represented here have a genuine relationship. For fascism is not merely a form of military despotism and nationalist conquest, but also a form of social and economic reaction, implacably cruel, chloroforming, or paralyzing almost every native force that stands in its way. It has developed and maintained superb techniques both for deception and for repression, but it has ignored, and must by its nature always ignore, one immense fact: the will and instinct of the masses, which will survive it.

We have no guaranty against the transplantation of the fascist techniques into this country. We have, indeed, the contemporary certainty of native reactionary forces which are similar to fascism in every respect except that of technical development. What we have to oppose to them is the collective will and instinct of a whole people, which must not, if we can prevent it, ever be chloroformed or paralyzed. We cannot exercise our particular function as writers without engaging to some extent in a struggle which is already going on everywhere; that struggle is one of the prime conditions of our lives; we know that it will be long and that its course will be studded with failures as well as, sometimes, with victories.

VINCENT SHEEAN.



George Seldes

Ludwig Renn



Matthew Josephson



Kenneth Fearing



Thomas Mann



Louis Aragon



Edward Benes



Donald Ogden Stewart



Vincent Sheean



Sylvia Townsend Warner



Newton Arvin



Heywood Brown



Langston Hughes

At the Writers Congress

CARICATURES BY GEORGES SCHREIBER

Schreiber

Serious Business Ahead

THREE WEEKS AGO, in an effort to climax our drive for \$30,000, we sent to all our subscribers cards in which coins totaling \$1.70 could be inserted. The period of asking for cash donations was over. We simply asked that you and your friends fill the cards with loose change and return them to us as soon as possible. It would have finished the drive.

At that time the drive total was \$22,010. Readers had responded magnificently. We knew that you had done your best, contributed what you could.

But we were still 25 percent short of what was needed. The coin cards seemed the only way. Through them you could contribute the small coins you would not miss but would not ordinarily think of sending through the mails. We knew that that small change could finish the campaign.

That was three weeks ago. Then we had \$22,010. Today we have \$22,513. The coin cards have netted \$503. At that rate they are not going to end the drive.

We still need a full \$30,000. It is painful to say it over and over but it is so. Nothing less than the figure we gave at the outset of the drive is enough to keep us going. Already we are feeling the pinch of the thin summer months. We don't need the June heat to tell us what's happening. We are already in the period when income from every source is less. The owners of the hundred-year-old *Scribner's* merely thought of the period and killed their magazine in anticipation of this publishers' nightmare.

But NEW MASSES and its readers have serious business ahead—business more important than the mechanics of financing the magazine.

We know that the drive can be cleaned up by the use of the coin cards. It is not difficult. We're at the three-quarters mark. The money needed will strain no one. But it will buy a great deal. It will buy exactly one year of fighting fascism.

But please do it now. The situation here is very bad. With little effort, little money, it could be reversed. These cards could put us in a position to go ahead in full confidence for a year.

This drive is nearly done but it cannot stop at this point—or at any point *this* side of \$30,000. Send us whatever you can—a coin card, a check, a dollar bill—in the first mail.

THE EDITORS.

Does Chamberlain Mean Business?

Richard Goodman shows what lies behind the delays in the Anglo-Soviet parleys. If Chamberlain flew to Berchtesgaden, why not to Moscow? The Munichers' dilemma.

Paris (By Cable).

IF EVER one man put the wily politicians of British and French reaction well on the spot overnight, that man is Soviet Premier and Foreign Commissar Molotov. Precisely how well he did so in his speech on Soviet foreign policy to the Supreme Soviet last week is best shown perhaps by the fact that immediately after he had spoken the Munichers of the two Western democracies ran for cover under pious newspaper commentaries about "the extraordinary suspicions" of the new Soviet foreign minister. Running faster and more frantically than all the rest was the Bonnetist Paris *Oeuvre*. In one of the most edifying leading articles ever penned, *Oeuvre* went so far as to tell "the Russian leaders" that England and France understood *Mein Kampf* much better than the USSR and therefore realized that even though it was obvious Nazi Germany intended to smash the West before it turned east, the destruction of England and France would be "only a means" to consequent and ultimate attack against the USSR—and consequently the USSR had better pipe down somewhat and accept the altruistic help of the West!

THE FACTS ARE SIMPLE

This significant and impertinent admission of *Oeuvre* was echoed in one form or another by more or less every other Municher or Munich-tending British and French paper. What, however, are the real facts? They are simple, and illustrate precisely why Molotov said so calmly and so bluntly what he did. Scared almost out of their wits by the situation that has developed after and as a result of Munich, the British and French imperialists have been forced into considering and even accepting—with innumerable reservations, of course—the idea of a united front of peaceful countries against aggression. As a result they condescended, with much blowing of trumpets, to guarantee Poland, Rumania, and Turkey, and even made approaches to the USSR. But not wanting, for class reasons, to weaken the fascist regimes of the aggressors, they have tried to play a double game—to build up some form of collective security for themselves while leaving the door open for another deal with the aggressors at someone else's expense. The contradictions in this policy forced them to open discussions with the USSR, but they refused in these talks to treat the USSR as an equal, i.e., to put it more bluntly, *they tried to use the USSR both to strengthen their own defenses and as a kind of lightning conductor to attract aggression into (for them) harmless directions.*

But the USSR is concerned, not with protecting British and French imperialist interests, but with building up a real system of

security against fascism and against war. The Soviet Union, as Stalin put it, was not going to be pushed into a position in which it pulled chestnuts out of the fire for British and French imperialists. For to do so would not only be contrary to the fundamental interests of its peoples; it would be precisely what the best friends of the axis have been trying all along to bring about through their policy of "appeasement"—falling for provocation. And what is more, the USSR today is so strong that it can say all this quite openly.

THE ROLE OF THE USSR

Put in another way, the land of socialism, through its leaders, and Stalin and Molotov in particular, has said quietly but with absolute firmness that if the Western democracies really want to stop aggression and build up a united defense front for this purpose, they have got to recognize that in any such front the USSR must necessarily play a front rank part and that simultaneously all mucking around with the aggressors must stop. It is in the interests of the Western democracies that they should realize this very simple and absolutely basic fact, and if they don't like to do so they can hardly expect the USSR—perfectly capable of defending itself by itself, as the Western powers are not—to get them out of the mess they have got themselves into. The diplomatic resignation of Litvinov should have made this perfectly clear, but unfortunately did not, with the result that Molotov had to say it straight out. It is hardly the fault of the USSR that the Western democracies, or rather their present leaders, are so stupidly treacherous and so treacherously stupid as to refuse to see this plainly and to act accordingly. The whole history of Anglo-Franco-Soviet negotiations shows how correct Molotov is. From the very beginning the British and French have tried to get a linkup with the USSR which would leave "loopholes" for appeasement. There was, for instance, Bonnet's proposal to Jacob Suritz, Soviet ambassador in Paris, the week before the League Council meeting, that the three powers should guarantee Poland and Rumania. Or there was the proposition put up at just about the same time to Ivan Maisky, Soviet envoy in London, by Sir Robert Vansittart, diplomatic adviser of the Foreign Office, by which Britain accepted the idea of a mutual assistance pact, but insisted that so far as Poland and Rumania were concerned Russian assistance should be forthcoming only after Britain and France had begun to honor their obligations.

When the USSR turned down such proposals as obviously inadequate, the British and French went farther than they had ever done to elaborate the plan of May 26 (which,

contrary to reports, was not submitted to Maisky at Geneva). This plan was as follows: The three powers agreed to assist one another if (1) one of them was attacked directly; (2) if one of the states in Western or Eastern Europe which was guaranteed unilaterally or linked by mutual accord with one or other of the signatories was the victim of aggression; (3) if any one state desiring to maintain its neutrality appealed to the three powers. Here too, very obviously, there were loopholes, which Molotov pointed out. Particularly glaring was the failure to guarantee the Baltic countries bordering the USSR, and the attempt to limit the efficacy of an agreement by making it dependent on Article 16 of the League Covenant. In preparation Halifax and Bonnet, after discussions with London and Paris, read statements at Geneva declaring that all agreements entered into were and would be in the future completely in accordance with the Covenant of the League. Now, under Article 16 as it stands, indefinite delay is not only possible but likely, especially if Britain and France decided to enter into negotiations with the aggressors. Had the proposals made in the past by the USSR for speeding up the processes of the League been adopted, the whole situation would have been somewhat different. However, not only were these proposals turned down as a result of British and French opposition, but only last year these two countries had tried to wipe out Article 16 altogether. It was therefore very natural for the Soviet Union to be highly suspicious of British and French intentions in coming out as ardent defenders of League procedure.

THE "NEW MUNICH" IDEA

Furthermore, there are grounds for believing that Chamberlain, Simon, and Bonnet have now conceived the idea of doing a "bigger and better Munich." The idea is this: the appeasers can perhaps save themselves from public indignation by accepting the Soviet offer and yet pursue the Munich policy by declaring after the conclusion of the pact that "aggression having now finally been checked," something should be done about "removing the bases for aggression." There would then be proposed a conference or negotiations or what you will, covered most likely by noisy references to Roosevelt's message to Hitler and Mussolini, but actually on the lines of the notorious old Van Zeeland plan—to be called possibly an economic conference or raw materials conference or even colonial conference. Chamberlain and Bonnet could eliminate the USSR from this conference by simply declaring that as the Russian pact becomes operative only in case of aggression and there is no ques-

tion of aggression, why ask the Russians?

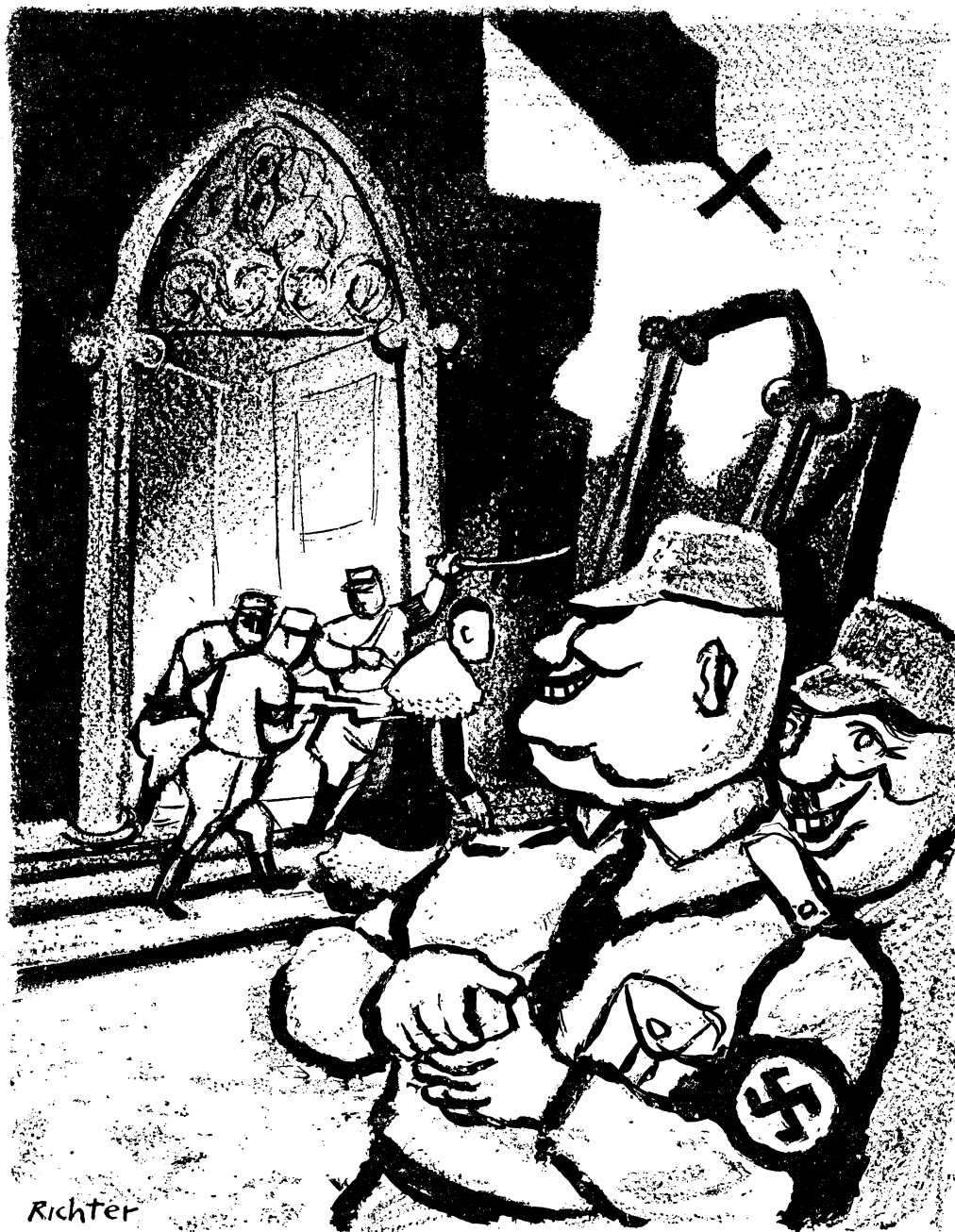
The phrases of Chamberlain on Whitsun Eve which resulted in Lord Stonehaven's resignation on the colonial issue; the Czech gold scandal; Daladier's recent speech in which he talked about "an equitable distribution of raw materials"; the victory of Paul Faure at the French Socialist Congress at Nantes; and the aspects of Ernest Bevin's plan at the British Labor conference at Southport: all these are in some way or another connected with this "new Munich" idea. Finally, when it is realized that in London and Paris and Berlin there is considerable talk of the British still entertaining the idea of papal mediation in regard to Danzig, the Soviet "suspicions" become only too clearly understandable. This belief is confirmed at the moment of writing by a message from Rome which declares Pope Pius XII will send notes to Britain, France, Poland, and Italy by special couriers. He will, it is said, urge Germany and Poland to table suggestions for settling the Danzig and Polish Corridor problems; Italy and France to speed up secret negotiations on Italian claims in Tunis, Djibouti, and Suez; and England not to conclude a "hard and fast" Anglo-Franco-Soviet alliance. The Holy See message adds that it hopes the Anglo-Soviet treaty may end as a loose alliance through the intervention of a five-power—i. e., British-French-Polish-German-Italian—conference or by direct diplomatic action among the five powers addressed.

