

THE NEGRO PRESS by Earl Conrad

TOMORROW

NOVEMBER 1946

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AN

★ **ECONOMICS OF BOOM AND BUST** ★

W. S. Woytinsky

THE INNOCENT

Graham Greene

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

Jack Aistrop

"I BEG TO REPORT . . ."

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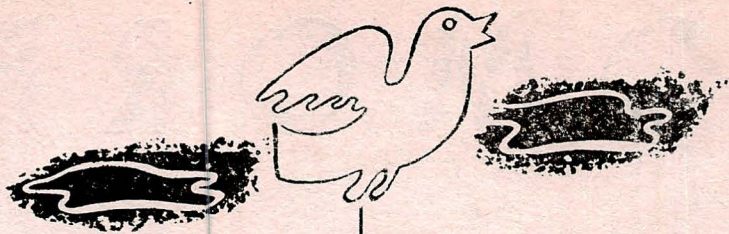
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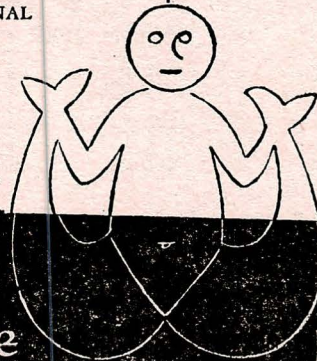
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A T A L L B O O K .

S T O R E S

C R E A T I V E A G E

P R E S S



Help for the Handicapped

THE problem of the returned veteran in relationship to the overall employment problem is one concerning which much has been written — perhaps more has been written than has actually been *done*. But in the confusion of the times there is one aspect of the situation which has not received sufficient thought and attention: the plight of the person, civilian *or* veteran, who is permanently handicapped physically. The war veteran, grave as his needs are, merely adds his numbers to an already enormous group. How many of us realize that in this country alone there are some twenty-eight million persons whose physical ability to earn a living is impaired? This staggering total is due to a variety of causes, the chief of which are disease, accident, and the wounds of war. Each year approximately 350,000 people are permanently disabled by accidents alone, and one person in seven in the male working population requires physical or vocational rehabilitation or special placement assistance if he is to be successfully employed. Such facts give a measure of the scope of the problem.

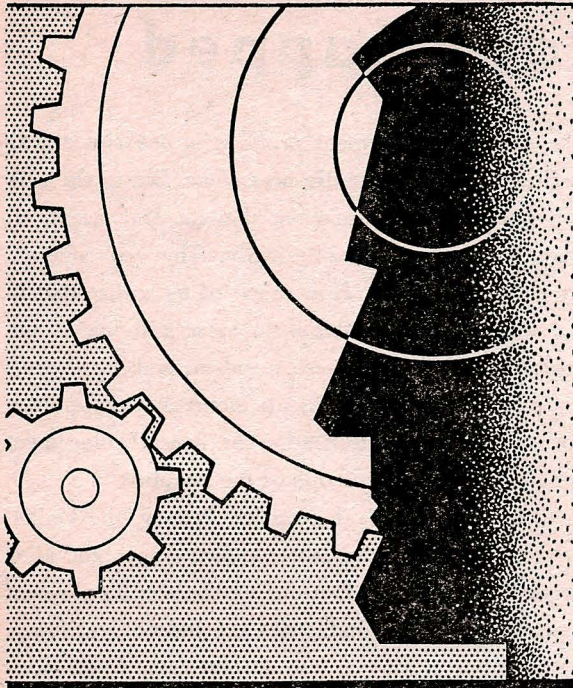
There are many agencies concerned with these problems, such as the Federal Security Agency, the United States Employment Service, and the Veterans Administration, to name only the better-known ones; and they supply us with information which it is useful to consider. From them we learn that during the war 83 per cent of the nation's industries employed handicapped workers. Reports from these industries are indeed gratifying. They tell us that among the handicapped there was a much smaller labor turnover, less absenteeism, fewer accidents, and equal or higher production rates. Employers may have feared at first that there would be increased accident rates, but the industrial plants, each having as few as fifty or as many as twelve thousand handicapped employees, have proved these fears to be groundless. Actually, reports show that 56 per cent found the accident rate of the handicapped lower than that of the able-bodied. Forty-two per cent found the rate the same as for the able-bodied. And 2 per cent found the rate higher.

THERE is an urgent need for an increased acceptance of the disabled person's ability as a capable worker. The cost in money, productive energy and happiness, as a result of the unemployment of the handicapped, is tremendous; and most of the cost is unnecessary. There are no financial yardsticks to measure the difference between a self-reliant citizen carrying his own responsibilities and an unfortunate one dependent upon charity; but this difference, however great or small it is, means more than actual dollars in terms of happiness, good citizenship, and social usefulness. Complete use of manpower is, and will continue to remain, a human problem which requires your attention and mine. A solution of the problem will be assured if each co-operates to the limit of his ability in each locality and state where legislative work for rehabilitation and re-employment is endeavoring to fulfill the deep needs of those less fortunate than ourselves.

Thus we can give tangible form to man's ability to create and, by correcting our mistakes in some measure, to rehabilitate. How much better it is to enlist ourselves in this practical and humane campaign than to continue our disputes — call them ideological, class, or what one may — in which each defends his own selfish purpose, in the name, usually, of a "higher purpose," the peculiar meaning of which often defies definition.

Gilbert J. Sarnett

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VOL. VI, NO. 3

NOVEMBER 1946

“...EACH AGE IS A DREAM THAT IS DYING OR ONE THAT IS COMING TO BIRTH.”

The Negro Press

E A R L C O N R A D

I AM a white newspaperman voluntarily stationed in Harlem. . . .

Always there is the feeling that what I write is not just “news” or “correspondence” or “features.” What I see and describe is usually so explosive in implication that I keep thinking of it in military terms, as if my office were a pillbox on some real war front, a war that may be now in a kind of guerrilla stage. Actually my headquarters — the New York office of the *Chicago Defender* — is in the heart of this throbbing community, at the busy corner of 125th Street and Seventh Avenue.

My phone jangles all day, typewriters are apt to be going most of the time, the floor is sprinkled with paper in the traditional dishabille of the newsroom, people are running in and out, like couriers, bringing the tidings of the battle outside.

I reach for a cigarette and a light. The words on the matchbox catch my eye. “Stamp out venereal disease,” it says. “Be sure. See your doctor. Be examined. Have a blood test. Phone, write or consult the Harlem Council on Social Hygiene, 2238 Fifth Ave. Films — Lectures — Literature — Exhibits.”

I wonder how the matchbox got on my desk, who chanced to leave it there, then toss it aside, thinking how the matchbox typifies the constant alertness of the

community, the never-ending struggle against disease, crime, poverty, and perhaps the most galling grievance of all, *segregation*.

I open the window and the traffic noise is ear-splitting, like an echo of industrial struggle to come. Wheels screech, horns bark, exhausts pop like machine guns, and, looking out the window, I can see the rush of black and brown faces, like soldiers, moving up and down the main street of Harlem, 125th Street. They can look up too and see the big black and white banner of the *Defender*, and perhaps they view it as a kind of banner too as they laboriously advance over the twisted democratic battlefield that is the nation.

“RIGHTEOUSNESS Exalteth a Nation.”

No, I am preaching no sermon. That quotation appeared on the masthead of the first Negro newspaper issued one hundred and twenty years ago. Published in New York, *Freedom's Journal* was the product of two abolitionists, the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish and John B. Russwurm. It was a small-sized periodical, and the type-face was small, but the columns were packed with a religious wrath. The newspaper very probably influenced William Lloyd Garrison, the white crusader who, six years later, launched his historic *Liberator* and opened the moral anti-slavery campaign.

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Freedom's Journal was intended for Negro and white readers, but perhaps chiefly white readers, for the number of Negroes who could read at the time was probably not very great, and the power to liberate the Negro lay principally in the hands of whites.

From about 1830 until 1860, Negro-edited and Negro-owned newspapers flourished. To mention only a few, there were the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, issued in New York; the *Anglo-African*, a kind of intellectual "quality magazine" also published here; *Frederick Douglass' Monthly*, printed in Rochester; and the *Principia*, published in Philadelphia and having a strong Quaker tone. As the abolitionist crusade strengthened and spread, many daily and weekly newspapers, white-operated, acquired a strong anti-slavery policy, and philosophically trailed the Negro press.

The Negro press then can be compared in function to the political leaflet of today. Its purpose was to inform, arouse, and mobilize. It was the spiritual ancestor, not only of the essentially agitational Negro press of this day, but possibly of the modern labor and radical press. It was not a community press in the sense that it did not exist exclusively for the Negro group. It was almost completely political and even revolutionary in tone.

BUT something happened after the Civil War. The Hayes Administration had abandoned the Negro to the tender mercies of Southern rule, and, as a result, the caste system was swiftly introduced. State and local decrees compelled Negro segregation, and Negro ghettos sprang up in all the large cities of the South. The North also practiced segregation in cities like Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and New York. The American world, North and South, became a world with little Negro worldlets in each community. The Negro's social existence drew inward, for it was not allowed to expand. Booker T. Washington's new social gospel to the Negro merely intensified the process: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

Negroes drew ever deeper into a caste shell and began to build a life and culture within the framework of "colored" or "racial" group living. A Negro press based upon a community viewpoint, and often premised on a simple and outright profit motive, sprang up.

This new kind of journalism retained, as its central theme and reason for being, the need for protest. But the columns devoted to protest, to reporting incidents of discrimination or intergroup collaboration became mingled with columns of news of professional, business, and social doings.

There was no uniform pattern in this development, and there is none now. The *Defender* grew up on the crusade for northward migration. It had a period when it was the rankest kind of crime and scandal sheet, but it lost circulation and resurged only when it resumed its strong policy of protest. The name, *Defender*, is itself revealing, for *defense* is probably the fundamental motif of Negro life. There is no such thing as "thinking like a Negro" or "thinking like a white man": but the Negro reasons and reacts about the white on the basis of his *defenses*, and the white man thinks about the Negro according to his prejudices. The Negro individual and group are always on the defensive against the prejudices, pressures, and economic handicaps established by the "white world."

AS an example of the wide diversity of "ideology" in the Negro press, there is the New York *Amsterdam News*, a ghetto-community semi-weekly. This organ frankly acknowledges that it exists for the sake of making a profit, and it only pays lip service, in my estimation, to "the cause."

My friend, Julius Adams, its associate editor, discussing his newspaper at a conference in Harlem called to talk over the function of the Negro press, pointed out, "A newspaper is a commodity. A commodity must be served up the way it will sell." Here, then, is a paper which has lost sight of its origins in protest and in group defense. Modeling itself stylistically very much after the New York *Journal-American*, the *Amsterdam News* finds itself often on the unpopular side of social controversies. Its employees have gone out on strike twice in its history; its columns and pages seem totally devoid of policy; and yet, because it is loaded with social news, gossip, scandal, and advertising, it has a big circulation.

The names of Negro newspapers reflect the Negro's uncertainty about what he thinks he ought to be called. I have mentioned the early periodical, the *Anglo-African*. In Baltimore there is a flourishing weekly called the *Afro-American*; there is an *Oklahoma Black Dispatch*; and a number of papers have the word *Colored* in their mastheads. The old color divisions such as mulatto, octoroon, and quadroon are no longer in use. These distinctions definitely and exclusively belonged to slavery, to the period when human beings were sold on a physical basis and the color gradation had a cash value. The terms in widest use today are "Negro" and "colored." Naturally, Negroes would like to be called Americans, or just people like the rest of us, and that's what the fight is all about.

Not for a moment do I want to convey a false impression about the virtue of the Negro press. I haven't any photostatic copies of the greenbacks that

changed hands, but I am willing to intimate that many of the Negro newspapers will throw their election-time support to the highest bidder. I know that this may seem in shocking contrast to all I've said about the zealous, pro-group character of the Negro press, but it is terribly true, and I think the Negro masses need to know more about this than they do.

What is reprehensible about this practice is that, since the big Negro newspapers are profit-making, and the top executives and owners have incomes ranging from \$10,000 to over \$30,000 a year, there is no reason for a sellout. They are not in want as are their people. This violation of trust is not to be compared with Uncle Tomism. The big Negro press thrives on "race militance" and therefore cannot be called an Uncle Tom press. When it makes "deals" and accepts money from political parties for its support, then it becomes something else, which, for lack of a better term, might be called "quislingism." One of the best services I can perform for the Negro "average man" at the moment is to convey this truth to him. It is also a service to the Frank Sinatras and the Henrietta Buckmasters, for of what avail is it to the white fighters for Negro advancement and honest Negro leadership if their work is to be canceled out in critical election moments.

This situation has implications of dynamite for the 1948 elections, for the Negro vote may be determined by the Negro press. With the current Negro disillusionment with Truman, those papers which, in 1944, sold themselves to the Republicans (while praying for a Roosevelt victory) now are provided with rationalization for any "deals" they may make in 1948.

Republican campaign bosses are steadily reaching more of the big Negro weeklies. With the political situation so uncertain, it is important for the Negro man-in-the-street (and white labor-liberals) to guard against 1948 sellouts.

BUT this is not the only danger. When I was in Georgia recently, I talked with two white politicians from Arkansas, who spoke to me as "one white man to another." One of them said, "We voted the colored this year for the first time. But nothin' to worry about. They voted our way. We bought out their leaders."

Also, Eugene Talmadge, the governor-nominate of Georgia, gave me the names of two Georgia Negro leaders who voted for him, whether for money or love I don't know. The Quisling is the Negro's greatest internal enemy.

Finally, it is the Democratic and Republican parties which bear the primary responsibility for such "deals."



They figure it is cheaper to buy the Negro press than to pass progressive minority legislation. With the Negro publishers and chief editors taken care of, the major parties can ignore much of the year-round pressure which the Negro press exerts.

I once had a discussion about this point with a member of the staff of the Washington office of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. We were speaking of the fact that, during the 1944 presidential election, several of the big weeklies turned their papers over to candidate Dewey, while the people in their communities voted overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. We spoke about one publisher who cashed in on Dewey, and, it was said, prayed for a Roosevelt victory. The NAACP man said this purchasability wasn't known to the Negro people; he urged that I write something about it somewhere, and this is it.

WHAT I think is important about this is that the Negro man-in-the-street went over the heads of this type of journalistic leadership when the voting hour came.

Also I think it shows that Negro publishers are as "human" as the white publishers who operate on the same principle of profit, with the difference that the latter are bought chiefly in the form of advertising. Also, like their white colleagues, Negro publishers are not too happy over the Newspaper Guild and its activities.

None of this alters the fact that the overall effect, week by week, year around, of the Negro press is educational and beneficial. The Negro papers which pander to crime and gossip and sell out during elections are in a minority. The majority are overwhelmingly Negro-group papers.

One newspaper that has had a wildfire growth and a great influence, although not a terribly large circulation, is the *Michigan Chronicle*, which was started in Detroit about ten years ago by a young man named Louis E. Martin. Martin decided on a policy of lining up the Negro group with the C.I.O. As a result, his paper became a potent political force; and when the Detroit intergroup clashes occurred during the war, some reactionary individuals blamed Martin for "provoking the riot." Actually, Martin had helped weld the Negro community into a unified bloc, and he had taught them that their natural ally was the white workingman.

My thought is that too often the Negro press has veered over into the "community paper" approach, and that it has ceased to have an impact on the white community — which was its es-

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sential intent. As Dr. Metz Lochar of the *Defender* put it, "The Negro paper is a corrective." Speaking before a group of Negro Newspaper Guildmen in New York once, I urged the staff workers to find means of bringing their press to whites in business, labor, civic, fraternal, and religious areas. I urged them to distribute their papers free if necessary, to try especially to get it into the hands of local, state, and national officials. This would place their criticism and protest directly in the hands of those under attack; for, usually, I pointed out, those under fire in the Negro press never know about it.

When I went over to the *Defender* and had, in the main, a Negro audience, I felt that what I was saying and doing was in some measure wasted effort. I was telling Negroes what, in general, they already knew, when I felt that the important thing was to reach whites who needed this knowledge. Wherever the Negro press acts on the "community paper" principle, there you still have the disastrous social philosophy of Booker T. Washington functioning. We have to remember that the ultimate objective is to break up and end the caste system, not to perpetuate segregated communities and "community newspapers."

Incidentally, I sharply disagree with Mr. Gunnar Myrdal, the sociologist author of *The American Dilemma*, in his conclusions about the Negro press. He sees a continuous development of the Negro press based on its present specialized Negro-group character. He says, "Meanwhile, gradual improvements will only strengthen Negro concerted action as they will seem to prove that the Negro protest is effective. All improvements will give the Negro press more big news and important issues to discuss." He is reasoning about the press in terms of its future as a business institution. He contends, also dangerously, that the Negro is not likely to get his full constitutional rights in this generation, "and, perhaps, not in the next." What he is saying in effect is that the Negro press is going to have to base its future on the continuance of segregation.

IF Myrdal could get a closeup view of the inner politics of the Negro press as I have done, he would reach other conclusions. If he could see the big papers trembling in their boots over the competition in the field and profoundly disturbed over problems of editorial policy and organization, he would know that an hour of transformation of the Negro press may be at hand.

What is happening is this: Responding to the growing interracial movement, much of the Negro press is already flirting with the idea of transforming itself into broad interracial papers, and looking for other audiences, in addition to the Negro. My own paper

has begun a move in this direction. If the Negro press doesn't move that way, its place will be taken by white-owned papers like *PM*, the *Post*, and others to come. If the struggle for racial equality is to have any meaning and success that is the only thing that can happen. Those papers which remain strictly Negroid in character will tend to become reactionary and nationalist in outlook.

ALTHOUGH it is a just complaint that not enough whites read the Negro press, it happens that many whites, especially women, do read the *Defender*. During the war I heard from many soldiers, Negro and white. Several Negro G.I.'s wrote bitterly of their experiences and said there was "another cause" they would fight for when they got home. A Dixie white lieutenant wrote that what he had seen and experienced taught him a new respect for the Negro, and when he returned to the States he meant to lend his energies to securing justice for the people of color. White women readers, in particular, have asked what they might do to advance intergroup good will. I have heard from white women in most states of the union. They have told me of their intergroup activities and have sought advice on how to work effectively. Young Negro writers and artists all over the country have sent me their products, seeking help in getting established.

Does the Negro press have complete freedom of operation? Ostensibly, yes, since all are free to print whatever they see fit. But I know that my own paper, the *Chicago Defender*, is often concerned with the question of suppression in the South. Yes, the Negro press can be, and often is *suppressed* in the South. In spite of all the talk about "freedom of the press," the *Chicago Defender* has repeatedly been taken off newsstands in the South. It has even been halted at post offices. And in the handling of the news, the *Defender's* editors often consider whether specific banner headlines will bar the paper from the stands of certain cities.

Is there a free press in America? The answer, at least as far as the Negro is concerned, is no. The very existence of a specialized Negro press, which acts as an expression of an excluded group, proves that the American press is not free and, on the contrary, is guilty of mishandling the whole so-called Negro problem. The Negro press has come into existence as an expression of the conscious exclusion of the Negro from the national life, and hence, from daily journalism too. This mass of Negro newspapers may be the most interesting footnote to contemporary national history; the journalism of a caste, the journalism of involuntary expatriates, the protest and "community newspapers" of a people exiled on their own soil!

“I Beg to Report . . .”

J O H N P E N

LIFE was not pleasant for me at Aunt Rozika's boardinghouse for children. My mother was not very regular in her payments, and the old woman took it out on me. She wouldn't even allow me to go to school with the other children, and so at nine I still couldn't read or write. Three years before, when I was six, I had proudly set off to school with the others on registration day, but Aunt Rozika had pulled me back by the ears.

“Vot else you vant, you gallows-flower?” she belated, scandalized. “Your shtinking whore of mudder don't pay me a copper in two mont, and you vant to go to shchool? Your eyes don't drop out for shame? It ain't enough you eat my bread, de pox should eat you, you big belly, now you vant to go to shchool on my money?”

For this blow I was not prepared. The one great desire of my miserable childhood had been to go to school. For months I had been looking forward with racing heart to the day when I too might at last register, only to learn that the mere thought made me a fit candidate for the gallows. It was as though the fuming old woman had struck me on the head; I needed all my strength to keep from bawling. I couldn't utter a word, but what was there for me to say? I had no idea that schooling was compulsory in Hungary, but I did know that my mother was out of work again, and by now I had a pretty good idea what that meant. I was only six years old, I could neither read nor write, but already I knew that a poor child like me would only get as much out of life as he could steal by force, scheming and duplicity. With my precocious wisdom I realized that there was no way of my stealing an education. I had been caught in the act.

If this had happened only half a year before, I would have felt different. But ever since the summer, when open hostilities had broken out between my mother and the old woman, I had lived in constant fear of being thrown out, and, as it seemed best not to provoke the old woman's wrath, I said nothing. The old woman apparently thought I was resigned to my fate, but she didn't know her man. I was only biding

my time. My sober peasant mind saw that, for the moment, the enemy was the stronger, and there was no use butting my head against the wall. I dug myself a trench of silence and waited. Just what I was waiting for I don't know. A miracle, perhaps.

I never talked to anyone about this. When the children brought it up, I haughtily told them that only babies went to school, and I was no baby. Secretly, however, I was filled with boundless envy, when on winter mornings they left the house with their books, or when, over the dinner table, they talked about school in a jargon that I could scarcely understand.

The old woman gave me more and more work. I was a useful little lad, and that may have been partly why she kept me out of school. I was expert at every type of housework from potato peeling to floor mopping, and I could handle animals so well that many a grownup might have envied me. I could ride a horse bareback, and at eight I drove the horsecart so expertly that they let me go on short trips by myself.

This was my favorite pastime. When I was driving the cart, no one could order me around. I leaned back in the driver's seat with the air of a nobleman, and while the one-eyed nag tugged mournfully at the rickety cart, I fancied myself in the most wonderful situations. I dreamed up elaborate tales of adventure, and in each one I was the hero; I, the great, the just, the famous Bela, who wrought vengeance on the exploiters of poor children, and, as predicted in the Scriptures, made the first last and the last first. My imagination transformed the one-eyed nag into a snow-white charger, and the rickety cart into a triumphal chariot in which I, as a victorious general, galloped into the village, amid the tumultuous joy of the populace. For months I wove away on the fabric of my daydreams, and in time my fanciful adventures became so much a part of me that often, when alone, I would loudly berate my enemies, or deliver long harangues to my heroic soldiers.

What had become of earthbound little Bela? I walked in a magic hood and took dream-pills for the pains of reality. I became so addicted to this dan-

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gerous game that I fancied myself a Prince Charming, who went about barefooted in a ragged disguise only to learn more about the injustices suffered by the poor, so that I could right their wrongs in the end. When I grow up, I vowed to myself, I'll organize all the poor people into gangs and, like Sandor Rozsa, I'll rob the rich and divide their wealth among the poor.

"I'll show them who Bela is!" I cried aloud and, assuming my most ferocious scowl, I cracked the whip, which in my imagination always played the part of a sword.

Yes, I was waiting for a miracle. But no miracle occurred. The years dragged on like the old woman's cart, first-graders became second-graders, second-graders became third-graders, and I was still where I had started. Sometimes, like last night's drunkard, I awoke to a relentless reality, and I knew that I was no Prince Charming. I was nine and a half and still an illiterate. I should be in the fourth grade now, I sometimes thought and began to bawl. Sweet Jesus, what'll become of me?

I was forever spying on the studying children and secretly learning their lessons by heart. Once I even stole a reader from one of them, for I resolved to learn by myself. But what good were the stolen reader, the pilfered lessons, and my great determination, when I couldn't distinguish A from B? If at least I could read and write, I said to myself in despair, I could learn the rest out of books myself. But this way! I saw clearly in these moments that my heaven-storming fancies were mere childish nonsense; the truth was that I didn't know a thing, and that my lot would be no better than that of the one-eyed nag who would draw the old woman's cart till she was ready for the glue factory. There were dreadful days. When no one could see me, I immediately began to cry.

AT length, in the fall of 1922, my luck changed. One day as I was wandering about the fields with my eyes red from weeping, Uncle Janos, the swineherd, called out to me:

"Well son, when do you go to school?"

"On February 30th, at midnight!" I replied with my usual haughtiness.

"Haven't you been fined yet?"

"Me? What for?"

"Not you. I mean the old woman."

"The old woman? Why should they fine her?"

"For not sending you to school."

Suddenly I perked up. "Do they fine people for that?" I asked, trying to hide my excitement.

"Of course they do. In Hungary children have to go to school."

"Poor children too?"

"Sure. Poor children, rich children, it's all the same before the law."

This was a little hard for me to imagine. "The same?" I asked in amazement. "You mean that, Uncle Janos?"

The old man looked at me, perplexed. "Why are you so surprised, son?"

"It's news to me," I said, and my heart began to flutter as though it would fly out of its cage. "Well, good-bye, Uncle Janos."

With that I turned on my heel and ran away. The unexpected news made me dizzy with happiness. I raced madly across pastures, fields, and meadows, till my legs would carry me no longer. Then, with heaving lungs, I dropped into the grass and lay motionless. I closed my eyes and thought feverishly. Suddenly, I knew what I had to do. The great plan was born: I would go and speak to the teacher.

But I was not overhasty. With peasant caution, I took three to four weeks preparing for the visit. Weighing all possibilities, I drafted a crudely florid, awkwardly solemn, and childish humble speech which I repeated to myself till I could recite it by heart as well as the schoolboys recited their lessons. The day of my call was chosen only after long deliberation. I reasoned that a weekday wouldn't do, for then the teacher would be busy; he would be in too much of a hurry to listen properly; he might not even talk to me. But on a holiday he would have nothing to do; he would be rested and consequently in a good humor. And so I chose Sunday morning, exactly one hour before Mass, for then, I knew, he would be out of bed but still at home.

ON the night before the fateful Sunday, I was too excited to sleep. At five in the morning, I was on my feet. A dismal, icy rain was falling, and it was still as dark as midnight. Shivering, I took shelter in the warm stable and went over my speech again and again. When at length the day dawned, I went out to the well and scrubbed myself for a good half hour in the pouring rain. I begged a pair of scissors and cut my finger- and toenails, then ceremoniously donned the clean shirt which for weeks I had been saving for the occasion. Ordinarily I was given a clean shirt only every four or five weeks.

