MASSES & MAINSTREAM

HENRY LUCE'S Revolutionaries

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

Franco and American Morality

HERBERT APTHEKER

MUSSORGSKY: *A Film Masterpiece*

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

NO HIDING PLACE
Lloyd L. Brown

TV's Amos 'n' Andy
John Hudson Jones

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September, 1951

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Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

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THE *Masses* tradition has weathered many storms in its forty years. At times the magazine has had to trim sail and go on scant rations. But it has never shifted its main course. It does not intend to do so now.

We want our readers to know the thinking behind the changes we are introducing with this number. These changes have one over-all aim. That is to make the magazine a sturdier fighter in this period when reaction is trying to kill everything our tradition has stood for since the founding of *The Masses* in 1911—peace, freedom to create, equal rights, a people's culture, socialism.

The magazine had to be safeguarded financially. Unlike the shiny dope-peddlers on the newsstands we have no advertising revenue, no subsidies, no angels. While our circulation has been fairly stable, despite police-state obstacles, we have had to face some stubborn facts. These include skyrocketing production costs as well as the dollar shrinkage among the plain working people on whom we count for support.

So we have cut our costs right across the board by a third. This has meant sacrifice. It has meant a cut in the number of pages and a reduced staff. While cutting the number of pages, we have so re-designed the magazine as to recoup some of the loss by increased wordage per page.

Operating on a firmer financial basis, the magazine is at the same time gearing itself to a more active and flexible response to the needs of our time. We aim to function more directly in the thick of the struggle on the cultural front. We want a brisker tempo. We want to lock horns more energetically than ever with the mad bulls of war, ignorance and greed. And with new vigor we plan to bring forward the vanguard creative role of the working class in this country and abroad, the vital achievement of the Negro people, the breadth of the forces of peace and freedom.

In this more urgent response to books, films, personalities, issues, we foresee no loss in analytic power or artistic craft. On the contrary. The more sharp-edged our fight the more we gain in every respect. The greater brevity of our materials need not and, we are determined, shall not impair the high standards set by our contributors.

We are anxious to hear from the

readers. We need your suggestions for achieving maximum effectiveness within our necessarily tighter framework.

Hail the Robber Barons!

PROFESSOR Allan Nevins of Columbia has called on American historians to correct a great injustice. The injustice they have done to the grand epic of the Negro people? The neglected struggles of the labor movement? Not at all. It is "the heroes of our material growth—the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Hills and Morgans" who will be given a new deal in the history books of the Truman epoch.

"In the past," says Nevins, "our historians tended to a feminine idealism." Now they must write in the spirit of the general who complained that teen-age boys in Korea were getting helpings of ice cream instead of rye whiskey.

No more nonsense from the historians—"They were apologetic about our dollars, our race to wealth, our materialism. . . . They spoke scornfully of the robber barons, who were not robber barons at all. . . ."

Nevins practices what he preaches. He has written the authorized glorification of the Rockefellers and has restored the moral stature of Jeff Davis. In the period of Parrington he had to work under wraps. But he has come into his own in the new intellectual climate.

Addressing several hundred college and high school teachers of American history at a Stanford University conference, he was able to lord it over the Parringtons of a bygone per Behind his Tarzan theory of hist stands the Pentagon and behind Pentagon stands God. "Thank G said the presiding Stanford direc of the Institute of American Hist "Thank God I live at a time whe can hear one of the leading Ameri historians declare his faith in Am ica."

And what a faith this is. A fa that rejects the people of the cou and embraces the scavengers wh Whitman held up to scorn and c tempt in *Democratic Vistas,* Tw in *The Gilded Age,* Dreiser in *Financier,* Norris in *The Octo* London in *The Iron Heel.*

A few years ago in Henry Lu *Fortune,* John Chamberlain called good riddance to these writers had unfairly treated the benevo tycoons. Now Nevins is calling a purge of the historians.

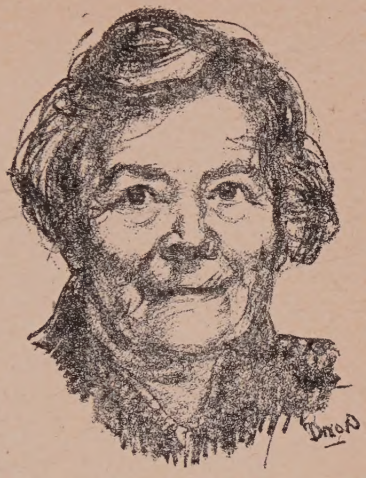
Rewrite history in the image the robber barons—or else. Thi the new loyalty test for Ph.D. ca dates. Another shining testamen the intellectual temper of the hawks. They make foul the air breathe. They remind us of Emerson said: "The scholar or c defending the cause of slavery, o bitrary government, of monopoly the oppressor is a traitor to his fession."

Mandate for Mot

THE war-hucksters are trying to sell the idea to Amer women that their mission in life

Ella Reeve Bloor

1862-1951



As we go to press we learn with deep sorrow of the death of Mother Bloor on August 10 at the age of eighty-nine. Beloved by the working people throughout the land, Mother Bloor personified the best of America. For three-quarters of a century she devoted her magnificent energy and passion to the people's fight for peace and happiness. She was a founder and leader of the Communist Party, U.S.A. In the spirit of her favorite poet and friend of her childhood, Walt Whitman, she sang the beauty of

The common day and night—the common earth and waters,
Your farm—your work, trade, occupation,
The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid ground for all.

With our readers we shall ever remember this radiant friend of our magazine.—THE EDITORS.

produce future soldiers. A typical sales talk was recently given in *The Saturday Review of Literature* by one of its editors, Harrison Smith, who wrote:

> "Now that we are arming again and actually preparing to defend the Western world the labor of women, whether working in factories or to producing future soldiers, has become an inescapable obligation."

This literary bark for the cannon-fodder trade differs in no way (outside of its bad grammar) from the soulful maxim of Germany's fascist philosopher Oswald Spengler: "Let

German women breed warrior men and take pleasure in breeding them."

But since women obviously take no pleasure in raising their boys to be soldiers, Harrison Smith rushes in the reserves. He calls on superior males like himself to teach the backward women their "inescapable obligation." "In the future," he says, "a great part of the efforts of men will be engaged in helping them to accept it."

Writers (male) are of course expected to do their bit. They could take a leaf out of a book called *Mein Kampf* which taught: "In the case of female education the main stress should be laid on bodily training, and after that on development of character, and last of all on intellect. But the one absolute aim of female education must be with a view to the future mother."

And the supreme goal of Hitler's motherhood was a brood of killers defending Harrison Smith's "Western world" against the Communists and their nefarious peace plots.

"Last of all on intellect," advise the warriors. The treatment of women in most current books shows what that means. James Jones' highly touted *From Here to Eternity* is a wearisome anti-feminine spitefest, and at that its gutter mentality seems positively celestial next to Norman Mailer's *Barbary Coast.* My idea of crust is asking women to "produce future soldiers" to defend the Western world revealed in such books.

But there seems to be a special reason why Mr. Smith and his bourgeois literary colleagues despise wom en. It's a new-fangled class war tha Marx did not foresee.

The Saturday Review of Literatur editor complains that women's "righ to tax husbands who defaulted and t inherit from dead ones had alread given them as a class over two-third of the nation's wealth." Perhaps i women get busy breeding warrior their exploited husbands will hav a chance to snatch back some of th loot.

A New Voice for Peac

THE Moscow trade union news paper *Trud* (Labor) has launche a fortnightly magazine in Englis *News.* "We are moved," write th editors, "by the earnest desire to pro mote, to the best of our ability, close understanding between the peoples o the Soviet Union and the Anglo Saxon world. We are firmly per suaded that there is no cogent rea son why nations should not co-oper ate in peace and concord no matte what the political structures or so cial systems of their countries ma be."

When word of this publicatio reached the American press a franti effort was made to "expose" it as "peace-trap." The New York *Time* that never-sleeping watchdog of th free world, editorialized that *New* was solely for export. The Sovie leaders wouldn't *dare* tell their ow people its contents.

But the Times merely "exposed itself. For on another page of th

same day's paper its Moscow correspondent, Harrison Salisbury, reported that leading material from *News,* including an article on Anglo-Soviet friendship by the famous Soviet historian Eugene Tarlé, had been translated in full in *Izvestia.*

So a new tack was tried. It was claimed that *News* was a scheme to drive a "wedge" between England and the U.S. But it turns out that the first issue of *News* also carries an article by former Ambassador Troyanovsky on "Why I Believe in Soviet-American Friendship."

Twist and turn as one will, the first issue of *News,* which has just arrived as I write this, cannot be denied as a clear and forthright statement of the Soviet desire for the strengthening of peace.

Or, rather, a re-statement. For there is nothing novel in the thesis that war is not inevitable and that "peaceful international co-operation is possible, and indeed, essential for the tranquillity and security of the peoples of the world." This belief has been repeatedly affirmed by Stalin. Only the sincere mutual desire for peace is necessary.

The role of cultural exchange in developing peaceful relations is impressively stressed in the first issue of *News.* Dmitri Shostakovich writes:

> "Someone may ask why a Russian composer should interest himself in what Americans think. In reply, let me say that man was born to listen to the voice of the piano and the violin, the harp and the flute, and to enjoy the marvellous symphony of life and creative work, and not to be deafened by bomb bursts and blinded by atomic lightning. Man was born to live life to the full, delighting in it as a bird delights in flying, and this regardless of whether he was born the son of an American working woman or of a Russian peasant woman, whether he was born in New York or in Moscow, whether his language is English or Russian. Man was born to be happy. That is what I have been taught to think by Leo Tolstoy and Mark Twain, by Chekhov and Whitman, Tchaikovsky and Mozart, humanists who sang to the sun, to joy, to human genius. . . ."

And another great composer, Khachaturyan, quotes the words of Maxim Gorky: "Mankind cannot allow itself to perish because a certain insignificant minority have become creatively decrepit and are stricken with corruption and decay owing to their terror of life and a morbid and incurable lust for weath."

Edited by the noted Shakespearean scholar, Mikhail Morozov, *News* is an ambassador of international goodwill, an authentic voice of the millions in all lands who yearn for a lasting peace.

Freedom of the Press

THE Truman Administration's gangup on freedom of the press is proceeding on schedule. First it was editor John Gates of the *Daily Worker,* then editor V. J. Jerome of *Political Affairs,* and now it is editors Al Richmond and Philip M. Connelly of the *Daily People's World,* San Francisco labor daily. The pattern is perfectly obvious.

Nor is the reason obscure for this program to cripple and suppress publications. At the recent 75th anniversary meeting of the American Library Association, Luther H. Evans, librarian of Congress, pointed out:

> "No people ever spent so many hours of every week reading newspapers and popular magazines, listening to radio comment, observing television programs, and sitting through movies. . . . But all these media through which we are so unremittingly approached have one disturbing characteristic: they are instruments through which one or a controllable number of views can simultaneously reach large masses of men.
>
> "This characteristic lends itself to ideological monopoly. Even where totalitarian usages are not involved, we have seen in our own country the ominous aptitude of the mass media for creating and disseminating one accepted view or a single cultural pattern."

Mr. Evans says he is "disturbed," but we await his protest against the attempt to make airtight the press monopoly he deplores. The Gestapo attack on the press that speaks for peace has not been protested by U.N.E.S.C.O., where Mr. Evans represents the United States.

The American Library Association has its own Bill of Rights whic speaks of "resisting all abridgment the free access to ideas and full fre dom of expression that are the trad tion and heritage of Americans." B the time to resist such abridgme is here and now. When editors a publishers are placed in the pri oner's dock, fine resolutions such those passed at the A.L.A. conve tion are scarcely enough.

At this convention Douglas Black, president of Doubleday a Company, warned against increasi attempts to suppress books. He sai "Enforced orthodoxy, a long step the road to totalitarianism, will felt first in the library and the boo store, and it is for this contingen publisher and reader must be aler

That's right. The burning of t books comes early. But will the pre dent of Doubleday raise his voi when the president of Internatio Publishers is indicted?

"I sometimes think," he says, "t one of the disadvantages of being publisher is that we have so lit occasion to make use of the librar And I sometimes think that one the disadvantages of being able use words is that we have so lit occasion to make them mean w they say.

Frederick Douglass:

> ***"The fact is, while Europe is becoming republican, we becoming despotic; while France is contending for freedo we are extending slavery; while the former are struggling free the press, we are striving, by mobs and penal enactme to fetter it."*** **(1848)**

HENRY LUCE'S *Revolutionaries*

By **DOXEY A. WILKERSON**

THE well-informed editors of *Fortune* magazine must be sorely disturbed over the prospects of United States imperialism; otherwise there would be no occasion for the elaborate "theoretical" justification which constitutes their February 1951 issue, and which now appears in book form under the radical-sounding, semi-Trotskyite title: *U.S.A.—The Permanent Revolution* (Prentice-Hall). Here is probably the "highest" contemporary expression we have met of the utter bankruptcy of bourgeois economic and political theory in the period of capitalist decay and decline.

In the midst of a war economy of soaring prices, lagging wages and vast and increasing impoverishment, the authors try to picture the American standard of living in terms of "television sets, electric toasters, frozen foods, home permanent-wave lotions, and group hospitalization contracts." They conclude that it is "nonsense" to talk of capitalist exploitation: "it is not the capitalists who are using the people, but the people who are using the capitalists."

Speaking for a class which can no longer advance the national interests of our country, but which finds both cosmopolitanism and national chauvinism useful ideological weapons in its drive for imperialist expansion, the editors of *Fortune* come very close to denying our *national* existence: "To a large extent the American ideals replace (and often conflict with) the conventional concept of nationality"; further: "What holds Americans together, the real focus of their patriotism and common loyalties, is not a national organism but the system."

At the same time the editors assert that the ideals of the American Way of Life are "universals belonging to all mankind, of which he [the American] is in certain respects the custodian"; that "the concept of America as a guardian of these universals remains, in our judgment, historically incontestable."

Today when monopoly domination of our economy and its unbridled drive for greater super-profits are more pronounced than ever before, these editors of the trusts prate of a remarkable "transformation of American capitalism"—"of which," they admit, "the world as a whole is as yet unaware." It is said to be a revolutionary change brought on by "the American's moral indignation" at the abuses and injustices which used to characterize capitalism some fifty years ago.

This new transformation, we are told, has achieved the heretofore unknown results that "Wall Street has ceased to be the valid symbol of great tyranny"; that "the old concept that the owner has a right to use his property just the way he pleases has evolved into the belief that ownership carries social obligations, and that a manager is a trustee not only for the owner but for society as a whole"; and that "U.S. capitalism is *popular* capitalism," a new and democratic "kind of capitalism that neither Karl Marx nor Adam Smith ever dreamed of."

More than this: Precisely when U.S. monopoly capitalism is demonstrating before the world its incapacity to offer our nation any perspective other than economic crisis or war—in sharp contrast with the rapid, steady and peaceful development of socialist economies abroad—these spokesmen for a dying system proclaim: "Such is the Transformation of American Capitalism" that "in all the world there is no more hopeful economic phenomenon."