What, then, will happen? Naturally, that is difficult to say. In England itself, in those considerable quarters where the Soviet point of view is understood and approved, there is a growing demand for Lord Halifax or another member of the Cabinet to go to Moscow to meet Molotov. Why not? Time presses. The axis has been transformed into an automatically acting war alliance. If Mr. Chamberlain is really so anxious for a defensive peace front, why shouldn't he go himself? He went quickly enough to Berchtesgaden and Munich. Why not Moscow? After all, the Soviet planes are the fastest in the world.

RICHARD GOODMAN.

"Little Devils"

AN AMAZING aspect of the Chinese youth movement is the fact that the Eighth Route Army, formerly the Chinese Red Army, has been joined in recent months by twenty thousand homeless Chinese urchins, aged eleven to sixteen years, who have made their way to the far northwest from all over China. They have been welcomed by the Eighth Route Army as buglers, mess boys, theater actors, messengers, and first-aid workers. Their fortitude and gayety have livened up every camp. They wear discarded uniforms, receive the same pay as the soldiers—16.5 cents a month by our rate of exchange—and receive a thorough schooling in the mobile universities of the army. They refer to themselves as "the little devils," have their own demo-



Richter

Mischa Richter

"Father Coughlin is already explaining it to the American people."

cratic organization modeled after the Boy Scouts, and have pledged themselves not to smoke or drink. They have proved themselves through great hardships, such as marching forty-three miles a day, and are considered by the staff, from Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh on down, to be among the most reliable and courageous units of the Chinese defense.

One twelve-year-old bugler is the proudest member of the Eighth Route Army because he is entrusted with the only watch in General Headquarters. Later the boys will become bodyguards and officers, as have many kids before them in the former Red Army.

In Shanghai and other treaty ports foreign business houses have been missing practically all their Chinese office boys in recent months. These educated boys hop freights and munitions convoys for the front where they join either the army or the co-educational San Min Chui Youth Corps, which maintains hundreds of service stations on the roads lead-

ing to the farflung battlefront. They dispense medical supplies, books, magazines, cooking utensils, and simple foods. The main body of this Youth Corps is made up of students and boys and girls who have run away from Japanese areas to serve their country.

Refugee Parliament

THE 400,000 Spanish republican refugees living in the horrible French concentration camps at Prats de Mollo, Argeles Beach, and Barcares in southern France have kept not only their unquenchable spirit but their democracy as well. They have elected a parliament which meets regularly and the cabinet meets daily. The minister of justice settles disputes and negotiates with the French authorities on international cases. Social meetings, educational courses, and concerts are held in the evenings.

The Last Day of Madrid

Art Shields comes back with the unforgettable eye-witness account of the women of Madrid who worked on under the terror of the Fifth Column.

It's hard to think that Manuela is dead. Just seventeen she was, with brown hair falling across her cheek, and soft brown eyes. I might have seen her walking home from High School in South Bend or Sausilito. But I didn't. I saw her piloting a car through the streets of Madrid, while guns crackled about.

The Fifth Column was murdering government supporters in Madrid that week of March 5-12, and armed workers and soldiers were fighting back. And brown-eyed Manuela was a courier in the battle—a courier, a chauffeur, and a nurse.

I met Manuela on Monday, March 6, the morning after the traitor coup d'état that brought the surrender to Franco. The Fifth Column had seized Madrid the night before—with Colonel Casado, the bourgeois commander of the central armies, in the lead; Colonel Mira, the Anarchist commander of the Guadalajara front, as his No. 2 man, and a medley of Anarchists, Trotskyites, and right-wing Socialists behind them. I saw Manuela that Monday morning as she was bringing food into the building of *Mundo Obrero*, the Communist paper, slipping past Casado's soldiers on guard at the door with her parcel of supplies. They let her pass, but marked her.

Many Communists were being arrested that Monday. The arrests began the moment Casado seized power Sunday midnight. They continued all that day before the first detachment of people's soldiers from the rearguard struck back at sunset with a march to the Ministry buildings out Castellana Street, where they fraternized with Casado's soldiers and won a brigade to their side. The fighting spread. I was warned to avoid hotels—the Casadists controlled them—and to keep away from the lodgings I had used the first night, because Casadists were on guard there. So I went with a Spanish Communist journalist to another house at two o'clock Tuesday morning. Manuela was our chauffeur.

Just a little way we went, then a big truck came behind, filled with soldiers. Manuela wove in and out of side streets for several minutes, but the truck wasn't shaken off. It tailed close behind with its cargo of machine gunners. We stopped. An officer looked at Manuela's gasoline card—made out in the name of *Mundo Obrero*. That newspaper's name meant the freedom of the city two days before. It spelled arrest, with the Fifth Column in power.

At police headquarters Manuela sat demurely while the Spanish journalist explained that she was just the chauffeur for two writers, that she drove private passengers when her other work was done. He looked so amused when the police asked whether we

were not Communists that they didn't press the point. But it took a lot more talking to get Manuela away—a good half-hour more.

Manuela smiled as she took the wheel again. She'd escaped just another hazard in her work for Spain.

I saw her later in another building, tearing up sheets for bandages for loyal republican soldiers. And later came the word—it was Wednesday, I think—that Manuela had been arrested. And not till I came to Paris weeks later did I hear that her body had been found on a street near Independence Square with a bullet in her heart.

THEIR FACES

As I write, the faces of Manuela's girl friends come to mind. The girls who wound bandages all that stormy week, who took food into different besieged Republican buildings, the girls who kept hourly contact between the members of the Central Committee of the Party in their secret headquarters that changed continually and their comrades in the struggle, while the streets were swept with lead—their faces stand before me.

There was one lovely blonde girl with a doll-beauty face and a keen Communist brain—yes, you have that combination in Spain. Three days running I saw her in the streets as a party courier, once stepping past a body lying by the curb, just as though it didn't exist. I saw her out at seven in the morning and again late at night. And in the small hours of three and four she was making bandages for the wounded. She'd doze for an hour or two in a chair and start the day again.

A half-dozen more did as much. And grandest of all perhaps was the cook at one party headquarters, a muscular woman of forty-five or more, who kept going day and night. She'd cook all day for the building's defenders and at four and five in the morning you'd see her brewing "Malta coffee," a cereal drink, for the sentries. She was tired, of course, but she never quit. "I'm a Communist," she explained, when I asked her how she did it.

Those patriot women of Madrid did as much for their country as the armed men who came up from the rearguard and captured Casado's headquarters at Jaca and took other government buildings that Tuesday and Wednesday, those two winning days. They did as much as the Communists and other loyal republicans, who beat off Franco's attacks on the Casa del Campo front in Madrid, while their comrades were fighting the Fifth Column behind the lines. And I'm happy to say that many of these wonderful Communist women escaped in time from the massacre that ended the week. They escaped to continue the struggle in new forms.

But many are gone. Silence like the grave has swallowed up Bertha Manchet, who was arrested with me Saturday afternoon, March 11. This young Belgian journalist had a rich, dark beauty and a ripe political understanding that made it impossible to forget her. For two years she had covered Spain for the anti-fascist AIMA news agency, which collaborates with the France Monde agency of Paris. I should have seen vastly less of that historic struggle in Madrid without the help I got from Bertha and three other AIMA correspondents that week.

Fearless she was, but careful, taking no needless risks. And the odds seemed with us when we set out Friday afternoon on the last walk Bertha was to take in freedom while I was in Spain. Bertha and the other three—Heinz Massen, a Paris *Volkszeitung* writer; Giuseppe Reggiani of the *Voce degli Italiani* of Paris, and Nicholas Gargoff, a young Bulgarian—and I set out for the Central Committee building of the Communist Party. We had to keep in touch with the party to cover the story of the struggle, for the party was the core of the people's resistance against the Fifth Column's treason.

We skirted around by side streets that partially screened us from the guns rattling two hundred meters away on Castellana Street, that great wide thoroughfare, as broad as Grand Concourse, down which thousands of troops were moving. The battle had shifted from the streets we were traversing. And I noticed that the bodies I'd counted the day before had been taken away. Yet Bertha and the others looked up and down at every window and doorway with caution before they crossed from curb to curb. They were brave but not foolish.

Soon we were inside the iron portals at 6 Serrano Street, a strong, three-story structure, which the nation had taken from Gil Robles' Spanish Action Party and rented to the Communist Party. Good that that masonry was strong. For just forty-five minutes after we arrived we were all under fire. With one terrific scream a bunch of enemy machine guns and a light artillery piece went off together outside. Bullets zipped through the windows. And then I saw the caliber of my companions. Bertha coolly stepped to shelter inside a hallway. Gargoff's face didn't twitch a bit as he finished the last pull on a wispy stub of a hand-rolled cigarette. Massen, a round-faced *Plattdeutscher*, and Reggiani looked at me and smiled.

COURAGE WITH HUMOR

They had guts. I saw that again twenty-four hours later when the building was surrendered—fortunately after some of the most

indispensable leaders had escaped. We reporters filed out as prisoners into a Crazy Kat street scene, where Fifth Column soldiers were plunging around with submachine guns, without a semblance of discipline. My friends took it calmly as we were shoved against the wall and told to wait—and the next moment a maniac with contorted features leaped at us, throwing his perforated barrel into firing position. Someone pushed him aside before my diaphragm had time to give more than one twist.

I saw Bertha at her best that same night in an office at police headquarters, where they held us twelve hours before taking us below. Three young Anarchists in plain clothes, with guns on their hips, were trying to provoke us to action by scurrilous remarks against the Communist Party and the Soviet Union. They spent three hours with us, in two separate visits. Bertha and Heinz knew how to handle them, mixing humor with dignified discussion till the provocateurs gave up.

I remember how Bertha and the other AIMA folks came to my defense with the police that night, laughing at the idea that an American journalist hadn't the right to visit the Communist headquarters for news.

Heavy guns boomed from nearby as we talked. And by grapevine we were getting the bad news: the Fifth Column, after being on the verge of defeat on Tuesday and Wednesday, was mopping up now. Casado and Mira had stripped the Guadalajara and Estremadura fronts of treacherous and defeatist elements for the attack on Madrid, while the Communists and other patriots held off the Franquistas at Casa del Campo. There was another factor in the fight, which we'd known about before. Casado had kept hold of the radio stations through the battle, and radio propaganda, confusing the people, is a major weapon of war. By flooding the country with false victory reports he weakened the support the government would have otherwise received.

We got just two glimpses of Bertha in the next couple of days. We saw her through the bars of a narrow window below, across the basement well to her cell. Once she was powdering her nose. And when we met her again in the subdirector's office, Monday afternoon, she looked as fresh and clean as could be. How she kept that way in that filthy cell I can't guess. Our own cell was a mess of dirty litter, bloody rags, strewn cartridge shells, and I suppose hers was no better.

