

LABOR-INDUSTRIAL PEACE?

(Continued from page 12)

These examples show how hard it is to legislate effectively and wisely in the labor field. We need to remember also that not one of the great strikes of the past year involved breaches of contract, racketeering, failure to give adequate notice and time for negotiation, or other acts which might be regarded as wrongful. The contracts simply ran out, the parties could not agree on new terms, and the workers struck. The effects on the economy, of course, were very serious. What should be done to avoid or mitigate these struggles?

In approaching this basic problem Mr. Gregory rejects the idea of compulsory arbitration, which requires the outlawing of strikes. Such a step he considers as "not only politically impossible, but also dangerous socially"; and he doubts its constitutionality. Yet he suggests the possibility of industry-wide "codes of fair employment," with government making the "final decision" on wages and other terms. Price-fixing would have to be permitted and there would be an end of "old-fashioned competition"—if Congress were willing to pay this price for peace. The law would "require unions to abide by the outcome"—but how this could be done he does not say.

In the meantime he suggests the application to utilities and other vital services of something like the machinery of the Railway Labor Act, with its required waiting periods, while government boards are making recommendations. He says, however, that the cost of this procedure in the railway industry "has been an almost routine concession to the unions of the bulk of their demands." He might have added that the Act was jointly drafted and sponsored by the unions and employers; that it has no sanctions; and that its usefulness depends upon mutual acceptance. Its adaptability to other industries, where this background of agreement does not exist, may be doubted.

I think that we shall make little progress toward avoiding large-scale strikes under our system of free enterprise so long as we continue to pin our hopes on legislative devices.

We must realize that we are up against much more than a labor-management problem. The course of collective bargaining is profoundly affected by what happens to the country generally. If we fail to give people hope, faith, and a feeling of security—if we make a mess of things at home and abroad—the collective bargaining

process can only deteriorate. It is part of the living tissue of society.

Moreover, the adjustment of group conflicts is a problem common to the whole world. We face abroad—and at home—one paramount need: to establish systems of justice which will mediate fairly and successfully between organized groups of men. Through centuries of trial and error we have developed a system of justice which works well in disputes between individuals. It works well because (1) we have been able to define the rules of the game with sufficient precision for judges to apply them; and (2) it is easy under such circumstances to persuade or force individuals to go along with the results.

In the great group conflicts of our age these two conditions are lacking. There is no common agreement upon the rules of the game. You can define murder, rape, larceny, libel; but it is hard to define a just wage—or a fair peace. And the job of persuading or forcing group organisms, with their touchy egos, to go along with given decisions is a far different matter from persuading or forcing individuals. Yet we must find the way.

We cannot wait for centuries of common law to develop. We must act swiftly to save our civilization. We can make progress only by agreement. That is the one fundamental necessity, at home and abroad.

In the labor field this means that the leaders of industry and labor, with such aid and support as the government can give, must together work out the rules of the game and the new structures of settlement which we so imperatively need. Only by a combined and sustained effort of this sort can we hope to make lasting progress. There are no easier solutions. There never are in a democracy.

Lloyd K. Garrison, former dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School, and in 1942-43 general counsel of the National War Labor Board, and later its chairman, has returned to private practice.



Man in a Billion

MR. ADAM. By Pat Frank. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 252 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE theme of "Mr. Adam" has been used several times before—in Genesis, in various myths which tell about the destruction of all but the last couple or the last man in the world, in a book of Gerhart Hauptmann's called, if memory serves, "The Isle of the Lost Mother." Noah was once the last widower in the world, and the theme of one man left in a world of women has been used in many ways by fantasy writers and the peoples who furnish the materials of anthropology.

This story brings the topic up to date. When an atomic experiment blew up the entire State of Mississippi—a rational idea if Bilbo was there—it was suddenly observed by a young Associated Press reporter that reservations for obstetrical services in hospitals diminished till they vanished entirely. The sterilizing effects of the hard radiations in nuclear fission are well known, and the whole world suddenly realized that the entire male population was sterile, though not impotent.

Then a baby turns up, scion of a geologist named Homer Adam, who had been thousands of feet deep in a rich lead mine when the nuclear explosion occurred. The AP boy gets on to this at once—a detail which most newspaper men will consider highly improbable—and becomes Mr. Adam's preceptor and Virgil and the narrator of the story in the long days that follow. Mr. Adam is happily married and he has no wish to cooperate with the N. R. C. or the A. I. or the U. N. or the A. R. P. or any of the departments which are set up, all with impressive charts, to deal with—well, to deal with Mr. Adam.

