Are Sex Crimes Due to Sex? by Michael Brush

NEW MASSES

OCTOBER 26, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Unity's the Word

Reports from Atlantic City and Denver

By David Ramsey and William F. Dunne

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Is Soviet Industry "Going Badly"?

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

DE gustibus non disputandum est goes the old saw; it seems to apply to NEW MASSES readers as well as to everyone else, despite the frequent allegations of outspoken reactionaries and reactionaries disguised in Red whiskers that NEW MASSES readers' opinions are cut to pattern in Moscow. Two letters will give you an idea. Listen to this one:

"I'm not in the habit of writing fan mail, but since Mike Gold is taming down to Duncan dancing, I'll take Hyde Partnow.

"I have a subscription to your magazine and I read both articles of his—'We Won't Forget' and 'Next Time You March, Legionnaires!' Of course it's *what* he says, but it's a whole lot more *how* he says it—gives you a yen to go and do things, a spur to action. Let's have more of him. He writes the way I'd like to.—H. W."

And then this:

"It was bad enough that you had to print a melodramatic, worthless piece of tripe such as Hyde Partnow's 'Next Time You March, Legionnaires!' But when one considers that from a strict Marxian viewpoint the entire article was a gigantic *tour de force,* you become just as reprehensible as Mr. Partnow, who stands condemned because he can do much better.

"If my figures are correct (I cannot locate the article which contained them at the moment, and must depend upon my memory), the American Legion contains over 2,000,000 members. Of that amount, approximately 500,000 (including wives and children) stormed New York 'crazy with wonder how the guns had not gone through them but missed them somehow and left them standing and permitted them to be left alive and become middle-aged and marry their women and make and lift up children.' (This is good Hemingway stuff, terse, meaningless. But what in hell does 'lift up children' imply? Is it meant in a symbolic way? If so, it's putrid; if not, please translate.)

"The idea of appealing to the Legion to take a firm stand on such vital questions as war, the Chinese and Spanish situations, and the labor and trade unions is, of course, a sound one. But as anyone could and should have informed Mr. Partnow, devoting a valuable MASSES page to those Legionnaires who do the peace-time marching each year and wreck poor unsuspecting cities like New York is useless.

"The rank and file of the American Legion cannot and does not participate in the expensive yearly outing conducted by the executive committee. Even if they wanted to, they would find it impossible to take off the necessary two weeks from their jobs or, for that matter, raise the goodly sum required.

"It is those Legionnaires who have plagued us Communists with fascistic acts who attend these conventions. No amount of propaganda or Lenin's 'stubborn facts' will ever change their bourgeois attitude toward those 'bastard Reds.' There are, naturally, a few liberals and a few workers among the convention-going Legionnaires. The workers scrimp and save and use the convention as their vacation; the liberals struggle futilely to avert the passing of reactionary legislation. But on the whole, Mr. Partnow was appealing to the same crowd that supported Landon, that idolizes Tom Girdler and backs the K.K.K. and vigilante movements.

"I suggest that next year Mr. Partnow direct his time and energy at those Legionnaires who do not march at Los Angeles. And I also suggest he write his plea in his usual style, which is damn better than the crap he turned out for the October 5 MASSES.—M. R."

Apropos of which, two items are worth reporting: (1) Section 24 of the Communist Party of New York has its headquarters on a street where Legionnaires stood for hours on their big day, waiting to parade. To attend to that little matter which becomes urgent when you're standing around for hours, many Legionnaires kept going in and out of the section's headquarters, and the Communists on the premises reported quite a few friendly conversations, the buying of literature, etc. (2) One member of Unit 8B, Section 24, reported selling seventy-five copies of the *Daily Worker* to Legionnaires in *Times* Square.

Two corrections: Socialist John N. Thurber writes in to say that our recent Flashbacks note on Eugene Debs erred in giving the date of Deb's death as October 12, and that it should have been October 20. The print on page 23 of the October 12 issue was wrongly credited to Helen Ludwig. It is the work of Ida Abelman.

What's What

WATCH for these articles next week and later: (1) The third article in Joshua Kunitz's series, telling of the state of affairs in Soviet agriculture. (2) "Where Are the Foreigners?" by Michael Gold, an examination of the new period in the history of the American melting pot. (3) "Labor in Middletown," by Paul Kelso, which deals with Muncie, Ind., scene of the Lynds' famous *Middletown* and *Middletown in Transition.* Mr. Kelso's article brings up to date the labor situation in this typical American community, and shows a new collective orientation that changes radically the aspect of Middletown as we have come to know it. (4) A march-of-time sketch on the Sino-Japanese situation and its background, written collectively by members of Unit S-10, Section 30, Communist Party of New York.

THIS WEEK

VOL. XXV, NO. 4

October 26, 1937

Art work by Joe Bartlett, Julio Girona, Maurice Becker, Fred Ellis, Winifred Milius, Peter Verdi, John Mackey, Eastwood, Charles Martin, John Lonergan, Robert Joyce, Helen West Heller, Snow.

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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New York readers of this magazine seem to be ardent *aficionados* (genuflections to Aficionado Hemingway) of the dance, judging by the torrential flow of reservations for the November 14 recital of Anna Sokolow and her dance unit, of whose Broadway debut we are proud to be the sponsors. See page 30.

Nathan Greene, co-author of *The Labor Injunction,* Harry Sacher, Counsel for the Transport Workers' Union, Joseph R. Brodsky, chief counsel for the International Labor Defense, and other prominent labor attorneys will conduct a special series of six lectures on "Labor Law and Industrial Relations" at the Workers' School in New York. The course will begin at 7 p.m., Thursday, October 28.

John Lonergan, whose Gloucester drawings and lithographs have appeared in our pages from time to time, is exhibiting his recent work at the Grace Horn Galleries in Boston from October 23 to November 13.

Who's Who

WILLIAM F. DUNNE, who continues his coverage of the A. F. of L. convention this week, and has long been known as a labor journalist, is at present a district organizer of the Communist Party. . . . Martin Porter and George Oakden are both connected with the Hollywood film industry. . . . Paul G. McManus is a Washington, D. C., statistician. . . . Michael Brush is a physician practising in New York. . . . T. C. Wilson is one of the contributors to *New Letters in America,* edited by Horace Gregory, and is American editor of the British publication *Life and Letters.* . . . Muriel Rukeyser, another contributor to *New Letters in America* and author of the long poem "Mediterranean," published recently in the NEW MASSES, is one of a corps of reviewers who will cover films this season. . . . Donald Nash, one of a similar corps covering the theater, has been actively connected with the American stage for many years.

Flashbacks

"EXPELLED for factional activity and breach of discipline," ran a resolution adopted just ten years ago by the Communists of Russia. . . . "Deceived the party to a point bordering on the creation of a new party jointly with the bourgeois intellectuals," continued the statement which on October 24, 1927, terminated the relationship of Leon Trotsky to the political party he had joined only a few years before its rise to power. . . . Just a year ago (October 25, 1936) nearly a score of legionnaires and plainclothes men attacked an election rally at Tampa, Fla., at which Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, was speaking. Putting their shoulders under the platform, the raiders threw Browder and others to the ground. Twelve were injured. . . . F. A. Sorge, America's first Marxian labor leader, died October 25, 1906, after over fifty years service to the labor movement of this country, and indeed of the world. In the early seventies he had been secretary of the First International. . . . And lest we forget—on October 22, 1929, began the great crash in Wall Street which advertised: a) the arrival of the depression, and b) the perspicacity of the Comintern which a few months before had announced its coming.

NEW MASSES
OCTOBER 26, 1937

Joe Bartlett

UNITY'S THE WORD

American Labor Comes of Age at the C.I.O. Conference

By David Ramsey

ATLANTIC CITY.

AT the conference here of the Committee for Industrial Organization, American labor came of age. The dead hand of craft unionism, which kept the workers unorganized and impotent in the face of the power of finance capital, had been removed by the progressive fight of John L. Lewis and his associates against the reactionary officialdom of the American Federation of Labor. The conference proved that the C.I.O. is the living embodiment of the needs, the demands, and the accomplishments of the American working class. In two short years the C.I.O. had begun to realize the dream of American labor for the past fifty years—to organize the unorganized. The C.I.O. conference spoke as the progressive voice of four million workers organized in the basic industries.

The C.I.O. has proved, and its conference emphasized this basic fact, that the unorganized workers of this country can be organized; it has vindicated the principles of industrial unionism as the only method of organizing the mass-production industries; it has awakened the American working class from the dope-dreams of ragged individualism; it has become the dominant labor movement of the country. By doing all this, the C.I.O. has begun a fundamental realignment of the economic and political forces in the United States.

The program worked out by the C.I.O. conference is all the more significant in contrast to the A. F. of L. convention held at Denver. At Atlantic City concrete plans were made for the further organization of the unorganized. At Denver the A. F. of L. officials, in defiance of the expressed wishes of their own rank and file, declared "war" against the C.I.O. unions. The C.I.O. adopted resolutions of vital importance to the American people: a comprehensive program of labor and social legislation; condemnation of local and state authorities for anti-union actions; investigation of vigilante groups and defense of civil liberties; support of a boycott against all Japanese goods; the freedom of Mooney and Billings, etc. And most important of all, the C.I.O. took the initiative and presented proposals for the unification of the American labor movement.

The Denver convention marked the end of a long retreat begun by the A. F. of L. officials in 1935 when they refused to organize the workers in the mass-production industries. Running away from sound trade-union principles, the A. F. of L. officials moved so rapidly in reverse that at the Denver convention they ended up in open alliance with the economic royalists. The C.I.O. on the other hand, beginning as a protest against the unwillingness and inability of the A. F. of L. to organize the unorganized, has developed into the progressive labor movement of the United States and the most powerful fighting force in the camp of the progressives.

In this situation, and looking ahead to the struggles that loom on the horizon, the C.I.O. placed in the very center of its deliberations the need for a united labor movement. The discussion on unity which took place at the conference did not engage in abstract theorizing. The subject was taken up concretely on the basis of the economic and political problems which confront the American working class. And with this in view, a proposal was unanimously adopted, shaped to meet the present needs of the labor movement. This was stated clearly in the resolution on unity:

> The C.I.O. maintains that the organization of all workers is essential to the protection of any labor organization. Until the C.I.O., through its activity had organized the basic and allied industries, the labor movement had been vulnerable to any concerted action from the traditional enemies of labor. For this reason the C.I.O. is fully appreciative of the desirability of having a unified labor movement in this country. The C.I.O. therefore states, as its very definite policy, that it is entirely in favor of a unified labor movement.

We must understand several important facts which are the key to the offer of the C.I.O. The proposal was made with the full realization of the strength of the C.I.O. unions. During the discussion on the floor of the conference, Philip Murray, chairman of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, stressed the fact that the C.I.O. is the "dominant labor force in this nation."

Obviously the C.I.O. is not in the position it was a year ago. Having been powerful enough to whip General Motors, U. S. Steel, General Electric, and other Wall Street giants, it is strong enough today to impose its basic program in any discussion leading to the unification of the labor movement.

As proof of its strength, the C.I.O. pointed to its record. From an original membership of one million, it has grown to approximately four million. From eight international unions, it has grown to thirty-two national and international unions. It has organized the basic industries: steel, automobile, textile, petroleum, electrical and radio, rubber, maritime, etc. It has been able to win wage increases totaling over one billion dollars for its membership, and was primarily responsible for wage increases received by unorganized and A. F. of L. workers. Even the A. F. of L. grew because of the tremendous enthusiasm generated among the workers by the C.I.O. organizing drives. Consequently, the proposal of the C.I.O. could not be ignored by the reactionaries, because its achievements

have won overwhelming mass support, including the rank and file of the A. F. of L. unions.

Thus, the C.I.O. was able to insist that a unified labor movement could be brought about only on the basis of its fundamental program: organizing the unorganized in the basic industries. The unity resolution pointed out:

> The C.I.O. has proven conclusively during the past two years that its basic policies are essential for the organization of labor. Any compromise of the principles of the C.I.O. would in effect be compromising the very existence of organized labor.

The C.I.O. leaders made it clear that they would discuss unity in terms of organizing the unorganized, of building a powerful labor movement. This was brought out by Philip Murray, who said: "We still insist that our policy with reference to the organization of the unorganized, that our policy with reference to the creation of industrial unions, should remain the same. We believe that if the A. F. of L. is prepared to accept that kind of doctrine, we are then prepared to discuss with them plans leading to the unification of labor."

Finally, we must note that the unity proposal did not pose the question as simply one of discussing conditions for returning to the A. F. of L. As the dominant force in the labor movement, committed to the principles of industrial unionism, the C.I.O. wishes to unify labor around a program which will realize the urgent needs and desires of the workers. That rules out the kind of return to the A. F. of L. which is demanded by the Executive Council. In the discussion on October 15, while urging the naming of a committee of ten to negotiate with a similar committee from the A. F. of L., Murray made this point:

> The C.I.O. was unyielding, unwilling to compromise its position upon the question of industrial organization in the mass-production industries. . . . I understood our original message to mean that we would not compromise or yield upon that one question. Our original telegram to the A. F. of L. did not suggest a return to the fold of the A. F. of L., but did suggest a meeting for the purpose of discussing unity, and agreement, by both organizations which might give due recognition to the principles on which the C.I.O. was founded. We want the country to know that when we addressed meetings, we were prompted by the spirit of sincerity. We were acting in good faith. The C.I.O. is anxious to establish unity in the ranks of labor.

Because of these facts, the C.I.O. conference was able to make a unity proposal which the A. F. of L. officials were forced to meet. Following the refusal by Green to accept the terms of the C.I.O., the Executive Council, after several face-saving telegrams, was forced by the unity sentiment of the rank and file to agree to meet with the representatives of the C.I.O. in Washington on October 25. There was nothing else they could do, if they were not, in the words of Lewis, to be stripped of their cloak of hypocrisy.

If for nothing else, the C.I.O. conference was historic because of its unity proposal. This temporarily blocked the announced drive of the A. F. of L. and the employers against the C.I.O. unions. Every labor-hating employer who was preparing to emulate Girdler will now hesitate and await the results of the preliminary conference. All workers will be stirred by the C.I.O. proposal and will be encouraged to strengthen the labor movement.

This does not mean, of course, that we can expect unity to be achieved simply as the result of a few conferences. It must be remembered that reactionaries of the Hutcheson type will fight it to the bitter end. They realize only too well that a unified labor movement would establish democratic control in the unions, would wipe out racketeering, would adopt the progressive program of the C.I.O. In such a picture there is no room for the Hutchesons, the Becks, the Ryans, and rather than lose their illegal power they will try to destroy the labor movement itself.

Then there are certain A. F. of L. officials in the Executive Council who will strive to use the negotiations as a means of putting the C.I.O. on the spot. They will try to maneuver the C.I.O. into a position where the reactionaries can attempt to pose as the champions of unity.

Opposition will come from a third group of A. F. of L. potentates represented by Matthew Woll. They will seek to "unite" the two camps around a program which will destroy the present favorable opportunity for the organization of millions of workers still unorganized. They hope again to shackle labor to the disastrous policies of the Executive Council, which can only end in a catastrophic defeat for the American working class in the approaching economic crisis.

Throughout its brief history the C.I.O. has been the driving force making for unity because it has organized millions of unorganized workers. That is why John L. Lewis, speaking for the C.I.O., could give the Executive Council "one more chance to participate in the forging of a modern labor movement here in America, responsive to the needs and desires and the will of the men and women of labor."

The C.I.O. will win, and a unified labor movement will be built, because the rank and file in the A. F. of L. unions want unity. They have the same needs and aspirations as the members of the C.I.O. unions. From their daily experiences they know that the organizing drives have strengthened the fighting forces of American labor. As Lewis said, the members of the C.I.O. and A. F. of L. unions all "want and desire the same thing—increased living standards, a higher social status, more political freedom, and greater opportunity." And they will achieve these things through the program of the C.I.O.

The Atlantic City conference took the first step in the process which will be needed to unify the labor movement. Unity can and will be realized, but it will have to be fought for. We would be wrong to believe, as certain wiseacres are already saying, that it cannot be achieved because of the opposition of A. F. of L. leaders. These are the same kind of phony small fry who sneered at the argument that a large conference between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. would be a helpful instrument for forging unity.

The progressives in the A. F. of L. must bring the struggle for unity into the locals of their unions. The program of the C.I.O. must be carried to the A. F. of L. membership: organization of the unorganized, industrial unionism, democratic control in the trade unions, and the legislative proposals adopted by the C.I.O. conference. They must be shown that only on the basis of this program can a unified labor movement be built. The progressives within the A. F. of L. must resist the terroristic and splitting tactics of the Hutchesons, the Becks, and the Ryans. They must join with the C.I.O. unions in concrete actions against the employers and reactionaries.

What a unified labor movement would mean to the American working class is self-evident. The present eight million organized workers (if we include the railroad brotherhoods) would be joined by millions more. A labor movement fifteen million strong would be the probable goal in the coming year. Then the workers could face the rising tide of reaction and the ominous threat of another economic crisis with the assurance that a strong and unified labor movement had become the dominant factor in American life.

It was because the C.I.O. was looking ahead to the struggles which face the American working class that it made the need for a united labor movement its fundamental order of business. This ran through all the discussions and the resolutions adopted by the conference. The two hundred-odd delegates, composing the C.I.O. general staff, were fresh from the front-line trenches of the labor war, and out of personal experience they realized the need for unity.

They were a young bunch—the majority in their early thirties, men and women from the rank and file who had risen to leadership in the great organizing drives of the C.I.O. They spoke of the achievements of their organizations—the most amazing in the history of the labor movement—modestly, with the full realization of the great tasks that lie ahead. There was none of the bombast which A. F. of L. spokesmen use as a smoke-screen to cover up their failures and betrayals. The officers of the C.I.O. unions not only reported successes in one field after the other, but proposed plans for the further organization of unorganized workers. These men and women —some of them still bearing the marks of beatings, others just out of jail, some facing long years of imprisonment on trumped-up charges—participated in the C.I.O. conference with a sober realization of their responsibilities to the American working class.

Out of their own experiences they worked out an economic and political program not only for the American workers, but for the farmers and middle-class people as well. The central point of the program is the demand

that every worker have the right to a job. This is a far cry from the doctrines of the A. F. of L. officials, which left the workers to bear the brunt of every economic crisis. To achieve this basic need of the working people, there must be a fusion of economic and political action. In his concluding speech to the conference, John L. Lewis pointed out:

> We are not only fighting for the economic emancipation of the millions of Americans who work for a living, but we are fighting also for their political emancipation and political freedom of action, the right to live in communities free from corporation domination to a point that limits and circumscribes their political rights and political actions. . . . Political action on the part of American workers will be a natural by-product of economic freedom obtained through the right to organize and through economic bargaining. I have confidence that the workers of this country, given the right to do so, will in the future work out their own method of political participation. . . .