Rose Baron of the International Labor Defense had a curious, indirect hand in my seeing Bertha again, and in my escape. This story was garbled in cable transmission before so I'll tell it again. In our little five and one-half by eleven feet cell the three AIMA men and I, with a French worker, had been busy writing telegrams for two days. For two days we sent them up to the director of the prison—if he didn't send them he might read them and hesitate to shoot people with so many friends. The plan worked to an ex-

tent—at four o'clock Monday afternoon, after a foodless day, we were taken upstairs to the subdirector's office and quizzed about our telegrams. A cable to a friend in New York sending "greetings to Rose Baron" particularly excited his curiosity. I did not tell him that I was trying to tip off the ILD to my imprisonment. But the subdirector wanted to know more about me. He instructed two policemen to take me to my rooms and bring

me and my baggage back. Later we were all to be taken somewhere else, he said.

I won't tell again here the story of how I led the guards to the United States embassy and found refuge inside, a stunt that would never have worked with experienced policemen. I keep thinking instead of my friends, those four anti-fascist journalists, who've since disappeared. They had asked me, if I should escape, to raise an agitation for them outside.

My Paris comrades fear that Bertha and her three companions were executed that night, like thousands of others the Casadists killed that weekend. But there's a chance they're still alive. A chance, because a friendly British journalist, who got the facts from me that night, put the issue squarely up to Casado. And Casado, after embarrassed denials that he knew anything about them, finally promised to deport them from Spain. He didn't. He lied. But there's a chance that this miserable traitor didn't shoot them, knowing that the secret of their arrest was out with me. In that case they are lingering in a fascist concentration camp, if Franco didn't shoot them with the others he shot after Casado gave him Madrid.

Manuela is dead. Perhaps Bertha Maichet too. But the work for Spain's freedom goes on underground. And thousands of women patriots are being steeled in those underground forges. And from them will emerge new Pasionarias, new world-famous leaders in the international fight for a better world of which Spain's fight is a part. ART SHIELDS.

California Fields

California fields are ripe
With webbed canteloupe
Yellow peaches
Heads of lettuce
Cherries
Blue grapes, red grapes, wine grapes;
Chico, 8, and Johnny, 7,
Pick them!

California morning sun
Shines on the glossy head.
Lean groping hands
Expert in labor.
Pick faster, child!
Boss of the Mister's Company
Holds the bright shiny quarter
When the sun goes down.

Pedro Serra, padre,
Angelique, madre
Kate Hawk, mother
Sam Hawk, father
Jerry, and Bill, and Sal
Sister and brother,
Migrate ever, up from the Delta,
Past Kansas, up from the swamp-land,
The river-bed, the smoky cities,
The plains and prairies,
To God's own country,
Final outpost of the West.
Digging gold crops
Running quick fingers
In the throat and head of soil.

Mr. Morgan loves his melon chilled,
in New York beside the morning
paper.
Mayor Hague in Jersey loves his
peaches cold, swimming in a bowl of
cream.
Armour in Chicago loves the bloody
cherries dangling from a hook.

Now the sun falls westward
Behind a twisted shack
So stand up, Chico, Johnny,
Rest your broken back,
Time to saunter homeward
For salt pork, beans and bread.

LAWRENCE BERNARD.

Here's to Socialism

A FEW years ago in the USSR there were only sixty acres of champagne grapes under cultivation. Now, in Crimea and the Caucasus, planting is so extensive that 1938 saw 803,000 bottles of champagne produced in the winery at Rostov-on-Don; 300,000,000 bottles are planned for 1939. Elsewhere large champagne works are in construction—at Tiflis a winery with a capacity of 400,000,000 bottles annually. The Beria Food Machinery Plant in Baku will produce 660,000 bottles in 1939, a large winery is being built at Inkerman, Crimea, and the Abrau Durso State Farm is nearing its peak production of a million bottles annually. Here the wine cellars have been tunneled in rock to a depth of one thousand meters. The total budget for this construction is 20,000,000 rubles toward an annual output of twelve million bottles in 1942.

Catch Engine on Bullet

How the Tokyo newspaper *Asahi* reported the loss of a plane in China: "While flying low due to poor weather, Japanese airplane is hit by enemy shot on engine and seven soldiers forced to crash—special report from undisclosed base."

The KKK Tries Again

The White Hooded terror that failed in Miami. Negro courage that showed the way to progressive voting.

Miami, Fla.

JOHAN T. CHRISTIANSEN, big-time dairyman and ice-cream dealer of Miami, ran for city commissioner recently. More than fifteen hundred Negroes had registered to vote—an unprecedented happening in this farthest south big city in the United States, which shows one face to resort visitors during the winter and is quite something else when the season is over. No more than fifty Negro votes had ever been cast at a Miami election. Candidate Christiansen wrote to City Clerk Frank Kelly: "If any [Negro votes] are cast for me I wish you would cancel them and not credit me with any of them."

ICE-CREAM STRIKE

Mr. Christiansen, who was one of the leading candidates, managed to get into the runoff election as sixth man in a field limited to six, with three commissioners to be elected. But he soon withdrew. He decided it would be better for his business. The Negro students at Miami's Booker T. Washington Junior-Senior High School staged a demonstration against the use of Christiansen's ice cream in the school cafeteria. They sat down on top of the Christiansen ice cream freezers, with banners unfurled: "If Christiansen Doesn't Want Our Votes, We Don't Want Christiansen's Ice Cream!"

The nation is well acquainted with the parade of the Miami Ku Klux Klan through the Negro section of the city the night before the primary, May 2. Thousands of red-lettered warning cards were thrown into the streets: "Respectable negro citizens are not voting tomorrow. Niggers, stay away from the polls. KKK." The Klansmen, in white robes and hood-masks, riding in sixty automobiles, threatened the Negroes with hangmen's nooses which dangled from the cars. A Negro was hanged in effigy in front of a polling place, with the inscription: "This Nigger Voted." Twenty-five fiery crosses were set ablaze throughout the Negro section of the city.

Sam B. Solomon, Negro business man and head of the Negro Citizens Service League, which had organized the Negroes to vote, declared immediately: "The Negro voters intend to challenge the Ku Klux Klan by going to the polls in larger numbers than anticipated." K. L. Pharr, a leader of the Negro community for more than twenty-five years, told the press: "We don't pay any attention to anything like that any more." The Negro citizens of Miami lived up to the prediction of their leaders. More than one thousand Negro voters marched to the polls next day, a higher percentage than the registered white voters. It was a great victory for the Negro people, the progressive forces of the South, and democracy throughout the land.

The Ku Klux Klan, like Mr. Christiansen, was beaten. Like him, the KKK did not show up for the runoff election a week later. It was feared that the Klan might attempt another excursion into the Negro district the night before the election. The Negroes were determined to hold their ground. If the police had permitted another Ku Klux parade, and the white-masked knights had made an assault upon the Negro neighborhood, the Negroes would have given a good account of themselves in defense. The Negro vote at the runoff election the next day was just as heavy as before. At the primary and at the runoff election, their vote was in about the same ratio for the leading candidates as the white vote, except as regards Mr. Christiansen.

The victory was the result of the patient work of a broad front of Negro citizens, assisted, if belatedly, by white progressive organizations and citizens. Negro labor was represented on the Negro Citizens Service League by C. A. Lockhart, vice-president of the league, who is executive secretary of the International Longshoremen's Association, Local 1416. The members of the Interdenominational Ministers Alliance, with such leaders as Rev. John E. Culmer, urged their church members to vote. The Miami branch of the American League for Peace and Democracy and many white liberal citizens have demanded that the Negroes be protected in the exercise of their constitutional rights.

MIAMI SLUMS

The struggle of the Miami Negroes for civil rights is the struggle of the Negroes of the whole South to improve their horrible living conditions. Of all the cities in the South, only the Negro slums in Memphis are said to be as bad as those in Miami, winter playground of America's wealthiest parasites. According to the 1935 state census, there were 27,705 Negroes in Miami. (There are at least 35,000 now.) This 27 percent of the city's entire population is concentrated in a 389-acre area, which is only slightly more than 2 percent of the total area of the city. The Negro section is a congestion of shanties so thick that the slum dweller can reach out the window of his home and touch the shanty next door. In many parts of this district the population is more dense than in New York City. Official city health records state that the death rate from tuberculosis in Miami is four times as great among Negroes as among white persons.

The Negroes in Miami have practically no police protection. A couple of cops occasionally ride about the area in a radio car. Crime, bred by poverty, is rampant. Twelve murders have been committed in the district since the first

of the year, three on Sunday, May 14. Police are indifferent. There are no Negro policemen. Except for four thoroughfares running through the section, the streets are unpaved and littered with garbage and trash. There are no bathing beaches or parks for Negroes.

The Negro merchants pay high license taxes. The city returns few benefits for the taxes paid by the Negroes. It is taxation without representation—the same thing that the Americans fought against in the War of Independence in 1776. Only if the Negroes can exercise their constitutional right to vote will they get any kind of consideration from the Miami city government.

The most notorious obstruction on the road to freedom and civil rights has been the Ku Klux Klan. In 1927 the Klan had over ten thousand members in Miami. Recently, after a period of reorganization, the Klan membership in Miami consisted of two klaverns with a combined membership of less than one thousand. A well known attorney and a quack doctor headed the local Klan organization. The city administration and the police department have been pro-Klan. Permits for open KKK meetings in public parks are freely given—after the Northern tourists have left town—and the police never interfere with Klan parades. These parades always involve traffic law violations and illegal covering of license plates of automobiles. The police conveniently disappear. The KKK takes over Miami traffic direction.

In official literature, the Miami Klan wants to deport all aliens, opposes the CIO, and defines Communism as a system where "there is common ownership of women and children." The Communist program, according to the Klan literature, is "to use women as common property for sexual purposes without racial discrimination." The Ku Klux formula has always been that the Catholic, the Jew, and the Negro can never be 100 percent Americans, but publicly the KKK speakers don't talk about Catholics and Jews as much as they used to.

KILLER-POLICEMAN

Police repression and terror against the Negroes in Miami have been severe. As late as the period of the World War, while many thousands of Negroes were considered good enough to give their lives on the battlefields of France, the rulers of Miami held that Negroes were not good enough to drive automobiles. The present police chief, Leslie Quigg, has something of a reputation as a "nigger killer." Less than two years ago Stafford G. Dames, Jr., nineteen-year-old Negro altar boy, whose father is well known in the insurance business here, was shot down in cold blood by Miami policemen. The police alleged that they thought young Dames had broken into the church where he served as altar boy. Frightened by the police when they hailed him at the church door, the youngster started running for home. They chased him to the back yard of his home, where

they shot him. As he lay dying on the ground, his mother came out of the house. "Come on over here," the killer-policeman called to her contemptuously, "and see this black sonof-a-bitch die." A grand jury whitewashed the Dames case, taking the word of the officers that they shot in self-defense.

Whenever the large tomato growers near Miami need cheap labor to pick their crop, the police raid the Negro district and give their victims the choice of going on the county chain gang on a vagrancy charge, or picking tomatoes for a dollar a day.

When the Klan failed to intimidate the Miami Negroes into staying away from the polls, they decided to try another scheme. This time it was a white primary law. After the large Negro primary vote, Miami representatives in the State Legislature introduced a bill to exclude Negroes from participating in the Miami municipal primary. The bill was rushed through the Legislature without discussion and became law when it was signed by Gov. Fred P. Cone. This bill was prepared by Miami City Attorney John W. Watson, Jr., upon the resolution of the city commissioners. It is obviously unconstitutional, as the local municipal primary is non-partisan. The two Miami daily newspapers have joined with liberal organizations and citizens in denouncing its unconstitutional nature: The Negro Citizens Service League announces that, if necessary, it will appeal the right to vote to the United States Supreme Court.

LIBERTY SQUARE

The New Deal federal housing program has shown the Negro people a way to improve their living conditions. The first model Negro housing project in the South was built in Miami. Christened "Liberty Square," this \$1,000,000 project houses 243 families, with playgrounds, stores, and even a credit union to protect the people from the bankers and other loan sharks. Rents are \$16 per month for a fine, five-room, modern home, which is cheaper than the rent in the Negro slums.

Liberty Square has inspired the white workers of Miami, who also live in some pretty terrible dumps, to demand a federal housing project of their own. This has now been authorized and construction will start soon. Also, there is to be another Negro housing project, which will be larger than Liberty Square and will include a stadium.

It is becoming increasingly clear to many white people of Miami that they are not much better off than the Negroes. A few years ago a plague of dengue fever, originating in the unsanitary conditions in the Negro district, quickly spread over the entire community. In the same way, further suppression of the democratic rights of the Negro people will endanger the rights of the white citizens. Florida has repealed its undemocratic poll tax. The next move of reaction, after the white primary law, may be to bring back the poll tax. It behooves white and black Americans to stand together to make the American Constitution function for democracy. JAKE MARTIN.

Bow, Ye Lower Middle Classes!

Avalanches of Schmalz engulf Canadian cities as king and queen descend from heaven. But life goes on.

Toronto, Ont.