One is reminded of Lord Byron's metaphor, in "The Giaour": "A gilded halo hovering round decay." It is an apt characterization of *U.S.A.—The Permanent Revolution.*

THE underlying and all-pervading thesis of this book is that U.S. imperialism has the moral obligation and the power to extend its domination over all the world, *and that for this we have got to start another world war.*

The editors of *Fortune,* of course don't express it quite that crudely—but they almost do. There is very little subtlety, for example, in their assertion that what this book calls "The American Proposition" is "a proposition for mankind," and that "America itself—that 'grand scheme and design in Providence,' as John Adams called it—has a mission to present the Proposition to the rest of the world."

Even more explicit, in something close to the old-fashioned language of "Manifest Destiny," is the declaration that "in the history of America destiny has knocked" several times, most recently in 1917 and in 1941, but "on neither of those occasions did the knocking have the iron clang that we hear today."

> ". . . In World War I, and even in World War II, a mold existed into which we could pour our vast energies. Our power—and in the second war our leadership also—was essential to victory. But it was not our task to make the mold. It was not our task

to determine either the geographical contours or the moral content of the battle. That had already been done by the rest of the world.

"But today, though we again have allies, though we have the United Nations, though we have access to resources all over the world, it is *we* who must shape the struggle; *we* who must make the mold . . . the shape of things to come depends on us: our moral decision, our wisdom, our vision, and our will."

And when it comes to identifying the main obstacle to U.S. dictation of "the shape of things to come," our Wall Street editors cast aside all euphemisms and figurative language. They name the Soviet Union, China and the new democracies. We must "determine to be rid of them. The rest is procedure." Thus, in its next response to the "knock of destiny," the United States must destroy the socialist society being built by one-third of the world's peoples.

A few years ago Mr. Henry Luce's *Life* proclaimed "The American Century"; and now his *Fortune* calls for its realization through U.S. imperialist aggression and a new world war.

What is the alleged rationale of this immoral and bloody program? What are the "theoretical" premises set forth to justify this blatant call for war and the somewhat more guarded proclamation of "America *über alles*"? The over-all structure of *Fortune's* argument can best be grasped by summary analysis of the key propositions expounded in the three major divisions of the book.

PART I develops the premise mentioned above that *"the U.S. is not merely a nation but a Way of Life founded on a universal Proposition."* This American Way of Life is said to be infinitely diverse, but with "an extraordinary unity in this diversity," its central focus being "the individual human being." It is not an achievement, we are told, but "a *process*—a process of becoming."

However, any theoretical questions one might ask about "the purpose of this 'becoming' . . . and where it leads to" are dismissed by the very pragmatic (and somewhat mystical) editors of *Fortune* as currently irrelevant:

> "Perhaps the day will come when this kind of question will occupy Americans, but thus far their mission has been the mission of action—the mission of the will. Metaphysical speculation is hardly yet a national specialty. In the American's eyes the individual is, in the end, an enigma. Therefore, America is an enigma. . . . The point is that the American way of life embodies a mystery, which no one has yet solved, but which is common to all men: the mystery of the human spirit."

In other words, the net "theoretical" contribution of this first chapter is the highly illuminating discovery that the American Way of Life is enigmatic and mysterious, and thus not amenable to theoretical interpretation. Such is the philosophy of imperialist decadence!

Inherent in the universal "American Proposition," say the editors of

Fortune, is the *"permanent* revolution," hence the title of the book. They hasten, however, to differentiate between their "revolution" and "the entire Bolshevik revolution [which], it is now clear, was just another counter-revolution against liberty." The point is driven home with this characteristic bit of Fortunesque "logic" (figure it out if you can):

> "Moreover, to call any Communist revolution 'permanent' is a contradiction in terms. A social and political revolution takes place against something: if it fails it disappears; if it succeeds, it replaces the status quo against which it rebelled and becomes itself the status quo. The contradiction in Trotsky's use of the phrase ['permanent revolution'] is thus revealed by a simple question: should the Communist revolution succeed totally, what would be left for it to rebel against? The answer is, nothing. The completion of that 'revolution' would impose upon mankind a total and permanent tyranny."

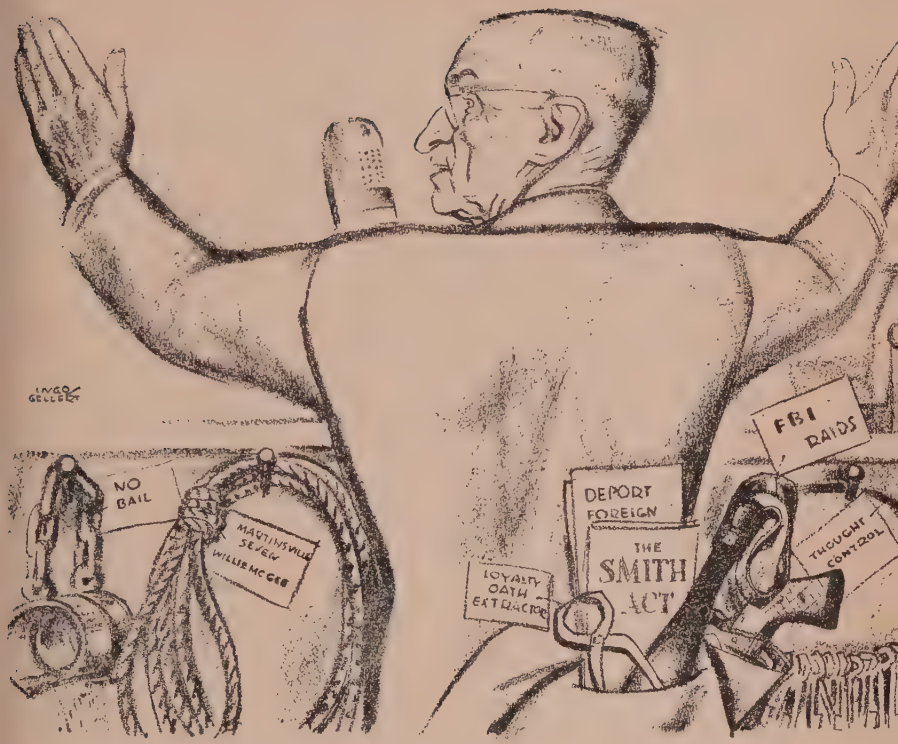
But there is no such "theoretical" problem in the kind of "permanent revolution" the editors of *Fortune* are talking about. Unlike the Russian Revolution which placed political power in the hands of the working class and reorganized the economy to serve and enormously advance the material and cultural well being of all the Soviet peoples, these charlatans propose no *real* transformation of society at all; they deal only in vague abstractions about the "revolution of the individual" and the infinite potentialities of the "human spirit." Hence, according to thei scheme of things, there would alway be very substantial social condition "to rebel against."

Thus, "the American Proposition is a mystical conception derived fro God, translated into a counter-revo lutionary phrase of Leon Trotsky completely divorced from the his torical development of human soc ety, and somehow validating the righ —indeed, the obligation—of the U.S ruling class to re-mold the world i their own image. We need not dea here with *Fortune's* gross factual dis tortions of social reality; it is mor than enough to reveal the total bank ruptcy of their social "theory."

THIS obscurantist level of "theo retical" analysis is continued i *Fortune's* interpretation of "Th American System," whose essentia political principles are described a "very simple." "They are three: word ['liberty'], a tendency ['equa ity'], and a method ['constitutiona ism']."

"The Founding Fathers" who cre ated this system, we are told, "wer great and talented men of very hig I.Q.," and they pronounced the ver last word on political theory. Indee paradoxical as it may appear in book on "permanent revolution," ou editors assert "political philosoph has made absolutely no progress i its essentials from the time whe Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton and Ma ison were its world masters to th present."

It is not strange, therefore, co



TRUMAN: "Think of it—good Americans refusing to sign their names to the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights because they were afraid they would lose their jobs or be called Communists!"

sidering the very substantial changes in the economic and social life of our country since the Founding Fathers did their work, that the principles of what *Fortune's* editors call The American System are completely divorced from social reality:

> ". . . a political system whose essential principles are still wholly distinguishable from the society it governs. In no other civilized country is this distinction so clear."

We can well understand why these spokesmen of imperialism would want to maintain, in fact, the gulf between professed democratic principles and social practice; but it is not so clear why they choose to brag about it in public.

Not only are the asserted principles of The American System divorced from social reality, but the editors of *Fortune,* themselves, give evidence of similar isolation. They find it possible, for example, in discussing the question of civil rights in the United States in 1951—the year of the Martinsville Seven, Willie McGee, the Smith Act decision—to make the astounding assertion that "the most remarkable fact about these rights today is their pristine integrity and the success with which they can still be invoked against huge odds."

One underlying purpose of this roseate picture of The American System, later made explicit in the chapter on "The Busy, Busy Citizen," seems to be to drag out and refurbish the hoary doctrine of *laissez faire* —in so far, that is, as it might deter the state from discharging its social responsibility to the people. The editors quote approvingly, for example, a 19th century Englishman's statement that "self-government is better than good government," and likewise this philosophic gem from Jimmie Durante: "Don't put no constrictions on da people. Leave 'em ta hel alone." Anent which *Fortune* generalizes:

> "People should do as much as possible for themselves and by themselves at all levels of society. This view sadly needs re-discovering by those many altruistic bureaucrats who, in every nation of the world, are deliberately or absent-mindedly feeding Leviathan in the name of helping or guiding the people."

It is clear that *Fortune's* chief concern has less to do with governments "feeding Leviathan" than with governments responding to the demand for guarantees that their peoples be fed.

These are fair samples of the obscurantism and ruling class thinking which characterize this main "theoretical" division of *U.S.A.—The Permanent Revolution.* The rest of the book simply elaborates upon the general theme here set forth.

IN PART II the editors of *Fortune* discuss "The Transformation of American Capitalism":

> "Fifty years ago American capitalism seemed to be what Marx predicted

> it would be and what all the muckrakers said it was—the inhuman offspring of greed and irresponsibility, committed by its master, Wall Street, to a long life of monopoly. It seemed to provide overwhelming proof of the theory that private ownership could honor no obligation except the obligation to pile up profits."

With cynical disregard for the most basic reality of our society—unprecedented monopoly and profiteering — *Fortune* blandly asserts: "But American capitalism today is nothing of the kind."

As to political parties—"the only vehicles through which labor, or any other group, can achieve legitimate political power" — they are said, approvingly, to operate under our "permanent revolution" on a basis of "simple bipartisanship," with mere "'organic' rather than ideological" distinction between them. The two party "platforms are apt to be almost identical"; but this is inconsequential because "the 'party line' is used more as a political convenience than as a matter of conviction." With unabashed pride and unmatched decadence in political theory, the authors are happy to explain that

> "as contrasted with political parties elsewhere, which are generally based upon doctrinal differences, the American parties are like big clubs—more specifically like athletic clubs, whose aims are both competitive and social. The purposes of these clubs are to win political power and to distribute political patronage. To that end they adopt platforms and define policies, which are then submitted to the voters; but it is important to note that the party precedes the platform."

The chapter on "The Busy, Busy Citizen" has an extended, 15-page "Note on Alcoholics Anonymous"—whose mutual aid program for victims of alcoholism, say the editors, "illustrates certain native American characteristics that provide a basic soil for voluntary social activity of all sorts." In a gratuitous footnote to this discussion—"Of all groups needing A.A., the American Negro stands first"—our editors also illustrate the mentality of white chauvinism frequently reflected in their book.

The chapter on "The U.S. Labor Movement," even more than most others, is highly revealing of the ruling-class standpoint of this book and its undercurrent of anxiety over preservation of the profit-making system.

By and large, the editors of *Fortune* are very well pleased with the manner in which the U.S. labor movement has been integrated into their so-called "permanent revolution." For example: "the union has made the worker to an amazing degree a middle-class member of a middle-class society;" and "never have left-wing ideologies had so little influence on the American labor movement as they have today."

Yet, despite this over-all favorable state of affairs for the monopoly exploiters of the working class, there are dangers of which our editors are fully aware. For example: "We cannot assert . . . that the industrial

worker will surely remain 'de-proletarianized' . . . for there undoubtedly runs a powerful undercurrent of hostility to management and to enterprise, to competitive economy and to profits, throughout the American working class." Worse still, unless management is clever, the U.S. worker, despite his beliefs,

> "will be pushed by his daily experiences into pressing for more and more anti-business laws, more anti-business taxes, and more government welfare. He may even, in an economic or political emergency, develop a susceptibility to that very [un-named!] collective infection to which he has hitherto shown such singular resistance."

Fortune's proposed "corrective" for this recognized and genuinely revolutionary potential of the U.S. working class is a corps of trade union leaders still more tractable than those responsible for labor's class-collaborationist policies today. Exen the dutiful president of the C.I.O., it seems, does not adequately meet this requirement.

> "As judicious and as conservative a man as Philip Murray, for instance, cannot help using the usual hate rhetoric of union negotiations, though it both embarrasses and frightens him."

But there is hope: "today's labor leaders are largely at the end of their careers. . . . The majority will retire or die within the next ten years. Most of their places will be taken by new men, unknown today."

This prediction of *Fortune* is probably correct. One suspects, however, that our editors are more than a little anxious lest "these leaders of tomorrow" turn out to be victims of a certain unmentionable "collectivist infection."

PART III of the book develops the premise that *"having learned (sic!) in the past how to apply their Proposition, Americans must now extend it into the future and into the world."* Its four chapters bear the titles "The Problems of Free Men," "Individualism Comes of Age," "Have We Any Friends?" and "U.S. Foreign Policy." Here, more clearly than anywhere else, one senses the fundamental anxieties which led *Fortune's* Wall Street editors to concoct so irrational a treatise as *U.S.A.—The Permanent Revolution.*

In the first place, there are, indeed, social problems which press for solution; and our editors try mightily to steer efforts to this end along the innocuous path of *individual* rather than *social* action: "Only as the individual matures can his society mature." They categorically deny the proposition "that men can achieve a problem-free society by solving the economic, political and social problems facing them," and hail the great contribution of modern psychology in making "more and more people aware that the real problems lie *within* man, not in the external complexities of his world." Further, there is the difficult problem of U.S. imperialism's relations with the peoples of other countries, among

whom, our editors note, "misunderstanding [about America] exists on a frightening scale." They document the point with nearly two pages of anti-American quotations by non-Communist Europeans.

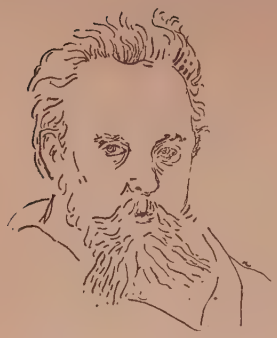
They propose as "correctives" bigger and better governmental and private information and educational exchange programs, an expanded propaganda budget of "at least $500 million a year," and especially a greatly enlarged program of bringing more and more "visiting teams" of workers and students to the United States. There is one further proposal, which is hardly flattering to the reformist leadership of the trade union movement: "Labor . . . is fairly bursting its seams to do more missionary work in Europe—and the more this is encouraged, the quicker will we reach European labor."