With this goal in mind, the historic C.I.O. conference closed its meeting and returned to the field to accelerate the organizing drives. This objective was underlined by the adoption of a resolution authorizing the calling of a national convention of all C.I.O. organizations whenever it is thought necessary.

No discussion on the conference would be complete which did not describe the role of Lewis. In a series of remarkable speeches—the one closing the conference will certainly go down in labor history—he demonstrated that the leadership of the progressive labor movement was his by right of ability and program. Every talk of his went down to fundamentals, and there can be little doubt that as leader of the progressive trade-union movement, he is destined to be much more.

Although Lewis towered above everyone else, mention should be made of the splendid organizational report made by John Brophy, of Philip Murray, who distinguished himself by clear thinking and forceful eloquence, of Michael Quill, president of the Transport Workers' Union, who stripped the Red bogy clean in a witty and powerful talk, of Van A. Bittner, who ripped the lid off and exposed the deal made by the Kelly-Nash machine with Republic Steel, which led to the Memorial Day massacre of steel strikers in Chicago. It is unfair not to describe all those who participated in the discussion and the active work of the conference. That is why it is the opinion of the writer that the proceedings of this conference should be made public as soon as possible. They constitute the most impressive record of progress in American labor history—a program of action to be followed by the American people in the struggle against Wall Street and its vested interests.

With Face-Saving Bluster, the A.F. of L. Begins to Yield

By William F. Dunne

DENVER.

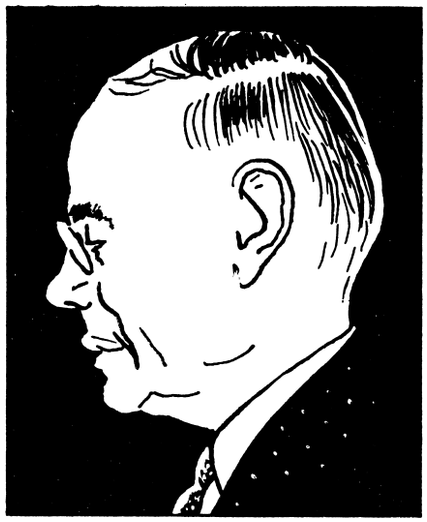
THIS *Ersatz* outfit wilted, as was to be expected, at the first impact of anything real representing the wage earners of this country.

Your correspondent has already pointed out in dispatches to you and the *Daily Worker* and other progressive papers that this gathering had no real essential basis. It is possible that even your correspondent, "psychologized" by a plenitude of speeches, overestimated the importance of this thing.

I cannot quote verbatim, but I think I said in one dispatch that there were no coal miners, metal miners, and smelter workers, textile workers, rubber workers, automobile workers, chemical workers, steel workers, oil workers, maritime workers from any organized section, lumber workers, or any other important units of industrially organized workers here.

This seems to explain the way this thing blew up after all its pretentious beginnings. In all my rather diversified experience I never found employers purchasing anything that was undeliverable. The whole show put on in the first days of the convention was just a selling argument. But hard-boiled buyers of labor power demand a little more than this. They might be willing to give odds to people more to their liking. But you have to have something—you have to have some wage earners to peddle. And if you haven't got this, even the Tom Girdlers are not going to do much business with you.

The moment powerful employers were sure of this, shown by statistics of the convention, the whole basis was laid for the sweeping surrender indicated in the final document of the convention. If one wanted really to be dirty and pour it on to these boys as they undoubtedly deserve, one could say that nothing more unreserved in its dog-like quitting has been seen in the history of labor movements.



Joe Bartlett

But we are for unity and we do not want to hurt anyone's feelings unnecessarily. We'll just let it go at that.

Nothing in the history of any labor movement is more servile in its character and indicative of bankruptcy than the document, admittedly drafted by one Matthew Woll, ostensibly replying to the C.I.O. unity proposal.

Perhaps for the record one must quote even at the expense of telegraph tolls to the NEW MASSES. But the language is so expressive of the surrender and the bankruptcy I mentioned in earlier dispatches that one may be excused:

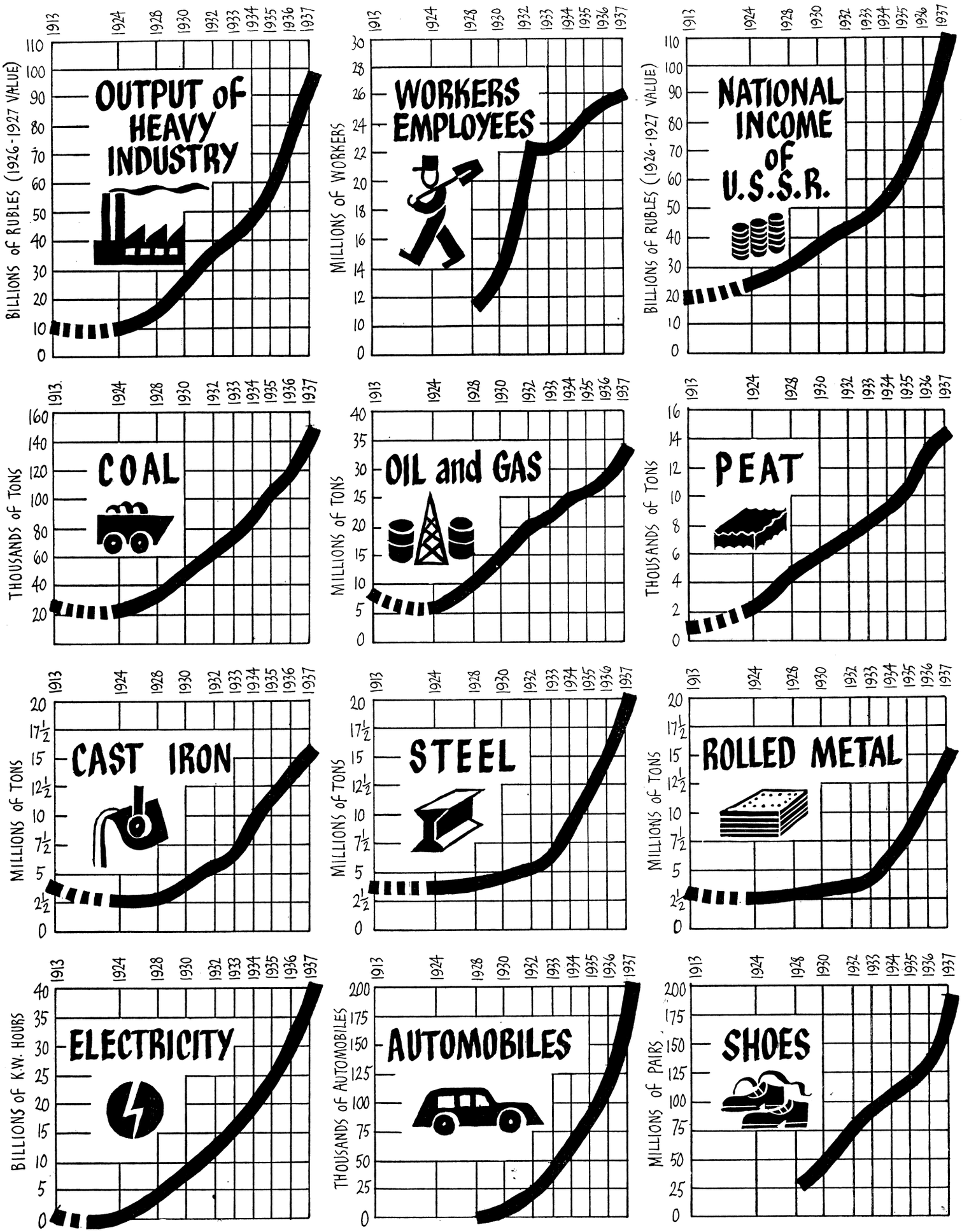
> We regard the spirit of the message sent as not in accord with the expressed objectives. We hold the language used as not germane to the proposal itself, but as designed more for propaganda than expressive of a real desire for peace and unity. Nevertheless, the A. F. of L. will want to arise above such unworthy motives and impracticable procedures.

The key to this face-saving formulation is found in the quoted statement of William Green, president of the A. F. of L. This is the lad who betrayed his own union, the United Mine Workers of America, the pioneer, with the mine, mill, and smelter workers, the inheritors of the tradition of the old Western Federation of Miners, of industrial unionism in the A. F. of L., and who by force of circumstances has been made to say, and I quote again: "But if there is one who must fall in the heat of battle, then let it be me who goes down. But let the ranks of labor remain intact."

The pressure for unity of the labor movement in the face of the world-war threat was so great that not even these casual dealers with the fate of labor could ignore it. Second, there was the fact that their big push on the Pacific Coast against the C.I.O. Maritime Workers had resulted in disastrous defeat. Third, the attempt of President William Green to glorify William Hutcheson, notorious czar of the carpenters' union and nominate him as the *ne plus ultra* leader, whose motives no one must question, of the battle against industrial unionism on the Pacific Coast, met with complete failure even in this convention of craft-union leaders.

The restoration of unity in the American labor movement seems to me to depend upon the recognition of the fact that unity rests on the principle of industrial unionism. That the craft-union leaders have taken an awful beating in the last six months, and especially that their political prestige has been undermined at this convention, are indisputable.

How much this will dispose them to see reason in unity negotiations is something I cannot predict. But all honest believers in unity of the labor movement must feel that industrial unionism now has the upper hand.



HOW SOVIET INDUSTRY HAS GROWN

All figures for 1937 are the plan estimates

Is Soviet Industry "Going Badly"?

Recent references in the capitalist press to "breakdown" and "chaos" serve as the point of departure for this second article of a series

By Joshua Kunitz

OF late, wherever any aspect of Soviet life comes up for discussion, the ineluctable argument of the pessimists is the invocation of the name of Harold Denny of the New York *Times*. Thus the friend of the Soviet Union, whether he wants to or not, finds himself engaged in a perpetual polemic against the *obiter dicta* of a correspondent whose sole basis of influence is the large circulation of the paper for which he writes. Anticipating the inevitable, I have decided in these articles to forego my preference for straight, unargumentative reporting, and will try instead to arrive at a picture of the contemporary state of Soviet economy through juxtaposing my own observations and interpretations against those of Mr. Denny.

In his recent series in the *Times,* Mr. Denny sketched a pretty bleak picture of Soviet economy. "Industry is going badly from top to bottom . . . low production . . . bad quality . . . chaotic distribution . . . high prices . . . breakdown of labor discipline . . . low wages . . . inequitable pay . . . workers among the most exploited in the world . . . fantastic inefficiency and waste. . . ." In short, a situation verging on the catastrophic.

Furthermore, all these evils are not fortuitous. "Communism," suggests Mr. Denny, parodying the Communist criticism of capitalism, "carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction." Bureaucratic inefficiency and waste, he writes, are inherent in a system which endeavors to put all production in the hands of the state. In such a system ("Marxian socialism") a large share of what is being produced, instead of going back to the worker-producer, is absorbed by a swollen army of bureaucratic functionaries, parasites on industry and agriculture, who tend to crystallize into a self-perpetuating caste.

But Mr. Denny wants to be believed. Realizing that a picture of undiluted gloom would too obviously reveal his animus, he, for the sake of verisimilitude, grudgingly, fumblingly, with no end of modifying and qualifying clauses, admits a few rather favorable things. "From a material standpoint the Soviet regime has much to boast about." "The industrialization program is one of the greatest efforts in human history." There are many "rapidly growing industrial cities." "There is no unemployment problem in Russia." "There seems to be no doubt that the lower categories of Russian labor are decidedly better off than they were before the revolution . . . their condition now is steadily though slowly improving." "In exploration and in some branches of science the Soviet system has accomplished wonders." "The Soviet has pursued a highly enlightened policy in regard to music, the theater, and to a certain extent literature." "Illiteracy, which was high before the revolution, has been almost entirely overcome." "Whatever may be said against the Bolsheviki, it cannot be denied that they fulfilled the promise of the open door of opportunity to the younger generation, and the progress made in this direction in the past decade is simply fantastic to anyone who knew the country before." Finally, in a few little inconspicuous words, carefully tucked away in six long articles, Mr. Denny grants one thing, which, as will be shown subsequently, actually negates most of his cheerless tale. I mean his casual reference to agriculture "going relatively well."

Now let us see what has been happening in Soviet industry. Mr. Denny says that Soviet industry has been "going badly from top to bottom." Judging by what I observed during my two years and three months in the Soviet Union, I maintain that he is distorting easily verifiable facts. Indeed, he himself admits it when, forgetting what he had said at the beginning of his series, in the concluding article he lets slip the following:

> Soviet industry functions well at points where real competition enters. Such points include production of airplanes and military equipment. In these the Soviet is in what might turn out to be life-and-death competition with the outside world. Her planes, tanks, and guns must be good; therefore they are good.

Modern military equipment comprises more than planes, guns, and tanks. And what about trucks? And railways? And explosives? And what about canned goods and bakeries and clothing factories? And what about steel and iron and oil? Even if it were true that in the Soviet Union only industries driven by the life-and-death competition in armaments functioned well, they would still constitute a very considerable part of all industry.

Mr. Denny testifies against himself again when he admits that Soviet agriculture is "going relatively well." Now Soviet agriculture is modern, large-scale, and highly mechanized. It could not possibly go even "relatively well" without a relatively adequate supply of artificial fertilizer, agricultural machinery, tractors, combine harvesters, trucks, and fuel. And that means relatively good functioning of a considerable part of Soviet heavy industry.

And may we remark in passing that the phrase "relatively well," when applied to the unprecedented Soviet harvest, is as gross an understatement as "going badly from top to bottom," when applied to Soviety industry, is an exaggeration.

It should be remembered that the ***Second Five-Year Industrial Plan was fulfilled as far back as April 1, 1937, that is, nine months ahead of schedule, and that railroad transport overfulfilled the plan by 7.7 percent a whole year ahead of schedule.*** All the excitement in the Soviet press over the threatened nonfulfillment of the plan applies not to the Second Five-Year Plan but to the greatly advanced plan for the year 1937. The point is that Soviet production plans are not absolutely rigid. They are constantly being modified in the process of their realization. In addition to the general Five-Year Plan, there are annual plans which are adjustable and are either lowered or heightened, depending on the rate of progress already attained. When the 1937 plan was under consideration, it was known that the general Second Five-Year Plan would be fulfilled much earlier than was originally expected. The 1937 plan was therefore greatly jacked up to ensure considerable overfulfillment of the Second Five-Year Plan.

Compared with the first six months of 1936, the corresponding period in 1937 showed a 15-percent increase in industrial production. The significance of this fact can be gauged by the following rather startling comparison: the output of heavy industry alone in the first six months of this year was greater (104 percent) than the total industrial output of the U.S.S.R. for the entire twelve months of 1932. To make the thing still clearer: the mere *increase* in industrial output in the first six months of this year as compared with the industrial output of the corresponding months last year is measured by the colossal sum of 5,200,000,000 rubles—that is, a sum equal to half the value of the *entire annual production* of pre-revolutionary Russia. I urge the reader to ponder these facts and then try to reconcile them with the "fantastic inefficiency" of Soviet industry reported by Mr. Denny.

In certain industries the output, as compared with last year, has increased even more spectacularly: the smelting of copper by 27 percent, of aluminum by 21.4 percent, the production of Diesel motors by 38.8 percent, of automobiles by 72.7 percent, the output of the machinery industries by 18.4 percent.

On the other hand, there are certain essential industries whose output during the first half of this year increased less satisfactorily or did not increase at all. The production of

steel increased by only 10 percent, of rolled metal by only 6.1 percent. The production of cast iron even fell in comparison with the first six months of last year by nine-tenths of one percent. The production of anthracite and oil remained stationary. The timber industry was working very badly; its production actually fell to 80 percent of the production for the corresponding period last year. Also lagging behind the annual plan was the production of cement. Naturally, the shortage of lumber and cement seriously interfered with the full carrying out of this year's construction plan.

It is not unlikely, of course, that the planning authorities, carried away by the successful fulfillment of the original Second Five-Year Plan and the great promise contained in the Stakhanov movement, overestimated the possibilities of Soviet industry for 1937. They jacked up the plan too steeply, and now that there is danger of *incomplete* fulfillment, they are raising a rumpus in the press about criminal negligence, inefficiency, bureaucracy, lack of labor discipline, etc. There is plenty of that, to be sure, but what Mr. Denny, it seems, has not yet learned is that one shouldn't take the loud outcries in the Soviet papers too literally. The function of journalism, according to Soviet canons, is not merely to dispense information, but also to agitate and organize. Once the annual plan is in danger, the business of the press is, first, to arouse the masses to a realization of the danger and, second, to organize them with the purpose of removing it. It is a concentrated drive, a campaign. It is socialist self-criticism in action on a vast scale, and a magnificent exhibition of the genuine democracy on which the socialist society is based. Now the Soviet press knows perfectly well that when it opens up this kind of public clinic on an ailing industry, when it mercilessly exposes wrecking, sabotage, inefficiency, and even honest mistakes, that the enemies of the Soviet Union will use the material for their own purposes. Self-criticism in the Soviet press becomes translated, in the correspondents' dispatches, through animus or ignorance, into catastrophic "admissions." The Soviet press, the government, and the Communist Party know this perfectly well, and yet criticism goes on, daily, on a scale unparalleled in any other country, and with a clear constructive purpose not to be met with anywhere else. Having followed the Soviet press for many years, I know the purpose of the criticism and am confident of the results. Not directly involved in the campaign, I am in a position to view the thing objectively. And for the life of me, I cannot understand why a 15-percent increase in industrial output in six months is a sign of "fantastic inefficiency" or an indication that "Soviet industry is going badly from top to bottom." As I see it, even if the annual plan is not fully carried out, 1937 would still be a year of great positive achievement. And it is not yet certain that the plan won't be carried out; the latest figures show a definite spurt upward all along the line.

But the absurdity of Mr. Denny's alarms appears even greater when one stops for a moment to think of the full meaning of such a phrase as "the fulfillment of the two Five-Year Plans." Because of its apparent fairness, Denny's patronizing compliment about "the industrialization program" being "one of the greatest efforts in human history" is especially misleading. The impression left is that it has all been "program" and "effort"—and that of *actual achievement* there has been nothing or next to nothing. Let the reader compare the years 1928 and 1936 on the accompanying charts, and he will get an inkling of the amazing changes that have taken place in Soviet economy in the short period of nine years.

Since 1928, the U.S.S.R. has become the foremost industrial country in Europe. It has attained complete technical and economic independence, and has come closer to economic self-sufficiency than any country in the world, including the United States. There was a time when the U.S.S.R. had no aluminum; now its aluminum needs are met 100 percent by its own plants. The same is true of zinc and ferrous alloys, anthracite, cotton, and will soon be true of rubber. Russia never produced automobiles, motor trucks, tractors, combines, airplanes, bicycles, watches, sewing machines. Now it produces them. Russia has begun to produce its own nickel and its own lead. It has developed a stupendous new canning industry. In nine years it has built up one of the best equipped armies and air fleets in the world. One can go on enumerating *ad infinitum*. The point is that all these things and many more that haven't been mentioned are not mere "program" and "effort"—they are a magnificent *achievement* and, considering the shortness of time and the vastness and backwardness of the country, one of the greatest achievements in human history.

