

new masses

JUNE 4, 1946

Volume LIX, Number 10

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BREAD AND WATER

**A Short Story
by Bodo Uhse**

TRUMAN DERAILS FREEDOM

by A. B. Magil



just a minute



Now that NEW MASSES is devoting more space to cultural problems and art, what does this mean to the artists? How does it affect their work?

NM presents the progressive artists of America with a challenge, a precious opportunity to use their art as a weapon. Alone among weeklies our publication provides artists with an outlet for the expression of their ideas in the battle for peace and progress. Through our magazine we can develop the techniques of black-and-white picture-making, pictures expressing the highest hopes and richest experiences of mankind, that strike at corruption and brutality.

We have a rich historical heritage in the black-and-white medium, a vast reservoir of woodcuts, lithographs, engravings and etchings which have in their time served to raise the level of understanding and have exposed evil, bigotry and oppression. We must again utilize to the fullest the media of Daumier, Goya, Hogarth, Durer, Rembrandt, Rowlandson, Breughel and Posada. We must develop to fullest power the weapon of the black-and-white drawing as it was used in the pages of the old *MASSES*, the *Liberator* and the early NEW MASSES itself by Art Young, Jacob Burck, Bob Minor, Boardman Robinson, Adolph Dehn, John Sloan, George Bellows, Peggy Bacon, the Soyers, Gropper and many others. Who

can question the effectiveness of the art weapon in the hands of Kollwitz, Orozco, Mendez and the early Grosz? The time for strong words and sharp pictures is here, now!

IN ORDER to stimulate thinking in terms of graphic symbolism, regular weekly meetings of all artists who wish to participate are held at our offices. At these meetings we discuss the work turned in and the schedule of contents of coming issues, and assign illustrations, cover designs and cartoons. Of course, much valuable work has always come from artists outside New York, and we want this work to increase. To those artists especially who cannot come to our offices we offer some suggestions:

Don't underestimate the value of humor and satire. We must develop not only new Goyas and Kollwitzes but also new Daumiers and Art Youngs. Cartoons, gags and caricatures with a progressive slant are urgently needed. Also, good spots are very useful.

Our low budget creates technical difficulties (among other kinds). We cannot use color, of course, although some work in color may reproduce adequately in black and white. Also ruled out are most photographs and subtle half-tone and wash drawings. Aside from the high cost of plates

and drop-outs, they do not print sharply and clearly in our pages. The quality of our newsprint and inadequate press facilities are partly responsible. For these reasons artists are urged to work in the lithographic and wood-block media rather than in aquatints and mezzotints, and, when drawing, to use black ink, litho crayon and compressed charcoal pencil. For shading, stipple, cross-hatch, scratch-board effects, spatter and benday reproduce best.

As for payment, unfortunately at the moment any resemblance between our business office and that of the *Saturday Evening Post* is purely coincidental. We have plans for raising money to pay for artwork, as we recognize the importance of sustaining progressive artists, but it is not yet possible for us to make even nominal payment. Any suggestions, and any contributions toward this fund, will be gratefully received.

CHARLES KELLER.

WITH this issue we extend warm greetings to the delegates to the National Negro Congress, now meeting in Detroit. The art exhibit which we are jointly sponsoring with the Detroit Council of the Congress is a graphic demonstration of NM's role in the great fight for equal rights.

Today, as in the past, NM offers a platform for Negro artists, writers and poets to make their contributions toward the development of a people's culture. In recent issues we have published a series of hard-hitting articles: "Jim Crow in Khaki," "Can a Negro Study Law in Texas?" "A Liberal Dilemma on the Negro Question" and "Uncle Tom on the Air." We shall continue, together with you, the fight to realize your Congress' slogan: *Death blow to Jim Crow!*
B. M.

new masses

established 1911

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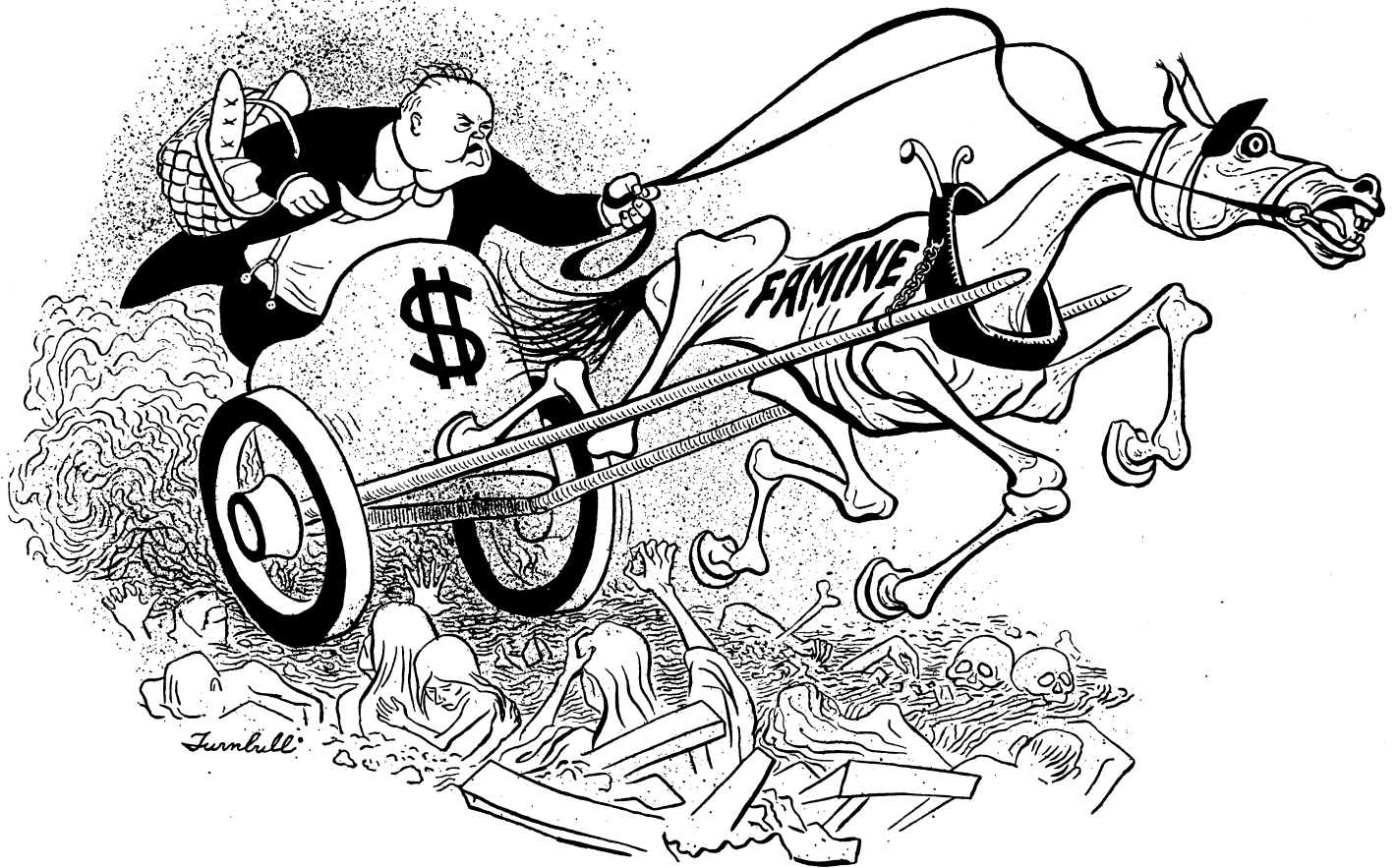
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WHILE MILLIONS STARVE

Food is now being used as a weapon to advance Washington's reactionary foreign policy. What must be done to solve the growing famine crisis.

By ROBERT DIGBY



MORE lives are being jeopardized by the present world food crisis than were taken by the war itself. Despite attempts to minimize that crisis, it continues to get worse, and despite efforts to consider it temporary, the outlook for next winter is even more serious than now.

At a time when a famine-stricken world is looking to our well-stocked larder for help, we find our own food situation in a mess. The administration tells us that the crisis came without warning. But is this true and is the administration taking steps to unsnarl the food tangle, or is its approach one of creating "sound and fury" in order to hide the reactionary purpose behind our whole food and foreign policy?

"It looks impossible to save everybody," declared the dour Herbert

Hoover as he took off from the LaGuardia Airport for his flight to Europe and Asia. But is it the intention of the US Government to do all that it can "to save everybody," or is it our intention to revert to the food policies pursued by Hoover after World War I? If our policy is "to save everybody," why did President Truman choose Herbert Hoover, whose name is a symbol of hunger and reaction in all parts of the world, to head his Famine Emergency Committee?

"Freedom from want of food can be achieved," declared the first resolution adopted by the United Nations in May of 1943 at the Hot Springs Conference on Food and Agriculture. This resolution was "unhesitatingly adopted" by all of the nations. "We have the tools," they said, adding, "We have to find the

strength and the common sense and good will to use them efficiently and rightly."

Three years ago the representatives of the United Nations not only foresaw the magnitude of the postwar food problem but also went on to set forth the concrete, vigorous measures necessary for dealing with it. President Truman and Secretary of Agriculture Anderson are now silent about the food policies agreed upon at the Hot Springs Conference. They pretend that the world food crisis caught them unawares, although the record shows that it was foreseen many months ago and a steady stream of famine reports has been flowing into government file cases from our official representatives all over the world.

Instead of carrying through the

"freedom from hunger" program drawn up at Hot Springs, the administration called in Herbert Hoover to deal with the famine. But before he left on his global "fact-finding" mission Hoover promulgated his solution: a voluntary conservation program with thirty-seven suggestions for eating less. Despite the fact that this plan has, month after month, failed to supply UNRRA with enough food to meet our minimum commitments, Hoover also inveighed against a return to rationing.

When he came back, Hoover boasted to the nation that he had single-handedly balanced the world's food supply—or almost so. Instead of a deficit of 11,000,000 tons, he claimed that the world now lacked only three or four million tons of grain. How had Hoover achieved this result? Merely by taking out his magic pencil and subtracting 4,000,000 tons from what the world needs and adding 3,000,000 tons to what there is on hand. After taking one look at Hoover's figures on April shipments, UNRRA chief LaGuardia snapped, "The month is over; I didn't get it. The figure is wrong." It was later found that Hoover's mark-up of 3,000,000 tons on the supply side was manufactured by double-counting April figures showing the world's stocks of wheat available for export. Stripped of their statistical fakery, Hoover's figures revealed the same formula that the GOP leader has applied to every crisis: *Let 'em eat less.*

"The world must quit charity as a basis for widespread food distribution," Hoover brazenly told the opening session of the World Food Conference in Washington on May 20. Instead of proposing measures for meeting our commitments to UNRRA, Hoover demanded that UNRRA be abolished. When UNRRA was first set up, the participating nations recognized that its activities were not to be considered as "charity" but as "a moral obligation," a partial repayment of destruction suf-

Nightmare

I saw a man who looked like me,
His face was hanging from a tree,

He had a halo round him there,
A blaze of shrapnel in his hair,

His voice was lead, he made no sound,
His eyes were bullets in the ground.

LEWIS ALLAN.

fered in the war against the common foe. In a sharp reply, LaGuardia accused Hoover of seeking to transform international cooperation into "an international pawnshop" and declared, "To compel a starving nation to get a loan for food is not in keeping with the new world we are talking about."

But Hoover wants no "new world." He wants hunger and famine so that he can again use food and loans to throttle democratic peoples' governments. Said Hoover on Feb. 18, 1936: "My thinking always comes to a precipice when I reflect on the profit system, for beyond the precipice I see either communism or fascism. Personally, I prefer fascism." Yet this is the man President Truman chose to solve the world's food problems.

A SURVEY of how we used our food after V-J Day shows that we made no effort to conserve our supplies so others might eat. Neither the administration nor Congress expressed any interest in preventing hunger. Instead of preparing for the threatening world food crisis, Secretary Anderson began having visions of tremendous surpluses right after the war. After a conference at the White House on Sept. 24, 1945, Anderson told the press that, although he had promised all-out production for 1946 when he took office in July, the end of the war had brought a reduction in domestic as well as foreign needs. Anderson chose to ignore the voluminous report which had just been issued by his own Department telling of the imminence of the food crisis.

Responding to the pressure of the big food processors and distributors, the administration lifted rationing and removed wartime regulations. Anderson began canceling food subsidies and eliminating price ceilings. He insisted these moves were necessary to prevent price-depressing surpluses from piling up. The sharp price increases that followed proved the falsity of this argument. Worried lest the farmers take at face value the administration's promise to maintain "full farm production," Anderson set out to make the farmers "surplus-minded" again. He pushed through a potato-dumping program, predicted an egg surplus amounting to 25,000,000 cases, and lifted restrictions on the use of milk and heavy cream to absorb the "glut," which, like the egg "surplus," proved to be non-existent. In proclaiming food goals for 1946, Anderson originally called for a reduction of 7,000,000

acres below the 1945 goals, and in addition to these cuts in crop acreages, asked for cuts in livestock and livestock products.

Elmer Benson, chairman of the National Citizens PAC, wrote a sharp letter to Anderson accusing the administration of trying to lead the nation back "to the old ways of reduction and scarcity" at a time when "predictions of world-wide hunger have been more than fulfilled." He also accused Anderson of plowing under his promise of "full farm production."

In planning for surpluses instead of shortages, can the administration now hide behind the plea that it is guilty only of an error in judgment? Or did the administration deliberately choose to turn its back on the food needs of its wartime allies? To be sure, there may have been some errors in judgment, but these are secondary. As we look back over the record, there is nothing to indicate that the Truman administration has ever had any intention of honoring its food promises or of joining the United Nations in a campaign "to banish the scourge of hunger from the earth."

