★NEW MASSES

MAY 12, 1942 15c
IN CANADA 20c

PLANNING YOUR LIFE IN THE WAR ECONOMY

By A. B. Magil

SHIFTS IN BRITAIN'S LABOR PARTY

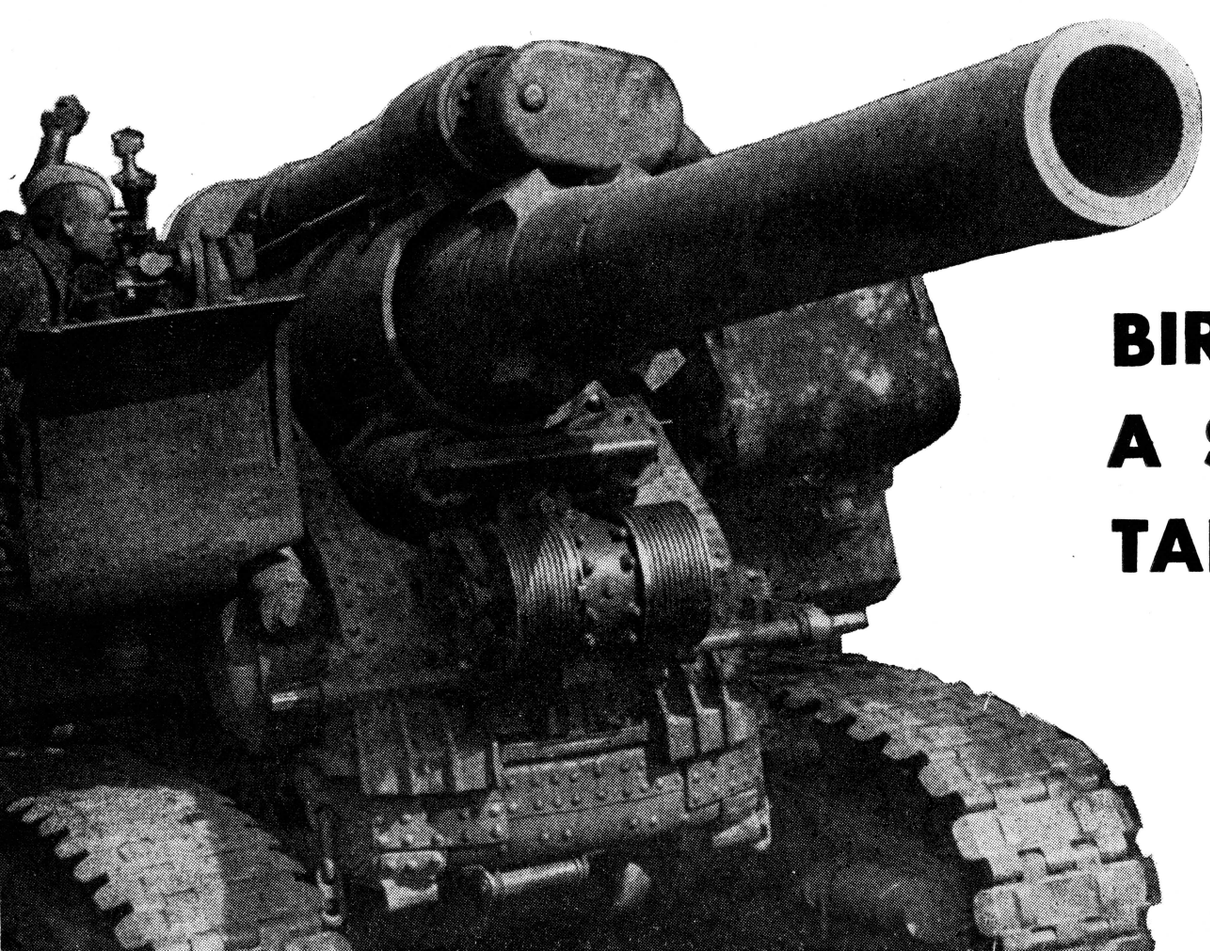
A London cable by Claude Cockburn

WHERE THE WAR STANDS

By the Editors

GEN. SULFANILAMIDE

Miracles in military surgery. By Peter Bowman



BIRTH OF A SOVIET TANK

First of a series from Kuibyshev by I. Polyakov

Founded 1876

ISAAC Goldmann COMPANY

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PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Weekly Masses Company, Inc.
461 Fourth Avenue
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Gentlemen:

As you realize, Isaac Goldmann Company has, in agreement with you, withheld demand for payment on accrued debts until your annual financial drive, We cannot, however, carry your account any further unless we receive a $5,000.00 payment on account within the next 10 days.

Needless to say, you realize the reasons for this action. Printing costs have risen and our obligations are higher this year than in previous years. Of course we fully understand your statement that you have tried to maintain the cost of your magazine at the pre-war price of 15 cents, and for these reasons we have been more than lenient in our terms with you.

Therefore, be advised that unless we receive $5,000.00 on account within the next 10 days, we shall be forced to discontinue the production of your magazine.

We regret taking this action inasmuch as "New Masses" has always lived up to its obligations with us.

Very truly yours,

ISAAC GOLDMANN COMPANY

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT

New York, N. Y.
May 4th, 1942

HBK:LF

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10 DAYS

Dear Reader:

The letter from our printers, on the page opposite, tells its own story.

In brief, it means we must pay $5,000 within ten days or the printer stops production. That's the hard, blunt fact.

The fact is that only $11,985 of the $40,000 we must have has come in. In previous issues we explained why we need $40,000. We explained how costs have shot up—cost of printing, cost of engraving, cost of paper—everything is higher than ever in the magazine's history. We have shaved our budget, kept our cable expenses to an absolute minimum, cut our staff, used less engravings than we need for the magazine's appearance. Yes, the $40,000 is rock-bottom.

We explained to our printer, too, that we have kept the price of the magazine at fifteen cents per copy, even though other publications have raised theirs. We feel that an increase in price would hurt the magazine, would be a considerable factor in preventing the growth in circulation that the times demand.

We have answered our printers, told them not to worry. We told them we have always met our commitments and that our readers—who are our stockholders —would see to it that their magazine would come out.

Are we right? You have the last word. Next week's issue depends upon you. What will your answer be?

The Editors.

(Please fill out the coupon on page 24)

F. D. R.'s ECONOMIC PROGRAM and YOU

The new seven-point plan. Excess purchasing power, who has it, and what can be done about it. Don't forget the little businessman. An analysis by A. B. Magil.

THE historian of the year 2042, thumbing through the musty pages of certain newspapers of a century earlier for information about President Roosevelt's seven-point economic program, might get the impression that it consisted merely of a proposal to limit all individual incomes to $25,000 a year. The outbursts that have come from some members of the $25,000-plus class are revealing, particularly since most of those who are so bearish about this proposal, have been bullish in regard to freezing twenty-, thirty-, forty-dollar-a-week incomes. "Limitation of personal incomes to $25,000 a year after taxes will inflict no hardships, properly so-called," admits the *Wall Street Journal* of April 28. But lest the prospect, nevertheless, prove too frightening, it ought to be conceded that the $25,000 a year limitation is not an absolutely essential part of the seven-point program. And yet the spirit behind it *is* indispensable if the program is to succeed and the war is to be won. It is the spirit of the President's own suggestion that instead of "equality of sacrifice" to describe what he has in mind, "equality of privilege" would be better—the privilege of working and fighting to assure a free America and a free world.

We are about to undertake an unprecedented experiment: the inauguration of rigorous widespread economic controls in the greatest and most ruggedly individualistic capitalist country in the world. We are doing it because it will help win the war. Before this gigantic experiment even the wisest of us might well be humble. Mistakes are going to be made, this or that will be found wrong, but everything can be set right if all classes of our society exercise the privilege of pulling together. Let's talk over a few of the problems involved. Perhaps on some questions I'll do nothing more than think out loud, but that too may be useful. And if any readers are tempted to do likewise in print, so much the better.

THE seven-point program aims at curbing inflation, or, as the President put it, "stabilization of the cost of living." The two are not entirely identical; in using the term "cost of living," instead of "inflation," the President was not only speaking in the bread-and-butter language that average people understand, but was really being more accurate. True inflation occurs when the amount of money in circulation is greater than the value of the goods and services for which it can be exchanged. Very little, if any, of the fifteen percent rise in the cost of living since September 1939 has been due to inflation. Partly it has reflected a normal upswing in prices that occurred with greatly expanded output. In part it has been the result of shortages of raw materials required for war production. In the case of farm products, government policy has helped lift prices. And then score quite a few points for old-fashioned, garden variety profiteering.

It is only now that a genuine threat of inflation has developed. As war production has expanded, it has done two things: increased the amount of money in the hands of the people, and decreased the present or future supplies of certain kinds of goods that they can buy. In 1941 it was still possible to maintain the balance between civilian supply and demand, $74,000,000,000 of purchasing power (after deducting personal taxes and savings) being spent on $74,000,000,000 of goods and services. But in 1942 it is estimated that while the entire population will have $86,000,000,000 to spend, there will be available only $69,000,000,000 of goods and services. In other words, demand will exceed supply by $17,000,000,000.It is feared that this will cause a bidding up of prices with disastrous results to the family budget, the war program, and our entire economy.

President Roosevelt has proposed an over-all program to prevent further increases in living costs. And he emphasized in his radio broadcast that "each one of these points is dependent on the others if the whole program is to work." His proposals center around six factors that affect the cost of living: prices (including farm prices and rents), rationing, taxes, wages, savings, and debts. Certain anti-Axis newspapers and writers that reflect the sentiment of big business have been very critical of the program because it does not include freezing of wages nor additional heavy taxation on low income groups. They maintain that unless some such devices are adopted for siphoning off the $17,000,000,000 of excess purchasing power, inflation will come despite all the other regulatory measures. They are not at all keen about sweating off any portion of this excess from the incomes and profits of the rich. They argue that since about two-thirds of the national income is in the form of wages and salaries, that is where the surplus purchasing power needs to be scooped out (provided, of course, no limits are placed on very high salaries). And even a writer like Raymond Clapper, who on the whole is more liberal and more sincere in supporting the war than the Scripps-Howard press for which he writes, has come out for a sales tax as a means of cutting purchasing power.

These critics of the President's program deserve their day in court even though the motives of some of them may be suspect. In considering this whole problem I think it important to remember that an excess of demand over supply is only one of the factors that pushes prices up. The New York *Times* has shown what happens when this is forgotten. This newspaper is so preoccupied with the purchasing power angle and has become so impressed by the inflationary bogey which it has conjured up that it has been led to oppose the idea of over-all price-fixing. But it is a fact, nevertheless, that the greatest rise in prices has occurred in those commodities of which there is no shortage, but on the contrary, a considerable surplus—farm products. Farm prices in March were 68.5 percent higher than in August 1939, and American housewives are now paying twenty-five percent more for food than they did before the war —and inflation hasn't had a thing to do with it.