It was a nasty October morning, real suicide weather. The autumn rains had begun two weeks before, and Main Street was as soft as rising bread dough. Having no shoes, I jogged along barefoot through the rain, and by the time I reached the teacher's house, my mud-covered legs looked like some clumsy sculptor's clay model.

The teacher was a bachelor. He lived with a spinster

sister, referred to among the children as "Scarecrow." In answer to my ring, Scarecrow opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked, in a strangely high-pitched voice.

"Hallowed be the name of Our Lord, Jesus Christ!" I began, for this seemed to me a highly effective opening. "I beg to report, illustrious lady, that I have a very important message for the illustrious teacher."

For no good reason, I was convinced that all important sentences must begin with "I beg to report."

"The teacher is still asleep!" she said curtly.

"I beg to report, then, I shall wait."

"It is useless to wait," she said impatiently, and was about to shut the door. "The teacher does not receive on Sundays."

Well, I said to myself, this is one hell of a beginning! Just the same I had no intention of giving up. I sat down on a stone near the fence, determined not to budge until I had seen the teacher. He'll go to church sooner or later, I thought, and if they don't let me in, I'll go up to him on the street. With this resolve, I leaned against the fence, prepared for a long stay. Just to be on the safe side, I repeated my fateful oration word for word, and when no one appeared I started all over again. As I sat huddled in the pouring rain, I suddenly heard a window open behind me.

"What are you doing here, little boy?" Scarecrow called out.

Respectfully I leaped to my feet and snapped to attention as I had seen *Leventes** do.

"I beg to report, I am waiting."

"Didn't I tell you the teacher doesn't receive anyone today?"

"Yes, illustrious lady, you told me."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I beg to report, I am waiting for the teacher."

"My, but you're a foolish little fellow!" the old maid shook her birdlike head. "You'll catch cold in this rain."

"That may be, I beg to report," I replied defiantly. "But I will wait."

This made Scarecrow smile. The pox take these fine dames, I thought, you never know what they're grinning about! What had I said that was so funny?

"Is your message so terribly important?" she asked in a friendlier tone.

"Yes, illustrious lady, very terribly important!"

"Well, come in then, but quickly!"

I bowed clumsily. "I respectfully thank you, illustrious lady."

Before opening the door, I cautiously spied around to see if anyone was looking, then quickly made the sign of the cross. This I was not in the habit of doing, but today I didn't want to omit anything that might help.

AND so at last I stood face to face with the "illustrious" teacher. He sat at the table in his shirt sleeves, without a collar, feasting on paprika bacon. He was a tall, heavy-set, handsome man of about forty, one of those educated provincial Hungarians who have never grown entirely out of the peasant class. His face was bony, tough, and tanned; bluish-red alcoholic roses blossomed on his cheeks like flowers cultivated with tender care. He loved wine, cards, and women, and many strange things were said of him. But I had heard that he was good to the children unless they neglected their lessons or misbehaved, for



his hand flew easily and could deal out hard blows. His chest was as broad as a wrestler's, and looking at his enormous, weather-beaten neck, I couldn't imagine any collar big enough to go around it. There was something disconcertingly Asiatic about this bull-like, defiant man; but his eyes had a kind look, and his big black mustaches wagged so amiably as he chewed his bacon that I wasn't the least bit afraid of him.

"Well, what is it, son?" he asked in a friendly tone, gulping down a glass of whiskey with the bacon.

"I beg to report," I struck up a little tremulously, "I have a very important request to make of the illustrious teacher."

"All right, let's have it!"

He bit off the end of his cigar, lighted it, and leaned back comfortably in his worn grandfather's chair.

"I respectfully beg to request you," I said, still standing at attention, "to permit me to go to school, illustrious teacher."

The teacher looked at me wonderingly. "How old are you, child?"

"Going on ten, I beg to report."

"Then why on earth don't you go to school now?"

"I beg to report, they won't let me."

"They won't? Who? Your father?"

I felt myself blush. This was one question I hadn't anticipated. For a few seconds I stood there with clenched hands and pounding heart, but at last I found

* Fascist youth organization which became a model for the Italian *Balilla* and the German *Hitler-Jugend*.

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an answer. I said evasively, "My mother works in Budapest, I beg to report."

Apparently the teacher understood the hint, for now he only asked, "With whom are you staying here?"

"Er . . . with Aunt Rozika," I stammered.

"Hmm. And why won't the old woman let you go to school?"

"Because she says my mother doesn't pay regular, and so I have to work for my keep."

Astonished, the teacher leaned forward in his chair. "What do you have to work for?"

"For what I eat, if you please, honorable teacher."

THE honorable teacher silently shook his head and cast a long, significant look at Scarecrow who stood behind me, leaning against an ancient cupboard. I was full of distrust as I watched them; I felt certain that the teacher was shaking his head at his sister because he was angry at her for letting a beggar like me into the house.

It's always the same old story, I thought. Now they'll tell me that you can't get anything for nothing, not even death, oh no, my friend, you've got to pay the priest! But I had foreseen all this, indeed I was counting on it; it wasn't for nothing that I had prepared so long for this visit. Even the sentence was ready, all I had to do was to say it. And say it I did, quickly, before they could get in a word.

"Just because I'm poor, honorable teacher, I don't expect to be taught for nothing!"

"My, my!" the teacher smiled. "So you want to pay for it, son?"

See, I thought, he smiles as soon as you talk about paying. "I beg to report, illustrious teacher, I have no ready cash, but I'm a strong boy—just feel my muscles—I'll work for my schooling."

Again the teacher looked at his sister, but now he was smiling. "What will you do?" he asked.

"Work, if you please, sir."

"Work for what?"

"For the price of a little education, honorable teacher, please."

Here Scarecrow laughed out loud. I hope you choke, I thought. It's easy for you to laugh. It's easy for you to belittle the work of a small boy when the gentlefolk pay hardly anything, even to grown men. But for that too I had an answer in readiness.

"If you don't want my work, I beg to report, then I'll have somebody write to Nicholas Horthy, and it is such a wonderful letter, teacher, I have it in my head, that Nicholas Horthy will feel sorry for me, and he will surely pay the price of my education."

Here the teacher laughed out loud. You can choke too, I thought, but when I spoke, it was very humbly.

"Don't think, sir, that I expect Nicholas Horthy to do this for nothing either!"

"Is that so?" the teacher chuckled. "And how do you propose to repay His Serene Highness the Regent?"

"It's like this," I explained. "When I grow up, I can be a soldier, or serve the country some other way, and then Nicholas Horthy can take it out of my pay."

Now they were both roaring like lunatics. I hope you drop dead, I thought furiously, and a sentence I had not prepared beforehand slipped out. "I beg your pardon, honorable teacher," I said, "but surely no good Christian would begrudge a little learning to a poor child like me."

But they only went on laughing, like incurable idiots. I stood there facing them, with all hope lost, and I felt the tears spring into my eyes.

"Come closer, son," the teacher said then, and took me between his strong, thick legs. "So you want to go to school at any cost?"

"Yes, honorable teacher," I sniveled between great sobs. "Have pity on a poor child, if you please!"

"All right, all right, stop bawling!" said the teacher, gently patting my cheeks. "Go and tell the old woman to report at school before noon tomorrow."

I caught my breath. "I can't tell her that, honorable sir, please."

"You can't?"

"No, I beg to report, the old woman would murder me!"

"Murder you?" the teacher smiled.

"Yes, sir!" I replied, deadly serious, and tensely watched the teacher's face.

He puffed on his cigar a little longer, then apparently came to a decision, for he stood up, stretching his arms.

"In that case, I'll pay her a visit," he said. "Wait a minute, my boy!"

With that he went into the other room, finished dressing, and a few minutes later we were wading side by side down muddy Main Street toward Aunt Rozika's.

FULL of distrust and misgiving, I trudged beside the long-legged, big man. What kind of a man can he be, I asked myself. Why is he doing all this for me? What can he gain by it? Had he said, all right, you can work for your schooling, but you'll have to work like a mule because you can't get anything for nothing, I should have been the happiest boy in the world. As it was, I couldn't believe in him. I began to be afraid of this mysterious teacher. I simply could not imagine that a man, and a gentleman at that, would brave the wind, rain, and mud at the very hour of Mass and hike

to the other end of the village for the sake of a beggarly little peasant boy who was nothing to him. Sweet Jesus, I thought, what witch's cauldron is hidden in the head of this learned gentleman and what deviltry is he cooking up for me? With sly, sidelong glances I watched the mysterious man. I decided to be on my guard.

Fortunately the old woman hadn't gone to church that Sunday, for the autumn weather brought on her chronic pains and she could hardly move her arthritic legs.

"Wait for me in the yard!" said the teacher as we reached the house. "I want to see her alone."

I stood outside and waited. The rain had stopped, only a few drops still dripped now and then from the leafless branches like sickly tears from the drooping eyelids of the aged. The yard was deserted, not a soul in sight, the house was still asleep like an enchanted castle in a fairy tale. Years seemed to have passed since the teacher had entered the house, and perhaps it would be Judgment Day before he came out. The minutes crawled like half-crushed worms. I shivered.

Suddenly an ungodly uproar issued from the house.

I held my breath and listened, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. All I could distinguish were the teacher's blasphemous oaths. Then suddenly the door flew open, and the big man blustered out of the house.

"You, there!" he bellowed at me. "If you're not in school at eight tomorrow morning, I'll break every bone in your body! Understand?"

My Lord, did I understand? No word of kindness had ever made me as happy as his threat. I snapped my muddy, bare heels together and replied with military smartness, "Yes, sir, honorable teacher!"

My eyes grew moist as a maiden's after the kiss of betrothal, and I actually felt as though I had been betrothed to happiness.

Just then I received such a blow from behind me that my nose started to bleed. Without even turning, I knew it came from the old woman and began to run as fast as my legs could carry me. Happy as I was, I didn't even mind this blow. I raced out to the muddy fields and pranced about like a crazy colt.

"I'm going to school!" I shouted into the autumnal silence. "I'm going to school!"

FOR REFLECTION

THIS tree we saw along an edge of wood
Was watching pale illusions of a pool
Around her feet; and shorn of hair, she stood
Reaching, fingering the low gray-cool
Of chilling skies, her emptiness begun.
A bustling bird, a squirrel with weather-talk,
Ran down to splash, and she, the lonely one,
Leaned all the day to watch the ripples walk.

Or had her loneliness encountered more
In gray reflections deepening her feet?
God leans into the mouse's lowest door,
For recognition later when they meet.
We too have bent above a lonely rim,
And lingered where gray pools discover Him.

— BERNIECE BUNN CHRISTMAN

The Veterans Go To College

BENJAMIN FINE

VETERANS of World War I are going back to school in unprecedented numbers. At present, 750,000 ex-servicemen are in college; by spring the number is expected to exceed a million. Colleges are crowded beyond capacity—and the end is not in sight. Peak enrollment will not be reached until sometime in 1947 or 1948. Before the G.I. bill has run its course, educators predict, four million or more veterans will be educated in schools and colleges at government expense.

The economic obstacles to obtaining a higher education have been removed for the veterans. The G.I. bill entitles them to a maximum of four years at college, depending on length of service. The government pays up to \$500 for tuition and provides a maintenance grant of \$65 a month for single men, \$90 for those with dependents. The effect of this government subsidy on the make-up of student bodies is already apparent. Veterans are becoming the predominant group; in some colleges they constitute as much as 80 per cent of the student body.

Actually, what is taking place is the first large-scale experiment in free college education, an experiment which will have a profound effect, not only on the veterans, but also on the colleges themselves. The impact of the returning servicemen on higher institutions is making itself felt in many different ways. Colleges that have been living quietly on their academic pasts, indifferent to modern developments, have been awakened with a start. College instructors are now confronted with the problem of handling mature students who come to the classroom with new ideas and a breadth of experience that is hardly equaled by their instructors. In other words, the American campus is about to come of age: it is more serious today than it ever was before.

With his return to academic life, the veteran has brought with him a spirit of haste and earnestness that is new to the college campus. He simply doesn't have the time to spend four years at college; the immediacy of the problem of earning a living, fitting himself into a profession, supporting a family, confronts

him more or less constantly. For that reason he is not as concerned with the liberal arts program as was his brother a few years ago.

In step with this new trend, colleges are placing a greater emphasis on vocational education. The veterans want law, engineering, accountancy, business administration. And these fields of study are crowded to capacity in colleges all over the country. The veterans insist that their program lead to a very definite goal. They ask for specialized courses in technical fields: Cornell University's School of Agriculture is including courses in milk-testing and artificial insemination at the express request of returned servicemen. Michigan University provides special sixteen-week courses for veterans who desire to own their own businesses later on.

A system of refresher courses offered before the start of each semester is given in many of the nation's colleges. Seminars designed to help the serviceman learn basic studying techniques are also widespread and have been found most helpful. Several of the newer curriculums at the University of Denver are popular: airport management has attracted many former Air Corps men seeking careers in air transportation; hotel and restaurant management courses are also starting at Denver this fall, as well as a new curriculum in home building and light construction.

WITH their eyes firmly fixed on future professions and their own future roles as citizens, the veterans have not forgotten their recent participation in making world history. Their interest in world affairs and current political developments is far keener than that of the civilian student some time ago. Veterans are keeping their professors on their toes; the class discussions are lively and instructive. This is not surprising when one considers that the veteran knows at first hand many of the things mentioned in class: he has been to Australia, Europe, Asia. Geography and history are very real to him.

"I've never had such an exciting class in my thirty years of teaching experience," a professor said to me



at the University of Minnesota. "Fourteen of the students in my history class were in the European theater, and we are having lively discussions on Middle Europe." The same quickened pace can be found in the physics labs, where radar and electronics are familiar everyday matters to the veteran.

Even outside the classroom, the veteran continues extending his influence in extra-curricular activities. Organizations and forums of all kinds have been instituted by them. At Colgate, the veterans, on their own initiative, are holding an informal series of seminars dealing with problems in world politics; and at the University of Kentucky, they formed an association meeting weekly, at which various important and controversial subjects are discussed. Outside speakers are invited to address them, and a general welcome is extended all non-veterans.

Insofar as academic standards are concerned, the veteran is far ahead of other students. Cornell's veterans average grades 5 per cent higher than the civilians. More than that, the veterans are raising the standards generally within the classroom. Professors all over the country report that their students as a whole are doing far better than they ever have before. The veterans do not sit back meekly and accept the lectures they hear without question. They do not hesitate to argue, to correct instructors if they are wrong, and to add information when it is needed. This fresh spirit of intellectual inquiry has filtered through the entire college.

HOW do the veterans feel about the education they are getting? Although they are glad they have been admitted — this fall, it is estimated, 400,000 men and women will be unable to enter — they realize that their education will not be as adequate in many respects as they would like. They do not approve of the overcrowded classrooms, of the double shift in the use of laboratories, of the jammed cafeterias, of the lack of textbooks, of the inadequate dormitory facilities.

Many veterans complain that they are getting short-changed on their instructors. This is particularly true in those institutions where overcrowding has given the teachers more students than they can possibly handle, or where incompetent instructors have been employed on a temporary basis. A common complaint from the veteran is that the tremendous increase in student per-

sonnel has lowered educational standards. Led by the veterans, the student bodies on many campuses have urged that more attention be paid by college officials to living conditions, to better instruction, and to the importance of revising many standard courses.

What, then, can the university do? Buffalo has at present four times as many students as it had before the war. Other colleges have twice or three times as many. Virtually every college and university has enrollment increases of from 25 to 100 per cent. It is estimated that the average increase this fall over the peak peacetime registration will be close to 50 per cent.

Unfortunately, the colleges have not increased their faculty body or their facilities by 50 per cent, nor yet by 25 per cent. In many instances the physical plant has not been increased at all, generally for reasons beyond the control of the institution. It is difficult to get building equipment. It is even more difficult to secure a contractor or get a bid. "I have enough money to put up two dormitories," one college president said to me, "but what good does that do? It'll probably take five years before I can get any builder to come here. And by that time maybe we won't need that much space."

If it is hard to put up new buildings, it is even harder to get good faculty members. Every college is now engaged in a tremendous raiding spree. Professor Jones goes to Vanderbilt from Oklahoma, so Oklahoma makes an offer to Smith of Tufts. One president told me he had lost five of his top men and had to snare that number away from other colleges.

So, when the veterans protest that they are not getting good teachers, they have every reason in the world to complain. This is an emergency condition, and for the time being at least, the general level of higher education in this country will not be what it was before Pearl Harbor.



Of course, there is another side to the story. The coming of the veterans to the nation's campuses is not considered an unmixed blessing by all educators. I have heard top-ranking college officials say: "The veterans are hurting educational standards. They have brought a brusque manner to the campus; they are not interested in education. They want quick training so that they can make more money."

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I have also heard the frequent complaint that veterans are on the campus just for the free ride. In some quarters it was feared that colleges would become havens of rest for the disillusioned jobless. In fact, Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago bluntly warned that universities might become hangouts for an army of educational hobos.

Another serious charge is that the influx of veterans will bring about a definite change in collegiate objectives. In the past, the campus was a steady, quiet place where men and women lingered leisurely for four years and received their education amid ideal surroundings. A man could work under those circumstances — if he wanted to. Or he could loaf. The emphasis was on liberal arts education. Not how to make a living was important, but how to live.

How shall we answer these charges? The first, propounded by Dr. Hutchins and others, can be set aside quickly. I think the evidence has been shown in studies made by scores of educators that the veterans are helping the colleges more than they are hindering. They are not coming to the campus because they haven't found a job. Why should they? The government will give them \$20 a week anyway if they are jobless — and studying is not so easy if one's heart isn't in it.

THE argument that the veterans, through their insistence upon vocational courses, have lowered educational standards depends upon one's definition of education. It is true that the veterans are in a hurry, that they want to get out and earn a living. That is only natural and should indeed be encouraged. I don't think this necessarily means that liberal arts will suffer as a result. Many veterans want more than practical knowledge and are going after it. Admittedly, the older and more leisurely methods of acquiring a liberal education were in some respects better than the present emphasis on vocational training. You can obviously get a better education in four years than you can in two.

Education cannot be poured into a brain. There

must be an assimilative process that comes only with maturity and long pauses.

The only answer possible at this present time is that the colleges must compromise with the ideal and do the best that they can. When a million veterans get into the campus classroom, you know that the ferment cannot be kept down. At the same time, it is important that liberal education remain alive. The vocational courses must contain more than a smattering of the liberal subjects. The colleges must liberalize these professional divisions. There is no reason why the veteran should be deprived of a good liberal education just because he receives vocational training.

All things considered, I am certain that the veterans are exerting a healthy, wholesome influence on the nation's campuses. They have certainly helped foment new ideas, new standards, new values. The "rah-rah" spirit, the raccoon-coat era, the goldfish swallowing days of Joe College are probably gone forever. The veterans have seen too much of the world, experienced too much, to put up with the kind of collegiate hi-jinks so prevalent in the days before the war. They are serious now, and know full well the vital importance of this chance at a college education.

The mere fact that so many veterans are clamoring to enter college is an encouraging sign. It has been said that we face a race between catastrophe and education. From the reports of colleges and universities in all parts of the country, education has an excellent chance of winning. The veterans are eager to prepare for peace. They are anxious to discover how to become better citizens, how to work for world understanding. Since the proportion of veterans will be steadily rising even higher in the next year or so, it takes only common sense to realize that veterans will be in a very strong position to determine educational policies during the next decade.

For this very reason, it can be said that the changes which are found on every campus today are here to stay. Education has received new blood, and the college has come of age.



The Economics of Boom and Bust

W . S . W O Y T I N S K Y *

MANY people have been surprised, many experts bewildered, by the comparatively smooth progress of reconversion. In August, 1945, V-J Day found the nation as unprepared for this type of transition from a war to a peacetime economy as it had been unprepared for the great depression in September, 1929. Insistent predictions of mass unemployment after the fighting stopped have proved as unwarranted as the assumption of permanent prosperity that was popular in the 1920's. And each time the United States has had to pay for this lack of economic foresight. False economic perspectives in the 1920's left this country open to the inevitable repercussions of the collapse of stock-market prosperity.

Similarly, this time, predictions of postwar deflation left the country unprotected against a rising tide of inflation and led to confusion in domestic policy and loss in prestige abroad. Perhaps international affairs would have looked different now if the theory of imminent economic collapse in the United States after the war had not been accepted in some quarters abroad as evidence that this nation was a giant with feet of clay, unable to honor its commitments.

Since their forecasts of doom have failed to materialize, the prophets of gloom are now trying to explain why a labor shortage has developed at a time when, according to their predictions, there should be a shortage of jobs. Meanwhile, we are approaching a new turning point in our economic development, and there is serious danger that once more events will catch us off guard. There is nothing mysterious, however, in the approaching turn in business conditions. In fact, one can see it clearly not very far ahead on the road we have been traveling since the beginning of reconversion.

Let us remember that industrial reconversion started long before the end of the war, in the autumn of 1943, when munitions production passed its peak. It was accelerated after the surrender of Germany, in May, 1945, and entered into its decisive phase after the

victory in the Pacific three months later. Thus, we have had about eighteen months of preliminary economic demobilization, three months of shifting from a global to a one-continent-and-one-ocean war, and fourteen months of all-out reconversion.

The shift from war to peace involved three fundamental readjustments: 1. Demobilization of the armed forces and reintegration of about eight million veterans in civilian occupations; 2. Industrial demobilization and transfer of about ten million munitions workers to peacetime jobs; 3. Demobilization of the labor force, including release of six to seven million emergency workers, and return to the customary work week, normal school attendance, the peacetime patterns of family life, customary leisure.

This has necessarily been a deflationary process, in the sense that it entailed a drastic reduction of the amount of work performed each week in the nation, shift of workers from high-wage industries to less lucrative pursuits, end of deficit-spending by the government, deep cut in current income payments. There was no reason to expect, however, that these cuts would set into motion a deflationary spiral. Such a spiral develops when the demand for goods and services trails behind the output; when production must adjust itself to the dwindling demand; when losses in production cause a further contraction in demand, and production must again adjust downward to keep pace with the deteriorating market conditions.

AN overexpanded war economy follows a very different course in its return to the normal peacetime pattern. When the emergency is over, the nation can afford to work less; as people work less, production and earnings are bound to decline; but since the nation no longer needs to divert a large part of its output to war, it can keep more for consumption. During the war, people could not spend all their earnings; now, in spite of lower incomes, they can raise their standard of living.

The first year after V-J Day saw the initial phase of this readjustment process. If we grasp the meaning

*The opinions expressed in this article are personal opinions of the author.

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of what happened in this year, we shall foresee what is coming next.

Millions of veterans and former munitions workers were like pegs pulled out of their holes. Considerable time was needed to fit each peg into the proper hole, and temporary unemployment in the course of readjustment was unavoidable. It is very difficult to measure unemployment precisely at a time when many



emergency workers are on their way out of the labor force and many veterans are on their way back to — but not yet in — the labor force. Unemployment in recent months probably has been higher than the minimum under conditions of full employment, but not much higher, and for most workers it meant only a temporary interruption of work. There were plenty of openings for low-scale jobs, and — in contrast to the 1930's — if the worse came to the worst, an unemployed worker could always take one of the available jobs. Meanwhile, unemployment insurance gave him a chance to look for something better than a stopgap.

The trend in business conditions has been steadily and decisively moving upward. Because of the insatiable hunger for goods and services and the shortages of all kinds, there were outlets for everything. Moreover, expansive and inflationary forces always prevail in an early phase of postwar economy. Whatever the level of production and prices from which reconversion starts, the available purchasing power exceeds the value of the goods and services produced. To the total of wages and profits represented by this value are currently added war savings and business reserves that flow back into consumption and investments. Thus, during reconversion, the "spiral" is working upward. In this respect the first twelve months after the surrender of Japan differed little from the first twelve months after the Armistice in 1918.

The growth of production at this stage of the postwar economy is limited primarily by the labor force available. Emergency workers quit their jobs, married women return to their homes. Boys and

girls go back to school or stay in school for a longer period of time. Persons who had good jobs during the war are reluctant to take less attractive positions. Some industries cannot expand because of lack of skilled workers, others because of lack of common laborers. Shortage of labor in industries producing raw materials results in shortage of raw materials in other fields. In brief, even a successful reconversion is necessarily riddled with maladjustments. Because of the fluidity of market conditions and the lack of continuity in production of civilian goods, some industries expand in this economic phase without regard to future needs and outlets, with all the characteristic features of a boom. And this is where we are now, on the ascending slope of a primary postwar boom like that of 1919.

Because of the disparity between demand and supply, prices go up. Because of the rising cost of living, workers claim higher wages and, because of the shortage of labor, get the desired raise. Then, because of the rising cost of production, manufacturers demand and get higher prices. Then workers come out with new claims, and producers help themselves once more at the expense of consumers.

AS futile as this race of prices and wages may seem, neither labor unions nor producers are to blame for it. In many industries an upward revision of wages was overdue when war ended; in other cases such a rise was desirable in order to check decline in earnings at a time when overtime work disappeared and many workers were being transferred to lower-paid jobs. A general increase in wages was probably the simplest and the best solution, the more so because sooner or later the increase would be absorbed by the growing productivity of labor. This would be a result of replacements of emergency workers by veterans, elimination of bottlenecks in raw materials, retooling of industrial establishment, and so forth.

In many cases, however, the adjustments in productivity of labor did not come as soon as anticipated. Meanwhile, the margin of profit in the industries so affected was narrowed to such an extent that expansion, or even continuation, of production became uneconomical. It cannot be denied that in such cases the wage increases, without a parallel rise of prices, interfered with the progress of reconversion.

From this point of view, the onslaught of manufacturers on OPA this summer was as natural as the offensive of labor unions last spring. Both wages and prices were bound to rise in the course of reconversion. The only difference is that the rise of wages would be absorbed later by the increased productivity of labor and would remain at the new level — as happened

THE ECONOMICS OF BOOM AND BUST

after World War I — while the rise of prices is a temporary adjustment and is likely to be wiped out by the force of competition after the market becomes less bullish.

Prices were rising gradually in the first half of 1946 despite OPA. The temporary suspension of price control in July accelerated the rise. The movement was slowed down after restoration of price control but was not, and could not be, stopped completely.