"**E**NCHANTED, King, Queen Stop to Breathe Beauty. Chat Eagerly as They Drink in Scene from Mount Royal—30 Girls Excited. 'The King!' Crowd Demands and Graciously He Waves. Queen, Like Something Out of Fairyland, Was There, Too. 16 Miles of Humanity Cheering and Waving, That's Ottawa Today. More than 200,000 Jam Procession Route. Montreal Roar Starts Like Mutter in Forest Then Gradually Grows Deafening. Hours' Long Cheers. Their Majesties Graciously Accept Cheers of Quebec Province. Twenty-Four Mile Long Cheer."

These heads and subheads culled from a single edition of one Canadian daily newspaper give a fair idea of what's going on in Canada, and how much of it. After two months of intensive buildup, the hysteria for the visiting king and queen is at its height. They're here. They've landed. They're making a grand tour of the one Dominion that Mr. Chamberlain cannot entirely count on when drafting blueprints for the next imperialist war. King George in a variety of resplendent uniforms and Queen Elizabeth in a sequence of curious hats have knocked 'em dead from Wolfe's Cove to Vancouver, from Parliament Hill in Ottawa to Queen's Park in Toronto, where Premier Mitchell Hepburn wrestles with the CIO and the unemployed sleep on the grass.

Like it or scorn it, there's little other than royalty in the daily and weekly press. The king salutes the flag, lays cornerstones, waves from balconies, or rides rigidly beside his queen in the superb vehicles supplied by General Motors, Chrysler, and Ford, on every second news page. The remaining space is given over to verbal panegyric; all else but the comics and syndicated features is out. That's good for business say the brokers of Bay Street, who find a false security in the absence of international, or, as they call it, "war scare" news. For the next few days the Rome-Berlin axis can turn a coup or two, Chamberlain can foster another Munich, and we'll hardly be aware of it. Turn on the radio for news and you get a smile-by-smile play of the latest trooping of the colors. Right now Canadian press, radio, and public have their backs turned to the world.

It is true that retail trade has boomed. Sales of bunting and decorations are up. Hundreds of thousands of school children wave tiny Union Jacks—made in Japan. Speculation in "rooms with a view" and jerrybuilt grandstands is rife. Scaffoldings are going up on every vacant lot adjacent to the royal route; you may see their majesties for thirty seconds as they pass, at anywhere from \$1.50 to \$10. There's a new mushroom growth in the classified ads, "Royal Visit Observation Place."

It is little we're spared. Few details of the happy home life of the royal family are left unturned. "Queen Memorizes 'Alouette' to Teach It to Princesses." We are initiated into secrets of the royal toilet. "Queen's Hair Never Cut and Nails Not Painted. 'Most Beautiful Woman in World,' Says Her Hairdresser—Her Majesty Shuns Makeup." "Her Majesty," we read, is "Glorious Figure in White and Silver Satin."

Genuine amazement is expressed at the stamina of their majesties. "Royal Couple's Endurance in Hectic Program Amazes. Few Moments of Respite Allowed." Carilloneurs are overworked. "Bells Loyal Ring Twice on Monday." A diversity of labors is indicated. "King Spectator at Cornerstone Laid by Queen." "Maples Are Planted, Loyalty Emphasized." Take a breath.

Meanwhile, of course, life *does* go on here. Unemployed World War Veterans in Ontario are organizing an "On-to-Ottawa Motor Cavalcade" to demand adequate relief and shelter. A petition campaign to obtain 100,000 signatures approving the demands is afoot. Organized labor in Canada has just won a tremendous victory with the new amendment to the Criminal Code, Section 502A, which fully guarantees the rights of trade union organization. To balance this somewhat the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., has arranged to conduct Liberal and Conservative members of the Ontario Legislature through Mr. Ford's anti-union setup at Dearborn on the birthday of legislative Speaker James H. Clark. In return Mr. Ford will attend the birthday celebrations in Prince Road Park, Windsor. The Canadian Ford company is located at Windsor and is due for a new organizational drive, now that the law has been revised to discourage firing for union activity.

In Vancouver, B. C., impetus has been given the Free Billings Fund. In Montreal, prosperous metropolis, Miss N. O. Garvock, dietician of the Montreal Diet Dispensary, is protesting that the present daily relief allowance of 13 cents per person cannot keep body and soul together. She is urging that 20 cents a day be the allowance, an extravagant figure by Province of Quebec standards. Another group of veterans of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion of Canadian volunteers has arrived home on the *Duchess of Atholl*. Convalescents included.

Canada is Canada still.

PETER QUINN.

Art of Salesmanship

AN IDEA of how some bright salesmen are overcoming the "consumer resistance" to the higher-priced gadgets of big business may be had from the following excerpt from

the *McCray News*, house organ of the McCray Refrigerator Co., "world's largest manufacturer of commercial refrigeration":

When Bob Pepple, our Dallas, Tex., branch manager, was at the factory recently, he told about a sales strategy which was used by his salesman, W. H. Segler. Pepple thought the trick worked as well as that one reported in the *News* some time ago . . . where C. W. Handtman of Cincinnati dictated the spelling of the prospect's name to get it on the dotted line.

For some time Segler had been working to sell a case to Mr. and Mrs. W. Barton of Kilgore, Tex. About the time he had hoped to close the deal, he found the family all upset by the necessity of taking their five-year-old boy to the hospital for an operation. There was "no sale to Barton" that day, but Segler offered his sympathetic understanding for their unexpected misfortune.

When the boy had recovered sufficiently to come back home, Segler called back at the Barton home one evening, making sort of a sick call, and at the same time again talking refrigeration. Mr. Barton hesitated about placing the order. It was becoming hard to close. So to help things along, Mr. Segler told Mrs. Barton quietly on the side that if Mr. Barton placed his order, he would start the little boy off with a \$10 deposit on a bank account. And the mother told the boy, just as Segler expected.

From then on Segler had a very convincing little pal in promoting the sale. The boy insistently kept up his plea; "Daddy, buy the case from Mr. Segler. Please, Daddy, buy the case from Mr. Segler tonight." That's all that was needed to throw the balance in his favor. The order was signed that night, after it had been hanging fire for sixty days.

Mr. Barton didn't know till afterwards why his boy was so anxious for his dad to buy a McCray.

Ruins Are So Broadening

THE Nazi Hamburg-American Line is circulating an attractive travel leaflet inviting the jaded to visit "glamorous Spain to see Spain's glorious landscapes, historic buildings, and art treasures and to obtain at the same time a firsthand knowledge of the ravages of the civil war and the difficult task of reconstruction." The Basque city of Guernica, luckily enough, does not even need to be reconstructed. Nazi bombers did such a picturesque job of dressing up this tourist spot that the Hamburg-American has provided a special Guernica stopover at 27 Reichsmarks extra, or about \$12.50. The cruise begins in Genoa, includes San Remo and Naples, and, without touching on a single non-fascist port, terminates in Hamburg.

Football-Coffee Axis

GRAVE trade negotiations between Italy and Brazil, a matter of concern to the entire world, have been successfully concluded. Figliola, star of the Genoa Football Club, has been traded to the Rio de Janeiro Club for 416 sacks of Brazilian coffee. An unconfirmed report has it that Mussolini is trying to get a couple of quarts of cream for Virginio Gayda.

The Son of a Bull

Edward Eliscu, bowing to Munro Leaf, gives us a variation on the Ferdinand legend.

ONCE upon a time there was a big bull called John. And John Bull had a little son called Chamberlain. All the other little bulls in the world pasture would run and jump and butt their heads together. But not John Bull's little Chamberlain. He liked to sit just quietly in the shade of his favorite tree—the gentry. All day long he would sit and smell the investment flowers which yielded a sweet scent. Four percent.

Sometimes John Bull would worry about Chamberlain. He was afraid he would be lonesome all by himself. "Chamberlain," John Bull would say, "why don't you run and skip with the other little bulls? They're playing a very nice game called collective security."

But Chamberlain would shake his head. "I'm playing a very nice game of my own called non-intervention," he answered.

His father saw that he was no fool and he let him alone.

As the years went by, Chamberlain grew up to be big and strong, and soon the time was approaching for the bull fights. Now, the other bulls knew they would be called upon at the bull fights to defend themselves against armed reactionaries called toryadors. The other bulls in the pasture would fight with each other and stick each other with their horns every day, preparing themselves to stop the aggressors. But not Chamberlain. He still liked to sit just quietly under the gentry and smell the investment flowers which now yielded a sweet 8 percent.

One day there came to the pasture four men called fascists to pick the fastest, roughest bull for the bull fights which this year were to be held in Munich.

The other bulls ran around snorting about Ethiopia and Manchuria and Austria, and they leaped and jumped so that the men called fascists would think they were very, very strong and fierce and pick them. But not Chamberlain! He knew they wouldn't pick him and he didn't care. He went to his favorite tree to sit down. But he didn't look where he was sitting, and instead of sitting on the nice, cool grass he sat on a bumblebee called public opinion. Wow! Did it hurt! Chamberlain leaped high in the air and screamed, "It's a Communist plot!" And he raved and he pawed the ground as if he were crazy because he really thought it was no bumblebee called public opinion but a Moscow plot to take him away from his investment flowers which yielded a sweet 12 percent.

The four fascists saw his indignation and they shouted with joy. "What a show to put on!" they exclaimed. "Here is a bull who sees red even when there is none!"

So they took Chamberlain away for the bull fights in Munich.

It was a wonderful day for the upper

classes! Flags were flying, and bands were playing, and flowers were in everybody's hair.

The affair began with a parade into the ring. First came the propaganderillos with sharp pins to stick in the bull's map and make him mad.

Next came the dirty trickadors to threaten to attack the bull's family, even though they were miles and miles away from the fighting.

Then came the diplomatador, all dressed up in his mustache and his swastika. He carried a big knife in order to cut the life line of the bull.

Then came the bull himself. And you know who that was, don't you? Chamberlain!

Well, the propaganderillos were afraid of him. And the dirty trickadors were afraid of him. And the diplomatador was scared stiff. After all, they told themselves, he *was* the son of John Bull, and you never knew whose side John Bull was on even after he was in the arena.

Chamberlain ran into the ring, and everyone shouted and clapped and threw flowers, because they thought he was going to fight fiercely and butt and snort and stick his horns around. But not Chamberlain! When he got to the center of the ring, he saw the investment flowers everywhere—even on the ground before him—and they yielded such a sweet percent: 14 . . . 16 . . . 18 . . . 20 percent! . . . Well, he just sat down quietly and smelled. He wouldn't fight and be fierce no matter what the toryadors did. He just smelled.

The toryadors realized that this was what Chamberlain meant by non-intervention. It proved he was on their side, and naturally you can't fight someone on your own side. So they left him to smell the flowers while they fell upon the Spanish bull and the Czechoslovakian bull, and chopped off their heads with the Rome-Berlin axis. Which was exactly what Chamberlain had hoped.

So they took Chamberlain away from Munich and returned him to the pasture where he still sits under the gentry, and still smells. Is he sorry for the bulls who were destroyed by the toryadors? Does he realize the fascists are coming soon to take away more bulls who grew up with him in the world pasture? And if he knew, would he care? Not Chamberlain. He is very happy with his investment flowers. He just looks up at the gentry and sighs, "My only regret is that I have no more countries to give for my life."
EDWARD ELISCU.

Take a Powder, King

FROM the Tokyo newspaper *Yomiuri Shim-bun*: "The Emperor of Japan is deeply concerned over movements in the entire world."



William Gropper

New Masses

ESTABLISHED 1911

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"I Am (Not) the Law"

CIVIL liberties won and lost on Monday. The United States Supreme Court sent Mayor Frank ("I am the law") Hague of Jersey City down for the count with a ruling that he had violated constitutional guarantees of free speech, free assemblage, and free press when he forcibly barred mass meetings of the CIO and other groups. In the House of Representatives, on the same day, civil liberties suffered a serious setback through passage by a technical trick of the McCormack bill providing punishment as a felony of any person "who willfully and knowingly advocates overthrow of the government of the United States."

The McCormack bill was attached as an amendment to a wholly desirable measure introduced by Rep. Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, stiffening the penalties for persons found guilty of espionage. Though the wording of the amendment would make it applicable only to reactionary and fascist groups, experience with state criminal syndicalism laws has shown that such measures are almost invariably used as weapons against the labor and progressive movements. And in a Red-baiting speech in behalf of his bill, Representative McCormack made clear that this was his intent. The Senate cannot approve this fascist bill without seriously compromising American democracy.

The Right to Work

A FEW days before the opening of the National Right-to-Work Congress in Washington the newspapers published some of the results of a recent survey on relief made by the American Association of Social Workers. It gave the lie to their own statements on relief, and placed the truth squarely with the labor and unemployed groups, whose meeting in Washington the press handled unfairly or not at all. "Relief Study Gives

Picture of Misery. Federal Grants-in-Aid to the States Held Only Way to Remedy Situation," read the New York *Times* headline on the story of the survey, but the *Times* neglected the meeting in Washington that was getting down to the business of remedying the situation.