As for the problem of excess purchasing power, here we shall bungle badly if we simply regard it as an arithmetical sum, $17,000,000,000, which needs to be subtracted from the pockets of the people. It seems to me that it will be far more

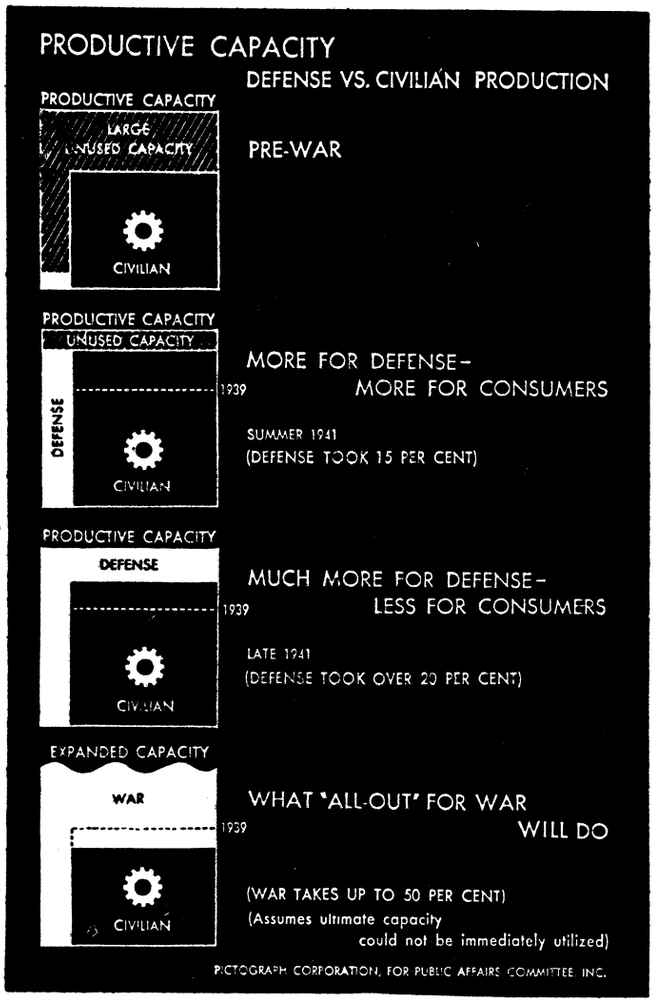
Where part of the war will be won. Last week it was the rationing of sugar. Soon it may be other foodstuffs. It is the housewife's work and sacrifice, like that of the soldier in the field or the worker in the factory, or the small businessman at his counter, that will determine the success of the administration's war economy program.

fruitful to consider this problem qualitatively as well as quantitatively. There are American families which do not contribute a nickel to this $17,000,000,000 excess because they have too little rather than too much purchasing power. There are other American families that contribute more than their share. The greatest shortage now developing in things that the people buy is in consumers' durable goods—refrigerators, washing machines, toasters, electric percolators, metal furniture, vacuum cleaners, etc., whose production will be completely shut off within the next few weeks. But forty-two percent of American families in 1935-36 had, according to a report of the National Resources Committee, incomes of less than $1,000 a year. Even if today this figure has risen somewhat, *they simply can't afford to buy very many of such articles at any time.* The lowest income quarter of our population purchases only six percent of all household goods, while the highest quarter buys fifty percent. Clearly, the danger of inflation, of too much money with which to buy too few goods, cannot come from the very low income groups. Their incomes represent, on the contrary, those "substandards of living" which President Roosevelt said ought to be eliminated. And that is why organized labor insists that wage policy must be flexible and that incomes which are too low be increased.

The qualitative approach also needs to be applied to the goods and services available for purchase. If the stream of purchasing power could be directed away from commodities in which there are shortages toward those that are plentiful, the inflationary danger would be lessened. An article on "Prices, Wages and Inflation" in the February issue of the Bulletin of the International Juridical Association points out that "in the field of consumers' services there is still plenty of medical care available to those who can pay for it. There is no shortage of dentists, but an appalling shortage of sound teeth among the mass of consumers. There is no shortage of motion pictures or dance halls or orchestras or a large number of other services." The government might well undertake an educational campaign with a view to expanding the consumption of some goods and services and contracting the consumption of others. Yet we must face the fact that the possibilities of this form of relief from inflationary pressure are limited. Those who have excess purchasing power cannot eat much more food or smoke many more cigarettes or purchase many more of other articles that are plentiful than at present.

WHAT, then, can be done? Is the sales tax the answer? Let us overlook for the moment the injustice of a tax that hits the poor more heavily than the rich, and consider whether a sales tax will help curb inflation. The first thing to be noted is that it will affect not only those with excess purchasing power, but those without it, and is likely to have a greater deterrent effect on the latter than the former. That is, family A with an income of $5,000 a year is likely to continue buying the things it wants even if it has to pay sales taxes, whereas family B with an income of $1,000, may find it necessary to curtail its purchases of necessities whose supply is plentiful. Secondly, if the sales tax is to have any significant effect on consumption, it will have to be stiff. But in that case it will have the same effect as inflation: it will substantially raise the cost of living, the very thing we are trying to prevent.

What about lowering income tax exemptions and increasing taxes in the lower and middle brackets? Exemptions were already lowered last year to the point where the income tax is reaching those who have a lack rather than an excess of purchasing power. The taxes on the lower and middle brackets were boosted last year and are to be raised still further if the new schedules proposed by Secretary of the Treasury Morgen-



thau are adopted. One should not completely rule out further tax increases if the war effort requires them, yet they could not yield enough to cut away any substantial part of the surplus buying power.

A third proposal that has been made by the critics of the seven-point program is forced savings. This has been introduced in a limited form in England. It should be noted that President Roosevelt has also included as part of his program greatly increased savings through the purchase of war bonds, but he prefers that this be voluntary rather than compulsory. It seems to me that the voluntary method ought to be given a trial in conjunction with the other measures that the President has proposed. Let us not be too cocksure about our own pet panaceas. Especially since there is no way of knowing how counter-proposals would work out in practice. For example, if a family which is accustomed to spend $100 a year on consumers' durable goods, has $100 taken away through taxes or forced savings, there is no guarantee that it will not continue to spend the same amount on such goods, skimping on other things such as food or entertainment.

But here again I would not absolutely rule out the possibility that we may eventually have to resort to forced savings if the voluntary method does not achieve its objective. That still remains to be seen. In the *New Republic* of January 5 Hans Gluckstadt suggested an ingenious form of forced savings. He would take from every citizen a sum proportional to the net increase (after deducting taxes) in his income over the year 1940. These sums would be deposited with the Treasury until after the war, and while the deposits themselves would be frozen for the duration, interest on them would be paid in cash. But whatever the particular form, forced savings—should they prove necessary—ought not to apply to those below a certain income level. And I also feel that provisions should be made for special emergencies. Joe Smith may need an operation which costs $300. He has that much or more in forced savings to his credit, but no other savings to draw upon. The legislation that sets up the forced savings plan ought to make it possible for him to assign $300 to the hospital. There may be other situations which may require flexibility.

Yet when all is said and done, price-fixing (including parity ceilings for farm products, as the President suggested) and rationing may prove to be powerful instruments for holding down living costs despite excess purchasing power. In Canada, for example, five months after the establishment of over-all price control, the cost of living has risen only a fraction of one percent, compared to fifteen percent in the previous eighteen months. In Britain wholesale prices jumped over fifty percent since the start of the war, but more than half of this increase occurred before January 1940 when partial control of retail prices went into effect. The trouble over there was that price control and rationing were introduced piecemeal, but in the past year, since they have become generally established, prices have increased very little.

And in learning from the experience of England, let us also learn that one of the problems that cannot be ignored is that of the small businessman. Retailers, for example, have been subjected to a continuous squeeze since wholesale prices have on the whole risen much more rapidly than the prices paid by consumers. In the order fixing all prices at the highest March level it would have been better, therefore, if wholesale prices had been set back to December. Price Administrator Henderson has promised to bring down prices of wholesalers or manufacturers where necessary; it may require large-scale surgery. Let it be remembered that it is the small business and professional person, who is not directly involved in war production and whose income is in many cases declining, who is the particular target of the defeatist press. Merely to say that in this war there are bound to be civilian as well as military casualties is to provide an opening for our enemies and to evade the problem of uniting our entire nation for constructive participation in the war effort.

Both the public and the small retailer need also to be protected against the consequences of the depletion of consumers' durable goods. There ought to be preparations already under way for rationing these goods to retailers and the public. Point six of the President's program states: "To keep the cost of living from spiraling upward, we must ration all essential commodities of which there is a scarcity, so that they may be distributed fairly among consumers and not merely in accordance with financial ability to pay high prices for them." Already we are making a beginning with sugar and gasoline, but much wider rationing will undoubtedly be needed.

WHATEVER the shortcomings of the President's program may be, it is geared to realities and moves in the right direction. And its pattern is democratic. The United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO) in speaking up for it said: "The President's program will be a good one for every group in the United States provided both Congress and the executive branch itself now put it into actual effect." And one might add: provided the trade unions and all other organizations get behind it and help make it work. In evaluating this program, let us be wary of those who merely marshal imposing armies of mathematical symbols and ignore the army of 130,000,000 human beings who are the United States. It is on these 130,000,000, on their work, their sacrifice, their understanding that the success or failure of this program and of this great people's war depends.

A. B. MAGIL.

NEW MASSES *would welcome comment from readers on this article. In future issues we expect to publish other articles dealing with the problems involved in the President's economic program.—The Editors.*

KV'S TO THE ATTACK

"Five powerful tanks came down the conveyor, five armored fortresses brought to life. . . ." The story of a Soviet tank from plant to front line. Voroshilov meets an old friend. First of a series.

Kuibyshev (by cable)

PAST blocks of factory buildings stretched dozens of kilometers—as far as I could see. The plant roars day and night, knowing no rest, no Sundays. It is not simply working, it fights, like the entire Soviet country. These buildings, deep in the interior of the country, house the Kirov Works evacuated from Leningrad.

Several thousand workers were flown here. The Kirov men were brought to the Urals to produce powerful mobile armored fortresses for the Red Army. The front must get as many tanks as it calls for—that's the slogan of the Soviet country at war. Guided by this slogan, friendship was formed between the Leningrad and the Ural workers.

On my first visit to the plant I met small teams of foremen and workers from the assembly department. "Have you come to pay us a visit?" I asked one of the guests. A middle-aged worker answered. "Other departments are lagging behind us," he said bitterly. "They are lagging behind us and we behind the front. So we have come to spur them on. That's the kind of guests we are!" Usually, after such a visit, tank production leaps upward. "The Germans trumpeted throughout the world that they destroyed our plant," Socialist Hero of Labor Zaltsman, the plant's director, said to me. "Now their bones can attest to the products of the 'destroyed' plant." His military bearing and the orders on his breast reminded me of a general. He is a marshal of production, leading the vast army of workers, engineers, technicians.

This captain of industry leads his troops into battle and wins a victory. I saw there how a tank is born. I saw how a powerful crane hoists a newborn infant into the air where young women give it the finishing touch: a snow-white coat. The tank is then tested. I saw a machine driven at headlong speed across the broken country, whirled on the spot. On the shooting grounds machine-guns and cannons were being tested. Alexei Volkov, a veteran Putilov worker, has charge of the assembly department. He wears three decorations: for valiant labor, a medal and Order of the Red Banner, awarded earlier, and the Order of Lenin, bestowed on him recently for excellent fulfillment of important defense orders. He has eleven years' experience in tank production and assembled the first tank of the KV (Klimenti Voroshilov) type. In the winter of 1939, when the KV tanks produced by the Kirov workers went into action against the Finnish White Guards, Alexei Volkov and his team accompanied their handicraft to the front. Ignatyev, Kovsh, and Lyashkov led the tanks into the attack, Istrativ and Kolkov effected the necessary repairs right on the march. All of them are working with Volkov to this day—Lyashkov and Kovsh as team leaders. All of them were awarded government decorations; Istrativ thrice. The Kirov men who had worked in Leningrad under enemy fire realize fully what an order from the front for machines means.