With the progress of reconversion, this trend is bound to be reversed. Production will gain momentum, scarce goods will reappear in retail stores, shortages will become less general and acute, retailers will discover that consumers are tired of paying fancy prices for poor merchandise. Thus the pressure of backlog demand on markets will diminish, and after a spell of uncertainty, inflated prices will begin to decline. This is how all booms come to an end; such was the outcome of the primary postwar boom in 1920, and such will probably be the end of the present reconversion boom.

Granted this outcome, several questions remain. When will the setback come? How severe will it be, and how long will it last? Will this setback mark the end of prosperity, or will it be succeeded by a new expansion? And if expansion is resumed and the nation returns once more to full employment, how long can this new era last?

With reservation for new factors which may reverse our present projections, an attempt may be made to answer these questions on the basis of our experience after World War I. The clue to the forecast is very simple. The United States is now in an economic phase analogous to the primary postwar boom in 1919, but it is experiencing this development under different conditions, in a new international environment and on another scale. Two things are fairly certain: First, that this nation will not retrace the road it traveled in the 1920's and 1930's; and second, that there will be an analogy between the developments after the two wars, just as there was an analogy between developments after 1918 and after the Civil War.

THE conditions under which the United States entered this postwar cycle differ from those after World War I in four respects:

1. The forces of expansion (deferred demand, war savings, business reserves) are more powerful this time. The difference is in the cost of the two wars: forty billion dollars then, and four hundred billion dollars now.

2. This time we have been handling economic affairs more successfully than we did during World War I. Inflation of prices has been kept under control;

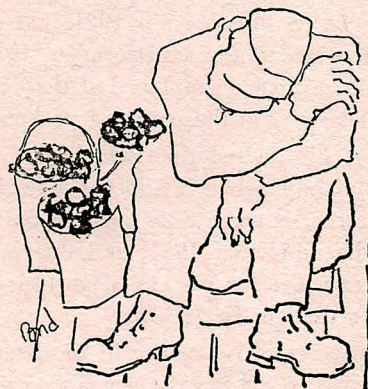
industry has been reconverted to peacetime production in a more orderly way; measures have been taken for insuring a smooth readjustment of veterans to civilian life.

3. There is a great difference in our national institutions of 1919 and of 1946. Thanks to social security legislation, governmental control over the stock market, insurance of bank deposits, the soil conservation program, the use of collective bargaining and long-run wage agreements, our economic system is now better protected against dislocations and can absorb considerable shocks without losing its balance and recuperative power.

4. In the past twenty-five years, the nation has acquired new skill in economic matters. Statistical information has been improved; management and labor are more aware of their responsibilities; Congress and government have learned the economic implications of fiscal policy; we know now how to use sample polls to explore intentions of consumers and businessmen.

Adding two and two together, one can visualize the effect of these changes on the postwar economy, at least in its early phase.

The momentum of economic expansion after a major war depends on the expansive forces accumulated during the war. As no country has ever emerged from an armed conflict with such reserves in purchasing power and business assets as are now at our disposal, we are facing an era of tremendous economic advance. The international position of this nation (despite the loss in credit in anticipation of the mythical collapse) is incomparably stronger than after World War I. Under these conditions, we do not need to consult a crystal ball to recognize in what direction



the coming developments are likely to deviate from the comparable economic phases after World War I.

The primary postwar expansion this time will probably be less feverish and last longer than after World War I.

The setback will come somewhat later and may be

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expected to be less severe and of shorter duration.

The subsequent expansion will be more powerful and probably will last longer.

LET us remember the timing of these economic phases after World War I.

The boom after Armistice Day lasted almost two years. After six months of relative stability, prices skyrocketed in the spring of 1919 and continued to rise until the summer of 1920, when the boom approached its climax. When inflationary forces had exhausted themselves, the boom ended in a deep depression; industrial production sank 30 per cent and prices fell by almost half. The contraction continued about a year, and the bottom was reached in the summer of 1921. The revival came unexpectedly soon, but it took the nation nearly a year and a half to climb back to a more or less satisfactory level of employment. The real postwar expansion started in the late autumn of 1922, about four years after Armistice Day.

In view of the changed conditions, the timetable of postwar economy is likely to be somewhat different this time.

The primary expansion may continue longer than two years, say two and one-half or three years, so that a setback would come in the spring or autumn of 1948. This date for the turning point is also suggested by the trends in world prices, especially world prices for agricultural products, which are bound to go down after restoration of agricultural production in countries devastated by the war.

The subsequent recession is likely to last less than a year, say six or nine months. This would put the beginning of revival in the winter of 1948-49, or in the spring of 1949. Unemployment during the recession will hardly be as heavy as in 1921, but it may be higher than at any time since December, 1941. A peak of five to six million unemployed at the depth of the recession seems within the realm of probability.

Following this revised time schedule, the point of normalcy may be reached in 1950 or, allowing for the margin of error, at some time between the middle of 1949 and the middle of 1951, and this is when the United States will enter the era of postwar expansion analogous to that in the 1920's.

The duration of this phase will be determined by factors that are not yet in existence. The main factor is public reaction to the changing economic situation. If reactions are sound, they will keep the economic system on an even keel, shorten and iron out the setbacks, consolidate the progress achieved. If the behavior of the public — business and labor leaders, as well as rank-and-file consumers — is dominated by fear, greed, and ignorance, each minor setback will threaten to be-

come a calamity for the nation, and each spell of prosperity to degenerate into extravagances that usually pave the way for a new depression. Thus, it will depend on the nation itself whether it commutes continually between the fool's paradise of easy money and the hell of mass unemployment, or enjoys a well-balanced and gradually growing economy.

THE first crossroad will be reached sooner than many people are inclined to think—perhaps a year from now, when the primary setback will be imminent. At that time the nation will have a choice between two ways of meeting this crisis.

The federal government may be requested to begin deficit spending and to launch large-scale public works as soon as prices, production, and employment begin to decline. Such a policy, intended to check the development of a deflationary spiral, would interrupt the progress of adjustment of the economic system to peacetime conditions. Instead of the brisk shock of a temporary recession, there would be a long period of maladjustments — not necessarily a "chaos," but a long stagnation. In such a period, in view of the decline in the national product, all the attention of various social groups is directed toward increasing their share at the expense of other groups, or at the expense of the community through the federal government, and this state of mind does not help recovery.

Another policy toward the approaching setback would be to face it as an unavoidable phase in postwar readjustment. Yes, we have to bring order in our own house: inefficiency, the loose organization of establishments, the practice of taking advantage of exceptional and temporary market conditions should be liquidated, even if liquidation implies losses. Inflated prices should go down; enterprises too weak to meet a sound competition should go out of business; labor and management have to share among themselves the losses of the temporary contraction of production and to do their best for its subsequent expansion.

The task is to reduce to a minimum the dislocations caused by the boom and to achieve the maximum adjustment in prices and production before the turning point. Selective price control is a measure that serves this purpose; labor-management co-operation in fostering production is another important measure.

My projections rest on the assumption that the behavior of the public in the coming years will be more rational than in the 1920's. Only experience will show whether, and to what extent, this assumption is right. If we handle the coming primary setback properly, we shall prove that we also have a good chance to succeed in subsequent phases of postwar economy, and that the expansion in the 1950's will not degenerate into a Walpurgis Night of speculation.

The Innocent

GRAHAM GREENE

IT WAS a mistake to take Lola there, I knew it the moment we alighted from the train at the small country station. On an autumn evening one remembers more of childhood than at any other time of year, and her bright veneered face, the small bag which hardly pretended to contain our "things" for the night, simply didn't go with the old grain warehouse across the small canal, the few lights up the hill, the posters of an ancient film. But she said, "Let's go into the country," and Bishop's Hendron was, of course, the first name which came into my head. Nobody would know me there now, and it hadn't occurred to me that it would be I who remembered — too many things.

Even the old porter touched a chord. I said, "There'll be a four-wheeler at the entrance," and there was, though at first I didn't notice it, seeing the two taxis and thinking, "The old place is coming on." It was very dark, and the thin autumn mist, the smell of wet leaves and canal water were deeply familiar.

Lola said, "But why did you choose this place? It's grim." It was no use explaining to her why it wasn't grim to me, that that sand heap by the canal had always been there (when I was three I remember thinking it was what other people meant by the seaside). I took the bag (I've said it was light; it was simply a forged passport of respectability) and said we'd walk. We came up over the little humpbacked bridge and passed the almshouses. When I was five I saw a middle-aged man run into one to commit suicide; he carried a knife, and all the neighbors pursued him up the stairs. She said, "I never thought the country was like *this*." They were ugly almshouses, little gray stone boxes, but I knew them as I knew nothing else. It was like listening to music, all that walk.

But I had to say something to Lola. It wasn't her fault that she didn't belong here. We passed the school, the church and came round into the old wide High Street and the sense of the first twelve years of life. If I hadn't come, I shouldn't have known that sense would be so strong, because those years hadn't been particularly happy or particularly miserable: they had been ordinary years, but now with the smell of wood

fires, of the cold striking up from the dark damp paving stones, I thought I knew what it was that held me. It was the smell of innocence.

I said to Lola, "It's a good inn, and there'll be nothing here, you'll see, to keep us up. We'll have dinner and drinks and go to bed." But the worst of it was that I couldn't help wishing that I were alone. I hadn't been back all these years; I hadn't realized how well I remembered the place. Things I'd quite forgotten, like that sand heap, were coming back with an effect of pathos and nostalgia. I could have been very happy that night in a melancholy, autumnal way wandering about the little town, picking up clues to that time of life when, however miserable we are, we have expectations. It wouldn't be the same if I came back again, for then there would be the memories of Lola, and Lola meant just nothing at all. We had happened to pick each other up at a bar the day before and liked each other. Lola was all right, there was no one I would rather spend the night with, but she didn't fit in with *these* memories. We ought to have gone to Maidenhead. That's country too, I believe.

THE inn was not quite where I remembered it. There was the Town Hall, but they had built a new cinema with a Moorish dome and a café, and there was a garage which hadn't existed in my time. I had forgotten too the turning to the left up a steep, villaed hill.

"I don't believe that road was there in my day," I said.

"Your day?" Lola asked.

"Didn't I tell you? I was born here."

"You must get a kick out of bringing me here," Lola said. "I bet you used to think of nights like this when you were a kid."

"Yes," I said, because it wasn't her fault. She was fine. I liked her scent. She used a good shade of lipstick. It was costing me a lot, a fiver for Lola and then all the bills and fares and drinks, but I'd have thought it money well-spent anywhere else in the world.

I lingered at the bottom of that road. Something

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was stirring in the mind, but I don't think I should have remembered what, if a crowd of children hadn't come down the hill at that moment into the frosty lamplight, their voices sharp and shrill, their breath fuming as they passed under the lamps. They all carried linen bags, and some of the bags were embroidered with initials. They were in their best clothes and a little self-conscious. The small girls kept to themselves in a kind of compact, beleaguered group, and one thought of hair ribbons and shining shoes and the sedate tinkle of a piano. It all came back to me: they had been to a dancing lesson, just as I used to go, to a small, square house with a drive of rhododendrons halfway up the hill. More than ever I wished that Lola were not with me, less than ever did she fit, as I thought: "something's missing from the picture," and a sense of pain glowed dully at the bottom of my brain.

We had several drinks at the bar, but there was half an hour before they would agree to serve dinner. I said to Lola, "You don't want to drag round this town. You want to be fresh for tonight. But, if you don't mind, I'll just slip out for ten minutes and look at a place I used to know." She didn't mind. There was a local man, perhaps a schoolmaster, at the bar simply longing to stand her a drink: I could see how he envied me, coming down with her like this from town just for a night.

I WALKED up the hill. The first houses were all new. I resented them. They hid things like fields and gates I might have remembered. It was like a map which had got wet in the pocket and pieces had stuck together; when you opened it there were whole patches hidden. But halfway up, there the house really was, the drive; perhaps the same old lady was giving lessons. Children exaggerate age. She may not in those days have been more than thirty-five. I could hear the piano. She was following the same routine. Children under eight, 6-7 P.M. Children eight to thirteen, 7-8. I opened the gate and went in a little way. I was trying to remember.

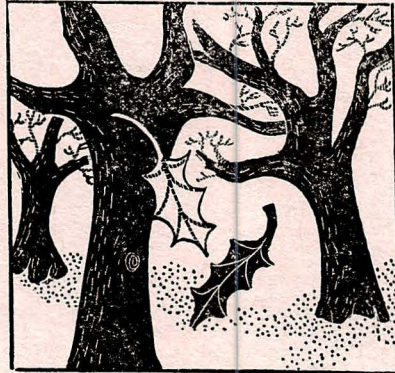
I don't know what brought it back. I think it was simply the autumn, the cold, the wet frosting leaves, rather than the piano, which had played different tunes in those days. I remembered the small girl as well as one remembers anyone without a photograph to refer to. She was a year older than I was: she must have been just on the point of eight. I loved her with

an intensity I have never felt since, I believe, for anyone. At least I have never made the mistake of laughing at children's love. It has a terrible inevitability of separation because there *can* be no satisfaction. Of course one invents tales of houses on fire, of war and forlorn charges which prove one's courage in her eyes, but never of marriage. One knows without being told that that can't happen, but the knowledge doesn't mean that one suffers less. I remembered all the games of blind-man's buff at birthday parties when I vainly hoped that I would catch her, so that I might have the excuse to touch and hold her, but I never caught her; she always kept out of my way.

But once a week for two winters I had my chance: I danced with her. That made it worse, it was cutting off our only contact, when she told me during one of the last lessons of the winter that next year she would join the older class. She liked me too, I knew it, but we had no way of expressing it. I used to go to her birthday parties and she would come to mine, but we never even ran home together after the dancing class. It would have seemed odd; I don't think it occurred to us. I had to join my own boisterous, teasing male companions, and she the besieged, the hustled, the shrilly indignant sex on the way down the hill.

I shivered there in the mist and turned my coat collar up. The piano was playing a dance from an old C. B. Cochran revue. It seemed a long journey to have taken to find only Lola at the end of it. There is something about innocence one is never quite resigned to lose. Now when I am unhappy about a girl, I can simply go and buy another one. Then the best I could think of was to write some passionate message and slip it into a hole (it was extraordinary how I began to remember everything) in the woodwork of the gate. I had once told her about the hole, and sooner or later I was sure she would put in her fingers and find the message. I wondered what the message could have been. One wasn't able to express much, I thought, in those days; but because the expression was inadequate, it didn't mean that the pain was shallower than what one sometimes suffered now. I remembered how for days I had felt in the hole and always found the message there. Then the dancing lessons stopped. Probably by the next winter I had forgotten.

AS I WENT out of the gate I looked to see if the hole existed. It was there. I put in my finger, and, in its safe shelter from the seasons and the years, the



scrap of paper rested yet. I pulled it out and opened it. Then I struck a match, a tiny glow of heat in the mist and dark. It was a shock to see by its diminutive flame a picture of crude obscenity. There could be no mistake; there were my own initials below the childish, inaccurate sketch of a man and woman. But it woke fewer memories than the fume of breath, the linen bags, a damp leaf, or the pile of sand. I didn't recognize it; it might have been drawn by a dirty-minded stranger on a lavatory wall. All I could re-

member was the purity, the intensity, the pain of that passion.

I felt at first as if I had been betrayed. "After all," I told myself, "Lola's not so much out of place here." But later that night, when Lola turned away from me and fell asleep, I began to realize the deep innocence of that drawing. I had believed I was drawing something with a meaning unique and beautiful; it was only now after thirty years of life that the picture seemed obscene.

ALGIERS, 1943

(FOR HELMUTH MEYER)

The whore Algiers! Behold the whore Algiers!
Flat on her back upon the soft hot beach
Which is to her a bed, to war a base,
And gets into the shoes of stevedores.

Behold Algiers, Algiers who tells the waves,
"My pride is: you can never wash me pure.
Fondle me, waves, to make the world unclean.
Adore me: I am wistful and corrupt
And melt with gentleness toward all who bruise me,
And all my pearls are beautiful and glass
And all for sale, and I adore myself."

The whore, the whore! Behold the whore Algiers!
Open to all, as ports are to whole fleets.
Yes, like a port. Her port is all her living,
Her job, her womanhood, her tired joy.
And from the port the shorelines both sprawl out
Like pudgy thighs; the one kicks carelessly
Westward past Môle de Pêche; the other twists
Tensely into the sky toward Hussein Dey.
Above them, both the hills, at El-Biar
And Hydra, rise as if she filled her lungs
To bursting with sirocco-drowsy air,
Then held her breath — they swell there in suspense,
Freed by no sigh.

Between them lives no heart.
Only her port is living. Here there writhe
The dapper souls she lures and never lusts for,
Les officiers imperially slender—
Perfumed, good God! — with pretty little canes,
Their pockets full of gloves and paper money.
They use her bed like lackeys, furtively.
For them the whore Algiers becomes a doom:
Exile from Paris, botched careers, disease.

But war's plain soldier — Zouave, Tommy, Yank —
His pockets loud with sous and pence and pennies,
Enters Algiers a prince, all stride and pride.
For him she aches as ports ache for the ocean.
And she's all his; he grabs her; she is his.

— PETER VIERECK

Dear Mr. President

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

71 ST. JOHNS PARK
BLACKHEATH, LONDON
ENGLAND

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,

I am not going to apologize for writing you this letter: I am not going to say that, as a writer, I feel I have the right to address you. Or that, as a British officer who served in Europe with men of all of the states of America, I think it my duty to write to you. No, sir, I say nothing of these things. I write as one ordinary, thankful survivor of a war which we all thought would iron out a lot of old, festering spots — on your side of the Atlantic and ours.

This morning, as I started to eat my breakfast, my *News Chronicle* propped up in front of me, a headline caught my eye — THE STORY OF ISAAC WOODWARD — and I began to read. The article was by Stuart Gelder, the *News Chronicle's* New York correspondent. From it one realizes that this Mr. Gelder is one of those people who can write balanced, careful articles despite the fact that his blood is at boiling point.

He says: "Thousands of Negro veterans do not wear their honorable discharge veteran's badges because they are an incitement to anti-Negro elements to show the returning Negro where he stands. This is the attitude: 'Don't forget you're back home now and you're exactly where you were when you started out. Better put that equality stuff you learnt in England right out of your head. . . .'"

Then he goes on to tell the story of Isaac Woodward, putting it together from Woodward's affidavit.

It would seem that Woodward soldiered from October, 1942, until he was honorably discharged during the early part of this year. He had served in the Far East, had been decorated for his part in the New Guinea campaign. He came home and made straight for Winnsboro, South Carolina, where his wife and children live. Still in uniform, he got on a bus at Atlanta, and I can imagine his feelings as he settled down for the journey. There are millions of men, all over the world who could also tell you, without having to think much about it, how he was feeling.

When the bus stopped for the passengers to stretch their legs and pay necessary calls, Woodward asked the driver to wait for him while he found a "Negro lavatory"! Woodward apparently didn't find it — strange after years of having the privilege of dying or being wounded with his white comrades, that, on discharge, all privileges had been withdrawn, even to so simple a thing as standing beside them in a lavatory. Anyway, it took him some time to find a lavatory, and when he came back to the bus, the driver cursed him and he cursed back.

Apparently that was a big mistake. He wasn't in the army at the time: he was talking as a civilian to another civilian. A civilian who thought it his civic duty to report him to the police at the next town, which happened to be Aiken. No one else in the bus complained — the driver was the only one. The first question which the police asked was, "Are you still in the army or are you a discharged man?" Woodward, little suspecting, said that he had been discharged. Immediately, the police, ignoring his uniform, began beating him about the head with truncheons. Woodward tried to stop them. But another policeman arrived and drew a gun. Woodward went with them to the station house.

There he was beaten into unconsciousness and jabbed in both eyes with a truncheon. When he came round, he discovered that he was blind.

But even so, they led him before a judge who listened to his explanation of the incident on the bus and then fined him \$50, with the option of thirty days in a labor gang or, as we call it, American chain gang.

From the court, he was taken to a military hospital. A specialist examined his eyes and decided to keep him under observation for two months. At the end of that time, he made out Woodward's discharge from the hospital, a simple document which read, "Treatment: none. Prognosis: hopeless."

Woodward went home two months later than he had planned — blinded for the rest of his life. Can you imagine his homecoming, sir? It would be a very different homecoming from that of a veteran blinded in battle. There would be none of the thankfulness that at least his life had been spared. Just hate and the

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

most bitter resentment that human hearts can contain, bitterness and hatred equal to that of the relatives of Nazi atrocities.

Gelder says in his article that fierce indignation has been caused in America, even in the Southern states where "there are many who feel keenly the shame of racial persecution and bitterly resent their identification with it." But that is not a mitigating circumstance. The crime was committed. A human being, because he differed from the majority of his fellows, was persecuted, attacked.

The case of Isaac Woodward comes as a shock to the rest of the world. We had thought that such crimes, and the people capable of committing them, had disappeared. Democracy, as a word, was on the point of beginning to mean something again — or, at least, that was the delusion of thousands upon thousands of people who fought to make it mean something.

May I ask, sir, what will happen to the policemen who committed this outrage? And to the judge who so obviously sinned against this Negro? If they had been Germans, we should have shot them. The world is watching. We want to know what will happen to them. And if they go free, if they are upheld in their actions, we shall begin to wonder whether the American public is fully informed or whether such things are kept hidden.

The idea of your Negro veterans being told to forget the ideas of equality which they learned in England is one that will not make for better understanding between your country and mine, sir. In itself, we should have taken exception to that. But when the lesson is forced home by methods such as those employed in Woodward's case, our feelings are a com-

pound of anger, bitterness and contempt, directed not only against the guilty people but against any system which permits this filthy mushroom of persecution to expand.

The returning soldier, Mr. President, does not expect much. He has no desire to peacock around in uniform and medals. His one desire is to become a civilian in the shortest space of time possible. He wants a job and a house and a fair deal. He wants these things in exchange for the years which he has given; he knows that he has earned them.

Woodward got a poor exchange. His first day of liberty, the day for which he had been waiting with confidence, became the day he will never forgive your nation for — neither he nor millions of others, black or white.

All day long, Mr. President, we British people have been discussing this case. And sooner or later a documentary film which is showing in London this week has entered into conversations. It is a film about racial prejudices and it finishes with an American sergeant drilling a squad of Americans who, when he questions them, are found to be descended from a dozen different nationalities. Your stock, sir, sank very low today. Particularly among those of us who served with American forces overseas.

I will not write more. Angry words are filling my mind, and if I say more they will flood out, and I don't want to write you a letter filled with anger because I am deeply sorry for you personally, and for all decent American citizens.

I can appreciate the shame which you are feeling.

Yours sincerely,

JACK AISTROP

21st August, 1946



The Reconstructed Days

ROBERT BURCHETTE

THE early morning hours were always pleasant. There was a relaxed, comfortable quality in the air, and the view of the town was only haphazard and satisfying until the punctual, fierce midday heat came and took the place. Then the hard light lacquered all the walls of the village and brought the houses close into a nervous pattern of white and pink angles ending abruptly at the shore. The sea stretched provisionally quiet and soft, blue nearing gray.

Tropical towns, especially port towns in the West Indies, are all very much alike. There are reflexes of tides, fishing seasons, arrivals and departures of boats. Between these known events (save for unpredicted or severe storms), regular hours exist for business (such as it is), small jealousies, death, dancing, sleep. Nothing is hurried; there is always time from some other day.

Miranda's life was regulated counterpoint to the habit-forming days and nights of Asuncion: a sure, separate existence of accountable hours had grown into hard-varnished routine.

Rise at six and hurry through her breakfast (scarcely linger over the sight of the harbor from her terrace, the bright boats like languid insects between the frame of trees hiding part of the wharf and showing open sea).

Letty, her housekeeper, attended to the marketing, prepared the food, kept the house clean with antiseptic thoroughness. When breakfast was finished, they discussed the household problems. It was a brief interview, always the same.

But there was her work in the garden, and this took time. The weeding and pruning and tireless watch over different plants, selection of bouquets for the day. Arrangements: careful consideration of the effect of this color with its surroundings; perhaps a pale, languid border of magnolias drooping across the

mantelpiece, sometimes a crazy bunch of all the brightest colors, a hysterical picture in the quiet room.

And her letters! She would sit at the light pearwood table and write furiously to the few persons from home, faded associations from twenty years before. She was careful to be detached, serene. A description of the natives, what Letty had reported from the insular gossip, her always-changing view from this window, a short paragraph about the season. These were automatic correspondences, and sometimes she forgot exactly how the persons had been important to her; but the names and addresses were there, part of her files, and the occasional answers were queer reference for her memory.

AFTER this she was ready for her walk — back of her house and still on the hill with its uninterrupted view of the harbor, the village crowding to the shore, the larger and more important houses in their sequence to hers. There are many surprises here. A sudden baroque and beautiful doorway on a plain colonial front is part of fancy that has gone before. Behind jalousied part-balconies are grave, beautiful things from the last century: a lustered chandelier, thin and spiraled from its slender chain to some vague, high ceiling, something from a rich man's house; the wonderful symmetry of a wax leafed vine against a pitted wall; or part of a tomb, what is left of a very white column, sharp now against the dark blue sky. (This is a real antiquity; there were many such before the disturbances.)

She moved with a determined grace and bowed punctually to the natives as they passed. All the people on the island knew about Miranda — that she had continued living in the large house on the hill even after her husband, the rich German, had died. She was always alone, but so kind. She had kept Nero's family

for a whole year when he had fevers, and Father Perrogrino's church was dependent on her contributions. There was a sweet sadness in that face, but only the Sisters knew her real story and they never spoke. The housekeeper belonged to her, the sharp-faced, ugly woman who drove hard bargains. Shopkeepers were afraid of Letty's tight, displeased face and her terrifying facility with prices and quantities. Even Amelio, the shrewdest merchant on the island submitted to her demands. But the good little Madame was so dignified and faraway. . . .

Miranda walked down the hill past the fruit and fish vendors, all incredible color, loud bargaining noises. They became less shrill and made room for her in the streets as she approached. They bowed low when she passed.

St. Rita's Priory was another antiquity, some said from the seventeenth century. It was a quiet, smooth-walled place with gardens, tiny windows, and a marble reflection pool. The efficient nuns, soft-spoken, made lace and heavy embroideries and prayers. They had come in the time of the oldest citizens' grandfathers. The Mother Superior was said to be nearly a hundred years old! They spent disciplined days in the pale, close-shuttered dining hall working quietly over their brilliant needlework.