Of course, there has been opposition; of course, there has been sabotage and wrecking and plotting and interference and inefficiency and dishonesty and bureaucracy and stupidity. The Soviets can operate only through the people that are available—and not all the 160 million people in the Soviet Union, especially former Nepmen, speculators, kulaks, priests, Trotskyites, etc., have in a brief time been transformed into intelligent, efficient, noble, and cooperative beings. They are still plenty of egotists, fools, incompetents, careerists, and rascals. They haven't as easy a time of it under the Soviet regime as they might have had under another system, but not a few of them do manage to work themselves into positions of responsibility where they do plenty of harm before they are discovered, exposed, and rendered innocuous.

Julio Girona

To take the activities of these people as "significant symptoms" of the "seeds of its own destruction," which, according to Mr. Denny, "communism carries within itself," is ineffably silly. These people are not products of the new; they are remnants of the old. Fortunately, the Soviet atmosphere is not very conducive to their indefinite survival, and they are rapidly being shoved out of Soviet life. Naturally, they are resentful.

As to the "widespread" resentment which Denny avers exists among the masses, it is pure and unadulterated poppycock. In all my experience in the Soviet Union, I was never made even remotely aware of any such resentment. Indeed, Mr. Denny's own articles contradict this fanciful assertion of his. If it is true that the progress made in the past decade in the direction of opening the door of opportunity to the younger generation "is simply fantastic," then, obviously, we need look for no signs of "widespread resentment" among fifty million representatives of the younger generation. If it is true that "the lower categories of Russian labor are decidedly better off than they were before the revolution" and that "their condition now is steadily though slowly improving," then we have another ten million or so eliminated from among the resentful ones. If it is true that the skilled workers and the Stakhanovites and the artists and the scientists and the writers and the office-holders are the favored people in the land, then we can add several million more to the more or less satisfied section of the population. Finally, if it is true that Soviet agriculture is going relatively well, a circumstance that is of direct concern to three quarters of the Soviet population, then what is left of Mr. Denny's "widespread" resentment?

Similarly absurd is his report that the office-holders and functionaries in the Soviet Union are crystallizing into a "self-perpetuating caste," that is, into a distinct parasitic class which exists on the "surplus value" created by the workers. I will not here discuss the ridiculous use of the term "surplus value." In the words of Corliss Lamont, "the anti-Marxists seem more and more frequently to reach the stage where there is nothing left for them to do but to attempt to win verbal victories through a muddling misuse of Marxist terms." But what about the "self-perpetuating" character of the office-holding group? Mr. Denny himself has been shedding oceans of tears over the "thousands" of shifts, dismissals, demotions, and even some executions among the higher government, union, and party functionaries. But nowhere does he reconcile this precariousness of tenure with a "self-perpetuating caste." Actually, of course, there is not

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"The selling business ain't what it used to be."

Maurice Becker

even a suggestion of castes in the Soviet structure. And when Denny speaks of "low wages," "inequitable pay," "surplus value," worker "exploitation," and "self-perpetuating castes," he is simply talking nonsense. There is no *exploitation* in the Soviet Union, since there are no individuals and certainly no classes which through the private ownership of the means of production, distribution, or exchange can exploit others. There is no private profit in the Soviet Union. The "profit" made by Soviet industry and commerce is *collective profit* which, instead of going into the pockets of individual capitalists, goes back to the producers who, in addition to compensation received individually in the form of wages, also receive compensation collectively in the form of new socially-owned plants, factories, shops, dwellings, schools, hospitals, sanatoriums, roads, nurseries, canals, subways, theaters, parks, workers' clubs, sickness, unemployment and old age insurance, stipends for students and other social benefits.

The workers and peasants of Russia inherited from the old regime a ruined land. They had to start from scratch. Naturally, in the early period, socialist accumulation, which is another way of saying "collective compensation," constitutes a very large part of the total production. This compensation, though indirect, is nonetheless very real. There is scarcely a worker or collective farmer in the Soviet Union who is not conscious of this. However, people can receive, individually and collectively, no more than they produce. Insofar as the productivity of Soviet labor, judged by the standards of traditionally industrial countries, is still not very high, so far, of course, is labor's compensation, especially in its individual form, not very high. And insofar as the productivity of Soviet labor rises (aided by technical schools, longer experience, better organization), so far does its compensation, both individual and collective, rise.

Thus, since 1928, wages of industrial workers have increased more than 400 percent: from sixty rubles a month to 260.

Similarly, only within the last three years, state expenditures on schools, hospitals, rest homes, and similar social benefits, rose from 6,300,000,000 rubles to 17,000,000,000, and the expenditures of the trade unions kept pace with that of the state.

In one form or another, Soviet labor gets all it produces, on the equitable socialist principle of from each according to his ability and to each according to his work. There are no exploiters, there is no exploitation, and there are no castes.

Soviet society is extremely fluid. It consists of three productive classes: industrial workers, farmers, and the professional intelligentsia (and 90 percent of the latter are of worker or peasant origin). What's more, anyone who has been in intimate contact with Soviet life cannot fail to have observed that even among these classes the distinctions are beginning to wear off, for despite the wishful prognostication of the capitalist scribes, the U.S.S.R. is resolutely advancing toward a classless society —the Communist goal.

(This is the second of four articles on the Soviet Union by Joshua Kunitz. Next week's will deal with the status of Soviet agriculture.)

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LITTLE MEN, WHAT NOW?

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A Great Negro Congress

TWELVE hundred and eighteen delegates, over five hundred of them women, ranging from Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Kennedy of Pennsylvania, official delegate of the C.I.O., to rank-and-file members of trade unions, unemployed groups, civic, political, and cultural organizations met in Philadelphia last week to sit as the Second National Negro Congress. They received greetings from President Roosevelt. They listened to speeches from men with viewpoints as dissimilar as those of James W. Ford, Communist leader, and Dr. Frederick D. Patterson, president of Tuskegee Institute. And they enthusiastically endorsed a program calling for vigorous support of the trade-union movement, a bitter-end fight against war and fascism, and laid plans for an active struggle for full civil and political rights for the Negro people.

The congress, headed by A. Phillip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters, is a coördinating organization, embracing every group, Negro and white, willing to support the demands of the Negro people. Trade-union delegates, principally from steel, rubber, the packing houses, transport, and automobiles, dominated the congress both in number and in clarity of outlook and expression. Their domination was not mechanical but was rather an indication that Negro workers are playing an increasingly important role in Negro life and that Negro middle-class leaders are learning that the well-being of the worker must be fought for in order to assure security for Negroes as a whole.

This growing importance of the Negro worker's role was also vividly portrayed in the report of Executive Secretary John P. Davis who detailed the year's work of the congress in aiding organization campaigns in steel, textiles, tobacco, rubber, and autos, in its struggle for civil rights and its warfare against discrimination against Negroes everywhere.

The congress met on the anniversary of John Brown's storming of Harper's Ferry and in the same city in which Richard Allen, founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, called the first congress of Negroes in 1831. The delegates to the present congress pledged themselves to fight their modern battles with the same zeal and determination displayed by those early Americans in the battle for the abolition of slavery.

Massachusetts Witch Hunt

THE Massachusetts legislative investigation of subversive activities, aimed at the outlawing of the Communist Party, was brought up with a sharp jerk last week when John L. Spivak appeared before the committee. The committee had covered itself with ridicule in its witch hunt. Its bias was so clear, and its procedure so stupid that press and public were registering unmistakable disgust. Labor organizations, churches, civic groups, university professors—and two university presidents—had written to the committee and the press, asking why the Communists were being badgered and why no attempt was being made to investigate the Nazis.

A group of representatives of churches, labor bodies, civic groups, and individual liberals invited Spivak to come to Boston and testify about his own studies of Nazi propaganda in the United States.

Spivak went up, and for two days testified on Nazi propaganda throughout the country, naming Edward H. Hunter of the Industrial Defense Assn., with headquarters at 136 Federal Street, Boston, as the chief anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic propaganda outlet for the New England states, coöperating both directly and indirectly with paid secret Nazi agents in this country.

For the first time since this committee began to function, they received documentary evidence which was hailed in enormous headlines by the Boston papers. Nevertheless, although Spivak named Hunter and presented letters which Hunter had written to the Nazi consul at Boston, Tippleskirsch, the committee made not the slightest move to subpœna the papers and records of the Industrial Defense Assn. or to put Mr. Hunter on the stand. As newspaper men covering the hearings in Boston remarked, "Hunter had enough time to go through all of his files leisurely in an effort to lose any too damning connections that may have been in them."

But the committee's record now testifies that it was told exactly where the subversive elements are, and what they are doing. The committee will have to do some fantastic buck-passing to carry out its original intention of outlawing the Communist Party in Massachusetts. We believe the progressive labor forces in that state are alert enough, if the witch-hunters try to pass the buck to the Communists, to pass it back to them so red hot that it will set their clothes on fire.

The Boogawahzies

WHILE glancing at the Massachusetts committee, we may as well record an incident that occurred while Earl Browder was testifying. It gives an illuminating index of the committee's general competence to investigate communism, Marxism, or anything else. Senator Burke, who is an average committee member, asked: "Mr. Browder, does the Communist Party have any secret organization within its ranks?"

"It has not."

"It has not?"

"No."

"Then," said Senator Burke, "will you tell me just what the connection of the Communist Party is with the Boogawahzies?"

"The *what?*" asked Browder.

"The Boogawahzies," said the senator.

"We never heard of the Boogawahzies," said Browder.

"Why," said the senator, "every one of your writings refers to them, but we haven't been able to locate the Boogawahzies."

"He means," explained Mme. Chairman Sybil Holmes, "the bourgeoisie."

An Affair of Dishonor

LAST summer during the steel strike William Green denounced the C.I.O.'s tactics, and John L. Lewis, commenting on Green's words, called them "droolings from the pallid lips of a traitor." Anyone inclined to think Lewis's language too forceful should examine documentary evidence recently published in the *Daily Worker*. A whole series of letters passing between Green, Matthew Woll, John P. Frey, and Ralph M. Easley plainly links these A. F. of L. chiefs with the National Civic Federation's Red-baiting, anti-labor campaign. Photostatic copies and a stenographic report of a long distance telephone conversation between Green and the N.C.F. chairman furnish an appalling indictment of A. F. of L. leadership.

Before quoting from this neo-fascistic correspondence, it should be noted that a resolution, introduced at the 1935 A. F. of L. convention by John L. Lewis and carried unanimously, forbade any Federation official to act as an officer of the N.C.F. or be a member thereof. (Woll came to that convention as acting chairman of Easley's organization, which includes the leading open-shop industrialists and bankers of America.)

Nevertheless, Woll remained with them in spirit. So much so that Easley wrote De-

cember 16, 1936, asking him to preside at an N.C.F. luncheon to honor Joseph P. Ryan. Remembering that unanimous vote, Matthew was cautious. "There might be those who would say that my resignation from the National Civic Federation was merely a pretense," he answered. Cautious but very sympathetic, he wrote, too, that he expected to "show up" at the N.C.F. office after the first of the year.

True to his word, Matthew showed up—by August he was conferring with Easley about plans for a Girdler-Green get-together. August 6 Easley wrote the A. F. of L. president: "I am enclosing a proof of an article that I want to send out next week to 1000 representative citizens; also a draft of the covering letter. Let me have your reaction upon it before I leave for Cleveland next Tuesday to see Mr. Girdler."

The "article" mentioned was a story spread by an A. F. of L. organizer to the effect that John L. Lewis had received $750,000 of "Moscow gold." Three days before Easley had written Green saying, "I think we can stir up the country to the idea that unless John L. Lewis and the C.I.O. are cleaned out, the country is gone. . . ."

Replying to these "confidential" letters on August 13, Mr. Green was more than a little cagy. He thought that the article would "create a most profound impression," but he doubted the advisability of a capital-labor (Girdler-Green) luncheon. Matthew Woll was at Easley's elbow to handle the dirtier details. "I note you conferred with Mr. Woll recently," Green wrote. "Thank you for information upon this development."

Provocative as they are, these brief quotations do not fully convey the conspiratorial tone of the whole affair, though there is no mistaking the similarity of aims and the note of intimacy in this clandestine alliance, the exposure of which by the *Daily Worker* has shocked and enlightened many thousands of union members.

White-Collar Union Veterans

NOT to be lost in the profusion of conventions of the past few weeks is the Third Annual Convention of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, & Technicians, held in Detroit, October 7-10. It is encouraging to see this important section of workers in the technical professions making progress in the building of their union. This convention was a direct answer to the hysterical appeals and threats against the march of unionism uttered by the leadership of the Professional Engineers' Society at their convention recently held in New York.

It is not only because these workers are so important to production that they are important to the trade-union movement, but also because they are being used as the spearhead for an attack on the C.I.O. by unscrupulous employers. Prejudices acquired at our technical schools and the general barrage of the leadership of the professional societies has made them susceptible to these tactics, and they are being used in many instances as a base for company unions and as an entering wedge in an attack on the Wagner Act.

Being the first of the white-collar unions to join the C.I.O., they are breaking down the suspicions of the industrial workers of "those fellows who used to be with the boss."

These workers realize more fully the terrific exploitation of creative talent that passes under the name of "professionalism." Symptomatic of the technical workers' turn towards unionism are the remarks of Dr. Walter N. Polakov in addressing the F.A.E.C.T. convention on the important problem of "Technological Trends and National Policy." Polakov in essence stated that only mass unionization of all industries and undertakings will insure the steady use of technological improvements for the benefit of all. Frank Lloyd Wright, who addressed the convention, said, "I believe in unionism. I believe in unionizing the country to the hilt."

The People's Front Holds

THE big news of the week from France is that the Popular Front still claims the affection and support of a decisive majority of the French. Indeed, last week's cantonal elections showed that the fascist parties under de la Rocque and Doriot are more than ever on the defensive. Within the Popular Front, the shift of sentiment continues to favor the working-class parties. But the change in the relation of forces between the Socialists, Communists, and Radical Socialists was not important enough to affect the government one way or the other.

The Socialists scored the biggest gains by bagging eighty-one new seats. The Communists gained thirty new seats while the Radical Socialists lost forty-two. But the latter still hold many more seats than both Socialists and Communists combined, having entered the election with fully one third of the total number of seats. The Communist gains were eminently satisfactory though not as large as expected. The center of Communist strength is, after all, in the Seine Département, including Paris and its environs. The recent election excluded this large industrial area.

The fascists suffered a double setback. First, they fared very badly in the electoral battle; according to the latest available cables, de la Rocque won only ten seats and Doriot not a single one. Secondly, they were rooting for a split within the Popular Front, a split which seemed possible when the Socialists refused to support certain Radicals, and some Radical Socialist districts refused to support Communists in the run-offs. The much-rumored split never materialized. Practically every local quarrel was patched up by election day. France has once more demonstrated that unity on the left means victory on the left.

Paul Vaillant-Couturier

THE premature death, at the age of forty-five, of Paul Vaillant-Couturier, brilliant editor of *Humanité* and a beloved leader of the Communist Party of France, will be poignantly felt by everyone who knew him. A man of broad culture, colossal energy, and countless gifts, Vaillant-Couturier was the nearest modern approximation to the renaissance man in the revolutionary movement. As dynamic as he was courageous, as keen as he was eloquent, Vaillant-Couturier was possessed of a vitality that was boundless and a versatility that was almost legendary. There was nothing, it seemed, that he could not do. A great orator, a splendid journalist, a tireless traveler, a ubiquitous correspondent, and a passionate political campaigner, this man found time for an incredible variety of other pursuits. He was a novelist. He was a painter. He had a beautiful tenor voice of operatic quality and range. When in the Caucasus, he amazed the mountaineers by his perfect horsemanship, his flawless shooting, his performance of the folk dances from his native Pyrenees, his culinary accomplishments, and his subtle connoisseurship of wines.

He had a tremendous capacity for work. Besides being editor of *Humanité,* he ably represented his party in the Chamber of Deputies, served on all kinds of commissions, headed the revolutionary writers' organization, etc. Efficiency and punctuality were his mottoes. He brought great gifts to the revolutionary movement, but he did not approach the movement as one bearing gifts. He gave himself, completely and finally, to the fight. The revolutionary movement of the whole world, no less than that of France, is the loser by his passing.

Was the A. P. Wrong?

THERE is a story behind the story of the Vatican's alleged support of Japan which needs telling in the interest of world peace as well as of reliable reporting. The only organization in a position to dispel the

mystery still shrouding the whole affair is the Associated Press. On October 14, the A.P. wires carried a dispatch under a Vatican City date-line crediting "a reliable Vatican source" with the information that the Vatican had issued "a private memorandum defining the church's position in the Chinese-Japanese conflict." The cable bore all the marks of authenticity. It contained direct quotations. It linked the anti-Chinese memorandum with the Pope's recent encyclicals on the Spanish war in very coherent fashion.

Now it is well known that the American newspapers are extremely touchy about news detrimental to the interests of the powerful Catholic hierarchy. The largest press agency in the country would hardly dare to run counter to this cautiousness unless it had checked its dispatch and knew it to be authentic. Secondly, it is well known that correspondents do not cite "a reliable Vatican source," attributing to that source direct quotations, unless they are in a position to make good if their story is repudiated after a hostile public reception.

Most significant of all the details in this affair, the A.P. itself carried another story from Washington on October 15, quoting the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Ameleto Giovanni Cicognani, as follows: "I have been instructed by the under-secretary of state of the Vatican, Archbishop Pizzardo, to request the Associated Press to issue a complete denial of its release of October 14 on the attitude of the Vatican in the present Sino-Japanese conflict."

But the Associated Press has issued no such denial. Undoubtedly pressure has already been exerted to extort such a denial, but the A.P. has preferred to stand pat. Would the A.P. care to buck the hierarchy if it could not make good on its original dispatch?

The answer is obviously no. Yet the whole matter has been left hanging in the air and the American reading public is more puzzled than ever. The Associated Press has an obligation to perform, either to corroborate its original wire or to give the full circumstances in which its mistake, if it was a mistake, originated. Silence in this case condemns both sides.

A Fascist Feeler

PRESENTING a preview, or rather a trailer, of a possible Hollywood feature to be called "You Can Be a Star but You Can't Think," we quote from the Hollywood *Reporter:*

Following urgent requests from their foreign departments, major companies will take action soon to prevent players from taking part in political movements and lending use of their names to campaigns on which national and international opinion is sharply divided.

The open anti-Nazi and anti-fascist stand of Hollywood stars has caused box-office losses to their companies, not only in Germany and Italy, but in other countries where these political principles are bitter issues. Since Hollywood depends on foreign territory for 40 percent of its grosses, the "isms" publicly praised or denounced by film personalities may reach the point of bringing serious loss.