I noticed a small red flag with the inscription "For Stakhanov Work" pinned on one of the machines in the polishing department. A young woman with a red kerchief about her head is the operator. Anna Martyanova exceeds the scheduled norm of output several hundred percent. Wife of an artilleryman at the front, she earns 900 rubles monthly. Martyanova was eager to talk. She radiated happiness that day, having received a letter from her husband—after three months' silence. "But we are fighting too," she declared suddenly. "He writes me that they have received the Banner of the Guard Troops. I am sure that by the end of this month our department will have won the Red Banner. See, we too are guardsmen."

Recently Klimenti Voroshilov visited the plant. He climbed up on the tank named KV in his honor, and amid hushed silence addressed the workers: "Comrades, workers of the Kirov Plant and of the Urals. Stalin says that to achieve final victory over the enemy, we must eliminate German superiority in tanks and planes. You are producing tanks—what's more, heavy ones. That means victory lies in our hands, therefore it's up to you to help bring closer the hour of reckoning with the enemy. Stalin asked me to say that the front is expecting more and more of the splendid tanks you are making at present."

An interesting meeting occurred in the engine department. Behind one of the machines Voroshilov saw an old foreman. Dressed in a blue smock, his pocket bulging with gauges, the old man attracted attention by the stern expression on his face. "Listen, friend," Voroshilov said, pausing near him, "are you not Khudyakov?" "That's me, Comrade Voroshilov!"

"Well, old fellow, how come you're here?" "Making engines for tanks. I was evacuated from the Ukraine." Khudyakov, an old Party member, a partisan, fought in the detachment under Voroshilov's command. Marshal Voroshilov and the foreman recalled how they fought against the Germans during the civil war in the Ukraine. "Well, war is here again and we must do our best," Voroshilov said. "With my whole heart," Khudyakov replied, "but I wish I were a little closer to the front." "Never mind the front. Cut out that talk. Isn't this the front?" "True, of course. But my hands are aching to get at the fascists." "Have no fear, there are younger ones who will get at them. Say, you yourself probably have someone at the front." "Of course, my son Vasili!" "What is he doing?" "Driving a KV tank." "So what are you beefing about, old man? The father makes tanks, the son leads them into battle."

This factory is an army echelon linked to the front with ties of blood. Foreman Khudyakov sees to it that his son gets good tanks and his son makes sure that he will not disgrace his father.

FIVE powerful tanks came down the conveyor, five armored fortresses brought to life by Khudyakov and his comrades. Testers climbed onto them. A few minutes of waiting, and then with a roar the grim snow-white fortresses pulled out. . . . The five heavy tanks rolled toward the testing grounds. The drivers closed their eyes, dazzled by the snow scintillating in the winter sun. The forty-five degree frost singed the skin. Driving at the head of the column was twenty-three-year-old Lieutenant Astakhov. He had already fought at the front, was wounded, and was now getting ready to go back with his tank men. His crews comprise combine operators, tractor drivers, chauffeurs training at the grounds adjoining the works. The plant turns out tanks while the nearby training center turns out tankmen. Before leaving for the front the men spend ten days at the plant helping workers assemble the machines.

Tramping down the snow, the huge steel "mammoths" roared down the main street, past the factory buildings. "Watch our beauties go," said army engineer Novotortsev, beckoning to his friend Major Shevazudsky to come to the window. He was now training tank drivers while Shevazudsky was instructing artillerymen. The training grounds were cut by several ditches. The elevated line, barely perceptible under the heavy snowdrifts, outlined anti-tank obstacles. In the instructor's presence, Battalion Commander Captain Glushkov posed Astakhov a tactical problem: "Carry out a frontal attack on the strongly fortified 'enemy' defense line." The tanks dashed forward. The solid anti-tank obstacles cracked under the caterpillars like lumps of sugar caught by strong teeth. Neither did the anti-tank pits halt the machines. Finally the tanks reached the steep, snow-covered ditch bank. The five machines made a bold dash to climb to the opposite bank, but one after another they began to crawl back along the frozen slope. A few more thrusts proved fruitless. The attack failed.

"And you call yourselves tankmen? And driving such tanks as the KV?" Novotortsev mocked, ordering the men to alight. The drivers stood embarrassed, silent, looking askance at the accursed bank. They thought the bank would be as soft and yielding as in the summer but it now proved tough as granite. "Now watch me," Novotortsev said, and climbed into the nearest tank. With a terrific clatter the machine started. After driving back and forth along the bank to gain speed, the engineer suddenly made a resolute thrust across. Once at the opposite bank the tank again began to misbehave, as if rendered dizzy by the height, began to back out. But a sharp turn to the right and then to the left sent it zigzagging upwards. When the top was reached, the engineer emerged, signaling to those below. Then he climbed back and returned, saying that he would demonstrate another method of overcoming high obstacles at great speed. "Look, there is some brush and further on some trees. You were afraid of them, for you underestimated the strength of your machine." Novotortsev then headed straight for the place where the opposite bank was covered with brushwood and trees. The thrust was so straight and so fast that before I realized what was happening, I saw the tank uproot the tree which collapsed onto the machine, leaving a huge crater in the ground which served as a stair for the tank. With this as a foothold, Novotortsev quickly reached the top. An hour passed, and one after another every driver did what previously seemed impossible, following Novotortsev to the top.

Since driving lessons took a considerable portion of the day, artillery practice was postponed until the night. Major Shevazudsky, who started grumbling at Novotortsev for encroaching on his schedule, finally calmed down, for after all, night

YESTERDAY *"Where will they attack next?"*

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practice is necessary at the front too. The artillerymen were up to snuff—and no wonder: four out of five already had taken part in the war. It was merely a matter of perfecting their skill, acquiring greater experience, familiarizing themselves with the machine. All of them, the tank commander, the driver, the gunner, the mechanic, the wireless operator, acted as a well synchronized crew.

OUR old acquaintances, the five KV tanks, cautiously crawl onto a huge platform. The locomotive is puffing away, ready to start. The tank crews line up near the cars. Those who built the giant tanks and those who trained the tankmen came to see them off. The men bid their friends and relatives goodbye.

We stop at a small station, children and adults run our way. They guess the nature of the load on the platform. You can't hide it, for it is not a needle, not even a combine harvester. . . . Again moving west, past endless snow-covered collective farm fields.

Mechanic George Konstantinov had just returned from the platform where he spent several hours warming the tank to protect it from the forty-five degree frost. He worked outside, exposed to the biting wind. "How goes it?" Tank Commander Yefimov asked. "Fine, have no fear we will not let it freeze." Konstantinov was a broad-shouldered, energetic fellow with a serious expression of concentration on his face. He knows tanks to the last detail. Even technicians frequently turn to him for advice. This twenty-three-year-old youngster is already a veteran. He fought at Chalkhingol, was on the Karelian Isthmus during the entire Finnish campaign, and was returning now to the front for the third time since the outbreak of the present war.

Another, perhaps no less experienced mechanic and driver, is Muscovite Eugene Dormidontov, affectionately called Zhenya. A tall, well built Russian giant, he's the merrymaker of the crowd. Even the slightly phlegmatic and dreamy wireless operator Vedishschev, cannot resist a smile when Dormidontov cracks a joke. He is also liked for his soft voice and the warmth and emotion put into every song. "Zhenya, sing 'Eagle'!" "Zhenya, sing 'Sulike'!" are orders showered on him from every direction. Those were favorite songs and the boys were ready to listen to them endlessly. "Wait, boys. Just let me adopt the proper pose," replied Dormidontov, putting his knapsack on the berth and making himself comfortable. Everyone quieted down, and drawing closer to Dormidontov listened to the words of "Sulike"—the Georgian song about love and nightingales.

EVERY morning and evening the men got a review of the current political situation. This was Astakhov's job. Removing his helmet and throwing back his blond hair, he would announce, "And now I will tell you what is taking place today in the wide world." Wireless kept the train in contact with the outside and the tankmen seated in the rapidly moving cars were indeed in close touch with the whole wide world.

As we drew nearer the front, the boys threw the doors open more and more. Dressed in cotton padded suits, felt boots, the tankmen were unmindful of the cold and wind. "Boys, look, there's a trophy tank!" someone shouted during one halt. Despite the fact that more than half the tank men fought on the battle field and an enemy tank was not a novelty to them, everybody ran to the platform where the damaged fascist tank was stationed. "Professor, take a chair," shouted Dormidontov inviting Konstantinov, who knew all about German tanks, to "deliver a lecture." Many hands lifted Konstantinov onto the platform and in a few minutes he described the technical properties and fighting qualities of the fascist tank. "Now you can see for yourselves," concluded Konstantinov, amid laughter, pointing to dozens of bullet holes, "what cardboard armor is. This is not your KV!"

The train is nearing the front line after covering over 2,000 kilometers in slightly more than two days. A faint booming of guns is heard in the distance. Some ten kilometers remain. The tank engineers are already started. The crews take their places.

The train comes to a halt. A few minutes and every tank creeps down to solid ground.

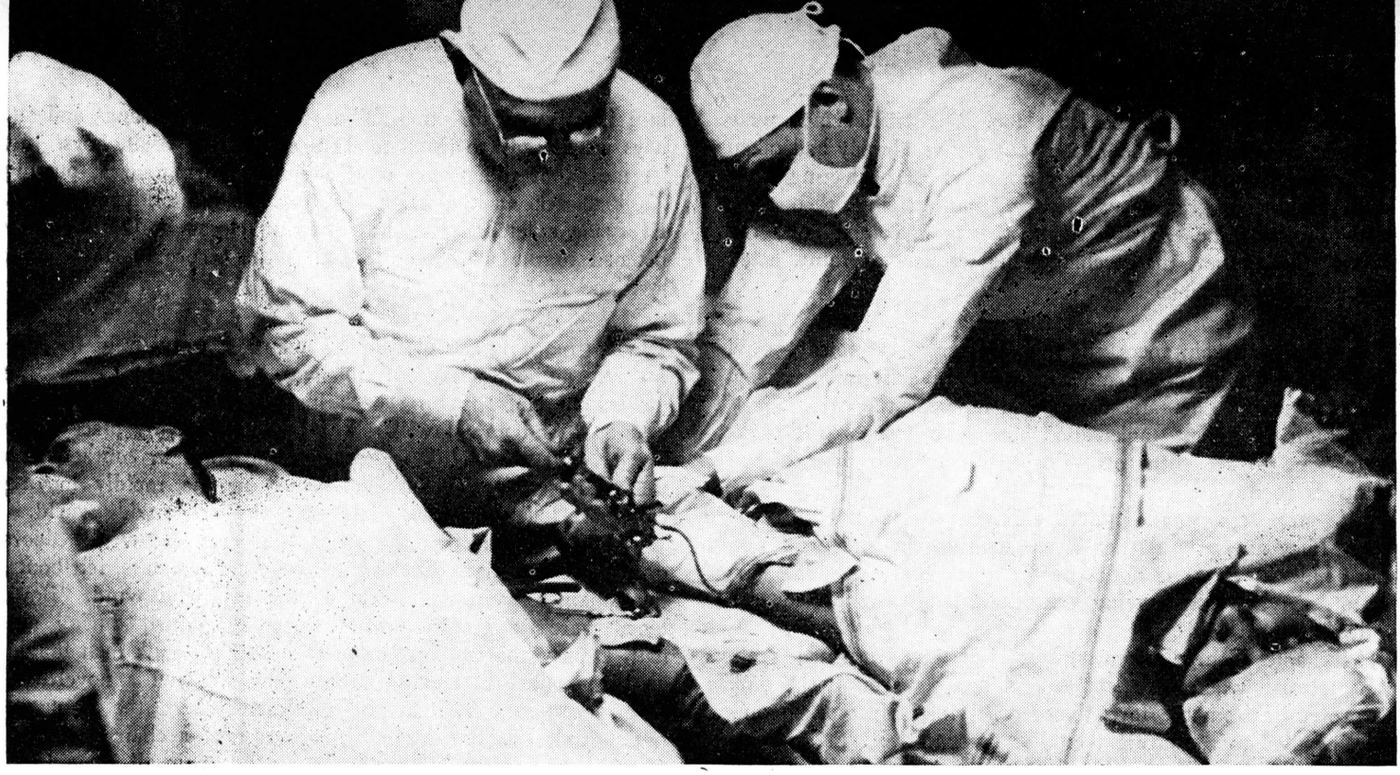
I. POLYAKOV.