Miranda arrived when they were busy with domestic duties: work in the kitchen with thick-skinned fruits, the still-cold fish, bright vegetables; cleaning chores, making the stone floors even whiter (and grains of abrasive sand would remain to make a dry, grating sound when one walked across the porches). They were glad to see her, spoke always as if her visits were quite irregular and not part of a carefully-spaced morning at all.

"Good morning, Madame."

"How good it is to see you again, Madame," they would say.

And, "Good morning, child," from the Mother Superior.

Miranda would nod carefully, reply to their greetings, take off her long white cotton gloves and sit directly across from the smiling Mother Superior. She was always in the same chair, away from the sun's rays in a corner of the courtyard.

"I've only a little time this morning," Miranda would begin. "We are so busy at the house." And then she would relate what Letty had told her last night, that old Amelio's boy had had an accident. He was the eldest and was saving for his own boat. She had heard

that the heavy hull on which he worked had fallen on his leg, that he would be quite lame. Had Father Perrogrino done anything about this? And Pascal, the fruit seller, was having trouble with his wife again. He had threatened her, publicly, in the square. She wondered if someone shouldn't interfere. . . .

This was vague talk. The Mother Superior knew what had happened even before Miranda brought her news. She knew also that it was part of Miranda's day to be thus helpful, that Miranda counted on and lived partly for these visits. So they would discuss what should be done, the weather also, a cloud formation that might bring rain. The conversations never changed.

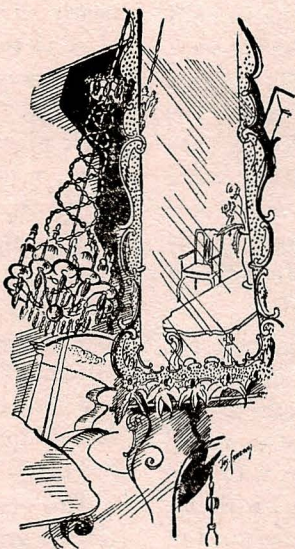
Then Miranda would give her the now-gloved hand, smile gratefully and prepare to leave. She would return to the proud asylum on the hill. She would pass into its cool rooms, wait patiently for the sun to set.

Each day as she retraced her path up the hill, she had a feeling of infinite gratitude for her good fortune. The two ways of living, the Sisters' and her own, had sharp differences, and she liked a bold comparison. Her walk included the convent because the nuns made her feel young and graceful. But she believed in their subjected, energetic life. The midday heat was a serious personal enemy that lived in every room, and the idea of a day without siesta hours was unthinkable. But the nuns' days were un-

broken ones: they worked even through the fierce, steamy August afternoons—quietly, temperately. Miranda thought this admirable and strong-willed.

EVEN with its irregular climate the island was considered a picturesque and pleasant place. But because it was difficult to approach and so far from the popular tourist islands, there were never large crowds of travelers. There were families, however, who were impressed by the still numerous eighteenth-century buildings, who liked the friendly natives, the rampant tropical color and indolent life. These families returned each season, had the same servants waiting for them in freshly-cleaned houses, spent the days in comfortable enough fashion. Among them were a retired Dutch planter and his wife, a Russian Count, two English families, two elderly Polish gentlemen who lived in the place that had belonged to a resident governor. They liked the life there for a short time; when the heat became oppressive they moved to a milder place.

Their houses were all part of the other hill, across the town from Miranda's. It had been a government



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section and overlooked the markets and village below.

But her house was different. A long time before, an Italian woman had come to the island and built the house that Miranda now owned. It was an elaborate place filled with fragile, unexpected things: the chandeliers, carpets, spider-legged chairs and sofas were all from Venice, where the Italian lady had lived. No one had known her because she had been so remote and disengaged. Some had thought her mad. There was a bridge from the private chapel wing to her bedroom, a thin stone span that hung suspended over the court below. Sometimes she used to sit there watching the harbor. When she died she was buried on the grounds.

The servants boarded the windows and doors, closed the gates, and the place was never opened again until young Miranda and her elderly German husband came ten years later. They lived in the same solitary way, just as the old woman had done before them. The villagers accepted this, just as they had accepted the life of the previous owner. And consequently, after the first gestures had been made by the seasonal people from the other hill, after these gestures were quietly disregarded for some years in succession, Miranda was left by herself even when her husband died.

Everything happened so quickly. With his death her ordered life became suddenly disordered and incomplete. There was not even time in which to think back over those five difficult years of adjustment to an old man, the fact that she had never been happy with him. It was a blank place. Like her courtship and wedding, it was something she had never entirely understood or wanted to accept.

SHE was seized by terrible, unsupported loneliness. She felt lost without his quick decisions; there seemed to be an unreasonable absence of routine or schedule. In desperate want of some confidante, she went to the convent at the foot of her hill. When she met the Mother Superior all her troubles became suddenly coherent. It was so easy to explain. For the first time she was able to relate (to listen fascinated to the sound of her own voice, clear and logical), what happened during those years of marriage, to ask finally for counsel. The old woman heard, seemed to weigh the frantic sentences and then, because she doubtless fathomed Miranda's immense fear of change, told her it was best to continue to live in the fine house on the hill, to live quietly as she had done before. Perhaps with proper education she could find solace with the church. It was all that was needed: after this Miranda had gone directly to her regulated days.

This had happened fifteen years before and during all that time it had never once occurred to her that it might have been an irregular solution.

LUNCHEON was served early. It was a habit from the time when the master of the household insisted on such a schedule. Miranda had since reflected that it was actually a wise plan: it meant the meal was disposed of before the heat arrived. The dining room was still cool, and it was a pleasant meal. From the first, Letty had been happy about the island food: thin soups with just a hint of some green leafed vegetable, fish, fruit, all of it brightly colored, pleasing to the taste. And the room itself was complementary in its color and furniture. Persimmon-green chairs and pale faded yellow walls. The shuttered windows made half-tones of everything, cast fine shadows over the opposite walls. Even in the part-light the lamp managed to come nearly alive with its crystal loops and swags hovering close to the table. The great rococo mirror above the mantel was a sculptured, precious tower to the ceiling, reflecting the table's flowers, the thin china, the carved chair where her husband had sat and past to the wall where a portrait of a young man hung (dark greens, dark face, sad dark eyes).

After the food was on the table, Letty stood discreetly at her side in order to get anything else for Miranda's mood, actually to answer her questions and give the small news from the island's previous day. Miranda knew that Letty looked forward to this meal and also to dinner late in the evening: it was their friendship; it made Miranda feel more secure about her place.

This brief time was Letty's performance and she extracted great pleasure from it. She was like a crane, with an awkward, unmanaged body on too-thin legs. She offered her information with quick birdlike gestures that left a queer impression because her voice never changed from the careful, mannered level of a good servant's.

The news was small paragraphs. Maria, one of the servant girls, had complained of her eye. Now it was inflamed and angry-looking. Letty had sent her to the convent only a half hour before: she was afraid it might be something serious. There was a boat due this afternoon, late. It would mean, perhaps, some of the summer people and certainly mail for Madame. She, Letty, thought she might just go down and see it dock. The ships were such fascinating things.

Miranda was delighted. She checked the letters she was expecting: at least three letters and one, from Tina, would surely arrive today. Tina had owed the reply for so long. Her mother had died in the spring, and Tina had suddenly decided to leave home and travel as far as America. It was madness, and Miranda had been shocked at the idea of a woman fifty years old doing such a thing without help. She had reflected at the time that associations meant little to Tina, that

she had always led a thin life and had nothing on which to rely. It was probably the reason for this breaking away.

AFTER the meal there was the afternoon ahead, in the cool and nearly dark drawing room. The tight-shuttered windows kept out most of the light, reflected little from the vast expanses of polished wood floors. Miranda kept her vigil in a gilt cane-backed chair with delicate legs and arms. When she sat there she was part of the room and as appropriate as the stiff portrait arrangement at her left. She was here each day for three hours, until the dim light had become less and the furious outside heat had cooled. The garden noises, the drone of insects would resume, the peculiar flat shadows would begin to form on the terrace, and even below in the village it would seem that life had begun again.

At first Miranda was unable to reckon with Tina's letter.

MY DEAREST M.

Everything has been such a fantastic succession of events that I've had no time for correspondence and I feel doubly guilty because I know you've expected to hear before now. You are my oldest friend, Miranda, the only one I had through those years of being so shut away, the only one in whom I could confide. That is why I want you to know what has happened.

Mother's illness and for so many years — when I saw no one except her and the servants — had become quite entirely my life. (I had no time for thinking, you see.) But when I considered that I was still fairly young — fifty isn't too old really — it seemed only right that I make something for myself. I had relied on Mother for so long (and it was difficult), that I felt I deserved something quite different.

I met Henry Wilder during a week end in the country and we were instant friends. Henry is my age and has been married before. His wife died some years ago. We were married the next month and now that I feel quite like an old married woman, thank you, it is still the most wonderful thing! Now I know how happy you must have been with Auguste, I know the fine understanding that two people can have, the really close relationship of marriage, and I'm so terribly proud that it has come to me. You have had such a completely contented life and I have always envied you so much, but I feel almost that I can match it.

Those years of loneliness, not knowing where I was or if I had an actual identity even — they seem so far away, so unnecessary now. All my love, Miranda, and I wait anxiously for your letters.

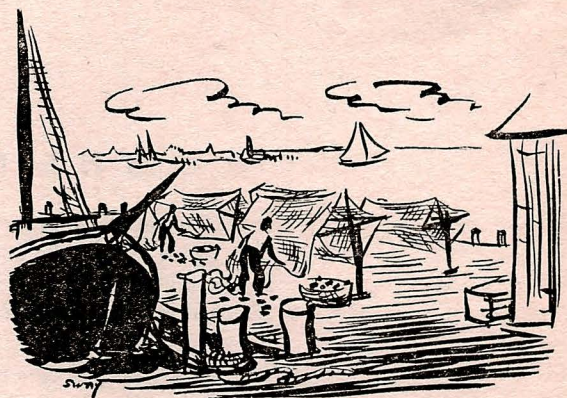
Your affectionate Tina

Miranda read the letter carefully a number of times and then put it back into the envelope. Tina had been a thin, pinched girl for whom Miranda had felt only

compassion for her position. But they were friendly, perhaps because Miranda herself had few friends. Then there had been the visit to Cologne and the meeting with Auguste. The uninteresting courtship with meetings in a gallery, the quiet conversations about art, languages, music. He had told her frankly that most things bored or frightened him, that he was anxious to go away, escape the difficult business of dealing with people. He had money enough and even a house, on some forgotten island, property left by an old aunt. Even at the time, she realized it wasn't quite the thing she wanted, but it was a first offer. It meant escape from her tedium.

In a sense she had enjoyed the idea of providing Tina, remotely, with some exotic release. Her letters were studied accounts of plans and busy days. There was no suggestion even that this was an unfounded, incomplete existence. When Auguste died, Miranda's letters were chronicles of reconstructed, appropriate grief. After a suitable time, there was the careful and measured readjustment, the evidence of a woman who found the vital interest of charity, who derived pleasure from a well-managed, happy house. Miranda had wrapped herself in tissue, privately, tenderly.

She could think back through those letters, remember that no one of them was true. It was frightening to realize that she had reacted reflexively with some-



one else's gestures, words. Suddenly she saw everything clear — incidents were engraved in an appalling, indexed fashion. A habit of Auguste's, his quick frown when she seemed overenthusiastic about something; the visit to the convent and that bleak, presumptuous interview, all that counterfeit advice and her counterfeit response for Nero's daughters, Amelio's son, families who had experienced lean catches. It was as empty and grotesque as her own house. A succession of sterilities: those interminable days and nights with her husband, hushed impotent conversations, the gentle Mother Superior surrounded by all those women (black shadows in the courtyard with thin white faces,

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their laps full of embroidered obscene colors). Her regulated walks and captive thoughts, the countless days of shellfish and thin soups and portraits with brooding eyes. She was still alone after twenty years, on a gilt chair in a dark chamber, lonely and unnecessary.

Now it was nearly time for dinner. Letty would think it odd if she were this long with a single letter. It would be a difficult evening. She could complain of a headache and retire early, but there would be more conversation tonight than usual. Boats were events and Letty would have complete details. Her thin streamlined arms would move in arcs more nervous than usual as she recounted the news. It would be too much to bear, being the same person in the same room.

From her chair she could look through the open windows to the terrace and out to the harbor below. It was limitless, steel-engraving perspective, and the sea seemed oddly quiet, withheld.

Her face was drawn tight and this made her chin seem more pointed, served to emphasize her eyes. They

were left quite exposed and frantic. Then she became aware of the terrible pain in her hands, and when she examined them the points were white where she held the chair.

She rose and moved across the room, undecided, then suddenly she changed her course and walked through the open doors to the terrace and out to the gravel path. Now she was walking fast. Past the fruit vendors (empty stalls, no one to be seen, they were enjoying dinner in close friendly groups, the happy, intimate families), and finally to the convent. Sharp left with scarcely a glance at its main gate and then the short space to the shore. She was consummately aware of everything: the fish smells, rotting bait in closed wicker baskets, even the faint colors in the fast disappearing light seemed almost tactile. The houses in the old government section showed vague pin points of light from their windows. The zig-zag walls stretched from here up the incline through the town, even to her hill. Then she passed on to the wharf that was hidden from her house, from any window there. She walked quickly but with a heavy heart.

T H E E L D E R S

It was my privilege to remember
How feeble leaves, like ancient men
Snickering in gardens of September,
Watched chaste Susannah in her pool again.

They spoke the prologue to illusion,
Whispering like elders who deplore
Their mirrored, impotent intrusion,
Her whiteness floating at the shore.

— L A W R E N C E P . S P I N G A R N

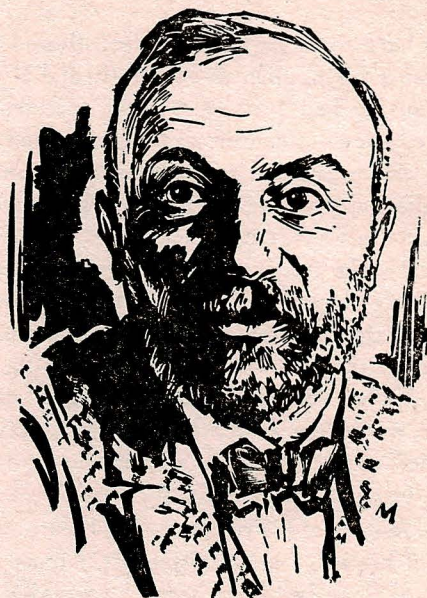
Jules Bois: A French Writer in America

MARY M. COLUM

AMONG us newcomers from Europe in the days of World War I, the one who had the richest and most varied background, the most complex personality, and the warmest temperament was a French writer, Jules Bois. In the nineties and in the first decade of the twentieth century he had been not only a well-known dramatist and novelist, but a semi-public figure, a personage as he himself would say, in French public life, one whom the government sent on missions to foreign countries or as an emissary to state functions, almost a cabinet minister, as he told us. He had been sent to French Africa, to Syria, to India, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt — why, anybody who knew Jules Bois well might have wondered, for he seemed incapable of learning anything about any country except France.

Of some state function in India when Curzon was Viceroy — perhaps it was the Durbar — what he best remembered was his riding a caparisoned elephant in a state procession and how, from this eminence, he could look into peoples' houses and see the domestic life of simple India — women nursing babies in crowded rooms, preparing meals, or dressing. He had been the honored guest of maharajahs, had visited Hindu monasteries, had studied Indian religions and customs with remarkable superficiality. He had beheld the Himalayas, and he imagined the sight had made a great impression on him.

During World War I he was sent first to Spain and then to America on some sort of propaganda mission. But the French are very poor in propaganda work, and Jules Bois was no exception. He almost immediately got into difficulties through associating with compatriots who, before America entered the war, were intriguing for an early peace with Germany. Among these was a colorful gentleman named Bolo Pasha who later was executed in France for his activities in this line, although there appear to have been other Frenchmen in the intrigue who lived to intrigue another day. Jules Bois himself never directly revealed these matters to us, but we learned from the newspapers that he had received money from Bolo to further the French propaganda.



The money could not have been a great deal; it was said to have been to pay for hiring halls, but his taking it put him under a cloud with some of his countrymen, though not with others. It certainly did not influence Paul Claudel who, when ambassador to Washington, gave him a decoration for his services to France, for of course Jules Bois was a fervidly patriotic Frenchman. But he never got it into his mind that a Frenchman was called upon to be a partisan of France's allies in the war. He really did not know much about them; he had no interest whatever in the Anglo-Saxon brand of democracy or in Anglo-Saxon institutions; *liberté, fraternité, égalité* transcended such simple-minded notions of freedom as had evolved in England or were invented in America. France, French literature, the Catholic tradition were the only things that really mattered, France always first and the others a little lower down.

THERE was something about Jules Bois that reminded one of every figure in French literature or history. He was Bouvard and Pecuchet, he was M. Jourdain of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, he was Harpagon in *l'Avare*, he had quite a bit of Tartuffe, but he was also Balzac's saintly Curé, and one of those historical French cardinals with a touch of the Chevalier Bayard and the saintly King Louis. On his lecture folders he described himself as *délégué de l'idée française à l'étranger* — how Molièrian the title! And

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from time to time, if not regularly, he received a small stipend from the French Embassy. He worked hard for France and *l'idée française*, lecturing everywhere he could get a hearing and writing in obscure French-American papers. But that there might be any other ideas in the world he either ignored or was completely innocent of.

It was hard to know how people followed his lectures because his English was fantastic and always remained so. He had learned it from a study of the English classics — Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare — and while his vocabulary was copious, it was peculiar, as was likewise his English construction. He couldn't always recall nouns or the names of things, and so he frequently substituted a paraphrase. When talking about Pascal, for example, he informed his hearers that he had "invented the little chariot propelled by the hands of man," meaning the wheelbarrow. Apples became "what brought perdition to Eva." He would use such words as "pejorative" and "apodictic" as if they were so customary that they could be brought out at any old time.

But the fantasy of his vocabulary did not prevent the exercise of his wit — a Voltairian wit. I remember his speaking of Pope Leo XIII, who had received him in private audience and whom he venerated, "a great aristocrat, a great diplomat, a great scholar, a great poet, and . . . they say he died converted." One Sunday, having been at church in the country, he said, "I like that little Curé — he is so sincere when he asks for money."

He could assume a very grand air, as became a celebrity who had had his plays produced in the French national theaters and acted by Bernhardt, who had been decorated by various potentates, who had figured in the salons of duchesses, who had had his books censored by the Index Expurgatorius and had fought a notable duel. Eleonora Duse was his great admiration. He was her devoted friend, but the woman he had been most in love with was the singer, Emma Calvé. Until his death he carried with him everywhere her photograph and that of his father, both placed inside a copy of the *Imitation of Christ* which he always had with him. He gave us accounts of other affairs of the heart or of the senses that had engaged him, some of which I suspect took place only in his own mind.

But that Jules Bois had once been gloriously and magically in love, as perhaps only a Frenchman can be, was evident from the exuding warmth of his personality and from his belief in, and attachment to women, especially to women of genius. When he talked of Duse or Bernhardt or Calvé, he made one realize their genius, their sensibility, their deep communication with life. An emotional upset, a quarrel with a

lover, could paralyze them, unfit them for all work, make them ill for days, or even, as with Duse, for years. "Life is more difficult for women of genius than for men," he often said. "My dear, dear friends! How I have loved them!"

He never tired talking of Paris, of his friends, of his past — such a rich past that one marveled how he could spend the last of his life so indigently in New York west-side rooming houses, generally up four flights of stairs. His room was always littered with papers, clothes, shoes, pictures with their faces to the wall, and encompassed with books, the closet containing a gas burner, a few pieces of cracked crockery, and an old saucepan or two in which he occasionally cooked something. However, he always had at hand a good supply of red wine and a bottle of fine cognac.

FROM the time of World War I, except for one return visit to France, he lived the remainder of his life in America, a genuinely displaced person. On this visit he did not seem to have renewed many of the friendships of his early manhood. Perhaps it was impossible, so many of those he had known were dead. And whom had he not known in French public life — statesmen and generals, Briand, Poincaré, Pétain, Foch? But especially he knew the men of letters. He had worked with the great Provençal poet, Mistral; as a young man he had been secretary to Catulle Mendés; he had been intimate with Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Verlaine. He had known that strange South American Frenchman, Jules Laforgue, whose influence on all modern poetry, French and English, has been so amazing — notably so in the case of T. S. Eliot, and in the work of all those younger poets we call modern.

Jules Bois appears to have known the poet during that period when Laforgue was reader to the Empress Augusta in Berlin, where he caught tuberculosis. With his head thrown back in laughter, Jules Bois would gaily chant lines of Laforgue:

Oh, les pianos, les pianos dans les quartiers aisés!

and then with a sudden change of humor:

Les cors, les cors, les cors . . . mélancoliques!

* * *

Changeant de ton et de musique,

Ton ton, ton taine, ton ton!

Les cors, les cors, les cors!

S'en sont allés au vent du Nord.

And with a mixture of gaiety, melancholy, and memories that Laforgue's poems always aroused in him he

would say, "But after all, my friend Laforgue died in Paris. It would be sad not to die in Paris! Think of dying here and being buried in Brooklyn!" I recall what another displaced person said to Henry James: "*Mourir à Londres, c'est être bien mort!*" For Jules Bois, to die in New York was "*être bien mort.*"

"What about being buried in Woodlawn?" I would ask facetiously.

"Père Lachaise for me," he would say.

And as I thought of the French cult of the dead and the little edifices built for them and the ribbons and flowers attached to the grilles on All Souls' Day, I would say, "I think I prefer Montparnasse where there's Baudelaire and Saint-Beuve for company—that's my favored cemetery."

But in spite of his admiration for Laforgue, he had but little interest in other French modernists and would relate with satisfaction how, as a member of a jury, he had passed over the first volume of Proust and given the award to Marcel Schwob who, with Paul Bourget, remained his great admiration among the novelists. It was hard to know how he got to be on any literary jury, for intellectual integrity was not a noticeable part of his character.

He had known well that Flemish Frenchman, Huysmans, and most of the Symbolists. He knew Mallarmé, but he remained unconverted to his ideas, explaining Mallarmé's use of language as the result of a fall which injured his head, causing him to forget French rhythms and take up English rhythms. When I asked him if he had known George Moore in Paris, he said simply, "Yes, through his mistress; we had the same mistress."

SOME time in the nineties his interest in magic and esoteric studies had been both extensive and intensive. He belonged to the group who studied the works of that curious Frenchman who built up a strange reputation for himself under the name of Eliphas Levi and who wrote books on transcendental magic. This brought Jules Bois in touch with the initiates of MacGregor Matthews' Order of the Golden Dawn, among whom were Yeats and Maud Gonne.

Then he became involved in psychic research and was made president of the Society for Psychical Research in Paris. He made a study of those underground religions which flourished in Paris, of which the devotees are like members of strange religious orders, sometimes making a stately ceremony out of their vices and such counterreligious rituals as the Black Mass. His book, *Little Religions of Paris*, brought down on Jules Bois the censure of the Church.

Maybe it was through his association with Maud Gonne and Yeats that he got his interest in Ire-

land. He had a notion of it such as I have sometimes encountered among French people—that it was a land of mysterious Celts who had in the past been magicians and some of whom yet could exercise magical powers. Maud Gonne and Yeats emphasized this aspect in his mind. But, too, he was fascinated by Maud Gonne's beauty and her fame and her enigmatic relation to French politics. She had founded in France the Society of Saint Patrice, composed of French people of Irish ancestry. It was through his Irish friendships that we came to know him in America, meeting him first at the house of John Quinn.

At this time, the period of World War I, Jules Bois had ceased to write books, or, as far as I know, anything except articles on France, the saints, and derivative poems in the Lamartine tradition. In spite of his great endowments, he never gave me the impression of being a man of much intellectual power. Writing gifts he certainly had and the sound French literary culture, but instead of intellect he had what might be called the wisdom of the heart and a profound inner life that shed a radiance around him. One could say about him that he shared nothing he had except his rich personality, the psychic abundance that was essentially Jules Bois, and this he did unconsciously.

In a peculiarly French way he was deeply religious, but with him religious experience and ethics seemed to be separate affairs, and sex altogether a private matter. He would go to Mass diligently and piously every Sunday, write eloquently about saints and mystics, make pronouncements about God and eternity that had all the knowledgeable of a doctor of the Church. Then, almost in the same breath, he would talk of an affair he was having with a married woman and would add, "It is not an adultery because her husband knows about it."

His life, if one could credit all he said, was punctuated with affairs of this nature. Certainly nothing to do with sex gave him any sense of sin; it was always simply a question of *amour* and did not displace his mystical communications with God or interfere with his pious telling of his rosary every evening. Religion and sex were to him the great experiences and neither interfered with the other, and, in fact, neither in his mind seemed to have any connection with ethics. His ethics came out of the civilization to which he belonged and were not a religious matter.

JULES BOIS was perpetually engaged in some abstruse intellectual labor that took up hours of his days but showed little result. "This will be the year of achievement," I have heard him more than once announce at the beginning of a new year. But the truth was that his once immensely strong constitution

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had become undermined in America by casual meals, and with nobody to alleviate the discomforts of his existence, he had but little energy for his tasks. Yet he tried hard to complete one or two ambitious works which he was always fiddling with and which, to add to his handicaps, he insisted on writing in laborious English.

His last few years were spent in a dreary apartment on the upper west side which was furnished with odds and ends contributed by his friends. Devoted friends he always had, both men and women, from almost every walk of life. He had a sort of mania, which I have also observed in one or two other people, notably Elinor Wylie, for keeping his intimate friends apart from each other, never letting them meet if he could help it. One was often surprised to encounter here and there people never mentioned by him who were his intimates, his helpers, and even co-workers in some of his activities—esoteric Catholicism, or that subject about which he had a life-long curiosity and an immense knowledge, psychic manifestations of every kind.

It seemed as if he wanted to have separate groups of friends and helpers for each of his activities. He kept them all in separate compartments of his life, his affections, and his interests; he segregated them. This came undoubtedly from a touch of neurosis which might be accounted for by something in his history, perhaps the Bolo connection or some love affair, or his dabbling in magic. The inner circles of his intimates were to meet at his deathbed and funeral and gaze at each other in astonishment, for they represented such different activities in the world and he had kept his friendship with each of them so secret from the others.