The London Times mentions the cousinly relationships of our countries and suggests that we will be glad to respect proportionate populations; the Germans mention industrial development; the French talk of contributions to culture; Pravda thinks the least compensation America can furnish for its disastrous experiment is a share in Mr. Adam.

In the meanwhile, the Army, Navy, Interior, the President, and other people keep making out charts dealing with organization of the distribution of—well, the book is biological but not obscene.

The reporter has twins, his own, at the end, so a happy ending is guaranteed.

I CHOSE FREEDOM

The Personal and Political Life of a Soviet Official
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KRAVCHENKO

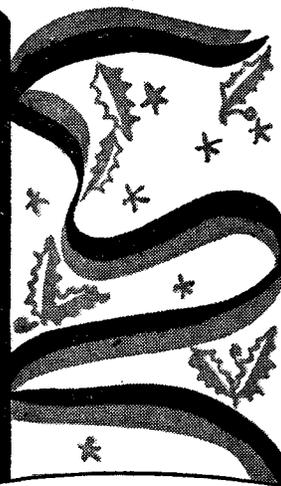
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JAMES M. CAIN ON AN "AAA"

(Continued from page 9)

this establishment that they enjoy, and the relation it bears to their loudly proclaimed position on the matter under discussion.

All of them, as you probably know, have written books that are active in reprint, abridgement, and translation that are in occasional demand as the basis for radio shows, and sometimes even for television. From the rentals, royalties, etc., in these fields they derive a comfortable income, in the case of some of them a very large income. But under present trade practices they do not hold the rights from which this income is derived. The reprint, abridgement, and translation rights are held by publishers, who cut in for 50 per cent of the revenues, and who make the deals. Let us get this clear, in case your are unfamiliar with these matters, and so conclude that a group of freedom's passionate defenders have got together to resist a scowling villain with schemes like Dr. Goebbels's, meaning me. The copyright, as you probably know, is divided, in the contract, into various component parts, called "rights," the author holding some, such as the pic-

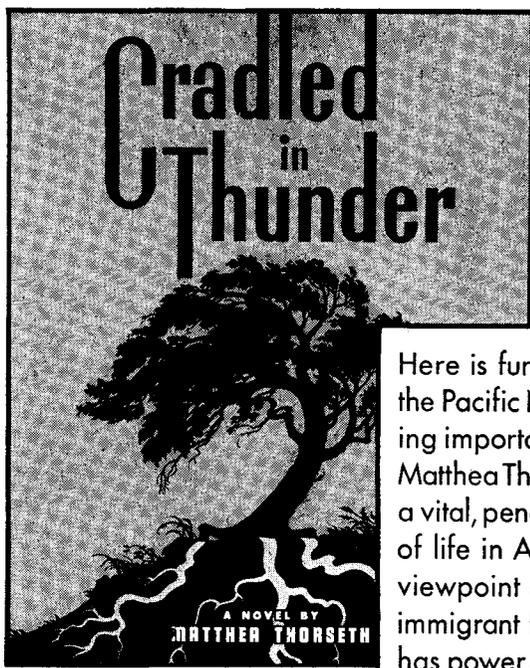
ture rights, the publisher holding others, such as the club, reprint, abridgement, foreign, and translation rights. As things stand now, if the book is a hit, the picture right is sold at once, and outright, for the duration of the copyright, so that it doesn't figure directly in this matter of the writer being "established." For the book rights the publisher pays the writer a royalty on copies sold, and for a year or more this means a considerable sum. But for that steady, year-in-and-year-out income, it is the subsidiary rights held by the publisher, one title helping another title, all titles adding up to a tidy sum, which form the real backlog.

Now it may be assumed that the publisher wants to make deals, to close with that firm in Cleveland that pays a \$5,000 advance and 5¢ a copy royalty on all copies sold in that new edition at 49¢. Why shouldn't he? He gets half. *But he doesn't have to make a deal.* All he has to do, to make a writer listen to reason, to persuade him to oppose the American Authors' Authority, is to do nothing at all, to sulk, to get his feelings hurt, to become

indignant that his writer should be getting such Muscovite ideas in his head, to let things slide. If he does, all of a sudden this writer is no longer established. He doesn't have that comfortable income. He has to listen to Hollywood, go west and write a picture, to get his next novel done, remember what it is to be necessitous.