Congress has continued to demand the lifting of wartime controls which conserved food and the abolition of subsidies which helped to increase food production. At every opportunity Congress has needled the administration to speed the control-lifting process and thereby throw the domestic food situation into chaos. Only by creating such chaos can the food processors be assured of the big killings that make for higher and higher profits. Now Congress is whetting its axes to wreck the whole price control program, and if this is



Marantz.

done, or if Anderson is given full power to cancel price ceilings on farm products, then it will be even more difficult for UNRRA to buy the grain and other supplies which it has been promised.

SINCE Great Britain is serving as a junior partner in our anti-Soviet coalition, it is worthwhile to compare her food policies with our own. The similarity is striking indeed, and even the excuses have a familiar ring, so much so that we must doubt their "accidental" character. The conservative London *Economist* gives this account of two parliamentary discussions on the world food crisis:

"Members naturally wanted to know why the world's desperate shortage of grain had not been better foreseen, why the British public had not been better forewarned, and why British agriculture had not been better geared to meet the emergency. The government's simple excuse was that, until very recently, it too was equally in the dark about the full dimensions of the problem." (Feb. 23, 1946.)

Like Washington, London would have the world believe that it was taken by surprise. To make this more plausible, it offers additional excuses, such as: "Sir Ben Smith [British Minister of Food] told a dismal tale of mounting disasters in the last few weeks: drought in Australia and Argentina; drought and tidal wave in India; failure of the whaling expedition to the Antarctica; and an almost incredible miscalculation of stocks in America."

To be sure, the whaling expedition is a far more ingenious explanation

than any given by Anderson, and of course we cannot expect our officials to say much about any "incredible miscalculation" on their part. But otherwise the stories are cut from the same cloth.

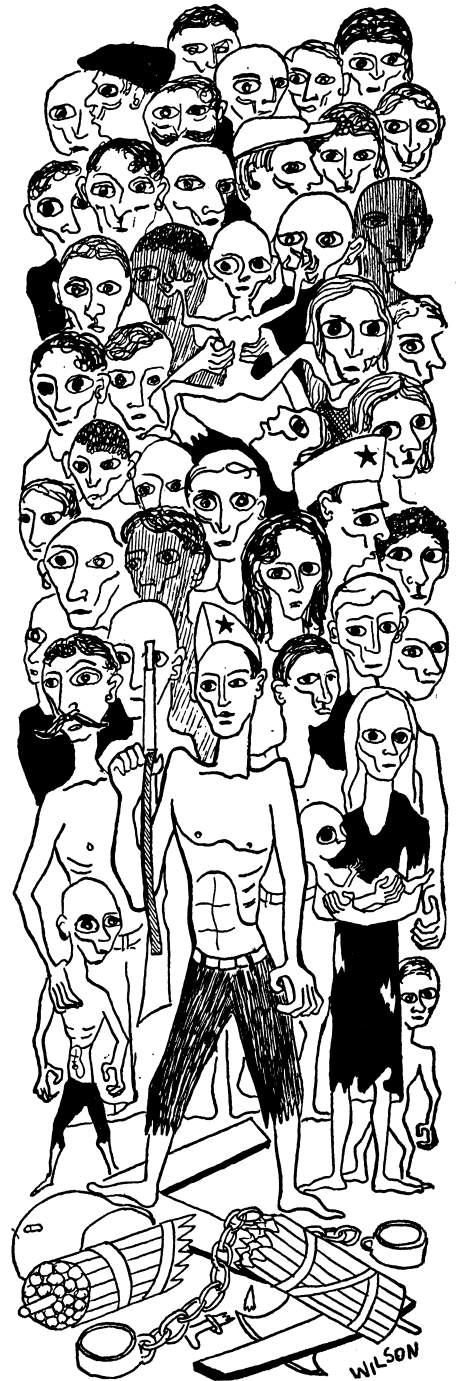
While Britain did not join us in lifting food rationing after the war, it did cut its wheat production by thirty percent, and its officials have been sounding the same "surplus" note. Thus, at the World Food Conference in Washington, Sir John Orr, Director General of the FAO, declared, "There is now a danger of surpluses piling up, surpluses for which there is no economic demand." And, the N.Y. *Times* of May 21 reported Secretary of Agriculture Anderson's position as follows: "He warned, too, of returning surpluses after requirements have been met and production continues high." At this conference called to discuss the food crisis, the chief concern of the British and American officials was not with increasing production and facilitating distribution but with warning against future "surpluses."

After resigning from UNRRA, Herbert Lehman attacked the "eat less" program and insisted upon the necessity of returning to rationing in order to check the spread of famine. "Voluntary measures alone, no matter how energetically they are pursued, are not enough," he declared. "We have no right, at the present time, to plan on any basis other than that the situation next winter will be even worse than the present crisis."

Significant also were Lehman's direct charges leveled against the powerful and secretive Combined Food Board, the Anglo-American-Canadian committee which controls food allocations and holds a whip hand over UNRRA decisions. The Combined Food Board has not hesitated to veto UNRRA agreements, to ignore its investigations of needs, and to allocate supplies to former enemy countries while claiming that such items are not obtainable for our former allies. It has been able to supply generous food shipments to Spain, Portugal, and also to Greece, where the monarchists are in control of food distribution, but UNRRA shipments designated for White Russia, the Ukraine, Poland, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia have been delayed, scaled down and refused. Lehman's proposal that the Soviet Union be included on an international food allocations board, replacing the Combined Food Board, was quickly

buried at the Atlantic City UNRRA conference last April.

WHEN Hoover returned from his hunger mission, he immediately launched a propaganda campaign against the Soviet Union. By insisting on the one hand that the United States is carrying more than its share of the burden, and on the other that the Soviet Union is refusing to cooperate, Hoover has clearly indicated the direction that this latest propaganda wave will take. Despite the fact that the Nazis laid waste to the most productive farming areas of the Soviet Union, Hoover is preparing to blame the Soviet



Union for starvation and famine in Europe.

President Truman readily fell in with this approach by sending a note to the Soviet Union and quickly reporting to the press that it had rejected his plea for cooperation. Though the press did not give the text of Truman's note or a single quotation from the Soviet reply, headlines screamed, "Stalin Rejects Plea for Wheat" and "Soviets Refuse to Cooperate on Food Crisis." Only later, by way of Moscow radio stations, did more information come to light. According to these reports, Stalin expressed regret that President Truman

land, France, Poland and Romania.

In taking over the reins of UNRRA, LaGuardia said, "We shall approach no group of people with a ballot in one hand and food in another." This is a most commendable sentiment, but it will not be realized unless the US and England can be prevailed upon to restore the principle of Big Three unity. UNRRA food was used in the most shameless and brazen fashion to buy votes in Greece, for example, and even though UNRRA food shipments to Greece have been larger than its total imports of all products before the war, the monarchists divide this food among themselves while denying it to those



"Now that we're only serving twelve courses, we can reduce Jeeves' salary!"

had not asked for the assignment of Soviet grain to UNRRA three months ago when something could have been done about it, instead of waiting until the middle of May when its stocks had been assigned. As for coordination with other countries, Stalin assured Truman that the Soviet Union was in favor of this principle but that more concrete proposals would be in order. Since the Soviet note makes it plain that during the last three months no request for pooling of grain and no invitation to cooperate had been forthcoming, it is not surprising that the White House withheld the text of the reply.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union is pushing its plan for expanding food production. Despite drought in the Ukraine, it is ploughing up the winter wheat fields, replacing them with spring wheat, and even though the war has cut deeply into its own food supply, it has found it possible to share 1,100,000 tons of grain with the people of Fin-

land, France, Poland and Romania.

Every step taken by the United States and Great Britain away from the path of Big Three unity has the effect of increasing the toll of lives that will be taken by hunger and disease. The United States and Great Britain are buying up all available food stocks around the world, withholding this food from UNRRA and their former allies, and doling out rations to reactionary elements whose rule is expected to enhance the profits of their monopolists at home. This is a cold-blooded and deliberate policy. It is not a product of ineptitude or error.

This policy must be reversed by the peoples everywhere. Starvation and famine *can* be prevented. As against the Hoover program which uses hunger as a political weapon, we must demand that food be used to help in a people's peace. The main planks of such a "freedom from hunger" program would in-

clude: *Internationally*: (1) The immediate convening of a world food conference at which the famine-stricken countries would report on their food needs and where uniform minimum food standards would be set up. The nations having well-stocked larders or controlling large supplies around the world would then pool their available resources.

(2) Establishment of a World Food Board, based on the principle of Big Three unity, to replace the present Anglo-American Combined Food Board. This new World Food Board would be responsible for the equitable allocation of foods to the hungry areas and for maintaining the uniform, minimum standards agreed upon at the world food conference. To ensure the elimination of "politics" from food relief, the World Federation of Trade Unions should be given representation on the World Food Board. (3) Continuation of UNRRA until an expanded world-wide agency, based on the principles of Big Three unity, can be set up by UN to replace it. (4) Encouragement of land reform programs in liberated countries to increase food production. Vigorous measures should be taken to aid in the reconstruction of war-torn agricultural areas by sending seed, breeding stock, implements, machinery and other technical assistance.

Nationally the program should provide: (1) Resumption of food rationing. (2) Continuation of the price control program; and instead of abandoning food subsidies, it is essential that subsidies and other incentives be used to promote the expansion of essential foods. (3) Full farm production with particular attention given to federal programs which will enable the family-size farms to increase their production. At the present time, there are 4,000,000 of these family-size farms, which account for only fifteen percent of the total farm output but which could greatly increase their production if they were given proper assistance by the government. (4) Conservation of foods by prohibiting their diversion to non-essential industrial uses, such as edible oils in paints. An over-all plan for allocating grains, feeds, fats, oils and other critically needed foods. The trusts should be prevented from using the world food crisis as a golden opportunity for profiteering. (5) Removal of Herbert Hoover from the "honorary" chairmanship of the Famine Emergency Committee.

OPERATION WAR

An Editorial by JOHN STUART

IN TWO weeks Mr. Byrnes goes back to Paris. He goes back with all the garlands a grateful imperialism can bestow. In the swank lunch clubs of Wall Street, in Washington's hate-filled back rooms, Mr. Byrnes has attained the stature of hero. Good boy, Jimmy.

For the rest of us it may mean—this flight back to Luxembourg Palace—a fatal inching toward war. It seems insane and incredible that from this first bloodless Spring the only harvest may be death again and butchery. The rational mind cannot encompass it, cannot put stock in it. Yet in 1938 and in 1939 the incredible also seemed impossible but it happened. In the snake-pit of capitalism, where rationality does not rule and human life is a pawn, war is always imminent, for war is as needful to the market-lusting and the profit-mad as the sun is to a leaf or a blade of grass.

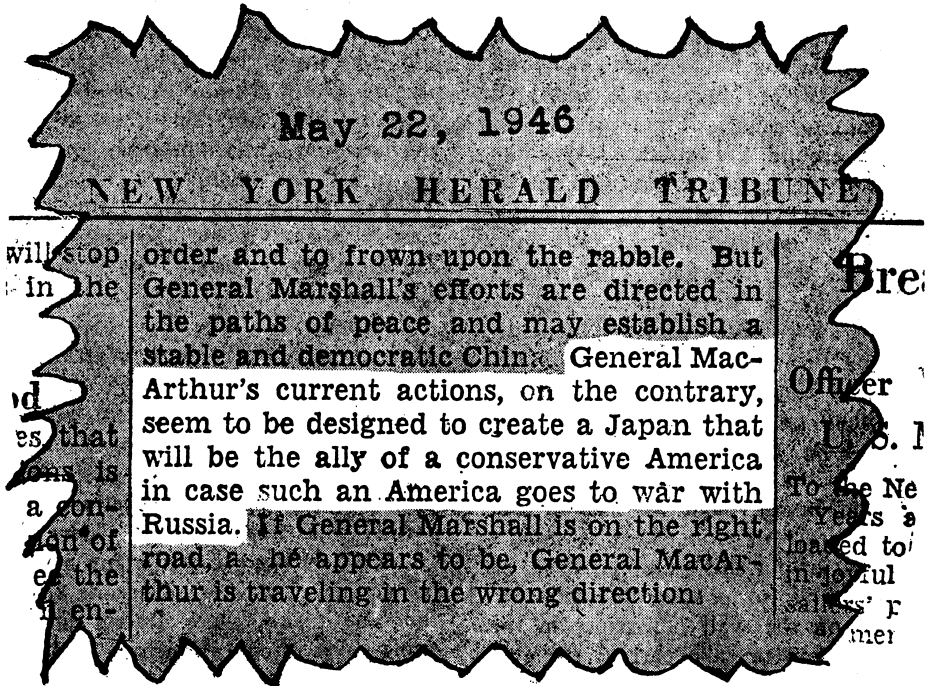
Mr. Byrnes forgets a certain Mr. Chamberlain who also played the idiot game against the Russians. Now the memory of Chamberlain is a filthy stain on British history. Mr. Byrnes' place in the books will be no different. History is terribly cruel to those who play its notes backwards, who make it reverse its steps. Theirs is perhaps a day-to-day victory but in the larger calculation a decade-to-decade defeat.

I listened to Mr. Byrnes make his report on the radio. How strange it is that the administration's offensive for peace starts with a campaign for war against the Soviet Union! Now, even now, the State Department luminaries, judging from the words of their chief, are preparing to prove their guiltlessness in making another war. If we do not hold back its coming, they will quote from Mr. Byrnes on how reasonable they were, how conciliatory. And then they will send the atom bombs, comforted by their moral righteousness, that sickening "reasonableness" that lynches a Negro in the South, denies a man an extra dollar for his labor, sweats and drives and bleeds millions in the colonial domain, cripples the dispossessed with neurotic mores and foul ethics.