TOWARD the end of his life, the latter ten or fifteen years, he began to show many eccentricities, and these became marked after the visit he made to France in the twenties. On his return he gave a triumphant interview to the newspapers in New York in which he claimed to have discovered the psychology of the "superconscious" which could irradiate a wider circle of life. As Freud had sunk down to the subconscious, he, Jules Bois, was soaring upward. He delivered a lecture on this before some learned body in Paris, and, according to himself, there had been an instant conversion to his ideas.

I was a little puzzled myself and crudely inquired if it mattered whether that which lay outside consciousness was named "sub" or "super." He was very angry and reproached me with being a materialistic follower of Freud. Yet I did not really disbelieve in his psychological discoveries, for I knew that he was immensely

intuitive and had a great range of perceptions. Occasionally, after some childish outbreak on his part, I would decide that he was quite irresponsible. Then, casually, a few moments later, he would make a remark of such profound wisdom and originality that it seemed as if it had come from a distance beyond ordinary thought.

After his return from the fateful visit to France, a somewhat new sort of personality emerged, and he who had once been so proud of his well-known name decided to alter it. So from this period on he appeared on his cards as "Dr. H. A. Jules-Bois" with a hyphen between the two last names. He was vague about where the "Dr." came from, but as a matter of fact, it is almost impossible in America to keep people from calling a public lecturer or a well-known writer "Doctor" or "Professor," the respect for academic titles is so great. I have heard Maurice Maeterlinck introduced on a lecture platform as "Professor Maeterlinck" in San Francisco, and I suppose the author of *The Divine Comedy* would have found himself addressed as "Professor Dante." So perhaps Jules Bois was using a title that had been spontaneously bestowed on him, a courtesy title, like one of those attached to the children of peers in England.

ABOUT this time there seemed to grow up in him — or perhaps it was there always but we had not noticed it — a craze for the highly-placed in society. It seemed to come on him especially after he had received the rosette of the Legion of Honor, when he would go to some evening party handsomely attired, his face beaming, the red rosette in his buttonhole. Once, when he was not invited to a certain party at Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's, he kept our telephone ringing all day in a state of extreme agitation, telling us that it was an affront to France, and to the *idée française* which he in person represented, that he was left out.

Finally, in the course of the afternoon, he prevailed upon my husband to telephone Colonel Creighton Webb, who, he said, was a friend of France and would see to it that this dire happening was averted. The Colonel laughed hilariously but gave a solemn undertaking that he would induce the hostess to invite Jules Bois. Then came the suffering for me. On the day of the reception which was, I think, next day, he telephoned me that his laundry had not come back and that he had no *chemise de cérémonie* suitable for the occasion and appealed to me to provide him with one and have it delivered immediately. He gave me all his measurements, but by this time his agitation had reached such dimensions that my husband thought it safer to deliver the *chemise de cérémonie* himself and

to stay with Jules Bois until he was dressed. This took up the whole afternoon. Then another disaster impended. Halfway there in the taxi, Jules Bois discovered that he had not affixed his rosette in his button-hole. My husband tried to persuade him to go on to Mrs. Vanderbilt's without it. Distractedly he refused. "The company will not well regard me without my order." So back the taxi had to turn to allow him to attach the order to his coat lapel. After a strenuous time my husband finally deposited him at his destination.

IN his last years, as he was no longer in a position to make money either by writing or by lecturing, his intimate friends thought of him as penniless. He would ask all of us for anything he felt he needed — clothes, food, money, help in cleaning up his apartment or in typing his generally fantastic correspondence, which would include wily letters to the President or other personages in power, designed to give the impression that H. A. Jules-Bois was the most representative Frenchman in America and that France was the most important country in the world and so deserved great consideration from America. Sometimes it would happen that, when one group of his friends got together a little money for him, they would discover that another group had been secretly asked by him to do the same. But he had such power of attracting affection and holding it that his deceptions were regarded with amused tolerance.

He was several years older than he admitted, and at last he got so ill with a complication of ailments that he could no longer wash or dress himself unaided. My husband, who went several times a week to bring him food and to help him with his toilet and his correspondence, tried for long in vain to induce him to go to a certain hospital where he could be taken care of. He would burst out indignantly, "But that is a cemetery!"

Then, one day, my husband, going into his apartment at an unaccustomed hour, found him being expertly taken care of by a strange young man, a Greek, obviously an intimate of long standing whose existence Jules Bois had kept secret. This young man, it turned out, had devoted himself to Jules Bois — whom he called *le Maître* — for many years, and had been concerned in a great many of his activities. The two agreed to meet again at the apartment. One day they wore down Jules Bois's resist-

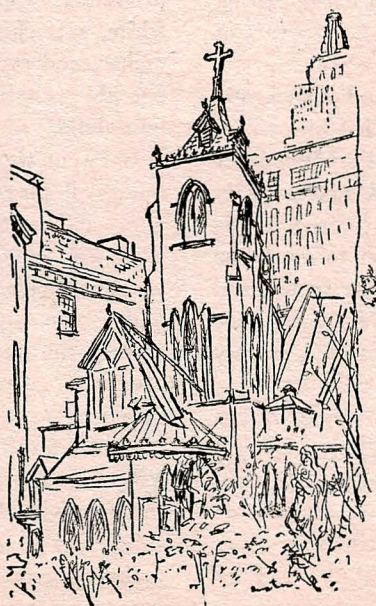
ance to going to the hospital enough to get him dressed and installed in a taxi, his rosette in place, his *Imitation of Christ* and his typewriter with him. He was put in bed in a gloomy little room in the hospital.

Jules Bois was a difficult patient, and it happened that he was waited on by unsympathetic attendants, none of whom suspected or cared that a really gorgeously endowed human being, full of power and passion, who had lived profoundly in close connection with other human beings of greatness and power, was dying miserably among them. He lay for weeks in this gloomy room, receiving the friends who visited him.

Then, somehow, it became known that his often mentioned poverty was not a fact. When one of his women friends told me she had heard he had savings of a few thousand dollars, I was incredulous. This devoted friend of his tried to induce him, while his faculties were all still working, to make a will, disposing of his money in the way he wanted, or else to leave it in trust to some of his friends who would know his wishes. Finally, his Greek friend had a will drawn up: Jules Bois signed it. None of us thought much about it; we believed that if he had sufficient to arrange for a decent burial and a tombstone, it would be the height of it.

His Greek friend and my husband were those designated to put his wishes into effect. Some weeks later, in the early morning hours, he died without any of his friends beside him but only the hospital attendants whom he hated. His savings, through his being declared incompetent — wrongly, I am sure — at the time he made his will, are about to be taken over, as I write this, by the State of New York.

It was thought by his friends that whatever was left after his burial expenses would go partly toward getting his manuscripts published and to the war-starved children of his native Marseille. No one knew what he had left in savings, for they were distributed over several banks. Later his intimates were staggered to learn that they amounted to nine thousand dollars, a modest sum, no doubt, in the estimation of some people, but remarkable for any writer not a popular novelist or playwright, and even more remarkable for one in Jules Bois's situation. No doubt he had held on to his savings to provide for his last days in Paris or in a monastery, like his friend Huysmans, as an oblate. But, alas for human dreams! He died in New York and was buried in Brooklyn.



Tordenskjold and the King's Jubilee

VIRGINIA HEIDE STUART

IT WAS the year of the Jubilee that Skjold met the king. That was in 1937, when the pomp of the English Coronation quite drowned out the tidy and unpretentious festivities in Denmark. My Copenhagen cousin's full name was Tordenskjold, or Thunder Shield, which was an old Norse title applied to King Christian IV. Christian was a slightly later and not-so-pale imitation of Henry VIII, who kept his marital meanderings within political bounds by maintaining a legitimate queen on his right hand and marrying a succession of less eligible beauties to his left. In fact, marriage *til venstre Haand* is an ancient royal prerogative, and less than a hundred years ago a Danish king left-handedly married a commoner (he had no right-hand queen at the time, however).

Skjold had a deep sense of the dignity of his name, which was heightened by the fact that he had once been a royal naval cadet. When I first knew him in that Jubilee year, he was a salt-water pilot in the Copenhagen Free Harbor, a position of dignity and prestige. He was a smallish, roundish man with exceptionally wide and well-squared shoulders that carried him forward through crowds, like the prow of a barge cutting steadfastly and single-mindedly through a covey of fluttering pleasure craft.

Although in other ways a modest and democratic man, Skjold's pride in his name often led him to inconveniences which annoyed his family. Whenever possible, he insisted on patronizing the *kongelig* establishments, that is, the merchants who catered to the king. It always took him an hour longer to get home at night because he would go all the way in to fashionable *Amaliegade* to the *Kongelig Bageri* for pastries and bread, although the neighborhood bakery had wares of more exquisite delicacy.

Winter and summer he would appear long after less exacting neighbors had finished their dinners, deposit his packages on the kitchen table and say, "Tonight we share the king's supper."

Tante Amalie, a dowager-like woman who wore towering, ungainly hats and drove a Model T Ford that looked exactly like her hats, had a certain amount

of patience with Skjold's caprice. After all, hadn't she mothered him? But his father was more critical. A retired sea captain with a stimulating brand of restrained grumpiness, he would already be sitting at the table with a napkin tucked genteelly in his vest when Skjold arrived.

"King's supper, pah!" he would snort irritably. "You may be sure the king has his own chefs and bakers. Probably French too." Uncle Magnus had a great respect for French cuisine. His seafaring had been confined entirely to the coast, and every winter, as an escape from the monotony of the German and Dutch ports, he would go on up to Le Havre and spend a week in France. For some reason, he felt this annual stay entitled him to the reputation of gourmet, and he was always quarreling with Skjold's royal enthusiasms.

Skjold, however, was firmly convinced of the excellence of his royal wares. He found the pursuit of them exciting, for while some merchants advertised their royal patronage, others were more retiring, and there was an element of the chase in tracking down the more artistic. His neat seminautical blue suits were produced by an unassumingly ostentatious tailor; his white, soft shirts were handmade by the royal shirt-maker, and even his handkerchiefs came from an impeccable establishment known to supply the royal household.

He went to the Royal Opera in season, applauded the royal players, and listened with devotion, if not appreciation, to the *kammersanger*, or court singer, who was currently a favorite of His Majesty. His greatest pride, however, was a fine, tingling port which, the liquor clerk had solemnly assured him, formed the backbone of the royal cellar. In this appreciation even Uncle Magnus could wholeheartedly concur.

Skjold loved the sea. The blonde-maned grace of the Viking had moderated to an almost dumpy trimness in him, and the fine, free sailing in serpent-prowed ships had given way to coaxing grimy colliers and tankers up the bay. But the spirit was the same, adventurous and unafraid.

TORDENSKJOLD AND THE KING'S JUBILEE

THE year of 1937 was a momentous one. It was the year of Anschluss, the year of Spanish sorrow. And in Denmark it saw the celebration of twenty-five years of kindly rule. Bright red and white flags flew everywhere. The ancient royal standard with its good-humoredly ferocious lion surrounded by tiny valentine hearts was stamped on posters, magazines, and souvenirs. All of Scandinavian royalty and much of Europe's fading peerage came to Copenhagen. On bright blue days Skjold would see them arriving, the trim royal yachts cutting across the oily wake of the tankers with white, unsullied bows.

Skjold was unusually busy during those May days. With an increase in tourists (infinitesimal when compared with the pilgrimage to London), came an increase in other kinds of shipping. It was a year of plenty, the last great year of uneasy peace. When Skjold was free of his duties, he indulged his other hobby: attending the state functions which the king honored with his presence. Naturally, his "attendance" was merely on the fringes of the modest crowd that would gather before palace or parliament when the king went abroad.

Skjold had seen the king often, of course. Everyone in Copenhagen was accustomed to his unassuming, unattended horseback jaunts through the streets. Now and then he would even stop for a word with some cyclist balancing hazardously at a red light, or an old woman would reach up a tight little nosegay of flowers which the king would accept with a gracious gesture and cradle gently in one hand while he rode on.

But while Skjold had seen him in military splendor or attired in beribboned full dress, he had yet to find him in the uniform of an admiral of the Danish fleet.

SKJOLD'S pursuit of His Majesty in full naval regalia was marked by small frustrations. On one occasion the king was scheduled to appear at a brief ceremony in honor of Danish seamen killed in the last war: blown up by mines or drowned by submarine action. Surely this would be an occasion for admiral's dress.

Unfortunately, he left the garnering of information to me. I was to ascertain time and place from the *Politiken*. An easy matter, but not to one who is unaccustomed to the European twenty-four hour system, and who is a congenital idiot in the field of simple arithmetic anyway. I neglected to count on my fingers, and we ar-



rived at the rather ugly monument where the ceremony was to take place at a suspiciously late hour. A brand new wreath leaned against the stone and there was the recent debris of crowds: cigarette and candy wrappers, trampled lawns, but no king.

"What time did you say it was to be?" demanded Skjold in ominous tones.

I blushed. "Well, I *thought* it was four o'clock," I pleaded.

Skjold glared. "I should have known better than to trust your translations into English."

It was a week before he condescended to take me out again. Then one day he came home unexpectedly early. In fact, Tante Amalie and I were still lingering over afternoon coffee. Uncle Magnus and Tante Amalie lived in a Dutch renaissance apartment on one of the city's canals. It was an ancient red brick building devoted entirely to retired sea captains, and was cubbyholed with neat little flats, each of which had at least one fine old leaded casement window looking out on sea or canal. Skjold came in without a word and went to the window, gazing with preoccupation at the sun-glazed harbor. He stood there for a long while.

Tante Amalie was perplexed. "Ak, Skjold," she said inquiringly, "are you ill?"

Skjold shook his head. Tante Amalie poured a cup of coffee and brought it to him. He brightened and joined us at the table with a grunt of thanks. We sat there in silence for a while, Skjold gripping his cup with an abstracted air. After a pause he sighed and stirred his coffee with slow, reflective swirls of his spoon. "He is very tall, such a big man," he said finally.

Tante Amalie had a fine patience. "Who, Skjold?" she asked, pouring a third cup of coffee for herself.

"Why, the king," said Skjold in surprise.

"Indeed he is," she agreed calmly. "When I've seen him on his horse in the streets he seems to tower past the second story. Yes, yes, a very tall man."

"Did you see him today?" I asked impatiently. "Where? Did he have an admiral's uniform on?"

Skjold leaned forward, switching his cup from palm to palm in agitated abstraction. "Yes, I saw him today. Not at a distance, but face to face." The coffee slopped out of the cup and Tante Amalie inadvertently caught her lip in a small, disapproving cluck, but Skjold did not notice.



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IT WAS a simple story. An incoming yacht bearing important royal guests had been disabled just beyond the harbor entrance, and the entire party had transferred to a tourist liner which Skjold had been assigned to pilot into port.

Skjold was not used to berthing luxury liners. That was the privilege of older men. As a junior pilot he took over the scabby freighters and wallowing tankers. An attack of appendicitis on the part of a senior pilot had flung Skjold hastily into the passenger service.

He had enjoyed it at first; the pilot boat chugging up to the drifting liner like some cheeky David bearding a sophisticated Goliath, and the beautiful white ship itself, strung like a harp with strings of flags that snapped and crackled in the salt wind. The rescued royal party was spread out on the deck below the bridge, and every now and then a handsome blonde countess, or perhaps princess, looked up and nodded smilingly. The bay had never been so dazzling, with shallow wave crests skipping plate-like across a calm sea. Halfway up the harbor, a messenger appeared on the bridge with a note. Skjold read it and hastily signaled the ship to a halt. Once again the liner drifted lightly, while an immaculate yacht, this time from town, drew up under her bows.

The royal party below erupted into action. They were on their feet in an instant and most of them grouped into what seemed to Skjold almost military phalanxes of caste. The phalanxes toppled into sweeping bows and curtsies when, after a brief wait, a tall figure appeared on the deck, and then re-formed ranks as a few formal embraces were exchanged.

High up on the bridge Skjold felt like an interloper at a family picnic, and he looked discreetly ahead while the liner sidled crabwise in the current. He was so intent on the gently shifting shoreline he did not notice the captain of the ship hoisting his substantial bulk up the companionway to the bridge in the wake of the tall man. It wasn't until the captain tapped him on the shoulder with a formal "Herr Kjelgaard," that he turned around to face the king. Skjold was a small man, and he looked up and up and up until even the rakish funnels of the ship itself seemed dwarfed.

"Your Majesty, may I present Herr Tordenskjold Kjelgaard, pilot in the Copenhagen Free Harbor."

It had a fine rolling sound and Skjold almost forgot what his next move was to be. Impetuously he bent over in a bow so sweeping that his farthest vertebrae crackled and he found himself contemplating the deck oriental-wise. He righted himself quickly and blushed.

His Majesty was gracious. He moved up to the compass and remarked thoughtfully that it must be a new gyroscopic model which he did not know.

"Why, yes," Skjold stopped short. He had forgotten

whether one addressed a king as simple highness, royal highness, or what. "Your Majesty," he continued safely. "It's American and was just installed."

The king smiled in a kindly way, then looked at the shore line through his binoculars. "You may proceed," he said after a short pause and stepped back a pace while Skjold relayed his orders to the engine room.

The king was not wearing full admiral's dress, Skjold told us afterward with some disappointment, but was outfitted in usual yachtsman's flannels.

THE trip down the rest of the bay was uneventful. The king conversed frequently with the captain and his aides, but he graciously included Skjold in his more general remarks as to the fine weather, the handsome sight of ship and sail, the busy, prosperous air of the harbor.

Skjold even managed to relax into a joyful expansiveness as the ship drew near her berth with a brass salute from the band. Fussy tugs, nuzzling and bunting the ship into line, filled the air with short, irascible bleats of their whistles, while the passengers broke into spontaneous shrieks and cheers, waving their hats and handkerchiefs at the welcoming crowd on the pier. It quite exhilarated Skjold, accustomed as he was to dusty, uncelebrated arrivals at utilitarian docks.

Suddenly there was a creaky, grinding jolt, and Skjold leaped for the railing in a horrified frenzy, tripping, as he went, with awkward and crushing thoroughness on the well-placed royal feet. As he grabbed the rail to steady himself, Skjold had an awful moment to reflect on the modern interpretation of *lèse-majesté*, but when he turned around again only the faintest shadow of a wince was disappearing from the king's face.

The damage, said Skjold when he told us this tale of mixed glory, was slight, only a few rotten pilings. As for His Majesty's foot, he didn't know. Anyway, the king walked off the bridge without a limp.

"He had the most handsome shoes," added Skjold thoughtfully. "I wonder where he gets them."

Later that evening I noticed him studying the Copenhagen telephone directory with the absorption of a scholar.

The next day he was later than ever, and returned without his customary packages of pastry. His neat serge looked more nautical than usual, and in sparkling contrast to the sober blue were his shoes, the whitest, most beautiful handmade shoes I had ever seen. "I found him," he said triumphantly. "It took a long time, but I finally tracked him down." He minced around in a circle so we could admire his shoes. "Who?" he repeated, "Why, the royal shoemaker, of course."

The King's English

ROBERT MOLLOY

I DON'T know how it is at present, but in my childhood the little boys of Charleston had a complete command of the town's Negro dialect, a modification of the low country patois called Gullah. Any one of them, meeting a friend, was quite likely to bring forth something like this:

"Wha' you fuh do deah?" which means "What are you doing?" and to be answered by something like "I duh go t' de sto' fuh buy we some sweet t'ing." This, obviously, was one of the less racy of the possible exchanges.

In a city somewhat sensitive to racial differences, these lapses were naturally distressing to parents, teachers, and other constituted authorities. They pointed out with horror some adult citizens who habitually spoke with a Gullah pronunciation or grammar, and went for offenders with the zeal of a modern progressive kindergartner pouncing upon little boys and girls who don't want to play.

But it was a losing fight. The force of example was too strong. We were surrounded by colored cooks, nursemaids, housemen, and chauffeurs, and there was even a public-school principal whose accent would not have shamed a crab fisherman. He was, in this respect, the children's champion.

Joe, our older brother, was a master of the dialect, and once my younger brother, George, and a classmate of the second grade had such a prolonged fit of Gullah talk that the mistress of our private school felt obliged to send home a note about it. I was the innocent bearer of the note. I must have been a priggish little boy, for although the envelope was unsealed I didn't even look at it. Mama, with the same delicacy of feeling, concluded that it was a business communication to my father and did not open it.

As Papa did not come home for dinner that day, and was late to supper, the explosion was delayed. George and I had eaten our supper with Mama and Granny and Betsy and had bathed and were skirmishing about before getting into bed when the imposing figure of Papa, six feet one, weight two hundred and twenty-five, loomed in the doorway.

We welcomed him that night with particular warmth, for he had left unfinished the previous evening a thrilling episode of his career at Cripple Creek in the days of the gold rush. We wanted to know what had happened to that nugget as big as a football.

But our welcome was coldly received. Papa brushed us away and stared us down. He could be pretty impressive that way, and we knew trouble was ahead.

"What's this about you boys talking Gullah?" he thundered.

"Not me," I assured him. George put on his sweetest smile and most innocent expression.

"I have a letter from Miss Snow," said my father, "and she says George and his friend Edward have been talking Gullah at school. What about it?"

"I duh tell da' 'oman to mind she own business," George retorted. Papa frowned.

"Now," he said sternly, putting one hand into the other for emphasis, "this has got to come to a stop. I try to give you boys an education, and you go and talk like poor illiterate Negroes."

Time has blurred my memory of what other things Papa said on that occasion, but the point of his remarks was a call for reform with the usual violent alternatives. We listened with polite interest and preserved a minute's respectful silence when the old gentleman — he was every bit of forty — had said his say.

Then George said coolly:

"Papa, do tell we about duh Cripple Creek, suh."

"To hell with Cripple Creek!" Papa shouted, slamming the door with a mighty heave as he retired in defeat.

I was properly awed for a while, but George just laughed merrily, showing the gaps of his missing front teeth.

"You'd better stop that Gullah talk," I warned him.

"I ain't pay no 'tention to wah' da' man say," George replied. He kept on laughing. He was hard to impress.

Next day after dinner Papa called us into conference. His indignation had been succeeded by a con-

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structive idea which he at once proceeded to outline.

"Now," he said, "I want to make you boys a proposition. I could take the strap to you for this business of talking Gullah, but I'd rather persuade you to speak good English."

It annoyed me to be classed with George in this affair, and I protested. It didn't do any good. Parents in those days, too, had the trick, when faults were at issue, of seeing their children all at once, as a kind of composite.

"I'm going to institute a contest," Papa said. "Every week we'll see who makes the fewest mistakes in grammar, and on Saturday night when I come home from the office I'll give the winner a prize. If you both do well there'll be two prizes. How does that strike you, now?"

Papa's suggestion had the proper sporting touch, a fact we were quick to appreciate, but we were not boys to buy a pig in a poke.

"What will the prizes be like?" I asked shrewdly.

"They will be judiciously selected," Papa said gravely. He always used a rather elegant style when talking to us. It was one of his jokes.

"All right," I said, not too enthusiastically.

"Sho', us try 'em," George said, smiling.

"You mean 'We'll try it'?" Papa corrected with a tremendous frown.

"Yassuh. Yes, sir."

"Very well, then," Papa said. "Your mother and your sister Betsy and Miss Snow will be the umpires and they'll report every Saturday morning. Remember, now, watch what you say and think before you say it. And, particularly, *no Gullah*. And no double negatives," he added.

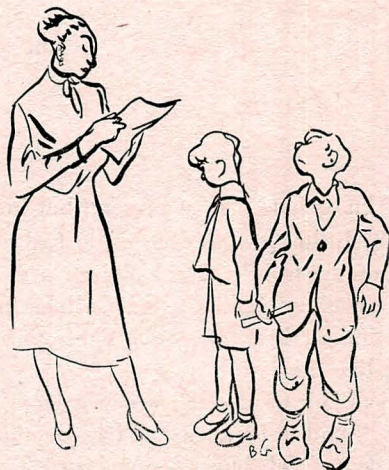
As a special inducement, he agreed to resume the Cripple Creek epic, and did.

George and I went about the process of speech that first week like a couple of hens on a hot stove. The precision and elegance of our language must have been edifying indeed to Mama, our sister Betsy, Granny, and our teachers, if not to Sarah, our nurse, who sucked her teeth and pronounced it "a whole lot o' foolishness," or to Joe, who sneered at it as "baby stuff."

When Saturday came I was easily the winner. I had said "ain't" three times and "he don't" twice and "me and him" as subject of the sentence a couple of times, but I was still far ahead of George, whose lapses into original sin and Gullah had been at least twice as numerous.

Betsy inquired, with a significant glance at me, if cursing counted any points off, but Papa, with the air of a man content to settle one point at a time, said no. He said he would deal later with profanity.

The awards were made at supper time. The new parcheesi game and the gyroscope top fell to me. As consolation prize George received a copy of *Sanford and Merton in Words of One Syllable*, a bag of marbles, and a little box of chocolate pastilles which I encouraged him to divide with me. As I was the one



who read the book, and as I won all the marbles from him, I regarded the first week of the contest as an entire success.

THE second week I distinguished myself. I had made the discovery that the way to have a record of no mistakes in grammar was to speak as little as possible in the presence of the judges, and then only in monosyllables. I did make two mistakes in speech at school, but none in the hearing of the domestic umpires. George did fairly well, too, but he was again second. Papa said he was pleased with both of us. He gave me a box of wire puzzles and George a box of paper soldiers. There was a bag of hard candies for both of us.

The third week we rolled up another fine mark. The prizes for that week were a box of modeling clay for me and a paint box for George.

"The prizes ain't as good as they were," George said to me.

"No," I agreed, a little crossly.

We were both feeling the strain of refined diction.

The fourth week, however, found us both nearly perfect in grammar. This brought equal prizes—a box of peppermints and a small pencil box for each of us.

Mama smiled her approval and then Papa took the occasion to say he was delighted with the way the contest had worked out.

"Now, I don't want you boys to think that winning prizes is the only reason for improving your grammar," he told us. "I want to develop your characters,

too. You're both old enough — (we were ten and eight) — to improve yourselves for your own sakes. So I'm going to discontinue the contest. Don't you think I'm right?"

This we recognized as a purely rhetorical question, but we both nodded disappointedly. All along we had been hoping that there would, in time, be some sort of grand award. I had even pursued this hope to the point of trying to decide whether I would prefer a rifle or a bicycle.