The social workers' report packed its punch by sheer weight of figures. In one state, it pointed out, relievers average \$2.91 per family per month. In the two months between last November and January, WPA wages declined 10 percent, but general relief rose by 19 percent. In the same period, 310,000 were laid off WPA; relief rolls increased by 241,000. In November the federal government was spending \$4.72 in WPA wages for every dollar being spent by the smaller units; by January it had gone down to \$3.59. The report told also of the concomitants of poverty: pauper's oaths, disease, disfranchisement of those on relief, humiliation by petty officials. They are "American refugees with no place to go," said Walter West, the association's president.

At the Right-to-Work Congress, twelve hundred delegates, most of whom knew these conditions from personal experience, planned a real attack on unemployment and poverty. They criticized the administration's recent concessions to those who want to put an end to WPA, and backed the Casey-Murray bill which would create permanent works projects under WPA administration. The bill, providing a \$2,250,000,000 program of useful projects to be manned by Americans willing and able to work but finding nothing in private industry, was made the center of the congress' plan for the coming year. It would finance three million jobs, a minimum estimate of what is needed now, and would be the starting point for the \$2,000 a year income which the congress said is immediately possible for the entire nation.

Down with Schools!

THE Republican majority of the New York State Legislature was hell-bent on crippling the educational system of the state. It has succeeded. By drastically reducing state aid to education, the book burners achieved the following results in New York City alone: they outlawed kindergarten classes; they eliminated night classes for young people who are forced to work during the day, classes in citizenship and English for immigrants; they abolished community centers, curtailed day high school activities; and they brought about the dismissal of a thousand teachers. The effects may be even more disastrous in hundreds of smaller communities.

The members of the New York City's

Board of Education have denounced the budget as "indefensible pedagogically and socially." The board points out that the budget strikes "at some of the most precious services which the community built up over a long period of years to meet the needs of the common people of our city."

The courts will rule soon on the constitutionality of the method by which Governor Lehman's budget was slashed. But whether the method was constitutional or not, the educational system must be saved. Governor Lehman should call a special session of the Legislature to appropriate more funds for the schools. The people of the state are united in support of such action.

Aboard the "SS St. Louis"

A LONELY ship with a tragic cargo cruised in our Southern waters looking for land. Fertile shores rose out of the horizon but none where a thousand women, children, and homeless men dared set foot. The *SS St. Louis* carrying the Nazi flag—and Jewish refugees—trailed out of Cuban waters with five police boats behind obligingly ready to rescue passengers expected to try suicide.

Cuba, at first, prepared to allow the refugees to enter. But Cuban reactionaries began a violent anti-Semitic campaign, put the heat on the immigration officials, prevented the docking. Word flashed around the world, horrified all decent folk. But native counterparts of Der Fuhrer rejoiced—men like Senator Reynolds, who fears Germany's refugee children may be allowed entry here—they didn't feel bad about this latest human disgrace.

The right of asylum, once the New World's proudest proffer to the unfortunates of the Old World, has gone by the boards. The dismal cruise of the *SS St. Louis* cannot but bring all honest men to their senses. This is where fascism leads you: people not only without hearths but minus even a patch of land to set foot on. Historic parallels are rare—perhaps only in the days of the Inquisition when men were driven across boundaries by spear and crossbow. The lesson is clear for all democrats to understand—and to act on.

Help Little Business

LITTLE BUSINESS has been the stepchild of the New Deal. Workers and farmers have each had their place in the New Deal program, but such benefits as have accrued to the small business man have been indirect by-products of measures primarily designed in the interest of other groups. Now the New Deal is at last taking steps to provide small enterprise with what it so urgently

requires: credit and capital. This is necessary for the economic well-being of the nation. It is necessary for the preservation of the New Deal, which lost ground among little business men last November because it had neglected their needs.

The Mead bill, introduced by the junior senator from New York, marks what we hope will be a beginning. It authorizes the RFC to insure 90 percent of the face amount of bank loans to small business up to a maximum of \$1,000,000. Interest would be no more than 4 percent and the loans, instead of being short-term, would extend from one to ten years. One of the shortcomings of this plan is that insuring the loans would be at the discretion of the RFC, whose chairman, Jesse Jones, is not exactly notorious for his sympathy to little business. Nevertheless, the Mead bill marks an important first step. It should be passed without delay.

Tax Salve for Tories

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU'S recent tax-policy statement has added steam to Wall Street's drive to shift its tax burden onto the people.

In his address to the National Retailers Association, President Roosevelt announced these New Deal tax policies: (1) "we ought not to raise less money than we are doing now"; (2) "it would be bad for business to shift any further burden to consumer taxes"; (3) if any corporation taxes are repealed, they must be replaced by other levies falling on the same large corporations, and must not mean "a return to the old tax-evasion loopholes by which a small group of very rich people were able to leave their profits in closely held corporations, thus avoiding the full rates of the higher brackets on their personal incomes."

True, Secretary Morgenthau endorsed these principles—but his endorsement was obscured by the concessions he offered: alteration of the capital gains tax, repeal of the undistributed profits tax, and by a stated willingness to reduce surtaxes in the upper brackets of the personal income tax *after* tax-exemption on government bonds is abolished.

Reaction, of course, seized on these waverings. Tax exempt bonds are a "controversial issue"—so they won't be included in the general tax bill. And the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, which welcomed certain features of Morgenthau's proposals, announced its program of replacing all "business irritant" taxes with a flat 18 percent tax on corporation income, thus ending the preferential rate at which small business is now taxed.

Secretary Morgenthau's use of the phrase "business irritants" is an unhappy choice. For the entire New Deal—its program of

social and labor legislation, housing, farm aid, youth aid, social security, etc.—is an "irritant" to the reactionary leaders of finance capital. It is to be hoped that Morgenthau will take occasion to underline his statement that there shall be no change in the incidence of federal taxation which would place greater burdens either on the consumer or small business, and that loopholes against tax evasion by the wealthy should be closed.

Republican Preview

PENNSYLVANIA'S Republican administration is furnishing an interesting sample of the grisly program the Tories offer the nation in 1940. Governor Earle's little New Deal has been smashed and the pieces are being used to hit the people over the head. The State Labor Relations Act, for instance, has been transformed into a weapon against labor. Sitdown strikes have been outlawed, the checkoff system is illegal unless employees present unanimous written permission, and employers are given the right to call a collective bargaining poll at any time. Several clauses protect employers from union "intimidation and coercion," while members of the State Labor Board may no longer be officials of unions.

This smashing victory of the Republican wreckers was carried off despite the united protest of the AFL and CIO. Maximum hours of women and children in industry have been raised. Labor's anti-injunction law has been enfeebled. The workmen's compensation law has been crippled. Counties have been given the right to impose poll taxes which will deny many workers and farmers the right to vote. Governor James cut the relief budget by \$6,500,000, reappointed the dismissed chief of the State Motor Police, and calmly admitted that he definitely did not expect the business boom Republicans had promised the voters if the New Deal were turned out.

"Economy" Funerals

THE House vote on the Townsend plan has served to expose the bankruptcy of the Republican crusade against the New Deal. And it has highlighted what has become increasingly apparent in recent weeks: that the New Deal, recovering from the setback it received in the November elections, has succeeded in hamstringing the tory Republican-Democratic coalition, greatly improving the prospects for pushing ahead in 1940.

The Republicans advanced last November largely by out-promising the New Deal. Their words fell on fertile soil because there was genuine discontent, especially among farmers and small business men, at the inadequacy of certain phases of the New Deal

program. Many of the Republican candidates, it will be recalled, even went so far as to give their blessing to the Townsend plan, which makes the much-denounced expenditures of the New Deal look like pin money. Now these chickens of demagoguery have come home to roost. In the record vote which the Democrats forced in the House, the Republicans were in the position of being damned if they did and damned if they didn't. More than one-third of the House Republicans backed Townsendism, while only about one-sixth of the Democrats did likewise.

Though this particular vote was a strictly Republican funeral, those Democrats who have been toiling manfully in the Republican vineyard, sending up fervent hosannas to "economy" and the other anti-New Deal gods are hardly better off. On May 8 the Senate added \$400,000,000 to the agricultural appropriation for the next fiscal year, and out of all the Republican and Democratic "economy" stalwarts, only fourteen brave men and true dared defy the farm vote by voting in the negative. This sorry behavior on the part of gentlemen who have been held up to the public as paladins of principle and patriotism has evoked no less than two full-length columnar jeremiads from Walter Lippmann and one from Dorothy Thompson, both of whom admit that much of the anti-New Deal argument is fallacious. Well may they weep.

USA and USSR

THERE are no obscurities in the Soviet position as stated by Premier and Foreign Commissar Molotov before the Congress of the Supreme Soviets. He has said in effect: "Gentlemen, when the ship of democracy is sinking, it will do no good to plug up some of the holes and leave the others open. Plug them all if you mean business." As the cable by Richard Goodman elsewhere in this issue indicates, the British and French appeasers don't mean business—yet.

As Europe see-saws between appeasement and anti-aggression, what of the United States? While we appear to be mere spectators of European developments, sympathizing with the democracies, but feeling no obligation to participate directly in the efforts to halt aggression, Hitler unfortunately plays no such passive role as far as this side of the ocean is concerned. (Sunday's *New York Times* carried the headline: "Air Base in Bolivia Acquired by Reich in Arms Exchange.") Isn't it logical to assume that active American cooperation with the USSR in preserving what is, after all, our greatest national interest—peace—would put an end to the Chamberlain-Bonnet hemming and hawing and have a decidedly sobering effect on the Nazi interventionists in Latin America?

Instead of Baby Talk

The Soviet Union's writers set a program of literature for children. Courageous realism plus courageous romanticism.

THE Russian Revolution of 1917 brought with it a heritage of illiteracy, physical and cultural poverty, and a czarist tradition which might have been summed up in this pronouncement of the minister of education under Czar Alexander I:

Knowledge is useful only when, like salt, it is used and offered in small measures, according to the people's circumstances and their needs . . . to teach the masses of the people, or even the majority of them, how to read will do them more harm than good.

The Soviet Union, as a result of concentrated and organized effort on the part of the state, educators, writers, parents, and the children themselves, has succeeded in arousing a tremendous interest in reading on the part of the children. At the same time, a new literature has been created, and, equally important, a network of distributing agencies including libraries, reading clubs, children's book shops and similar types of institutions which has brought books within the easy reach of children in the outermost areas of the Soviet Union.

The revolution received from old Russia a large and varied heritage of children's books. Most of these, however, the Soviet educators felt could not be used by the Soviet state because they represented purposes and goals that were entirely at odds with those of the new Russia. As S. Marshak, one of the outstanding writers and critics of children's literature, has stated:

What we needed was an altogether different kind of book, one synthesizing a courageous realism with an even more courageous romanticism—a book which would not be afraid to face the inevitable and difficult facts of life and yet would be able to lift our children to a height of optimism from which these facts would no longer be terrifying.

It was one thing, however, to be aware of the need of this new literature and another to create it. The early years immediately after the revolution were, like similar eras of violent struggle, hardly conducive to great artistic activity in the field of art generally and in the field of children's books particularly. Furthermore, there were difficulties to be overcome before the Soviet educators and writers could get down to the actual business of creating these books. First, the high percentage of illiteracy had to be reduced. Then, there were the no less important problems of the poverty of the people and the state, due to the destruction which took place during the years of civil war and famine; the desperate shortage of paper, the almost complete disorganization of the printing industry,

and the destruction and disorganization of libraries.

Slowly these obstacles were overcome. Illiteracy was greatly reduced. At a considerable sacrifice large sums were allotted for printing and for paper. With the rapid reorganization of the printing industry books, newspapers, and magazines began to flow to the vast population of the Soviet Union at an unprecedented rate. Interest in literature was no longer confined to a narrow section of the "intelligentsia" but became the characteristic of the masses of workers and peasants in the provinces and in the most isolated sections.

Having conquered the basic problems of illiteracy, book production, and distribution, the Soviet Union found itself faced with the infinitely more subtle and difficult problem of the actual writing of the children's books—the problem of content and form. The early years of the revolution permitted the Soviet educational authorities very little time or leisure for the examination of this problem. The result was a number of failures. Many of the children's books of this era were reduced to dull, dry, and didactic treatises which defeated the entire purpose of these books.