Nothing has been done by producers or the Producers' Association so far, as the matter has not been considered serious. The stumping of stars, however, is growing, and executives are worried. One home office official stated that "the players are under contract to us and as such must obey us."

As a "news" item, this is a phony, of course. Louis B. Mayer, who controls M.G.M., Twentieth-Century-Fox, etc., is the man behind W. R. Wilkerson, who publishes the Hollywood *Reporter.* No foreign market is involved. The item says Hollywood gets 40 percent of its grosses from abroad. Of this, 75 percent comes from the British empire. American films are banned in Germany, Italy refuses to allow the rental from them to leave the country, and Japan has taken or is taking similar action.

This is a clear case of fascism abroad showing its hand in America. The bum's rush given Vittorio Mussolini rankles. But it's still not against the law for American workers, whether in the films or elsewhere, to express their abhorrence of fascism. If the other film bosses follow the lead of Louis B. Mayer, who is Hollywood's No. 1 fascist, and bow to the pressure of foreign fascist governments, they will lay themselves open to a crushing counter-attack by the rapidly organizing workers of the whole industry.

Gathering Gloom

AFTER finishing the first half of this year at a pace substantially ahead of 1936 (*Business Week* estimated 10 percent greater activity), business began to slacken. By mid-August this hesitancy was clearly apparent. Even Wall Street took the cue, and stocks crashed in the first of a series of breaks that has dropped the average price of leading securities forty points to date—roughly 30 percent. More important, various indices of business have turned sharply downward. At 101.1 the New York *Times's* index, for instance, is now ten points below

Snow

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its August high, dipping under the same week for 1936.

When the individual components of this index are studied, the picture looks even blacker. Automobile production is the only item that managed to beat 1936 figures for the week ending October 9. Freight-car loadings, cotton-mill activity, and electric-power production all trailed 1936. The lumber index was off 14.3 points and steel-ingot output was down 13.5 points from the same week a year ago. Though this is not the first recession since recovery began, it is by all odds the most widespread and sustained. In the late summer of 1929 the *Times's* index stood close to 115. Depression carried it down to 66 before Roosevelt's first inauguration. From that time (barring a quick run-up and setback as manufacturers jockeyed with the N.R.A.) the trend was unmistakably upward until this August. Stock market prices largely followed the same pattern.

There is gathering gloom in business and financial circles, and one thing is obvious—the same "leaders" who had no inkling of what lay ahead in the fall of '29 are just as nonplused today. They had looked for a brisk expansion this autumn, especially as crops were good and most prices "favorable." Small businessmen are no less anxious and uneasy, for retail sales indicate a physical volume of goods handled barely on a par with the same period a year ago and some districts show losses.

Some, like Dorothy Thompson, are already announcing a new depression. However that may be, it is certainly possible to discern immediate effects of the slump apart from industrial fields. Congress meets November 15 in a special session to consider legislation directly involving the nation's purchasing power. And already reactionary interests are using the decline as a lever against "government interference" with business, whether it be regulation of the stock exchange, a real wages-and-hours bill, or taxation to provide relief for unemployment.

The Coming Test of Strength

THE coming special session of Congress promises to be just as exciting in its possibilities for decidedly improving the living conditions of the masses as the last. The sad fate of almost every progressive measure introduced at the last regular session is at once a hope and a warning. It is a hope if the lessons of the various setbacks have been taken to heart by the President and his congressional supporters. It is a warning that there is no guarantee against further defeats except in the rallying of popular opinion behind every progressive measure in the administration program.

Reaction is losing no time in moving its heavy artillery into position for an onslaught against the minimum five-point program which President Roosevelt has outlined for the special session. *Steel,* the organ of the big steel interests, has already charged that the projected minimum wages-and-hours legislation is an "unsettling factor" to steel markets and business generally, and partially accounts for the slump in steel production. We will hear much more of this type of propaganda before the special session closes.

The vast majority of farmer and labor sentiment is, however, just as keenly aware of the issues at stake. These elements base their support on a recognition that the administration's program represents a step forward toward ameliorating conditions which keep a vast section of the population below a mere subsistence level. They further recognize the fact that a setback for this program, however limited it may be, will be a victory for the bourbons who would be content to see great sections of the population doomed to a below-subsistence standard of living under ruthless forms of oppression. If this step is not taken, it will be infinitely harder to take other and higher steps.

President Roosevelt gave quite clear expression to the relation between the special session and the last regular session in his Columbus Day radio speech:

> The people of the United States were checked in their efforts to prevent future piling up of huge agricultural surpluses and the tumbling prices which inevitably follow them. They were checked in their efforts to secure reasonable minimum wages and maximum hours and the end of child labor. And because they were checked, many groups in many parts of the country still have less purchasing power and a lower standard of living than the nation as a whole can permanently allow.

Mr. Roosevelt, it appears, has begun to reread the returns of last November more closely in preparation for the coming session than he evidenced for the last. His recent trip must have shown him that the people have not wavered in their determination to get progressive legislation from a progressive administration. He must be keeping his ears close to the ground from which the rumble of a labor and farmer upheaval is developing.

In respect to the progressive features of the administration's program, progressive sentiment in this country is not merely behind Mr. Roosevelt. It is on all sides of him and much of it is far in advance. When he told his radio audience that "five years of fierce discussion and debate" had "taken the whole nation to school in the nation's business," he may have been unaware that some of the scholars progressed more rapidly than their teacher.

For all of his sympathy for the one third that is ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed, Mr. Roosevelt is still wedded to the capitalist system. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt said quite plainly that "most businessmen, big and little, know that their government is trying to make property more secure than ever before by giving every family a real chance to have a property stake in the nation." Mr. Roosevelt also likes to appeal to the "far-sighted businessman" who recognizes that capitalism grows more and more of an unnecessary burden and blight upon humanity and that some of the system's more brutal features must be softened if it is long to endure.

In this respect, Mr. Roosevelt represents no salvation to the masses of America. But in his efforts somewhat to improve the conditions of the masses, he has aroused the bitter opposition of the robber barons, the Girdlers, the Fords, and the Weirs, whose program includes no such humanitarian considerations. Their attacks upon the President have steadily grown more severe as the President has been impelled by the growing unity and awareness of labor, the farmers, and the small businessman into sponsoring a program which promises some measure of relief from the excesses of big business.

That Mr. Roosevelt himself views capitalism as remediable is beside the point. The fact that he has presented a program which, for all its limitations, forces the economic royalists to strike back furiously indicates that it is a forward step requiring the support of the people. In fact, only such wide and active support will get that program through Congress against the opposition of the reactionary bloc. In this struggle, the forces of labor are gaining strength, unity, and experience. It is in the experience of such struggles that labor will learn, and it is fast learning, that only its independent political organization can save it from such indecisiveness and inconsistency as has characterized Mr. Roosevelt in the past.

The special session is another test of strength. From such tests of strength, from the experience and solidarity gained in such struggles, will come the strength necessary to establish a system of society devoid of parasitic coupon-clippers, bourbon financiers, and labor-haters, a system which will give America a thousandfold more democracy than any variety of capitalism, a socialist system.

Are Sex Crimes Due to Sex?

Recent hearings on a notorious evil indicate that economic factors are prejudicing its alleviation

By Michael Brush

ALL along the front the same thing is happening. Wherever you look, whatever lid you lift, you find the same sewer water churning beneath. There seems to be a growing number of sex crimes in New York, in the whole country. Cruel, dreadful, perverted men abroad . . . abusing little girls, murdering them; abusing little boys [sodomy; indecent exposure; incest; pederasty]; syphilis and prostitution passed on by mental defectives. At the last murder of a little girl in New York the public was aroused and, to do something quickly, a Joint Legislative Committee was set up, under Senator John J. McNaboe, to enquire into the causes of sex crimes. The assumption was that the committee, after gathering evidence, might make recommendations for new legislation, and that sex criminals would, as a consequence, be removed from society.

The committee apparently got more than they bargained for. Progressives in the labor field have not much reason to be grateful to Senator McNaboe, but in this hearing, whatever his reasons, he seemed to be willing to let certain facts appear. When the hearings took place, the audience (which was pretty slim, two women the first day, who both looked as though they had come to Learn about Sex, and four people the second) discovered that it wasn't apparently dat ole davil Sex who was at the bottom of the business.

The questions started quietly. A white-haired gentleman confided in low tones to the committee that though he was a psychiatrist of many years' standing, he had not known the meaning of the word "punk" and did they? (They did.) This Dr. Cusick suggested that the church should have a great deal more influence than it had, that a lot of fault could be laid at the door of burlesque, filthy magazines, drink, and in general the "ultra-modernistic swing of the pendulum." "And when I've said that, I've said a lot," he confided, nodding his head.

But he hadn't.

The next to testify was Dr. Edward J. Brennan of King's Park State Hospital, a shy, white-faced doctor, who told of State Hospital attendants being paid fifty-four dollars. "A week?" asked the chairman. "A week? No, a month!" Sixty-six dollars a month is the maximum in many of these hospitals; if they are married, their wives frequently have to live in the hospital and work too. Ten dollars is allowed for children, however many. The turnover of attendants is *75 percent every year;* in a job in which it is of the greatest importance that a patient should set up a good and lasting relationship with his guardians. The picture Dr. Brennan drew of economic insecurity and the attendant discontent was such that the chairman actually asked of him: "Are any of the attendants in need of mental treatment as a result of this strain?" Dr. Brennan said that if the attendants were contented people it would have a great effect on the patients, and added that psychoses are increasing and that one in twenty persons today has some recognizable mental trouble. He said that research work was at a minimum and that while $30,000,000 was being spent on custodial care very little money was being expended for preventive measures.

Asked what could be done in the hospitals themselves, the doctor quietly but somewhat bitterly remarked that the abolition of the stool-pigeon system at present operating might help. "Some people are more interested in currying favor with the superintendent than in doing their work."

Dr. William Berger of Bellevue Hospital stated that four out of ten children show some abnormality that can be corrected, that few of these are due to organic disorders, and that social supervision—in schools, playgrounds, homes, etc., at present almost entirely absent, could help greatly. "If parents refuse to coöperate, there is no means to compel them," he informed the committee. Dr. Berger has seen 35,000 cases in the outpatient department at Bellevue in his twelve years of practice there; he is a full doctor; Dr. Berger's salary is $2000 a year.

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Drs. Lucy Miller, J. J. Miller of Bellevue, Dr. Gladys McDermiad of the Kings County Hospital Mental Hygiene Clinic, and Superintendent Harry Stores of Letchworth Village (a home for mentally defective children), all testified that institutions were overcrowded and that mental defectives, both children and adult, were roaming the streets. Stores also said that doctors were so overworked that they could not give adequate treatment to the patients they did have.

It was left to one of America's distinguished psychiatrists, now in charge of the Mental Hygiene Clinic at Bellevue Hospital, to get at the nub of the situation that develops sex crimes. Dr. Frederic Wertham, who, in his own words, "sees every type of mental disorder that exists," who has worked in the mental hospitals of Germany, Austria, France, and England, in the prison wards and the Court Clinic at the Court of General Sessions in New York City—this expert stated as his opinion that "It is not a medical problem and it is not a legal problem; it is a social problem; and the people involved should get together."

The organization of the treatment of mental defectives in New York is almost in the Dark Ages. Two to three thousand new cases a year are sent by every social agency in the city to Bellevue Hospital. Here they are examined and "distributed"; sent to institutions (if there is room); told to return for treatment (which they may or may not do); or turned loose in the streets because there is nowhere to send them. There is no follow-up system in operation and no coördination among the many agencies through whose hands the patient may go, as suspect, as criminal, or as the mere possible perpetrator of an "overt act."

When Randall's Island, which served as a midway house or distribution center for mental defectives, was closed to make way for the Triborough Bridge a few years ago, fifteen hundred mental defectives were left with no place to go. A few were sent to other institutions, but a large number, uncared for, drifted back to their homes, or the streets—no one knows where. A new hospital, St. Mark's, was built to care for them, but with strange cynical indifference it was built for

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only one hundred and thirty patients (out of fifteen hundred) and it was built in the middle of the city—on Stuyvesant Square—where the noises made by the patients disturbed the residents. Because of this complete lack of planning this hospital had to be closed at the end of a year.

A patient for whom there is no room in a city or state institution is put on a waiting list. And there he waits. Dr. Stores stated that sometimes, on account of the overcrowding of the institutions, he sends ten mentally defective children away from Letchworth Village to make way for new patients, even though the discharged ones may be far from cured.

Dr. Wertham testified that in some institutions patients sleep two in a bed.

Many social agencies, aware that there is no place where cases may be sent, have ceased sending them to Bellevue for examination.

"Are there many dangerous cases now at liberty?" the chairman wanted to know.

"Even a few would be too many, would they not?" asked the psychiatrist quietly. "One boy in a block can seduce and infect dozens of people." He added that little girls of eight, nine, and ten are being turned into prostitutes.

The questions then ranged over technical deficiencies of the law, which lead to far-flung abuses in practice. What is the function of the psychiatrist with regard to criminals? Dr. Wertham commented on the fact that the psychiatrist is used to give opinions, whereas what he should be asked for, by lawyers or juries in a court of law sitting in judgment on criminals, are facts. "He can get facts others cannot find out . . . that is the psychiatrist's job. He has no right to say a man is legally sane or insane . . . insanity is a purely legal definition. And even as such it varies from state to state. What is insanity in New Jersey may be sanity in New York. The term insanity, in fact, has no meaning at all outside a courtroom."

Thus the laws are obsolete as far as psychiatric testimony goes. Yet every day psychiatrists are hired by lawyers and district attorneys to help acquit or convict—patients.

Even the "difference between right and wrong," knowledge of which determines the sanity or insanity of a prisoner, is not a psychiatric question. "When the psychiatrist is asked in the courtroom 'Is this man insane?' he isn't qualified and he has no right to answer such a question" was Dr. Wertham's opinion.

There are neither medical nor social standards of insanity; and in the present state of knowledge there can be no universally true definition. Nevertheless the courts insist that psychiatrists answer such questions simply yes or no.

The picture drawn with quiet authority by Dr. Wertham of the lack of coördination between the agencies that deal with mental defectives and offenders, the courts, police, probation officers, charities, clinics, prisons, hospitals, etc., seemed to astound even the investigating committee. (And Senator McNaboe was once a probation officer.) The findings of the various agencies are not correlated, "so that the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing." Probation officers do not forward reports about the offenders they send to the hospital; often there is no report on the number of arrests or the circumstances under which they took place. Police do not even accompany the suspects they arrest; and the doctors have not the time to go tracking down all this information. Yet the exact knowledge of many facts and details is the basic need for scientific treatment of offenders.

In illustration, Dr. Wertham gave the "professional" career of one of his patients. This man had been arrested eight times for "indecent exposure"; he received two suspended sentences; after another offense he was sent to the penitentiary. He was paroled and sent to a mental hygiene clinic for treatment. The treatment was unsuccessful, and his doctor said the man should go to a state hospital. He went, committing himself; had been there less than a year when he committed the same offense in the institution. He was sent to the "disturbed" ward, "a place difficult to adjust to under any circumstances," said his doctor. On leaving the hospital he was sent to a private sanatorium and then to a private doctor, by his family, but each time had to be withdrawn because they could not meet the charges. The patient was then sent back to the penitentiary to serve his full sentence. Now, under a new ruling, when this sentence shall have been served, this man will go back to Bellevue Hospital for observation.

"Not one of these agencies has really the facts of such a case before it," said the doctor. "And does it look as if any of them were functioning for the safeguarding of the community? No; the authorities that should function deliberately to protect society have become automatic instruments of vindictiveness and they go on and on by themselves without the man having committed any new crime. The net effect is that such a man becomes embittered, if not brutalized, and, were he dangerous before, how very much more so now."

After some five hours of such testimony Senator McNaboe asked the witness, who was the psychiatrist examining Albert Fisch, who was Robert Irwin's doctor and named the disease from which Irwin is suffering, and who has seen thousands of criminals, actual and potential, in New York City," "Has anybody ever come to you and asked you these questions before?" The answer was surprising: "Nobody in authority has ever asked me any of the questions you are asking me now."

Thus society is not only not removing known sex perverts from the city streets, it is turning them and other mentally diseased and mentally defective children and adults, any one of whom might commit a "sex crime" under certain circumstances, out into the streets; and it is every day creating new "criminals" out of the mentally diseased it is not caring for. Psychiatry does not yet know the cure for many mental diseases, but there is enough knowledge, there is enough money, there is enough administrative machinery, if it were put to use in the right way, to reduce such overt acts as the rape and murder of four- and six-year-old children to an infinitesimal minimum. Society cries out when a little girl is murdered. Every day little girls become prostitutes on the streets of our cities, for ten cents or a truck ride. The Paul Elmores are a result, not a cause. And the cause can be removed.

"Sex crimes are neither a sexual [medical] problem nor a legal problem; they cannot be removed by legal or medical instruments. They are a social problem."

Peter Verdi

Guernica

In the subway, the headlines leap black
crashing gongs beating on the brain;
"if the cars did jump, careen, crack,
and people flung about the train"—
(the Basques ran towards the fields
clawing
up the earth; the Junkers roared.)

if Times Square exploded, blew up,
the lights shattered, the sky blotted out—"
(the old priest clutched his rosary
when he died, and the beads rolled
about.)

Times Square: the jostling crowd lunges
out unscathed.

Climb the stairs, view the teeming street,
suck in the air, take in the day—
the crime of Guernica smolders four thousand miles away.

ERIC FIELDS.

★ ★ ★

Peter Verdi

Counting the Unemployed

The forthcoming "bargain census" seems to be dangerously threatened with inaccuracy

By Paul G. McManus

NO MATTER with what wisdom and fairness the impending census of the unemployed is taken, it seems foredoomed to the most fatal disease that can afflict a census, inaccuracy. This is due to the attempts by Congress to get a bargain census.

The plan is for the Post Office Department to distribute 31,000,000 census cards to 31,000,000 families on November 16 and 17. Thereafter, the unemployed (provided they have a mailing address, receive the card, realize its significance, are literate in English, and have the will to answer fourteen questions) return the cards to the mail box properly filled in for transmission to Washington and tabulation. If one link in the chain is broken—and it is generally agreed that the three most vulnerable links are indifference, reluctance to reveal personal information, and loss of the blank —then the census is inaccurate.

If the mistakes are multiplied by the thousands, as they must be, then the census becomes a joke—but a joke with enormously serious consequences.

The main trouble arises from the failure of Congress to provide for a real enumeration. The Black bill authorizing the census, as interpreted by the administration, calls for a tabulation only of the unemployed—not of the employed—and rigidly fixes the voluntary method of counting. The virtues of the method are that it is cheap, it is quick, and while the accuracy of the count is imperiled, no one can be compelled to give information that might be used against him.

Organized labor and the Workers' Alliance had favored and fought for a complete census that would provide a real basis for social legislation and a long-range relief program.