Mr. Byrnes never went to make peace in Paris. He went to dictate the shape of the world and who was to

join him in ruling it. Before he went off on his "Sacred Cow" he had his junior clerks buzz into the ears of the newspapermen that the Russians were "irreconcilable." He came back repeating the word, this time sweetened somewhat with diplomatic sugar. His work in Paris was done with the single purpose of inflaming American public opinion against the Soviet Union. His

Herald Tribune (Jan. 4, 1946) by Joseph and Stewart Alsop, who, with their inside tracks into the War and State Departments, were able to say that the American militarists' "aim is to create a chain of air bases, from Okinawa through the Aleutians, across the Arctic extension of this hemisphere, and onward to Iceland, which will in fact encircle the Soviet Union and



method was to give the appearance of cooperativeness, the illusion that he hungered for understanding among the war-time Allies but that he failed and the blame for the failure rested with the Russians.

It is as simple as that and through it he hopes to win the support of Americans for a policy of economic aggression, atomic brutality, isolation of the USSR, and the re-enthronement of all those vicious figures already toppled from their perches. The sum of it is a Europe of yesterday and, in time, war. If you have doubts that it means war, why the secrecy over the atom bomb? Why Admiral Leahy's sudden trip to London on behalf of President Truman? Is Leahy, in full uniform, studying British bird life or are his hush-hush conferences intended for something ominous? How explain as a peace measure the policy revealed in an article written in the New York

place at our mercy both European Russia and the great new industrial region in the Urals?"

NOR is Mr. Byrnes finished with his strategy. He is planning bigger and better things. In his radio report he promised to bring the Soviets to trial before the UN if they refused to knuckle under at Paris. The Iran fiasco is to be repeated on a global scale. And with this plan Mr. Byrnes hopes finally to set the diplomatic record clear before taking actual war measures. The UN's members are to be stamped into the anti-Soviet corral. There he will stand with a five-dollar bill buying votes, or gathering up the "little nations" to mark X's next to his miserable scheme, as the American delegation did at San Francisco when it steam-rolled the admission of fascist Argentina against Soviet opposi-

(Continued on page 22)

JOURNEY TO BELGRADE

Searchlights beamed overhead, people began to dance on the squares of the city—it was the birthday of the Republic.

By **LENKA REINER**

Belgrade (by mail)

RAIN was coming down in a fine drizzle as our ship, the Yugoslav freighter *Perast*, carefully pulled out of the narrow harbor of Montreal. Slowly we slipped past a high, grey wall. "Hey, Russians!" a voice called through the fog, "where are you bound for?" "We're Yugoslavs," answered one of our sailors. Then cupping his hands around his mouth so that the crew on the big Norwegian ship nearby could hear him better, he went on: "We're Yugoslavs, and this isn't Russian. It's our new flag, Tito's flag!"

It's nice to travel on a freighter. The crew consisted of forty men, including the captain and three officers, plus our tiny brown cat Luka. Even the blind passenger who came up on deck from the engine room on the third day out and proved to be an Italian anti-fascist, eager to put an end to his years of exile, soon became a member of our ship's family. True, he was unable to collaborate with the sailors on the wall newspaper in the dining-room or take part in the evening study classes; but after so long an absence he was as impatient to return to Europe as anyone on board. He was with us at the ship's rail the early evening of the eighteenth day as the high cliffs of Gibraltar loomed ahead.

At Gibraltar our ship took on coal and water. Our crew would have liked some wine, but there was none to be had. Nobody was allowed to land, since we were to be in port only a few hours. So we all stayed on deck and chatted with the Spanish dockworkers who swarmed around the galley. On the stove a pot of good American coffee was brewing. The lean Spaniards inhaled the pungent odor and followed every move of our busy cook.

"Well, how are things with your General Franco?" our radioman asked.

"Our Franco?" a Spaniard answered, and spat.

"You mean you're all against him?" another member of our crew asked.

"Then how is it he's riding so high in power?"

"You shouldn't ask us that," replied a hollow-cheeked young man. "Don't ask me—I spent several years in a concentration camp. And don't ask him over there: Franco murdered his parents. Don't ask any of us—because everyone here has done time in jail and has been beaten up plenty for trying to tell the truth."

"Yes, that's fine talk. But talk doesn't mean much, because your Franco is still in power," the Yugoslav sailor insisted.

"Nonsense!" The pale Spaniard was enraged. "Who here is afraid to speak out his mind? Aren't we all workers here? Who would betray anything? We'll get rid of Franco, don't worry, and his whole gang. But what can we do as long as they are supported from the outside? Here in Gibraltar during the war many bombs fell on Allied ships and everyone knew that the planes were Italian planes flying over from Algeciras. Well, did anyone even protest? *Our* Franco? The Spanish people don't keep him in power, you can bet on that!"

Then our cook appeared in the doorway of the galley, the pot of steaming coffee in his hands. Our visitors held out empty tin cans to him. Again and again they held out their cans. Finally, shortly after midnight, we sailed away.

WE ARRIVED in Brindisi in the morning. A swarm of tiny boats came up to our ship. They were wine-sellers. But none of them would sell even half a litre for money. They wanted only American cigarettes in exchange. So we got good red and white wine until the harbor police-boat hove into sight. Then the wine-sellers leaped out of their boats like dolphins and climbed up pell-mell onto our ship.

In the city itself we could see well-dressed women and the shop windows were filled with nice things. There



was a raincoat for 8,000 *lire* (one US dollar is worth 100 *lire*), a package of Camels for 200 *lire*, and shoes, handbags, fruit and meat for many thousands of *lire*. Small children ran past these display windows, their black eyes far too large even for Italian youngsters. Clad only in worn-out men's jackets, their exposed limbs were blue with cold.

In Brindisi our Italian anti-fascist friend left us. After twenty-two years of exile he was finally home.

On the twenty-sixth day out of Montreal the sea became as narrow as a river. On both sides of us appeared the islands of the Dalmation coast. The sailors again stood at the ship's railing. One of them pointed to a tiny bay in which his native town lay; another could see the half wrecked steeple of his village church.

"The pilot boat!"

A wooden motor-boat raced toward us. From its low mast fluttered a torn and faded Yugoslav flag, bearing the red star of the Partisans. Five men stood up in the boat and waved to us with both hands. Our ship's siren began to go full blast without a let-up. Slowly all the signal-flags we had were hoisted on both our masts. The captain stood on the bridge with all his officers.

The sailors were still at the railing. All conversation had ceased; only the siren's wail continued uninterruptedly. Could anyone fail to be moved? A ship was coming home—after years of sailing the seas and dodging enemy submarines. Sailors were returning home to burned and devastated villages—many had wives and brothers buried somewhere in Yugoslav earth.

Slowly the boat made its way through the narrow channel past charred, bombed-out fishermen's huts. We drew near the white-stone inscription: *Zivio Tito! Zivela Republika!* (Long live Tito! Long live the Republic!) And with the siren still piercing the air with its unceasing din, with pennants fluttering gaily from both masts, we finally reached our home port of Sibenik.

NOVEMBER 11, 1945. Election day in Yugoslavia. It was three in the afternoon and we rushed to the port authorities, pleading with them to allow us to vote. They shook their heads skeptically—not one of us was on the voters' list. Are exceptions made for sailors? Who knows? And they kept shaking their heads. Then a ship's delegation went to the local National Committee. Two hours later military guards came on board our ship. We all went to vote in the old school in Sibenik. There were three ballot-boxes: two for the National Front of Marshal Tito and a nearly empty one for the Opposition. We were given strict in-

structions to place our clenched fist into every ballot-box so that no one could tell how we voted. Whoever did not obey this rule had his vote declared invalid.

Then we strolled through the old section of the town. Everywhere in the narrow alleys there were holes where once houses stood. The people were somewhat better dressed than we had anticipated. Their poverty showed mainly on their feet: they wore all kinds of shoes, made of rags sewed-together or dyed sail-cloth. The soles were of straw or of coarsely cut strips of automobile tires. The children were worse off. Many were barefoot; others wore oversized, dilapidated army boots.

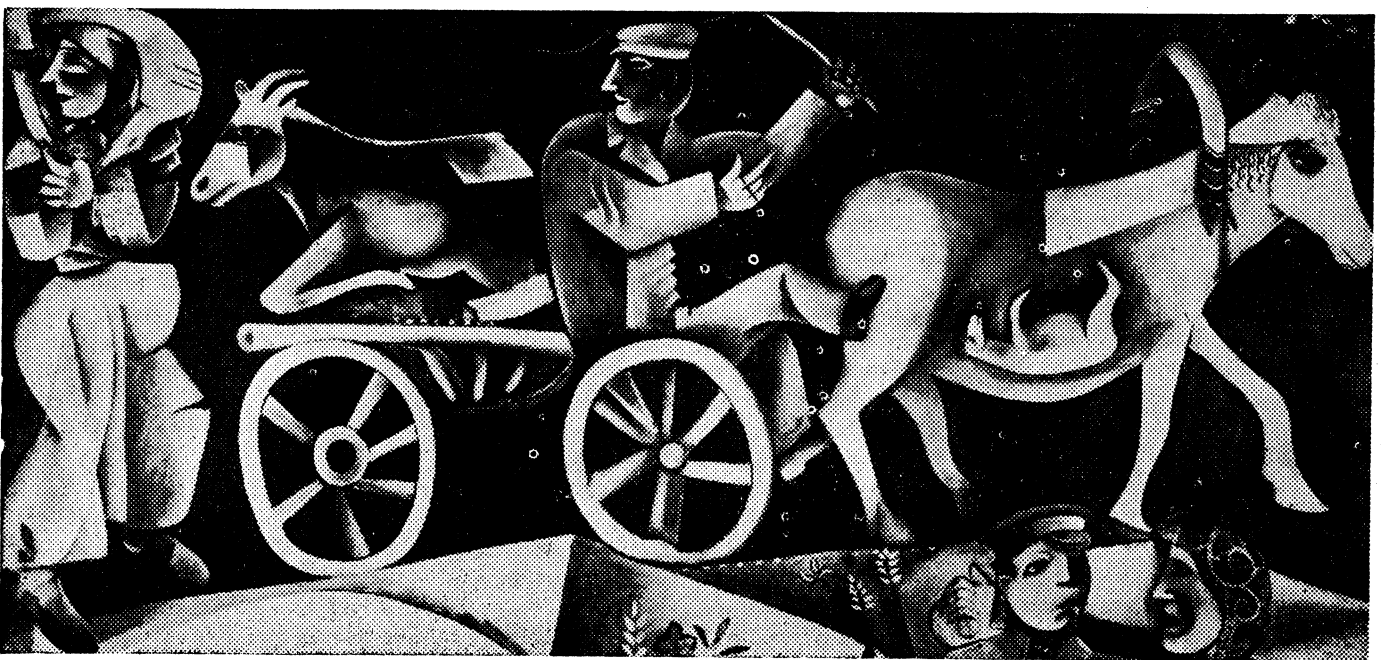
There was dancing on the central square. It was the Yugoslav national dance, the *Kolo*, in which soldiers, young girls, children and women, especially women, joined hands and danced in a circle to the tune of a simple song: "Tito roused us to fight—Tito, Tito!—Tito freed our country—Tito, Tito!"

Back on the boat, a small boy kept running after me. Finally I asked him if he wanted something. He nodded: "I need a pencil very much. I have none and can't write in school." We searched the captain's desk and found a pencil. Next to it were attractive red and blue pencils. My little friend shook his head: "I don't want the blue and red one." A child refusing a pencil? "Take it," I insisted, "and of course you can have the black one too." He

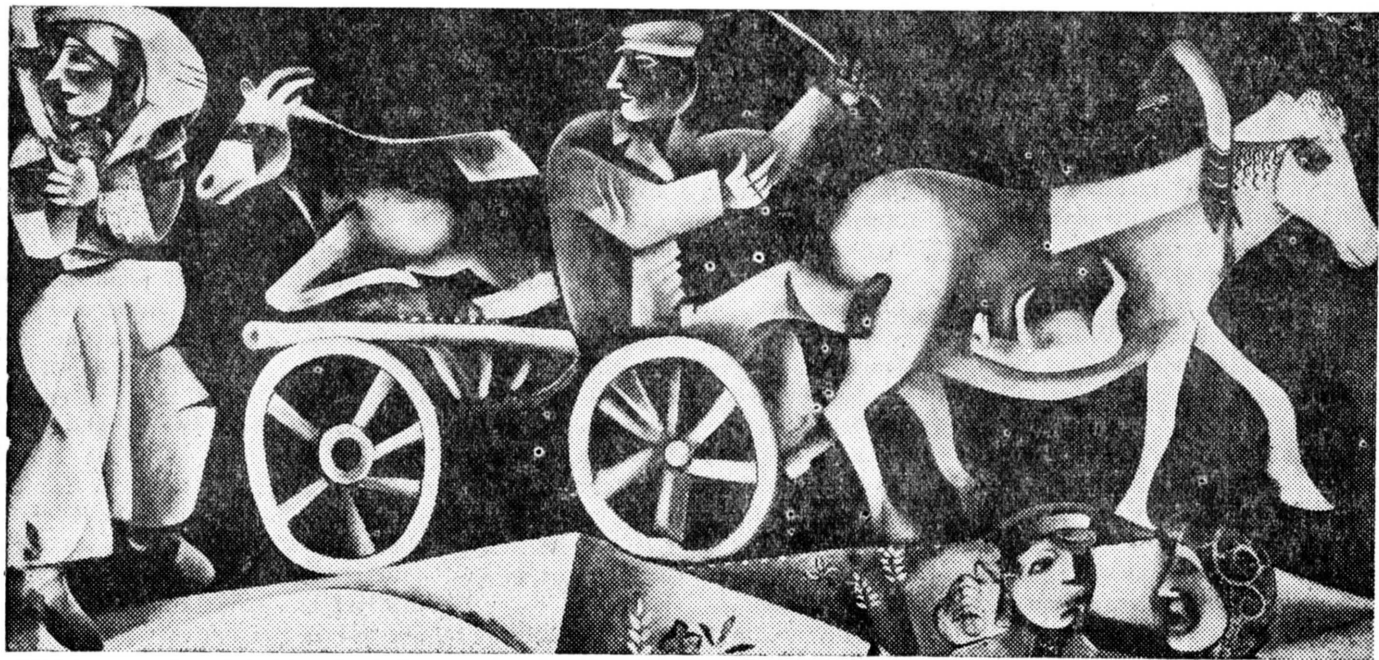
thought for a minute then made up his mind: "Maybe I can give the blue and red ones to other boys, if the teacher says so, and they'll be able to write too." I went with him into the galley and gave him a big piece of bread. His face lit up as he bit into it. But as he came out of the galley another boy was standing there. Without a word the child broke off half of his piece and handed it to the other youngster.