Finally, there is the question of foreign policy—its failures, its goals, and what needs to be done. Running through the rather tortuous discussion are the premises that past blunders have left things in a "dangerous mess"; that "we" have got to resort to "the preventive diplomacy called balance of power"; that there is no possibility of co-existence between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.; that World War III is inevitable; and that we must (1) "rearm ourselves and our allies . . . as fast as possible," and (2) "wrap the Truman Doctrine in the flag of the U.N."

Here, then, is the program by which the editors of *Fortune* propose to extend the "American Proposition"—"into the future and into the world." It is a program born of frantic desperation. It is clothed in obscurantist philosophy, revolutionary phrases and roseate distortions of social reality for the sole purpose of disguising the aggressive imperialist expansionism which constitutes its essence. It reflects the unparalleled decadence of the ruling class and the exploitative system for which the editors of *Fortune* speak.

The fears which motivated *U.S.A. —The Permanent Revolution* are not difficult to understand. The general crisis of world capitalism poses insoluble problems for the colossal U.S. imperialism. Rising colonial liberation and working class struggles the world over are undermining its very foundations. Inter-imperialist conflicts with would-be allies further aggravate its position. Above all, the growing peoples' coalition for democracy and peace on a world scale threatens to block its vain efforts to escape along the path to war.

There is, indeed, a social revolution under way in the world today. Socialism is an inevitable historic development which neither the "radical" phrase-mongering of the editors of *Fortune* nor the monopoly power which guides their pens can long hold back. And its destiny is to achieve, *through collective social action,* the genuine liberation of all mankind.



Mussorgsky

a film masterpiece

By SIDNEY FINKELSTEI

THE greatness of 19th century Russian music has been accepted by music audiences much more than by music historians and critics. The works of Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky and others have become the most widely loved of all music produced since the death of Beethoven and Schubert. And in certain crucial respects this is almost the only music which carries on the tradition of Beethoven, who represented with such grandeur, popular feeling, tragic conflict and hope, the bourgeois democratic revolutions with which the century began.

As against the main course of German music, after Beethoven, which takes its technical lessons from the master but degenerates in content into religious pessimism or the romantic dreamland, Russian music carries on the tradition that music must be meaningful, realistic in its relation to the struggles of life, popular in melody, lofty in thought, clear in message. Its great contributions were made in teaching how folk music could be used creatively, and in the revolutionizing of opera, which to on a fidelity to history and real h man relationships that had been u known before.

The achievement was possible n only through the birth of great t ents, but through the relation of the talents to Russian life and to t people. From 1812 on, there had bee a rising tide of popular strugg against the oppressive forces of Tsa ism and aristocracy, reaching a ne level with the freeing of the serfs i 1861. Of the composers one can r peat Lenin's words about Tolsto "Tolstoy is great when he expresse the ideas and sentiments which we engendered in millions of Russia peasants at the time the bourgeo revolution began in Russia."

This development in music is th theme of a wonderful Soviet motio picture, *Mussorgsky,* based on th life of the great composer. It is study not of one man alone but o the collective creation of a nationa music, and of the way in which thi music took its strength from its pa tisan relation to life and society.

The founder of Russian national music, Glinka, had brought into being a new kind of Russian folk and historical opera. The very first scene of the movie lays down the continuity to the past and sets the stage for the struggles that will carry his work to a new level. It is set at a performance of Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla,* which had been buried by court intrigue for fourteen years.

Glinka is now dead, but present at the historic revival of the opera is the aged Dargomizhsky, who had single-handedly carried on Glinka's teachings. And joining him now is a little corps of young composers, soon to be called "The Mighty Five": Modeste Mussorgsky, Balakirev, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov and César Cui. Helping to guide them is the great art critic and rediscoverer of Russian folklore, Vladimir Stassov. There is now not one lone figure but an army.

The picture moves on to Mussorgsky's individual development, against the background of unrest in Russian society. It is the year that the serfs have been "liberated," but they are really betrayed, robbed of the land that is rightfully theirs, and they fight back. There is a magnificent scene of a peasant puppet show, its words and music full of bitterly satiric innuendos, which drops seeds of future development into Mussorgsky's mind.

We see him watching sick at heart while a peasant child is being whipped. There is an uprising in which many peasants are killed. Mussorgsky, himself a small landowner but also the grandson of a serf woman, leaves his land to the peasants and goes to St. Petersburg, to try his hand at musical composition.

Here Balakirev and others of the "Five" have already started a free music school for the people and begun an association that was to challenge the Imperial Music Society itself, although the latter has the favor of the Grand Duchess. Mussorgsky astonishes his fellow composers with a cradle song, which is both more true to folk song, and at the same time uses this material more creatively, than anything they had heard before.

He seeks an idea for a major work. At first he toys with such favorite themes of the "advanced" intellectual as Oedipus Rex and Salammbo. One friend suggests Spartacus, but even this slave revolt seems too remote to him. He begins a village comedy, "Marriage," based on Gogol, but he drops this also after one act has been written. He has discovered Pushkin's *Boris Godunov* and parallel after parallel to the present flock into his mind.

It is because he knows the peasantry that he can begin to understand what happened in Boris' time, for then too the peasants were betrayed by the Tsar, to whom they had turned for relief from oppression by the landed barons, the boyars. And he decides that his work will be a new kind of opera, true to history, with the people themselves a powerful protagonist of the action.

The opera is slowly written, and there follows the struggle to get

a hearing for the music. The movie now takes on the character of a great drama of ideas. The conflict is between a truly national Russian art and the cosmopolitanism favored by the courts and supported by the musicians running official Russian musical life.

Music to them is German academicism and the showiest and flimsiest of Italian opera. Nothing good or original, they declare, can come out of "backward" Russia. This period was one in which the love of most of the aristocracy for imported culture corresponded with the selling out of Russia's resources to French and British financiers.

The battle of ideas is built up through a series of stirring scenes. We see Dargomizhsky, close to his death, defying the Grand Duchess. We see the academicians miserably distorting Mussorgsky's music. Stassov, who has been fighting critical battles for the "Five" in the press, is put on trial for slander by the academicians, although it is they who have been attacking him with the vilest lies. The drama of the trial is followed by a hilarious scene, another puppet show, for which Repin has painted the puppets representing the academicians and Mussorgsky sings his own satiric verses and music.

A blow falls—a letter rejecting *Boris* as "unsuitable" for the Imperial Opera. But to Mussorgsky this rejection means only that the artist is no longer "moonstruck," but has enlisted as a "member of society." He has plans for a new opera, *Khovanschina,* which he will proudly subtitle people's musical drama." He dreams of some day tackling theme of the peasant leader, Pu chev.

Others are not so strong. Th is a touching scene in which B kirev, the founder and musical structor of the "Five," loses he and turns away, which also me that his own artistic development at an end.

Finally, in 1874, *Boris Godu* is staged against the will of opera directors themselves. The terest in the music, from fr mentary performances in homes, become overwhelming. Platonova star of the opera company, demar that the work be produced as "benefit." It is with this productio before a deeply moved audience, th the picture ends.

The music of *Boris* is present throughout the movie in the mo varied way. Some scenes are sung Mussorgsky as he is composing the Others are shown in drawing roo performances; still others in rehears Some are shown on the actual ope atic stage, and finally with the gre crowd scenes, the stage disappea and the full scope of the cinema used.

THE movie is an essay on the di ference not only between a tru national art and cosmopolitanism, bu between national art and nationalist narrowness. These composers ha cosmopolitanism because it is cultur oppression, and death to music. Th

academicism and formalities it fosters destroy the possibility of music gaining strength from real life. They do not worship a mythical peasant in a "golden age" of the past, or create an art of "straw sandals and cabbage soup." They idolize a Beethoven, and in the name of an art truly representing the people, they raise its level of form and intellectual content.

The realization of this drama in acting, direction, costumes, sets, music and color is nothing short of magnificent. The faces are startlingly like the existing portraits of the historic personages, and yet at the same time each emerges as a fully live figure. Every gesture and tone of voice of Alexander Borisov in the leading role, even his singing voice, brings to life the Mussorgsky described in letters and documents, a mercurial personality full of high spirits, wit and tenderness.

Nicolai Cherkassov creates another one of his great characterizations as Stassov. The singers and chorus of the opera make us realize that we have never heard an adequate *Boris* in this country.

The color is stunningly beautiful, done with the eye of an artist who has studied the interiors of Vermeer, Rembrandt and Chardin, the landscapes of Ruysdael. In one scene we find a harmony of cool blues, black and silver, combining costumes, sets and tones added by the camera. In another the tonality will be red and orange. Other scenes catch magically the luminosity of twilight, or the mists of morning, or a candle flame in a musty room.

"MUSSORGSKY" is a great work of art. One thinks with anger of what passes, by comparison, as an "art" movie in the United States and England: *Cyrano de Bergerac* with its fancy display of individual acrobatics, dripping in sentimentality, in which the audience is given not the slightest inkling of what the fighting is all about or even in what century the action takes place; *The Great Caruso,* in which Caruso's real life is scrapped in favor of Hollywood clichés, and the music of the great Verdi, battler for Italian independence, is presented as melodrama, costume display, and high notes; *Oliver Twist,* the producers of which defend as "fidelity to art" what is actually a concentration on the great blemish, the untruth of Dickens' novel, its anti-Semitism, the result being a barbarism in the name of "art" that can cost human lives.

Twenty years ago Soviet films were being avidly studied by United States directors, cameramen and producers for lessons in film making. Now, however, the state of Hollywood film is accurately described in the announcement of the producer of a movie called *Primitive Women* that this "interpretation of life in the neolithic age will be about 50 per cent accurate, scientifically."

Film makers who inform their audiences that they are telling them 50 per cent lies will have to transform themselves before they can learn any

lessons from a movie whose great artistry is based on the firm relation between art and truth.

Although the English titles are good, an audience here will find some minor troubles. Such names as Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stassov and others are so familiar to the average Soviet audience that they need less introduction there than here. But this also raises a question and a challenge. Suppose a movie were to be made here of a similar period in American history, bringing together John Brown, Frederick Douglass, Walt Whitman, William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Tubman, Wendell Phillips. How many of the names, let alone the faces, would be familiar to local audiences?

Mussorgsky is an artistic masterpiece that shows how a socialist society affectionately preserves, understands and brings to life the cultural heritage of the nation.

(At the Stanley in New York)

On "Oliver Twist"

MANY things have already been said about the British motion picture, *Oliver Twist.* They require less of restatement than summation. That the picture is a callous and deliberate attack upon the Jewish people is no longer doubted; sufficient people in New York have been beguiled into the Park Avenue Theatre and have sat there in unbelieving horror to make a word of mouth judgment a matter of fact. Nor is it a case of anti-Semitism *in* a film, if one conceives of such a thing; quite to the contrary, this is an anti-Semitic film. Its heart and substance are carved out of pathological and typically Hitlerian hatred of Jews.

It is a vile, nasty, and monstrously bad film—and I for one will have no part of the sickly "artistic" praise that is being showered upon it.

More to the point: How is it that this unspeakable film is being shown daily in a large theatre in that city which has more Jewish population that any other in the world? And out of that question, another: How is it that the protest is almost completely confined to the Left?

I would want the "comfortable" Jews of my city to ponder the Judenrat role of Bernard Baruch, Judge Irving Kaufman, Prosecutor Irving Saypol. You have heard it said—oh, so frequently—*"They* will leave the Jews alone here." Will they? Is that why *Oliver Twist* is being shown?

We call for a mass campaign against this film—Jew and gentile, Negro and white together—to make it plain that our country shall not become a Hitler Germany.

—HOWARD FAST

FRANCO

& *American Morality*

By HERBERT APTHEKER

PRESIDENT Truman, in 1951, greeted Jose Feliz de Lequerica, Franco's newly-appointed Ambassador, by saying, "Every nation of the free world may be called upon to bear its share of sacrifices and make its contribution to the survival of Western civilization." Dr. Goebbels, in 1937, made public Hitler's backing of Franco by saying, "The fight which General Franco is waging, with the support of all constructive elements, against the Bolshevik menace to his native land is at the same time a fight for civilization."

When Harry Truman and Joseph Goebbels spoke of "free world" and "constructive elements" and "civilization" what did they have in mind? Clearly, as the above quotations show, they had in mind, among other things, Franco Spain.

And what is this Franco Spain?

In 1946 the Security Council of the United Nations charged a subcommittee with answering this question. Here was its unanimous report, dated June of that year:

> "In origin, nature, structure and general conduct, the Franco regime is a Fascist regime patterned on, and established largely as a result of aid received from Hitler's Nazi Germany and Mussolini's Fascist Italy."

What, in human terms, does this mean? Let the reply come from American eye-witnesses.

John T. Whitaker, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent with the forces of Franco during the Civil War, tells of his regime's eminently appropriate birth: "It was the shooting in cold blood of innocent men and women that got me. . . . They must have averaged thirty killings

a day . . . simple peasants and workers . . . prisoners and civilians. . . . 'We've got to kill and kill and kill,' one of Franco's chief press officers used to say to me. He was Captain Aquilera, the seventeenth Count of Yeltes, a great landowner. . . ." (*Foreign Affairs,* October, 1942).

The immediate post-Civil War years are illuminated by this sentence from the study of Thomas J. Hamilton, New York *Times* correspondent in Spain, 1939-1941: "The head of the Spanish public service estimated that the death rate in 1941 was double what it had been before the civil war" (*Appeasement's Child,* Knopf, 1943, p. 196).

During the years that Hitler's air force and navy used Spanish bases, when Himmler's secret police crawled over Spain, and Franco's Blue Division murdered, looted, raped—and was decimated—in the Soviet Union, *Life* magazine investigated the land. It found "Franco Spain a preview of the 'post-war world' which the Axis proposes to set up if the democracies permit themselves to be defeated in battle."

In jail, said *Life,* were 500,000 political prisoners and these were men and women of remarkable caliber for "most people of brains and talent were generally on the Loyalist side." The correspondent noted that the Valencia concentration camp was particularly strong in musicians, with its inmates including "some of the greatest violinists in Spain" (April 19, 1943).

During the same year a reporter for *The Christian Century* (Dec. 1, 194
disclosed some interesting details
to the way Franco, guardian of We
ern civilization, permitted his guar
to entertain "the people of brains a
talent":

> "In Zaragoza the Spanish repub
> can deputy, Casimiro Sarria, was t
> to a wooden cross and beaten to dea
> . . . In Madrid prisoners are hung
> by their feet. In Alicante small bund
> of matches are burned under their f
> until they become unconscious. In A
> turia the guerrilla miners, when c
> tured, are nailed to tables and left
> die slowly."

AND after World War II? T
same.