It was the wish and hope of our organization, and of the unemployed generally [said David Lasser and Herbert Benjamin in a memorandum to President Roosevelt] that a census would be taken to actually reveal the extent and character of unemployment, the causes for unemployment, and a statistical analysis of the effects upon millions of people of changing economic and industrial conditions. Such an accurate census, according to the testimony of Mr. Isidor Lubin before a subcommittee on labor of the House of Representatives, would cost about $20,000,000.

Said Mr. Lubin: "The only way you are going to find out how many unemployed there are in the United States, and what its extent is, is by taking a census of the population of this country and finding out how many people there are in this country of working age; how many of those are actually working; how many of those are available for work, should work be available to them. . . . "

With the federal government now spending nearly $2,000,000,000 a year on various measures for relief of the unemployed, the cost of an adequate unemployment census will be only one percent of that total. Certainly it would be an insignificant fraction to spend for basic information necessary for the most scientific unemployment relief program.

But $20,000,000 was too much, and President Roosevelt allotted $5,000,000 for the postman method. John D. Biggers, director of the census, hopes he can do it for less.

The mechanics of the census are fairly simple. Naturally, the greatest burden, that of distributing and collecting the blanks, will fall on the Post Office Department. Postal workers, including mail carriers, will be expected to do the census as part of their regular work, and they will receive no extra pay except for overtime.

In places where there is a considerable population of foreign background, special census representatives and translators will be stationed in post offices during the week of November 14 to aid those unable to fill out the cards themselves. All the census blanks will be printed in English, but instruction sheets will be furnished in any language.

Foremost among the problems of the census administration is that of getting out the vote. A strenuous publicity campaign will be getting under way shortly, using every means of communication — the press, magazines, radio, street-car cards, posters, word-of-mouth— everything. The administration will be in touch with fifty thousand local unions whose members will be expected to help in getting out the vote.

The ballyhoo—Director Biggers objects to the word—will be on the same order as that employed in launching the N.R.A. and, later, the Social Security registration, except that the census has only about a month to get in its licks, so the pressure will be intensive. President Roosevelt will take to the air and urge coöperation.

In every community of any size there will be a census committee composed of two representatives from labor, two from business, and one affiliated with social service work to take over active direction of the enumeration. The committees will be strictly voluntary. Headquarters in Washington expects these local organizations to insure the accuracy of the count in each locality and to handle the administrative details.

The function of the committees is extremely important, because the final effort to get out the vote devolves on them. If they fail, then the count is ruined. It is this voluntary phase of the census that the Alliance has opposed.

We should like to express our opposition [President Lasser said in his letter to President Roosevelt] to any method of registration which leaves in doubt the questions as to whether all the unemployed have been counted, or which is done under such limitation of funds as to exclude information necessary to intelligent analysis of the problem. Certainly a voluntary registration cannot answer the question of how many are unemployed, for no one will know whether the number who have registered is 60, 70, or 80 percent of the unemployed.

That is the difficulty in a voluntary count. However, there will be one check. In selected communities throughout the country, agents (from the W.P.A. rolls, the Alliance insists) will make a door-to-door canvass. These counts, say census officials, will be as thorough as any taken in the decennial years, and the results obtained in representative communities will be compared with the results of the voluntary registration in the same locality. It is hoped that by comparing the two sets of figures the margin of error can be established for the entire country. The door-to-door census will begin immediately after November 17, and Biggers has promised to release both sets of figures together as soon as totals can be reached. Results may be known January 1.

Because the count is a voluntary one and most of the registrants will of necessity have to fill out the blanks without help, the fourteen questions have been made ridiculously simple. There was no way of getting round it, and Stuart Rice, director of the Central Statistical Bureau, admits the questions are inadequate. Furthermore, Rice and his colleagues had the task of formulating questions complicated by irrelevant queries that Congress insisted on writing into the act.

For instance, it was required that each registrant be asked to state his total income. Obviously, for anyone working intermittently in seasonal occupations or at odd jobs at varying rates of pay, the question was impossible to answer for a period say, of a year, or even a month.

The other questions, in the main, are valuable, but there are not enough of them and they will be answered only by the unemployed or partly unemployed, not by all the workers.

However, there is a census about to be taken, and the Workers' Alliance seems to have the right idea. While the organization objects strenuously to the methods, every assistance is being offered to make the count effective. Suggestions offered by the Alliance, including the November date, the publicity campaign, the mailing of cards to every family, the use of relief labor in taking the census, and the sampling of the door-to-door method to be used as a check—all have been accepted and made part of the program.

Vittorio in Wonderland

Young Mussolini's retreat from Hollywood is a tale of gratifying grief and wonderful woe

By George Oakden and Martin Porter

HOLLYWOOD journalists have their own way of recording the success and failure of their village's products and population. They award four stars for "excellent" and scale it down to one for "poor." Their vernacular subdivides the failures into three subdivisions: flop, floperoo and kerplunk.

When an individual comes to Hollywood and does a no-star kerplunk, it's sufficiently rare to be news. The feat has just been accomplished by a fine, wavy-haired young fellow named Vittorio Mussolini.

The tale of his Hollywood adventure is a sad one, but with handkerchiefs held to our streaming eyes we can tense ourselves to contemplate it.

Vittorio's arrival was not auspicious. He got out of the plane with producer Hal Roach who had accompanied him from Italy, and immediately detectives started searching everyone in sight—including, to his and Vittorio's mortification, Mr. Roach—for bombs. Nobody turned out to have brought even any old fruit or Irish confetti to welcome Vittorio, but it gave the lad a poor impression of California hospitality. The next thing was that Vittorio turned round and called through the plane door: "Come on, Pappa!" All within earshot leaped a foot in the air and reached hip-pocketward, but it developed that Pappa was just the name of the boy friend who had come along from Rome with Vittorio.

After Vittorio had told the press that California was wonderful, the party rode out to the Hal Roach manse in Beverly Hills. That evening Vittorio went to the circus and thought that was wonderful too, though less colossal than the circuses staged by Dad for the people of Italy.

Already that first evening Vittorio was rather piqued by the fact that an armed guard accompanied him everywhere, and three leathery-looking G-men were on twenty-four-hour patrol outside the Roach hacienda. He asked why this was and it was explained that America liked to honor its distinguished visitors in that way.

Next day Vittorio was wakened by a Negro maid, whose face oddly reminded him of something . . . depressed him, kind of. On the silver tray was a newspaper. Vittorio opened the newspaper and there was a full-page advertisement: a welcome to him on behalf of the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League. It was a rather chilly welcome. It stated that the decent people of Hollywood wanted neither the whole nor any part of the young hero who had requested the honor of being the first to drop bombs on Ethiopians.

After Mr. Roach had dried the young hero's tears, they went out to the Roach studio where Vittorio was introduced to the kid actors of Our Gang. The little Negro boy stared at Vittorio in a way he didn't care about. They were photographed together.

The visit to the Roach studio became a daily routine. There were more advertisements of welcome carried in by the Negro maid, in the morning, on the silver tray. One had quotations from Vittorio's book on his Ethiopian adventures—this sort of thing:

> **I have never seen a fire. . . . Probably someone here was aware of my frustration and therefore some planes of the Fourteenth Squadron were ordered to effect a bombing in the zone of Adi Abo and to use incendiary bombs exclusively. I do not believe a more important reason existed. . . . It was most diverting.**

Vittorio's pique was increasing, and it was decided to call in a few hand-picked journalists to interview him. The blackshirt bomber was boyishly discreet. Asked whether he liked American women, he replied, as though he had been asked for his opinion on the non-intervention agreement: "Yes—and no." The papers reported that he was a bashful, retiring fellow. This made Vittorio feel a little better, especially as Mr. Roach had decided to throw a big party to commemorate a dual event: the twenty-first anniversary of Roach's marriage and the fat boy's coming of age. With terrific fanfare, Roach announced that everybody who was anybody in the film colony would be present. Three hundred invitations were sent out to the *crême de la crême,* three hundred famous and glamorous people to shake hands with the Duce's little boy.

Meanwhile, a telephone campaign got under way. Anti-Nazi Leaguers and other Hollywood folk who can tell a pair of fasces from a liberty torch explained to invited guests just what participation in the Roach-Mussolini shindig implied. As a result, it must have seemed odd to Vittorio that so many of those invited had colds or couldn't leave the baby because it was the maid's night out. Nevertheless, quite a few members of Hollywood's Aryan set turned up—Joe Schenck and Darryl Zanuck and Dave Selznick, for instance—and there were Connie Bennett, Cary Grant, Harold Lloyd, and Joe E. Brown. Vittorio "danced gayly and proficiently with beautiful ladies of the screen," and "with Dolores del Rio and others he talked spiritedly of Italy and America." But a partial list of famous guests who were conspicuous by their absence includes: George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, Frederic March, Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Loretta Young, Robert Montgomery, Charles Boyer, Pat Patterson, Lewis Milestone, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Phil Berg. The Los Angeles *Times* published a long guest list saying that all were present, but the list must have gone to press before the party because it is full of errors. To those absentees whose names are not included in the roll of honor above, we offer deep apologies.

Tired of the Roach studio, where there was nothing to do but pose for publicity stills with the Our Gang kids, Vittorio went visiting the bigger lots. After all, wasn't Vittorio here to learn all about American film technique? Imagine his embarrassment when, at Warner Bros., the refreshing sound of anti-fascist slogans and Bronx cheers mysteriously rose from all sides. Carpenters, painters, sweepers, technicians booed Flying Death as he made his way gingerly through the draughty stages.

On another lot, Roach invited several stars to come out of their dressing rooms and have a nice, comfortable chat with the fascist. These stars flatly refused to honor the request. This was highly unusual, because the studios are notorious for the build-up given visiting firemen. Not only wouldn't the actors chat with Vittorio, they wouldn't eat in the same commissary with him. On the Warner lot that day were Republican floor leader Bertrand H. Snell, Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Congressman John F. Dockweiler, and Senator Millard H. Tydings. They were in the lunch room at the conclusion of a tour of the sets. Roach headed for the studio with Vittorio clinging to his arm. Word spread like wildfire that the fat boy was making for the commissary.

We cannot say how the honorable representatives and senators reacted, but we can report that writers, directors, and actors phoned their supervisors that lunch was off in the commissary if Vittorio showed up. So Mussolini's boy bomber beat a retreat faintly reminiscent in its nimbleness of the battle of Guadalajara, and headed away from Warner's to the R.K.O. lot. He visited three sets, and on each one the same curious thing happened: as he stretched out his divinely manicured hands to make the acquaintance of the famous stars on the sidelines, the stars turned round and started intense discussion about the weather with the nearest electrician or prop-boy. It seemed that they had all read the excerpts from Vittorio's book.

Margaret Matzenauer, the German singer, gave a concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium on Tuesday evening, October 5. It was announced that she would warble several ditties in special honor of Vittorio who would

be seated in the principal box. Hollywood was prepared—prepared and organized. Patrons wrote in to the management of the auditorium canceling their reservations. Protests were made in letters to the press. Vittorio seems to have heard, just in time, that on the sidewalk outside the hall boys were selling the Anti-Nazi League's paper featuring his photo with the Negro Our Gang kid under the caption "Death Takes a Holiday"—and also that, though many tickets for the concert had been sold, the buyers were not the kind that would give him the right sort of welcome. Vittorio never went into the commissary and he never went to the concert either.

And now even Mr. Roach, who up to then had been so kind, began to act rather like an icicle. He was always in conference when Vittorio wanted to discuss production plans (he had a wonderful scheme for doing an epic of the Italian trains running on time).

Poor Mr. Roach, in point of fact, was nursing a nasty headache. His studio was being bombarded with letters, wires, phone calls, and press clippings which together formed a mighty chorus of protest against his new partnership. He was getting seriously alarmed lest the pain might spread from his head to where every movie producer feels it worst, the pocketbook. Of course, he had never been as serious about the monumental Italian production scheme as the Duce thought (it wasn't his fault that these viva guys had no sense of humor). He had thought—or rather his overlord Louis B. (Metro-Goldwyn) Mayer, who as a Jewish fascism-lover has to handle such deals through intermediaries, had thought—that it was a good publicity stunt, there might conceivably be dough in it, and anyway there was nothing to lose. Mr. Roach and the M.G.M. boys began to see that there was a good deal to lose. To paraphrase *Variety,* show-business trade journal, it looked as if the Hix would Nix not only Vit's Pix but everything bearing the M.G.M. imprint. Vittorio had admitted that he'd come to Hollywood to learn about film technique because thirty-eight out of forty Italian pictures stank. And it now seeped into the Culver City skulls that Vittorio might well go back to Italy and tilt the score to forty out of forty, and blame it all on Hollywood.

On September 29, Maurice Kann, of the *Motion Picture Daily,* headed "Insiders' Outlook," his regular column, "Bad Business, Mr. Roach." Mr. Kann took a common-sense, hard-boiled business approach:

Mussolini and Hitler in Germany, giving the world a renewed case of the ague.

Vittorio and Hal in Hollywood, giving the American film industry what ought to be a sweating bee of its own.

Ludicrous, you might think, to draw a parallel. But is it? Dictators cannot afford to countenance rebuffs. Mussolini, Duce and father, will not look kindly upon any hit and miss success for Vittorio and his film aspirations. If not for the son's sake, then for the sake of the father's ego.

Any films, if any are made . . . are very apt to confront the American film industry with the embarrassing matter of distribution here. . . . Where

John Mackey

the ordinary transaction may leave no scars except to one or the other of the parties involved, this reckless lark of Roach's is vastly different. A breakdown or a rift for no matter what reason and regardless of fault suggests an American industry imperiled. In Italy. And in Germany as well as in Japan and in other countries where the Mussolini-Hitler-Nipponese military sphere of influence sounds its impact.

No one individual has the right to consort with such danger for his industry. . . .

Here is a businessman talking. A man who realizes the repercussions R.A.M. would have in dollars and cents—if not in lire.

Hal Roach didn't like Mr. Kann's editorial. He picked up the telephone and spoke with Mr. Kann. The latter affirms the following as a true record of his conversation with the Duce-let's mentor. We submit the highlights:

In the first place, I don't think you understand the circumstances and, in the second place, I think it's only fair, if you're going to take a crack at a guy, to talk to him first. . . . After all, if a lot of people would get a little closer to this situation and understand that there are hundreds of Jewish refugees now in Italy under the protection of that government, they would stop taking cracks at a guy who is in a position to talk to the guy who is a friend of the worst enemy a Jew ever had. . . .

I thought I was in a position to do a lot of good and I still think so. . . . You don't know but that I might have dinner with Mussolini when I go back to Italy. Maybe I can suggest to him that Hitler is not quite right about things and maybe Mussolini will write Hitler a note and tell him so. . . .

After all, if I can go into business there without investing a dime and make money, why shouldn't I? Wouldn't anyone? Wouldn't you? I think I have a right to.

And so nobody was exactly sorry when Roosevelt made his Chicago speech condemning fascist international tactics, giving Vittorio's Dad a good excuse for ordering the lad home. The good-bys were performed with that high degree of emotion with which the Duce breaks his daily treaty. And two weeks after his arrival in the City of Glamour and Heartaches and Headaches, Vittorio boarded the plane for New York and home—regretting only the backwardness of American aviation in not equipping each passenger-plane seat with a bomb-releasing lever.

Hollywood reacted quite as quickly to Vittorio's departure as to his arrival. The trade papers hastened to take stock of the situation. We quote from *Variety* of October 7:

MUSSOLINI DEAL OFF

Duce's Son Departs
Chilled by Reception;
Roach Out 12 Grand

After a rehash of the business details, *Variety* goes on:

Ever since his arrival in Hollywood with Vittorio Mussolini, Roach has been in a dilemma as a result of the plainly evinced antagonism which sprang up in the picture colony. . . .

Roach became worried at these unexpected reactions and began to speculate if it were wise to go through with the R.A.M. deal. . . .

As the adverse pressure got stronger locally, with reluctance and positive refusal in some instances of important persons in the biz to fraternize socially with the young Italian visitor, Roach began to figure out what would be most expedient. . . . Roach talked it over with numerous people in the industry and apparently saw a very plain handwriting on the wall. His decision was not long in being reached, culminating in young Mussolini's departure yesterday. . . .

The following from *Variety* of October 8 is the last of the exhibits:

PUBLIC HEADACHE NO. 1

Hal Roach Nurses It
Mussolini Hurries Home

Variety goes on to speak of the "moral victory . . . scored when Hal Roach called off his picture-making deal with the Italian dictator's son, with the result that the latter unexpectedly planed home. . . . Significant of young Mussolini's changed understanding of American interest in him was the fact that instead of lingering on in Frisco for entertainment, as had been planned, he planed right through and landed at Newark and in all probability he'll take the first boat back to Rome and papa, who will be anxious to hear about the Hollywood reception that didn't take place."

Hollywood in general, and that surly old Anti-Nazi League in particular, haven't even the grace to be ashamed of themselves for the way they treated poor Vittorio. Which goes to show, if anything, that the Legion of Decency ought to broaden its operations to influence Hollywood's manners and *Weltanschauung* in the extra-celluloid field too.

The whole thing just wasn't cricket and if this is a sample of the current mood of our film-makers, it makes you wonder whether, after all, there aren't limits.

READERS' FORUM

Artist Schreiber on art and politics—A congressman's view of a congressman's views—They like it

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I have read with great interest Mr. Sheean's article, "Furtwängler versus Toscanini." While Mr. Sheean succeeded in exposing the political ivory-tower artistry of Mr. Furtwängler, it seems to me that Mr. Sheean forgot to mention what every mildly musically educated person knows about Beethoven, that the third symphony, which bore on its first page Beethoven's hand-written notation "Geschrieben auf Bonaparte," was destroyed by this genius who stood above the political controversies of the day and called the *Eroica*.

As to Mr. Furtwängler's mention of Richard Wagner, everybody knows that this demi-god Wagner has been espoused by Hitler for being "above the political controversies of the day." And last, but not least, Mr. Furtwängler himself is "above the political controversies of the day" by refusing to conduct Mendelssohn's music in Germany and permitting the Nazi government to viciously attack his pro-Hitler close friend, Paul Hindemith, whose sole crime is not being 100 percent pro-Hitler.

"The world must remain open for the artist," says Furtwängler. I wonder if he has ever heard the name of that young Soviet genius, Shostakovich? "When, therefore, I conduct at Bayreuth today and at Salzburg tomorrow, this has nothing to do with politics," he continues. No, it has only to do with selling his integrity to the highest bidder.

New York City. GEORGES SCHREIBER.

From Congressman Teigan

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The article by Congressman John T. Bernard entitled, "Give Us a Program" in a recent issue [Aug. 31] of the NEW MASSES was most timely and informative. There can be no doubt that what the country needs above all else is a practical program that will appeal to the workers, farmers, and small business people. To me, however, the preparing of a program also necessitates the building up of a national political party of the same elements that would be benefited under a progressive program. In other words, we must have a national progressive party, preferably one designated "Farmer-Labor," in order to carry into effect and to promote a program for the benefit of our useful citizens.