TO GET from Dalmatia to Belgrade in November 1945, was not easy, even though much progress had been made in repairing railway lines and rebuilding bridges. We had to take a steamer from Sibenik to Bakar, where we would board a connecting train. The trip took two days. At night we had to interrupt our journey, since there were still unexploded mines all along the Dalmatian coast. On the evening of the first day we got as far as Zadar.

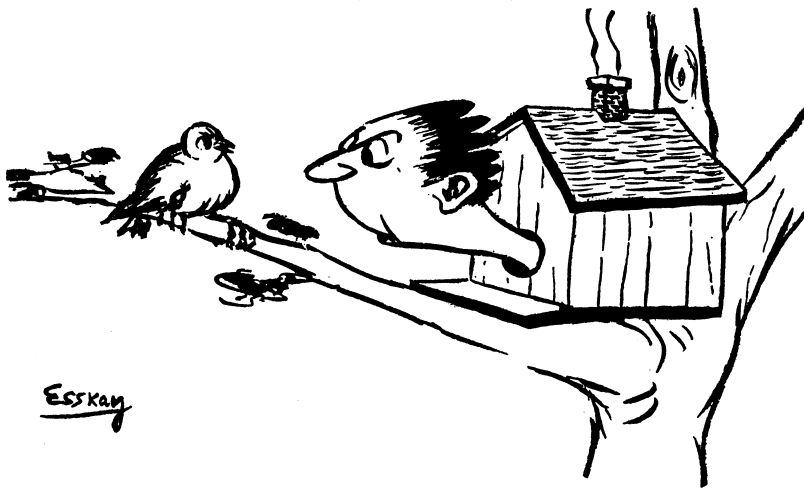
A round white moon shone in the sky, lighting up ruins of houses, empty window-frames and charred roofs. Once there must have been cats slink-ink through this ghost-like place, but now we saw no cats. They must have been eaten by hungry human beings or snuffed out by bombs and fire. Nor was there much evidence of human activity, except in the two hotels in the port. We were able to order fish, vegetable soup and plenty of good wine. Thus we spent the long cold night, sitting at a table until five in



"The Cattle Dealer," oil by Marc Chagall. At the Museum of Modern Art through June 23.



"The Cattle Dealer," oil by Marc Chagall. At the Museum of Modern Art through June 23.



"But I got here first!"

the morning when we were on our way again. Not a window, not a street-lamp was lighted—only the pale moon shone over the ruins. The waiter told us that Zadar had been an Italian base.

In Bakar we left the steamer and had to climb up a steep hill to the railway station. A train consisting of a few cattle-cars left there daily for a place called Skrljevo, where we would make connections with the Zagreb train. The station at Bakar was once a small white house with a single room. Now it had no windows or doors and the wind howled through its shattered roof. There were no benches for waiting passengers, no ticket-windows. Only the walls remained standing. Formerly they had been simple white-washed walls, with perhaps a timetable, a price-list for tickets and some official announcements. But during the war some German soldiers had been billeted there and now the walls were scribbled with disgusting "poems," products of the twisted imagination of Hitler's soldiers. One soldier told how he had raped old women as well as young women and children. Another found that the girls in the place did not yield readily enough and proposed drastic measures to force them to submit. Only one wrote, perhaps in a moment of weakness: "When the fire goes out and there's no more pot on the stove, one thinks: My boy, it's all up with you."

In a nearby house German railway guards had lived and eaten. The old man who owned the place told us that the one German word he had learned was *muß* (must). When the Partisans drew near and shortages became critical in the village, the German soldiers demanded meat as usual. For months the civil population had not seen a piece of meat, but the German soldiers

always managed to find some. Finally there was none left for them. They refused to believe it. "There *must* be!" they roared to the old man, "you *must* get some, you *must, must!*"

His wife told us in tears how one day she had passed a concentration camp and heard her name called. Behind the barbed wire was a woman. But she could not recognize her, the old lady sobbed—she simply could not recognize the living skeleton she saw there. And she never found out which of her friends or relatives had cried out to her.

IN ZAGREB, the capital of the Federal state of Croatia, we visited an exposition, "Photographs and Documents of the National Struggle for Liberation." What an amazing wealth of photographs! Every picture made us pause and look for several minutes. But some of them depicted events almost too terrible for the normal human brain and heart. One showed a young girl, her hands and feet manacled, with a stocky young German soldier smilingly thrusting a bayonet into her breast. Another showed a burning village in the background. In the foreground a group of German soldiers. One was just lighting a cigarette, two others were gaily looking on, while a fourth had seized a young woman struggling wildly to free herself. To the left of this group another soldier, his muscles tensed but with a smile on his face, swinging an axe over his head. And in the foreground a man kneeling on the stump of a tree, his head half severed and blood streaming in every direction.

Traveling by train to Belgrade, we arrived in Zemun instead of Belgrade. The great bridge spanning the Sava was destroyed. The station at Zemun

was also badly hit, but the worst damage had been repaired and the empty window-panes nailed up with boards. On the station platform we saw peasants, most of them sitting on shiny zinc coffins. Some of them carried one or more coffins in their arms. They were parents who had received permission from the authorities in Belgrade to bring their dead children home. They would find the sad remains of their sons and daughters in some mass grave beneath weather-beaten stones or behind the rusty barbed-wire of former concentration camps. That was why the government had furnished them with shiny new coffins, in which to place their dead children and bury them in Serbian earth.

A temporary wooden bridge crossed the Sava river. Ruined houses lined both banks. Peasant carts hauled passengers and baggage to Belgrade. We had a long wait at the bridge, wedged in between big trucks of German and Italian makes, American jeeps, Soviet passenger-cars, coaches and donkey-carts. Below at the river's edge was a graveyard for tanks and armored cars. German prisoners of war were walking around in the mud. Off to a distance, on the heights, was the city of Belgrade. And above the houses waved a large flag with a five-cornered Partisan star, bearing the inscription: "Long live the free Republic!"

FINALLY we were in Belgrade. Everywhere on the streets we saw uniforms. Demobilization had begun, but uniforms still dominated the scene. Many had no other trousers to wear except those of their army uniform. The women had no hats and few bandannas; they too wore little military caps. They looked well in these caps, even those who had lost a leg in the war and hobbled through the city on crutches.

It was cold. An icy wind blew in from the Sava and Danube and few heating facilities were available. In most offices the employes sat at their desks with their overcoats on; bank clerks wore gloves at work. There was only one heated hotel in the city. It was also freezing cold in the concert hall of the Belgrade Philharmonic Orchestra. Nevertheless concerts were all sold out many days in advance. The musicians sat in worn-out scarves and overcoats behind their music stands. Only the young conductor appeared in evening clothes, a silver Partisan decoration on his breast.

Life was well organized in Belgrade. Factories and government offices, newspapers, radio stations and foreign journalists all had specially designated restaurants where everyone, from a Cabinet minister to a janitor, ate lunch and dinner at modest prices. The manager of the labor office had to see to it that they all received firewood and apples, ration-tickets for shoes, shirts, etc. The most serious problem in Belgrade was the housing shortage. When one walked through the city and saw the many gaping holes where once there were houses, one marvelled at the fact that people still lived there at all.

ON Nov. 29, 1945, a Federated People's Republic was proclaimed by the newly elected representatives of the Yugoslavian people. A few days

before Parliament met, a special group reached the capital: young officers, many of them wearing the "Order of National Hero"; the white-haired Croatian poet and veteran of the Partisan war, Vladimir Nazor; Slovenian schoolteachers and peasant women from Bosnia, some of them wearing shining medals on their dark shawls. They were all deputies of the various peoples of the new Republic. Thousands crowded before the Parliament building to hear the radio broadcast of the historic session. At five in the afternoon guns thundered. Red, white and blue rockets hissed through the darkening sky. Powerful searchlights sent their beams over the city. People began to dance on the Terazijas, in the heart of Belgrade.

Like giant flowers swaying in the

wind, dancing couples moved across the square. Hundreds of people held hands. They sang songs of struggle and the well-known song to Tito, "The White Violet." Many played on primitive flutes; one man had even brought his drum. Within the circle of dancers young Macedonians, girls and boys, danced in an ever-mounting fury of rhythm.

Night came and the cold grew more intense. But no one wanted to go home. As one old man said to his neighbors, "We celebrate every birthday, don't we? Then why not the birthday of our Republic?" Mist rose from the rivers and hoar-frost covered the denuded trees. But the dancing on the Terazijas went on.

Translated by John Rossi.



TRUMAN DERAILS FREEDOM

An Editorial by A. B. MAGIL

THE little man got a big hand. House Republican leader Martin's palms hurt with clapping. Rankin's face was like the rising sun. Senators Byrd and Bilbo could hardly wait to vote aye. "Well done, Harry!" shouted William Randolph Hearst clear across from San Simeon, Cal. This was *it*. Reaction's magna carta. On with the war!

Rep. Vito Marcantonio warned that this was the way it had happened in Italy after Mussolini's march on Rome. Senator Pepper said: "The Truman bill is part of a pattern of reaction and intolerance sweeping America; the counterpart of the hysteria that has been whipped up in Congress is the Ku Klux Klan." But no one listened. That is, no one except millions of American working men and women. Their hearts were ice. And dark anger blossomed in their eyes.

On May 24 and 25 Harry S. Truman stepped out of the role he had been playing for thirteen months with such assiduous lack of conviction—the role of President of the American people—and took his bow without make-up as the chief representative of the Wall Street trusts. These were speeches written with a blackjack and signed with a bayonet. He who had been unable to speak above a whisper in the face of the big business strikes against production, by which billions in tax and price concessions were wrung out of the people and the public treasury, now roared like a lion against Americans who were so subversive as to demand time and a half for overtime and an end to working seventy-five hours a week.

By the time this appears the infamous Truman bill, the most drastic anti-labor legislation in the country's history, may be law. But whatever its fate, I am confident that the American people will not meekly sit by and permit their liberties to be placed under the axe. They did not fight fascism abroad in order to establish it at home. The Truman bill would, by the simple device of the government taking over a strike-bound industry for a few days, make possible the jailing of every strike leader, the conscription of every worker, male and female, and the ab-

rogation of the seniority rights of all who resist involuntary servitude. It is so clear a violation of at least the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution—not to speak of the virtual nullification of the National Labor Relations Act and the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act—that only a government hell-bent for war and/or fascism would propose such a measure.

Yes, it is only as part of the pattern of war—and a definite kind of war—that this legislation makes sense. Many Americans will recall that in the war against fascism, during which strikes were certainly not justified, President Roosevelt protected the rights of labor, resisted all efforts to curtail them and vetoed the Smith-Connally Act. Yet the Smith-Connally Act is a mere slap on the wrist compared to the Truman bill. *Is it because the Truman administration, impelled by the profit-lust and power-hunger of the real rulers of America, is preparing to take the country into a different kind of war that it needs this Hitlerite legislation?* Is there a connection between "getting tough with Russia" and "getting tough with labor"? And is this why Truman brought Secretary of State Byrnes into the railroad strike situation and entrusted him with a key role in the moves that led to the breaking of that strike?

THESE are questions which, even if not yet clearly articulated, will be throbbing in the minds of millions of ordinary Americans. And if President Truman thinks he can answer them with guns and court injunctions, he will quickly discover that the class struggle, which all his incantations of recent months were powerless to dispel, will not be any more respectful of dictatorial ukases. Today it is the coal miners and railroad workers. Yesterday it was the steel, auto, electrical, packinghouse and other workers. Tomorrow it will be the maritime workers—and who knows who else?

What are they fighting for? One looks in vain in the two Truman speeches for any discussion of the issues in the railroad strike. Those speeches were designed to obscure the issues by

inflaming public opinion and stampeding Congress into repressive action. But no threats and no law can alter the fact that the miners, for example, are fighting, as their fathers and grandfathers did, against servitude, disease and death. Where is the American Gorky to paint the infinite desolation of the typical mining town—not yesterday, but today even after the synthetic wartime prosperity? And where is the American—save for a tiny minority who gorge on wealth and power—who can say that this desolation and the fight against it are no concern of his?

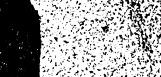
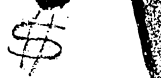
And no threats and no law can shatter the granite truth that the interests of capital and labor are polar and irreconcilable. What equality of status or power can there be between them when a handful of bankers and industrialists, by owning the means of production, control the means of life and the destiny of the entire nation?

Now Truman has made clear to millions what Marxists have repeatedly emphasized: that in this irrepressible conflict between the minority of exploiting owners and the majority of producers the capitalist state is the instrument of big business. And what a narrow ledge of democracy we cling to under this vaunted "free enterprise" system! How quickly certain capitalist "democrats," when put to the test, learn to speak in the accents of fascism!

Let no one imagine that what has happened during this past week is simply something between union men and the government. Let no one clasp the illusion that if labor is strait-jacketed, the small businessman, the professional, the farmer, will be able to move his limbs as freely as before. Labor's strength is the strength of the nation and without it an iron fist of repression will descend on us all. There is no safety except in common battle. The big business-Truman challenge must be met by arousing the energies of all our people in support of labor's struggle, of independent political efforts that will unseat the Congressional betrayers, of a movement that will halt the most monstrous crime of all: World War III. The enemy is at home.



TRUMAN



Gropp 68

BREAD AND WATER

The grain ship "Antonis" was sinking—the women of the hungry village went down to the shore to watch their men salvage the precious cargo.