Next week Polyakov reports how the tanks went into action on the northern front.

TODAY ***"Where will they attack next?"***

TODAY ***"Where will they attack next?"***

TODAY *"Where will they attack next?"*



MIRACLE MEN

Here are some of the marvels military surgeons are performing every day. Sulfanilamide does it again. The "shrapnel locator" points the way.

WE ALL talk of P-40's, Spitfires, and tanks. Yet we sometimes forget that these machines are operated by men, and are specifically designed to protect the fighters. Every effort is made to wage war with least loss of life, and machines help accomplish this. Unfortunately machines are not perfect, and casualties must occur. It is because of this that medical science assumes a top place as a tool of war. For it is the function of medical science not only to protect men before they go into battle, but to treat them when injured and restore them for further battle or for normal life when peace comes.

Since the last war great advances have been made in medical science and practice, and these are being put to use as a tool in the present war. Infection, for example, ranks as a problem of first importance to the military surgeon, and it is easy to see why this is so. Every scratch, every wound opens up the way for invasion by bacteria. Any infection on the surface of the body can spread rapidly, and before long enter the blood stream to cause what we know as blood poisoning or septicemia. In the past, amputation of an arm or leg had to be performed to prevent septicemia from causing death. Various antiseptics were prepared to avoid this cruel treatment. During the last war Dakin's Solution—a chlorine compound—was widely used as an antiseptic. While it was fairly effective, it was very tedious to apply and required repeated and painful treatment.

Nothing better appeared until recently, when sulfanilamide and its derivatives made their miraculous appearance. These have proved themselves invaluable. At Dunkirk, where medical services were completely disorganized, wounded soldiers were simply given sulfanilamide pills by mouth, then treated in English hospitals. The number of infected wounds was remarkably low. Soviet reports on these drugs are equally glowing. Wounded men are given the drug by mouth. And where the wound is severe or extensive, the sulfanilamide or sulfathiazole is powdered into it, and the wound covered with a bandage. If the case is serious and needs immediate operative treatment—such as head, abdominal, or chest wounds—the soldier is given the drug and is then flown by plane to the rear where adequate hospitalization awaits him. Thousands upon thousands of lives are thus saved by a combination of powerful drug and speed.

The most recent report came from Pearl Harbor. One of the bright spots of this tragic episode was the preparedness of the medical corps. Several weeks before December 7 the medical commander had everything in readiness—bandages and medicines removed from warehouses, operating rooms ready, laundry trucks converted to ambulances, etc. On December 5, more than 300 civilian and military physicians attended a lecture on the treatment of war wounds. On the morning of December 7, they were again convening when the attack came. In twenty minutes the first wounded soldier was brought into the hospital, and immediately every doctor went to work. Speed and good organization saved many lives. The effectiveness of sulfanilamide and the sulfa compounds was again proved. Practically no infected wounds were seen even weeks after the attack; no amputations were performed because of infection; and no death from septicemia occurred. A remarkable record.

Improvements in surgery appeared, not only because of reduced danger of infection, but in actual technique. Many wounds are caused by shrapnel, and a real advance was made by the introduction of a "shrapnel-locator," a device invented by Samuel Berman, a New York subway worker. Formerly it was necessary to take many X-rays to locate the pieces of shrapnel, whether in the brain or other parts of the body. This was expensive, took a long time, and was not always accurate. The "shrapnel-locator" is both accurate and fast. It consists of a pencil-like apparatus which emits electro-magnetic waves. When the waves strike a metal, a deflection is observed on a meter to which the locator is attached. Not only will it locate the object on the surface, but it will tell accurately how deep the metal is. An improved model is now being manufactured in bulk.

OF ABOUT equal importance and requiring more immediate treatment than infection is the problem of shock, or collapse of the circulatory system. As a result of severe hemorrhage, extensive destruction of tissue, or intense nervous activity such as excruciating pain, the blood pressure falls to very low levels,

sometimes to zero. The pulse is so weak it cannot be felt. Insufficient blood is pumped out by the heart, and all tissues of the body suffer because of lack of oxygen and nutriment. The treatment of shock is an emergency measure, and all effort is directed toward restoration of the circulation to normal. And when a wounded person requires operative intervention, the element of shock represents a hazard of prime importance.

Besides general procedures such as keeping the body warm, administering morphine to relieve pain, stopping bleeding, etc., it has been found that replacement of body fluids by means of transfusion is the most effective form of therapy for shock. Until recent years transfusion was a laborious and messy procedure. The donor had to be present and his blood injected immediately into the patient. Frequently the blood would clot or there would be delays because of the wrong type of blood or clumsy organization.

Several years ago Soviet scientists devised a method whereby blood could be drawn from a donor and stored for several weeks before use. This was a tremendous advance. By this method large quantities of blood could be drawn in home cities and towns and delivered to the front as needed. This was first put into mass use during the Spanish civil war when the late Dr. Norman Bethune organized the loyalist transfusion service. The idea spread quickly and led to the establishment of blood banks in hospitals throughout the United States.

The next step was the development of plasma in transfusions instead of whole blood. Blood consists essentially of three elements—red and white blood cells, protein, and fluid containing minerals. If the cells are removed by high speed centrifuges, the remaining clear yellow fluid containing protein is called *plasma.* If the plasma is evaporated, a dry powder consisting of protein and salt remains. This is called *dried plasma.* The advantage of this is that it can be put up in very small ampules, avoiding bulk, and can last a long time. When needed, it is dissolved in water and transfused into the patient. Furthermore, human plasma is not necessary. Beef protein has been prepared so that it can be used in the very same way and as effectively. However, where there has been loss of blood, transfusion with whole blood is desirable. Suppose no stored blood or plasma is available at the front? Well, every man in the armed forces is typed at induction, and his blood type appears on the tag giving his name and address. Any soldier with the proper type can thus be called on to donate his blood.

THE third most important problem facing military medicine is that of burns. The weapons of modern warfare such as flame-throwers, incendiary bombs, etc., make this a very common injury. Burns can produce profound shock because of pain and tissue destruction, extensive infections, and deforming scars. Burns are treated by bathing in sodium bicarbonate solution to remove charred tissue, administration of morphine for pain, and the application of a tannic acid compound to protect the exposed areas from the dry air. Transfusion with blood or plasma is also necessary. Infection is prevented by cleansing before application of the tanning agent, and by use of sulfanilamide compounds. The deformity can be corrected later by the spectacular work of plastic surgery.

The use of tannate is interesting because it is the same substance used in tanning skins of animals to produce leather. It produces a thick protective layer which peels off in a couple of weeks, leaving newly formed skin underneath. Its disadvantage is that pockets of infection may form underneath which cannot be seen. Recently a thick paste of sulfathiazole has been used in place of tannate. No infection can occur in its presence, it is elastic and allows early movement of the burned part, and it is translucent, allowing some visibility of the underlying tissue and affected areas.

Men of the armed forces, put to difficult tasks, must be in good physical condition, and this means good nutritive condition. Not only have scientists discovered the importance of vitamins, they have also devised means of synthesizing them in bulk in the chemical laboratory. Applied to war, this is of great importance. For medical men are now in a position actually to *synthesize* battle or emergency rations on a sound basis. Capsules or cookies or biscuits containing every essential vitamin and mineral can now be prepared and fed to soldiers at the front where it is impossible to get complete meals. For the relatively short periods at the active front this is perfectly sound and helps to maintain good nutrition.

BY NATURE of organization and geographical disposition, our armed forces are exposed to types of disease not associated with bullets or shrapnel. Exposure to the elements, as well as crowding large numbers of men into confined areas, leads to such ailments as pneumonia, meningitis, influenza, and other infectious diseases. During World War I pneumonia accounted for most of the deaths among our sailors. At that time no specific measures were available to treat the disease, but today we have very effective agents. Sulfathiazole and sulfadiazine are extremely potent against pneumonia. Where additional therapy is necessary, specific serum is available. Similarly for meningitis. Against influenza there is as yet no specific therapy, and we must depend on maintaining the good physical status of our armed forces and civilians, and on adequate public health measures. However, considerable research is being done on influenza vaccines, and it would not be surprising if a good one were developed before the war is over.

Diseases related to geographical disposition are the so-called tropical diseases—malaria, amebic dysentery, bacillary dysentery, yellow fever, cholera, etc. Since a good deal of the fighting in the Far East is in areas infested by such diseases, they represent a problem of major importance. Against some of them—yellow fever, cholera, and typhoid—specific vaccines or preventives are available. Against bacillary dysentery, the new drug called sulfaguanidine has proved very effective. Quinine, a natural drug obtained from cinchona bark, is the old standby against malaria. However, a good deal of the quinine came from the Dutch East Indies, and in its stead synthetic drugs like atabrine and plasmochin can be used. Considerable research is in progress to discover drugs and vaccines to combat the tropical diseases.

Finally, there are the venereal diseases—syphilis and gonorrhea—which generally cause many casualties among the armed forces. By rigid public health measures and education, as well as prompt therapy, we will be in a position to eliminate most of the danger from these diseases.

IT MUST not be forgotten that the role medicine plays on the home front is as important as its role on the battle front. It is necessary that the home-front medical problems be attacked just as persistently and scientifically as in the armed forces. We know from many health surveys what serious deficiences exist on this score. It is depressing to be told that preventable illness among defense workers is costing us enough manpower to build 16,470 tanks a year. It is bad news to learn that industrial accidents are up ten to fifteen percent since 1940; that about half of us are suffering from some sort of poor health; that draftees in large numbers are still being turned down because of preventable infirmities. It is serious news to be told that tuberculosis death rates are increasing after a generation of consistent decline.

Yes, civilian health is an urgent problem—civilian health applied to war industry, civilian health applied to air-raid precaution, civilian health applied to the home. We need the same application of scientific methods and organization to our civilian problems as to our military. A sick and weak home front will lead to a sick and weak battle front. That is an axiom not to be forgotten. PETER BOWMAN.

PROMETHEUS OF THE POOR

Karl Marx at home with his family and friends. His brilliant style as teacher and writer. The man whose genius illuminated the whole course of history.

