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been ready. "Give me liberty or give me death," Patrick Henry exclaimed when it was treasonable to do so. "Peace, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here so idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God." These remarks were delivered in March 1775 to the Virginia Convention when the aristocrats opposed the organization of a company of militia to act against the tyranny of armed might from abroad. And these words of fierce pride and unbending devotion to the popular cause have echoed through our history. In the war of which we are part, with our brethren already in the field, the great voices of American democracy assume a reality and significance which we dare not ignore.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

### Tobacco Tale

FIRST, THE FIELDS, by Charles Woods. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

CHARLES WOODS' novel *First, the Fields* marks a pioneering venture into a region that has had little or no realistic treatment in American fiction: the tobacco-growing country of the South Atlantic seaboard. Having just returned from a visit to the Sligo area of North Carolina where Woods places his story, the book struck me with particular force. It carries the lush, earthy smell of tobacco acres, the slow, passionate rhythm of a life smoldering under the dry rot of monopoly, yet continually breaking through, often in blind rage.

The story centers around Hugh Winton, who is the fiery son of a long line of well-to-do tobacco growers. Hugh's love for Helen Galloway, daughter of a ne'er do-well tenant farmer, is blighted by caste differences and his own high-handed passion. Hugh turns with grim vigor to his fight to hold his land. He makes a "suitable" middle class marriage; but Nancy, his wife, soon comes to despise their hard struggle against drought, the auction block, and the monopoly octopus. The banks suck in farm after farm. Hugh manages to hold on. Faced with ruin, he joins with other middle farmers who stake everything on their marketing cooperative. Their co-op succeeds until the tobacco trust fosters corruption from within. Disaster follows: Hugh loses his farm and his marriage breaks up, after an abortive affair with his first love, Helen. He is accused (wrongly) of the murder of Helen's degenerate brother, Lonnie. After his acquittal Hugh turns to the escapes of hunting and drink. The book ends in a mood of despair and total dissolution.

"*First, the Fields* is not autobiographical," the author states, "but it tells what might have happened to me if I had stayed on the

farm." This statement is a key to the novel's major strength, and its limitation. Given a theme that might have reached epic proportions, the book is robbed of its proper scope by the author's identifying himself too completely with his middle farmer hero, Hugh Winton. Hugh Winton's strength derives from his roots in the land, but his outlook is the prejudiced, narrowing one of his middle class heritage. Neither Winton nor the author really understands the Negro croppers who work for the Wintons, or their poor-white tenant farmer neighbors. Woods views the Negroes in mythical style as a childlike people who have no care for the morrow, leaving that to their struggling landlords, like the more spirited, hard-pressed Wintons. In one place the author suggests an analogy between the spirited horse (the farmer) who rebels against the bog into which he is being forced, and so in his anguished struggle perishes; and the plodding mule (croppers and day laborers) who accepts the mire blindly and survives. No picture of southern life could be further from the truth. Woods does not see that the middle farmer's doom can be averted by an alliance with city workers, small farmers, and sharecroppers. And in the basic rock-bottom strata of our southern people, Negro and white alike, there rests the will not only to survive but to struggle.

Since Woods lacks this comprehensive, deeper approach to his theme, his novel takes on an unnecessary fatalism: the defeatism typical of the middle farmer who is indeed trapped so long as he struggles alone, or only with others of his own status.

Nevertheless, in its pioneering and moving character, and its driving indictment of monopoly hold on America's tobacco fields, *First, the Fields* is a distinctly interesting first novel.

MYRA PAGE.

### The Nazi "New Order"

THE SPOIL OF EUROPE, by Thomas Reveille. W. W. Norton & Co. \$2.75.

THE MYTH OF THE TOTAL STATE, by Guenther Reimann. William Morrow & Co. \$2.75.

IN FRANCE today, according to Thomas Reveille, the following definition of "economic collaboration" with Nazi Germany is popular: "Give me your watch and I'll tell you the time." It is witty but not too accurate. In effect, the Nazis really say, as *The Spoil of Europe* shows in impressive detail: "Give me your food and I'll let you starve. Give me your money and I'll make you penniless. Give me your factories and I'll worsen your conditions."

As long as the Reveille book sticks to the facts and describes the Nazi treatment of the conquered countries, it is on safe ground. Obviously its author, whose official position in some "government in exile" has obliged him to adopt a pseudonym, had an unusual opportunity to trace the lines of the Nazi "new order" in Europe and has put together more material on this enormously difficult

problem than is available in any other single place. Unfortunately, from time to time he wanders off into untenable ground and unloads himself of irrelevant prejudices. He has discovered "the growing disgust of the masses of Europe against any form of Communism," in the face of admittedly Communist leadership of the anti-Nazi activity in the occupied countries, and "the relative impotence of the USSR," in the face of the Red Army's "magnificent strength and courage" as acknowledged by Winston Churchill.