The relative release from the tension of the earlier turbulent years of civil war and reconstruction, the greater leisure and security that came with the completion of the First Five-Year Plan and the collectivization of agriculture gave the Soviet authorities their first breathing spell and their first opportunity to evaluate their accomplishments and failures in the field of children's books. They found these new books wanting at many points,

and with characteristic soul-searching there began a process of self-criticism and reconstruction. Annual conferences on children's literature began to consider the entire problem of children's reading. Special commissions were appointed to study the old literature in order to determine what part of it still had value for the new Russia's children. A series of surveys was inaugurated all over the country by means of questionnaires in an attempt to have the children tell Russia's writers and educators of their reading interests and needs. The replies were studied by special commissions and at the following conferences a number of methods were developed to carry the children's recommendations into effect. One of the most important results of these surveys was the realization that a special publishing house for children's literature was needed, and one was organized in 1933 under the direction of Dr. Semashko, with a special department for children's literature for the rural districts.

Another major result of the surveys was the realization that Soviet writers had not been close enough to children in the past and had altogether overlooked many important reading needs—such as adventure stories, fantasy, and fairytales—so that children were still forced to resort to detective stories and to other socially undesirable books. Special efforts were made by the Soviet educational authorities to bring writers of children's books into a much more intimate relationship with the children for whom they were writing—at camps, schools, and children's homes, at clubs and reading circles. Out of this finally developed a systematic procedure of bringing manuscripts and new books directly to children's audiences for their criticism and comment. Now outstanding writers of children's books such as Chukovski, Marshak, Kassil, Barto, Bianci, and numerous others make annual pilgrimages to children's camps during the summer and wherever children meet together throughout the rest of the year, thus gaining a new insight into the children's emotional and intellectual life. Not only do the writers go to the children, but the children are brought to the writers. Thus, at the various writers' congresses, groups of Pioneers from all over the Soviet Union are brought to the congress at the capital to listen to discussions and to comment. There is a constant flood of correspondence from children of the Soviet Union to the editorial offices of literary newspapers and to the homes of writers, commenting on their books and asking for new ones.

The demand for new books also resulted in a drive by Soviet authorities to enlist new



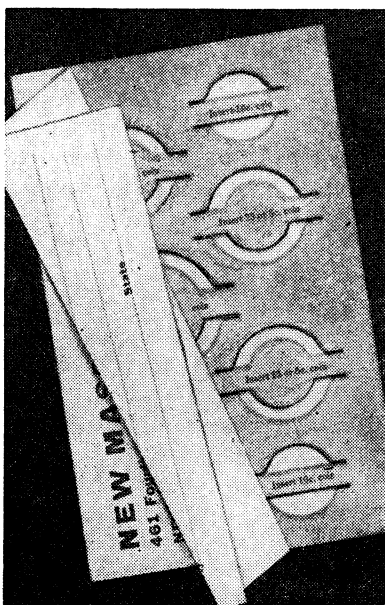
Herb Kruckman

"Then Little Brown Riding Hood meets a Jewish wolf . . ."

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authors—scientists, hunters, workers, and travelers—in the field. Organized efforts were made to train these people as writers. Special schools were established at various points. One of the most outstanding among them is the Leningrad School for Children's Authors under the direction of S. Marshak. At the time of my visit to Leningrad the students at this school included a mate on the ice-breaker *Cheluskin*, an ex-cook, a diver, two once homeless boys, and several others. According to Marshak, three-fourths of his time at this period was being spent in training these people to write for children. As a result of these efforts children's literature was greatly enriched. In addition, the new emphasis and respect for children's books brought into the field a great many writers of adult books, including Alexei Tolstoy, Zostchenko, Kataiev, Panteleev, and many others. The Soviet authorities have also made serious efforts to discover and develop potential writers from among the children. Just as the art sections of the Institute of Children's Art Education send their scouts to the parks during the summer, where through their display of painting materials they gain recruits to art clubs and many talented youngsters are selected for further training, so do the Soviet authorities constantly search for talent among the young writers. Organized competitions are held and the children receive prizes for the best story, poem, or article. There are systematic meetings and discussions with authors to criticize the children's work. An important medium in the selection of the embryo writer is the wall newspaper, a daily news sheet edited by the children themselves and hung on the walls of schools, clubs, camps, etc.

In addition to these developments, greatly increased and extended facilities have been created in library services. The function of the librarian has been extended so that she no longer remains within the four walls of the library, but keeps closely in touch with the children both at their homes and at their parents' working places. The school, too, exerts special efforts to develop the children's interest in reading and to create new facilities for reading. Special reading circles have been organized all over the country both by the school and by the youth organizations to stimulate reading and discussion of reading.

Of particular interest are the special institutions in the realm of children's books, among them the Children's Book Museum in Moscow, with its ingenious mechanical exhibitions—exhibitions of books in their social settings—which are operated by the children themselves. These have been exhibited all over the Soviet Union. Another interesting experiment is the House of the Children's Book, a large, beautiful, modern building, which serves as many as fifteen thousand people daily and acts as a training center for children's reading for librarians, teachers, and club leaders.

Probably the greatest achievement of Soviet books is the illustrations. The finest illus-

trators and painters in the country have been engaged in making children's books vivid, colorful, and attractive. A great many catalogues, colored and well illustrated, are at the disposal of the children wherever they congregate.

A unique and most effective instrument for the stimulation of children's reading is the puppet Children's Book Theater, in which the actors are composite pictures of the heroes of children's books. This theater, too, through its many branches and subdivisions covers the entire country. In addition, over one hundred regular theaters which use the materials of children's literature have been created and help in developing the children's interest in books. The cinema and radio lay special stress on reading.

Thus in a little more than ten years the Soviet Union, through its awareness of the importance of children's reading and through combined planning efforts on the part of educators, writers, and the state, has succeeded in creating the nucleus of a socially significant, artistically adequate children's literature. Simultaneously, through study of children's needs and literary interests and through integrated action by the state, the local communities, libraries, teachers, parents, group leaders, and all other persons concerned with the welfare of the children, the Soviet authorities have aroused the children's reading interests to a point where only the actual shortage of paper prevents their entire satisfaction.

Every year the quota of children's literature published is almost doubled and still the books, which are often put out in editions of a half-million, disappear from the bookstands, frequently within a few days. What is most important, however, is that these tremendous editions of books so eagerly read by Soviet children are not "series books" or detective or mystery stories; they are socially significant artistic creations produced and illustrated by the outstanding writers, scientists, and painters of the country.

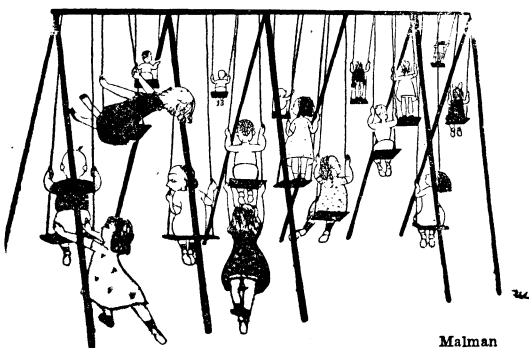
In spite of the all-pervasive social message in the new children's books, very few of them are the moral and social tracts that they were during the early years—"moral pocket handkerchiefs," as Dickens called the moral tales of his own day. The efforts of the last few years have succeeded in fusing the social message of the children's books with the highest techniques of creative writing and illustration.

This new literature differs from the children's literature of other lands in its almost complete absence of mysticism or religious ideas. It stresses rather the realistic and the scientific. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of action and work. Soviet educators agree with Anton Chekhov that "there is more humane-ness in steel and electricity than in all the world's piety and abstention from meat eating." Based upon this concept, Soviet children's literature attempts to involve the child in the actual building of the new society. Its emphasis is that the greatest contribution the child can make to that society is to be healthy, active, joyful, intellectually alert to the needs

of the people and intellectually able to participate in the work of the country. Through this literature, children are drawn into all important political activities—from collectivization of the land to vigilance against all enemies of the state. There is little day dreaming and sadness in Soviet children's books. They are realistic yet frequently romantic and imaginative—not in the sense of imaginative exploits in a never-never land, but of dreams and hopes which they believe science and human effort will some day make real. Lucy Sprague Mitchell has defined imagination as "something which does not mean the impossible but rather means transcending the literal." It is this kind of imagination and romanticism which pervades the new Soviet children's literature—an imagination which leaves plenty of room for heroism, nobility, and self-sacrifice. It is a literature which is honest and which helps the children face the reality of life with all of its struggle and pain, rather than to escape from it. Gone are the fantastic heroes and the wonderful, almost effortless achievements of the earlier days. Life, in books like *The Thirteenth Caravan* or *Kara-Bugaz*, is difficult. Every achievement is made at the cost of sweat and blood. Human beings quarrel, fight, and sometimes shirk their duty. But in the end the achievements of "people working together for the sake of humanity as a whole" become worth all the effort. The main insistence is upon honesty in children's literature.

The Soviet educators do not consider that they have achieved all that they desire in the field of children's literature. At the Conference on Children's Literature of December 1936, a whole series of criticisms was made of the existing status of the subject. These criticisms consisted of a demand for the creation of more writers, of demands for larger editions of books, of newer forms, and of a broader inclusion of some of the classics which had hitherto been left out, such as the works of Rousseau, Aeschylus, Voltaire, and others. There is also much criticism of the quality of books in terms of physical makeup, illustration, and price. However, considering the fact that items under discussion at these conferences rarely remain within the realm of discussion, but are realized within a relatively short while, one is justified in believing that some day in the near future the children in the Soviet Union will have at their disposal a literature which will fully meet their needs.

SIMON DONIGER.



Malman

"The Salesman"

The exploited drummer is the hero of John Herrmann's novel.

Most people once had a stock idea of the salesman: a glad-hand, ripsnorting, heavy-drinking drummer relaying yarns about the farmer's daughter. Few of us still have that idea. We have met real salesmen—average, hard-working, underpaid men who lead respectable private lives—just like John Herrmann's Robert Crawford. (*The Salesman*, Simon & Schuster, \$2.50.) The author, who has been a salesman himself, knows his field thoroughly. His story of Crawford is simply told, factual as life, touched up neither with the fake hardboiled nor the pseudo-dramatic hokum that too often passes for realism. Crawford, representing the Marvel Art Co.'s Eastern territory, peddles picture frames. He must "yes" his boss; yes, flatter, and cajole the tough, overstocked buyers as well as the puffily sentimental Gifte Shoppe owners. He must convince himself that he has a damn good line, knowing in his heart that it's "just a pile of junk." The important thing is never to admit times are bad, and to keep his commissions around \$30 a week.

Herrmann does a good job with the routine life of a man on the road. He does a good job with the private life young Crawford tries to have on weekends. And precisely here he begins to tell the real story of the book. Crawford marries Penelope Vandusen, a nice average girl who comes from an old Brooklyn family that once had money, but now has only an outmoded brownstone house mortgaged for \$35,000.

The Vandusen house—not the salesman—is the book's pivot. The house, factually, is the real villain of the piece; symbolically, the enemy, or the deus ex machina controlling the lives of this American young couple. It is a gloomy, decaying relic of pretentious middle-class luxury, built by Grandfather Vandusen, who "used only the best," and "built for the future" (!). A rounded tower rises from it four stories high, topped with "a fancy wrought-iron combined weather-vane and lightning rod." In the hallway an "enormous grilled iron chandelier with its colored glass prisms and long crystal pendants cast shadows on the rosewood paneling of the walls." To this house Penelope's mother, like a withered, evil fungus on its own decay, clings tenaciously. She refuses to let the young couple sell the house. They sink all their savings into remodeling rooms to rent as apartments and ground-floor shops. They can't always collect the rents, and there are always the bank payments on the house to be met. They manage somehow, till the birth of their baby—and its death when they can't afford a good doctor. Finally they decide to let the bank have the house. At this decision mother Vandusen has a stroke; and we leave the Crawfords waiting for her death—now that they are rid of the house, and think they can start life over again. That is their tragedy.

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This is not just a book about a salesman—though the publishers seem to think so. It is (or rather should be) a book about a house. The one weakness of the novel lies in the fact that this theme is almost buried: the house as a symbol is only vaguely hinted at, not logically, cleanly used to knit together and give depth and meaning to the book as a whole. By so doing, Herrmann could have shown us more surely the forces behind Crawford's failure as a salesman; and why the young couple, bound to the values of the past, emerge with no new set of values on which to build their future. The tragedy of the Crawfords is the tragedy of our day. That is the story John Herrmann almost told.

In 1932 Herrmann shared a \$5,000 novel prize with Thomas Wolfe. *The Salesman* is so much better, in technique and in character insight, that I feel sure he will soon give us a book of outstanding social scope and significance.

RUTH LECHLITNER.

Nazi Pogroms

Moissaye J. Olgin reviews "The New Inquisition" by Konrad Heiden.