I don't say publishers have done this. But I do say they can do it. And I do say, and hereby make the direct charge, that the knowledge of this threat to their security lies like a nightmare at the back of the thinking of these various members of the American Writers' Association; I charge that it accounts, more than any real fear of monopoly, control, or whatever it is that they pretend to fear in the American Authors' Authority, for the position they have taken. In other words, as effectively as though they had rings in their noses, these writers are already under control. It is their bitter necessity for pretending they are not that has led them to form this organization whose only object, so far as it has ever been stated, is to prevent me, and the various organizations which have made my plan their plan, from doing what we have a perfectly legal, moral, and literary right to do: organize an authority to receive copyrights as trustee, and as trustee for these copyrights to work, in Congress, in court, and wherever it may be necessary, for the writers' rights. I want to bring about a condition whereunder the author owns *all* his rights, for the life of the copyright, and never sells one outright, but merely leases it; I want the author to enjoy real freedom, not the sorry imitation of it that obtains at present. But why allege, since this is my real object, known to all who denounce me, that I have some other object, of remote, improbable kind?

These opponents of mine, I realize, also fear something else. No sooner will a copyright be assigned to the Authority than it will be blacklisted, become the object of a boycott, so that for a time, before independent publishers, magazines, and picture companies can be interested in a growing list of titles, the AAA label will indeed be the poison ivy sign of American letters. Let us not quibble about this: it is a serious thing. I wouldn't blame any writer for thinking hard at the possibility of putting his properties in such jeopardy as this, even for a limited time, until they could be reassigned to him. But I do blame these writers for concealing this consideration, for pretending to other considerations more lofty, or idealistic, less related to cold, financial consideration as it relates directly to themselves. Actually, they are in



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a spot. They wish the subject had never come up, for they know as well as I do about the abuses of which they are victims. So, to get out of their dilemma they have simply wrapped the flag around them, bought a flashlight and held it aloft, and struck a pose as Miss Liberty. But I am compelled to lift this star-spangled robe and point out that under it is a girdle of hand-wrought, golden chains.

This piece was invited by the editors as the result of a contribution by Mr. James T. Farrell, the idea, apparently, being I should make some sort of reply to him. I don't know how to do this, as I have been unable, after several rereadings of his article, to understand clearly what he is trying to say, if anything. He uses the gobbledegooky of the professional leftist, and makes much of the fact that some Hollywood writers make \$100,000 a year, though not noting that the majority of them make \$60 a week when they make it, which isn't any too often. He insists on a far-fetched, political interpretation of the American Authors' Authority, though he doesn't state what is wrong with the obvious, common-sense view of it, that it is designed to give a writer better terms, from publishers, employer, government, and everybody else, than he gets at present. Near the end, in his nearest approach to a lucid position, he says: "Organization, collectivization, is good on the economic front: but only anarchy, freedom, struggle toward untrammelled freedom in the expression of ideas and the creation of art can be our guide."

If this twittering nonsense is what the editors of this magazine expect me to dignify with something in the way of a reply, all I can say is I don't know how to do it. That somebody, in this age and time, still believes in anarchy, that freedom can be struggled for without making contact with the realities as they exist, that art can be consciously "created" any more than a baby can be consciously created—these ideas, to me, are simply weird, and downright silly. I don't believe freedom is successfully pursued by cranky theorists riding far-fetched obsessions. I believe free speech is uttered by free men, and that men become free by fighting repression as it exists, and not by ignoring repression as it exists to tilt at phantom windmills. I believe the conscious creation of art is a form of literary smugness.

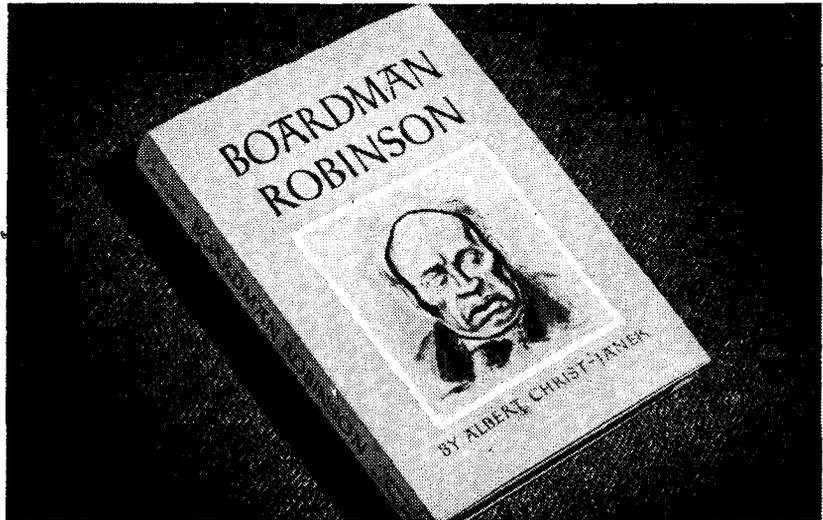
In conclusion I can only say that I do hope the various interests opposed to the American Author's Authority will find more spokesmen and give them plenty of space. If many more of these flaming boys get into it, the plan is going through by acclamation.