A Short Story by BODO UHSE

TOWARD midnight, the *Antonis* brought up all hands with a dull thud that jarred every one of her ancient planks. The captain shouted for full speed astern, but she did not budge. It was really the best thing that could have happened, for a rock had wedged itself in a huge hole in her stern. If the captain's orders could have been carried out, the *Antonis* would have slipped off the reef—and that would have been the end of her, at once.

For four hours she rolled heavily in the storm-lashed surf. The crew never left the pumps. Still the water seeped in dangerously, although the huge wedge of rock driven into her stern partially stopped the leak. Gurgling

and lapping, the sea licked into the hold, and the pumps were soon choked by a mass of sticky dough as the water mixed with the wheat, corn and barley that made up the cargo of the 4,500-ton freighter.

The grain swelled, became soft, heavy, gluey. While it clogged the pumps, its growing weight brought momentary safety, bogging down the ship on the spot where she had struck. But gradually the swelling grain brought more danger: it expanded, and threatened to burst the antiquated timbers apart.

The wind dropped at dawn. The rain drizzled out. Three thousand yards away, the coast of Greece became visible, tranquil and still, with green

of olive trees and white of sand, as if no storm had lashed it all night. But there was a dark and alien stain on the beach: a couple of planks, a barrel, pieces of jetsam the sea had shrugged from its shoulders.

The captain raked the shore with his glasses. He picked out a man, motionless, leaning on a long staff, staring out to sea at the ship. The crew, who had also seen him, waved frantically, trying to make him understand they needed help. Only the captain could see he was paying not the slightest attention to their gestures. He was perfectly indifferent. Not a muscle in his face moved, although he could not have failed to understand their meaning.

IT WAS no accident that Perikles was on the shore. He had been sleeping with Metiza, whose husband had driven to Athens with a cartload of sheepskins. He had left her hut before sunrise to walk back to his sheep through the sleeping village. He had sighted the red rockets sent up from the imperiled ship; and had hailed this sign, for it meant salvage. He did not, however, worry about the fate of the seamen, but slept well and deep, and then hastened early to the beach to put in first claim to the salvage. But he was disappointed. The crew had not yet abandoned ship.

But he did not have long to wait. Soon the first boat was swung out and made for the shore. Perikles hurried over the sand through the olive grove to the village. Beyond the tobacco fields he met the women trudging back from the fountain with their heavy, clumsy tread, the crosspole with the water jugs slung across their shoulders. As soon as Perikles told them of the wreck, they flung down their burdens so that the water spurted from the jugs and trickled away into the dust of the village street. Lightfooted, they dashed to rouse their men, blinking from sleep. Fishermen seized boathooks; tobacco planters snatched up sickles, axes and other tools. One by one, then in groups, they made for the shore. There they met





the seamen, some of whom had dropped exhausted on to the sand, while others rushed up to the villagers and begged for tobacco.

The boatswain, who had come with the first boatload, asked to speak with the mayor. An aged, wrinkled little man stepped hesitantly from the circle of the peasants. The boatswain demanded help. The old man nodded his head thoughtfully, and remained silent. The boatswain talked yet more earnestly. The fishermen and peasants joined in. But the old man remained silent.

They would willingly rescue the rest of the crew, they muttered, but that was all. They would not stir a finger to save anything else. They had come down for salvage, not to save their neighbor's goods out of Christian charity. If the captain and crew abandoned ship, the wreck would be ownerless and, by ancient right, theirs for the sacking.

The boatswain swore the captain would not leave his ship so long as one plank held to another. He was right. The captain was determined to hold on just as long as he could. Actually, his decision was not based on the legendary loyalty of captains to their ships so frequently described in moving tales—the *Antonis* really did not rate that much heroism. But ship's regulations lay down extremely unpleasant penalties for captains who commit derelictions of duty. Shipwreck is bad enough and the unfortunate captain obviously tries to hush up whatever can be hushed up. The owners, certainly, are willing to wink an eye on occasion—as with antiquated old tubs like the *Antonis*. But these are precisely the cases where the insurance companies work like devils to prove error—or even evil intent—on the part of the wretched captain. That is the only way they can get out of paying. If they succeed, the owners naturally fire the captain. Thus it was purely material consideration that kept the captain of the *Antonis* heroically at his post.

THE peasants on the Vitica beach, soon joined by others from the neighboring villages—news of the stranded vessel had been spread like wildfire by the women—were all of them desperately poor. The land they worked was not theirs. It was owned by a few wealthy men whose luxurious limousines purred along the broad avenues of Athens. The peasants had to hand over three-quarters of their har-



vest as tribute to these great men, who were indeed so great that they never found it necessary to collect it themselves, but employed special rent collectors.

The fields grew tobacco and corn. The year before, there had been disastrous floods, bad weather and devastation. The peasants had lost their crop. After lengthy debates in parliament, the government had voted relief for the stricken regions. The funds had actually been paid, but to the landowners, not to the peasants.

Thus the peasants lacked corn and grain for bread. They could not buy any, for they of course had no money. Prospects for the coming harvest were bad too. Many fields had not even been



E. Miller

tilled, for there was no seed. The poverty which had long dominated the village was now wedded to sheer hunger; and the peasants were no willing guests at that wedding.

When the seamen told them of the ship's precious cargo, therefore, the peasants became absolutely intoxicated. They had listened expectantly to the conversation between the mayor and the boatswain; but now they milled around them, shouting: "Grain! Wheat! Corn!"

The tumult grew as the women heard from the seamen how the water flooding the hold was spoiling the grain. The fact that it was being ruined before their very eyes maddened them. Their cries soared over the sullen muttering of the men. "Bread! Bread!" they screamed with twitching lips and hot tears. "Bread! Bread!" Their calloused hands snatched up their children—hungry, dirty, with the heads of old men on skeletons over which parchment skin stretched tight—and held out the terrified, whimpering things to their men. "Bread! Bread!" the women cried. That roused the men.

An axe hewed down the seaman who stood next the boatswain. The second blow was aimed at the boatswain himself. He sprang aside, pulled his revolver from his pocket, shot down the mayor, and was away with the rest of his men. Perikles' shrill shout cut through the silence that followed the shot, rising over the beat of the surf: "The ship!" They all turned and watched the *Antonis* slide clumsily backwards, and start to sink. They saw a second boat swing out. The seamen left aboard climbed hastily in.

The men ran to the cove where their small boats lay anchored, leaping over the corpse of the old mayor, whose blood was flecking the white sand. They jumped into the boats, hoisted sail and were already rowing like fury toward the wreck when the boatswain and seamen returned to the cove with a couple of gendarmes. The women met them with a hail of stones. To the boatswain's anger, the gendarmes showed no great zeal about getting into a fight with them.

The fishermen and peasants rowing to the wreck did not take a straight course from the cove, for the clumsy wherries had to follow a narrow channel. So they did not meet the boat from the *Antonis*. They rowed tremendously, toward mountains of corn, the real golden mountains.

They stopped rowing as they neared

Walt Whitman

(from 20th Stanza)

Whitman
In Leaves of Grass

Fast and in a challenging way

Who goes there? Han-ker-ing, gross, mys - ti - cal and

ff *r.h.* *l.h.* *p*

f *ff* *f* *r.h.*

nude; How is it I ex - tract

ff *ff*

strength from the beef I eat? What is man, an - y - how?

We are happy to publish this song by Charles Ives, the noted American composer, honoring the memory of a great American poet, Walt Whitman, the 137th anniversary of whose birth is being celebrated May 31. Readers will find an evaluation of Ives'

What am I? What are you? All I mark as my own, — you shall

off - set it with your own; — Else it were time lost a-listening to

gradually faster, but no decrease in volume

me.....

accel. non decresc.

[1921]

work on page 28. The song is reprinted by permission of the copyright owner, from "Thirty-four Songs by Charles Ives," published by New Music Edition.

the *Antonis*. The captain leaned over the rail. He had stayed aboard alone. He swore at them, he consigned them to hell. He was still in command of his ship, he yelled.

It lashed them like a whip. The boats shot toward the wreck. They poured over the deck before the captain could fire. Perikles knocked the gun out of his hand, closed with him and heaved him overboard. He came to no harm, as the ship lay over on that side, and he rose to the surface again fast enough. No one took any notice of him. He swam to a wherry, climbed in, cut the hawser and rowed away. He was not unduly worried. The cruiser *Aspis* had picked up his appeals for help, and she would soon be there.

The peasants swarmed over the ship, shovelling the grain into baskets and boxes, sacks and pails and anything else that would hold it. They dragged it on deck and, as each tried to carry as much as he possibly could, wrestled and fought and yelled. The small boats were so overloaded that they threatened to sink on the spot. Only some of those who had invaded the wreck could return to the shore. After much tussling and swearing, they finally decided who should go and who should remain on the *Antonis* until the boats came back for them.

Those left behind searched the wreck but found only a couple of bottles of gin, which they drained to the captain's health. They stood around on deck. As they waited, they realized their danger. Beneath their feet, the water's hundred tongues licked and gurgled farther and farther into the hold. Impatiently their eyes followed the boats' slow and clumsy passage to the cove. Some of them spoke aloud what many of them were thinking: "We'll drown here while they're filling their bellies."

From the other side of the ship they heard a whistle. Perikles was pointing to a spit from behind which the smoking funnels of a warship suddenly emerged. They stiffened. They saw a motor launch put out from the cruiser and pick up a man from a tiny skiff—the captain of the *Antonis*.

ABOARD the warship, the captain discharged his fury. Beneath the quizzical, impertinent gaze of the elegant officers of the *Aspis*, he raged about piracy and robbery, criminals and gangsters. The *Aspis* bore down on the wreck. Her commander knew all about dealing with pirates, and he ordered



Jack Levine.

the forward gun turret to clear for action. It was a pleasant interruption of his perpetual boredom.

When he received no report that his orders had been carried out, he angrily sent his first officer to investigate. The officer returned, looking worried. He had had to witness the turret crew lounging around, hands in pockets, smoking, answering the deck officer's orders with passive resistance, he reported.

Meantime, the *Aspis* had semaphored the men on the *Antonis* a request to surrender and abandon the wreck at once. But the sailors on the cruiser waved to them, indicated they were friends.

On the bridge, the two captains stared at each other. The captain of the *Antonis* grinned contemptuously, infuriating the commander of the *Aspis*. He ordered a couple of officers to man the after turret with a reliable crew. The mutineers forward did not try to stop them. The barrels of the after turret veered and menacing muzzles stared at the wreck.

The men on the *Antonis* woke from their terrified paralysis at the appearance of the cruiser. They fell into a feverish and unmeaning activity. Some jumped into the sea and tried to swim ashore. Others got drunk. Others tried to beckon to the boats to come back and take them off. Others again dragged grain sacks on deck and cowered down behind them. The rest simply stared tensely at the *Aspis*, try-

ing to make out what was happening. Perikles, who had once been in the navy, answered the semaphore with an appeal to the sailors to help those on the wreck, and hope flared in those on the *Antonis* when they saw groups of sailors hurrying towards the after turret.

But the sailors had decided to storm it too late. Their move made up the captain's mind. He gave the order to fire. The first shell flew over the *Antonis*. But the second crashed in a hail of steel into the wreck and blew it to pieces. The fragments sank into the tossing water, along with a couple of thousand tons of grain and two score hungry peasants.

The mutineers on the *Aspis* were overpowered; the salvaged grain on the Vitica beach was confiscated by the gendarmes, who had now regained their courage. Weeks later, the women of Vitica came down to the shore to seek the bodies of their men. Metiza was with them, although her husband sat comfortably at home, for he had stayed over in Athens that terrible day. They did not find the body of Perikles. Among the villages along the Vitica coast there runs a tale that those who pass along the beach by night can see him there, leaning on his staff and gazing out to sea.

Metiza does not believe the story. She has been to look.

Translated from the German by Alma Uhse.

THE MAKING OF SCIENCE

A discussion of Engels' "Dialectics of Nature." Marxism offers a full theory of progress emphasizing the creative character of man.

By **DIRK J. STRUIK**

MARX and Engels were always deeply interested in the progress of science and its relation to philosophy. Marx's earliest work, his doctor's thesis of 1841, written at a time when the young Hegel pupil was still busy finding his way from idealism to materialism, analyzed the differences in the teachings of Democritus and Epicurus, the leading atomists of antiquity. As early as 1851 we find Marx in correspondence with Engels on the application of electricity to agriculture. Both Marx's and Engels' books, as well as their correspondence, abound with references to natural science, its history, its application, its meaning; and even in November 1882, on the eve of his death, Marx reveals his excitement because of Deprez' experiments demonstrating the possibility of long-distance transmission of electricity.

It was Engels who, in the division of labor tacitly accepted by the two friends, found himself specially assigned to the domain of natural science and its philosophy. He was not impelled into this field by a pure desire for knowledge alone. His responsibilities in the Manchester branch of the textile firm of Ermen and Engels had increased considerably about 1858. In this period, the chemistry of dyes was rapidly advancing, mainly through the work of Justus Liebig in Germany. A pupil of Liebig, A. W. Hoffmann, had founded a chemical institute in London, where several young men had followed him, among them Karl Schorlemmer. With Schorlemmer, Engels established a lasting friendship, based not only on a common love for chemistry, but also on a common outlook on life. Schorlemmer "only had to learn from us the economic foundation of a conviction acquired a long time before," wrote Engels after Schorlemmer's death in 1892. The influence of this man, who should be better remembered among socially-minded scientists, is seen in the ease with which Engels manipulated his chemical terminology.