That the Nazis are deliberately and rather speedily transforming the Europe which fell into their hands is no news. Their exact aims and methods are something else. By and large the Nazis are converting the countries of the old continent into new colonies. Colonization is no new thing but the colonization of European industrialized imperialist states, such as France, Belgium, and Holland, is. There are shades and differences in the Nazi scheme, as Reveille explains, and the mobilization of the details are his chief service to the newspaper reader as well as the specialist.

The Nazi empire in Europe is only a beginning in the goal of world domination but, for Hitler, it is the decisive step because "Europe constitutes the center of the world, around which all other areas revolve historically, culturally, economically, industrially, and militarily. At the same time the Nazis believe that Germany is the "hard and indissoluble" core of Europe. With Germany as a center, they are working outward according to a fixed plan. Their European blueprint calls for a Germany which has a monopoly of industrial and military power, and a series of concentric circles of vassal states which, in one degree or another, exist solely for the greater glory and protection of the Greater Reich.

Some of the conquered territory, such as Holland, parts of Poland, and prospective parts of Switzerland, will be incorporated into Germany proper. The first circle around Germany would consist of areas which are destined for the "exclusive settlement and possession by Germanic peoples," such as Bohemia-Moravia and non-German Poland. This monstrosity will require the ruthless transfer of populations and the virtual enslavement of the native majority by German overseers, but the Nazis hope to "Germanize" them eventually. The second circle, typified by Slovakia, would consist of "ethnically distinct" peoples in a sort of Vichified setup, formally independent but commanded from Berlin through a local fifth column of spies and traitors.

The author lingers a good deal on the medieval inspiration of the Nazi world order. Like the newly rich who want to marry a title, some Nazi theory spinners certainly adore the middle ages as the background of their own barbarism. But the analogy can be overworked. Imperialist states have always tried to limit the role of colonies to the production of raw materials and kept in their own hands the functions of industry and

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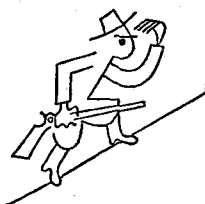
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on page 31

finance and "defense." The Nazi state is the most extreme form of imperialism, for one thing, because it has conquered industrialized states and is forcing them to regress to the status of agrarian, backward, colonial areas.

In this respect *The Spoil of Europe* should be required reading for Senator Nye and his friends. Not only does it show what the Nazis have done, are doing, and will do, but it proves that the United States must reckon with the competition and conflict with the resources of a total Europe and not of Nazi Germany alone.

A VENOMOUS ATTITUDE toward the Soviet Union is about the only clear thing in Guenther Reimann's latest effort to explain the "total state." The rest, as Max Lerner admits in an "introductory critique," is "dense" in the sense that most of the ideas are unrealized. According to Reimann, the Nazis came to power because Germany was controlled by "national monopolies" based on the home market. Yet it is evident that they are trying to build up the greatest *international* monopoly the world has ever known. Reimann makes a too sharp separation of the two and never comes to grips with their vital interrelation. In reverse, he claims that the British appeasers were the imperialists with huge interests abroad whereas their opponents were entrenched in the national industries based on the home market. Yet the greatest appeaser of them all, Neville Chamberlain, was a Birmingham manufacturer. And his chief critic, Winston Churchill, was the leading example of empire-mindedness. Reimann also argues, this time with more plausibility, that the old imperialisms were able to create a "Conservative Man" who was fairly satisfied with his world, whereas the Nazis cannot create a stable state on a sound foundation because they cannot produce another edition of the "Conservative Man." The last portion of his book, however, is mainly devoted to "proving" that Stalin and Hitler are essentially similar. Its most amazing passage is a note in which Reimann remarks that the entire section was written before June 22, 1941, but that he did not think the news of that day was any reason for a revision of his position.

THEODORE DRAPER.



Hughes

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10-7-41

## COMMUNIQUE FROM BROOKLYN

*The Dodgers' victory celebration surpasses even the destruction of Pompeii. Three million otherwise quiet souls in a shout heard from Flatbush to San Diego. James Dugan writes from under the pop bottles.*

*Somewhere in Flatbush.*

TONIGHT even the most case-hardened correspondents have taken to shelter. We sneered at the Cub bombardment, and walked openly in the streets while the Giants were overhead, but now that the Dodgers have taken the pennant from the Cardinals, it's worth your life to go into a public place in Brooklyn. The victory celebration surpasses the San Francisco earthquake, the Chicago fire, and the destruction of Pompeii. In a steady hail of flying beer mugs and falling citizens, your correspondent barely escaped with his life tonight as the news came of the great victory.

Safe in a deep shelter, and nursing only a few superficial backslap wounds, it is time to try to reckon the forces that accounted for the triumph.

This is the world's largest borough, where almost 3,000,000 souls have rankled under the indignity of not being a city. Brooklyn has been the object of coarse radio jokes and the Dodgers have managed to make Brooklyn a kind of suburb of America, something across the tracks from everyone. Wanting in most monuments of civic pride, such as bright lights, noted tombs, theaters, and skylines, Flatbush has fixed its injured pride and passion upon an eccentric baseball team known as the Dodgers.