IT IS easy to write about fascism, but the very ease is an obstacle to effective writing. We are all so deeply convinced that fascism spells destruction of human lives, culture, and international peace that what we read about it often sounds like a repetition. Who has not heard about the burning of books by the Nazis? Who has not been deeply stirred by the attacks on the German Jews? Who has not burned with indignation at hearing of the treatment accorded by the Nazis to the masses of the German people?

It is difficult to write a book on Nazi atrocities that is free of sentimentalism, of stating the obvious in obvious terms, of overstatement, a book giving the reader both new facts and a new mental experience, revealing fascism in a somewhat different light. A book which does just that is Konrad Heiden's *The New Inquisition* (introduction by Hendrik Willem van Loon; Modern Age Books and Alliance Book Corp., 50 cents). It is therefore one of the most valuable contributions to the study of Nazism.

The book deals with one phase of Nazi activities—the pogrom on Jewish property and life during the November days of 1938 in Germany. Yet the outlook of the book is far wider. Though the main interest of the author is the Jewish problem, his study gives a picture of the Nazi system as a whole. The book is well documented. The facts have been care-



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fully collected. References to Nazi literature are frequent and well selected. The facts are presented with controlled emotion. This narrative of the most hideous form of human degradation is told with remarkable dignity, a burning passion for humanity, a boundless sympathy for the victims.

Many of its pages—where the horrors are heaped thick and the reader's disgust rises to suffocation—are saved by the gracefulness, the almost poetic vehemence of the author's style. The book begins with the oath taken by the SS on the night of November 9: "To thee, Adolf Hitler, we swear fealty and valor. . . . To thee, and to thy authorized representatives, we swear obedience unto death, so help us God." Fifty thousand throughout Germany repeated in one voice: "I solemnly swear. . . ." There follows a chapter on Grynspan, the Jewish boy who killed a minor German official in Paris; a chapter devoted to the Nazi "ideology" concerning the Jews; another dealing with the actual pogrom of the night of November 9—a tale of destruction seldom to be found compressed within a few pages with such vividness and skill; a chapter on the burning of five hundred synagogues in Germany in one day; a chapter on the concentration camps in which tens of thousands of Jews were imprisoned and many tortured to death, ostensibly to protect them against violence; a chapter on the "fine" imposed on the Jews, by which their property was reduced two-thirds within a few months; a chapter on the reasons why all this had to be done from the point of view of the Nazis.

As the book proceeds from one peak of bestiality to the other, its horizon widens. Its passion becomes deeper and even more controlled. There is not a single exaggeration in the book. There is not a single dissonance.

What the author says about the Jews of Germany on the eve of the November pogroms is even more true today:

They live in the land which has brought them forth; they speak its language; its poets are their poets; its songs their songs; they have given it eminent sons, often of worldwide fame; they have in large measure helped to build up its industries, such as electric power, shipping, and railways; its cultural rise in the nineteenth century is in no small measure their work; during the past hundred years they have helped to defend it in several bloody wars. They live in this land as on a desert island surrounded by a hostile sea. They are neither its citizens nor its guests, for both citizens and guests are regarded as human beings. They are subhuman, signs of decay.

As the book unfolds its story, it becomes increasingly obvious that the Jews of Germany are used by the Hitler regime as a means of feeding the faithful with hatred, contempt, and a feeling of superiority, that the masses of the German people are opposed to the anti-Jewish practices of the government and loathe its barbarism, that large sections of the German business world are opposed to the anti-Semitic policy dictated from above, and that the treatment of the Jews is only a concen-



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trated essence of Nazi brutality as a whole.

Addressing himself to the rulers of Germany, in a concluding chapter, the author says:

We know what power means. We know too what propaganda and suggestion mean. . . . You have showed us often enough how a people is bullied; you have showed how it is persuaded. But that does not eliminate the great fact: On November 10, the majority of the people did not come with you. All your wrath and irony poured out by your orators on this "rabble" merely confirm it. Sooner or later the consequences will come. In the months to come you may still bring on much horror; but the limits have become visible—the limits beyond which the German people will not follow you.

The New Inquisition is to be highly recommended. The excellent translation from the German is by Heinz Norden.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

Personal Pipelines

Two Washington correspondents on "Men Around the President."

THE truth is there have always been men around our Presidents. The chitchat about them is long forgotten. The questions that remain are: whom did they represent, and what did they do? The Teapot Dome kind had little conception of the public, or any other, welfare apart from their own. But Andrew Jackson's "kitchen cabinet," for all its squabbles and quirks, left its notch in the hickory stick of American history. All Presidents have had personal and official advisers. These have really represented an extension of the executive function, and have come into the limelight particularly when the President has been confronted with powerful opposition in Congress. Their very existence proves the unreality of the rigid separation of functions for which our founding fathers provided.

While the authors of this booklet (*Men Around the President*, by Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner; Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$1.50) appreciate at the outset that "the phenomenon of the New Dealers is an expression of forces long quietly at work in American life," they never quite appraise these forces, or even the men, in terms of forces. Some of the stories are good; others merely provide soap for people who work up a lather against the President's advisers. Kintner and Alsop are prominent Washington correspondents with pipelines into the administration. While they do not themselves seem to share in the lather, their stuff is frothy enough to pipeline into the *Saturday Evening Post*.

They manage to finish on the note that since the New Dealers must go with Roosevelt, this country needs a civil service on the British model. But a lot of things will go with Roosevelt. And it will take more than technically able, and impersonally devoted, public servants to preserve those things which the New Dealers helped bring about.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.



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The World of Today

New Masses foreign correspondent returns alive from Flushing Meadows with news of the Soviet Pavilion and how Americans are taking it.

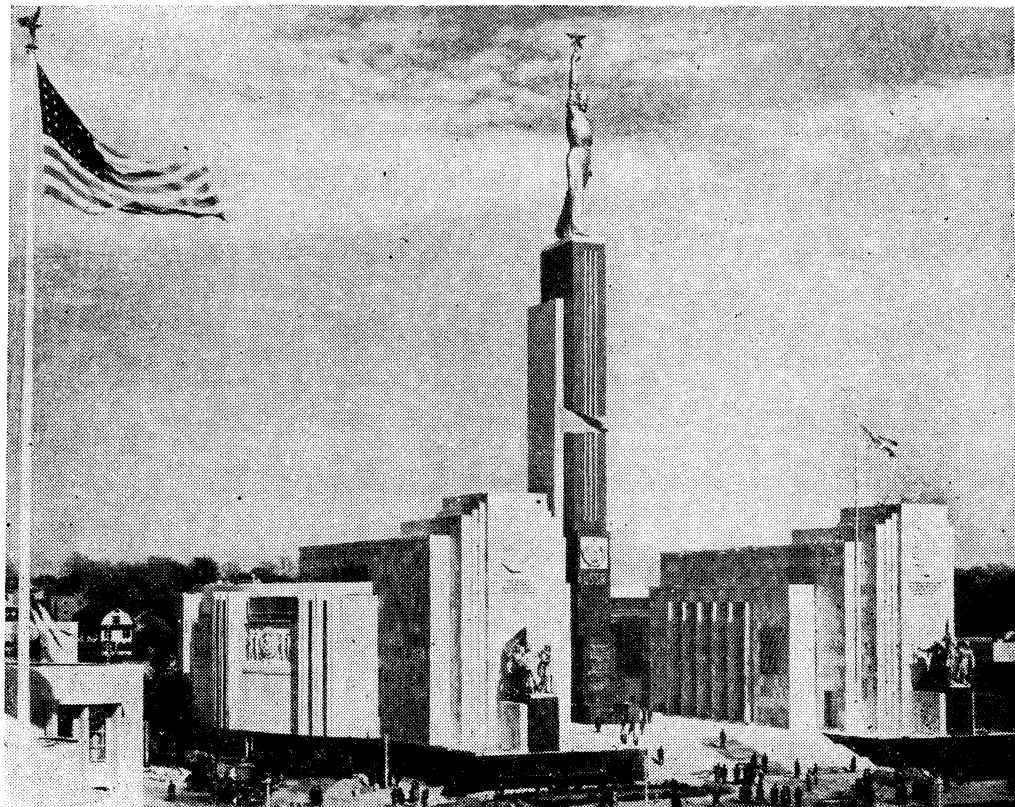
A small boy, passing the Soviet Pavilion with his mother, pointed at the towering statue of the Soviet worker, and said, "Look, momma, the Statue of Liberty."—Old proverb from the *World of Tomorrow*.

I CAN'T look my feet in the eyes when I say it but the World's Fair is some pumpkins. And the Soviet Pavilion is at least a sixth of the World of Tomorrow as far as I'm concerned. In order to be coherent about the matter we will have to assume that this piece is the last chapter in a volume about as thick as the Webbs' *Soviet Communism*. It would take that many pages to describe the Fair's largest building and its most popular one except for General Motors and Billy Rose's newfangled swimmin' hole. This will be about the people I talked to in the pavilion.

Thirty thousand of them a day stream up the steps past the porphyry shaft bearing the great stainless steel statue of the Soviet worker, "confident and healthy, about as old as our republic," in the words of Ambassador Oumansky. Through two levels of marble halls, alive with maps, slogans, animated graphs, sculpture, painting, innumerable movie apertures, dioramas, scale models, handicraft, et cetera ad infinitum, the people come. The people come from forty-eight states, a hundred lands, a thousand towns, with a million questions and open mouths.

A little schoolgirl tells her friend, "This is like my castle's gonna be," and an elegant woman points to the arcade around the top of the open air amphitheater and says, "My house will be like this." Between castle and house, the Bronx and Park Avenue, the building is a spectacular mean. A Negro chauffeur, free from his mistress for the afternoon, stops before a magic window in the wall, with a miniature landscape of a dirty, dark, czarist village. The lights go down, then up, and suddenly the village has been transformed with power stations, paint, a kolkhoz, electricity—socialism has come like dawn. The chauffeur says, "I didn't read about this in the papers. Aren't they eating the bark off the trees over there?"

People from Kansas and Oregon begin to say a Russian name, Lenin, as they stand at the scale model of the Palace of the Soviets to be erected in Moscow, a hundred feet higher than the Empire State Building. Two thin, sunburnt Ohioans look at the model and one says, "A bomb would sure knock that all to pieces." "Have to be a pretty powerful bomb," opined his friend. "It would be a bad bomb, I should say," retorts the first. A dour little contractor from Syracuse, N. Y., is deeply interested in the Palace. "I dunno as to



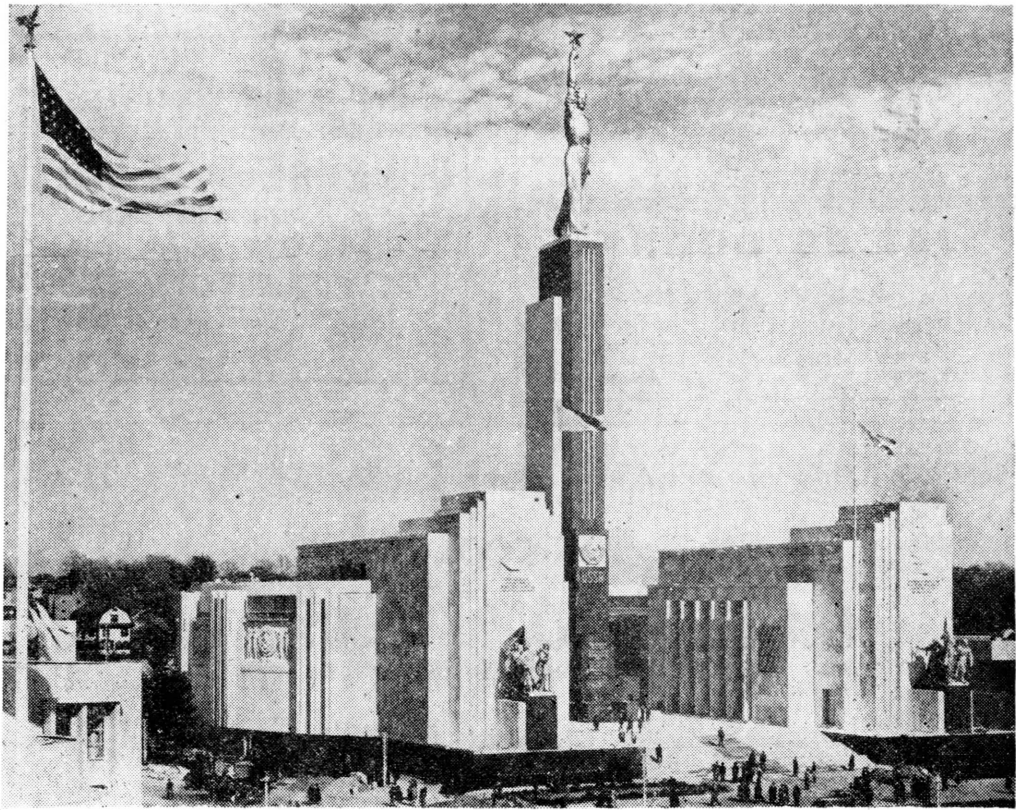
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whether it is gonna work," he said. "It's gonna be the highest building in the entire world. That means they gotta have rock bottom. If you don't have rock bottom it'll sink on you. Now, we got a big building in Syracuse, twenty-two stories high. But we didn't have rock bottom. It sank and as a matter of fact it's still sinking. They gotta have rock bottom or it'll sink on them. I hope somebody will tell them." He walked away with a worried look on his face.