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THE FINE ARTS

THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY

AN exceptionally interesting exhibition of contemporary painting on the "Temptation of Saint Anthony" theme was held recently in New York and is scheduled for national tour. The eleven pictures in the show were contributed by six American and five European artists to a competition organized by the Hollywood film producers Loew-Lewin. The object of the competition was to provide a prize-winning canvas to be shown in a film of de Maupassant's "Bel Ami," wherein an oil painting of "Christ Walking on the Waters" figures dramatically in the plot. Since film censorship forbids the portrayal of Christ on the screen, the subject of the painting—and the competition—was necessarily changed. For once censorship was on the side of the Muses: No sacrosanct theme can excel the substituted "Temptation of Saint Anthony" in imaginative possibilities; none seems better suited to the introspective bias of modern art. But as though to redress this right, censorship once again intervened. In Boston, the exhibition was at first banned on religious-moral grounds, but has since been allowed to open.

Let us hope it will not be banned elsewhere.

For the exhibition is serious, distinguished, possibly even prophetic. Obviously no profanity was intended by any of the contributing artists. Indeed, what may be most remarkable about the show is the conviction with which the theme has been treated, though our era is often described as completely indifferent to religious subjects.

The history and terms of the competition, together with reproductions of the paintings and comments by the artists, have been published in a booklet. The booklet also furnishes statements by the three jurors which make clear their difficulty in choosing not only the winner—Max Ernst's canvas—but in deciding on the three or four best pictures in order. The jury's dilemma is understandable. The top entries are very even in quality. But the jury declares that quality was not its only consideration, a fact which indicates a waning of the purely hedonistic standards of criticism peculiar to the 1920's and 1930's. One of the jurors, for example, mentions "psychological pertinence" as an im-

portant factor in his judgment of the pictures, and it is of psychological content that I should like to speak particularly here.

The nature of St. Anthony's ordeal is variously described in the eleven paintings. Dorothea Tanning, Stanley Spencer, Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, Salvador Dali, and Paul Delvaux interpret his temptation primarily in sexual terms. The most forthright illustration of this conception is that of Miss Tanning. Her handsome picture portrays the saint tormented by a sea of voluptuous nudes which, to quote the artist, "take shape even in the folds of his own wind-tossed robes."

There are nearly as many nudes in Spencer's version of the scene, but here the sexual tension seems to attach to the painter himself rather than to exist between the saint and his temptresses. St. Anthony is shown as a reclining puppet, relatively unmoved by the surrounding turmoil of frenzied, Mannerist figures.

WHILE Ernst depicts women as remote witnesses of St. Anthony's torment at the hands of delirium's creatures, Albright's nudes lay physical hold of the saint. They wrestle with him amid an incredible slime, peopled with a bestiary of crawling things, most of them natural in form and not hybrid-fantastic as Ernst's animals are. There is no sense of seduction whatever in this scene; temptation has already assumed the bitter color of St. Anthony's remorse; there remains only his nightmare effort to free himself from a viscous chaos. The picture is opposite in conception to that of Miss Tanning, where woman's seductive power is formidable and real, not yet overcome.

Another version is supplied by Dali, whose imaginative canvas belies the creative exhaustion of which he is now often accused. In his picture, temptation does not directly touch the saint, as it does in the paintings of Albright and Tanning. Instead, it appears from afar as a *tableau vivant*, a procession moving across desert sands, propelled by elephants with fantastically long and spidery legs. The tableau is a mirage, soon to be exercised out of existence by the cross which St. Anthony brandishes in its path; the horse leading the procession has already reared in defeat and fear. Dali's saint is triumphant, in full control of his powers. And if woman still figures largely in the attempted beguilement, she does so with the aid of elaborate properties: she postures lasciviously from the top of an urn; or her nudity is framed by the portico of a baroque building.

In Eugene Berman's canvas, woman



—Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

"The Temptation of Saint Anthony," by Max Ernst.