May 5 was the 124th anniversary of the birth of Karl Marx. In commemoration of the birthday we are republishing excerpts from an essay, "Reminiscences of Marx," by his friend and student Wilhelm Liebknecht. Liebknecht, who died in 1900, was one of the leaders and founders of German Social Democracy. The essay first appeared in 1896.—The Editors.

THE friendship—with Marx's two eldest daughters, one six and the other seven years old—began a few days after I had arrived in London in the summer of 1850 from Switzerland. From that day I was at home in Marx's house and I never missed a day with the family.

Marx with his advantage of five or six years over us "young fellows" was conscious of the whole superiority of his ripened manhood, and he took every opportunity of testing us, and especially me. But he educated also, in regular fashion. I can say of him in a double respect, in the wider and the narrower sense of the words, that he was my teacher. And one had to follow him in every sphere. I will say nothing of economics. In the Pope's palace one does not speak of the Pope. Marx was at home in both modern and ancient languages. I was a philologist, and it gave him a childish pleasure when he could put before me some difficult passage from Aristotle or Aeschylus which I could not immediately understand. How he scolded me one day because I did not know—Spanish! In a moment he had pulled out *Don Quixote* from a heap of books and proceeded at once to give me a lesson.

In the years 1850 and 1851, Marx gave a course of lectures on economics. He only decided on it unwillingly; but after he had given a few private lessons to a small circle of friends, he allowed himself after all to be persuaded by us to give instruction to a larger circle. In this course, which was a great pleasure for all who had the good fortune to take part in it, Marx already unfolded completely the basic features of his system as it is to be found in *Capital.* In a crowded hall of the Communist League, or the Communist Workers Educational Union, which was then situated in Great Windmill Street—in the same hall where two and a half years before the Communist Manifesto had been decided on—Marx demonstrated his remarkable talent for popularization. Nobody hated vulgarization more than he did, that is to say the falsification of science, making it shallow and uninspired. No one, however, possessed in a higher degree the capacity of expressing himself clearly. Clarity of speech is the fruit of clarity of thought; clear thinking necessarily determines a clear form of expression.

Marx proceeded methodically. He put forward a sentence, as short as possible, and then he explained it in a longer exposition, taking the greatest care to avoid using any expressions which would not be understood by the workers. Then he called upon the listeners to put questions to him. If he did not get any, he began to examine and did this with such pedagogical skill that not a single gap or misunderstanding escaped him.

Marx is said to have had no "style," or a very bad one. That is said by those who do not know what style is—smooth-tongued speakers and phrase-mongers who have not understood Marx and were not capable of understanding him, incapable of following the flights of his intellect to the highest peaks of science and passion and to the profoundest depths of human suffering and human depravity. If Buffon's phrase holds good of anyone, it holds good of Marx: "The style is the man"—Marx's style is Marx himself. A man who was so thoroughly truthful as he was, who knew no other cult than that of truth, who at a moment's notice would throw aside propositions, however laboriously arrived at and dearly cherished, as soon as he was convinced that they were incorrect, could not but show himself in his writings as he was. Incapable of hypocrisy, incapable of pretense or posing, he always was himself in his writings as in his life.

It is true that with such a many-sided, wide-embracing, and varied nature, the style cannot be so uniform, unvaried, or even monotonous as in the case of less complex, narrower natures. The Marx of *Capital,* the Marx of *The Eighteenth Brumaire,* and the Marx of *Herr Vogt* are three different persons, and yet in their diversity they are the same Marx—in their trinity still a unit—the unity of a great personality which expresses itself differently in different spheres and yet always remains the same. Certainly, the style of *Capital* is hard to understand—but is indeed the subject dealt with easily comprehensible? The style is not merely the man, it is also the matter, it must adapt itself to the matter. There is no royal road to science, each must laboriously struggle and climb even when he has the best teacher. To complain of the heavy, difficult, incomprehensible, or even clumsy style of *Capital* is merely to acknowledge one's own laziness of thought or incapacity for thinking.

MARX could only become what he has become, in England. In such an economically undeveloped country as Germany was until the middle of this century, Marx could not have arrived at his critique of bourgeois economy and at knowledge of capitalist production any more than this economically undeveloped Germany could have had the political institutions of economically developed England. Marx was as much dependent on his environment and the conditions in which he lived as any other human being, and without this environment and without these conditions he would not have become what he is. No one has proved that better than he has himself.

To observe such an intellect while conditions operate upon it and while it penetrates deeper and deeper into nature and society—that is already in itself a deep intellectual enjoyment and I can never congratulate myself highly enough on my good fortune which led me as an inexperienced young fellow, thirsting for knowledge, to Marx and brought me under his influence and schooling.

Marx was one of the first who grasped the significance of Darwin's investigations. Already prior to 1849, the year of the publication of the *Origin of the Species*—by a remarkable coincidence also the year Marx's *Critique of Political Economy* appeared—Marx had recognized the epoch-making significance of Darwin who, far removed from the noise and bustle of the big city, was preparing on his peaceful country estate a revolution similar to the one Marx himself was preparing in the stormswept center of the world—only that the lever was applied at another point.

Particularly in the sphere of natural science—including physics and chemistry—and of history, Marx followed every new appearance, noted every progress: and Moleschott, Liebig, Huxley—whose "popular lectures" we conscientiously attended—were names as often occurring in our circle as Ricardo, Adam Smith, MacCulloch, and the Scottish and Italian political economists. And when Darwin drew the conclusions of his investigations and made them public, for months we talked of nothing else but Darwin and the revolutionizing power of his scientific achievements. I lay stress on this because "radical"

enemies have spread the story that Marx out of jealousy only recognized the merits of Darwin very reluctantly and to a very limited extent.

Marx was the biggest-hearted and most just of men, where it was a question of appreciating the merits of others. He was too big for envy and jealousy, as for vanity.

Marx was one of the few men among the big, little, and mediocre personalities known to me who was not vain. He was too big for that, and too strong—and certainly also too proud. He never posed and was always himself. He was as incapable as any child of wearing a mask or disguising himself. Except where it was necessary on social or political grounds, he expressed his thoughts and feelings in full and without reservations and they were to be seen in his face. And if it was necessary to keep anything back, he exhibited what I might almost call a childish awkwardness which often amused his friends.

MARX, like all persons of a strong and healthy nature, was extraordinarily fond of children. He was not merely the most tender father, who could be a child with his children for hours together—he also felt himself, as it were, magnetically drawn to strange children who came in his path, especially those who were poor and helpless. Hundreds of times, when wandering through poverty-stricken districts, he would suddenly tear himself away from us in order to stroke the hair and press a penny or halfpenny in the little hand of some child sitting in rags at a doorway.

Bodily weakness and helplessness always aroused his lively sympathy. A man who beat his wife—and wifebeating was then very much the fashion in London—he would gladly have had flogged to the point of death. Owing to his impulsive nature on such occasions, he not infrequently involved both himself and us in trouble. One evening I was riding with him on the top of an omnibus toward Hampstead Road, when in front of a gin palace at a halting place we noticed a crowd out of which came a piercing woman's voice shrieking, "Murder! murder!" Quick as lightning, Marx sprang down and I after him. I wanted to hold him back—I might as well have tried to hold back a bullet from a gun with my bare hand. In a moment we were in the midst of the throng; and the wave of human beings closed behind us. "What is the matter?" What was the matter was only too soon visible. A drunken woman had had a quarrel with her husband, the latter wanted to get her home, she resisted and raised an outcry like one possessed. So far, so good. There was no reason for our intervention—that we saw. But that the quarreling pair also saw, and they immediately made peace and then turned on us, while the crowd around us drew closer and closer and took up a threatening attitude against the "damned foreigners." The woman especially made a furious onslaught on Marx and aimed her attack at his magnificent, shining black beard. I tried to calm the storm—in vain. And if two powerful constables had not opportunely appeared on the battlefield, we would have had to pay dearly for our philanthropic attempts at intervention. We were glad to come out of it with a whole skin and to be seated once more on an omnibus going toward home. Afterward Marx was somewhat more cautious in such attempts at intervention.

One had to have seen Marx with his children in order to get a full idea of the depth of feeling and childishness of this hero of science. In his minutes of leisure or on walks, he carried them about, played the maddest, merriest games with them —in brief, was a child among children. On Hampstead Heath we often played "cavalry": I took one of the little daughters on my shoulders, Marx the other, and then we vied with one another in trotting and jumping—on occasions there was also a little fight between the mounted riders. For the girls were as unrestrained as boys and could also endure a bump without crying.

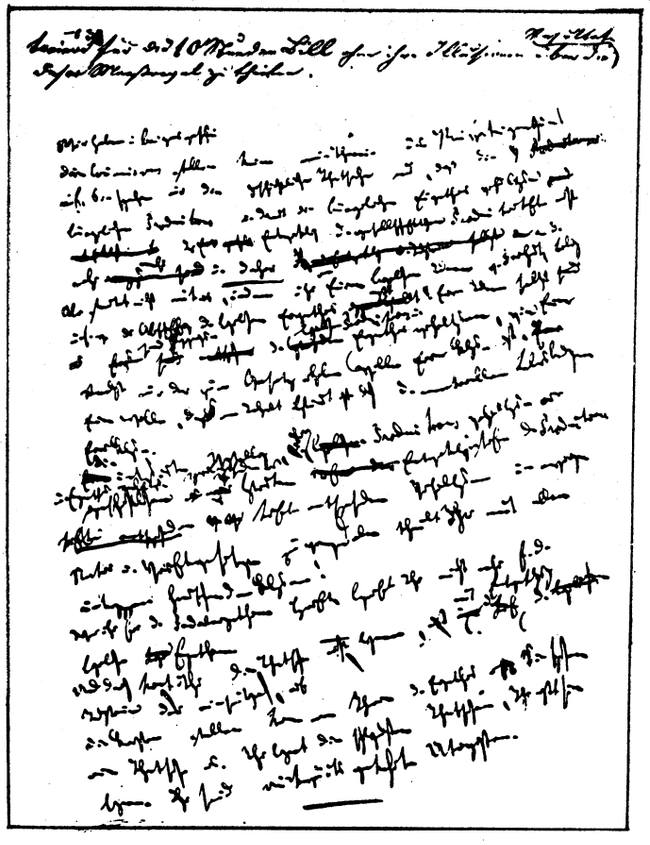
The society of children was a necessity for Marx—he re-

PROMETHEUS BOUND. *A cartoon on the suppression of the "Rheinische Zeitung," a newspaper edited by Marx. It shows Marx chained to the printing press while the royal Prussian eagle gnaws at his vitals. The reactionary Minister of Culture Eichorn is seen as a squirrel (German: Eichhorn) squatting on a throne in the clouds and holding a still-smoking gun which he has apparently just fired at a flight of birds, presumably symbolizing the unfettered words. At Marx's feet lie female figures symbolizing the Rhineland towns of Cologne, Dusseldorf, Aachen, Crefeld, Elberfeld, Trier, and Coblenz, whose mayor petitioned Friedrich Wilhelm IV in February 1843 for the withdrawal of the order suppressing the "Rheinische Zeitung." The original lithograph appeared in 1843 without any accompanying text, as printed comment was forbidden by the censorship.*

created and refreshed himself by this means. And when his own children were grown up or dead, then the grandchildren took their place. Little Jenny [Marx's daughter], who in the beginning of the seventies married Longuet, one of the Commune refugees, brought Marx several children into the house —wild youngsters. The eldest especially, Jean or Johnny, was the grandfather's favorite. He could do what he liked with him and he knew it. One day, when I was on a visit in London, Johnny, whom the parents had sent over from Paris—as occurred several times every year—hit upon the brilliant idea of converting Marx into an omnibus, on the box of which, that is to say Marx's shoulders, he set himself, while Engels and I were appointed to be omnibus horses. And when we were properly harnessed, then there was a wild chase—I should have liked to say furious drive—in the little house garden behind Marx's cottage in Maitland Park Road.