You can weed out the New Yorkers in the full-scale replica of the Mayakovsky station of the Moscow subway, cunningly walled with mirrors to give the illusion of endless tracks. The children of the IRT lean over the pit and peer into the mirrors, listening for the distant rumble of the evening express. The chauffeur said, "Is this station actually in operation?" I pointed to a row of photographs showing the various stations of the Metro, handsome, marbled corridors in several styles. "My, my," said the chauffeur. At night in the outdoor amphitheater movies of the subway are projected on the back of the statuary shaft for hundreds sitting contentedly in the enclosure of the building. A kid said to his father, "Hey, look at the subway. I'm gonna stay here all night. Let's not go anywhere

else." His mother watches a train pull out of the station and says, "Yeah, but they're still not soundproof." Fay Bainter, the stage and movie actress, hurries through the exhibit. "It's simply marvelous," she says. "Where is the subway?" In the red and gray marble Mayakovsky station, Miss Bainter can only repeat the chauffeur, "Do you mean this is actually like their subway stations?"

You can take a census of the farmers around the giant tractor in the Hall of Socialist Labor, where one of them said, "Well, sir, it's a good enough tractor but it ain't practical. Too heavy. It's got the power alrightee, but it's too heavy, ain't practical." He explained that in the spring the ground is soggy and a heavy caterpillar would bog down or tear up the work of the plows. He said, "On my place you can't even use a horse till late spring. Even with a light Fordson like I got, the ground won't hold it. With a big cat like this one you'd never get on it till weeks later." Another farmer stuck his oar in. "The thing is there ain't no railroads in Russia. Maybe you break something and you're five hundred miles from a repair shop or maybe you run out of gas and oil so you just sit and watch your crop rot. It ain't practical." A Soviet girl guide joined the group and asked if there



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were any questions. The farmers detailed their criticisms. The guide told them the tractor burned either wood or gasoline, so there was no specter of gasoline shortage. Then she pointed to the wall nearby where a small movie screen showed the same tractor burning wood, gasoline, plowing and reaping in all seasons. She told them how such a tractor would be operated out of a tractor station where skilled mechanics could give it immediate service. "Say, miss," said one, "how much does this here machine cost in American dollars?" The girl calculated. "About \$300," she said. The farmer repeated his question in disbelief. "Three hundred dollars," she said. The farmers looked at each other, saying \$300 softly. "Why a machine like that'd cost \$10,000 here," one said. He sat there looking at the Stalin wood and gas burning tractor for a long time, saying to himself, "I'll be God damned."

There is nothing these Americans like better than a fact and the very essence of this building is fact, patient, comparative, impressive facts, and facts for one's special interests, facts for farmers, workers, intellectuals, expectant mothers, and kids. The young Russian guides take off from where the displays end, answering detailed questions from a hundred angles—how many citizens in Comsomolsk, how does a kid get to go to one of the Artek camps, what happened to Trotsky, do you have money over there, explain this cross-pollination in winter wheat, how come Upton Sinclair hasn't sold as many copies as Shakespeare, what's this made out of, and how do we get to the bar.

In the bar I sat next to an unemployed job printer from Flint, Mich. "What did you like best?" I asked. "I can't say," was his reply. "You get the feeling of a terrific surge forward by the whole country." He ordered a Vodka Old-Fashioned. I am as good a party man as the next but I draw the line at Vodka Old-Fashioned. I left.

A small boy watched some window movies



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of Young Pioneers at a summer camp. "Mamma, is that Connecticut?" he asked. Mamma, who will be considerably relieved to send the brat off to a Connecticut summer camp this month, said, "No, Junior, that's Russia." This didn't solve the problem. The kid said imperiously, "I don't wanna go to Connecticut. I wanna go to Russia."

The day I gave my feet to the cause was also the day when the Japanese opened their pavilion. The USSR's house was full of little visitors with cameras and smiles and polite chatter in Japanese. I approached three exquisite Japanese girls in kimonos to find out their reaction. "It is very beautiful," they said, smiling sweetly and walking away.

A well dressed man from Bloomfield, N. J., said, "I've been a banker and a traveler for thirty years but I never had any idea this was going on in Russia. Why, it's a new country. I don't hold with Communism but you've got to take off your hat to what they've done."

The huge wall paintings of revolutionary events and contemporary life interested a White Plains real estate man. "The thing is that the whole building opens up your eyes to what has been going on over there ever since the war and we've never even known about it. Of course, I'm afraid they haven't got much in my line over there."

His wife, a school teacher, said, "I hardly know what to say about it. I've been to Europe four times now and I never went to Russia because I thought it was a wild country. But I'm going now. You can't stay away from it after you've seen this wonderful display of progress, especially in education."

A little old lady, who had been spending over an hour looking at some of the paintings, said: "The thing that is making everybody stop is that the Russians are all smiling in their pictures. You just can't help feeling their vigor, and their health and happiness—and you just can't help smiling back at them, at their laughing faces and big white teeth." The colossal panel in the entrance wing, showing representative Soviet heroes of work, government, science, and art, all striding toward the person entering, was a good place to hear comments. A footsore elderly couple came through the plate glass door and the man said, 'Now, Sarah, I've been here before, and *this* is going to jolt you.' Sarah took a tired look at the expanses of the corridor. "It looks like it's going to kill me."

About nine-thirty, just before my feet fell off, I asked a prosperous looking family group what they thought of the USSR. The matriarch thrust her bosom at me and spluttered: "What we want to know is why Russia should have such a marvelous display. It's the most magnificent, the most detailed, the most beautiful, the most anything you want to call it. How did Russia ever get it? Why don't the other countries have something better? What's Russia doing with a building like this? *That's what we want to know.*" The patriarch took her gently by the arm. "Oh, come on, Helen," he said, "none of it's true." Then my feet fell off. JAMES DUGAN.

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Art at the Fair

The American scene reflected in a vast popular exhibit.

EARLY in the spring of this year, the directors of the Contemporary Arts Building at the World's Fair set up an elaborate mechanism to select its exhibits. They figured that the fairest way to hit the mean of art in America was to divide the country regionally into six broad sections, these in turn to be subdivided into districts wherein works should be submitted to duly elected committees of selection—the jurors of each region to consist of "persons professionally concerned with art." Each region was then to have a quota computed from statistics on its art productivity (no rotten borough system here) and thus from all the outlying districts, including the Territories and island possessions, works were to sift through into the Fair's pavilion. Persons also professionally concerned with art descended to the attack like a swarm of locusts. Artists and critics alike proclaimed that in a match prearranged by the promoters, arithmetic got a stranglehold on esthetics, and they are putting in a claim for damages.

Well, here is a popular show; it is by the people (hundreds—from what diversity you already know) for the people, *any* people. Possibly it's more of a Gallup poll on art trends than a completed view of the "best" that is being done in America today. But the best will have its ins, and a continued Federal Art Project will teach the people to know it. Meantime, in spite of some inevitable miscarriages of justice, I champion this show for its democracy of purpose and of import.

Walk through 550 paintings, 250 pieces of sculpture, and four hundred works of graphic art and you'll begin to see the vastness and heterogeneity of our country. Here in an attractive redwood structure in the exhibition section, you'll find on the gallery walls patches of Texas or Kansas or South Dakota rarely considered on Fifty-seventh Street (not enough can be said for the Federal Art Project's brilliant work in decentralization of the arts). In general, inspiration seems to have been drawn preponderantly from our immense landscape—whether in its natural aspect or its industrial and occupational transformation. Figures are not lacking, but most often they are used in meaningful relation to the scene. On schools and stylizations according to regions, it is more difficult to generalize. On the one hand the content and local culture are often expressed specifically, as in regional literature, and thus the spectator may quickly note it; as for instance, New Mexico with the Aztec or Indian influence. On the other hand, he would be hard put to it to identify much that comes from New England or California. Still, there are trends, a new one from Texas and a definite one from Chicago—what, with few exceptions, is lacking is Europe. There is far less of an aped Impressionism or Surrealism in this show than there is of a certain patterned realism springing from the postoffice

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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.

mural style—100 percent American in form and in color, the latter seeming often to derive its source from our extensive use of the neon lighting system.

There are also works in the abstract, works of "social protest"—but not many. This is either (1) because painting America lines up this way, or (2) because the jurors line up this way. Pause in the sculpture rotunda and reconsider the case of Louis Slobodkin versus Edward Flynn—a case very broad in its implications, where the argument "is not a restricted one but extends to the whole thoughtful, democratic-minded public. When the spirit of Abraham Lincoln can be disposed of by one illiterate politician from the Bronx—but I quote Mr. Flynn: "It hid all the lighting, was too big—far too high. Why, visitors on a preview of the buildings all scoffed at it. We couldn't take that sort of criticism from people representing John Q. Public. I don't care what those artist fellows think."

The sculpture rotunda leads to the rear exit, but do not take it, unless you have already arranged in the front gallery for one or both of the publications concerning the show. Two dollars will buy you the catalogue illustrating every work hung, along with several written evaluations of the present state of art in America. One dollar brings you a portfolio of excellent color reproductions of sixteen paintings from *American Art Today*, representative of the work of artists in varying parts of the country. Whether you subscribe to the publication and its thesis or not, this show is undeniably a graphic picture of the eye, the mind, and the heart of large hunks of America. That the three organs do not always and everywhere function in perfect unison does not destroy the validity of the work.

M. R. LINDEN.

Light Moviegoing

The ho-hum cycle opens full blast for the summer.

LET'S see now, there's been a D'Oyly Carte *Mikado*, a *Hot Mikado*, a *Swing Mikado*, a magnificent *Red Mikado* in the new *Pins and Needles*, and now a movie *Mikado*, employing the D'Oyly Carte Company. Before long the Fair may take Joe Schrank's suggestion and do a *Strip Mikado* or a *Flea Mikado* and China is about due with a *Scram Mikado*. The movie *Mikado* is the traditional one, plus Kenny Baker, and if you are tired of going to the movies here is a refreshing change. *Tell No Tales*, a newspaper-detective romance, is so bad that such a seasoned trouper as Melvyn Douglas appears to be ready any moment to cry out in pain and run off the sound stage. Elizabeth Bergner has a new English vehicle, *Stolen Life*, based on mistaken identity, a good enough idea for a vehicle. Miss Bergner in a dual role is given opportunity for her favorite sport of running the gamut, at which, as far as I'm concerned, she is the female lightweight champion of the world.

J. D.

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“I AM A FILM WORKER . . . I’ve always wondered”

I AM a film worker. I am employed in the fifth largest industry in the United States. I might be a cameraman, a propman, a technician, a writer, or an actor. Until recently we movie workers had a pretty tough time of it. Work was unsteady at best and jobs were few and far between. We had no tenure and perhaps most terrifying of all, we were subject to firing at the big mogul’s whim.

Things are changing a little out here in movieland since the federated crafts workers started to get together. We are beginning to go places now, we film workers.

That is why I always wondered why *New Masses* didn’t go to town on us film workers. We were delighted the other day when *New Masses* announced that it had opened a West Coast office in Hollywood. But we were especially delighted and we fairly kicked our heels in glee when we heard that Joe North, Editor of *New Masses*, had made a special trip to Hollywood for material and that an inside series is due to appear soon by Joe entitled, “THE REBIRTH OF HOLLYWOOD.”

Apparently even Joe’s comprehensive survey of some of the problems of making Hollywood films reflect the more progressive trends of the whole country doesn’t satisfy *New Masses* on coverage, and I’m glad!

I understand that you’re also going to tackle the highly ticklish and involved problems of the federated craft workers in the movie industry—and that Ella Winter has a series which is already set in type

and due to appear in an early issue. I think that’s swell.

I’m going to make it my job to plug these issues of *New Masses* among the film workers. I’m sure that with recognition of our own peculiar problems *NM* will shortly become a *must* on every progressive film worker’s reading list.

I’ll bet a movie camera lens that those punch-packed Hollywood articles of yours will sweep the West Coast filmland like wildfire.

I am sitting down right now and sending you a batch of names of people who work on the movie lots with me who I think will be keen on receiving issues of *New Masses* which contain the Hollywood stories. I am sure that after reading *NM*, they will go for that special \$1 down offer in a big way.

I am getting in on the ground floor now myself and I am using the coupon below.

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