1946: Emmet John Hughes:* "
terrogation of the prisoner . . .
volves the use of a select number
vicious devices . . . the extraction
fingernails and toenails . . . the e
and genitals [are] submitted to
variety of punishments. Female p
oners receive treatment, in the b
medieval tradition, expressly
signed for their more sensitive
gans . . . a punishing but rather cos
gas treatment . . . the passage of el
tric current . . . the use of leath
belts in floggings or of heavy bo
ground into the stomach . . . the t

* Mr. Hughes, formerly of the di
matic service, served in the U.S. Milit
Intelligence in Madrid, from 1943-19
Subsequently, he has been head of
Life-Time Rome bureau. While in M
rid, ostensibly, as he says, editing "in
mational and propaganda material"
time "was primarily dedicated to w
of another sort: political intelligence
Report from Spain (Holt, 1947, p. 19

tures and the executions are not accidental or incidental vices in the character of the regime. They *are* the character of the regime. . . ."

1947: Kay Boyle in *The Nation* (May 24): ". . . there had been a new round-up of professional people and intellectuals . . . girls go out to their execution, walking two by two across the prison courtyard in the gray of the morning like young girls on their way to school."

1948: L. Bush-Fekete in *Life* (October 11): "Franco's is the only smiling face in Spain . . . unbelievable poverty of the people."

1950: Daniel M. Friedenberg in the *New Republic* (February 20): ". . . pure and simple repression of every liberal thought and action. . . . Anatole France and Victor Hugo are forbidden reading."

1951: Cyrus L. Sulzberger in the New York *Times* (February 7-10): ". . . a regime heartily disliked even in its own land . . . dogma increasingly in the outmoded form of the sixteenth century. . . . Although the Spanish worker was poor fifteen years ago, he is twice as poor today. . . ."

HOW have the writers of the United States responded to the crucifixion of Spain? At first with honor to literature's traditional partisanship for freedom. But as the terrible years of Truman toll on, the silent acquiescence in butchery becomes more and more deafening.

Upton Sinclair dedicated his 1937 novel, *No Pasaran* to "one of the great heroic episodes of history," the

formation of the International Brigade.

This was typical of the literature of the late thirties with men like John Gates, Robert Thompson, Milton Wolff, Alvah Bessie, Steve Nelson, Dr. Edward Barsky frequently appearing in books and shorter pieces by Hemingway, Caldwell, Sheean, Irwin Shaw, MacLeish, Steinbeck and Maxwell Anderson.

The denunciations of Franco, then, were very nearly unanimous. John Steinbeck felt it "rather insulting" in 1938 to be asked how he stood on Spain for, he asked: "Have you seen anyone not actuated by greed who was for Franco?" Maxwell Anderson found Franco, then, to be "a most contemptible figure," while Irwin Shaw's "sympathies and hopes" were "completely with the people of Republican Spain . . . shamefully deserted and betrayed by the great democracies." And Erskine Caldwell, in Barcelona's ruins, "wondered how it

would feel to have a government that sends aviation and bombs to kill women and children."

Ernest Hemingway pointed out in *New Masses* (June 22, 1937) that "A writer who will not lie cannot live or work under fascism," while Archibald MacLeish, in the same magazine, saw the struggle against Franco as one for decency and so was proud to "claim the war as ours."

During the Second World War, Dorothy Thompson announced that "The most dangerous man in the world the day after victory . . . will be Franco" (*The Nation,* Feb. 5, 1944). And *The Saturday Review of Literature* (July 24, 1943) featured William Rose Benet's stirring "Oil of Spain" which extolled

> *"Pasionaria, tall and pale,*
> *from where Asturias scorns*
> *the vale,"*

and lamented that

> *"So soon, so soon, the leg-*
> *end fades*
> *of International Brigades—*
> *so soon we appease—hat*
> *swept to knees,*
> *those whose decrees bring*
> *hell!"*

At this time Carlton J. H. Hayes, Roosevelt's Ambassador in Madrid, was telling Franco's Foreign Minister that he "was seriously troubled by the continuing attacks on Russia by Spanish leaders and by the Spanish press. . . ."

"I fear [he went on] lest the Spanish Government may have the impression that the Government of the United States is quite complacent over this anti-Russian attitude of the Spanish Government and its officially controlled press. This is not the case . . . Russia is an important member of the United Nations. Any attack on Russia, therefore, is an attack on an important ally of the United States.

"Communism is, in the last analysis, an essentially internal problem. If conditions for the development of communism do not exist within a country that country need not become communist. . . . My government does not subscribe to the theory frequently expressed by Spanish officials, that the present war must end in a war against communism. . . ."

Therefore, concluded Ambassador Hayes in this remarkable document, Spain should recall its troops from the Eastern Front, "cease attacking Russia" and "stop pretending that Germany's aggression against Russia is a crusade, when the German Government itself has admitted, on numerous occasions that it is a war of conquest." (*Harper's,* December 1944).

But it was English, American and French "non-intervention" as well as German and Italian arms which had put Franco in power, and many powerful forces in the United States and the rest of the capitalist world thought as did Franco. Indeed, a year before, Hayes himself had been the host of Cardinal Spellman who had come to interview Franco and reported in *Collier's* that the Fasci

was "a man loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare, and definitely willing to sacrifice himself in any capacity and to any extent for Spain," and that when he smiles "he is indeed very pleasant."

It is this ambivalence towards Spain, reflecting the ambivalence in the bourgeois democracies' entire role in World War II, to which Thomas Mann pointed in January, 1945. Mann, speaking at a Madison Square Garden rally in New York called by *The Nation* and meeting under the slogan "Break With Franco Now," declared:

> "The Spanish Caudillo is as cruel a hangman of liberty and democracy as Hitler or Mussolini. To make common cause with him, to bolster his shaking pedestal by making treaties with him —a sworn enemy of our cause—to concede a position of neutrality to him, is equivalent to a confession before the world that we do not know what we want or that we know only too well that in secret we want the survival of fascism."

THERE is no more glaring example of Truman's betrayal of Roosevelt's foreign policy than the evolving of U.S. policy towards Franco in the last few years. Roosevelt said, March 10, 1945, having special reference to Spain, "I can see no place in the community of nations for governments founded on fascist principles." Truman's government, on the other hand, has in fact been the main prop of Franco's regime.

American aid to Franco has grown with the growth in the organized wrath of the Spanish people. Active intercession came in February, 1949, when Chase National Bank lent the Fascist Butcher 25 million dollars. In the Fall of that year a delegation of U.S. Congressmen fawned over the Killer they planned to revive, and one of them gushed for the press about the "very, very lovely and lovable character," Franco. Simultaneously, several units of the U.S. Mediterranean Fleet entered Spanish ports and its Admiral Conolley visited El Caudillo.

By January, 1950, Secretary Acheson publicly informed Senator Connally that "organized propaganda" magnified the Spanish question; that "there is no sign of an alternative" to Franco; that his "internal position . . . is strong"; that the United States wanted to negotiate a "new Treaty of Friendship, Commerce, and Navigation" with Franco; and that he wished Franco would "lift the restriction of 25 percent on the participation of foreign investors in any Spanish enterprise and accord better treatment to existing foreign investments" thus enhancing "the flow of investment to Spain." Mr. Acheson concluded on that crusading note.

In March, 1950, Chase National and National City lent Franco 30 millions more and in April, Defense Secretary Johnson let it be known that the United States wanted air bases in Spain for—as the peace-loving commercial press put it—"the strategic bombing of Russia." By September, the McCarran Amend-

ment to the Marshall Plan is added, with Truman still pretending opposition, and this "lends" over 62 millions more to Franco.

Then the United Nations, under the U.S. whip, drops its diplomatic boycott of Franco, his former Foreign Minister is accepted as Ambassador, an American millionaire is accepted as his opposite number in Madrid, and things begin to buzz in earnest.

By January, 1951, the free and unregimented press of America—led by *Life* and the *Herald Tribune*—finds it absurd not to have a full-scale alliance with the consistently anti-Communist Franco.

The final clincher for the Democratic Truman comes in the magnificent strikes and demonstrations against Franco of hundreds of thousands of Spaniards in the spring and early summer of 1951. Quickly—in July—Admiral Sherman succeeds, just before expiring, in getting promises of nine air and naval bases from Franco. The press here announces a "democratic" reorganization of Franco's cabinet, to wit: General Augusto Munoz Grande is made Secretary of War—he commanded the Blue Division in World War II and his democratic tendencies are attested by the Iron Cross with palms that Hitler gave him!

What else is involved is not certain at this writing; probably a grant of several hundreds of millions to the grafters, leeches and torturers who make up the Franco regime and a loosening, by Franco, on the restrictions against foreign investments in Spain.

WHEN the Sherman deal was announced a delegation of heroic Spaniards appeared at the U.S. Embassy and left a note: "The United States will buy a dictator but they will not be buying a people in any of its aspects."

Yes, in Madrid, under the noses of the Falangist torturers a delegation protests the sale of their country. But what of us here, what of the American people, the American working class, the American writers whose government bulwarks sadists and spits into the faces of the starving men, women and children of Spain?

So many fine words in the past, Messrs. Steinbeck, Caldwell, Hemingway, MacLeish and Shaw! Nothing but pip-squeaks of fright or grunts of approval now? Or silence—dead silence?

"Hear this voice," wrote Miguel Hernandez, martyred Spanish poet:

> *"The earth will be a dense heart,*
> *desolated,*
> *if you, nations, men, worlds,*
> *with the whole of my people,*
> *and yours as well on their side,*
> *do not break the ferocious fangs."*

Truman has chosen to sharpen those fangs. An outcry of horror and shame from the American people can stop this crime against humanity.

NO Hiding Place

By LLOYD L. BROWN

NOW that the Bill of Rights has been sent to Leavenworth and Atlanta and Terre Haute, Lewisburg and Danbury, things are tough all over, as we used to say in the Army. After asserting, insisting and testifying that they are not and never have been Communists, the directors of the American Civil Liberties Union went on to say in their annual report:

"There is a growingly inclusive and pervasive social atmosphere of fear and intolerance, stifling the good old American habits of speaking one's mind, joining the organizations one believes in, and observing the principles of fair hearing and of holding a man innocent until he is proved guilty."

No one is safe, but some people are more scared than others. Writing about this angle in the New York *Compass,* I. F. Stone observes that "the amount of terror exerted is in inverse proportion to the distance from the Communist Party. . . . People guilty of nothing more than having given a few dollars to Loyalist Spain a decade ago are often more frightened than people who may well be picked up in the next batch of arrests. In jailing the Reds, the government is silencing the liberals."

But life—struggle—goes on. Ideas cannot be jailed, as Justice Jackson said when he voted to do just that. And all of us who want peace, democracy and progress must learn how to keep pushing ahead, hard times or not, with or without freedom.

One source for such knowledge is the Negro people.

"I have never been free," said Ben Davis before they took him away to prison. The bitter truth of that statement goes back to his father,

to his grandfather and generations beyond. And over this span of hundreds of years our people have had to learn the hard way how to live without the Bill of Rights.

Man-hunts—and descriptions of wanted men in the papers? What an old, old story in Negro history! There was this advertisement in the *Boston Gazette* of October 2, 1750:

"Ran away from his master WILLIAM BROWN of Farmingham, on the 30th of Sept. last, a Mulatto Fellow, about 27 years of Age, named CRISPUS, 6 Feet 2 Inches high, short curl'd Hair . . . all Masters of Vessels and others are hereby cautioned against concealing or carrying off said Servant on Penalty of the Law."

Twenty years later, after the Boston Massacre, his name appeared again in the papers—Crispus Attucks, the first American revolutionary to die for our country's freedom.

A hundred years later . . . and there was the great Frederick Douglass, fleeing the country with U.S. marshals on his heels . . .and through all the years till now, till last week in Carolina when a Negro broke away from a chain gang. In New York and Chicago and Detroit and Los Angeles the F.B.I. men, who never caught a lyncher, are looking for him.

Mass raids?—every Negro ghetto knows them. Arrests without warrant or cause?—the Negro is guilty at birth. Torture? Terror? Prejudiced juries? Prosecutor-judges? Vindictive sentences? Sure—all of that.

This is no secret. In fact our country has got so used to this condition that there was no national scandal when, just the other day, the papers had the story about three Negroes in Mississippi who were savagely tortured and forced to confess the murder of a man who later turned up alive. I saw no editorials about this in our great free press and magazines: they were much too busy publishing sensational reports on Why They Confess—meaning, of course, the Project X spies sent from Washington into other lands.

(If such editorials had been written, as some were about the lynch terror in Cicero, they would have said that such happenings are regrettable because the Russians will falsely charge that such things happen to Negroes in the United States.)

EVERYBODY'S talking about the law these days, but my people know more about that than almost anybody else. No Negro, for example, would have made the error that a certain journalist did in Texas a few weeks back. This man, an Egyptian who was studying at first hand the workings of American Democracy, walked into a restaurant and ordered a meal. I wouldn't blame him for that, though being dark-skinned he should have known better.

Naturally the people beat him up and he fled. Then he made his biggest mistake: *he called for the law!* The law came running and beat him some more, took him to jail and beat him some more. Only when they got

tired did they let him explain his innocence.

THE land is swarming with investigators going around asking people about other people. Well, Negroes have had a lot of experience with that too. If a stranger goes into a Negro neighborhood and starts asking for someone, the chances are that he won't be deluged with information.

That's a good thing, in general, though inconvenient for the searcher. My father taught me the importance of such reserve in the way his father told him: "Son, nothing hurts a duck but its bill."

Which brings to mind a Negro woman I know. Everybody in our part of Harlem knows Mrs. Fletcher and it would be a good thing if everybody in our country knew her.

A sweet little old lady, you might say on seeing her—small, pin-tidy, her dark face benign under the tightly pulled-back white hair, brisk and sure of stride. She is sweet for a fact and we all love her—except maybe the merchants who feel her sharp eye on their scales and know that she will count every penny in change.

Some people think that Mrs. Fletcher is too old fashioned while others think she's a little too progressive at times. Her opinions are strong and she's not slow to speak them. About children, for example—she's firm on that subject.

"Trouble with the world," she will tell you, "is that nowadays children just grow up any which a way. But in my day we used to *raise* 'em."

Talking one day about that favorite theme, she told us about the F.B.I. man. A young white man, polite and smiling, he rang Mrs. Fletcher's bell. From the government, he said.

She invited him in as she would anyone else. ("White or colored—" she'll tell you, "it makes no difference to me as long as people act decent.")

He started off wrong. It was something confidential and so he kept his voice low.

"Speak up, young man," Mrs. Fletcher said. "Can't stand for folks to mumble. If it ain't worth saying plain, it sure can't be worth hearing."

He began to speak more boldly. It was something about one of Mrs. Fletcher's neighbors, a partially disabled veteran who had applied for a janitor's job in the Post Office. Federal employment, you know . . . necessary loyalty checking. Now, this Mr. Soandso—does he ever talk against the government? Does he do much reading and if so, what? What kind of people come to see him?

"Oh my," said Mrs. Fletcher, startled. She eyed him through the blur of her busy palm-fan, stamped with the name of a local undertaker.

Beg pardon? he said.

She stared at him. Finally she spoke.

"Young man, you talk like you have some schooling."

Oh yes; and he smiled at her interest. College and all of that. Law school, of course. But—

"Did your people send you—

mean, working and scuffling to get you an education?"

Yes they did.