Mr. Bernard's criticisms of the Democratic leadership are entirely justified. As I see it, the Democratic Party is split three ways. We have the Democrats from the South who still live in an atmosphere of pre-Civil War days, who believe that the workers, whether they be white or black, ought to continue to be just plain slaves. This element is of course opposed to any legislation directly affecting either the tillers of the soil or the toilers in the factories. The opposition of southern congressmen to the Black-Connery wages-and-hours bill indicates clearly enough the attitude of the old slave-holding element. A second element may be designated the Tammany variety which hails in the main from the large industrial centers such as Chicago, New York, and Boston. This element is not so unfriendly to labor legislation as is the element from the South, but it is on the other hand more vitally opposed to interference with Wall Street interests than are its southern colleagues. The third element may be designated as that from the North and West. These Democrats in the main are progressive-minded and can be counted upon to coöperate in behalf of legislation to aid the worker, the farmer, and the consumer. Many of them are tired of affiliation with a political party that at present is dominated by the reactionaries from the South and from the large urban areas of the North and East. What these Democratic progressives would like is to see a political party set up in conjunction with the progressives of Wisconsin and the Farmer-Laborites of Minnesota.

It is quite obvious, I believe, that there is no chance of making the Democratic Party the political vehicle for carrying a progressive program into effect. The fact that the Democratic majority of the House did not hold a caucus during the entire 1937 session proves, in my opinion, that there can be no collaboration between the three groups that now all label themselves "Democrat."

Yes, we surely do need a program as was suggested by Congressman Bernard, but we also need a new political party to give consistent support to such a program. This can be best accomplished by bringing into the third-party fold in the 1938 election two or three of the states in the Middle West and West. Iowa and North Dakota should be the first to be rounded up, as they are both near enough to the third-party states of Wisconsin and Minnesota to feel the effect of the Farmer-Labor and Progressive movements of those states. North Dakota, moreover, has the most progressive rural population of the entire country and the people of that state, especially the farmers, have been muddled up by a confused and confusing leadership. The old Non-Partisan League that acquitted itself with so much credit in the old days under the leadership of A. C. Townley has in recent years been a tower of Babel without a practical working program and a war for control that has all but destroyed the militancy of those who once looked upon the League as their means of political and economic salvation.

In the state of Washington, the progressives should be ready for third-party action and discard their Democratic attire which is not becoming to the fine group of liberals now representing that state in both the Senate and the House at Washington.

Let's have a program, as Bernard advocates, and to make such a program possible, let's build a national farmer-labor party to achieve the desired result. HENRY G. TEIGAN,

Representative, Third District, Minnesota.

Information Wanted

TO THE NEW MASSES:

At the present time I am engaged in writing a biography of Richard F. Pettigrew, first senator from South Dakota, leading anti-imperialist, and great liberal.

I am in great need of some material concerning Senator Pettigrew, which is not available to me here. I should appreciate hearing from persons who knew Senator Pettigrew or have material or correspondence concerning him. HARLAN R. CRIPPEN.

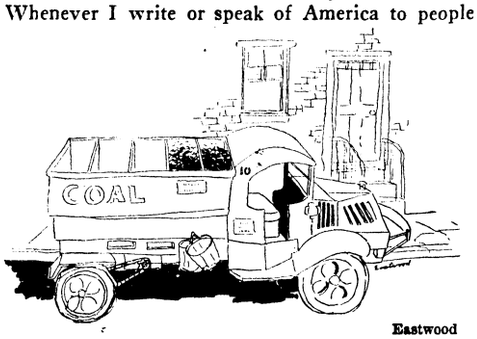
1126 Eighth Avenue, S. W.
Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Orchids from France

TO THE NEW MASSES:

This letter has a very definite purpose; it is to thank you for your magazine which brings to us so much of the life of America, of the real America. It is, if I may say so, like seeing the backstage of American life. It gives us the impression that your country is not so far; it forms a bond that unites us to the same ideal and is not easily broken.

Whenever I write or speak of America to people around me, I am obliged to refer to the NEW MASSES as I would to a dictionary.



Eastwood

Let me tell you, American comrades, that you can be proud of your magazine. It is thanks to the NEW MASSES that I, a Frenchman, can feel so near you. I sometimes think I have so many, many friends in the country of Walt Whitman and Henry Thoreau, of John Reed and Bill Haywood.

An American friend came to Paris some time ago, and we discussed America: what was going on since I left and so on. She was not in any political movement, did not want to be, and had that fear of "radical" magazines that such people have all over the world. I did ask her, naturally, if she knew of the NEW MASSES. "Of course not," she said. "But why?" "Well," she said, "it's so badly presented and they are so rude and vulgar." Being accustomed to hear such comments about the same subject in my country, I was not very surprised. So I gave her several copies to read and pointed out to her the drawings and the list of contributors and so on. She was rather taken aback and confessed that she did not think it was like that. Furthermore she promised me that when she returned to the States, she would read your magazine regularly. And she has done that, I am sure; and maybe will see this letter and smile.

Paris. ANDRE CHENNEVIERE.

Chu Teh's Achilles Heel

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I believe that the first eight pages of your October 12 issue were the most absorbing, colorful, and dramatic pages to have ever appeared in an American magazine.

God, those photographs of the Chinese Communists! They seemed more like scenes taken at rehearsals for a forthcoming Soviet cinematic masterpiece rather than ones snapped from actual everyday life.

Now, Agnes Smedley's wonderful stories of the Chinese Red armies can be reread with the assurance that they will carry a far greater impact than the original one, which was impact aplenty. Those photos taken by Philip J. Jaffe that accompany this beautiful, heart-warming account of what the "Chinese Communists Told Me" will help considerably toward an even greater appreciation of Miss Smedley's recent works. For instance, now when she speaks of Chu Teh, we can glance at his picture, pasted on the wall—the picture in which, attired in a quaint cap and faded, unpressed uniform, he is standing in the middle of the room, seemingly bow-legged, with his hands on hips, addressing a meeting of floor-seated cadet students—and say to ourselves, "That's the guy."

And what a guy: teacher, military genius, and humanitarian all in one. The only thing that distresses me about him is that he happens to be a bad basketball player. For Mr. Jaffe's description of Chu Teh's pathetic hanging around the players during the choosing up of sides for a game, and the reluctance with which he is accepted, if at all, by a team to help them win, may turn out to be adverse propaganda. Mr. Jaffe should have depicted the man as absolutely invincible with no Achilles heel. Why? Because the Japanese murderers, with their great sense of humor, are bound to pounce upon this one indisputable fact, that Chu Teh is an inferior basketball player. That after all it must follow that he is not the tremendous driving force for the freedom of the Chinese people that he is cracked up to be.

Nonetheless, I take my hat off to the guy. To Mao Tse-Tung, Ho Lung, Lin Piao, to all the Chinese Communists, to Jaffe for his article and pictures, and to the NEW MASSES for getting them.

New York City. ALBERT BEIN.

Eastwood

REVIEW AND COMMENT

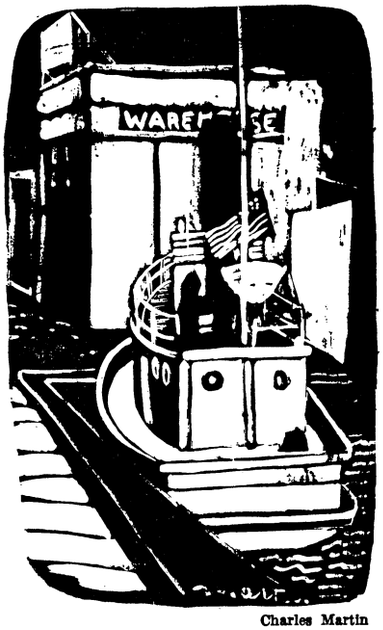
Hemingway treats those who have and have not—New talent here and abroad—Italian fascism and labor spies

HARRY MORGAN, the hero of *To Have and Have Not,** is a rum-runner and a murderer. He lives in Key West, owns a motorboat, gets his living when he can by taking out fishing parties, and picks it up when necessary in less legal fashions. The principal incidents of the story concern such illegal exploits. After Morgan has been cheated by a wealthy sportsman, he undertakes to smuggle Chinese from Cuba to Florida, and kills the man who has hired him. Later, when the depression has diminished the number of sporting visitors, he smuggles liquor, and loses an arm. Finally, in taking a group of quasi-revolutionary bank robbers to Cuba, he is fatally shot.

He is Hemingway's most completely realized character. He has his prototype, perhaps, in Manuel in *The Undefeated* and Jack in *Fifty Grand,* but these are, by comparison with *To Have and Have Not,* mere sketches. Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry, in the earlier novels, are fully enough developed, but they are too closely identified with the author's unconscious needs to be fully independent individuals. Morgan is both objectively conceived and admirably portrayed. His life, we feel, goes on outside the pages of the novel. (When Hemingway skips three or four years, we have no sense that Morgan was put away in mothballs during the interval.)

Hemingway displays—as he has been displaying almost from the beginning of his career—an extraordinary mastery of the art of indirect exposition of character. In life our ideas of other persons are inferences based on what they do and say. Hemingway chooses to let us learn about his characters in the same way, and therefore reports, for the most part, only what could be known to the eye and ear. To do this, with the economy he demands, requires a high order of craftsmanship. We know Morgan because of what he does, because of what he says, sometimes because of what he thinks. We know him, too, because we understand the relations of other persons, particularly his wife, with him. All this Hemingway gives us in a few scenes, each of them relatively brief. We see Marie Morgan, for example, only three or four times, and yet we know her well enough not only to understand her but also to see Harry through her eyes.

For this craftsmanship Hemingway deserves full praise, but it is not the only explanation of his success with Morgan: we can know him because he is placed in a recognizable world. The statement may seem unreasonable: Key West and Havana, sportsmen and rum-runners, bank robbery and murder, what do most of us know of them? But Hemingway has succeeded, as he never has succeeded before, in



Charles Martin

showing us that what he writes about is part, and a representative part, of the world we know.

Harry Morgan is an individualist. He says to Albert, who gets seven dollars a week on a W.P.A. job, "Let me tell you, my kids ain't going to have their bellies hurt and I ain't going to dig sewers for the government for less money than will feed them. I don't know who made the laws, but I know there ain't no law that you got to go hungry." That is his code. When the sportsman robs him, he does not complain, but makes up for what he has lost by taking a dangerous job. When the depression and bad luck have brought him close to pennilessness, he risks and loses his life.

Hemingway respects him, and rightly. At the very outset Morgan is compared with Johnson, the cheating sportsman. In the next episode he suffers from the spite of a pompous politician. Later we meet Key West's literary colony: Richard Gordon, currently a novelist—for fashion's and profit's sake—of the class struggle; his dissatisfied wife; Professor MacWalsey, drunkard by choice; the fatuous Laughtons; Crazy Harold Spellman; and the insatiable Mrs. Bradley. Finally, on the night that Morgan lies fatally wounded on his boat, we make a tour of the yachts in the harbor—meeting Wallace Johnson, pervert, and Henry Carpenter, sycophant; meeting a ruthless businessman and the other kind who doesn't have to be ruthless because he can sell for a dollar a pint something that costs three cents a quart; meeting a professional son-in-law of the rich and his mistress, a director's wife on her way to bitch-hood.

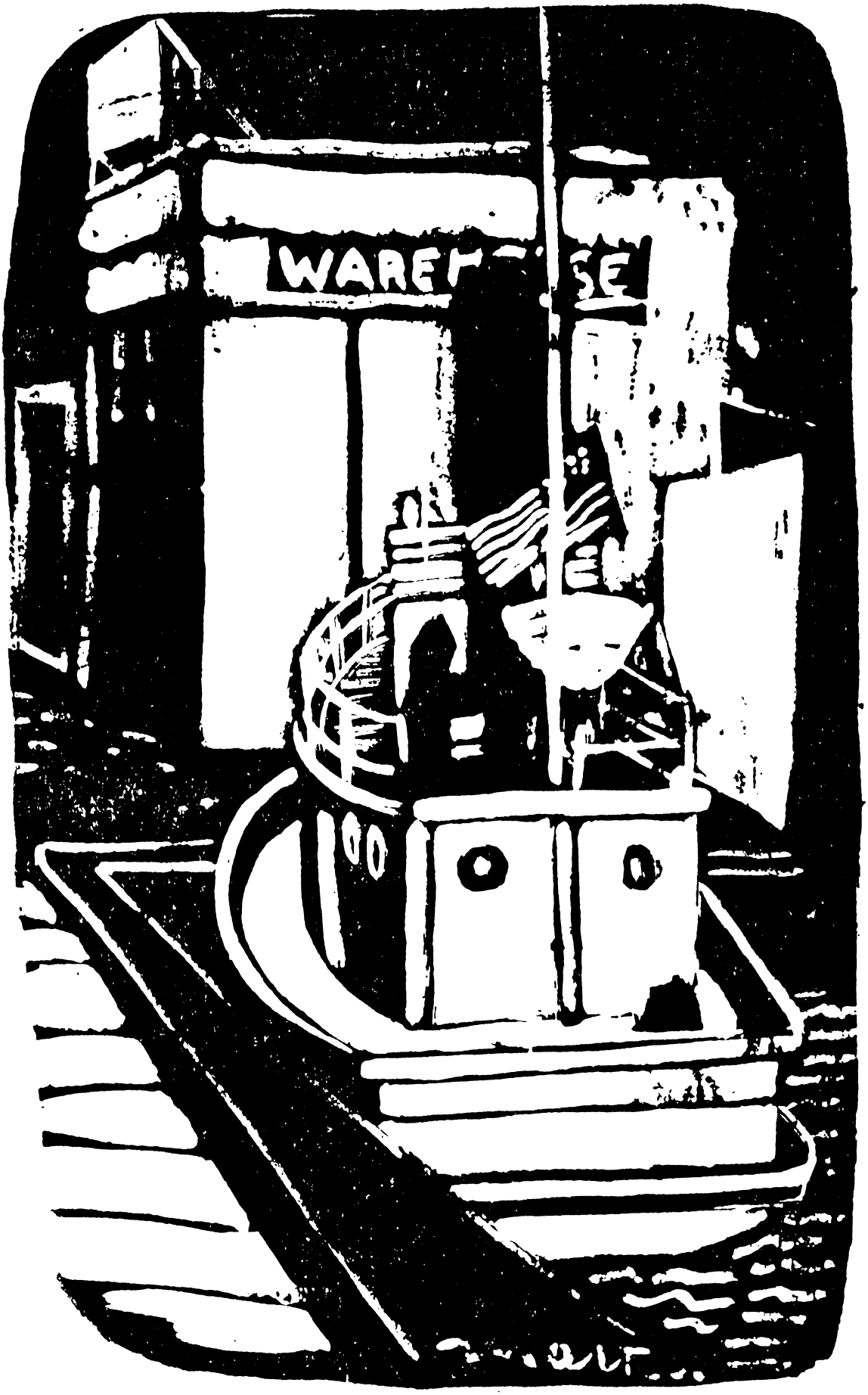
These are the "haves," of course, and Hemingway sets them on his pages with a kind of quiet fury that I have never felt in his work before. Then there are the "have nots": Albert, working for his seven dollars a week, licked when he tries to strike, killed when he attempts to follow Morgan's example; and the veterans from the Keys, many drunkards, some masochists. Morgan rejects both slavery and oblivion. He is a man; he has *cojones;* and he takes a man's way.

We can all admire Morgan, as Hemingway does, but we can see that his way of individual lawless violence, however heroic in itself, could not work. The remarkable thing—remarkable in view of certain passages in *Death in the Afternoon* and *The Green Hills of Africa*—is that Hemingway sees it, too. We feel this all through the book, and finally he makes it perfectly clear. Morgan, dying, says, "A man. One man alone ain't got. No man alone now. No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody —— chance." And Hemingway, for almost the only time in the novel, allows himself the luxury of comment: "It had taken him a long time to get it out and it had taken him all his life to learn it." Harry Morgan is different from all Hemingway's other characters because he is so firmly rooted in a real world. And the world is real because Hemingway sees an essential fact about it: that no "have not," however brave, can single-handed defeat the "haves."

To realize what this means to Hemingway, it is only necessary to compare the scenes of violence in this book with those in its predecessors. Like many of his contemporaries, he has always dealt largely with violence, which is not surprising in a world in which every day's headlines prove violence to be the rule. But the violence in Hemingway's earlier novels and stories has always seemed curiously wanton, almost mystical in its irrationality. There is nothing mystical about the murders and fights in *To Have and Have Not.* The raid on the Cubans in the first chapter, the death of Mr. Sing, Harry's loss of an arm, the veterans' fights, Richard Gordon's twice-slapped face, and the almost Elizabethan slaughter on the boat, all fall into a pattern. Violence, perversion, frustration, and debauchery are inevitable parts of the world Hemingway is writing about, and they have the quality of inevitability in his novel because he knows why they are there.

Hemingway, like so many others, has always been wiser as a creative writer than any direct expression of his ideas would indicate, but there has always been a danger that his imagination would be corrupted. After *The Green Hills of Africa,* I frankly wondered if he would ever write as good a novel as *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms.* He has written a better one, and the explanation is, quite simply, his increasing awareness of the character of the economic system and the social order it dominates. I am not saying, of course, that that

* TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, *by Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.



Charles Martin

awareness alone makes him a good novelist. I do say that, without it, his talents might easily have gone to waste. That fact stands, no matter what one may think about the present limitations of Hemingway's knowledge. It is a fact of importance for American literature.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

More New Letters

NEW WRITING, *edited by John Lehmann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.*

LIKE Horace Gregory's *New Letters in America,* recently reviewed in these pages by Granville Hicks, Mr. Lehmann's "periodical in book form" is a collection of verse and prose by younger writers, many of them still comparatively unknown. Of the two, *New Writing* is the more international in scope. England, as is natural since Mr. Lehmann is an Englishman, is given most space, but America, Spain, France, Poland, and Soviet Russia are also represented.

As widely scattered geographically as the contributors are, they all have two qualities in common—a well-developed social and political consciousness, and an intense hatred of fascism. A few years ago, when the pertinence and desirability of embodying these qualities in a work of art was being questioned, it was inevitable that Marxist critics should insist upon them and even emphasize them at the expense of other desirable elements. That battle has now been won—at least where young writers are concerned—and although these two qualities should certainly not be ignored, it is no longer as necessary as it once was to stress their presence. As both Mr. Lehmann's and Mr. Gregory's collections make evident, an awareness of the need for social change has now become an integral part of the young writer's sensibility; it is no longer a moral to be tacked on to the end of a poem or story, but an element inseparable from the artist's perception of his world. No young writer today who lacks this awareness is worth critical attention; he understands nothing of what he sees, he is a fool in the very presence of his material. This being true, it should now be possible, I think, to go on to a consideration of the æsthetic, the specifically literary qualities of such writing. We can now try to determine how successful a writer has been in conveying his awareness of the need for social change, how fully he has realized it in æsthetic terms, whether he has given it an illumination and an inflection of his own, and if so, how valuable they are.