The veneration of the Dodgers passes belief. Brooklyn citizens will murder, steal, perjure, toss away fine jobs, sink in alcohol, and compromise their home lives for the sake of the Dodgers. They have developed to a man and to a babe, a mass psychopathy. I have met sane, cultured citizens of Brooklyn, occupied at some useful scientific or philosophical task, who confess they would throw it all away if they could step up to the plate just once with the primordial scream of the bleachers in their ears and nick a home run off a Cardinal pitcher.

Two or three spasms of this Dodger spirit would work marvels back home in America if it were hitched up to the defense effort. If you could package it and pass it out in USO depots and feed pills of it to Walter Lippmann, the land would be spared much worry. Unfortunately the magic can't be exported from Flatbush. It would spoil irreparably on the long subway trip to the Polo Grounds, or Yankee Stadium, where the audience looks upon McCarthy's men with the impersonal respect of a traveler viewing the Ford Plant at River Rouge.

Brooklyn has come of age. The folk of Flatbush have at last raised Their Bums to the National League championship. The renowned Pharaohs could only build pyramids, and Job was patient for but seven lousy years.

Flatbush has kept the faith for twenty-one years—since the series of 1920. A golden age dawns over New Lots Avenue and paints the inexhaustible brownstone pueblos outspread as far as the eye can reach from the littered verge of the Atlantic to the Navy Yard in the East River. The Dodgers have made Yankee Stadium. There'll be no holding Brooklyn.

I like the Dodgers, but I love their fans. Thomas Wolfe used to haunt Ebbets Field. He didn't know a bat from second base, and the technical jive that preoccupies Dodger idolaters was so much Sanskrit to him. But he loved the bleachers—the marksmen trying to intimidate umpires with pop bottles at 200 yards, the rooting clubs devoted to Dixie Walker or Fat Freddy Fitzsimmons, and the Fourth of July galas when Brooklyn attempted to rout the visiting club with fire-crackers like big caliber trench mortars.

In the quaint garden of polo shirts, embracing the fine green grass with its interesting geometry, and the dramatic and puzzling struggle of the distant athletes, Wolfe found a vast excitement. The spectacle for him was the roaring, wriggling mass in the bleachers, the numberless and unknown citizenry who forgot unemployment and jobs alike in their ecstasy over the game.

Anywhere else the Dodgers would be just another ball club. In Sportsman's Park they would be colorless and Leo Durocher couldn't wake the press coop at Fenway Park with his agonized decibels. But the fans made the Dodgers: Brooklyn needed something to love and when it came along, Flatbush overwhelmed it with long-pent kisses.

The Dodgers are a spunky ball club and they have the damndest following in the known world. If you hailed a cab in Brooklyn during a Dodger broadcast, you had to agree

to keep the game on the radio before the hackie would admit you. Take the draftee who worked out a legal loophole in the Selective Service Act so he could catch three more Dodger games before he joined the army. Or the draftee who carried so much Dodger propaganda to camp with him that his superiors paid his way back to the series to get some peace. Or the three Dodger fans, sitting before a delicatessen radio, when Red Barber said, "The umpire has just called a third strike on Medwick." The fans leaped to their feet and shrieked, "It was outside a mile!"

Now from the safety of my shelter as the festivities rage unabated, I must sound a sorry note. It is my conviction that the Yankees are going to kill Our Bums in the series. I say this after anguished soul writhings. I feel like a crumb.

But we must look at these things objectively. Contemplate Joe DiMaggio for instance. The Yanks wrapped up the American League flag early in September; since then DiMag has been lolling in bed, listening to *Joltin' Joe DiMaggio* on the radio, and gaining in strength and nastiness, while the ragged band from Brooklyn has had to battle obscure nines right down to the fag end of the season. Durocher lost twelve pounds shrilling at umpires on the road. On the eve of the series the Dodgers are ominously like the One Hoss Shay.

But when the awesome Yanks come striding into the arena on American League boots, Brooklyn will be there to put the evil eye on them. Witches' brew is being steeped on Pitkin Avenue and crude effigies of Yankee pitchers are being stuck with pins. Even tonight in the victory saturnalia one can hear apprehensive toasts of confusion to the foe on Coogan's Bluff; may Pee Wee Reese's spikes be sharp.

All of Brooklyn's millions, piteously enough, cannot be there. This crisis is being met in the American Way. Larry McPhail has picked a committee of local doges, representative citizens of unimpeachable character, who have been given the grave responsibility of allotting the 35,000 tickets to the 100,000,000 Americans who want them. McPhail has been obliged to submit a solemn protocol to the Flatbush *sans culottes*, pledging that the Brooklyn Trust Co. will not get its customary block of tickets and that trusts and corporations generally will not be favored. The Dodgers are the people's champions. If McPhail attempted to pull anything funny with the ducats, his name would be coupled with Hitler to Rockaway tots, and with Murder, Inc., in Brownsville.