"Well, are your mother and father still alive?"

Oh yes. But lady, I mean—well about your neighbor. . . .

"Young man," cried Mrs. Fletcher, jumping up from her rocker, "I just want to ask you one last thing: *Do your parents know the kind of work you are doing?"*

He hurried away, too hastily to be polite or to answer Mrs. Fletcher's final question.

"I wonder if they do know," she said afterward in telling about the government man. "But whether they do or not," she added, "I sure feel sorry for them. God knows I really do."

THERE is another Negro woman who comes to mind in thinking about persecution and fear—and people unafraid: Mrs. Rosalee McGee. You surely know of her; perhaps you have seen her and heard her speak.

Recently she wrote me from her home in Mississippi. The few words on the blue-lined tablet paper touched me deeply, made me feel so proud for her—and humble, too, before her blazing courage. I would like to share her letter with you:

"Dear Mr. Brown:

"Thank you for the book you sent me and have enjoyed reading it in the little time I have to read. My mother had a stroke in June and I have been very busy helping her and trying to keep my little family together. They always ask about the good people who fought for their Daddy.

"I am doing all I can to get back to New York. I am having a hard time with these people down here, but I am not stopping even if they put me behind bars.

"Please let me hear from you again. I feel so lonely since my husband went away, but I know he died for a cause as Christ did, for equal justice and so his children could have a better America to live in, and that you and I and the white Americans who are willing to fight for freedom will keep right on.

"I close by saying, I have dedicated my life to fight against Jim Crow justice.

"Your friend,
Rosalee."

THERE are the dead to remember, and the living to be loved and cherished. And those in prison to be freed.

People are repeating the story about Henry Thoreau in jail talking to his visiting friend, Ralph Emerson, and how when Thoreau was asked what he was doing in jail he replied, "Ralph, what are *you* doing out there?" It's a good story but for our times we ought to say it with a little different emphasis: What are you *doing* out there?

It goes for all of us.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EDUCATION
PEACE


ENVY
HYPOCRISY
PREJUDICE
WAR
IGNORANCE
CORRUPTION
HATE
REACTION
FEAR

40th ANNIVERSARY

The MASSES Tradition

By JOSEPH NORTH

Last month we published an article by Michael Gold on the early days of the Masses *tradition. Here the crusading editor of the weekly* New Masses *recalls the period from 1934 to 1948.*

WALTER WINCHELL exultantly announced the death of the monthly *New Masses* in August of 1933 and four months later, New Year's, 1934, it reappeared impertinently as a weekly. Even some of our best friends shook their heads. One of little faith said dubiously: "You have enough trouble bringing it out once a month. By what miracle do you expect to bring it out once a week?"

We had no answer that any certified public accountant would accept. Faith in the people is an intangible asset and most bookkeepers would puzzle whether to put it in the black or red. But that was our primary asset, almost our sole one.

The weekly entered the political and literary arena and remained there fourteen years charging every lion the Caesars let loose.

I recall the hurried, anxious days of preparation in the drafty, bare room we cheerfully called our office. A poet, who knew more numbe than Pythagoras, decided that a bu get (the word jarred us but w learned it, all right) of $10,000 wa enough to begin. Bill Gropper wa confident that the circulation woul rise and we would somehow mak ends meet "if the art was goo enough."

As publication date approache every editor nervously counted ou little hoard of gold but the dam thing refused to go over $1,000. was 1933, remember, and America, all its dismal experiences of pan had never run into a depression lik this one. More than fourteen millio were still unemployed. Ninety-eig of every hundred professionals—t country's artists, musicians, write technicians—were hunting for a jo

Yet, after long debate in our litt den, we agreed on a 32-page mag zine. That was the size of the *Na Republic* and we didn't care a ho that Northern Pacific money was h

hind that. Though the national standard of life was then, in the current sociological term, "submarginal," our hope decidedly was not. It ran across all the margins and filled the pages. We would tackle everything.

Mike Gold paced up and down the room emphasizing that the magazine must encourage new writing, new writers, find the anonymous worker's son in his kitchen, somewhere in America, who was knocking out poetry, short stories, a proletarian novel. Right, we would.

Gropper and Hugo Gellert said the magazine must be chockful of page-size drawings, cartoons, catching the wit, the salt of the American working class. Right, full-page cartoons. "And poetry," the poets said. Agreed. "And a short story in every issue." Of course. And reporting, literary criticism, the editorial topics of the week, political analysis, Washington and foreign news. Right.

A tough-minded editor, a refugee from Pulitzer, insisted on professional standards in the writing, the editing. Professional, it would be.

Not all of us were Marxists, but we saw eye to eye in general: we loathed a tyrant and we knew America wore no sacred amulet against fascism or war. That was bond enough. The law of uneven development operated among those of us who favored Marx, and the best of them said that the dialectics of the time would come to our help. The howling hunger across the country would nurture new writers, poets, artists. They would rise from the working class and the disillusioned middle classes. Inevitably we would find aspiring Barbusses, Gorkys, Nexös, Whitmans. And we believed that.

SO WHEN, in the first week of January, 1934, we held a meeting at the New School for Social Research to launch the magazine (and to get the necessary $9,000 to raise that budget) we entered the hall with serene confidence. Henri Barbusse, a tall, cadaverous figure by then, sick, almost on his death bed, but whose eyes glowed with a hatred of fascism, was the chief speaker. Coughing his life's blood, he had traveled to America to launch a world crusade against Hitler.

The audience packed the hall, but its pockets were empty. When we closed the roaring meeting, inspired by the frail, indomitable French writer, we were still $8,000 short of the "budget."

At our endless editorial discussions that lasted until dawn, we said, like feverish alchemists, that the magazine needed a new "formula." The times demanded prompt answers. The people starved and the deadlines of hunger are urgent. Capitalism was under the cold-eyed scrutiny which misery breeds and nothing was sacred. Free, private enterprise sounded profane to the ragged men sitting on corners exercising that divine right by selling red apples at five cents apiece. Hollow-eyed children going to school without breakfast (while milk was dumped and oranges burned) refuted

Harvard's sage economists.

And the people were on the march. William Z. Foster and his comrades had brought over 100,000 New Yorkers to Union Square and declared the government's responsibility to ease starvation. Several millions had marched on city halls and state capitols to enforce some relief. The C.I.O. was a-borning in the seething factory cities, heeding Foster's decade-old plea to organize those unorganized into industrial unions. Hungry students on the campus worried about a threadbare, barren future. The country sought a new answer.

There was an answer, and we knew it. We would say it in prose and in poetry, write it in pencil, crayon and ink, put it before footlights, sing it and dance it. We had a science, Marxism, and the others, the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* all the rest, had not. This is how the impatient writers, artists, poets reasoned in our barren office, heated by a big coal stove on which a pot of coffee bubbled endlessly.

WE TACKLED everything. Overnight our office became Mecca to the angry, bitter, disillusioned youth of the time. Every morning the mailman plumped a sackful of letters from every part of the country. We had more than enough to fill, in small six-point type, two, three pages every issue. We singled out the most vivid for a special department called "Letters from America." Voices from grass-roots workers, farmers, professionals, writers.

Compared with the rest of the press, they sounded like letters fro some unexplored continent. A you writer traveling to Pittsburgh wrot "Steel Towns Are Preparing." H quoted a worker on the picket lin "I ain't et nothing but milk and bre all last year. I can't go on like th I'd rather starve on the picket lin The writer's name was Albert Mal

A jobless worker wrote us fro New Haven, acidly describing t degrading rigmarole he went throu to apply for relief:

> "I wouldn't believe so many qu tions could be asked. Here are some them: name, address, age, birthpla height, weight, health, schooling, m ried or single, do you live with yo parents, father's name, age, nationali mother's name, age, nationality, they citizens, is your father employ where, how, why, his wages, does own property, is he in debt, are you debt, any others in the family, what they do, their ages, names, etc., do own home or do we pay rent, how mu rent do we pay, how many rooms h we, etc., etc., etc. Finally I was t that I could leave and they might se me a card within two weeks. A year passed, I have yet to receive my car

A young Negro of Atlanta — years old—sitting in the dungeon Fulton Tower, wrote us:

> "I was taken to jail, where I threatened with being 'electrocuted I didn't give certain information policeman wanted. I was indicted un an insurrection law passed in 1867 those unctuous gentlemen had eno sense, they could see that by convic me as an individual they cannot by

Henri Barbusse
in NEW MASSES
January 9, 1934

"To writers and to young people who aspire to become writers I say: Accept whichever role you wish to take in this mass rising of conscience and efficacious will which we have initiated throughout the world in our united front movement against war and fascism. Literature must become valorous in its militant vanguard as long as conditions remain as they are. Corrective and indicting books must arise out of the world until the time that a logical society will have been established—a world in which war and social reaction will no longer have reason for existence and will be no more than phantoms of the past."

means 'stamp out Communism.' It cannot be destroyed. All attempts to do so only serve to accelerate its growth."

His name was Angelo Herndon and he was serving a twenty-year sentence for heading a march of 100 or so jobless workers on Atlanta's City Hall to ask relief. So it went.

The weekly *New Masses* had found the "formula" for the time. Our correspondents, our writers and artists, were non-Marxist as well as Marxist, for starvation carries no party card. The visionaries around the stove and bubbling coffee pot had science as well as zeal. Breathlessly we watched the circulation rise.

It didn't go up like a geyser, no, the official mores and police sanctions saw to that. It was a steady growth, though we were always under a steady drumfire of spiteful, snivelling attack. Not only from Hearst. Dignified Raymond Moley, editing his magazine *Today,* singled us out for ridicule and spent no little time misquoting us, but getting our name straight.

The *Saturday Evening Post* tried to strangle us in a full-page editorial. Though our circulation was infinitesimal next to theirs, they went around with a heavy enough conscience to fear us. So it was through the years. They were afraid of us because we stood with the people, the new people, the new masses.

It was always a struggle. When

we failed to get wages the magazine met the mail-trains anyway. We even tried to put aside a few pennies for our writers and artists, and, sometimes, (scarcely enough for most of them to recall, I am certain) we paid $5.00 for a long article or a page drawing. We were always on the razor edge of closing.

But we didn't. Our business office developed the imagination of poets: it gave away dishes and coffee pots, ran art shows, auctioned off manuscripts, held fund-raising affairs in innumerable parlors and on the meadows, in the summer camps and on the campus, buttonholed people, learned to stall off creditors, negotiated loans, repaid them miraculously. The editors had to pitch in and often the lines of duty blurred—sometimes we forgot who were editors and who business managers.

The weekly concerned itself, primarily, through these years with the topical, but it kept fresh the stirring cultural and literary tradition of the monthly *New Masses* and its father, the old *Masses*. It was "the workshop of proletarian literature of the Thirties," Samuel Sillen wrote. It strove to carry on in the tradition of Mike Gold, who had, in the monthly, combatted with brilliant vigor the efforts of some of the contributors, like John Dos Passos, to abandon realism, to run from life and from fight.

The heart's blood of the contestants often filled these pages. One must go to the magazine to trace the inspiration and sources which resulted in the pioneering work of the Thirti like *Waiting for Lefty, The Cra Will Rock, Ballad for America Grapes of Wrath.* Who can for the first short stories of Albert Ma tales like "Man on the Road," poetry of Langston Hughes?

Samuel Sillen became liter editor of the weekly in the mid of that decade. A. B. Magil, as sociate editor, was an unfailing sou of strength. Later, and in the Fort men and women like world-renown Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Howard F Meridel Le Sueur, Richard O. Boy John Howard Lawson, Charles Wh Herbert Aptheker, Virginia Gardi Harry F. Ward, Frederick V. Fi Eve Merriam, many others, brou their talents to the working-class, people, through *New Masses.*

New men like Lloyd Brown, fr out of a Jim Crow regiment, pepp crowding his enemy, began the w ing that has given us *Iron City* milestone in our literature. Barb Giles, a shy, untiring editor of magazine, started her fine novel, *Gentle Bush,* after hours. Ben Fi Phillip Bonosky, Sidney Finkelst Charles Humboldt, John Stuart, seph Starobin, many others, first respected attention in its pages. Jerome's probing pieces on source-streams of our culture, politics, appeared in its pages.

OF COURSE we had our shar fair-weather friends, writers artists who fled when the cl gathered. Some others, crisis-re

were washed for keeps into the offices of Luce and Goldwyn when the tide of depression receded. That, we learned soon enough, is a sordid phenomenon inherent in every people's movement, in every crusading organ, in every age. It is as old as Judas.

Thirty pieces of silver need not clink on the table: the metamorphosis happens many ways, subtly as well as grossly. So long as there is a ruling class, rooted in maggoty greed, with the power to pass along bribes, the soft life, affluence of a fashion, it will find customers. Sometimes it happens imperceptibly, over a long period of time. But this we found: many of those who forsook the aspirations of the magazine, broke with the best in themselves, and faded fast as creative talents. This happened enough times to win recognition as a social, an artistic law.

Some seemed to have had a premonition of their course. They were always consumed with the problem of retreat. I have in mind a typical example, a poet and critic, now well known, who wrote in 1935, that the writer must ally himself with "a class that is rising, instead of with the interests of a confused and futile and decaying class. It gives them a new source of strength." He cited numerous cases:

> "Take William Wordsworth, for example. During three or four years of his long career, he wrote great poems; during the rest of it he settled down to be the most skillful, high-minded and accomplished bore in English literature. Critics and college students have always been puzzled by this phenomenon. It is only during the past few years that some light has been thrown on it—that we have learned how he visited France at the height of the French Revolution, how he was filled with revolutionary enthusiasm, how he learned to think in universal terms—and then how he became disillusioned, turned his eyes inward, accepted the eternal rightness and triteness of British society, and spent his last fifty years bumbling in a garden."

"I might be described as a highly class-conscious petty-bourgeois critic," our writer said. He argued that the interests of his class were best served "in a close alliance with the proletariat, and I believe that writers especially can profit from this alliance." He has since abandoned his own insights and has paid the penalty he forecast, as writer and as man, though he probably owns a garden, by now, and can shade his conscience under a peach tree.

There were others, not a few. They caught some bright glimpse of truth (and manhood) in those days when you had to be stoneblind to misunderstand the hooligan soul of capitalism. One of our British correspondents then (now a high-and-mighty muckamuck and consort of Herbert Morrison) wrote, in 1934, of his present colleague:

> ". . . Morrison fully revealed what the word socialism has come to mean to him. It meant, in fact, the most developed forms of monopolistic capitalism, the fullest protection and guarantee for the rights of the shareholder in the

great monopolies, and State participation in their enterprises so that they may not be challenged by new competitors."

Morrison, John Strachey said then, "is the ideal man for the Labor Party's next function, which is, no doubt, to assist the British capitalists in the creation of a systematized, monopolistic structure, comparable to the German, and for that matter, the American cartels."

They walked head-high, those days when they mingled with the *New Masses*. But when they pocketed the thirty pieces of silver (count it in cash, affluence, "prestige," or what you will) they acquired, inevitably, the cringing, sweated soul of Uriah Heep. We can dismiss them with contempt, not in grief.