A SUNDAY on Hampstead Heath was one of our greatest joys. The children talked of it the whole week beforehand and to us grown-ups, old and young, it was also a source of the greatest joy. The very journey thither was a festival. The girls were excellent walkers, lissom and untiring as cats. From Dean Street, where the Marxes lived—a few doors away from Church Street where I had my anchorage—it was a good hour and a quarter, and as a rule we started out by eleven o'clock in the morning.

The march itself was usually accomplished in the following order. I went in front as vanguard accompanied by the



An original manuscript (in Marx's handwriting) from Engels' and Marx's "Communist Manifesto."

two girls—sometimes relating stories, and sometimes doing free gymnastic exercises or hunting for wild flowers, which at that time were not so rare as they now are. Behind us came some friends. Then came the main body of the army: Marx with his wife and perhaps some Sunday visitors who claimed a certain amount of attention. And behind these came the beloved family servant with the hungriest of the guests, who helped her to carry the basket. If there was more company present it divided itself between the various columns of the army. I need hardly say that the order of march or battle array could be varied according to mood or needs.

Arrived on the Heath, we would first of all look out for a spot where we could set up our tent, taking into account the possibilities of obtaining tea and beer. But after they had refreshed themselves with food and drink—then the excursionists sought out the most comfortable place for sitting and camping and—provided a nap was not given the preference—the Sunday newspapers bought on the way were brought out from the pockets and we would begin to read and talk politics—while the children, who quickly found playmates, played hide-and-seek among the gorse bushes.

But we had to introduce some variety into our life of ease and so races were held, and sometimes there was wrestling, aiming with stones and other sports. One Sunday we discovered in the neighborhood a horse-chestnut tree with ripe fruits. "Let's see who can bring down the most," someone cried, and with shouts of "hurrah" we set to work. Marx was like a madman, and certainly bringing down chestnuts was not his strong point. But he was indefatigable—as we all were. The bombardment only ceased when the last chestnut had been secured amid wild cries of triumph. Marx could not use his right arm for eight days afterward, and I was no better off.

The greatest "treat" of all was a ride on the donkeys. What uproarious laughter and merry-making there was! And what comical scenes! How Marx amused himself—and us! He amused us in two ways: both by his more than primitive equestrian skill and also by the fanaticism with which he asserted his virtuosity in this art. His virtuosity consisted in the fact that as a student he had once taken riding lessons—Engels asserted that he had never taken more than three—and that in the festival years when he visited Manchester he went out riding with Engels on a venerable Rosinante that was probably a great-grandchild of the gentle, lamblike mare which old Fritz had once presented to the worthy Gellert.

WITH Frau Marx's life went that of Marx also. He struggled hard in order to keep going, for he was a fighter to the last—but he was a broken man. His general state of health became worse and worse. If he had been more selfish, he would have let things take their course. However, for him there was something which stood above everything else—that was his devotion to the cause. He attempted to complete his great work and therefore he agreed to undertake another voyage of recovery.

In the spring of 1882 he went to Paris and Argenteuil, where I met him, and we passed some really happy days together with Jenny and her children. Marx then traveled to the south of France and finally to Algiers.

When Marx finally came home again, he was very ill; and now we began to fear the worst. On the advice of the doctor, he spent the autumn and winter at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight. I must mention here that at that time, on Marx's wish, I spent three months in Italy with Jenny's youngest son, Jean (Johnny). In the spring of 1883 I went to Marx and took Johnny with me, who was his special favorite among his grandchildren. I had to go back because I had to give my lessons.

And now came the last dreadful blow: the news of Jenny's death. Jenny, the first-born, Marx's favorite daughter, died suddenly. We had received letters from Marx in which he wrote that Jenny's health was better and we did not need to be anxious. We received the telegram announcing her death an hour later than the letter in which Marx wrote the above. I traveled immediately to Ventnor.

I have gone through many sad hours in my life, but none was so sad as that. I felt that I was bringing my father his death sentence. On the long anxious journey, I tortured my brain thinking how to impart the news to him. I did not need to impart it, my face betrayed me—Marx said at once, "Our Jenny is dead!" and then he requested me to go to Paris at once and help with the children. I wanted to remain with him—he would not suffer any contradiction. I had hardly been half an hour in Ventnor when I was already on my sad, troubled way to London in order to set out immediately for Paris. I did what Marx wished on account of the children.

I will not speak of my journey there—I can only recall that time with a shudder—that mental agony, that torture—but no more of that. Sufficient—I came back and Marx returned home—to die.

MARX'S family grave . . . is situated in the Highgate cemetery in the north of London on a hill which overlooks the giant city.

Marx did not want a "memorial." To have desired to put up any other memorial to the creator of the Communist Manifesto and of *Capital* than that which he had built himself, would have been an insult to the great dead. In the heads and hearts of millions of workers, who have "united" to his call, he has not merely a memorial more lasting than bronze, but also the living soil in which what he taught and desired will become—and in part has already become—an act.

We Social Democrats have no saints and no saints' burial places, but millions think with thankfulness and veneration of the man who rests in this cemetery in the north of London. And a thousand years hence, in a period when the savagery and narrow-mindedness which the efforts for the emancipation of the working class today encounter have become a scarcely credible tale of the past, free and noble men will still stand at this grave-side and with bared heads whisper to their children:

"HERE LIES KARL MARX!"

WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

Strictly Personal

by RUTH McKENNEY

WHITHER?

COSMIC questions can shatter the nerves of the earnest parent, especially if the domestic situation gets cluttered up with a slight touch of mythology. In our household, for example, Santa Claus is even now, on this bright May morning, working his kindly old whiskers off, painting the stripes on candy canes, while Donner and Blitzen, clocked by an elf, take their morning speed tests on the North Pole race track.

The moon, on the other hand, is definitely not made of green cheese. The moon is a dead stone world. Once it was part of the earth, for in those days, my darling, the earth was a flaming ball of—guess what?—FIRE! And the earth whirled around SO fast that a hunk of it whizzed off into space, and that was the moon. Well, pretty soon. . . .

From Patrick, brutally well informed for his five years: "Daddy says the moon is made of green cheese, absolutely."

From me: "Well!" Pause, while Patrick waits, a gleam in both blue eyes. "Well! Daddy was only joking. So PRETTY soon, the moon got cold and frozen, and the moon is so small, gravity doesn't work up there, not very much anyway, and . . . Paddy, you remember gravity from yesterday?"

"No. Daddy says Jiminy Cricket lives on the moon and the evening star comes down every night and kisses him when he goes to bed."

From me (touched): "Well, but darling, you know that's pretend, and Daddy only meant. . . ."

Patrick: "Yeah. I told him the evening star couldn't kiss Jiminy Cricket good night because the evening star was six times as big as the sun and made out of burning gasoline."

Me: "Well not exactly gasoline, darling."

Patrick, stubbornly: "You said, burning gas. That's what you said, Mommy!"

Me: "Well. Anyway, what with no gravity up there on the moon to amount to a row of beans, first thing you knew, there wasn't any air because the air just floated away. Just think, aren't you glad we have gravity on earth so we can have air to breathe?"

Patrick: "Uh-huh. We could all be fishes."

Me, crossly: "Not on your life. Fishes have fins and what do we have?"

Patrick (bored): "Lungs. But you said we used to have fins before we got lungs, you said so."

Me: "Paddy, you have it all mixed up. We can't have fins all over again."

Patrick: "Look, I'm a fish!" (Energetic motions with legs and arms and head.)

On the other hand, the leprechaun situation is extremely obscure. Leprechauns are in bad odor with both Patrick and his father. In vain, I have argued that the whole world knows of the little people who go around turning milk sour and making bread stale. Paddy and his Daddy maintain that leprechauns are merely Irish superstition.

From Patrick, in a patronizing manner: "Mommy, don't you *know* about the little microbes that grow and grow in the milk and get it all nasty and sour and then they get in our noses and make ear aches and sometimes they give us chicken pox too!"

Me: "Superstition, eh? I suppose that's accurate? It says in the book, always be accurate. Microbes make chicken pox! Ha! I stick to leprechauns!"

Sour milk is a cinch, though, compared to electricity. For some months Paddy seemed both pleased and satisfied with my energetic explanation of a dynamo. Day after day I whirled one arm in one direction, the other arm in the opposite direction, while I shouted: "Magnetic, like your little magnet that picks up nails!"

From Patrick: "Now do the noise!"

From me: a loud, low, sinister growling; the dynamo in action. Followed by a zzzzzzing: the spark, leaping from wheel to wheel.

Me, triumphantly: "And that's how electricity is made."

And then last week Paddy said: "What's the spark made of?"

Me: "Electricity, sweetheart."

Patrick: "What's electricity?"

Me, furious: "I've been whirling and whirling for months! I must say. . . ."

Patrick, coldly: "I can do a dynamo." He does, up to the spark. And then: "What's the spark made of?"

Me, weakly: "Electricity, but that's enough for today. And your father will be coming home soon to read you a *nice* story, and . . ."

Patrick: "What's electricity *made* of?"

Me: "Lots and *lots* of little sparks, honey, millions of them, *millions, trillions!*"

Patrick (deflected, but happy): "Trillions and *trillions*?"

However, you can't use this trillions gag forever. The day will come, probably tomorrow, when Patrick and I will get right down to cases. I've been boning up all winter on Willy Ley's wonderful godsend to distracted parents, his little book called *Days of Creation,* and I have the solar system pretty well under control, not to mention kangaroos, which came in handy the last time Paddy went to the zoo with his father.

Now if somebody could only recommend a book on elementary physics, something simple that I could work my way through, I might be able to keep one jump ahead of my voracious offspring. But I fear the worst. While Daddy keeps busy bluffing along on questions about whooping cough inoculation to dear Patrick, I stand by, trembling, waiting for the inevitable: "But what is electricity *made* of?" Not that whooping cough inoculations are simple. "Well," Patrick's father says, bravely resisting the impulse to plead a headache, "you see, my big son, you take a cow, or maybe a rabbit. . . . Ruth, is it a cow, for whooping cough? . . . A horse? That's diphtheria. Anyway, you take a cow. And then you take a lot of nasty old whooping cough germs—and then you . . . let's see. . . . Ruth, does the damned cow *get* whooping cough? That doesn't seem likely, a cow with whooping cough! Well, anyway, the fine, brave cow struggles along and makes a lot of good soldiers to fight the whooping cough, and . . ."

From me: "I think that's vaccination. Inoculation is different."

Patrick's father: "Oh. Oh yes." Unpleasant laughter. "Daddy was all mixed up!"

Patrick: "Where do the good soldiers come from?"

Patrick's father: "Well. The doctor shoots this fine nice medicine into your arm and then all the red corpuscles start fighting the bad soldiers in the medicine, and . . ."

Patrick: "Where do the good soldiers come from?"

Patrick's father: "Let's go down to the corner and get an ice cream cone, what you say, Paddy old kid? Nice *chocolate* ice cream cone?"

Patrick: "Okay. But where do the . . ."