This turn to the study of natural science was accompanied by a renewed interest in Hegel's dialectics. In 1858, preparing the *Critique of Political Economy* with its famous preface on historical materialism, Marx wrote to Engels that the method of his work had been substantially influenced by a renewed scanning of Hegel's *Logic*. His words found Engels in a receptive mood: "Do send me Hegel's *Philosophy of Nature* as you promised," he answered. "I am now doing some physiology and shall combine it with comparative anatomy. There are some highly speculative things here, all of which, however, have only recently been discovered. I am very eager to see if the old man did not scent something of them. This much is certain: if he had a philosophy of nature to write *today* the facts would fly into his hands from every side."

The conclusions to which Engels' study led him are mentioned in his *Ludwig Feuerbach*, in his *Anti-Duhring* and in his *Dialectics of Nature*, all works of a later period. "The old metaphysics," he wrote, "which accepted things as finished objects arose from a natural science which investigated dead and living things as finished objects. While natural science up to the end of the last century was predominantly a *collecting* science, a science of finished things, in our century it is essentially a *classifying* science, a science of the processes, of the origin and development of these things and of the interconnection which binds all these natural processes into one great whole. Physiology, which investigates the processes occurring in plant and animal organisms; embryology, which deals with the development of individual organisms from germ to maturity; geology, which investigates the gradual formation of the earth's surface—all these are the offspring of our century." We may add that it is hardly correct to call our present-day science still a "classifying" science, though much

classifying and even collecting takes place all the time. Twentieth century science is a *dynamic* science, with the emphasis not on classifying, but on *creating* processes, a trend which Engels clearly foresaw.

The great discoveries of the nineteenth century, such as the law of transformation of energy, the principle of evolution, or the discovery of the cell, were not only of paramount importance for the future application of science to human welfare, but they also established new possibilities to broaden the outlook of science. Engels pointed out how these discoveries established new and fundamental relations between fields hitherto separated. Plants and animals, formerly considered as divided into isolated species, now were found to have a common physiological structure in the cell, and a historical and genetic relation in their evolution. Heat, mechanical motion, electricity, light, magnetism, formerly conceived as separated phenomena of nature, now were found to be related to each other to such an extent that under proper conditions one form of energy could be transformed into the other. Isolation was being replaced by relation, simple affinity replaced by multiple relationship, and the manifold group of different scientific fields were shown to be different aspects of one objective and inexhaustible reality. The point of view of isolation, the metaphysical point of view, had more and more become impossible.

THUS was the materialist dialectics of nature established as an analysis of the significant trends in nineteenth century science. Hegel had foreshadowed it, though he saw dialectics only in the human mind. Marx and Engels saw the relationship of the varied forms of science as reflections of objective relationships in a world outside of man, and demonstrated before our eyes in the laboratories and the scientific treatises. This allowed them to grasp the

importance of new scientific contributions very rapidly, and sometimes even before the professional scientists understood what was happening. They saw the fundamental nature of Darwin's conclusions immediately after the *Origin of Species* was published, in sharp contrast to the reluctance shown by many of Darwin's professional associates.* Engels' insistence that life is the characteristic mode of behavior of proteins appeared very one-sided to biochemists for a long period, but has been vindicated by experimental work of more recent years.

It was still a big step from a constant interest in natural science to a systematic study of the dialectics of nature. Engels took this step in 1873, after the heavy strain of work in connection

with the First International had been eased. Almost all notes in his *Dialectics of Nature* date from the years 1873-1882, the years in which Engels wrote *Anti-Duhring*. Hardly any material on natural science dates from the last part of Engels' life—from 1883, the year of Marx' death, to 1895, the year that Engels died. During this period Engels was fully occupied in editing the second and third volumes of *Capital* and in guiding the growing international labor movement. Engels' studies are therefore a reflection of the turbulent development in nineteenth century natural science up to 1880, but his power of analysis was strong enough to help us still in estimating scientific trends.

The main value of Engels' work on the dialectics of nature does not lie in

the accuracy of his predictions, though some of them were remarkably good, and when he erred he usually made his errors in the company of the best experts of his day. Professor Haldane, in editing the English edition of *Dialectics of Nature*, has rendered an excellent service in explaining the present position of science in regard to many of Engels' observations. It is possible to find instances where Engels is out of date, but the best answer to this kind of criticism is to invite comparison with any other nineteenth century philosopher of nature, whether Hegel, Schelling, Comte, Haeckel or Avenarius, or even some of our modern philosophers. Engels' extreme vitality can stand many a test other men have failed.

The importance of Engels' work is in his method, of which all the applications and estimates are only examples. It is the general dialectical method, derived from Hegel, but developed in a highly original way, based on Marx and Engels' fundamental materialism. The following examples, in the hand of Engels, may illustrate the method, though we should never forget that a method is more than the sum total of its applications. They also serve to illustrate the use of this general method in the history of science.

1. Kant's theory of the origin of the solar system (1775) for the first time tried to explain this origin as a process, instead of as an act of special creation, according to Newton's original theory. It was one of the first examples of an evolutionary approach in science.

2. The energy principle was first put forward by Helmholtz (1847) as the principle of conservation of energy, but soon grew into the principle of transformation of energy. All types of energy, according to this point of view, are essentially one, despite their differences.

3. Darwin's principle of evolution in biology (1859) was itself the historical product of a long evolution, and eliminated the absolute boundaries between the species. It turned biology from a process of collecting into a science of relationship on different levels.

* The lifelong opposition to Darwin's theory shown by Harvard's Agassiz is the more remarkable since Agassiz himself, only one year before Darwin, had enriched biological science with a remarkable piece of dialectical thinking: "The changes which animals undergo during their embryonic growth coincide with the order of succession of the fossils of the same type in past geological ages." (*Essay on Classification*, 1858.)

This Week's Rankest



"Senator Rankest couldn't make it tonight—sheet shortage."

4. Schleiden-Schwam's discovery that all living beings are composed of cells (1838-39) also showed, from an entirely different angle, that the boundaries between the species, even between animals and plants, are far from absolute.

5. Von Baer's discoveries concerning the development of the embryo from the egg (1828) showed suggestive parallelisms between animals of different species and even between animals and men, and contributed its angle to the principle of evolution.

6. The development of geology, beginning with Charles Lyell (1837), made clear that the forces now working in the crust of the earth were also active in previous geological periods. This eliminated the metaphysical theory, according to which so-called "catastrophes" had taken place before the creation of man, actions which were not in existence at the present time. It erased the absolute boundaries between the different periods in the earth's history.

7. The introduction of spectral analysis (1859) showed that the chemical composition of the stars is in many respects like that of the earth and established new relationships between all heavenly bodies.

THIS list can be extended indefinitely and brought up to date with all those discoveries which have related radiation and corpuscule, mechanics and geometry, matter and energy, chemistry and physics, life and death, and so many other fields of research which were originally conceived as entirely separated. A brilliant scientific discovery consists usually in the establishment of a new relationship between fields which were supposed to have little or no connection, or the deepening of our understanding of already known relationships. The dialectical process is therefore a creative act, and not only a process of creation in our mind, but also a process leading to the formation of new physical, chemical, biological or social structures. It throws a new light on abstract logic, seemingly the most sterile of all sciences, when we realize that some of the most fertile discoveries historically took the form of abstract identities.

Einstein's discovery of the identity of mass and energy led not only to new theories about the composition of matter, but actually led to the creation of new processes and new elements. Or, to take an older example, Euler's dis-

There Was Abraham

Now there was Abraham who slew
The fatted ram in thicket caught,
But did not slay
The son he brought.

They say that God proposed the deed
And when the knife was raised,
Told Abraham
To slay the ram

And let the innocent run free.
This was the final bitter test
Of a jealous God:
Abraham was blessed.

I like to think that Abraham
Because of something in his heart,
Refused to act
In such a pact.

But O the fathers who defy
Their hearts, and over and over again
Erect a thousand flaming altars
For slaughtering young men!

A. A. FOOTE.

covery in the early eighteenth century of the identity of the exponential and the trigonometric functions led not only to one of the most profound fields of mathematics, the theory of complex functions, but also to a mastery of the behavior of alternating currents in electricity. Engels' remarks on the difference between abstract and dialectical logic can be understood from these examples. Dialectical treatment of logic, he wrote, derives the different logical forms "out of one another, makes one subordinate to another instead of putting them on an equal level; it develops the higher forms out of the lower." Forms of logic are not what they seem in the old academic treatment—sheer forms of thought—but are based on laws of nature. In other words, where formal logic seems to sum up only certain laws of the mind, dialectical logic expresses laws of the objective world, in an endless pattern of relations.

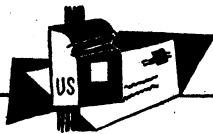
Marx's and Engels' conception of dialectics offers a full theory of progress, with full emphasis on the creative character of socially and scientifically active man, but with equal emphasis on the objectivity of the world to which his creative process is applied. It is no wonder that with the advancement of modern science Engels' ideas on the dialectics of nature are rediscovered by the scientists in their own field, though they may be themselves ignorant of Engels' writings, like M. Jordain in

Moliere's comedy, who had spoken prose all his life without having the slightest inkling of it.

Our most profound thoughts, our most subtle abstractions, are the expressions of objective relationships—this is the meaning of the reality of objective and subjective dialectics. There is an element of deference and humility in this thought—the realization that science is only collecting pebbles on the shore of the ocean, as Newton expressed it. There is also an element of triumph in it, since it is this unity of objective and subjective dialectics which guarantees the possibility of man's control over nature and society.

There is also a battle cry in the dialectics of nature and society. It is a frontal attack against all obscurantism, whether from the side of the clergy, the politicians, the philosophers or the scientists themselves. This attack dates back to the very beginning of Marx's career. Marx's doctoral thesis of 1841 is a defense of Epicurus, the fighter against superstition in antiquity. Here Marx identified himself with Prometheus, the legendary enemy of all those petty gods who try to keep the human mind in bondage. "Prometheus," wrote Marx, "is the principal saint and martyr in the philosophical calendar." Marx's challenge still stands, but he himself helped to forge powerful arms to free the human mind from the nightmares of bondage.

mail call



My Son Is In China

TO NEW MASSES: I have a son, a Marine, who fought in the Okinawa campaign and was among the first Marines who landed with the occupation forces in China. He has sufficient points to be released now, but he writes that it will be late summer before he expects to be sent home.

Now what I am concerned about is that in a recent letter he stated that Chiang Kai-shek is not what he is supposed to be and that the Nationalist government has SS men fully armed who will severely beat and shoot anyone who expresses an opinion unfavorable to the Kuomintang regime. He also states that he is surprised that the American people know of the Marine activities over there as they are not supposed to know what is actually going on.

This of course is common knowledge to the majority of the American people, some of whom approve of it for reasons best known to themselves. Other decent thinking American people disapprove of it but lack the power and authority to do anything about it. I strongly feel that we do not have any moral justification for interfering and taking sides with one faction against another in China's internal affairs. I would appreciate receiving information relative to whom I can write who would be of assistance in expediting my son's release as I do not want to have him and his Marine comrades become involved in another civil war in China.

J. R.
Pleasantville, N. Y.

The writer should join with the many other Americans who are writing to the President and their Congressmen demanding that all American armed forces be withdrawn immediately from China and that our government withdraw its support from the reactionary Kuomintang regime.—THE EDITORS.

Justice in Freeport

TO NEW MASSES: Justice is the heartbeat of democracy. If that heartbeat stops—as it did on the night of Feb. 5, 1946, in the little town of Freeport, Long Island when Charles Ferguson, a Negro GI and his brother Alfonzo were shot and killed in cold blood by a policeman named Joseph Romeika—democracy dies not only in that pinpoint on the map of America, but everywhere that men and women call their home.

Now consider this! The alleged law enforcement authorities of Nassau County, wherein lies the town of Freeport, publicly

ordained the slaying of a GI in uniform as a "legal" act. However, the President of the US posthumously awarded a citation to the slain Charles Ferguson, declaring that he was one of those "who dared to die that freedom might live." This American hero leaves a wife, Minnie, and three small children. They are destitute.

The New York Committee for Justice in Freeport, 112 E. 19 St., N. Y., makes this urgent appeal to achieve what the name of the committee implies—to secure justice, not for vengeance, but to restore the heartbeat of democracy. Equally important is the necessity to help provide financially for the poverty-stricken family of this man who fought for America against the same sort of murderous fascism that struck him down in a little American town. We earnestly ask the support of all democratic people for our efforts.

DOROTHY LANGSTON,
Executive Secretary.

Let's Talk Friendship

TO NEW MASSES: Because we remember very warmly your interest and cooperation in our work, we thought you might be pleased to hear that we have again received an award for a series of Russian Relief radio programs, from the Institute for Education by Radio of Ohio State University.

You may remember that, last year, we received an award, in the category of educational programs furthering the war effort. This year's award was in the category of educational programs furthering international understanding, and was given us for our series "Let's Talk Russian," broadcast during the summer of 1945 over New York local station WNEW.

To all of you who have helped make these awards possible for us, may we say again a big "thank you"—or as we used to put it on "Let's Talk Russian" . . . *Bolsho-yeh spah-see-bah!*

ANNEMARIE EWING,
Radio Director, American
Society for Russian Relief.

Question

TO NEW MASSES: Following with great interest the discussion on "art as a weapon" which goes on in NM, I would like to ask a question: Do the Marxists agree with the ideas about art expressed by the Russian writer Tolstoy in his work *What is Art?*

Bronx, N. Y.

HARRY KREGEL.

Operation War

(Continued from page 7)

tion. If Byrnes had a glimmer of desire to maintain Big Four cooperation he would not pervert the Moscow agreement which makes it obligatory that they concur on draft treaties before submitting them to a larger peace conference. He would not poison the American mind against the Russians by painting them as demanding excessive reparations from Italy when it is the United States and Great Britain which have taken out of the peninsula many times more than what the Soviets, Greeks and Yugoslavs justifiably ask for. He would not pull "little Austria" out of his hat, knowing that this did not properly belong on the agenda until other issues were settled. He would not make the fraudulent argument that the Russians refused to budge when in fact it was they who made most of the concessions in Paris. Nor would he in effect label the USSR as the only nation disagreeing with the Americans. On some issues, particularly the one of Italian colonies, the Soviet representatives were closer to the Americans than the British.