SO WE went our way, stubbornly, making our own mistakes (and we made plenty) but on we went. We described, exposed, analyzed, fought, crusaded for everything that bore the bloom of life. The magazine's reports on the epic strikes, the American scene, the truth concerning socialism in the country that had bled for it and won it, the indomitable struggle of the Negro people for freedom, attracted attention across the world.

Through the years writings of the world's best crossed the oceans to appear in our pages: Romain Rolland, Barbusse, Nexö, Heinrich Mann, Ehrenburg, Neruda, Aragon, O'Casey, Ralph Fox (who put his pen aside and died a hero's death in Spain). Gabriel Péri, the great French jou nalist, recalled that he wrote reg larly for us for several years—recalle that in his Last Testament jott down hurriedly in a Gestapo cell few nights before his execution 1940. He cited *New Masses* in h summary of a proud, useful life.

One of our editors, Arnold Rei died in Spain where others of o staff and contributors had gone shoulder a rifle for the ideas a ideals for which they had writte One of these, Alvah Bessie, has d scribed how the International B gades, lying under the strafing Me serschmitts, would open their newl arrived copies of *New Masses* a carry them in their knapsac throughout the fierce campaigns.

The name, *New Masses*, had th kind of force in America, too. I ha written of the Negro minister wh when he heard I was from the mag zine, invited me cordially into h modest home and, after a long ev ning's talk comparing the ethics Marxism with those of Christiani had said: "God must have a spec place for *New Masses* people." Orth dox Christians, he reflected, observ the Golden Rule to win a place Heaven. "You people help manki for nothing, expect no reward e cept what mankind gets." Such lo was common among the loyal tho sands of plain people in some 1,1 communities where the postman c ried the magazine.

And, for a long time, not a f from other quarters saw that. It w early in 1935 when Lincoln Steffe

came to our office, a wizened gnome of a man with a goatee and a pair of bright, inquisitive eyes, looked around our bare office adorned with Gropper cartoons. "I wish I were not so old," he said, "I would pitch in with you. But I am old, pretty near my grave. I did the best I could in my time. But I am afraid I, the rest of us, fell short. Your generation will do the job."

And I recall that day in 1940 when Carl Sandburg, unannounced, dropped into our office, a refugee, seemingly, from his conscience. He too looked around. (There was always that sharp, scrutinizing look when they came into our rooms, like travelers in some unexplored, mysterious terrain.) The biographer of Lincoln had had to pass by our secretary, a young Negro woman, and he met one of our staff writers, a Negro. Sandburg said to us, afterward, "The rest talk about Negro equality. You practice it."

THUS, fourteen swift years passed, as a weekly. The magazine had its ups and downs, was better, more hard-hitting at times than at others. Generally, I believe, it was at its best when times were roughest. And, as I have noted, we made our share of mistakes. One mistake, as I look back, was a failure to acquire the knack of organization. We should have, through the years, succeeded in creating some structure around the magazine which would have borne it through the lean years.

We failed to do that. And when the debts piled up, and costs went sky-high, we were unable to carry it by ourselves no matter how we sweated at it. The magazine, sans subsidy, sans advertising, sans organized support, could not continue as a weekly.

Furthermore, in the latter part of the war period, the magazine's cutting edge of Marxism dulled. But a sign of maturity, in publications as well as in movements and men, is the canniness to recognize mistakes, admit them publicly and go about correcting them. *New Masses* did, but by that time it was too late to continue as a weekly.

So, the broadcasters hastened to the microphones in January, 1948, to announce that the magazine had died —once again. But before they could savor their triumph, its reincarnation appeared as the monthly *Masses & Mainstream.* No, the tradition, the magazine, will never die. Winchell will never understand that, it is beyond the comprehension of Roy Howard and Henry Luce.

The people are indestructible. You can beat them down, chain them, gag them, toll the bell for them, but they rise again, not mysteriously—inevitably. And stronger each time. And those who speak their aspirations will never be silenced.

A CAST FOR

Hamlet

A STORY BY AFIM DOROSH

KARPO YEGOROVICH STEPUKH, assistant veterinarian, in his spar time the producer of a collective farm amateur dramatic circle a man no longer young and running to fat—his Astrakhan cap pushe back and his short, heavy, beaver coat unbuttoned, was banging the hoo of the telephone noisily up and down. Beads of sweat quivered in hi shaggy black eyebrows; his iron-gray walrus moustache nearly cov ered the phone mouthpiece.

"Krasilnikovo!" shouted Karpo Yegorovich. "Krasilnikovo! No, don't want the vet station, I want the district committee. Be a goo girl, Khima, please put me through. The third secretary? Comrad Khizhnyak? Mitry Onisimovich, what have you done about my re hearsal? Tomorrow's the New Year show and you've got Hamlet an Rosencrantz and Ophelia all at the conference. What? They've lef Thank you very much. At last . . ."

Outside the windows of the club the early winter sky was turnin blue: the glass was sparkling from a light frost. The snow on the stree crackled under the boots of the passer-by. Bonfires in the courtyard sent their orange sparks gaily towards the starry sky, and when the stre door opened to admit a huge New Year tree especially brought fro 200 miles away, the smell of burnt bristles came in with it—for boa were being singed ready for the New Year roast.

"Now they call it an amateur dramatic circle." Karpo Yegorovic addressed me, putting his folded coat with its sheepskin lining turne outwards on the back of a chair. "And in the old days we just calle them 'amateur dramatics.' I tell you, thirty-five years ago when I bega

my stage career there were only a few of us who felt a genuine respect for the stage; the stage was unpopular in those days."

Karpo Yegorovich took off his cap. His clean-shaven head contrasted oddly with his rough weather-beaten face. In the lapel of his comfortable coat there was a ribbon of the medal "For Labor Valor." He strode about the stage, his felt boots deadening the sound.

"Well, today"—he developed his train of thought—"I am responsible for veterinary work on five domestic animal farms; for horses, sheep, pigs and poultry. Mind you, it's not only the executive committee of the collective farm which puts demands on me. The district is interested in my work, too. . . . Even the regional center! Three times I've been sent to attend refresher courses. Once I was even a delegate to a conference. Nowadays, you see, even in my profession I'm an artist; the work calls for quite an artistic skill today. And only thirty-five years ago when I was a horse doctor, as they would call me then, and no good for anything except perhaps to puncture the caecum of a cow with colic—in those days the stage was my only consolation."

THE drivers who brought in the New Year tree had left, and the cold air which they had brought with them into the hall had already dispersed in the dry warmth coming from the new central heating radiators. A sharp ray of light fell on the now darkened stage from the half-open door of the back room where painters were busy making scenery.

"It isn't a difficult job, mind you," Karpo Yegorovich continued, stopping near the wings, "to play a drunken man; but a good actor may spend a week of soul-searching on it. In those days I used to visit my friend Sidor Polikarpovich Lazarenko, the engine driver, at the railway station. Now there was an artist for you! Before I met him my elocution was just hopeless, and to improve it Lazarenko taught me to put matches into my mouth and to talk through them. I would run through my part for him and he would say 'Karpo, you're a fool. How should a drunken man be played? Would you like to know? Pull yourself together, then. Try to walk forward as though you were finding it difficult, as though you were trying to walk along a single floor board.' Yes, the late Sidor Polikarpovich gave me a few tips which came in very useful later. . . ."

The accountant of the collective farm who was to play Polonius rang

up and asked whether the rehearsal was starting soon. He would be in his office and would come when the boys of the district school arrived. . . . At that moment two pupils from the tenth grade of the local school, Vitya and Mitya, cast as Marcellus and Bernardo, came into the hall. Ruddy-cheeked and fair, they both wore white jerseys and brown skiing trousers. They got out their parts and began to hear each other as if they were cramming for an exam.

Close behind the club near the Consumers' Co-operative House, a string of sledges had evidently just arrived—there was a noise of horses, and snow was crackling under the sledge runners; the drivers were arguing, somebody was saying "Careful with that, now!" and somebody else was asking in a businesslike manner: "Have you brought any spirits? Where is the yeast?"

The assistant vet went on calmly: "Well, Sidor Polikarpovich and I cherished a dream . . . to be able to put on *Hamlet.* Every actor, professional or amateur, has that dream, you know. But where was our cast? In Zmagailovskaya Parish the amateur actors were myself and Lazarenko; Evdokia Pavlovna, teacher in the local school; the priest's two daughters; the parish clerk Motuyok; Anfisa Ivanovna, a shopkeeper's wife. Who else? Three or four boys who went away to school and were only home for the holidays. With a cast like that we could only put on rubbish. *Hamlet* was quite a different proposition. The late Sidor Polikarpovich took upon himself the part of Polonius; he chose me as Hamlet, and the schoolteacher was to be Ophelia. Well, and the queen? There were only the shopkeeper's wife and the priest's daughters left. For Laertes, the parish clerk. Could they understand this for instance?"

And the assistant vet began to recite in a loud voice which suddenly seemed much younger:

> *"Think it no more:*
> *For nature, crescent, does not grow alone*
> *In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,*
> *The inward service of the mind and soul*
> *Grows wide withal."*

Behind the wall there was a sudden blare of trumpets; flutes began to pipe thinly and discordantly and then other instruments of the orchestra joined in one by one as though they were answering a roll-call

"And where were we to stage *Hamlet?*" Karpo Yegorovich went on as if to himself. "In those days we performed in a school. We used to push the desks aside, prop up some planks for a stage and rig up three paraffin lamps. If one of the cast had to stamp his foot then someone at the other end of the plank would jump into the air."

The brass band suddenly burst into Karpo Yegorovich's meditations with the triumphal march from *Ruslan and Lyudmila.* Stepukh grew angry, and ordered Mitya and Vitya to throw the band out. The two boys, the scene-painters from the back room, and the entire editorial staff of the wall newspaper in another back room joined forces to deal with them. The march suddenly stopped. The musicians could be heard putting away their instruments, bitterly complaining that they had been thrown out from everywhere, but that when the New Year came they'd be wanted back because everybody would want to dance.

"After the Civil War," the assistant vet went on, "when the soldiers were demobilized from the Red Army, more amateurs joined us. And they weren't like the parish clerk and the shopkeeper's wife either. They were people who had gone through political training, and they had seen how real actors played in big cities and in propaganda trains—entirely new people, you know. They began to put on plays like *Inspector General* and *Wit Works Woe,* and then Soviet plays such as *Armored Train* and so forth—but we still couldn't get a complete cast for *Hamlet.*"

Karpo Yegorovich then related how they opened in Zmagailovskaya a school for peasant youth instead of the old parish school. In this school there taught not only Evdokia Pavlovna, but six or seven new teachers, two of whom could take part in *Hamlet;* but the engine driver Lazarenko died, and the assistant vet himself had grown much too fat to play the Prince of Denmark, or even Polonius or Claudius. . . .

"I really got very fat, you know, just like a barrel." He slapped his paunch cheerfully and went on to tell how after collectivization, when the agronomists and livestock technicians arrived at the village, when the machine and tractor station was organized and the boys and girls in the village of Zmagailovskaya took courses and became tractor drivers, harvester combine operators, and tractor team leaders, his long-cherished dream seemed to be coming true at last. Only the part of Hamlet and perhaps two or three other parts were lacking, and although the amateur dramatic circle performed nearly every play in the Moscow

repertoire, some of the people of Zmagailovskaya, and particularly t youngsters, knowing the dream of the old producer, kept asking hi good-naturedly, "And when, Karpo Yegorovich, will you be showi us *Hamlet?*" And Stepukh, although he had so many jobs on his han —the number of cattle was growing, new animal farms were springi up—went on searching for a full cast for *Hamlet.*

"I kept notes of my search," said the assistant vet, bringing me ancient thick notebook and noisily removing the rubber band from

In the book opposite Shakespeare's list of characters stood the nam of Ukrainian peasants:

Fortinbras, Prince of Norway . . . Karpenko

Guildenstern, a courtier . . . Lisyuk.

Many of the names were crossed out, and marked with various no tions such as: "Left to attend the institute"—"Left for the army a won't come back (taking a commission)"—and by every deletion th stood a new name. Then there were entries such as: "The school peasant youth has been reorganized into a secondary school, seven n teachers have arrived—none of them acts"—"A first-aid station been set up—the woman doctor sings but has no interest in acti What can I do about it? I can't produce an opera for her!"—"Attend the school-leaving concert. Galya Moroz would have been a first-cl Ophelia and Pavlo Gudz a Hamlet; only snag is they may go on stu ing. . . . Yes, they're going away; but, thank God, Galya only fo forestry course and Pavlo to attend a course on mechanics; they'll coming back."

"AND so they did," said Karpo Yegorovich, seeing me read the entry. "They came back, but it wasn't the end of our troub Up till last year we had three collective farms in the village. Rehear were very difficult to organize. Galya now—she's a team leader in forestry section, perhaps she's making a clearing in the forest . Pavlo, again, a team leader of a tractor brigade. He may be busy w the chairman drawing up the plan for the future campaign. . . . Ome Ganna, they're in the third collective farm busying themselves w fertilizers. . . . Before you can fix things with the chairman half evening's gone."

There were lights outside the hall, and the sound of singing ming with the roar of an engine. The windows shook as a truck pulled

near the club and the people who had been at the conference poured noisily and cheerfully into the hall, their cheeks flushed with the cold.

"Mitya . . . and you, Vitya!" Stepukh called out, rapping on the small table in front of the stage, demanding attention. "Ring the office and be quick about it. Tell Mikita Onoprievich to come at once . . . then ring the third team, and Kolesnik too, and don't forget the school. . . . Beginners please! House lights off, stage on. . . . We'll run through the bit just after the soliloquy 'To be, or not to be,' and then the dress rehearsal, straight through from the beginning. Galya, Pavlo, who do you think I'm talking to? . . ."

A slender girl in a blue skiing suit and a little red cap began, rather inaudibly because her mouth was still a bit stiff from the frost outdoors:

"Good my lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?"—

—*"I humbly thank you: well, well, well,"* a tall dark lad replied. His thick black hair was neatly parted and he wore a leather jacket with zippers.

The rehearsal of the tragedy *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* by William Shakespeare, had begun.

RiGhT FaCe

The Fitness of Things

"Now take the Communists. Them are the ones who shou
be where they belong. Throwing bookies in jail is ridiculous."
Willie Moretti, gambler of Deal, New Jersey, on a CBS broadca

The Sheltered Life

"According to Dr. Charles Sweet, recently retired medical he
of New York's famed Sing Sing Prison, convicts are better
these days than most people on the outside. Dr. Sweet report
that psychiatric tests showed convicts to be emotionally we
adjusted. Their well-regulated existence protects them from p
chic tensions. Food, clothing, shelter, and recreation are guara
teed and they have neither the opportunity nor the desire
exhaust themselves in the competition for money and prestige,
so many Americans on the outside do."—Liberty *magazine, J*
1951.

Sense of Balance

"The psychological aim of civil defense authorities is to cre
controlled anxiety, a feeling between indifference and lat
panic."—*Dr. George James of the New York State Dept.*
Health in the N. Y. Times.