Patrick's father: "Yes *sir,* a whole big *chocolate* ice cream cone. . . ."

I have my mind made up. I know the child-raising books deplore it, but comes the question on electricity, and I shall take my stand with the elves. "Electricity, dear?" I shall say tenderly. "Why, the little elves sit up nights capturing star-beams and then they just put all those old star-beams right in the dynamo and that's how we have telephones, darling!"

And Patrick will probably answer: "Elves are super-stich-un."

Sylvia Wald

THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Where the War Stands

WITHIN the last two weeks we have had three major speeches on the war. The first came from Hitler on April 26, and everyone agreed that it betrayed signs of the real internal crisis which Germany faces, after the winter of near-disaster. The Nazis are preparing heavy blows against the United Nations, but they are alarmed about their home front, and they have misgivings about the chance of a full military decision for the Axis this year.

The second speech came from the President on April 28, and dealt primarily with domestic economic issues. But it was noteworthy for its deep-felt determination to see the war through, which is characteristic of our people. It predicted action to prevent the French empire from being used by the Axis; (the occupation of Madagascar, as we went to press, is a very encouraging first step); it gave words of encouragement to China; it paid tribute to Russia, whose "great armies" have done more "than all the other United Nations put together." And while the emphasis was all on a difficult struggle and a long one, the President spoke of "careful attention" being paid to the Mediterranean area, and said that "soon American Flying Fortresses will be fighting for the liberation of the darkened continent of Europe itself."

Finally, there was Premier Stalin's order of the day on May 1. It was addressed primarily to the Soviet people; it reiterated the educational ideas which Soviet leaders have been stressing to the conquered nations and the German people in the last five months; it was not, properly speaking, a review of the war as a whole. But what did stand out in Stalin's address was the emphasis on crushing the Nazis this year. Stalin did not go into the nature of the assistance the Soviet Union expects from its allies in order to achieve victory in 1942, beyond expressing thanks for the material aid thus far received.

Adding up these speeches and the circumstances under which they were delivered, it seems clear that the war has entered a new and grimmer phase. The Axis is feeling the effects of its great setbacks on the Soviet front. It is feeling the pressure of the conquered peoples, which must be repressed by ever grimmer reprisals such as the shooting of fifty-five hostages in Lille, France, last week. The potential of the anti-Axis coalition, which is now being transformed from economic to military strength, confronts the Axis with defeat, especially if a second front were opened before next fall. On the other hand, for the Axis to end the war this year requires such an exhaustive mobilization of forces and such a supreme gamble that the Axis chieftains hesitate before it. The air warfare over Germany is having a cumulative effect, and while there is no certainty of a second front, the mere possibility, combined with a possible Soviet offensive, poses grave problems for Hitler and Mussolini.

The Axis tries to keep its head above water, but the tides are eddying higher and higher. The United Nations have gotten their heads above water. They are gaining a fresh wind. They sight land. Whether they will make the most of their opportunities this year and transform dangers into advantages is still the big question mark.

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of the Nazis that simultaneously with big military projects they are working hard on diplomatic levels of the war. Diplomacy has come to the fore in a big way. First of all, there are inner Axis issues. Laval's accession to power necessitates new discussions with Mussolini; just what part he will play in the Mediterranean must be dovetailed with the role of France. Hitler's problems in the Balkans still remain unsolved, and there too Mussolini is a factor. The subjugation of Yugoslavia, the further mobilization of Hungary, the active involvement of Bulgaria must have been issues for the discussion at Salzburg.

Another and more important level of diplomacy involves the desperate Axis effort to make a "weapon of its weakness," as Dorothy Thompson phrased it in one of her columns last week. In the tight spot that Hitler is in, it is only to be expected that he should try, even against odds, to break up the United Nations by offering peace.

Egleson

Russia will not listen to it: her armies have shown that, and Stalin's address confirms it. Newspapers say that something like seven offers to Britain have been made in recent weeks via Stockholm and Ankara; the Free French news agency reports a proposal that the Axis remain in control of Europe, that the British empire be guaranteed, and that everybody pitch in against Russia; Walter Lippmann speculates that Hitler is offering to turn against Japan if London and Washington will "listen to reason."

But London and Washington will not, and cannot. This war has struck deep roots in the masses; the President's speech reaffirmed the American will to fight through to victory. Except for those "bogus patriots" who "echo the sentiments of the propagandists in Berlin and Tokyo," and those "noisy traitors" who "have in their hearts and minds yielded to Hitlerism and would have this republic do likewise," Archibald MacLeish's warning of a coming Nazi peace offensive has already been heeded by the overwhelming majority of Americans.

But the danger of the fifth and sixth columns remains and will grow as the Nazis use their weakness as a desperate political weapon. Just as the strength of fascism inspired some people to try to come to terms with it a year ago, so the spectacle of its increasing weakness, fear of Nazi defeat, will also inspire circles in this country and abroad to seek a solution of this war short of victory. All the more reason why every appeasement group in the press, in the administrative agencies of the war, in the labor movement has got to be watched and eradicated.

IN THE FAR EAST the Japanese have scored another heavy success by practically finishing things in Burma. Lack of Allied air power, inability to win over a large part of the Burmese population, failure to achieve full coordination of Chinese and British forces, even though the American Lt.-Gen. Joseph Stilwell tried hard—these are the reasons for this defeat. The Japanese now have the perspective of opening an attack on China from the south or on India from the east. Simultaneously they gain a position from which to survey other possibilities: a drive to cut Australia's communications from the United States, and second, an attack on Siberia. And the possibilities of a Japanese peace offensive, directed at China and India ought not be underestimated.

That brings us to India. From the meager information in the American press, India's crisis has grown in the past month, and now

verges on catastrophe. Last week, the All-India National Congress met at Allahabad, and what came of it was further proof of Gandhi's continued and pernicious influence. By a large majority, the Congress adopted Gandhi's proposal for "non-violent non-cooperation" in case of a Japanese attack. He would have India sit at the spinning wheel or go down to the sea for salt while Japan's bombers and tanks and powerful navy conquer this teeming, wealthy, potentially-vital subcontinent. As at other times in the past twenty-five years, the imperialist view of India and Gandhi's pacifist view amount to the same thing. A month ago the British government proposed that India be defended, but not by mobilizing her masses to any very real extent. And that is what Gandhi's program amounts to: the deadening of popular initiative. But failure to mobilize India, from whatever viewpoint, becomes in effect an invitation to Japan. Should such policies prevail, the impact on the war, on China, on the routes to Russia, on India's own future can hardly be imagined.

However, we are still hopeful. Just what will come of the debates in the House of Commons is not clear. From India itself comes the news that British forces are being expanded and a certain amount of native volunteering goes on. Finally, we have the announcement from General Brereton and from our special envoy Louis Johnson that American troop units and planes will play their part in defending India's shores.

Equally encouraging, and perhaps even more important in the end, are the differentiations within India itself. Nehru's role at Allahabad is not clear; but it was he who called for active resistance and mobilization of the people just after Cripps left, and he now has the responsibility of choosing between real statesmanship in his country's crisis and loyalty to Gandhi. Already, one important Congress leader has made this choice. Ch. Rajagopalachariar, who resigned from the Congress after the Madras section which is under his influence voted to urge acceptance of the Moslem League's viewpoint on partition of India—this former Premier of Madras has come forward demanding new alignments, new leaders, new policies to resist the invader. We still do not know how it is that Rajagopalachariar should have accepted the Moslem League's view on partition. Perhaps it was to call their bluff. But India today is waiting for leadership. The world waits also. The War Cabinet in London has the chance of reversing its stand and bringing about a thorough-going native participation in India's defense; men like Rajagopalachariar have the obligation to come forward and break through the deadlock as the hour strikes twelve.

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BUT TO RETURN to the war as seen from the Atlantic. Hitler's weakness is real, but it should not be exaggerated to mean that the Axis cannot strike us heavy blows. In fact, if Hitler is in a bad way, all the more reason to strike at him now by a second front. But if in his desperation he can smash blows at our Russian allies, at the communications among the United Nations, all the more reason to divert him, to grip him in a two-front war. The second front remains the central issue for the United Nations. It is the key to victory this year, as against either a defeat, or a grievously, unnecessarily prolonged struggle in which all of our allies will have been terribly weakened.

As things stand now, the Soviets are trying to crush Hitler this year, whereas there are still no signs that agreement on this strategy has been reached in London and Washington. Too many people are agreed on the offensive in the abstract; too few realize the great crisis that confronts us this summer. Too many people still conceive of America's role in "lend-lease" terms; our aid to our allies must continue, but already the moment is at hand when the greatest aid we can give is to help Britain open a front in western Europe.

Is the second front possible? Lord Beaverbrook thinks so. So does Premier Nygaardsvold of Norway; Gen. Adolphe Eugene-Marie Sice, Free French High Commissioner for Africa, urges it; so did Premier Sikorski of Poland. So have the best part of the British people, of whom according to the latest Gallup Poll only ten percent are opposed. And so have the Soviet ambassadors in Washington and London.

Do we have planes for a front? Yes, at least 3,300 a month from this country, and enough in England to have given the RAF supremacy over the continent already. Do we have men—the question answers itself. Do we have naval forces?—England is the most powerful naval base in the world. Do we have allies—the peoples of Europe are literally waiting with outstretched hand.

And as for merchant shipping, a powerful air cover could protect the ships already available. Production both in England and this country is rising. If we stop thinking of the last war, stop thinking of huge transports, fully equipped, with the bands playing on departure and arrival—if we start thinking of dozens of Commando raids, a few of which would establish bridgeheads and hold them, while arms were given to the peoples we are liberating, as President Roosevelt envisaged in a speech last February, then we will make the most of the shipping that we have.

True, we will have to pay a price for our daring. But the prize will be victory.

E for Excellent

ALL labor—and all America—may well be heartened by the praise Philip G. Johnson, president of the Boeing Aircraft Co., had for the unions in his plants. Production of the world-famous "Flying Fortresses" has more than doubled in his Seattle works since Pearl Harbor. "Every executive and every worker in our plants," Mr. Johnson said, "is on the job." His announcement came in the "Labor For Victory" program on the nationwide NBC hookup last week. Philip Pearl, AFL commentator, characterized Mr. Johnson's statement as typical of "thousands of American leaders of industry who are working shoulder to shoulder with union labor today to help win the war."

And if this isn't headache enough for Hitler, news arrives that seven important plants on the Eastern seaboard will get the coveted Navy "E" for their production records. Among them will be the American Brass Co., world's largest fabricator of copper products.

All the more reason, therefore, to scrutinize our principal industrial bottleneck—shipbuilding. This, more than any other, imperils the whole war effort. President Roosevelt set a goal of 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping for 1942: present schedules indicate that only 7,000,000 will slide down the ways this year. Aggravating everything is the fact that men, at this late date, are still being laid off in certain yards. Leaders of the CIO shipbuilding union rightly refuse to accept this state of affairs. They have presented a five-point program to straighten out this snag. Labor's record has proved so good that no excuse can be offered for ignoring the ship workers' proposals. They believe the bottleneck can be broken through better planning by management, through central hiring halls, through the enforcement of standards, the elimination of anti-labor policies, and through an adequate training program.

Immediate attention to this crucial front in our Battle for Production is imperative. The requirements of our allies, our own plans for the offensive—and the toll the U boats are taking—make it the order of the day.