Judged by these standards, the present issue of *New Writing* is less impressive than the two preceding ones published in England. The verse especially makes a poor showing. W. H. Auden's poem, while not Auden at his best, is easily the most distinguished one in the book. Stephen Spender's two speeches from a poetic play exemplify the way in which potentially good material can be nullified by defective writing. In both poems the material has not been thoroughly assimilated—the metaphors and diction, therefore, are unconvincing, an approximation rather than a fulfillment of the poet's intention. Forced, inexact metaphor and diction resulting from imperfect assimilation of the material are even more in evidence in R. B. Fuller's "sections from a longer work," of which the following passage is a sufficiently horrible example:

> Lenin felt the starving winds of Germany:
> Decay spreading inwards from the frontline jaw,
> That champed its battered teeth on thin saliva.

The other five poems are translations. Not being acquainted with the originals, I cannot say how great a loss they have suffered at the translators' hands, but I should guess it to be considerable. Certainly in the crude, insensitive, slapdash translations given them here they possess little interest or merit.

The prose is decidedly better. The only story, in fact, which fails to come off is C. Day Lewis's "Tinker"—a pedestrian affair in which the relation between a newspaper editor, his wife, and his cat is for no reason and with ludicrous effect made to symbolize the decay of the present social system. The other writers are less pretentious; for the most part they stay safely within the realistic tradition and produce sober, careful transcriptions of the everyday life of the proletariat, employed and unemployed. The stories by James Stern, Ben Field, Fred Urquhart, and B. L. Coombes are of this kind. As far as they go, these writers are quite successful. The trouble is, they don't go far enough; they never see all round their material. The conception as well as the treatment is pretty routine and—this is the most serious fault—deficient in imagination.

The best prose in *New Writing,* significantly, represents an extension of the realistic method. Objects and events are not merely described; they tend to take on a symbolic meaning and at the same time they retain their objective existence. This symbolic meaning is not something imposed from without, as in Mr. Day Lewis's story; it is inherent in the material itself. What these writers have done is to make it explicit, to objectify it. Their work thus contains another and valuable dimension. This practice, of course, is not new—it has been the method of such writers as James, Mann, and Silone—but it is heartening to find it being adopted by many of our younger men. Naturally the extent to which it is employed varies with the individual. It is used sparingly, for example, in William Plomer's "A Letter from the Seaside" and Christopher Isherwood's witty and brilliantly written "A Berlin Diary." Edward Upward carries the method much further, and H. T. Hopkinson and Sergo Kldiashvili, the Soviet writer, use it altogether. Their stories are really fables. Similarly, the excellent story by Panteleimon Tchikvadze, another Soviet writer, has many of the qualities of a fable; its humor and emphasis are those of a folk tale. In contrast to the stories from capitalist countries, Tchikvadze's is light-hearted—a delightful blend of irony and unaffected gayety. The reason seems obvious.

T. C. WILSON.

Dixie Road Gang

NIGHT AT HOGWALLOW, *by Theodore Strauss. Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.*

THIS is one of the five stories chosen for publication in the recent Little, Brown novelette contest. Because it failed to win the $2500 prize, *Night at Hogwallow* has received less comment than Wallace Stegner's more conventional *Remembering Laughter;* but it would be a mistake to damn the book with faint praise as a "runner-up." For it introduces a young writer whose literary skill and

John Lonergan

John Lonergan

social perception deserve very careful appraisal.

Mr. Strauss is twenty-five years old. He has lived in large cities and farm towns in Oklahoma, Nebraska, New York, and Virginia. He has been water-boy, berry picker, printer's devil, and truckdriver. For the past six years he has worked in the circulation department of the New York *Times*. According to his publishers, Mr. Strauss believes that "the problem of style will take care of itself as Americans begin to know America, and that the problem of style as a thing in itself is less important than the statement of social injustices in our time."

The social injustice which forms the theme of his first book is race hatred in the South. The story is told by a truckdriver named George who works on a road construction gang together with white and Negro workers: teamsters, drillers, gravel men, steam shovel operators, and blacksmiths. The Negroes live in Hogwallow, a settlement of shacks fortified by ancient Coca Cola signs, which "looked more like a dump than a place where you'd find human beings." What happens to Cæsar, one of Hogwallow's unfortunates, is one of those oft-repeated stories which never seem to lose their interest so long as they possess social force. He is accused of having raped a white woman. The hooded patriots of Chilton, the county seat, are reluctant to admit that rape at a distance of thirty miles is at least unlikely. When George testifies for Cæsar, he is spirited away by Klansmen who flog him to the tune of a pious chaplain's offerings to God in the name of the American people. After Cæsar is released, on the basis of incontrovertible testimony, George's boss contractor, Sullivan, rallies his hundred white workers to save the Negro from a thirsty mob. Hogwallow is burned to the ground, while an armed collision between the two groups of whites takes place.

If the situation stated baldly seems trite, it is a tribute to Mr. Strauss's skill that he has embodied it in a dramatic narrative which is at once original and real. He has successfully illustrated the axiom that no elemental experience is stale stuff for a vigorous writer. What distinguishes his novelette is the fact that the "problem of style" and the "statement of social injustices" do not for a moment produce a sense of conflict in which one must be sacrificed for the other. The scope of the story is not ambitious; but within the limits of that scope it is free of any serious flaws.

Indeed, this achievement in a form made famous by Joseph Conrad and Jack London serves as a reminder that some of the most effective social stories in the past few years have been written in the briefer novel form. It is difficult to say where the line should be drawn between the novelette and short story on the one hand, and between the novelette and novel on the other. But it seems clear that, formally at least, ***Night at Hogwallow*** may be compared to ***In Dubious Battle, Now in November***, and ***God's Little Acre***. The pattern of these stories is essentially the same: the locale is sharply restricted; the action or mood is minutely focused; the social comment is implicit in the handling of the situation, and the author's temptation to editorialize is sternly suppressed. To be sure, the limited range of this type of fiction narrows its function to the point where ultimate generalization and studied social analysis are threatened with paralysis. At the same time, it would be nonsense to blind ourselves to the good work which American writers are doing in the shorter form while groping darkly, as some critics are doing, for an as yet undiscovered American Tolstoi. It is certain, at least, that the novelette has one not inconsiderable advantage: it is a plausible compromise with publishers who insist on ruining young writers by browbeating them into writing premature epics with which to swell the best-seller lists.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Dante to Mussolini

GOLIATH: THE MARCH OF FASCISM, *by G. A. Borgese. Viking Press.* $3.00.

HERE is a book that should have been a valuable addition to every anti-fascist library. Written by an exile from Italy, a professor of literature, a political commentator for one of the largest daily newspapers of pre-fascist Italy, it should have been an excellent study of the rise of Italian fascism. It is not, however, and the explanation is to be found in the very first paragraph. For although the book is subtitled "The March of Fascism," its "purpose is to outline the characters of some of the personalities and the course of some of the passions which have carried us where we are."

The first personality whose character is outlined is Dante, for the Italian nation "was the creature of a poet, Dante." The book then continues to discuss other figures, mostly literary, who moulded Italy. But when Italy was finally unified, her soul was sick. "Intelligence, especially literary intelligence, had created Italy. Intelligence, or defective intelligence in the élite, imperiled the Italian future." This is followed by a discussion of d'Annunzio, the World War, mysterious in origin, the aftermath, and Mussolini, conqueror of the Italian mind. The last part is concerned with the advance of fascism on Madrid and Addis Ababa.

Robert Joyce

But it is Borgese's theory as it specifically formulates the rise of fascism in Italy which is most distressing. Briefly, it is this: fascism is "an outburst of emotionalism and pseudo-intellectualism, thoroughly irrational in its nature." It came into being, thus: "But he (Mussolini) finally realized that no anarchist can triumph over the state unless he captures it and becomes himself the state. This personal inspiration was the decisive element in the new history of Italy and the world." And the future of fascism: "As economic class warfare had not been the essential source of fascism, so could not class insurrection be its final issue. The sin had been in the mind, and from the mind should have come redemption." Borgese's advice and prophecy concerning release from fascism is: "Not from others will the Italians receive freedom, but from themselves; not from death will they have life, but from LIFE."

If the book is a disappointment to anyone seeking an account and analysis of the coming of the Blackshirts and their doctrines and technique, it is on the other hand a very entertaining book to read. Professor Borgese's style is highly personal; his English is charming, full of a brittle elegance despite its foreignisms, and carries his sharp irony very effectively. Such a chapter as "Fascism and Tourism" contains a superb description of the naïve tourist who is impressed by the promptness of the trains, and who finds the stories of fascist cruelty belied by the "very fact that a bird sanctuary had been established on the island of Capri, in the spirit of purest Franciscanism." Those publicists who believe that "fascism is good for Italy, anyhow," are well dealt with in the brief chapter: "The Foreign Legion."

In his chapters on the foreign policy and international role of Italy, Professor Borgese betrays his past as a political writer for a liberal bourgeois daily. The interpretations are of the New York *Times* editorial page caliber, shallow and futile. It is only where passion displaces the sterile aloofness of the bourgeois journalist that Professor Borgese's account acquires interest. His story of the Ethiopian invasion, as an instance of this, is a fascinating one. His analysis of events is inadequate, his attack upon fascism and Mussolini is often pathetically puerile, but it is pleasant reading and often informative.

WILLIAM DEAN.

Of Rats and Men

THE LABOR SPY RACKET, *by Leo Huberman Modern Age Books.* 35c.

COMING at a time when some liberals are deeply concerned over the reaction of the middle class to militant organization of wage and salaried workers, *The Labor Spy Racket* (sections of which previously appeared

Robert Joyce

in the NEW MASSES) is a particularly welcome addition to Modern Age's list. Mr. Huberman's material is doubly provocative because it throws into high relief the underlying causes of events that are almost universally headlined as labor violence of one sort or another. As in any forthright book which examines the role of private detective agencies in employer-employee relationships, this one is packed with sensational and gripping evidence.

And there is grim humor, too, as these excerpts from an agency correspondence course show:

FIRST INSTRUCTION SHEET

There is nothing about your relationship with your fellow workers which can be considered underhand or deceitful. . . . Our work is most honorable, humanitarian, and very important, and must be recognized as such.

SECOND INSTRUCTION SHEET

It is very plain that in order for us to be successful we must conduct our work in an invisible manner. The ordinary worker, in his ignorance, is apt to misunderstand our motives if he knows of our presence and identity in the plant.

FOURTH INSTRUCTION SHEET

Remember, we are unalterably opposed to all cliques, radicalists, and disturbing elements who try to create discontentment, suspicion, and unfriendliness on the part of workers toward the employer.

In a chapter appropriately entitled "The Rats' Code," Mr. Huberman probes the close tie-up between detective agencies and firms that supply guns, gas, etc. But Mr. Huberman does not confine himself to this dramatic phase of industrial "warfare." He is concerned with the whole field of labor relations as they are affected by a spy racket that costs its sponsors eighty million dollars a year. Spy sabotage within the union, "the gentle art of hooking," employer groups formed to wreck labor organization, and the current techniques used to fight or evade the Wagner Act are given impressive and convincing treatment.

The LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee, an almost inexaustible source, provides the factual information, and Mr. Huberman presents it in the arresting fashion of his popular *Man's Worldly Goods.* The rounded picture is one with which every American should become familiar, for it makes startlingly clear the real source of many recent "outbreaks of violence" in the labor movement. And more than that, it exposes step by step the calculated and vicious anti-union bias of those tory interests that still largely dominate the business scene.

WILLIAM B. SMITH.

Brief Reviews

THE SHARECROPPER, *by Charlie May Simon. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.

Back-breaking labor in the cotton fields, disease, newspapered shacks, corn meal and molasses, race hatred, patched overalls and hookwormed feet, floods, crop failures and starvation, climbing debts and evictions, whippings and lynchings: these make a sharecropper's life and form the material for Miss Simon's first novel. In her venture into a new form Miss Simon retains too many characteristics of her

style as a writer of children's stories to make the reader live the day-to-day monotony and futility of these Arkansan sharecroppers and feel the rage and bitterness of one who knows how crazy the southern agricultural system is and how ruthlessly those who profit by it fight to keep it going. Most of the facts you can find in government reports and honest scholarly treatises are in this novel, but here they lie as in a bedtime story, crooned to lull a child to sleep. There is more of the South in a page of Erskine Caldwell than in all this. M. M.

SPANISH WHITE BOOK: THE ITALIAN INVASION OF SPAIN. *Spanish Embassy. Washington.* $2.

Anyone who wishes to become acquainted with the full scope of Italian military activities in Spain will find this 319-page volume indispensable. The *White Book* presented by the Spanish government to the League of Nations contains photostatic reproductions and translations of one hundred and one official Italian documents taken from Italian units engaged in the fighting at Guadalajara. The material includes not only orders concerned with the details of the Italian military operations but communications from Mussolini himself. As Ambassador de los Rios points out, it provides "irrefutable evidence that the Spanish people and their democratically elected government are defending themselves against an actual foreign fascist invasion."

Every document tells its own tale. Here, for example, is part of a communication from Brigadier-General Arnaldi, written from Seville to the Italian First Brigade: "We shall triumph because this is our determination as Italian soldiers and fascists. . . . It is the will of God . . . because we are true crusaders of the fascist idea which, as a result of our inevitable victory, will triumph throughout Spain." That the victory is not as "inevitable" as General Arnaldi pretends is indicated by the fact that many of the documents are devoted to the shaky morale of the Italian troops. One illuminating report laments the fact that "Various circumstances . . . show that . . . the units are often lacking in dash and aggressiveness, and allow themselves to be impressed too easily by the vicissitudes of battle." Preciously ironic is the telegram sent by Mussolini to Commanding General Mancini and forwarded to all Italian commanders in Spain: "The rout of the international forces (at Guadalajara) will be a success of great value. . . . Tell the legionnaires that I myself am following hour by hour their movements, which will be crowned with victory." Was there ever such a classic example of fascist chickens failing to hatch?

The *White Book* is the best answer to the misrepresentations in the anti-loyalist press. It is a highly interesting and most timely volume. Copies may be obtained at the Spanish Information Bureau, 110 East 42nd Street, New York City. W. R.

★

Recently Recommended Books

Famine, by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.

Reconstruction: The Battle for Democracy, by James S. Allen. International. $1.25.

If War Comes, by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. Macmillan. $3.

The Goncourt Journals: 1851-1870, by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Edited and translated by Lewis Galantière. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter and Other Poems, by Frederico Garcia Lorca. In the original Spanish with the English translation by A. L. Lloyd. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

When China Unites, by Harry Gannes. Knopf. $2.50.

. . . *And Spain Sings. Fifty Loyalist Ballads.* Edited by M J. Bernadete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard. $1.

Men Who Lead Labor, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. Modern Age Books. 35c. Book Union selection.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

China's Communists in a documentary film—New plays, including the Yiddish—Popular records

THE documentary film has taken on new dignity and purpose with the production of *The Spanish Earth* and *Heart of Spain;* now, with *China Strikes Back,* it enlarges its grasp again. This new Chinese film is different from the two Spanish pieces in many ways, and comes as a contribution from another angle. Presented by Frontier Films, which lately gave us the first of a series of labor newsreels, it is distinct because it rests, not on the development of twin symbols (as *Spanish Earth* does, in its meanings for town and battlefront work) nor on the history of a pioneer step (as *Heart of Spain* uses Dr. Bethune's blood transfusions), nor on any dramatic base but the people themselves. *China Strikes Back* is a quick and well-knit presentation of a section of a country defending its rights, but a section glamoured over for us by its remoteness, a district beyond barriers we may have thought of as impassable. This film takes its material, travel material at its best, disclaims a travelogue approach, and builds its records into a picture of the Chinese people's defense, centered around the Eighth Route Army, formerly the Chinese Red Army.

Harry Dunham has shot the first material to come to us out of Soviet China, now the Special Administrative District. His scenes give us in their full activity the lives of the people Philip Jaffe wrote about two weeks ago in the NEW MASSES. Here are scenes of life in the People's Anti-Japanese University, the lessons of the young student-soldiers, their games, their unity under a single idea, their war maneuvers which use no bullets. We find them sleeping in their fields; we hear their songs; we learn their news to the people of China when the end of civil war is proclaimed and the transformation of the Chinese Red Army, to form a firm part of the Chinese people's front. Very quickly, we see the range of types: the peasant boy; the soldier from the North, fur-hatted; the student's sharp face exhorting crowds. And this material is given not as newsreel, not as travelogue, but built solidly into a picture of China today, its bombed cities, its escaping refugees followed from above, its need for planes.

China Strikes Back is tied strongly by its editing, and cinched by as powerful and vivid a narrative as any documentary film has had. Although it is smoothed down by its unvaried presentation, David Wolff's text comes through well, functioning as a movie text must: to heighten and approximate the images, rather than in any sense to be notes to the film. It reaches a climax in the poem read as a young Chinese boy sings—a poem which belongs with the pictures it illustrates so closely, but which is printed here for its own worth, as a summary of *China Strikes Back,* and in its place as the first film-poem used in this country (to the writer's knowledge), comparable to the poems W. H. Auden has made for the British G.P.O. films.

SONG OF THE CHINESE SOLDIER

Brothers, it is midsummer, the hours are still warm,
And the fields are gathered in the North.

The crop is gathered in the black barns, the crop of ashes,
The fruits of death lie on the burning road.

I remember our life, the shining grain in the sunlight,
The dogs in our village quarreling far off.

The dogs are silent, greedy and fat in the ruins;
The village is dead in the summer sunlight.

Brothers, the wind as we fled was bitter with smoke.
The stars spit bombs on the hills where we lay hidden.

With words and tears we assailed the enemy,
The Japanese, the locusts with human faces;
We hoped to derail the armored train with a scythe.

Scattered are the families, the children without care,
The homeless people scattered like leaves,
The children like dead leaves on the freezing stream.

The families walk somewhere in slavery,
Toiling till moonlight for the cup of rice.
Hunger moves them—hunger makes them weak.

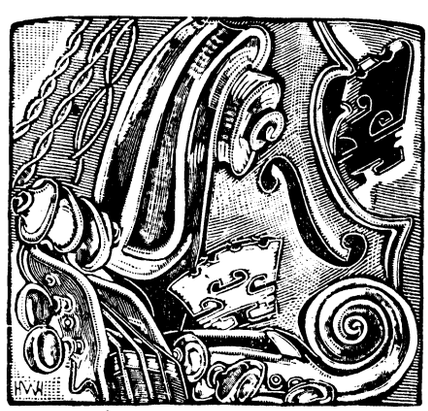
I have heard that many are locked in the Japanese mills
Where are you, O younger sister, where are you?

We have no homes, the Japanese stand on Manchuria,
The men without mouths, that speak out of guns.
Where their voice is heard, there are many peasants already dead.

Stand up, brothers, do not stoop.
As you bend, the Japanese climb on your backs.
Stand up, look, a lion roars in the sky: it is me flying.