Takes the Cake

"Freedom Foundation, Inc., encourages the participation
people like Mrs. Ruth Mills of Merion, Pa., who was one of
Freedom Award winners last year for her 'credo freedom coo
cutter.' Mrs. Mills sent in a cookie cutter and some cookies sha
like the drawing of the monument bearing the foundation's cr
and in an accompanying essay described the 'cookie jar' as a k
of symbol of the 'little bit extra' characteristic of life under
American system."—From the Christian Science Monitor.

THREE FROM HAWAII

By
LIU PUNGJU

WELL, here they are—back home at last after 53 long years on Kauai, a Hawaiian isle which they thought to be America, or the "Gold Mountain" as overseas Chinese call it. They went there to meet their fortune. And they met it.

They are Cheng Chin-lu, Li Tung-hao and Tang Hsin-hai, all Cantonese. Fifty-three years ago they went to the island to be farmers. Far away from the coasts of America, they worked like dogs on someone else's land. They went to the fields every day from dawn till dusk. No playing with girls, no gambling, no smoking opium, you know. They earned $8.00 a year. They bought for themselves no more than half a dozen new suits during the past half century. They spent what they earned only by pennies.

Some 19,000 days later, one of the three had become blind, another deaf. The American landowner said they were no longer of any use, and so they were thrown off the land they had cultivated. With empty pockets, they accepted the offer of the Hawaii Chinese Association to pay their voyage home. . . .

Early in 1897 they were hired, together with some 600 Chinese farmhands, by a "headman" called Yuan to go to work in America. In those days, America—the Gold Mountain—was seen as a paradise where an honest, hard worker could make something out of it. Cheng and his two friends believed that by working as hard as they could they would be able to save something for their ageing years.

A big ship brought them across the Pacific to Kauai, a tiny, uncultivated isle among the Hawaii Islands. (Is this the Gold Mountain? Maybe or maybe not, but what does it matter?)

The American landowner said to Yuan: "Go ahead, make the land produce. All the product will be yours. Only you must sell to me all your harvest and I'll supply you all you need. Well, that's all."

These 600 Chinese farmhands then started working on that piece of virgin soil. They struggled with the wild tiny isle to make it produce. Now and then the landowner came to have a look. One day, nodding his head, he said: "OK. It's time to plant sugar cane and rice."

So they did, and when they had their first harvest, the landowner came for it. They loaded onto his ship all the sugar they had grown. It turned out that their sugar was worth but little more than plain water while the farming tools the landowner advanced to them were as dear as if they were made of silver. For

Drawing by Shitsu Chao, u known Chinese artist, t met the three old farmha on their voyage home.

the tools and the food expenses Yuan paid with all his sugar, but he still owed the American landowner a big sum.

Yuan was very much bewildered: A whole year's labor was not enough to feed them! The American patted his shoulder and explained that cultivating a new land was always like this. "You always lose more or less in the beginning years. But it will turn out all right. Don't you worry. I'll still lend you all the tools and the money you want, I assure you, and I shall charge you less interest." So, at the mercy of this sort of American generosity, the 600 Chinese farmhands each got his $8.00 pay a year.

The landowner soon establishe general store on the farm. He m an agreement with Yuan: the fa hands should be put under strict pervision and they should not allowed to get contact with the w outside. As a result, the farmha had to buy anything and everyth from the landlord's store.

FIVE years passed. Every year w they made their profit and account, Yuan sighed deeply w the American patted his shoulder gave him a heart-warming smile for the farmhands, they each

8.00 a year as usual, no less, no more.

After the sixth year the landowner o longer came to the farm. Instead is assistant turned up. Yuan sighed s deeply as ever. But the assistant idn't care to smile at him. The re-ult was that the yearly pay of the armhands was still $8.00 each but hey were to work much harder to nake more land produce.

"Your men didn't work very nuch," the assistant said to Yuan before he left. "That's why you always ose money. Why don't you do some-hing about these lazybones? They have hands but you haven't made good use of them. No wonder you lose out. Why shouldn't you?"

When Yuan asked him to give his kind regards to the American land-owner, the assistant became enraged. He shouted at Yuan: "You'd better learn something from him. He was no more than a common business-man. He had only five or six thousand dollars when he started. In five years time, he has become one of the few sugar kings in Hawaii. Your accounts give me a headache. I'm sick of it!"

After this, Yuan seemed to have changed a bit. He became tougher and tougher in handling the farm workers. And, henceforth, the Ameri-can landowner seldom came to the farm himself. Once or twice, he came near to the island in his beautiful steam yacht to look from the sea at the sugar plantation that had built up for him his fortune.

Some ten years after this the land-owner moved back to America. The plantation changed hands several times. Of the 600 farmhands, quite a number deserted: where they went nobody knows. . . . Another twenty years slipped by. . . .

As all those years came into his mind, one of the three old farmhands said: "That piece of land is really good. Its location is simply beautiful. All the American owners made their fortune out of it. But not us Chinese folks—no, not us! Maybe foreign land only profits foreigners. I don't know. I really don't."

In 1935 the farm went into the hands of yet another American. The new owner sent his lawyer to settle the account with Yuan. All the old debts and interest added together was much more than the whole farm was worth. Before the American law everybody is equal, you know. You've got to pay what you owe.

Yuan was no exception. He handed over everything he had to the new owner. But still he had a big sum on account to be settled. For that he paid with his own life: he hanged him-self and died.

The landowner took charge of the farm himself, and the Chinese farm-hands were treated worse than ever. Last summer Cheng, Li and Tang, three of them, were found by the American agricultural expert to be incapable of working any longer. The eleventh American landowner re-ported this matter to the Hawaii Chinese Association which kindly collected the money needed and had the three sent from Kauai to Hono-lulu.

Honolulu was a paradise about which Cheng and his friends had heard a great deal. It was so near and yet so far. They were glad that they would finally get a chance to see it. But as soon as they reached the island they were put behind bars by the local police. The Chinese Association offered them each $48 and a sea passage, and they were sent home on the magnificent *President Wilson* last September.

This $48 meant a lot: this was the first time in their lives that they received such a big sum all at once. They might have saved that much by working some four years and nine months on that Kauai plantation, if they could manage to save every cent of their earnings. (In the last few years their yearly pay had been increased to $10.)

HAVE you fellows ever saved anything?

"Yes, yes," so proudly they answered, "we usually could save from twenty to thirty dollars in five years. We always asked the American mister to send the money to our folks in China. Maybe our folks couldn't write —we never had a reply. But it's the American mister who sent the money for us; there could be no mistake. folks at home must have received money."

And do you fellows think the w has changed a bit in the last 53 ye

"Yes, yes, certainly. On the Isl Kauai, there were about one th sand natives when we first v there. They were so nice, so ho table. And they were very kind to They liked hunting. When they tured something, we were always vited to have dinner with th When they had parties, they also vited us to join and to hear t beautiful songs. But by ten years none of them were left."

But how could that have happen

"The Americans kept coming the island. They cut down the trees, and all the land they cultiv became theirs. The natives had to They fled into the deep mounta The strongest native boys were fo to work on the farms, the pret native girls had to live with Americans. The rest of them sim disappeared. . . ."

Each face tells a history. Here three from Hawaii. Read them. T you have the history of three ho men living in this so-called Amer Century.

books in review

Two Negro Artists

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW, by Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels. *Doubleday.* $3.00.
N PERSON: LENA HORNE, as told to Helen Arstein and Carlton Moss. *Greenberg.* $1.50 (paper); $3 (cloth).

THE two-edged blade of Jim Crow cuts deeply both ways in art as elsewhere. Its more obvious wound is that dealt the Negro artist, who is robbed of a livelihood, of self-realization and opportunity. Its impact on the white artist and white audience is perhaps less obvious, but certainly no less significant. Chauvinist poison has penetrated so deeply into the consciousness of the white public as to utterly warp and debase its standards, until it accepts, for the most part without question, the distorted image of the Negro conceived and desired by the oppressing class.

How Jim Crow operates in the arts, the toll it exacts in frustrated human hopes and suffering on the one hand, and in the debasement of American culture on the other, is vividly demonstrated in two recent autobiographies of top-ranking Negro theatrical performers, both of them women.

No one who saw Ethel Waters play Hagar in *Mamba's Daughters* (whatever the limitations of the play and the role) can deny Miss Waters' dramatic gift. One has only to imagine her in some of the roles a white actress aspires to, and occasionally achieves despite the limitations of our commercial stage—Lady Macbeth, Medea, Lavinia Mannon or Regina Giddens — to realize the barriers which hem in the woman who made theatrical history as the first Negro actress to star on Broadway in a dramatic role.

For over and above the commercialism which condemns a Judith Anderson or Helen Hayes to perform in tripe 99 times out of 100, Ethel Waters faces the ironclad rule that she must play a "Negro role." This means, by extension of the principles of Jim Crow, that almost never is a serious, honest, dignified part available to her.

The same has held true of her gifts as a singer. She has never been given an opportunity to demonstrate her talent in dramatic or lyric music, let alone opera. The only way open to Ethel Waters, or to Lena Horne who followed in her path a quarter of a century later, was marked "entertainer."

Miss Waters' autobiography tells of her grueling struggle to earn a living from the age of 17 on the

only stage then open to the young Negro performer — in Jim Crow saloons. Singing and dancing, she fought her way up the ladder to night clubs (Jim Crow), vaudeville (Jim Crow) and cross-country tours (Jim Crow), enduring the hazards and indignities reserved for the Negro player, and for Negro women especially.

Once she narrowly escaped a dose of knockout drops. She barely evaded lynching in Atlanta, where she stood up to a particularly brutalized white supremacist owner of the theatre in which she was booked. After a serious auto accident in Alabama she very nearly died of gangrene because of mistreatment and lack of care, and could not dance for several years thereafter. And on her first tour in a Negro musical show, she and the other women in the cast had to stay in houses of prostitution, no other accommodations being available.

She survived these and other hardships, just as she survived the brutality and degradation of a childhood in the slums of Chester, Pa. She developed and perfected the only form of expression open to her—the blues —and launched such hits as "Dinah," "Am I Blue?" and "Stormy Weather." And at long last she achieved a place, first in the all-Negro musicals of the 1920's, later as *the* Negro star in such glamorous Broadway productions as *As Thousands Cheer* and more recently in plays like *Mamba's Daughters* and *The Member of the Wedding,* and in an occasional film.

Yet after each success, Ethel Waters was forced to go back to the grinding routine of "two-a-day" vaudeville and nightclubs in order to earn a living until some other part or musical or movie requiring the services of a Negro actress came along. Though she is now a top-billed performer at the Capitol and the Paramount, Ethel Waters' talent is still the prisoner and victim of Jim Crow.

It is necessary to bear this scorching fact in mind when we question some of the demeaning roles Miss Waters has played, including her present spot as Beulah on TV. It is true that there are Negro performers who have militantly refused such roles, and taken the bitter economic consequences. Yet if Miss Waters' choice has been otherwise, the main burden of condemnation must not fall upon her.

It should fall, with strong compulsion and responsibility for action, on the white professionals in the theatre arts, on the white audience. It is the responsibility of the progressive movement as a whole to support such groups as the Committee for the Negro in the Arts, to give the Negro professional the kind of alternative which will permit him or her a decent and dignified livelihood.

A BITTER and outspoken critique of Jim Crow on nearly every page of her book, Miss Waters lacks the more conscious militancy and understanding in Lena Horne's story. This is understandable, for Miss Horne found the support and encour-

ment of a progressive movement inside and outside the theatre which simply did not exist in the years when Miss Waters was battling for recognition.

Yet from the moment when Miss Horne embarked on her career as an entertainer, she faced the same enemy. During her very first engagement as a phenomenally young performer at the Cotton Club in Harlem (white-owned), she learned that even the veteran performers

> "felt blocked and used by white people. They were full of stories about how white people had drawn on their experience, taken their ideas for individual numbers—even for complete shows—and given them nothing in return. Not even a credit line on a program, much less any payment. . . . Every creative and lucrative phase—writing the lyrics and music, designing the costumes and scenery, arranging the music, publishing the songs—was sharply limited to White Only."

When Lena Horne tried to get engagements in white night clubs, she was rejected because her appearance did not conform to white supremacist notions of how a Negro actress should look and act:

> " 'She sings like a white girl!' . . . 'Everybody knows that Negroes don't look like that'. . . . Can't use her—she's too refined for a Negro.' "

Raging at such insults, Miss Horne understood and fought back, for a long time alone. Always rebellious at having to stop in the worst hotels and suffer endless other humiliations, she never accepted the passive theory in vogue among some Negro entertainers that their role should be that of "ambassadors of good will" to show the white people that Negroes, too, could be cultured and refined! And eventually she found her way to identification with the struggles of her own people and an understanding that not all white people are the Negro's enemies.

She pays heartfelt tribute to Paul Robeson's role in teaching her that discrimination *could* be fought, to a sense of the dignity of her profession, to his perception of the special hardships she faced as a Negro woman.

When Lena Horne went to Hollywood she carried some of her newfound understanding with her, and she needed it! For although she was the first Negro actress to be signed to a long-term movie contract, and escaped (at her own insistence) from stereotyped roles, she found herself limited to playing the same entertainer role that she had in night clubs. Moreover, in every picture in which she appeared, her scenes were so constructed that they could be cut out of the picture when it was shown in Southern theatres without harming the continuity!

Lena Horne's book is a personal one, and she does not relate her experiences to the broader struggles being waged by the Negro people today. But it is an honest and moving narrative, which shows how her struggles for a livelihood and for rec-

ognition were sharpened for her as the mother of two children she had to support, and by the difficulties springing from the male supremacist attitudes of both white and Negro men.

The testimony of these two books should spur us to broaden the struggle against discrimination in the theatre arts. There is no more urgent job in the theatre today than the fight against Jim Crow in both employment and dramatic content.

IRENE EPSTEIN

Bomber Crew

THE SUN IS SILENT, by Saul Levitt. *Harper.* $3.

ALMOST important task facing the American novelist is to explain the nature of the Second World War to the American people. The task is not being raised, of course, by the bourgeois publishers or book reviewers. On the contrary, they want anything but true explanations. But this task is posed by the needs of the people, and by the inexorable demands of literature itself.

It is to be expected that a writer who fought in the war will write about it as one of the shattering experiences of his own life. But as a writer he must not only have felt these experiences: he must cope with them on the intellectual level they demand for their understanding. Otherwise his book becomes an artistic failure no matter what his brilliance of reporting. People need to know not only what happened but why.

And this is not too much to ask. The major knowledge, born out of a decade and a half of anti-fascist struggles—of Spain and Munich, of the outbreak of the war itself and the Quislings, the betrayers of their own people, the capitalist corruption revealed—is amply available.

Because Saul Levitt's *The Sun Is Silent* does not rise to the level of using the knowledge thus available to answer the questions he himself raises, this novel is disappointing although it has many gripping battle scenes and at least raises problems that other war books avoid.