But Mr. Byrnes needs a stick with which to beat the USSR and anything that comes to hand serves. And his hand is strengthened by Senator Vandenberg. Thus has been born the unholy alliance—two hearts that beat as one. First it was Truman beckoning Hoover to help him "solve" world famine. Now it is Jimmy, the Democrat, and Arthur, the Republican. For years American mythology has had it that the two-party system is the core of democracy: one party checking the other, opposing the other in the competitive spirit of improving the lot of Americans. When it comes to making war, however, the imperialists have no party insignia. In the top echelons of both parties there are no differences over spreading the gangrene of anti-Sovietism. The only difference is who can do it better.

Will we let tomorrow become a more terrifying image of yesterday? Will we fail to use the strength that is in our hands? So many millions over the world are with us. So many millions ask us not to sit on our hands. On Americans who believe in the century of the common man has devolved the responsibility of stopping the war-mad. If we do not, this Spring will be the prelude not to new life but to the loneliness of the graveyard.

review and comment



FROM THE BOOKSHELF

"The People—No!"

THE DUNGEON DEMOCRACY, by Christopher Burney. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.

THERE is nothing more transparently spurious than the pronouncement from an author that his creation is without passion and is for that reason undeniably objective and truthful.

Mr. Burney's description of his fellow-prisoners at the Buchenwald concentration camp was written, as he himself testifies, without "passion." But the absence of heat, unfortunately, has not precluded an even greater lack of light.

In this fairly short work the author has managed to compress a monumental grab-bag of viciously untruthful generalizations about almost every group of prisoners with whom he shared the horrors of the Nazi concentration camp. At the same time he reveals, behind a plea for Churchillian "democracy," ("... only England and America remember what freedom is") a deep-rooted distaste for democracy and the common man.

Christopher Burney was a British Army saboteur. He was captured in France in 1942 and suffered a year and a half of solitary confinement in a Gestapo cell in Paris, before he was shifted to Buchenwald. He was liberated with his fellows from the latter after a fifteen-month stay, by American troops. According to Burney, he completely deluded the Nazis about his real job, being considered by them as merely an escaped prisoner of war.

In considering standards for judgment of this book, just as Burney established standards to judge his fellow-prisoners, my mind turned to a recent article in *The Worker* which told of the heroic and successful efforts of concentration camp prisoners to organize, to win improvements in camp conditions, to continue political and other studies—in short to cherish and nurture their human dignity and working

class militancy in the very core of the bestial fascist prison society. It seemed to me that here was a truly glorious kind of anti-fascist heroism. We know how many decent human spirits were crushed and brutalized by the Nazi slave-drivers and torturers in their horror camps; we know how deliberate was the Hitler effort to dehumanize the victims of Buchenwald and other camps. How can we but pay tribute to those who could survive and triumph over the relentless fascist war against body and human and political integrity as well?

Such is not Burney's judgment. He writes, "My basic conclusion is that the vast majority of the non-Nazis of Europe and more explicitly of Germany are not material which, without careful selection and treatment, will produce a new, civilized continent."

The insufferable arrogance with which the author dismisses the millions of Europeans whose struggle against fascism has created enough material for thousands upon thousands of epic works in every conceivable art form, is repeated throughout a work which literally reeks with contempt for all except a select, if vaguely defined, section of humanity.

No babe in the political woods, Burney betrays his deliberate desire to smear the Communists by writing first and at greatest length about what he calls the German "Communists" at Buchenwald. After having charged these gentry with practically every crime in the book, he proceeds on the basis of this build-up to level similar charges against the genuine Communists who were imprisoned at Buchenwald.

Only then, casually, almost parenthetically, does Burney admit that the so-called German "Communists" were actually Trotskyites!

For the Jews in Buchenwald, Burney has only passing, but typically slanderous, unfeeling reference. "There

was never one kind word" for them, he writes. "It must be admitted," he hastens to "admit," "that they behaved badly themselves."

In discussing the Russian prisoners of war in Europe, Burney reveals a bitter animus, *a la* Churchill, for the Soviet Union. With Churchillian rhetoric he envisions Russian "imperialism sweeping forward behind bands of obedient soldiery in the manner of the old Mongol conquests, armed with a new and more accommodating sheep's clothing of mass proletarianism." But, of his own England, "It's true we have a few people who are disgustingly rich and a few who are disgustingly poor, but the rich have slowly become poorer and the poor richer, and by far the greatest part is betwixt and between and stays there."

Take away Mr. Burney's veneer of "culture" and you have the Hearstian line that the Communists are "merely Nazis painted Red." Mr. Burney adds his own decadent dictum that humanity (at least in Europe) is not good "material" for survival.

The author wrote, he says, without passion. I doubt that any decent, intelligent person could read his book with similar composure.

ROBERT FRIEDMAN.

Life in Mississippi

DELTA WEDDING, by Eudora Welty. Harcourt Brace. \$2.75.

THE setting of Eudora Welty's novel is the Delta Country of Mississippi, and the time of the opening of the story is Sept. 10, 1923. These are the two certainties of the book. From this point onward the reader is on his own.

The story centers around the large and nearly fabulous Fairchild clan during several days preceding and following the marriage of a daughter, Dabney, to the plantation overseer, Troy Flaven. The book is built around a series of related conflicts, which almost never are projected onto a social plane and clothed in the flesh of antagonistic characters. The conflicts lie under the surface of family relations, hidden in the hearts of some of the characters (who may be unaware or very dimly aware of them) and revealing themselves only in stifled fears and desires.

Dabney's marriage is opposed by the whole family, but only her father, Battle, is openly against it. There are several indications that the opposition



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is partly a result of social distinctions, since Troy is an outsider, the son of poor up-country parents, and hardly, from Battle's viewpoint, the proper match for the daughter of a rich Delta aristocrat.

Troy is not the only disturbing figure to the family. There is also George, who has married and is momentarily estranged from another "outsider," Robbie Reid.

Once when Dabney was a little girl she had seen him stop a fight between two Negro boys, and bandage up the wounds of one of them.

In an incident which is prior to the period of time which the book covers, George has risked his life in rescuing Maureen, their half-witted cousin, from being run over by a train.

polarize the attitudes and conflicts of the family.

Any synopsis of the novel is apt to be so brief as to be meaningless, or to become immediately involved in blind alleys. The "action" of the novel is simple: Dabney's marriage is consummated; George and Robbie are reunited and are considering, at the book's end, returning to one of the family plantations to use it for experimenting with new crops.

I do not mean to infer that all such elements are simply loose ends. The book sets for itself certain problems for its successful operation as a work of art, which are similar to those of a piece of music or a symbolist poem.

In this respect the book does not always seem to succeed. Conflicts are not clearly objectified and as a result motives are not always clear.

That the Fairchild family is, finally, a family of parasites, whose existence is maintained on the basis of land monopoly and Negro wage labor, is something which is never allowed to get into the book.

THOMAS McGRATH.

Frankie Grows Up

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, by *Carson McCullers*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

THE summer Frankie Addams was twelve, she had grown so fast that the other girls of her small Georgia town no longer wanted her in their clubs. She was suddenly so far from childhood that she could no longer join the kids who dug and dug in the street to make a swimming pool. But she was also still so far from being grown up that there was a mystery about the soldiers and girls who drank liquor and went dancing at the Idle Hour. So for the whole hot summer, Frankie, her six-year-old cousin, John Henry West, and the cook, Berenice Sadie Brown, sat and talked and played cards in the kitchen, while Frankie, with the suddenly acute perceptions of beginning adolescence, felt the heat, the voices on the block, the war, crowd in on her. She wanted to belong somewhere. She even tried going to a soldier's room, but since she didn't really know what she was doing there and the beer on his breath nauseated her, she hit him with a pitcher and left. And when her brother was married, since he and his bride were the "we" she felt she belonged with, she tried hysterically to leave with them after the ceremony. But next fall it was all over; she'd made a new friend and the two girls sat around "adoring" Michelangelo.

That is all there is to the story, but by no means all there is to the book. To begin with, so sustained is the mood of heat and inertia, of drowsiness and sharp temper and Frankie's childhood phantasies changing to more adult form, that the whole novel becomes a long poem of a dream of summer in which snow is half-remembered and unbelievable. The dialogue seems a realistic reflection of what the characters would say; yet growing from the context of languor and questioning, the most peremptory words smooth into part of Frankie's puzzle and the poem sings on—half fact, half dream until the book seems as the summer seemed to Frankie: "a silent, crazy jungle under glass."

But with all the poetic and slightly unreal quality of the book, it does not fall into the category of novels about psychological Sad Sacks which were so prevalent before the war. The protagonists of those—the people who felt so alone, unfriended, given to impulse and hysteria—while very like Frankie in

some ways, were supposedly old enough to know better. Miss McCullers emphasizes and reemphasizes that Frankie is in the last stages of pre-adolescence. She is struggling from the cocoon of childhood toward understanding of the relations between things and people—all people, both white and Negro, not just her own father and brother and cousins.

But if the reader is occasionally tempted to begin reading universal applications into the story of a twelve-year-old, he is brought up sharply by the splendid maturity of Berenice Sadie Brown. It would have been easy to make her into an omniscient old "mammy" who solves everything. But Berenice is a grown-up woman who happens to be a Negro and working in a kitchen. She knows the world for pretty much what it is—and she also knows what she'd like to be: "First . . . there would be no colored people and no white people to make the colored people feel cheap and sorry all through their lives. . . . No stiff corpses hanging from the Europe trees and no Jews murdered anywhere. . . . No war and no hunger in the world." True, she didn't work to bring her world into being, but no one can tell how deep her words sank into Frankie Addams and John Henry West.

The Member of the Wedding is thoughtful and deeply felt, with no sign of hurry about it. It was written by a craftsman whose tools are words. And if you have a few hours you can call your own, you could do worse than read it.


SALLY ALFORD.

Tragic History

THE MENTALLY ILL IN AMERICA, by *Albert Deutsch*. Columbia University Press. \$4.

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required to build accommodations for them.

Gradually the growth of populations in the towns created a need for something more than the haphazard disposition of these cases. Therefore, the insane were placed in houses of correction and in workhouses which communities began to build after the first quarter of the eighteenth century. In these institutions the mentally ill were jailed with the criminals: the ideas of the day held criminality and insanity in the same light. These values were eventually to be dispelled by the force of social and political upheavals throughout the continent of Europe.

In the story of the mentally ill in America, three great personalities stand out as pioneers in the fight for better treatment of the insane. They are Benjamin Rush, "the father of American psychiatry," Dorothea Lynde Dix, a New England school teacher, and Clifford Beers, author of *A Mind that Found Itself*, and founder of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Their struggle against stupidity and superstition comes alive through Mr. Deutsch's writing.

Deutsch's story of the concepts and attitudes centering about the treatment and control of the mentally ill is not only good social history but it is a weapon in the fight for better care of the insane. Only as the lay public understands the problems involved, will the care of the psychotic and the psychoneurotic be improved.

Many states have been niggardly in the allocation of funds for mental patients. Reactionary politicians, eager to create an imposing surplus, have invariably trimmed funds for state mental hospitals, along with other social service institutions. An expose of Ohio asylums during the Bricker administration revealed that scandalous conditions existed in the treatment of inmates due to the failure of the state administration to supply necessary funds.

The war has dramatized the necessity for work in the field of the mentally ill. Over half a million men were discharged from the Army for mental-emotional problems. Nearly two-and-a-half-million were rejected for military service on neuropsychiatric grounds. More than a half-million people (plus those in Army and Navy hospitals) are in mental institutions. Deutsch's fine book points up the urgent need for more mental hospitals, more psychiatrists, more trained (and better paid) attendants and more ag-

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gressive action from the public to secure these ends.

If there is any serious flaw in the book it is the author's failure in his story of the mentally ill to give a more extensive account of the reasons for insanity and emotional insecurity. Till the very end you wonder if perhaps the conditions were merely brought on by "peculiar" notions which tip-toed into the affected individual's personality structure. So long as capitalist society seeks warfare as a solution for its problems, so long as it tolerates the oppression of races and chronic economic insecurity for great masses of the people, that society will be a fertile breeding area for mental illness.

MARTIN NEWMAN.

Worth Noting

NICOS CARVOUNIS, Prof. George Georgalas, William L. Shirer, Robert St. John, Leland Stowe and Frank Gervasi will speak at a dinner honoring the democratic people of Greece on June 4 at the Hotel Commodore sponsored by American Relief for Greek Democracy. For reservations phone WISconsin 7-6744.

THE Council on African Affairs, of which Paul Robeson is chairman, will hold a Madison Square Garden rally on "Big Three Unity for Colonial Freedom" on Thursday, June 6, the anniversary of D-Day. Critical issues affecting world peace and the future welfare of hundreds of millions of colonial peoples will be discussed by speakers including Robeson, Max Yergan, R. J. Thomas, Rep. Hugh Delacy, Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, Norman Corwin, Councilman Benjamin J. Davis and Etukah Okala of Nigeria. Also participating are such noted artists as the Katherine Dunham dancers, Dean Dixon, Canada Lee, Howard Da Silva, Judy Holliday, Betty Garrett and others. Proceeds will be used to supplement aid already sent by the Council for South African famine relief.

HORIZON FILMS, a new production company, announces that it will make films to foster fraternal relations among the national groups. Its first series is called "Of These Our People," with its initial production, on the Jew in America, ready for an early release. It will have an original score by Alex North and a commentary by Alfred Hayes.