Look up, I am armed.
My hands are friends to the rifle.
Look up, brothers and sisters.
I am coming with planes to defend you.

Against this setting are shown, with the army, the two great Chinese leaders, Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung, the dead president, Sun Yat-sen, and one or two student speakers. The other characters are anonymous. They are the supporting audience of Chinese people in their character of victim and defender, the fighters of the Eighth Route Army, and the Japanese planes. *China Strikes Back* is more than a striking picture of a nation rising; it is the explanation of what is, indeed, the Great Wall. No architecture was sufficient to keep aggression out of Manchuria; it is the people now who are the solid defense.



Helen West Heller

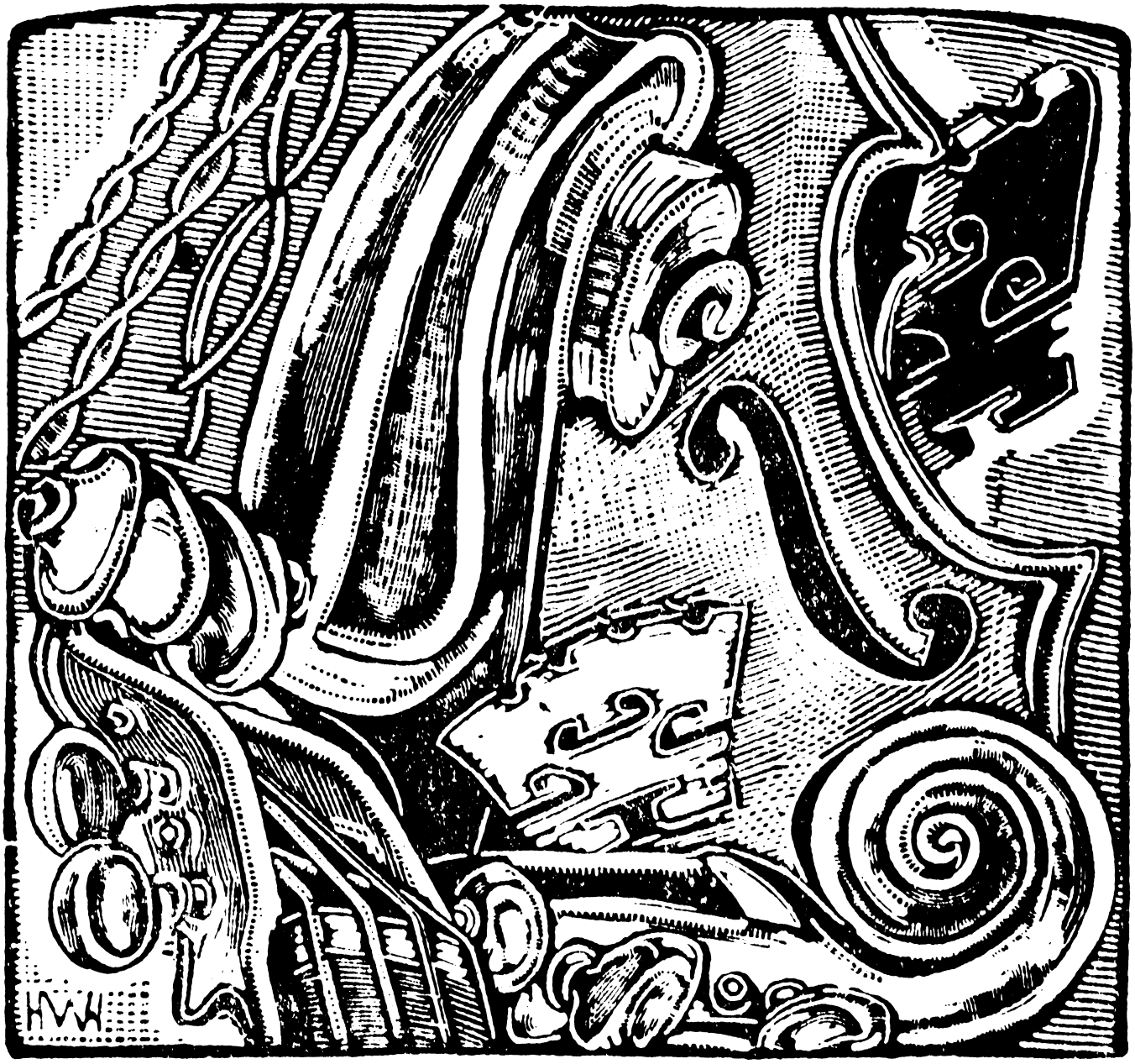
Those who wrote and edited *China Strikes Back,* and to whom the credit goes for this fine work, are Robert Stebbins, David Wolff, Peter Ellis, and Eugene Hill, as well as Harry Dunham, who contributed the original material, and who now is making a picture in Spain. The musical background, which alternates finely and unobtrusively with the narrator's voice, is by Alex North, and falls short only towards the end, which demands a climbing emphasis. The narrator, who is heard rather flatly, with an overdone restraint which may very well be in the recording, is John O'Shaughnessy.

China Strikes Back is playing in New York at the Squire Theater. It is the answer to *Oil for the Lamps of China* and *The Good Earth,* in its treatment as well as in its subject. One evening, a New York newspaper columnist suggested that posters be displayed in front of the Capitol Theater (where *The Good Earth* was showing) reading, "See the Chinese People Defend Their *Good Earth* in *China Strikes Back.*" It is true that the big feature pictures have prepared us for a fuller film about today in China, and that we are ready for character and rich development. But, until such a film is made, or until *Man's Fate* becomes a movie, we have, thanks to Frontier Films, *China Strikes Back.* It must be seen. MURIEL RUKEYSER.

THE THEATER

IF you like your rowdy entertainment more from a chair at a table than a seat in a playhouse, you may want to see *The Fireman's Flame* at the American Music Hall in New York. But if you want more for your $2.20 or your $1.65 than a self-conscious collegiate prank and think it ought to include a meal, as it does at a handful of fairly diverting night clubs along the Main Stem, then the price of admission should strike you as discouragingly as it does your correspondent. A bright burlesque of late nineteenth-century melodrama, with the noble hero getting his lady in the end above the machinations of villainy, the show is probably the best the Krimsky brothers have yet exhibited in their remodeled church. But period posturing and whispers to the audience and infantile heckling from the spectators are good for about half an hour; a full evening of it is sure to pall, and you don't get anything to eat or drink with your ticket, anyway.

The Abbey Players, now visiting New York, had a repertoire of fairly frequent changes in schedule announced, but the newspaper reviews of *The Far-Off Hills* were so favorable that they decided to hold off everything else and keep the comedy going for two



Helen West Heller

full weeks. This seems unfortunate for two reasons: one, a repertory company ought to stick to its numerous shifts and not drop everything when one offering happens to be well received; two, this is one of the frailest and least juicy of the Irish contingent's productions and is far from meriting the prominence of a hold-over. The Lennox Robinson comedy tells the story of a young girl who thinks she hates worldly pleasures and wants to be a nun until a peppy male invades the household and she realizes she prefers commanding a family and becoming a wife, after all. The nature of the girl's delusions of sanctity is not even touched in examination by the playwright; it is simply mentioned over and over again. Her change in character has not the remotest development or justification; it is merely that arbitrary segment of playmaking known as Act Three. The sheer narrative and realistic progression of the play are accordingly scarcely able to hold your attention, and you will have to sit back and wait for the too rare appearances of the "quaint" characters, in the form of drunks and middle-aged scarecrows, to catch the famous Gaelic charm and music of speech. For real relish of our Abbey cousins, attend their classics: *The Plough and the Stars, Juno and the Paycock, The Playboy of the Western World.* Speech like that isn't often heard around these parts.

Few experiences could be more instructive than the Federal Theater's revival of John Howard Lawson's *Processional.* A lot of us have been sitting around remembering the play, its use of burlesque and vaudeville forms to convey the extravagances of American life, its audacious poetic picture of awakening labor. We have called for a revival of native high points in the drama and thought of the Lawson work as possibly leading them all. Now that we have been confronted with a revised and "up-to-date" version of the play, we shall know enough to make a long pause next time before indulging in active nostalgia. Because *Processional* doesn't come alive again at all. Far from it, it turns into a disheartening and discouraging mess which casts only discredit on the Federal Theater Project and Lawson. The sodden miner-hero, his loud-laughing and empty-headed fellow-strikers, the pompous and directionless strike-leader—all these may have been moving within the original frame of mysticism and experimentalism, but today they are caricatures and libels. Particularly since the entire flavor of imaginative seeking and conscious poetic distortion has been smothered by Lem Ward's strikingly inept production. The mood, which should be electric and neurotic, is solemn and dank; the sets, which should be strident and gaga, are over-dramatic and weighty; the movement of the performers, which should be agile and circussy, is crushingly deliberate and calculated. Stay home and reread *Processional,* which is interesting to do; but don't bother seeing it.

The legitimate theater, if it is going to have even one leg to stand on in its refined superiority to the low standards of Hollywood, had better rush to sweep out its own stables. Two little numbers befouled the New York scene last week with truck which the films might have charitably concealed deep in the horse-opera houses. One was Allan Scott's *In Clover,* all about the crazy things that happen when you go and buy a country place. This was picked up by the white wings after its third performance. The other was Stephen Powys's *Wise Tomorrow,* in which a middle-aged Lesbian actress tries to relive her youth by ensnaring Gloria Dickson of *They Won't Forget.* When homosexuality is backgrounded, as in *The Children's Hour,* it has as much legitimate interest as any other theme; when it is presented strictly for its own sensational sake, as in the Powys effort, it gives off an odor such as sent hordes of people scurrying onto the sidewalks long before the end of the play. Nobody seems to be sure whether there is really a Stephen Powys; very soon (as soon as you have ended this sentence, maybe) nobody will be sure there was ever really a play called *Wise Tomorrow.*

A USEFUL STUDY in contrasts is currently afforded by the presence in the Times Square area of two Yiddish theater groups, Maurice Schwartz's at Fifty-ninth Street and the Artef at Sixty-third. Schwartz has invaded Broadway before, but his real home is Second Avenue. The Artef came into being as a protest against the commercial theatrical values of Second Avenue. Both are uptown in the search for broader audiences.

Singer's novel, *The Brothers Ashkenazi,* which you should have read by now, was Schwartz's choice for an opener. What the adaptation and production have done to a rich and thrilling book strikes this reviewer as a fair index to Schwartz and his work. Documentation, character, and social forces have been completely eliminated; conflict without justification and stages of development without inner necessity are all that have been washed down. And it is not as if the novel were hopeless of dramatization or as if one had at any time the feeling that a heroic job had been envisioned and attempted and at least approximated. One is only aware of a deliberate indifference to the values of the original story, of an interest in retaining nothing but what will provide a facile flash of personal idiosyncrasy, an isolated moment of tension for its own sake, a flare of abandoned spectacle which is in no way contributive to the growth of the tale.

When one speaks of the norm of Second Avenue entertainments and accuses them of a vulgarity which they might not even deny, it seems a far cry from the arty pretensions of Schwartz, yet he strikes me as a victim of the very same vulgarity. When settings, costumes, lighting, dance movements, and musical moments combine only to give the impression of expensiveness and hard work, and it rarely matters whether they are genuinely appropriate, then one is obviously in the presence of artistic indiscriminateness and bad taste. The production does have a vitality and an onrush,

but no form whatever, and Schwartz's sprawling performance as the more aggressive Ashkenazi is not of aid. It is sad to report that the Yiddish Art Theatre has gone uptown and merely taken Second Avenue along with it.

The Artef is something else again. Their play is a Soviet importation called *The Outlaw,* by the poet Kulback, and you shouldn't go if you demand a substantial manuscript in this era of thin plays. Go to see the work of Benno Schneider, the Artef's unmatched director, and the collective playing of a permanent acting company which sometimes gets paid and more often has to work in shops and factories during the day but always gives its all. Schneider so far has a peculiar record: he has given so much to playwrights who hadn't enough to say that one is almost driven to wonder whether he would do justice to a full-bodied drama that didn't need its gaps plugged.

But the consideration is an academic one. Here is a pedestrian yarn of a young man whose bitterness at being offered as a sacrificial recruit by the community elders to the tsar's army for seven years has turned him into a Robin Hood in a nearby forest. He steals the nabob's daughter from her wedding feast and turns it into his own, but he and his bride are finally shot dead by the police.

Schneider takes this poorly contrived fable and draws magic out of the air in the form of wit, rhythm, and brilliant spectacle. A group of wandering musicians, intended as a melodramatic device, turns into a small masterpiece of Hogarthian extravagance. The compositions are poetry and the accumulations symphonic. There is no questioning it: the Artef is our very own Moscow Art Theater and Schneider our Stanislavsky. DONALD NASH.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDINGS

THE release of the first album set of twelve-inch records devoted to Swing with a capital S (Victor Set C-28) is apparently intended to signalize that art's coming of age, but while collegiate "alligators" are likely to make a best-seller out of it, there will be more than one skeptic to sniff unappreciatively and go rummaging in his files for a disk from the Golden Age when swing was still hot jazz or rhythm-style. This Symposium of Swing (and the whole get-up is as pretentious as the title) is a handsome affair, however, and even the old-timers will have to admit that it has its moments, particularly in the two-sided Benny Goodman record of "Sing, Sing, Sing." Gene Krupa is the star here, and while he hogs the stage indefatigably, he carries dynamite with him all the way. This goes beside the finale of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire d'un Soldat* and the best Balinese Gamelan Gong records (works which, of course, should be in every swingster's record library). The rest is mighty uneven: Fats Waller doing "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Blue, Turning Grey Over You" with a lot of affected percussion in the former; Tommy Dorsey with a fine easy-going "Stop, Look, and Listen" (reminiscent of some of the Five Pennies' work in the Golden Age) and less

Back to Spain

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pointed jamming in "Beale Street Blues"; and Bunny Berigan doing some of his best trumpeting in "I Can't Get Started," but spoiled by poor vocalizing here and by lack of any definite organization of material in "The Prisoner's Song." The lack of real planning is the weakness of the set throughout, and the consistent over-recording doesn't help any either, but with all its faults this is a set that can hardly be passed up.

Teddy Wilson's Quartet makes its disk debut on Brunswick 7964 with a first-rate "Ain't Misbehavin'" and a pretty good "Honeysuckle Rose." Honors are well divided among Teddy's own pianoing, Red Norvo's dexterous xylophoning, and the restrained but effective trumpet and bass playing of Harry James and John Simmons. Incidentally, the recording—as in all the recent Wilson disks—is excellent and shows that the West Coast Brunswick Labs have it all over those in the East. Art Shaw's "The Blues, A and B" (Brunswick 7947) isn't so well recorded or as attractive to the non-swing-fanatic, but if it's a trifle on the shop-talk side, it holds plenty of interest for the 'gator.

Lionel Hampton shows his versatility in Victor 25666 and 25658, jumping from his fancy two-finger piano playing, to a bit of not so fancy drumming, and winding up at his more familiar post behind the vibraphone, doing a bit of singing for good measure. The sprightly *Piano Stomp* on the first record is the best bet; the coupling is "I Surrender, Dear," and the other disk contains "Drum Stomp" and "Confessin'." Even in Hampton's hands the vibraphone isn't completely free from nausea; the xylophone (cf. Red Norvo above) is infinitely better adapted to swinging. Which is intended to lead up to a request that some alert pianist pick up a harpsichord and show what could be done with it in a dance band. The old instrument only needs its whiskers trimmed and a couple of shots to be rejuvenated into a superb medium for hot music. It has marvelous solo possibilities and as an ensemble instrument there's never been anything to beat it.

Miscellany: If you're not sick of "The Big Apple" by this time, you have your choice of two tunes. That by Nernier and Emmerick on Victor 25652 (Tommy Dorsey and his Clambake Seven) will probably be the more popular, but the David-Redmond piece grows on one, especially in the swell performance by Teddy Wilson's Band on Brunswick 7954. The Arthur Schwartz airs for *Virginia* aren't much more lively than the show itself. Four of them ("Good-Bye, Jonah" is the best) are played by Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra on Victor 25648 and 25649. Maxine Sullivan and Claude Thornhill's Orchestra do a grand job with "Don't Save Your Love for a Rainy Day" from the film *Fifty-Second Street* (Brunswick 7957). The current "must" record for a party is Cyril Smith's "The Old Sow Song" (Vallee Orchestra, Bluebird B-7078). Mr. Smith's offering, otherwise known as "I Heard Three Birds," is announced as an

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(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

"The Daughter of Jorio." Gabriele d'Annunzio's play dramatized by the N.B.C. Radio Guild, Fri., Oct. 22, 3 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Dutch East Indian Music Native religious and secular music featuring orchestral groups of Ambonese flutes, Sudanese violins, mandolins, and guitars, and sung by Malayan and Javanese choirs of boys and girls, Sun., Oct. 24, 11 a.m., N.B.C. blue and C.B.S.

"I've Got the Tune." Columbia Workshop presents a unique radio satire on fascism and other present-day problems, written on commission by Marc Blitzstein, outstanding young American composer and author of *The Cradle Will Rock,* Sun., Oct. 24, 8 p.m., C.B.S.

"Epic of America." A W.P.A. dramatic show, one of a series tracing this country's history, Tues., Oct. 26, 10:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Rheumatic Heart Disease. Dr. Homer T. Swift, member of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, talks during the Academy of Medicine program, Wed., Oct. 27, 3:45 p.m., C.B.S.

National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Discussion on "Is the Rural Problem Different?" Wed., Oct. 27, 4:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Child Study Association. Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, speaks on the outlook for higher education; and Dr. John W. Studebaker, U.S. commissioner of education, on the expanding functions of education, Wed., Oct. 27, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Mozart Festival. Broadcast from Prague, Fri., Oct. 29, 1:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Arturo Toscanini. The maestro conducts the British Broadcasting Co. orchestra in the Brahms *Requiem and Tragic Overture,* Sat., Oct. 30, 3:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

Stage Door. The film version of the Kaufman-Ferber play is a rather sensitive and intelligent film of life in a theatrical boarding house.

100 Men and a Girl. Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski contribute pleasant entertainment to a slight story about unemployed musicians.

Something to Sing About. Cagney fans will like him even in the role of a band-leader.

Heart of Spain. Frontier Films' documentary on medical aid to Spain has been rightly called "pictorial dynamite."

The Lower Depths. Gorki's famous play of the dregs of humanity is brought to the screen by Jean Renoir with a script that Gorki personally approved before his death.

THEATER

Susan and God. Rachel Crother's amusing comedy, improved by the appearance of Gertrude Lawrence, comes very near the level of brilliant satire.

The Star Wagon (Empire, N. Y.). Maxwell Anderson's warm slice of Americana, fuzzy ideologically but greatly helped by Burgess Meredith, Lillian Gish, and Russell Collins.

A Hero Is Born (Adelphi, N. Y.). Theresa Helburn's extravaganza from an Andrew Lang story. A jolly job of fairy-tale satire by the W.P.A. theater.

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