The story deals with the crew of a B-17 Flying Fortress. The narrative picks them up at the end of their training period in Idaho, takes them to England, and then follows them through some of the most casualty-ridden flights over Germany in the great "air offensive" of 1943. It was the "offensive" which sacrificed many American planes and lives, as well as thousands of Red Army soldiers, in a sorry excuse for not opening a second front on land.

In the course of the action, dramatic conflicts begin to flare up among the men. There is the contrast that rises between the courage of the professional soldier, animal-like, contemptuous of the "soft" people who do not live only to be soldiers, and the deeper courage of the civilian who steels himself to fight.

There is the exposure of the weak

ess of the physically strong who rack up because they are "in there vith nothing." There is the conflict hat rises between the fascist and emocratic-minded soldiers. There is he torment of the Jewish soldier nding anti-Semitism not only in he enemy before him but in his own rmy.

Yet these struggles are fought out olely on the level of emotional outries and impulses, never on the level f ideas. For example, this is the way he anti-fascist theme is handled:

> "'A democratic war,' said Krolik contemptuously, 'with kings in it too, money in back of it, with the world already cut out and the poor stupid bastards who are fighting it, losing it all over again. A democratic war. A war against fascism. . . . Ask them if they give a damn about fascism,' said Krolik in the low, contemptuous voice.
>
> "The men said nothing. They looked embarrassed and irritated. Miller looked from Krolik to the men. He knew there was enough rightness in what Krolik said to be nearly true and yet it was not true, and what was more Krolik knew it wasn't true. A hatred for Krolik swept him."

Later, Miller cries at Krolik: "Maybe just the idea that people might win something for themselves—just the idea that people might find out how they're being exploited, tricked, lied to—that scares hell out of you."

But this is a poor level on which to handle one of the most profound ideological struggles of American and world history. And it is an example of the author's self-censorship that at no time, in this year after Stalingrad, do the men talk about the Soviet army and its smashing of the fascists, although this was one of the most avid topics of discussion among the U.S. troops.

THERE are some fine insights into the tie-up between the control of the Air Corps by the big airplane companies at home and the fake propaganda about the "success" of the air "offensive," the "precision" bombing and "invulnerable" Flying Forts. But the boldness of thus attacking one of the most powerful U.S. monopolies, with a "public relations" organization that seemed to have included the military staff itself, is vitiated by the author's use of psychoanalytic theory as a kind of final explanation of the personality and motives of all the characters.

Psychoanalysis captures the anti-fascist struggle, as well as the "Jewish question." Not one character has any awareness of the real world he is facing. Not one ever makes a conscious choice. Each is moved by some childhood trauma. At least five of the main characters are "explained," including their politics, in terms of one or another form of "father complex." Each, whether he hates his fellow men or tries to live at peace with them, is swinging blindly at some hated figure deep in the "unconscious."

It is arguable that fascists and anti-Semites are emotionally obsessed people, although even this does not throw the necessary light upon the roots and support of fascism and anti-

Semitism. But certainly the contrast between fascist dupes and democrats, is not one between two different kinds of obsession, but between action on a level of ignorance and one on a level of conscious knowledge and choice.

The demands of art and truth to life go hand in hand. The emotional roundness that would make the characters live as people is drained by such a "case-history" approach. Not only does conscious thought and reason disappear as a factor in human life, but love itself becomes drained away.

Thus in Levitt's treatment of rel tions between men and women the is no love, but only sex-drive, pointe up with such cynical "wisdom" a "He did not realize that women ob their necessities rather than men The women, whether in the Unite States or England, are all prostitute waiting to be picked up at bars. Li every other generalization about pe ple in the book, it is easy to mal and untrue to the real life of the wa the surface sights and sounds which the author describes so vivid

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

TV's Amos 'n' Andy

Ballyhoo vs. Boycott

MILWAUKEE, home of the Blatz Brewing Co., has scored the first breakthrough in the nationwide fight against the Blatz-sponsored Amos 'n' Andy TV show. As a result of strong public protest the anti-Negro travesty will be cut off by Station WTMJ-TV at the end of its 13-week contract with CBS.

The Milwaukee victory was won by the united action of various community groups led by the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The protest was in keeping with a resolution on the Amos 'n' Andy show passed by delegates to the N.A.A.C.P. conference in Atlanta aroused by the portrayel of Negroes as "inferior, lazy, dumb, dishonest."

The Amos 'n' Andy characters were originated 25 years ago by Frank Godsen and Charles Correll, who became millionaires with their stereotype blackface radio roles. Five years ago Godsen and Correll hit on the idea of cashing in on the growing television audience.

With a lot of fanfare they sent out a small army of scouts who traveled 25,000 miles, interviewed and tested 800 actors and actresses and made 50 screen tests. Negro performers were to be given a "chance" to play the roles in line with the free and equal opportunities of the American Way of Life. A grand tour of the South was made to find actors for the roles of Amos, Andy, Lightning, Kingfish, Henry Van Porter and Lawyer Calhoun.

Last summer General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower got into the spirit of this elaborate casting enterprise. Godsen, on his way home to Virginia, met the General on a New York golf course, told him his problems, and Eisenhower suggested a Negro who served with him in Europe during the last war. The man was found in Chicago but was unsuitable.

So an appeal was made to the President of the United States. Godsen and Correll had dinner at the White House, opened their hearts, begged the President's aid in finding "talent."

They told Truman they had visited Tuskegee but weren't satisfied with the students tested there. The President of the United States is reported to have replied: "Well, there's another great school in the South—the Texas State University for Negroes. . . ." He sugested they go there and wished them much luck!

Finally Flournoy Miller, a Negro theatrical figure, was hired as a talent scout and suggested Spencer Williams for the Andy role. It was learned

that Williams was living in Tulsa, Okla. CBS Station KTUL broadcast a search plea for Williams. A Catholic priest for whom Williams had staged plays heard it and notified Williams. He was tested and hired.

Earlier, Alvin Childress, who played the bartender in *Anna Lucasta,* had been tested for the Amos role and told to stand by. A Negro actor, Tim Moore, was mentioned by someone in Chicago and was found living in Rock Island, Illinois. He was selected for the Kingfish.

Other Negro performers signed up were Jester Hairston as Henry Van Porter, John Lee as the lawyer Algonquin Calhoun, Ernestine Wade as the Kingfish's wife Sapphire, Lillian Randolph as Madame Queen, and Amanda Randolph as Sapphire's mother.

All this time the "search" was publicized throughout the nation's press. The copyright was sold to CBS for a reported $2,500,000. The Department of Defense selected it as the first TV show to be shown to servicemen overseas. And the Blatz Beer promotion campaign is expected to cost several million annually—that is if the Negro people and democratic-minded whites don't force it off CBS' 6-station TV network.

BUT even before the premiere, the controversy raged. Defenders of the show argued that it gave Negro actors a "chance." But others pointed out that any industry that wanted to give Negro actors opportunity could certainly find material and ideas that didn't slander the entire Negro people.

Josephine Baker, the famous Negro artist, while not directly mentioning the Amos 'n' Andy show, lambasted Negro performers who take degrading roles. "It makes me sick," she said. "I would walk the street first."

Many of the Negro papers like the Pittsburgh *Courier,* the Chicago *Defender,* the New York *Amsterdam News* printed long glowing stories of the history of the program, accompanied of course by full-page ads.

Several columnists like Billy Rowe of the *Courier* whooped it up for the program. Rowe let fall the gentle hint that the sponsors had brought in the F.B.I. to investigate a "pinkish" organization that was protesting the show.

But James Hicks, columnist of the *Afro-American,* mirrored the true sentiment of most when he told off CBS and the sponsors:

> ". . . When CBS started its Amos and Andy buildup we told them not to waste their time sending us pictures or releases, and for the record again let it be said here that we think the Amos and Andy show stinks now, always did stink, and always will stink as long as it's Amos and Andy. . . . CBS with all its money couldn't buy a good line in this column about Amos and Andy. . . ."

Writing in *Printers Ink,* Dr. Arnold M. Rose, Associate Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, and one of the editors of *An American Dilemma,* hemmed and

nawed and posed one question against he other. He concluded that it was a "good show" and "its directors and sponsors will probably learn the points at which it is weak, and the points at which it is harmful to a large section of the population, and they will probably modify it accordingly. And that will make it a better show." True Myrdalian gradualism!

The Committee for the Negro in the Arts charged that "hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to insult Negroes for 30 minutes once a week." The C.N.A. continued: "Nor does it seem possible to make the show less objectionable as long as it is based on buffoonery."

One Negro performer noted that Paul Robeson had been barred from the concert stage and from foreign travel because he stood up to the powers that be. This performer, who refused a degrading role in a recent play, put his finger on a key question involved when he called for a "real, honest-to-God, Negro theatre movement so Negroes can support their own."

In the context of Martinsville and Cicero—and the persecution of militant Negro leaders like Benjamin J. Davis, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Alphaeus Hunton, Claudia Jones, Pettis Perry, William L. Patterson and Ferdinand Smith—the Amos 'n' Andy fight has far-reaching significance.

A blast of protesting letters to CBS and its local stations can clear the nation's TV screens of this racist poison brewed by Blatz.

JOHN HUDSON JONES

THE WORLD OVER

Sixth International Film Festival

Prague

A FRIEND sent a clipping of a *New Yorker* vignette by Cornelia Otis Skinner on the joys of "Crying in the Dark" at the movies, over "the schmalz of the theatre." It brought a sudden realization that three years of living in Czechoslovakia and attending three international film festivals here can put even movie sniffling on a new and higher level.

Now it takes something different from "George M. Cohan momentarily breaking into his old soft-shoe routine" to jerk the tears. Here we get misty-eyed when a newsreel shows a miner boy graduating with distinction, starting on the road to becoming an engineer, getting a brand-new wrist watch, sitting down with his work-worn mother who is struggling with pride, tears, exultation—all as she tries to look perfectly casual.

This is something which touc us, especially us mothers who have sons graduating with dist tion and who also feel warm and about the educational opportuni and the assured employment ah of them.

At the Sixth International F Festival at Karlovy Vary this y the first epidemic of internatic tears was perhaps that which br out during the Chinese news from the Korean front, when cheerful, smiling Chinese volunt went at a fast trot through a Kor village, gratefully welcomed by we ing Korean women in devastated lages lined with the corpses of bur and bombed children. The brave C nese cameraman Liu was present, rectly from the Korean front to ness the immediate impact of camera work on a rather soph cated audience.

The tears shed at *Miners of Don Basin* were much more chee and quiet—sheer happiness at glimpse into the future of this v industry. The new Soviet color directed by Lukov showed spank clean cars racing down safely mented tunnels carrying well-dre miners to their highly mechani work. Soviet film star and deputy the Supreme Soviet, Boris Chirk said that whereas this film, show a "combine" which cuts and lo coal in one operation, was desig as a glimpse into the future, scie had overtaken art and the mach was already not the latest thing Soviet mining!

Another moving occasion was a scene in the D.E.F.A. (German Democratic Republic) production *The Sonnenbrucks.* A German officer in occupied Poland is obviously reluctant to liquidate a beautiful little Jewish boy, but finally shoots him because "what might people think—and there is my family to consider. . . ."

When the French dockers refused the work of loading munitions for "la sale guerre" in Indo-China although, as the camera showed, their families were feeding small babies potato gruel instead of milk, that trumpet sound one heard was not just Wheelerová in row 17, but the whole audience feeling the greatness of real, honest human nature. This was a short and deeply moving film produced by Robert Menegoz-Genestal with the help of the C.G.T., entitled *Vive les Dockers!*

Our Adam's apples moved up sidewise in our throats when we saw the splendid long documentary from Poland, directed by Joris Ivens. We saw the heroic accomplishment of the Warsaw workmen in getting a huge hall ready in seven days, although the building itself had not even been finished when they got word that it would be needed. And again we saw the people who streamed down to wave to the train carrying people to the Peace Congress as it shot through the countryside.

WE COULD cite many more stirring moments in this great festival, so much more moving to progressives everywhere than "Fay Templeton in the flesh singing Lu-Lu, How I Love My Lu." But in quarreling with Miss Skinner over the proper subject for movie sniffling, I do not want to give a lachrymose view of the film festival. It was a tremendously positive, joyous and optimistic review of films.

Here one saw the German youth being re-educated, the Bulgarians building Dimitrovgrad in a startlingly short time, the Soviet Obraztsov puppets in gay satiric color filmed in the German Democratic Republic, the Chinese soldiers growing their own food and the material for their own clothes to lighten the burden on the population, North Korean May Day in superb color film showing how beautiful and joyous life was there before the country was invaded, the artistic camera-work and the warm feeling when the small people in the village finally triumph in China's epic *The Girl with the White Hair,* huge construction projects in Romania and the other people's democracies.

Here one saw the Czechoslovak masterpiece *New Fighters Will Arise* which shows the struggles of the Czech working class in the 19th century and presages their present victory. The Soviet film *Cavalier of the Gold Star* gave an exciting view of the Soviet countryside on the way to communism.

Other films showed the new life for the Hungarian peasants who had been victims of feudalism for hundreds of years, the many liberated

nations in the U.S.S.R. and People's China—Kazakhs living an abundant life, Manchus with Tibetans, people from Sinkiang embracing Koreans—a vast seething of new cultures released.

One realizes that while the present is a time of terrible struggle and death, of disease and corruption, it is also the first time in history that millions throughout the world have had a decent life and prospects of happiness. Reading Miss Skinner's final words that she welcomes movie tears as a release "amid the exigencies of a world grown too terrible for tears," one must say that for millions of people she is completely wrong.

ELEANOR WHEELER

Defend Pakistan Writers

Bombay

THE All-India Progressive Writers' Association has just issued a booklet, *Save Them from the Gallows,* spotlighting the notorious "Rawalpindi Conspiracy Case" in Pakistan. This case is now being tried secretly in the Hyderabad Jail by the reactionary Liaquat Government.

The inquisition involves leading writers, artists and leaders of the peace movement in Pakistan. These include the most popular poet of Pakistan, Faiz Ahmed Faiz, a member of the World Peace Council and until recently editor of the only opposition paper, the Pakistan *Times.* Another prominent victim is Syed Sajjad Zaheer, General Secretary the Communist Party of Pakista who is a famous Urdu novelist a critic and was the founder of t Progressive Writers' Association undivided India.

The government wants to murd them on "conspiracy" charges. Do ens of poets, novelists and journ ists active in the peace moveme have also been arrested.

An appeal to world intellectuals start an international campaign c manding an open trial has been sued by such leading writers and a tists of India as Dr. Mulk Raj Anan Krishan Chandar, Rajinder Si Bedi.

The appeal points out that "t Government of Pakistan is afraid its own people, because the peop are for peace in Korea and for independent Pakistan free fro American intrigues and outside t orbit of imperialist influence. Hen this secret trial."

The accused poet Faiz, the Nazi Hikmet of his country, writes in o of his poems "A Few Days More

"Few are the moments left to o
pression's sharp tooth;
Patience, injustice has only bri
moments to reign!
In this parched desert of earth, th
lingering sand,
We must stay now, but not he
not for ever, shall stay!
Nameless affliction, the weight
the foreigner's hand,
We must endure for today—not f
ever endure."