"All right, then," Papa said, with a triumphant look around the table, as if to say, "See what fine manly boys I have."

GEORGE and I slipped down from our chairs and went out into the hall. For a while we said nothing. We just looked at each other with expressions that betrayed profound emotion. I think it was then I first began to realize that nothing is very durable in this world.

George was first to speak.

"Us don' git no mo' prize," he muttered sullenly.

"Us does try ha'd and den don' git nuttin'," I agreed.

"I ain' gwine hab no mo' fuh do wid 'em," George said.

"Neither is I. He duh mek me sick," I came back. "Him tek away we prize. I duh talk Gullah again." "Me, too, bubber. Us ain't gots no call fuh talk like buckra."

"Ho him think us is, eh?"

"I ain' gwinn stan' fuh no sich triflin'."

"Ain't it," George said, sucking his teeth in authentic style.

This rapid exchange had strained our resources, and I struggled for a really fine and eloquent phrase. I achieved it. "Da' man," I said, "is a muffedice, da's what he is."

Then I felt the urge to look behind me. There, in the doorway, a witness of this atavism, was Papa. He bent, as they used to say, a furious frown upon us.

"Hello, Papa," I said weakly. George just grinned.

Papa wheeled and strode majestically away. He wanted to make us see that he was angry, so he came back and slammed the door, which was always kept open, with a mighty crash.

"To hell with Cripple Creek," George said, laughing until he almost cried.

I didn't feel as guilty as I might have. Because at the moment when I turned and caught Papa standing behind us, before he put on that frown, I thought I saw him smile.

THE MIND TAKES A TOUR

ON nights of rain the mind devours the thought,
 Divorces the brain, and steals like tragic sex
 To hidden places. The mind's bulged eye,
 Like a telescopic monster, views the world
 After its violent hour of living, and sees
 The scandalled nakedness of scattered men
 And latent youth gulped in a moment of deafness.

The mind, returned to its socket in the brain,
 Contains among its catalogues of knowledge
 A bastard pamphlet, labeled: *Armageddon*.

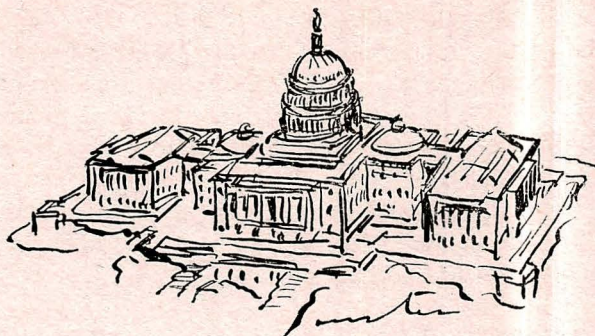
— ROBERT L. LINK

NOTES ON THE ELECTION

THE American way of life is about to be saved again, just as it has been saved every alternate November since the founding of the Republic. If you have dutifully listened to the speeches of nominees in your district, you will know that it is for this purpose alone that they have wearily allowed themselves to be pressed into running. The country is at that "crossroads" again, and only the candidate who has your ear at the moment can direct it along the path of true Americanism. Generally speaking, a Democrat's opponent — for campaign purposes — is an agent of the Big Money or an economic royalist in his own right, a stuffed shirt at best and at worst a fascist. The Republican's rival, on the other hand, is a wild man who would debase the currency and strip you of your liberties, a bureaucrat at least and probably a specimen of that newly discovered political animal, the "red fascist."

This is merely the gaudy packaging, of course, designed to fetch the vote of the least literate sector of the electorate. In addition, the average candidate offers numerous other talking points, on the strength of which he hopes to sell himself to a more specialized clientele. These appeals range from a Bilbo's raucous defense of the white man to the tacit assurances of a Bricker that he will play the game according to the rules of William McKinley and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Personal histories, local machine rivalries, Election Day weather in rural areas, and the capacity of a candidate to bring patronage and projects to his home folks all serve further to complicate the results at the polls. And, finally, there is the age-old tendency of American voters simply to tire periodically of their elected servants and turn them out just for luck and the novelty of seeing a new batch of names in the papers.

Understandable as all these factors may be, they make it hazardous, if not downright foolhardy, to read decisions of policy into election returns. Specific issues are buried beneath a mountain of extraneous considerations, and party lines themselves are so crossed and recrossed that, on any given policy, victory will



ROBERT BENDINER

like as not be claimed by both sides. I defy anyone to show, for example, how next month's election in this country will prove either that the people want more price control or less, more public housing or less, a "tough line" with Russia or a more conciliatory one, international control of atomic energy or "keeping the secret" until the other powers inevitably learn how to make atom bombs for themselves.

IF party lines are too fouled to reveal public sentiment on specific issues, the election nevertheless will not be without significance. First, it will show a trend of a very broad sort — for continuation of the cautious liberalism of the Truman Administration or for the generally admitted conservatism of the Republicans. Second, it will determine the composition of the Eightieth Congress. Whatever the complex of reasons that go into the individual choices, the net result will be a known political quantity, with fairly predictable consequences.

Some of the changes between the Seventy-ninth and Eightieth Congress were sealed weeks ago by the primaries, and the results are worth noting. Most striking, of course, is the disappearance of the Senate's trio of arch-isolationists: Wheeler, Shipstead, and La Follette. Add to their defeats the failure of Nye in his attempt to come back, the earlier elimination of Holman, Holt, and the two Clarks, plus the conversion of Vandenberg, and you have what may reasonably be pinned down as a trend. Extraneous factors might easily and accurately be cited in nearly all these instances, but the net result is the same in any case: the isolationist cause, once championed by some of the ablest men in the Senate, however wrong-headed they turned out to be, will henceforth be in the feeble hands of such second-

aters as Butler of Nebraska, Capehart of Indiana, and Langer of North Dakota. It has degenerated, in short, from a tradition to an aberration.

Withdrawal and defeat in the primaries have already counted out eleven of the thirty-two Senators whose terms expire this year, and the death of Bankhead adds a twelfth to the toll. Aside from the isolationist trio already mentioned, the Senate will see no more of Democrats Andrews, Gerry, Carville, Mead, and Radcliffe; or, on the Republican side, of Hart, Austin, and Willis.

Outside of La Follette, Wheeler, and, to a much lesser extent, Mead, there is no talent in this collection that will be sorely missed. La Follette has a genuinely distinguished record — for defense of civil liberties, for protecting the rights of labor, and recently for engineering the reorganization of Congress. Unlike a number of his fellow-isolationists, LaFollette steered clear of entanglements with the unsavory America First crowd and retained the respect of those who disagreed most strongly with him. Unfortunately, this was not true of Wheeler, who allowed a long record of liberalism in domestic politics to be washed out in the corroding juices of his hatred for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

For the twelve Senators eliminated so far, three replacements are certain, and they are all improvements from a liberal point of view. Bankhead's Alabama seat will be filled by John Sparkman, formerly the Democratic party whip in the House; Andrews of Florida, with one of the least distinguished records in the Senate, will give way to former Governor Spessard L. Holland, a Pepper man and an enthusiastic New Dealer; and Austin of Vermont, who resigned to become American delegate to the United Nations Security Council, will turn his seat over to Ralph E. Flanders, a liberal Republican who has the backing of organized labor. The probabilities are that Shipstead's seat will go to Governor Edward J. Thye, a Stassen Republican; and it is virtually certain that Willis of Indiana, will be replaced by William E. Jenner, a younger Republican but no further to the left than Willis, which is to say, no further to the left than Calvin Coolidge.

Seven Senate seats are certain to be held by incumbents, the nation being assured of the continued services of Southern Democrats Byrd, McKellar, and Bilbo (assuming the Senate doesn't exercise its prerogative of throwing the last-named statesman back to Mississippi for fouls committed during his campaign); and of Butler, Brewster, Langer and Vandenberg, all running in territory considered wholesome to Republican life.

Of the fourteen remaining contests, eight are ex-

pected to furnish the bulk of the excitement, with the following Administration kingpins fighting hard for their political existence: Guffey (Pa.), Huffman (Ohio), Kilgore (W. Va.), O'Mahoney (Wyo.), Tunnell (Del.), Walsh (Mass.), and Briggs (Mo.). By contrast, only one Republican, Knowland of California, running against young Will Rogers, faces a severe test. By the laws of probability, therefore, the Republicans can be counted on to register notable gains. Guffey has only a slight chance to survive; and Huffman, running against Bricker, has almost no chance at all; while Kilgore's fate rests with the miners of West Virginia, whom John L. Lewis is trying hard to swing into the Republican camp.

DESPITE inevitable gains, the Republicans have only the barest mathematical chance to capture the Senate, but the House is another matter. They need just twenty-six seats to turn the tables in that chamber, and there are forty-five Congressional districts in which they lost two years ago by 5 per cent or less. Ten of these were lost by a margin of 2 to 3 per cent, nine by a margin of 1 to 2 per cent, and eleven by 1 per cent. In other words, an overall shift of 2 to 3 per cent of the vote in these key districts might well mean a Republican House. That switch can come about in two ways: a shift in the party allegiance of individual voters or failure of a sizable number of voters to go to the polls. In general, a large vote favors Democrats; a low one, Republicans.

G.O.P. strategists are not figuring so much on a change of heart by the individual voter as they are on his apathy. On the basis of the primaries, which in many states hit new highs for public indifference, they have good reason to be hopeful. To hold on to the House, the Democrats will have to retain those marginal independent voters who make the difference between victory and defeat — and they will have to stimulate enough enthusiasm to get those independents to the polls. During the Administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the task was comparatively easy, but now, for the first time in twelve years, the Democrats go into a test without dynamic leadership. There are no coat-tails to be ridden in 1946, and every Democrat will have to rely on his own pulling power to see him through.

The Democratic high command, thoroughly aware of what it is up against, has been spending its money and distributing its talent in the strategic districts. The South, except for Kentucky, is solid, as always, and can be completely ignored. In the rural areas of the North, on the other hand, the Republicans are so entrenched that the Democratic leadership has practically written these districts off the books and will

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make no great effort to swing them over. There are four exceptions, two in Missouri and one in Maryland, all narrowly Democratic in the last election, and one in Utah which is reasonably safe. Aside from these, the Democrats plan to concentrate on holding their own in those urban areas of the North and West that look doubtful.

The states to watch are Illinois, with four shaky Democratic seats; Ohio and Connecticut, with three each; and Pennsylvania, New York, West Virginia, Minnesota, and California, with two apiece. Scattered Democratic seats considered vulnerable are those held by Savage in Washington, Ludlow in Indiana, Biemiller in Wisconsin, Chelf in Kentucky, and Traynor in Delaware.

The Republicans are not likely to capture all these seats, of course, but if they manage to get the bulk of them, they will almost certainly pick up enough surprise districts elsewhere in the country to make the requisite twenty-six — provided they also hang on to what they already hold. Off-years traditionally favor the party out of power; even with Roosevelt in the White House, the G.O.P. picked up eighty seats in 1938 and, after a setback two years later, picked up another forty-seven in 1942.

GOING beyond immediate legislative programs, Seventy-ninth Congress hamstrung President Truman, it may well be wondered what difference there could be in having a House controlled by the opposition in name as well as in effect. There are several differences, in fact, and they are far-reaching.

First, a Republican victory will inevitably be taken as a sign that the people are tired of reform, tired of tendencies toward centralization, tired of excitement in Washington. It may mean no such thing, in truth, because such a shift could just as well stem from general dissatisfaction with a Congress that killed OPA, failed to put through an effective public housing measure, filibustered on poll tax and FEPC legislation, and stymied the proposed Columbia and Missouri Valley developments. But, whatever the root cause of the overturn, it will certainly be viewed by Republicans and Democrats alike as a mandate from the people to liquidate the remnants of the New Deal.

The consequences of an overturn in the House are likely to be just as drastic in a narrow political sense. The first such victory since 1930 would undoubtedly whet Republican appetites, and it is certain that the President would find less comfort than ever on Capitol Hill. If he was frequently blocked by the Seventy-ninth Congress, he would find himself completely paralyzed by the Eightieth, not only because a Republican House would naturally be opposed to New

Deal thinking, but also because it could not afford, politically, to give a Democratic President the advantage of a successful administration.

A third result would be the effect on the committee personnel of the next Congress. Unless that assembly chooses to ignore the reorganization act put through by La Follette and Monroney, as it may, there will be a fine scramble for power even if the House does not change hands, as I suggested in this column last month. But in the event of a Republican majority, there will be a completely new slate of committee chairmanships, not to mention a new Speaker of the House.

As minority floor leader of the Seventy-ninth, Joe Martin of Massachusetts is in line for that powerful post, and it is worth noting, in passing, his voting performance in the past session. Martin spearheaded the fight against OPA, voted to remove price ceilings on the sale of existing homes, and opposed a subsidy for low-cost veterans' housing. He voted to kill the Full Employment bill and in favor of the Case bill to cripple the Wagner Labor Relations Act. He favored continuation of the noxious Committee on Un-American Activities and opposed the President's measure to ease trade barriers through reciprocal tariff arrangements. And he opposed the Senate's bill to guarantee civilian control of atomic energy and prohibit private ownership of patents in this field. I cite this record not as a campaign argument — after all, some of my readers may agree with Martin on all these matters — but merely to indicate the kind of program to be looked for from a Republican-controlled House. Because on every one of these issues Martin carried with him an overwhelming majority of his party followers.

GOING beyond immediate legislative programs, committee chairmanships, and the possible paralysis of the Administration for two vital years, the sharpest significance of a Republican overturn in the House would be also the simplest: it would mean in all probability the election of a Republican president in 1948. It would at one and the same time establish the existence of a popular trend in this direction and greatly stimulate that trend. Particularly in politics, success has a momentum of its own, and the mere fact of a Republican victory of such proportions would take the heart out of the Democratic campaign two years from now. Beyond this considerable psychological advantage, the G.O.P. would have in control of the House every opportunity to press home the advantage. The combination is potent, and it is worth noting that only rarely has such a midterm shift in power on Capitol Hill failed to foretell a similar shift in the White House two years later.

Approaching the fifth of November, the Grand Old

Party, starved and ragged after fourteen years in the wilderness, sees in sight the luscious Promised Land. Or is it only a mirage? After all, those twenty-six crucial seats *are* in urban districts, the kind that harbor scores of thousands of trade unionists. For these voters Franklin D. Roosevelt is still a lively and cherished memory, untarnished by the ghoulis attentions

of John O'Donnell and Westbrook Pegler. And so far there has been little in the record or program of the Republican party that should send them scurrying to the polls to record a change of allegiance.

(Note: The "Sound and Fury" column, a regular feature of this department, will be resumed when the sound

WORDS

WORDS have murdered and
words have pilloried and
words have sacked and pillaged;
words have blasted the bastion
of Man's hope for a better day.

Words must come to grief
for all the ills they fastened
upon the doors of the living —
and these are the words
so fashioned and so forged
by the infamous hands
that now plough the land
reeking with the blood of victims
who will never, never rise again
to say: "We are debauched. . . ."

Now must come the turn of those
of us — the living;
now must found a new era
when words must be washed
of their stains;
words must be forged
from the gut of the people;
words must ring out a new declaration
of freedom and not of abasement;
words must feed the people
with the living truth;
and let there arise before all our eyes
a new fulfillment;
let there arise out of the ashes
of the past
a new society where Men are Freemen.

— GRACIA DE LA CONCEPTION

NIGHTLIFE and DAYLIGHT



H A R O L D C L U R M A N

PEOPLE FOR SALE

A "Night in Casablanca," the latest and probably the last picture to be made by the Marx brothers, is truer to life than Alfred Hitchcock's *Notorious*! The Marx brothers are rude, crude, mad and bad; they ruffle your hair, cuff you behind the ears, shake you by the neck, kick you in the pants, insult you and knock you down in a most impersonal spirit of professional absurdity. In the slow spots, when Chico plays the piano, even when Harpo's mature and grimacing puppet face suddenly turns grave to play the instrument which gives him his name, a sense of absolute idiocy emanates from the screen like a deliberate style. When the picture lapses into exposition of plot, the utter staleness with which it is delivered takes on quality as if this too were part of some all-encompassing mockery. One laughs one's head off, and one is hard put a minute later to remember why or at what. One leaves the picture somewhat exhausted, dizzy, and let down. This is the entertainment of our day. Who shall say that it is not true to life? The screen and the street resemble one another.

The Hitchcock film, on the other hand, is purely a figment of that director's fancy. Unlike the Marx brothers, he is a conscious craftsman, and he plays with his material, which includes the audience as much as the camera and actors, with an almost unequaled calculation. The story he tells in *Notorious* is next to nothing, and the values it distills are less ponderable than those of the Marx brothers' show. For the latter, as I have indicated, has a symbolic if accidental accuracy, while the former is no more than an elegant bit of conjuring. Hitchcock makes remarkable patterns of emptiness.

They are worth study. For example, there is the sensational love scene. You know, of course, that kisses on the screen are rationed, that is, they must not exceed a certain duration. The celluloid code of morals forbids it. But it is something for the customers to see Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman kiss for a good two minutes. Hitchcock provides this special pleasure by interspersing the kisses with casual dialogue. The kisses themselves are varied in time, stress, and savor. There is the near-kiss, the half-kiss, the kiss deflected, and the kiss direct. There is the kiss that is a nuzzle; there is the kiss that is practically a bite. There is the kiss that is a sweep and exploration of the nose and cheek and, finally, the full dive and consummative kiss. This alone, you will agree, is worth the price of admission.

What is curious about this is that the scene is clever rather than sensuous. It piques and titillates without being in the least bit warm. The mind is called into play — not the emotions. The dialogue is used almost mechanically as a teasing device; it both varies the timing and serves as realism. The scene is not a scene about two people in love, but a scene in which the director employs two most attractive screen idols to play cat and mouse with the audience's susceptibilities and inhibitions.

For this reason the scene is basically comic; the audience greets it with gratified laughter of a special sort. The audience is made to feel as wittily sophisticated as the director who arranged it. There is something like collusion here. The result, if not exactly a leer, is like an elaborate wink. It is also a contrivance to replace artificial glamour for the truth of human relationships or even honest sex. In the instance of such a story as that of *Notorious*, the contrivance is quite appropriate. But since such contrivance is made to appear the height of all motion-picture artistry, audiences are apt to forget that it is only contrivance with a connection to life that is chiefly coincidental.

AUDIENCES should make it their permanent motto that in the matter of life, they will accept no substitutes. The function of criticism in our time might

well confine itself to one problem: to expose the fraud of all such substitutes. What is wrong with them is that they tend to render life meaningless.

What we increasingly suffer from in our day is what a poet has called "the terror of no meaning." This terror is the subject of much contemporary art. I have seen paintings for which the phrase "patterns of emptiness" might very well be applied as a comprehensive title. But while many such paintings breathe an atmosphere of nostalgia or mournfulness which give them a certain value, a good many apparently innocuous entertainments are veritable monuments of emptiness and meaninglessness. People who scream against the dangers and abuses of modern art are ingenuous. The harm done by certain abstruse works of art is infinitesimal compared to that wrought by many of our best-sellers and smash hits. What is needed is not so much critics to explain the art we can't "get," but people to reveal the injury done us by the "art" that we get in abundance.

It is not the difficult and complex we should be eager to understand, but the obvious. This is the case with so common and so little considered a subject as acting. Some of the best acting today may be seen, not in the big climaxes of plays and movies, but in hardly noticeable transitional moments. French movies are built up on the basis of such acting, so that often the most shamelessly sentimental stories become lifelike in comparison with our careful contraptions which try so hard to establish realistic credibility.

An example of what I am referring to was to be seen in *Spellbound*. The two major performers — Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck — were called on to tell this picture's unlikely story so that it might be temporarily acceptable and interesting. But though this task was handsomely fulfilled, there was no moment in their acting that was anything more than good imitation. The picture's only vitality was that of Michael Chekhov. He was not a cog in the machine of the story, but a living person.

Chekhov is one of the few great actors of our time. But he has abdicated from creation. What he does in pictures hardly represents even the surface of his talents. (Playing a Russian repertory, he gave us a series of magnificent stage portrayals in a season that passed practically unnoticed on Broadway in 1935.) His film performances — including the one in *Spellbound* — are not true samples of his art. They are routine performances. But with him an entrance, an exit, walking across a room with a glass of milk, lying down, looking, listening, become dramatic. No matter what the scene, we feel ourselves in the presence of human experience. What he does takes on meaning almost apart from the concrete instance of the picture's

plot. It is as if he needed no actual role; his acting is a kind of agent of life — focused, pointed, and expressive. He makes the juices of life circulate. Through him we learn once more that we have but to watch any moment of concentrated behavior to be fascinated. The smallest action thoroughly carried out seems to contain a kind of universal essence. This, in little, is the mystery of acting, one might almost say the mystery of life! It illustrates anew that, just as in painting an apple may equal a madonna, so in acting that has living texture there is more real drama than in the most intricate technical ingenuity.

ALL this might be summed up by saying that in Michael Chekhov — whether or not he creates a character — we are still in the presence of a whole man. With alarming rapidity, our artists are being reduced to the status of functions. Observe our publicity. Actors and actresses are advertised as the Body, the Voice, the Look, the Nose, the Pout, and soon it will be the Bust and the Unmentionable. This is no accident. It is merely a vulgarization of what is happening on a world scale. People are valued for their commercially useful attributes. They are commodities for sale. The part has outdistanced the whole. Our vision of man as a total organism is fast disappearing, and because of this it looks very much as if soon man himself will disappear.

This breakup in our concept of man corresponds to the splitting of the atom. The atom was our last rugged individualist, but we have learned how to disintegrate it. Just as the history of the arts since the end of the nineteenth century — painting for example — may be interpreted as an ever more minute division and detailing of parts, so the human personality today may be said to be undergoing the same process of fission.

The concept of wholeness is breaking down in every phase of existence. It is the great modern catastrophe. In the world of social affairs its danger is more or less recognized. In the world of the arts — which means the world of human relationships — the danger is not only not seen, but its manifestations are cheerfully, even hysterically embraced. It is the ultrafashionable, the smart, the popular. Every faith, thought, idea, word today is fissionable. And how we love the particles!

WHEN life becomes meaningless and only sensation remains, brutality sets in. The fact that overt brutality must go punished in pictures does not prevent its becoming a delectable commodity for the fans. The charm of such typical articles as *The Big Sleep* lies in its assortment of beatings, murders, corpses, and six personable actresses of various flavors. There is intricacy to keep the story moving, but no brains are

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required to follow it — only an appetite for the slugging and the anticipation of frightfulness, commonly known as suspense. The whole hardly has to be coherent, there is so much delight in the details compounded as they are of clear sadism and spicy innuendo.

Wherever there is a certain type of monetarily-valued power progress, there we will find an intensification of the processes I have described. That is why the country in the greatest peril today is the most powerful country in the world — our own United States. It matters very little ultimately how completely we triumph in the assertion of our power; the threat to us from ourselves is far greater than we realize.

The advantage that certain "backward" peoples hold is their simplicity. I mean by simplicity, regard and devotion to the needs of man as a whole rather than as an instrument whose isolated talents may be subjected to vast exploitation. Our deepest requirement today is to recover the concept of the whole man. We must find new ways of reaffirming the old truths or learn to make fresh truths out of the old banalities.

A delusion of our times relates to acquisition and abundance. An acquaintance of mine, having made a fortune in low-brow entertainment, bought himself a flock of Old Masters. When he showed me the paintings, I was led to imagine a couple who might boast, "We are extremely fertile; we have adopted forty-six children."

That is fiction. It is a fact that, when an artist-aid project was suggested to President Coolidge, he said, "Why worry about art? We can get all we want from France."

ALFRÉD STIEGLITZ, one of the few major artists that America has produced, died in New York on July 13. Because he was a photographer, his name has not yet taken its rightful place in our culture. No unified and comprehensive statement on his work and influence has been published. I trust a large show of his work will soon be organized. It would be a task that our most ambitious museums might undertake with honor.

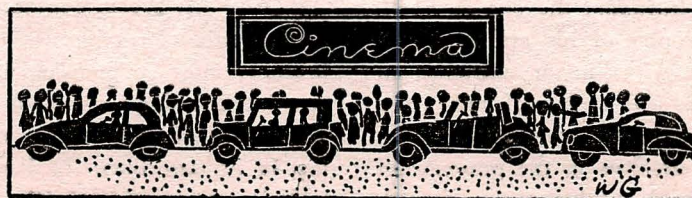
In one of my last conversations with him, Stieglitz was in a critical and resigned mood. I quote some of

the things he said that day as appropriate, final notes to what I have just written. "The supreme American institution is the department store; the great American book is the Sears-Roebuck catalogue; the great American business is advertising." In earlier years he had said, "America starts with the idea of labels — then of price."

A NUMBER of recent English films have shown encouraging signs of a desire to preserve freedom from mechanization and their own individual character. Sometimes they fail for special reasons. In Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter*, for instance, a creditable attempt is made to produce an intelligent film about the basic emotions involved in a marital infidelity on the least spectacular level. It is all done modestly enough, but the effect is still a little synthetic, because Coward writes from his ability not from his experience. He does not know: he knows about.

Coward is a virtuoso of the commercial stage and screen — what Broadway calls a genius. Like the actor in *Hamlet*, he can play you anything. He can write and produce any kind of show at all. He knows all the styles, modes, and points of view. In *Brief Encounter* he essays the genuine and humble. Everything in it is just that, in a manner that is something of a relief and nearly convincing. Everything is almost too well done, too conventionally articulate, too much in the proper style of gray and decent realism — and the characters' speech and behavior are abstractly always what they should be. That is what troubled me. The picture is *correct*; its simplicity is not felt. It has no true pulse, no real lift, no surprise — as life, even in its most humdrum aspects, always has when completely seen.

There is less heart in this film than craftsmanship. Coward always works cleverly from the outside. This is as true here in his renunciation of trickiness as in his patriotic epic of the navy, his historical sagas, his smart revues, romantic musicals, and studies in social decadence. Coward once protested that he was not to be considered a decadent just because many of his plays dealt with corruption. He merely wrote, he said, on any subject the times demanded. This statement merely proved that decadence can be naive. *Brief Encounter* proves that it can also look innocent.



BOOKS

Reviews by A. A. Berle, Jr., Oliver St. John Gogarty, Richard Plant, Edward Robinson, George Soule, Oswald Garrison Villard, Richard Watts, Jr., and Alfred Werner.