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THE MUSIC OF CHARLES IVES

*His work is rooted deep in American folklore,
with a kinship to the poetry of Walt Whitman.*

By S. FINKELSTEIN

THE most important event of the four-day Columbia University festival of American music was the evening devoted to the music of Charles Ives. There is a deep kinship between the music of Ives and the poetry of Whitman. Ives has the same roots deep in American folk material, combined with an appreciation of the entire tradition of his art; the same deep seriousness and friendly kidding; a dash of mysticism and a dash of sentimentality, prevented from going overboard by a rollicking humor; an absence of esthetic pretensions, so that sometimes he will announce elaborate programs for his work which will send the purists gasping for air, together with so great a mastery of the essentials of form and style that he provides material for a whole new tradition of purists; a flock of innovations, but rising so naturally out of the need for expression that they never seem to be laboratory experiments.

Ives' New England hymn tune and barn dance idiom appeared both in the light violin and piano sonata that opened the program and the rich and deep Third Symphony which closed it. A group of songs displayed both a sweet lyricism and a boisterous humor, in a novel form of writing which sometimes had the singer speaking, while the piano took on the subtle musical burden. The most taxing work presented was the String Quartet No. 2, written in a lofty and intricate polyphonic style which recalled both the last quartets of Beethoven and the Bartok quartets of our own time. Whether or not the Ives work is of the stature of these masterpieces, it deserves many rehearsals and deep study. Finally two tone poems for small orchestra, "The Unanswered

Question" and "Central Park in the Dark," revealed Ives' mastery of impressionism. The latter piece contained a brilliant bit of jazz writing which, written in 1906, must be chalked up as another of his amazing conceptions that became fashionable trends twenty years later.

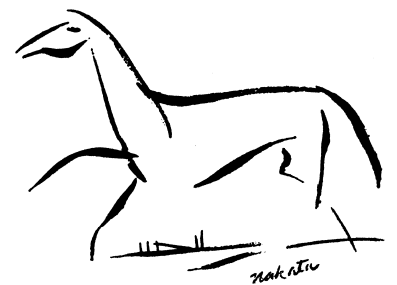
It is interesting to compare Ives' detailed explanation of the ideas that suggested his music with the statements by some of the other composers represented in the festival, such as William Schumann and David Diamond, who give the impression that anyone finding a relation between their music and a living experience would be sued for libel. Schumann's piano concerto held the featured place on the Saturday afternoon program given by the NBC orchestra. Its themes had no interest in themselves, nor did they gain any significance from the structure of the work, which combined the most barren aspects of modern neo-classicism with the most exhibitionist aspects of the romantic concerto. It was exceeded in dismal flatness only by the "Concert Piece for Orchestra" by David Diamond, which was performed on Sunday by the orchestra of the High School of Music and Art. Such works carry out with a vengeance the idea of art as a higher form of carpentry, and should be called not "neo" but "pseudo-classic." Leaning on eighteenth century models, they do violence to the memory of Bach, Handel and Mozart, whose fine craftsmanship was generally at the service of a deep social feeling and the desire to bring a message to their listeners.

The best music on the NBC program was the "Black Maskers Suite" by Roger Sessions, which was shunted

off to the end when both audience and orchestra were tired. Sessions is another of the fine and almost completely ignored living composers, whose classic style rises naturally out of an emotional reserve (not emotional barrenness), and from the search for clean-cut melodic line and an orchestral and harmonic texture cut down to the barest essentials. He has written more important works than this early piece, works which demand a place in the repertoire. Also presented were a suite of eleven short compositions by Ernst Bacon based on American folk songs, which employed a fanciful orchestration and counterpoint to carry out engagingly the improvisational character of these tunes; a lively and enjoyable toccata for orchestra by Louise Talma, which likewise showed popular influences, less in its melodies than in its rhythmic freedom and variety.

The high points of the program of music for high schools were the "Outdoor Overture" of Aaron Copland, austere melodically, as this composer's work usually is, but with a genuine inner life and movement; Paul Creston's fantasy for piano and orchestra, which pretended to no greater importance than the engaging show-piece it was; Norman Dello Joio's "A Jubilant Song" for chorus, set to words by Whitman, a work by no means simple but always understandable and singable. The best commentary on these works was the obvious pleasure the young singers and instrumentalists took in performing them. Samuel Barber's "Let Down the Bars, O Death," to words of Emily Dickinson, was a simple and moving choral song. The long "Melody" by Roy Harris, and the essays in Renaissance vocal style by Randall Thompson and William Schumann, never came to life.

IN CHOOSING as the featured opera *The Medium*, by Gian-Carlo Menotti, the festival missed its best opportunity to do something for American music. What we saw was a Metropolitan Opera "preview," instead of an



Nakata.

original conception that, breaking with the ancient style of the Met, would show the direction in which a living American opera could grow. Menotti suffers from the misconception that opera must be melodrama. Not only is this untrue of the German and Russian schools, it is even untrue of the greatest tradition of the Italian school. Verdi generally set to music the plays that were most stirring and stimulating to the people of his time, with an added social significance of his own. If the passage of years has clouded over this relationship between Verdi and his audiences, leaving mainly the romantic paraphernalia, the fact still remains that the best way to follow Verdi would be to set to music the most stimulating dramas of our own time. Menotti shows a wealth of talent in setting word and action to music. Without, however, a clear idea as to the kind of people and ideas he wants to present, falling back on disembodied emotional clichés, he must necessarily depend upon melodic and harmonic clichés as well.

In general this festival, outside of the Ives program, presented the same chaotic mixture of live and still-born music, and suffered from the same absence of real standards that characterizes the American music appearing throughout the regular concert season. Unfortunately the performances as a composer receives, in festivals as well as outside of them, depend as much upon his talent for publicity and for making connections as they do upon his talent for composition. The need still exists for a group of musicians to go through the musical output of America in this century, picking out and publicizing the many splendid works that are gathering dust. It is not too difficult a task, for the modern idiom is common currency and the time has passed when we had to listen to a baffling work and wonder whether posterity would call it a masterpiece. When such a serious investigation is undertaken, the material will exist for a festival that will be an eye-opener.

Old Vic's "Uncle Vanya"

ONE New York critic thought Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* a fine play that survived Old Vic's poor performance. For another New York critic it was a case of good acting triumphing over a poor play. Similar confusions among the other reviewers indicate that the connoisseurs are still stunned

by that double phenomenon, a great play and a great repertory performance.

With one exception, that of Nicholas Hannen, whose professor did not go beyond type into personality, the acting was uniformly good. Margaret Leighton's exquisite bearing and speech fully realized one of the decisive points of the play, the magnetic power of a charming woman. George Relph was remarkable as Telyegin, that saddest of creatures, the penniless friend who lingers on in an ample household, half servant and half friend. Ralph Richardson is moving as the ever-late Vanya, whose rebellion in middle age only accentuates his defeat. Laurence Olivier is equally moving as the intellectual provincial doctor turning frantically to hobbies to save himself from blunting into the coarse, dull life around him. And Joyce Redman's love—disappointed Sonya is touchingly pathetic.

The setting and costuming are effective and handsome; but most impressive to me, in this superb production, is the rhythm in the direction. It introduces a dramatic value rather new to the New York stage. The rhythmic movement of the action ends in a long, fading resolution, like a coda in a piece of music.

As for the play itself, one could do a separate piece on Chekhov's insights into the special role of a beautiful woman in bourgeois society, and for that matter, on the significance of each of the characters; or on the way Chekhov's plays all build upon departures that leave changed lives behind them; or on Chekhov's preoccupation with figures of the emerging bourgeois world—merchants, speculators, professionals.

However, I will touch only on the portrayal of frustration which, in *Uncle Vanya*, more even than in *The Three Sisters*, is the essential dramatic theme. What is it that makes this a special Russian frustration, as a certain strain of disillusion was special to American writing in the Twenties? Certainly, as individuals, every character is quite universal. Uncle Vanya could be a bachelor Uncle John, or Jean or Juan or the equivalent anywhere. The beautiful Yelena could have charmed Englishmen, Americans or Belgians as effortlessly or futilely. Poor little love-sick Sonya could wither into a spinster in any other social setting or country. And the tragedy of a middle-aged man tor-

mented by unrequited love, realizing the waste of his life, through the agonized understanding brought by his deepening wound, could have happened in any land.

What makes it Russian—old Russian, not Soviet Russian—was the universality of the frustration. There is not a character who does not suffer it in some form. Even the beautiful Yelena has been cheated. The older man whose "brilliance" had attracted her turns out an intellectual fraud. The prospects before her are to grow old quickly to appease her petulant husband, as she herself foresees, or an intrigue that her unadventurous nature will turn into suffering, as the doctor foresees.

The frustration is so general because frustration was a national destiny under czarism. No great modern people has been so frustrated as the Russians in the generations before the revolution. The intensity of that frustration may be understood from what they became after the revolution when, in their unchained greatness, they erected a new society and defended it triumphantly against the greatest military power in world history.

Chekhov, neither here nor anywhere in his work, was a conscious propagandist. His is always commentary by implication, truth by reflection. But Chekhov's correspondence with Gorky reveals a humane, inquiring, sensitive and concerned man, anxious about his people and distressed over the obscuring of their talents and the binding of their strength. That consciousness fills his writing. His melancholy, relieved by ironic humor, was his testimony to the plight of his people.

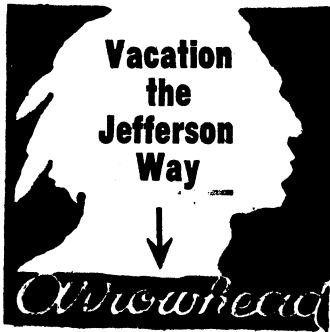
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN" is a good enough musical which its energetic and expressive star, Ethel Merman, keeps lustily down to earth. The music and lyrics are by Irving Berlin, the book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. Critical comparisons with *Oklahoma* are absurd; *Annie Get Your Gun* draws little from any broader reaches of American life. Its crop is strictly Broadway corn.

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by the Dramatic Workshop of the New School, results in something less admirable than the intention. The title affirms that fascist arrogance must still be fought and destroyed. The play, however, provides only vague weapons with which to combat it.

The plot focuses on Artie Linder, a maimed vet, who spends a few days at an upstate resort. There he meets Jinny, mistress of a reactionary factory owner. They fall in love; it seems that he craves tenderness, affection and faith all packaged in one healthy person—female preferred. It is not made quite clear how she can save his soul. She had met the factory owner with the intent of influencing him to change the wretched open-shop conditions in his plant, but had gone to bed with him instead, and "become his slave." It is difficult to believe in the reality of such a heroine. It is even more difficult to believe that a soldier who risked his life on Pacific battlefields can only whine and yield when confronted by his civilian fascist enemy. An old timid Jew finally kills the native fascist and the lovers are freed of the necessity of fighting their own battle.

Such an exposition results in outright melodrama. A situation is presented and then the solution is avoided. The premise has emotional vitality, but the author rejects its implications and refuses to project them. He is sympathetic and sincere, but is restricted to a sentimental concept of veterans' interests. His approach becomes as mechanical as that of the slick magazines.

Maria Ley Piscator's direction does its best with the play. The actors who portray the most progressive parts have little opportunity to emphasize their characters; only the fascist-minded businessman emerges as a mature, untroubled individual. Salem Ludwig, secure in his part as Jinny's lover, dominates the stage. The others—Anna Berger, Frederic Ritter, Sarah Cunningham and Martin Ryan—give excellent performances, but their roles are too unrealized to arouse audience interest.

Nevertheless the Dramatic Workshop is to be congratulated for its encouragement of new actors and writers. As the Broadway year crawls to cover after another meager record in the production of important drama, we turn for the theater of tomorrow to companies more interested in man than in profit.

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Recent Films.

"THE BLUE DAHLIA" (Paramount) is the kind of hard-boiled full-length Donnybrook that you have come to associate with Raymond Chandler. In this film, his dialogue lacks the snap and crackle of his former works, such as *Murder My Sweet* and *Double Indemnity*, but the story is less burdened by extraneous detail and more easily followed. Even so, many incidents having nothing to do with the development of the plot are included for the sake of underworld atmosphere. Alan Ladd, evading swarms of policemen while pursuing his wife's murderer, is his customary tough-guy self, possessing as his chief stock-in-trade a rigid set of face muscles and a pair of fists like brass knuckles. The film is full of roscopnoise (gunfire), torpedoes (gunmen), saps (blackjacks), heist men (petty thieves), Howard Da Sylva in a wig and mustache, and rough and tumble that recalls Dashiell Hammett.

A Stolen Life (Hollywood) is a cloth of a different pattern. It aspires to high purpose. Bette Davis plays twin sisters; beside herself, she has a field day in the wardrobe department, and if you like to look at Bette Davis as much as I do, you could easily find more unpleasant ways to spend some time.

There is also some kind of plot. She is a good girl, a sensitive painter, in love with an engineer who loves machinery and despises money. She is also the evil sister, a luxury-loving, man-loving, unscrupulous schemer. Naturally she steals the man from the good one, who doesn't know from buttons how to hold him.

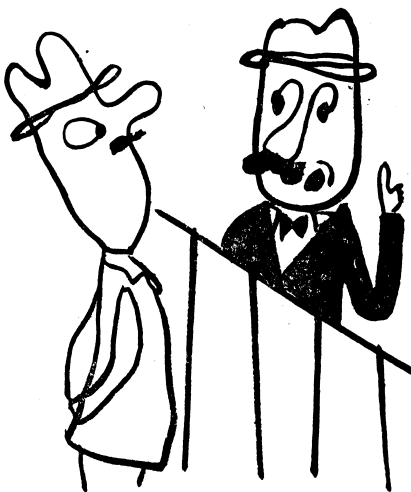
As for the bone of contention, he switches girls without batting an eyelash. The evil sister has more icing to her cake. By ordinary ethics he is an unmitigated lout, but rascality is so much a part of commonplace movie behavior that he is posed throughout as a man of great virtue. Naturally wickedness soon finds its own level, which in the films is utter rout; so the evil Bette, after trying very hard, finally gets herself drowned, thus leaving the way open for music, sunbursts and love.

One of the lesser figures is a boorish, unmannerly clod who, as an artist himself, tells the girl her work stinks. "Don't," she says, "be so class-conscious."

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