BRANDEIS: THE GREAT DISSENTER

A Review by

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BRANDEIS. A FREE MAN'S LIFE

by Alpheus Thomas Mason

A LIBERAL, far-seeing Supreme Court Justice, wealthy corporation lawyer, reformer and tribune of the people, and great jurist — this was Louis Dembitz Brandeis, who is portrayed here by Professor Mason in this, his third and most definitive work on the same subject (*Viking*, \$5). Future biographers will find it difficult to add anything in the way of facts, such is the wealth of research and personal observation which has gone into this careful and objective study of a man who was perhaps one of the most complex and remarkable figures of his time. The facts of Brandeis' long career are here in abundance, but in giving them Professor Mason has missed the drama and the color of the man.

This is unfortunate because the stories of Brandeis' fight against big business and of the great controversy that raged around him when he was named to the Supreme Court have in them all the elements of great drama. Unlike Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., his great colleague on the Supreme Bench, Brandeis descended into the arena to carry on his fight for the people, and thus made himself, in the words of a contemporary, "one of the most liked and most hated men at the bar in America."

It is difficult to resist the temptation to compare the careers of Brandeis and Holmes, perhaps two of our greatest jurists in modern times. One was a product of the intellectual and patrician aristocracy of Back Bay, the

other the Louisville-born son of prosperous and highly cultured Jewish immigrants from Prague. Both men matured in Boston, Holmes as a student and teacher of law and Brandeis as a corporation lawyer; the one aloof and detached from the current scene, the other involved as counsel in court actions which shook profoundly the New England of that day. Both made their greatest contribution to freedom and justice as members of the Supreme Court. The phrase, "Holmes and Brandeis dissenting," has an immortal ring.

Success came early and easily to the gifted Brandeis. He entered Harvard Law School without having previously attended any college, and there established a record for scholarship unequalled to this day. After graduation he formed a law partnership with a wealthy Bostonian and classmate, Samuel D. Warren. Only a few years afterward, when he was twenty-four years old, the Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, the distinguished Horace Gray, said, "I consider Brandeis the most ingenious and most original lawyer I ever met."

During his early years in Boston, Brandeis hit it off well with the Brahmins who in later years were to be his most violent opponents and detractors. Among his friends was Henry Lee Higginson, the Boston banker, whose wife was the first woman of the Boston social set to call upon Brandeis after his marriage to Alice Goldmark. As Professor Mason says, "Many of their wedding presents came from 'leading families.'"

Brandeis impressed the "right" people by his modesty, pleasing personal-

ity, and lack of aggressiveness, and he made many lasting friendships. Charles W. Eliot, the faculty of the Harvard Law School, and Edwin H. Abbot, long head of the Wisconsin Central, were loyal Brandeis adherents. Plainly, had Brandeis remained true to type, he would have continued as a corporation lawyer, acclaimed by the good, true, and powerful as champion of the noblest things in American life — especially property. Then, had he wanted it, the Supreme Court seat would have been his for the asking.

WHAT was it, then, that turned Brandeis into a reformer, an advocate of the rights of labor, and an opponent of big business, which, he felt, was slowly becoming the invisible government of America and thus threatening the very existence of our democratic institutions? Professor Mason believes that Brandeis was not "moved by any inner compulsion toward some perfectionist utopia," and that "his public activities were invariably undertaken on the initiative of others or grew out of day-to-day law practice." He never was "blind to, nor neglectful of, property rights." He had no difficulty keeping up corporate connections as long as he was in private practice because he did not fail, where he thought most of the lawyers of his time failed, to honor the great obligation "to protect *also* the interests of the people" — a point he emphasized in his address before the Harvard Ethical Society, "The Opportunity in the Law."

He saw nothing wrong in taking money from large corporations; but

T O M O R R O W

he opposed bigness on the grounds that "excessive power is the great corrupter." He was also convinced that "the ablest are too weak to bear unflinchingly the burdens of government or business when units grow too large." He did not regard all large corporations or their managers as personal enemies to be shunned, avoided, and denounced. He had no phobia against them. Indeed he often felt that the heads of the trusts and mis-managed corporations were partly the victims of the whole economic situation, as well as of their own shortsightedness.

It was his love of figures and ability to analyze them rather than his crusading zeal which were primarily responsible for Brandeis' involvement in his famous battle over the New Haven Railroad. The Morgans, as well as the rest of Wall Street, were convinced that the New Haven was solvent and able to pay the regular 8 per cent dividend. Even State Street was blissfully unaware of the true state of affairs when Brandeis hurled his bombshell in its midst. He declared that the New Haven was insolvent, and accused President Mellon and his accountants of deliberately falsifying the books.

Brandeis was bitterly denounced by the Boston press and State Street, and by many of his erstwhile friends. The New Haven was a solid New England institution, the support of thousands of widows and orphans, and as sacred as the cod. To question its soundness was like questioning the very existence of God!

Nonetheless, after eight years of strife the truth came out. The man who, as Brandeis himself put it, had taken "a few published figures of the New Haven and working backward" had built up his case, was triumphantly upheld. "The American people," he wrote in 1913, "have as little need of oligarchy in business as in politics." And he added insult to injury by saying that there were "thousands of men in America" who could have served the New Haven stockholders "better than did Mr. Morgan, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Rockefeller."

Every effort was made to blacken Brandeis' character, to charge that he

was hired by certain interests who wanted to acquire cheaply the stock of the Boston and Maine once Brandeis succeeded in breaking up the merger. But as always Brandeis en-



Louis D. Brandeis

tered into no defense of his character or motives; he had long before made up his mind to waste neither time nor strength on the unending personal attacks upon him, and he stuck to his decision.

However, during the fight over the confirmation of his nomination to the Supreme Court, Brandeis directed the battle, designating the witnesses to be called for his side and outlining the publicity—for which he always had a keen intuition. He was aided by the devotion of many journalists, among them Norman Hapgood, Mark Sullivan, and Gilson Gardner. Beyond doubt he contributed much to the final victory.

THE bitter fight against Brandeis' confirmation was due to a widespread belief, chiefly fostered by reactionary corporation officials and lawyers, and some editors, that he was guilty of unethical or unprofessional conduct. Four instances were cited: those involving his relations to the United Shoe Machinery Company and the New York and New England Railroad, the case of the Lennox firm and family, and the Warren case. Professor Mason deals with all four with a remarkable degree of objectivity and frankness, fairly setting forth both sides.

It is not possible in the space of a review to analyze them all, but it is within bounds to explain the reasons which led this reviewer, then the managing owner of the New York *Evening Post*, to approve of his newspaper's opposition to the Brandeis nomination, although it was entirely sympathetic with Brandeis the reformer.

Mr. Brandeis was an investor and a director in the United Shoe Machinery Company, and one of its counsel. The United Shoe compelled its customers to agree to accept cancellation of their leases if they rented machines from any of its competitors. In 1906 rival companies had a bill introduced into the Massachusetts legislature making this practice illegal. Mr. Brandeis opposed the bill on the grounds that the company was being attacked not in the interest of the public but in that of certain rivals, and that the proposed bill was "inconsiderate and unfair against this company (the United Shoe)." He defended his company's policy as both morally and economically unobjectionable and insisted that the United was "the greatest promoter of competition that there is."

His conviction that the United's legal position was invulnerable was not upheld by the decision of Judge Seaman of the United States Circuit Court. Called upon to continue his defense of United, Brandeis resigned as a director and explained that, although "the past and present operations of the Shoe Machinery Corporation have in my opinion been on the whole beneficial to the trade," he had nourished, it seemed, a "grave objection . . . to the principles on which it was operated, and their effect in the future, and to a certain extent incidental methods employed."

Brandeis voiced these objections to the United only after Judge Seaman's decision upon monopolies in patents made the United's leases illegal. He reiterated that "so serious a doubt had been raised in my mind as to the soundness of their general policy," that he felt compelled to resign. As Professor Mason points out, in 1911 Brandeis attacked the United before one Congressional committee and federal agency after another to prove how

the company he had praised so highly showed the need for remedial federal legislation.

The following year, in 1912, he again attempted to justify himself by repeating that he had believed the United to be a good and beneficial trust helping the small manufacturer. But, he said, the situation had changed from that of 1906, and so he was justified in attacking the United Shoe Machinery Company.

ONE important point Professor Mason leaves untouched, and that is whether a lawyer who was for years in the employ of a corporation, both as a director and counsel, is ethically justified in later attacking it. Can one who has been a confidential adviser of a company attack it without making use of private information acquired when in that confidential relationship?

Professor Mason feels, however, that when Brandeis upheld to the Massachusetts legislature "the beneficent use made by United of its monopolistic position," he was acting upon some unwritten promises made to him that it would make changes in its policies; and that when the United did not do so, "apparently the only course open to him was to withdraw as United's counsel and director."

It remains to add that, when Brandeis became counsel for the rival Western Shoe Manufacturers' Alliance, the United accused him of changing sides because of the fees involved, a charge which was, of course, absurd.

In the Lennox case there occurred a most unhappy complication after Brandeis was called into the bankruptcy of the Lennox family. The Lennoxes thought that he was acting only for them, but he went on to become counsel for the trustee, the creditors and the debtors under the assignment. The charge was made that he had acted in this way because of the greater fees involved. Mr. Brandeis replied that this impugned his motive and said, "If you think I was influenced by such mercenary considerations, why, you must think so; I can assure you that I was not." The best that Professor Mason can say is that

"Brandeis' position was complex and not easily explicable to others."

In the New England Railroad case the role played by Brandeis and his firm in acting for three dummies of Austin Corbin has been sharply criticized. In the latter part of the litigation Corbin was staked by the New Haven road which was endeavoring to add the New England to its railroad empire.

Professor Mason admits that Brandeis in this case "came perilously near acting for the New Haven and against the New England." The latter publicly denied that Brandeis had anything to do with the New Haven, but there can be no doubt about the New Haven's role in supporting Corbin's dummies in January, 1893. Meanwhile Brandeis continued as counsel acting for Corbin's interests until June of that year. He may not have known of the New Haven's interest in the case, but, as Professor Mason says, Brandeis was "too well-informed and too astute not to have guessed" that the railroad he had so denounced was involved.

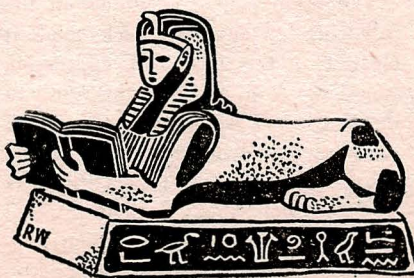
Fortunately for the country, these dubious cases and the public opposition of so many, including the writer of these lines, did not prevent Brandeis' confirmation to the Supreme Court. The whole country later rejoiced that so great, so wise, and so just a judge sat upon the Supreme Court, which today contains not one man of his stature or that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. If he had sinned, he had made up for it by years of complete, entirely unselfish and brilliant service to his country. It must not be forgotten, too, that in all his public service Brandeis took no fees whatever, notably in the years of his opposition to the New Haven. Indeed, he actually paid his own firm more than \$25,000 to reimburse it for the

loss of his time in the service of the public!

THE justice himself was not a man to charm the average person who met him, although he did have many ardent disciples and followers. He was retiring, reserved, and self-controlled, with the loneliness that so often comes to deep thinkers and men of high ideals. Often he was chiefly interested in making his visitors talk to him; he sought the information he thought they could give him. His modest, old-fashioned, almost run-down apartment in Washington did not suggest the man of great wealth. He lived modestly, but he gave away \$1,500,000 in thirty-four years, of which \$614,844.22 went to Jewish charities and to the Zionist cause. His advice was widely sought, by President Wilson, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and many, many others, and the lack of his wise counsel at this time has surely been a genuine injury to the Zionist cause.

Brandeis was an ardent but not uncritical New Dealer. His law clerk, Willard Hurst, has stated that he never heard the Justice express any opinion on the Supreme Court controversy in 1937—as Professor Mason puts it, Brandeis "maintained his customary reticence"—but Mr. Hurst adds, "He strongly disapproved of it as a method, I know." The Justice was one of those who indirectly was able to induce Chief Justice Hughes to write his letter in which he stated that the Supreme Court was "fully abreast of its work" and to cite Justices Brandeis and Van Devanter as approving his statement. That just about ended the Roosevelt effort to reduce the Court to a group of presidential pawns—but nature soon gave the President the opportunity he sought to make over, and gravely lower, the whole standing of our greatest tribunal.

Finally, while it is still a cause for regret that Professor Mason did not present a more lively and personal picture of Brandeis, his evident determination to be wholly just and to present all the facts entitle this book to high standing in the American biographical catalogue.



AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY IN THE MAKING, 1932-1940 by Charles A. Beard

Reviewed by A. A. Berle, Jr.

DR. BEARD'S latest contribution (*Yale*, \$4) is a documented case history of the shift of American foreign policy from anti-League of Nations isolationism in 1932 to open assistance of the British and French in 1940. He has assembled a mass of political material with characteristic thoroughness, though with some regrettable omissions, notably of the statements of Cordell Hull. Defining his objective, Dr. Beard seeks to discover when, why, and how American political leaders of the Roosevelt Administrations made the change from isolationism in 1932 to full participation in world affairs by the end of 1940.

Like a good scientist, Beard draws few conclusions; yet his own is reasonably plain. He marshals as evidence the declarations of responsible Administration leaders on American foreign policy during the period 1932 to 1940, and suggests, if he does not say so, that the American people were deceived all along as to its real aims and intentions.

Franklin Roosevelt, a pro-Leaguer in 1920, declared against international co-operation in 1932 sufficiently to satisfy even William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hull, throughout, talked the language of non-entanglement and non-intervention. The President repeatedly warned of war in Europe, voicing his own determination to keep the United States from being involved. The campaign of 1940 saw politicians in both parties bidding against each other to assure that they would not lead the country into war. All this is true, as far as it goes.

This reviewer believes that the record, though valuable, is misleading unless set in the context of recent world history. Beard's study breaks off with the record of the 1940 campaign, wherein the electorate was assured that the United States was not to be led into war, but was to be defended only from an attack from outside. It overlooks the obvious fact of

Pearl Harbor and the Axis declaration of war against the United States in 1941.

We know now that between 1933 and 1940 the Nazis had drawn up plans for world conquest which included a direct attack on the United States and the Western Hemisphere. In 1940, a German cabinet minister explained in a secret session the German High Command's plans for an invasion of the continent of North America, and in the summer of that year, Nazi specialist troops were landed secretly in northeast Greenland to set up advance bases.

The fact was that the pledges given by American politicians to keep the United States out of war, if possible, were given with a passionate sincerity; but neither the politicians nor the American public were so stupid as to assume that we could make a free choice between peace and war. An enemy could attack; and the Axis had decided to do just that. There was a legitimate difference of opinion between those who believed attack would come (who were right) and those who thought it would not if this country was quiescent, and they were wrong.

Somewhat rhetorically, on page 45, it is asked, "At what point in time of these 'fateful years' did the President and the Secretary (Hull) decide that the policy of neutrality and isolationism . . . was untenable and announce to the public that another foreign policy — one opposed to it — was in the best interest of the United States?" The date when war was considered probable rather than remotely possible was shortly after the Munich conferences — up to which time the President and Secretary were hoping against hope that Europe at least would find a balance and solve its own problems. General disarmament after Munich was to be the acid test.

The plain course of events in the following few days and weeks made it clear that the forces of aggression would not stop, and that the result of the next move would be a war which would eventually threaten our security. What had been previously a fear (for we know more about German internal operations now than we did then), became a strong probability; there re-

mained the hope that the United States might not be involved — but it could only be a hope. The policy of the United States was to maintain peace if possible and stay out of war if possible, but defense in any case. And the date when attack on this country was considered probable rather than remotely possible was in 1940 — after the fall of France.

The shift to internationalism — if the policy of the United States during the period under consideration can be so described — is likewise a reflection of events. To complete the picture, one would have to inset the rising growth and range of airplanes, the shrinkage of an Atlantic passage from a five-day minimum to fifteen hours, the relative vulnerability of American cities, the drawing of satellite after satellite into Axis plans, and other similar factors.

Even more important was the growing obligato of American moral indignation at the sheer, hideous, animal brutality of the Nazi policy, not excused by expediency but frankly proclaimed as a philosophy of life. The whole became a convincing demonstration that maintenance of anyone's peace and defense alike is a collective job.

This reviewer would have thought that the records of the President and Mr. Hull were clear. Notable among the relevant documents are President Roosevelt's "quarantine speech" in 1937, and repeated warnings by Mr. Hull (many of which the author omits) that Axis aggression, if continued, would endanger the safety of the United States as well as of the rest of the world. The growing and ever blunter expressions to foreign governments, instinct with American apprehension, plainly indicated the coming development.

Historians may argue that clearer statements could have been made. Perhaps. But the country did not misunderstand. World defense would, of necessity, be a world operation. At the close of 1940, it was clear that there was no longer peace, and that our best defense, of necessity, must be a policy of co-operation — internationalism, if you choose. Everything that happened from 1940 to 1946 has strengthened

that conclusion — indeed maintenance of world peace today is the first line of defense.

As a case study in what politicians said, Dr. Beard's book is admirable. But the book leaves out the Hamlet of the play — the shrinking world, the surmountable oceans, the rise of ideas and implemented intent, monstrous and insane if you like but still real, which threatened and may now threaten the peace of the world and the safety of the United States; and the moral, physical, and scientific integration of affairs, making it impossible for any country, however great, to live and act alone.

Defense in 1932 meant one thing. Defense in 1940 (or 1946) meant using a quite different set of tools. Public opinion in the United States comprehended this; and, without context, political debates alone do not tell the story. American politics and foreign policy had to meet a rendezvous with history — and kept the date.

MUSIC IN OUR TIME
by Adolfo Salazar
(Translated by Isabel Pope)

Reviewed by Edward Robinson

TO those who desire a comprehensive survey of the aesthetics of modern music, Salazar's *Music In Our Time* (W. W. Norton, \$5) will prove a very useful volume. It is an analytical study of musical trends since the romantic era, covering the period from Chopin to the present and including all the important composers of Europe and the Americas. The author, a leading Spanish musicologist now living in Mexico, relates these trends to the general aesthetic background of their time, and his treatment is marked throughout by breadth of scholarship and an admirable tolerance for the divergent schools of composition.

Though naturally sympathetic to the composers under discussion, Salazar explicitly disclaims any pretensions to "indisputable judgments" concerning their work. Rather, he sets out to meet them on their own terms, seeking to describe and classify the musical concepts on which they them-

selves have based their creative efforts.

Two main trends, as he sees it, dominated the history of music after the middle of the nineteenth century. One is embodied in the expressionistic school, which translates dramatic human emotions through inherited musical forms — as in Berlioz, Wagner, Tchaikovsky and Strauss. The second led to the impressionistic school, which seeks to exploit the qualities inherent in musical sounds for their own sake, according to purely musical or harmonic concepts — as in Debussy and Ravel.



A combination of the two produced the atonal school of Schoenberg and, later, the abstract music of his successors. Both main trends, moreover, in the end destroyed the fundamental sense of tonality and tonal form which had previously served as the very basis of occidental music — one through its increased chromaticism, the other through its preoccupation with the higher series of harmonic overtones.

I believe most musicians will in general agree with the picture Salazar has drawn. At the same time, his book may prove somewhat unsatisfying to those who are already familiar with the ground covered. Aesthetics, as a means of understanding music, is very much like the "descriptive" psychiatry used in earlier days to study mental disease. Psychiatrists of that school had great skill in describing and classifying mental symptoms, but they did not understand the origin of the patient's behavior and could do little

to cure him. Not until the advent of the new psychology were they able to perceive the dynamic meaning of what they had long observed.

Aesthetics similarly gives us little insight into the human significance of musical works. Once we are agreed, for example, that Schumann's music grew out of the romantic impulse toward dramatic expressiveness, what then? We get close to the heart of things only if we realize that the turbulence, excitement, and sharp emotional contrasts found in Schumann's music are faithful replicas of the composer's strongly suicidal personality.

It is aesthetically correct, again, to say with Salazar that nationalism, solidity of form, and strong dramatic contrasts are elements which characterize Tchaikovsky's music. Yet the Russian's work takes on new meaning when we see that the "dramatic somberness" of his symphonies really had its origin in Tchaikovsky's tragic struggle with his homosexuality.

So, too, we cannot fathom the harmonic "mysticism" of Bruckner, the symphonic "metaphysics" of Mahler, or the grandiloquent "poematic symphonism" of Strauss unless we relate these turgid qualities to the paranoid psychology which so powerfully dominated German life and thought after the middle of the century.

In our own era, how are we to interpret the clashing dissonances of our contemporaries? Salazar concedes that much of the music of our day "may seem macabre, horrible and perverse" to the uninitiated listener. But he promises "intense delight" upon further study, and in any case accepts this music as a natural aesthetic evolution.

Yet is there not a deeper meaning? The searing timbres of the ultra-moderns — do they not seem to reflect the shocks and agonies of contemporary civilization? Great art, fundamentally, has always represented a triumphant struggle for health: its function, one might say, is to find a balanced resolution and a heightened reality for the amorphous struggles within the unconscious mind of man. Are we not confronted with a reversal of this process in the music of many moderns, and can we not discern an

TOMORROW

infantile flight from reality back into the chaos of the unconscious?

These are admittedly speculations. In any event, they do not alter the fact that within his specified field Salazar has done an excellent job.

WHILE TIME REMAINS

by Leland Stowe

Reviewed by Richard Watts, Jr.

LELAND STOWE is an expert and experienced foreign correspondent, who has never feared to be a prophet and crusader as well. Since his gifts in these fields enabled him to see and warn us against the rising Nazi menace of Germany, the threat of Axis-dominated Franco Spain, and the backwardness and corruption of Kuomintang China when it was regarded as "premature anti-fascism" to point out such things, it is clear that he is neither alarmist nor visionary. He proved long ago that he was a man to be listened to, and he has never been more deserving of the attention of the world than in his latest book *While Time Remains* (Knopf, \$3.50).

Although the new work contains some excellent reporting, it is essentially an editorial, earnest and heartfelt, on the state of the world as it faces the age of the atom. It is a long and careful survey of the chances for and against survival as mankind encounters the challenge of the new force of destruction it has unleashed. It is a plea, a warning, a sermon, a prayer, and a hope. It is a thoughtful estimate of the forces for good and evil at large in the world. It is an analysis of the mental and moral temper of our time that is neither shrilly pessimistic nor beamingly optimistic. In short, it is a sort of handbook for salvation which offers no solution for world problems other than that which is offered by candid, unhysterical, and tough-minded thinking.

Mr. Stowe is no radical, no Russian idolater, and no baiter of his own country, but he realizes that in any such candid contemplation of the state of the world as is necessary today, it is advisable first of all to drop any possible smugness and look at our

own sins. Let us stand up to Russia if we feel it is right and necessary, but not with the conviction that we are all virtue and the Soviet Union all evil, even if Russia is a police state and we are a democracy. For one thing, we were fortunate enough to have a certain tradition of democracy when our Republic was founded, while the USSR inherited only the traditions of a police state.

It is well to remember a few other things, too, and Mr. Stowe calls them to our attention. Russia's losses in soldier and civilian dead were twenty to fifty times greater than ours. "In the Ukraine, Leningrad and Stalin-grad, the Soviet Union lost to Nazi destruction more than the Detroit-Cleveland-Pittsburgh triangle in the United States." If Russian soldiers often behaved shockingly in occupied lands, our record in this same respect was frequently disgraceful.

The contrast between our treatment of Negroes and the absence of race prejudice in Russia, where it is regarded as a crime against the state, makes our cries about democracy often sound embarrassingly hypocritical. While we scorn Russia's collectivization as an outrage against freedom of enterprise, our system of private enterprise is, in President Roosevelt's words, "ceasing to be free enterprise and is becoming a cluster of private collectivisms." While we were naturally convinced of our own righteousness in the matter of atomic bombs, our long period of secrecy while we continued to make more of them quite naturally made the USSR, and a lot of other countries, suspicious.

It is Mr. Stowe's sound conviction that for the United States such self-

knowledge is the beginning of wisdom as we take our rightful place in world affairs. Certainly we are likely to behave more wisely as one of the two most powerful nations of the world if we understand our defects as well as our strength.

Of the many other contributions he has to make to our comprehension, two deserve particular mention. For one thing, we still fail to realize that the two growing social rivals of today are not communism and capitalism, but communism and socialism, and that socialism, instead of being radical and revolutionary, is the moderate, liberal, middle-of-the-road force. It seems amazing that such a point still has to be made, but it does.

The other important point is that we continue to support the status quo in the feudal lands of Europe and Asia, instead of encouraging the democratic, progressive groups. The most notorious case is China, where we insist on backing the reactionaries, firm in the conviction that we are blocking the Reds, when in reality we are destroying the moderate democrats and making communism almost inevitable.

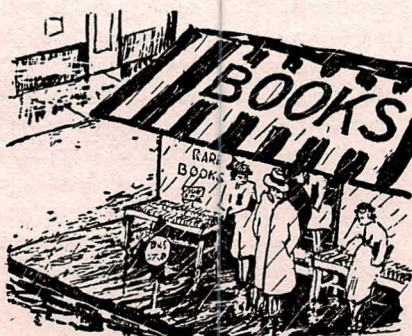
There are times when I wish that Mr. Stowe was briefer and a trifle less sententious in tone, but what he has to say is so valuable and so intelligently moderate that such criticism seems quibbling.

THE ART OF THE MOTION PICTURE

by Jean Benoit-Levy

Reviewed by Richard Plant

IN this book (Coward-McCann, \$3.50) the distinguished creator of *La Maternelle*, *Ballerina*, and many other excellent French films has attempted an ambitious task: to outline the basic function of the movies; to classify and evaluate the different groups—from the simple instructional classroom movie to the dramatic film; and, finally, after having established sound aesthetics, to allocate the motion picture's place in life and the arts—a staggering job for anyone. It would be a pleasure to report that M. Benoit-Levy is just as good a theo-



rist and writer as he is a director, but in all fairness it must be stated that this is not the case.

Given wide distribution, a book with such a goal could do wonders to arouse a lethargic public's mind to the possibilities of the screen. The book is crowded with sound ideas, observations, and proposals. Yet it gives the curious impression of having been written years ago. Whether this is the translator's or the author's fault is difficult to decide, but M. Benoit-Levy's prose has precisely that dryness which, he emphasizes, is the cardinal sin of instructional films. There are also many annoying clichés: death is "a grim reaper," nurses are "worldly saints," comedy "releases the mind through laughter and smiling," etc. One must ignore the language and doggedly concentrate on the subject matter to get full value.

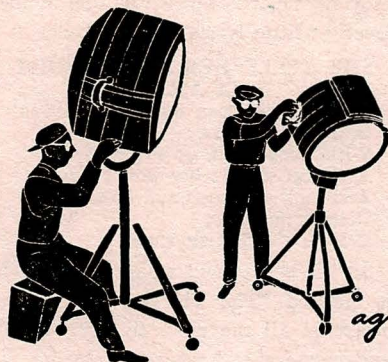
M. Benoit-Levy devotes the first part of the book to a study of educational films, documentaries — divided into what he calls "promotional" and "films of life" — and, finally the "informational film." His description of a film he once made about a mountain, intended for the instruction of school children, makes us regret that we didn't have a chance to study geography his way.

In his equally valuable discussion of medical films, he includes examples from his own films on tuberculosis, venereal diseases, hygiene, etc. He is aware that medical films, particularly those dealing with diseases taboo in polite circles, can have a bad shock effect on the spectator; but their worst offense, he states, is that they are frequently boring. With all their faults, it would be a blessing if this type of film were shown to larger audiences. They are far superior to the "Selected Shorts" put out by Hollywood.

One gets the impression that even the so-called "promotional" film, frankly designed to popularize a product or firm, is often deserving of wider distribution. As a case in point, he cites Joris Ivens' film on Dutch radio factories which managed to tell a dramatic story with amazing ingenuity and craftsmanship. Perhaps M. Benoit-Levy has started a long-needed

airing of the Selected Short subject, and it may be that Hollywood will accept the challenge.

In the second half of the book, M. Benoit-Levy discusses among other things his specialty: films about chil-



dren. Not only does he report illuminating details from the actual shooting of his own films, but his chapter provides a perfect textbook on "How to Use Children in Movies." The selection of the right children for *La Maternelle* took him weeks, since M. Benoit-Levy was looking not for prettiness but for naturalness. There could hardly be anything more authoritative than his prescriptions on how to work with children during the actual shooting. He never rehearses child actors; instead, he says they must be allowed to lead as normal a life as possible on the set. He also advocates a temporary separation from anxious and excited parents.

However, his modesty makes him omit several factors which contributed to his success as a maker of films with children. First, he has a flair for them, knows how to handle them; second, he has no intentions of presenting "cute little darlings." He seems surprised that children in Hollywood films are so often unbearable: it doesn't occur to him that, according to our most popular conception, children must be as pretty and vaquous as faces on a soap ad. The star of *Ballerina* could never have got a leading part in Hollywood. He also seems happily unaware of the dangers of whimsey in films with children, that well-known, well-worn pseudo-Lewis Carroll humor with which writers and directors have carefully been spoiling good child actresses like Margaret O'Brien.

As a Frenchman and a visitor, M. Benoit-Levy has more kind words to say about Hollywood than it would ever get from a native writer of his artistic intelligence. He is discreet on the subject of censorship and on organizations such as the League of Decency; sometimes his attitude toward them borders on admiration.

In passing, it must be noted that M. Benoit-Levy is not able to quote at length one single American film critic for his contribution to film theory, film politics or aesthetics. He quotes Louis Delluc and Rudolf Arnheim, but the sad fact must be faced that we have not yet a George Jean Nathan or an Edmund Wilson for the movies.

POEMS 1938-1945
by Robert Graves

Reviewed by Oliver St. John Gogarty

"I WRITE for poets" Robert Graves announces in his foreword (*Creative Age Press*, \$2). It would save many heart-burnings, and disappointments were poets to realize that they themselves are the only audience poets may expect. There is no such thing as a general public for poetry simply because the general public has not got the organ, the ear, the receiver, the sense, I may say, whereby to apprehend poetry.

The poets for whom Robert Graves writes had better be scholars. Few can hope to be as well-versed in the classical remains as Robert Graves is; but scholars of some sort they must be else they will miss many of the beauties of his verse.

I know that classicism is out of fashion with the school of self-muttering word suggestion and "modern" poetry. But I also know that poetry can be no more modern than foam patters or a dawn. So I turn with interest to find what variations this famous writer has played upon the everlasting themes of life, love, and death. His is no scrannel pipe. I realize that the moment I repeat one of his poems.

He feels that the crambo-clink of rhyme can be too facile for self-revelation so he employs for the most

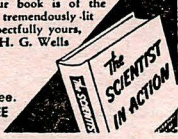
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part a rhymeless lyric meter, which, though short of the majesty of blank verse, can make the feet move to a solemn music as in his beautiful Orphic Ode stanzas, with their Horatian falling close. When he does employ rhyme it is to give us one of the loveliest little lyrics of our day:

SHE TELLS HER LOVE WHILE HALF ASLEEP

She tells her love while half asleep
 In the dark hours,
 With words half whispered low:
 As Earth stirs in her winter sleep
 And puts out grass and flowers
 Despite the snow
 Despite the falling snow.

In his lyric about stolen love which is entitled "The Thieves," he makes assertion all the more tightly welded and memorable because of rhyme:

Theft is theft and raid is raid
 Though reciprocally made.
 Lovers, the conclusion is
 Doubled sighs and jealousies
 In a single heart that grieves
 For lost honour among thieves.

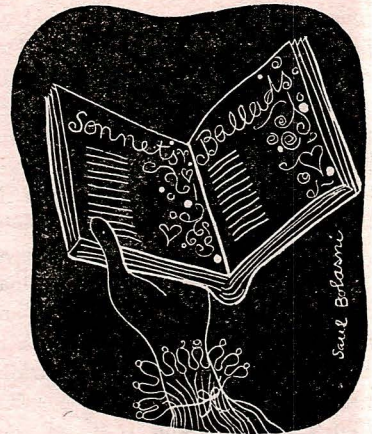
So rammed with life is his verse that it deserves the most thoughtful perusal. There are no echoes in it. Only for one moment did I think that I caught a faint sound of Gerard Manley Hopkins who introduced the hiccough into English verse; but the hallucination passed quickly, and I realized that there is nothing here but the learned makar of inexhaustible invention, Robert Graves. To compare him to anyone you must go back far, to Collins, Campion, Donne.

While free from the hang-lad outlook of A. E. Housman, he can make words obey his call as well as that master of ballad meter. He is no pessimist; but like so many fine poets before him, he is dissatisfied with the age in which he finds himself. Why I cannot tell. He has imagination enough to transform it. It is his divine discontent, though, to think that our age lacks the fine frenzy and the all-consuming flame:

Confess, creatures, how sulkily ourselves
 We hiss at doom, fuel of a sodden age—
 Not rapt roaring to the chimney stack
 On incandescent clouds of spirit or rage."

Our time does lack enthusiasm unless you can work up a flair for masses and slums. It is my belief that all poets can be poets only through the revelation of beauty. I made this statement before, and the brickbats are flying still.

Without bitterness, Robert Graves has written satires and grotesques for wits: "The Persian Supreme Command's Excuse for Thermopylae";



"The Old Admirals Attitude to Nelson," etc.

Poets all, the six hundred of you, who love good verse and wit, gather round Robert Graves.

ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY
 by Donald M. Nelson

Reviewed by George Soule

AMONG the books revealing how we won the war, those about generals and the soldier in the field are the most popular. Yet our unquestioned advantage lay in the superabundant production which permitted our allies to hold out while we made ready for the knockout. In the end, the flow of war materials flooded over every mistake and inadequacy of the generals.

Donald Nelson, from the very beginning, was close to the top in the organization of this production for defense, and at full tide he bore the chief responsibility. This story of how it was done (*Harcourt, Brace, \$4*) bares no great secrets, for the controversies about industrial mobilization filled the press at the time. But in its own way it is as dramatic and important as any other book about the war, and it constitutes a candid record of an effort which, though triumphant, offers no reason for complacency.

Nelson himself cuts a very unmilitary figure, and the fact that he became a key man during the war tells

us a great deal about the strength of our democracy. He was born in Hannibal, Missouri, Mark Twain's birthplace, and, after graduation from college where he majored in chemistry, he got a job with Sears, Roebuck where he stayed until he was called to Washington. Sears, Roebuck had built its reputation on its ability to mass-produce low-price goods, while at the same time safeguarding quality. During the years at Sears, Nelson acquired a thorough knowledge of the American technique of mass production and administration. Here, then, was just the man to supervise the production effort of a democratic government at war.

But our type of democracy, in spite of its huge resources and array of skills, lacked one essential kind of preparation — the ability, when it became necessary, to put the national welfare first, to subordinate private and special interest to a general plan, and quickly to evolve the plan itself. At the beginning, the nation did not even understand the danger and the necessity of throwing itself unreservedly into the task. Business wanted to preserve civilian markets; it was afraid of adding productive capacity which might subsequently become "overcapacity."

For months industrial magnates argued that existing plants could produce enough steel, aluminum, and other essential materials, that we could transport enough freight and oil. The RFC, though equipped with plenty of funds and Congressional authorization, neglected to build up sufficient stockpiles of rubber, copper, and other essential materials. Meanwhile, the Japanese were getting set to pounce on the sources of these commodities, and a submarine campaign was being planned to interrupt their transportation.

The army would not reveal how much it was going to need. Part of the difficulty was that for a long time it could not guess the extent of future military commitments and the materiel that would be necessary to fulfill them. Programs were steadily revised upward. The War Department refused to tell civilian officials, or even allies, about army requirements, until

the time came for actually placing orders.

One of the most heroic and least publicized stories of the war was the determined struggle of economists and statisticians like Stacy May to formulate an overall production program, including the demands of the United States, Britain, and Russia. Without such a program, efficient industrial mobilization would have been impossible. Finally, May, almost single-handed, achieved his goal, traveling alone to London and back with the "balance sheet" of production and requirements in his brief case, bearing unguarded a document which would have been worth divisions to Hitler.

In the early months of the war, civilian advisers had to pressure the military to increase their orders; but towards the end, the army ordered much more than it needed and virtually took over control of the civilian economy, to the detriment of reconversion plans.

Even the rudimentary lessons of industrial mobilization, painfully learned during World War I, were ignored by the industrialists in charge, until it was almost too late, although Bernard Baruch was there to warn them. Priorities were not installed soon enough, and the mistake of allowing them to escape central control was repeated. Again the priority system broke down, and again it was necessary to substitute allocations. The struggle to bring about central co-ordination with sufficient authority had to be fought slowly through, as if nobody knew that this had been proved necessary two decades previously.

On every issue, the New Dealers, the progressive labor leaders, the "professors," the economists and theorists were on the right side; the opposition came from "practical" businessmen and the traditional military. Fortunately, Nelson and some of the other businessmen understood the problem and sided with those who could see the national economy as a whole. Fortunately, the Administration eventually put these men in charge. But the next time business propaganda takes credit for the marvels of production which won the war, the propagandists should be reminded that,

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while industry turned out the goods, business in general obstructed the organization which made possible the miracle of American wartime production.

FOR ALL MANKIND by Leon Blum

Reviewed by Alfred Werner

IN a recently published anthology of literature written in prison, there are pieces by two famous prisoners—Adolf Hitler and Léon Blum, who both wrote books while in confinement, the one *Mein Kampf*, the other *A l'Humanité, For All Mankind* (Viking, \$2.50). It is inevitable to compare the men and their books. In the Bavarian fortress of Landsberg the rabble-rouser Hitler, thirty-four, half-educated, frustrated, sentenced to a few years' confinement for having forcefully tried to overthrow the regime, wrote his book in a pleasant atmosphere, surrounded by devoted helpers and sympathetic jailers.

The septuagenarian ex-Premier of France, however, jailed by Hitler's Vichyite puppets wrote his testament to democracy in an atmosphere of hate and murder and in danger of his life. *Mein Kampf* is the product of anger, hatred, vengefulness, and cynicism, whereas *For All Mankind* is the work of one who sincerely loves humanity and wants it to profit by his own mistakes and experiences.

Hitler is presumed to be dead, whereas Blum miraculously survived his enemy. But the poison, spread by millions of copies of *Mein Kampf* all over the globe may not have disappeared completely as yet. One could wish that millions of copies of Blum's book would circulate among the masses, as an antidote, an antitoxin to the psychopathic Austrian's dangerous philosophy.

Of course, those for whom it was primarily intended were the young French who had grown up far from their imprisoned fathers and were searching for "some consolatory gleam, some guiding star." The veteran protagonist of democracy frankly admits that the Third Republic made mistakes: "Today I go so far as to ask myself if France ought not to have

used force in 1933 to prevent a still disarmed Germany from handing over power to Hitler and his party. . . . It would have saved Germany and perhaps Europe." The socialist leader also concedes that the French parliamentary system needed radical modifications, that it had suffered from too much oratory and red tape, from group rivalries and petty personal quarrels, and from ministries that lacked popular support, imagination, and staying powers. Yet he maintains that, regardless of the parliamentary weaknesses, democracy itself was beyond reproach.

Blum puts much of the blame for France's defeat on the allegedly patriotic bourgeoisie: "It wanted peace at any price and yet was not afraid of Hitler, because its whole capacity for fear was taken up by its dread of the Popular Front and more specially of communism. It saw in nazism a much less dangerous threat to its wealth and privileges than communism and may even have nourished a secret hope that the armed might of Hitler would discipline a too rebellious working class." The same people, he exclaims, who had distorted to their own use the great word "patriotism" were the first to call for the armistice and to advocate collaboration with the enemy.

However, Blum does not seek the indictment of one class by another, and he is not sparing in his criticism of the workers, who suffered from a certain narrow-mindedness; he deplors the "constrained and ambiguous attitude" displayed by the Socialist party towards the problem of the threatening war after Munich. As for his defense of his own Popular Front regime of 1936 and his claim that France's rearmament program was satisfactory, Blum is bound to be challenged by skeptics.

Blum is not pessimistic about the future, and he makes many sound suggestions. From postwar France he desires a revision of the parliamentary system along American or Swiss lines, guaranteeing a more stable government, the recognition of the workers' absolute right to a living wage, and the integration of the social democratic nation in a European order, "or rather in a human or universal order."

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To this Marxist, the aim of socialism is "to set up a universal society founded on equal justice for all men and on equal peace for all nations."

Though critical of Soviet politics, Blum is hopeful for a more pacifist, and co-operative regime in the Russia of the future. He also looks forward to a time when the enlightened elements of the bourgeoisie as well as the Catholic Church will become active partners in the building of the new world.

To those who desire the annihilation of the Germans, he says: "Hatred cannot banish hatred, nor violence put an end to violence. . . . There is only one way . . . to make Germany harmless in a peaceful and stable Europe, and that is to incorporate the German nation in an international community powerful enough to re-educate her,

discipline her, and, if necessary, master her." The "France Firsters," with their strong national egotism are advised that "there is nothing incompatible between patriotism and humanism — or, if you like, between national and international loyalties. Love of a nation and love of the human race, as one great man once said, can co-exist in the same conscience as naturally as patriotism and love of family, or as patriotism and religious belief." His final message is addressed to "l'Humanité," to all people, regardless of race, creed or political philosophy:

"Let man only keep his gaze fixed on his goal, let him keep his faith in his destiny, let him not shrink from using the strength that is his, and in times of anxiety and discouragement, let all his thought be for all mankind."

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

General

THE NUREMBERG TRIAL AND AGGRESSIVE WAR, by SHELDON GLUECK (*Knopf*, \$2). Mr. Glueck, Professor of law and criminology at Harvard University, discusses here the legal aspects of the Nuremberg trial and, more generally, the legality of trying persons accused of fomenting aggressive war. He grants that the allies, as conquerors, have the "authority" to conduct such a trial, but here he is more interested in discussing and answering objections of lawyers and laymen who have expressed doubts about the propriety of the Nuremberg trial in the light of precedent and orthodox practice. Mr. Glueck argues that fomenting aggressive war was a crime under international law and under the Kellogg-Briand Pact. In a manner which most laymen will find effective, he also disposes of the argument that the trial is an *ex post facto* proceeding. Mr. Glueck makes his arguments in highly readable fashion even when he has to become a bit technical. Justice Robert H. Jackson contributes an excellent introduction.

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, by MERRIMAN SMITH (*Harper & Bros*, \$2.50). The president's weekly press conference is a peculiarly American institution that serves a double purpose: it keeps the American people informed on the activities of their chief executive and is used by the latter as an instrument to sound out public opinion. White House reporters may ask anything, but the president's answers are never quoted without his specific permission. Mr. Smith became the United Press White House correspondent shortly before Pearl Harbor and has thus been able to get a close-up view of two presidents. He has written a light, informal book full of amusing anecdotes. His comparison of Roosevelt's and Truman's handling of reporters throws considerable light on the different characters of the two men. The late president was very popular among the correspondents, who followed him around everywhere during the trying war years; but toward the end, as his health declined and problems mounted, his relations with the press became somewhat strained. *Thank You, Mr. President* adds little to what we already know about Franklin D. Roosevelt, aside from some interest-

ing human sidelights; but it should be fascinating reading for those who like to get a behind-the-scenes view of the men who make history.

THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY, edited by LOUIS KRONENBERGER (*Knopf*, \$5). Mr. Kronenberger has gathered together in this anthology "examples of that large literature inspired by worldly experience, or the comic sense of life, or the civilized point of view." The selections include a great variety of writers from Petronius and Lucian to Max Beerbohm and E. M. Forster. Some of the choices — Voltaire's *Candide*, Congreve's *Way of the World*, Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*, will appear obvious to students of world literature; but all are, without exception, first-rate.

Mr. Kronenberger has written an excellent introduction in which he distinguishes, among other things, between the "spurious or vulgar kind of worldliness," and the genuine worldly literature which forms the contents of this volume.

MAN — THE MAKER, by EILEEN J. GARRETT and ABRIL LAMARQUE (*Creative Age Press*, \$2.50). Eileen J. Garrett, who has written the descriptive text to the picture sequence by Abril Lamarque, calls this book a "pictorial record of man's inventiveness."

If *Man—the Maker* has a unifying theme, it is that most of man's inventions have been a force for evil as well as good. The invention of the printing press made possible modern education and enlightenment, but it also made possible the wide dissemination of such books as *Mein Kampf*. Gunpowder, electricity, steam, the telephone, railroads, the automobile, and radio have revolutionized our world and left many problems in their wake, many still unsolved. What, then, of the atomic bomb? Can man the maker learn how to control this, the latest and most destructive of his inventions?

Humanity still awaits, more than a year after Hiroshima, the answer to the question: "Is the atomic bomb 'an end or a beginning'?"

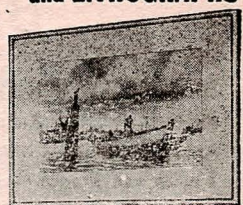
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Fiction

THE SUDDEN GUEST, by CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE (*Coward-McCann*, \$2.50). Here is a novel that is far above the recent crop of fall fiction. In careful, measured prose, Mr. La Farge draws a portrait of an egocentric, well-to-do New England spinster during the hurricanes of 1938 and 1944.

Revealed gradually but completely through a series of flash-back vignettes, the heroine stands as a symbol of a type of mentality which is at once frightening yet only too familiar. Quietly superimposed is the larger symbolism of rigid isolationism as opposed to the formulation of one world. The clarity and integrity of Mr. La Farge's writing place his novel as one of the finest of the year.

ALL THE KING'S MEN, by ROBERT PENN WARREN (*Harcourt, Brace*, \$3). This is another novel based on the career of the late Huey Long. Unlike most of the others which point up the obvious dangers inherent in our native demagogues, this novel stresses the appalling waste of American politics and life in general. The author apparently regards his prototype, Governor Willie Stark, as a "good" man to begin with, but one who was forced to make the inevitable compromises in order to retain his high office. The governor sums up his own political philosophy in these words, "You got to make . . . plain, simple goodness . . . out of badness. . . . Because there isn't anything else to make it out of. . . . Because what folks claim is right is always just a couple of jumps short of what they need to do business on . . . Folks in general, which is society, . . . is never going to stop doing business. Society is just going to cook up a new notion of what is right."

Such rationalizations are, alas, the common stock of most dictators. Mr. Warren does not go into the more subtle question of how far one can trust the man on horseback, whatever his intentions. The novel has most of the obvious failings of its type, but it seems to have been written with an eye on the best-seller lists, and in that it will undoubtedly be successful in coming months.

My Favorite Forgotten Book

JAMES T. FARRELL

I HAVE many favorite forgotten books. One of these is Jack London's novel, *The Iron Heel*, a rare and prophetic kind of novel which concerns the contemporary struggle between labor and capital. The work purports to be derived from a document discovered in "the fourth century of the era of Brotherhood which dates the final triumph of socialist democracy." It tells the story of Ernest Everhard's contribution to the struggle of socialism and freedom in the early part of the twentieth century, and is written by his "gently nurtured wife," Avis. It concludes with an unfinished sentence which restates the theme of this story: "the magnitude of the task" of creating a free and democratic socialist society.

The Iron Heel was written in 1908 at a time when the world socialist movement was undergoing subtle and not clearly perceptible changes, which culminated in the abandonment, by a great majority of the leaders of the Second International, of the socialist internationalist position on war. At the same time, the doctrine of reformism was steadily gaining ground among the leadership of the Second International. Conceptions of a peaceful transition into socialism were beginning to be held more widely, or else, the preparation for the adoption of such a conception was well under way in various socialist circles. London saw through the fallacies of reformism. In *The Iron Heel* he pictured the coming twentieth-century struggle for socialism as a terrible and bitter conflict between the socialist underground and the forces of dictatorship as symbolized by the Iron Heel.

He shows how the entire force of

a modern state is directed against the repression of rebels and toward stilling all public voices for freedom. The mass of the population is enslaved, and many are turned into mere robots. There are pitiless and bloody struggles, and the Iron Heel exacts on the workers the most awful vengeance.

History has not unfolded precisely, and in a detailed manner, as it was forecast in this novel. The Iron Heel, anticipated in America, developed under the name of fascism or nazism in Germany, Italy, and Spain; and a parallel Iron Heel developed as a counterrevolution in the Soviet Union after the October Revolution. And while there are many precise differences between what happened and what is pictured in this work, it is, on the whole, one of the most amazing prophetic works of the twentieth century.

The Iron Heel is not a work of characterization in the sense that so many modern novels are. It is written in the form of a document, as the political biography of a man who was a leader in a period of pitiless struggle. The characterization of the hero, Ernest Everhard, is a political and a historical one, rather than an intimate and personal creation. His character is revealed in his political acts, his political courage, his loyalty, comradeship, and his political decency.

The masses of the people, reduced to slavery, and the workers who revolt and go into the underground are all portrayed in a similar fashion. But this is no mere journalistic work. Only a truly great artist could handle this social theme as imaginatively and with such profound insight as did London. London never worked with a greater vigor; his description of imag-

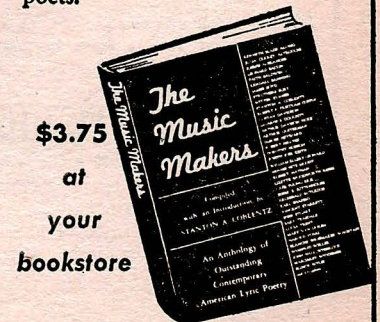
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It seems paradoxical that London, a young American socialist artist, should have had much keener insight into the mechanisms of capitalist society than did many of the leading theoreticians of the Second International. But one of the factors which helps to resolve this paradox is to be seen in the world-wide repercussions of the Russian Revolution of 1905. Behind *The Iron Heel* stands this his-

toric event; and London was helped to draw his conclusions because of this revolution. Also, London, a self-educated American writer, one with wide experience and a passionate love of life, had read Marx, Spencer, Nietzsche. From these men he drew hypotheses which helped him to organize his insights. He caught on the wing, as it were, tendencies in motion in modern society. To have achieved this is to have performed a truly great feat of the imagination.

TOMORROW'S AUTHORS

EARL CONRAD (*The Negro Press*), columnist and the New York editor of the Negro weekly, the *Chicago Defender*, is one of the few white editors of a Negro newspaper. He was formerly on the staffs of the New York *Journal-American*, *PM* and other newspapers. He is the author of a biography of Harriet Tubman, prominent Negro abolitionist of the Civil War. Mr. Conrad's article in this issue is a chapter from his forthcoming book, *Jim Crow America*, to be published early in 1947 by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

BENJAMIN FINE (*The Veterans Go to College*) is education editor of *The New York Times*.

W. S. WOYTINSKY (*The Economics of Boom and Bust*) is the principal consulting economist at the Bureau of Employment Security in Washington.

JACK AISTROP (*Dear Mr. President*) lives in London and is the editor of *Triad*. He is the author of a novel, *The Lights Are Low*.

MARY M. COLUM (*Jules Bois: A French Writer in America*), critic and author of *From These Roots*, contributes another chapter from her forthcoming book, *Life and the Dream*, to be published by Doubleday this fall.

JAMES T. FARRELL (*My Favorite Forgotten Book*) is the author of *Studs Lonigan* and other well-known novels.

JOHN PEN ("*I Beg To Report . . .*") is the pseudonym of a Hungarian-born writer and playwright, now living in this country. He is the author of *You Can't Do That to Svoboda*. His new novel, *Temptation*, from which "*I Beg To Report . . .*" is taken, will be published by *Creative Age Press* in November.

ROBERT MOLLOY (*The King's English*), former literary editor of *The N. Y. Sun*, is author of the successful novel, *Pride's Way*. He is now at work on a new novel.

ROBERT BURCHETTE (*The Reconstructed Days*), whose first published short story appears in this issue, is a graduate of the University of Chicago and served in the Persian Gulf Command during the war.

VIRGINIA HEIDE STUART (*Torden-skjold and the King's Jubilee*) was formerly assistant editor of the Princeton University Press, and is now writing a novel.

GRAHAM GREENE (*The Innocent*), the well-known British novelist, is the author of *The Power and the Glory*, recently reprinted in this country.

Among the book reviewers are OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, former editor of *The Nation*; A. A. BERLE, JR., former Assistant Secretary of State during the Roosevelt Administration; and EDWARD ROBINSON, composer and music critic.



Temptation

A NOVEL BY **John Pen**

Author of "YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO SVOBODA"

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