Rear Front

THINGS are moving ahead on the home front —involving more and more people, yet with increasing efficiency and speed. As we write this, millions of citizens are undergoing their first experience in wartime rationing. The lines moved smoothly, as each person applied for and received a card entitling the holder to so much sugar per week—a safeguard against unfair portioning of an essential commodity for which demand may be greater than supply. On another sector of the front, the Office of Civilian Defense reports that membership in the groups under its direction is swiftly growing—by nearly 1,000,000 in February alone. The OCD has been reorganized on a simpler, faster-working basis, and given a substantial control over local agencies, enabling it to unify its command and coordinate training requirements, etc. In New York the air raid warden service has been "streamlined" for greater efficiency. So it goes. As if the word "offensive" were a spring tonic, America's civilian fighters step up their pace in well ordered ranks. The gains on the production lines are a story in themselves—we comment on them in another editorial in this section.

Then there have been developments in the Selective Service System. It is announced that some of the men who registered in the thirty-six to forty-four age group may be called next month; also that prospective draftees are being reclassified according to whether or not they are workers in war industries. Those who are not may be called even if they have dependents. How to take care of their families is, of course, a problem that must be solved. The solution is up to Congress, some of whose members have already proposed certain allotments to the dependents. It is important for morale that these allotments be made adequate to avoid any undue hardships.

The Times Demand It

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has received a giant postcard, big enough to hold 250 signatures. It comes from 250 students of Oberlin College, Ohio, and the request is that the President exercise his executive power to free Earl Browder. The *Oberlin Review,* official student paper, presents the students' sentiments at greater length. It warns that Browder's unjust imprisonment is detrimental to the democratic health of a nation.

The appeal from these students is not at all singular; in fact, we record it as one more of a constantly mounting number of such appeals. Within only the past few days they have come from the Federation of Colombian Workers; from the 20,000 winners of the Navy's "E" award at the New York Shipbuilding Co., in Camden; from railroad trainmen and AFL machinists in Chicago;

THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

Shifts in the Labor Party

(By cable)

LISTING them in order of their importance, developments in London as the crucial spring develops include: First, the great extension of the new battle drill which is effectively forging the British Army into one of the most highly trained offensive forces in the world. Second, a vigorous revision here of all possible machinery and all the potential obstacles to the most efficient conduct of the war, particularly regarding the organization of the High Command and the use of scientific ability for the war effort. Third, the independent victories in the recent elections which, whatever precise backing and motives of the individual candidates, are above all the expression of public determination and discontent with anything less than urgency in the full sense. Fourth, the increasing ferment in the Labor Party on the eve of the Whitsun Conference, the week of May 24, which will determine whether the healthiest element in the Labor Party can infuse new spirit and vigor in the leadership.

The significance of the by-election results is, above all, a demonstration of the popular desire for action. [The by-elections to which Mr. Cockburn refers resulted last week in the defeat of two government candidates by independents, W. L. Brown, general secretary of the Civil Servants Clerical Association at Rugby, and W. L. Reakes, a former mayor and journalist at Wallasey. This makes the third straight government defeat, a seat having been lost to an independent at Grantham last month. —Editor's Note.] It is important to notice that the particular way in which this demand has had to express itself is really due to the curious conditions in the Labor Party.

The Labor Party machinery has proved itself relatively unimportant at this juncture. The Labor Party leadership has up until now not proved itself capable of solving the very special problems set by its own position in the government—the urgency of mobilizing the whole effort of the working class to defeat fascism, the necessity to remove all the obstacles whether they come from particular traditions, prejudices, on the working class side or obstruction by the employers.

It is perfectly possible that at the Whitsun Conference there may be thrashed out an immediate practical policy which will reinvigorate the Labor Party. The policy may put an end to the situation wherein the impotence of the Labor Party acts as a sort of political bog, hampering action and resulting in an emergence of all kinds of, at least nominally "independent" candidates who justifiably or otherwise, cash in on the public mood of dissatisfaction. The public justifiably or otherwise, regards the Labor Party position in the government as a cover for a simple coopting into Parliament of the dullest yesmen discoverable by each of the political party bosses.

ON THE eve of the Labor Conference there are many rumors and maneuvers in connection with the possible formation of some kind of new "left" grouping within the Labor Party. The forty Labor "rebels" who at the end of last year opposed the government on the ground that production problems are being inadequately faced, are still in consultation on a manifesto. After many vicissitudes, this has at length been agreed upon in principle and is now circulating for signature. It is notable that this manifesto approaches the problems of industrial control in a manner considerably more practical and less academic than a few months ago, when a flat call for nationalization was a "rebel" slogan. Now, particularly in view of the situation in the mining industry and the serious problems of fuel rationing, it has become clear that what is immediately needed, for example, in the mines, is not nationalization but a coal board as demanded by the Mine Workers Federation. A coal board won't meet the long-term problems of the mining industry, but it is the only quickly attainable bit of machinery capable of handling in a short-term, if even in a makeshift manner, the immediate problems of wartime rationalization and improved efficiency.

The same manifesto emphasizes, though with insufficient exactness, the need for offensive action in Western Europe this year. It is because the Labor Party leadership seems unwilling to push forward vigorously with all the demands which are being voiced by millions of men and women of all parties and of none, that there is a genuine though feeble tendency visible on the Labor Party "left" toward organizing some kind of new "independent" movement. This tendency will be strengthened by the successes of the other sort of "independents" who have recently won the by-elections.

and CIO Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers in Erie, Pa.. Writers, artists, professional men and women continue to campaign for Browder's freedom, on grounds which are becoming increasingly familiar to the American people—the unanswerable truth that the sentence he received is grotesquely disproportionate to the technical violation charged against him; that such a sentence is virtually unprecedented in similar cases; that his brilliant record of anti-fascist leadership makes him inestimably valuable to America now.

Browder's fifty-first birthday falls on May 20; May 17-23 has been proclaimed "Free Browder Week" by the Citizens Committee —a week of mass rallies, radio broadcasts, more wires to the President, group resolutions; in short, a week of redoubled, concentrated effort to open a famous cell in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. What has been your part in that effort? What more can you, will you, do now? We address that question to every person who reads this. And we ask him to address it to others.

A Good Beginning

MR. AND MRS. WALTER JACKSON and their five children moved into a new home on April 29. They were escorted by policemen, to protect them from fascist hoodlums—for the new home was the Sojourner Truth Housing Project, originally built for the Jacksons and other Negro families but barred to them for many weeks by certain realtors and Ku Kluxers of Detroit. On February 28, when the Negroes tried to enter, they were forced back by a demonstration of violence that made news columns all over the country. This completely lawless action against a decision of the United States government redoubled a public protest which had begun when the realtors first started their campaign to take the project away from the Negroes. Now the government is seeing to it that the Negroes are protected in their rights. The Department of Justice has secured indictments of three officers and members of the Nazi-minded National Workers League, and of the Seven Mile-Fenlon Improvement Association, representing the diehard realtors. They are charged with responsibility for the February 28 riot. But Detroit, where Gerald L. K. Smith and the Klan devote themselves to fomenting pro-fascist disorder, is far from protected completely against their dirty work. Just four days after the Sojourner Truth tenants moved in, violence broke out in another part of the city, brought about when a white restaurant proprietor shot and seriously wounded a Negro.

As NEW MASSES has pointed out before, the Sojourner Truth issue was far from local. It involved opposing forces of racism against

democracy, of disruption against national unity. The outcome, therefore, is a national victory. For its part in that victory the federal government deserves the praise of all American citizens who called upon it for decisive action. We hope it indicates a stancher opposition to the whole ugly business of racial discrimination. We hope, to be more specific, that there will be just as decisive action to carry out Secretary of the Navy Knox's order to permit the general enlistment of Negroes in the Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard. That order was issued on April 8; yet, at this writing, Naval Commander B. B. Ralston, who has charge of recruiting in New York, states that he has received no instructions to accept Negro recruits. Certainly there was no lack of applicants—hundreds of Negroes jumped at the promised opportunity to serve their country in those branches of the armed forces previously denied them. They must be given that opportunity, and not only because it was promised them: America needs all the manpower available to fight Hitler and his chums abroad. Any vestige of Hitler's racism here impairs the fight both morally and militarily.

Young America

THE Young Go First is a phrase more apt in this war than in any hitherto. The RAF planes zooming over darkened Europe are manned by pilots barely out of their teens. Likewise in all other services of this streamlined, world-wide war. Youth does the fighting and the dying — the young American soldier reflected in last week's This Is War program. Of all the excellent broadcasts reaching America's millions on Saturday evenings at 7 PM this program, dealing with the youth, was perhaps the most penetrating, and certainly the most stirring.

The young Yank made a trip about the world to visit his fellow youths in the trenches of the United Nations: he spoke to Britons, Russians, Chinese, and anti-fascist Germans. All of them saw things as he did—clearly, with little of the befuddlement too many of their elders have displayed. "We got the wrong steer on you," the young American said to his Soviet brother-in-arms, while the winter gales whistled about them. "We didn't know. We didn't get the right picture."

Anti-fascist youth in this war is getting the right picture. It knows the enemy, it knows its friends. Old bugaboos, old distrusts are vanishing in the roar of the front-lines.

Talking about the youth, we want to say a word in tribute to an inseparable part of America's young men and women—the Young Communist League which has just celebrated its twentieth anniversary. This sterling anti-fascist organization has already shown its fighting mettle: it has a record. Its members gave generously of their blood in the war for Spain's democracy: such names as Dave Doran are imperishable. Today his colleagues seek to emulate, too, the examples of the Colin Kellys, the Dorie Millers, all the new names that have become stirring battle cries since December 7. The YCL has done a great job: it has a greater job to do.

One Down

ARCHBISHOP EDWARD MOONEY of Detroit was not the only one who expressed gratification that the issue between the Post Office Department and Charles E. Coughlin's *Social Justice* had been disposed of. About ninety-nine percent of the American people felt the same way about the fact that this venomous pro-Axis magazine had finally been forced to cease publication. Hitler's loss is America's gain. Coughlin's failure to appear at the public hearing in Washington to defend his paper against the revocation of second class mailing privileges was itself a tacit admission that the sheet was guilty of sedition as charged.

We hope this is not the end, but merely the beginning of government action against the prime instigator and author of that sedition, Charles E. Coughlin himself. A grand jury investigation of *Social Justice,* separate from the public hearing of the Post Office Department, has been under way, and all employes of the magazine have been subpenaed. This investigation ought to uncover the financial backers of *Social Justice* and provide the answer to the question which John L. Spivak raised in his article on Coughlin in NEW MASSES of April 14: who put up the money to cover the deficit of more than $136,000 which *Social Justice* had in 1939? Coughlin himself should be sent to join his pals, William Dudley Pelley and Fritz Kuhn. There is no reason why this particular enemy agent should be permitted to roam at large.

And now that *Social Justice* is gone, what about the publications that package their sedition in millions of daily copies—the Chicago *Tribune,* the New York *Daily News* and the Hearst press?

OUT OF THE FLAMES

The spirit of free German letters which bonfires and concentration camps cannot destroy. What Nazi "culture" has produced in the last nine years.

The Nazi bonfire of books has become a world-wide symbol of the degradation of culture under Hitler. This week marks the ninth anniversary of this barbaric deed. It marks also the eighth anniversary of the founding of "The Library of Burned Books" in Paris. This library contained all books burned or forbidden in Nazi Germany. On this occasion we have invited the secretary of this library, Dr. Alfred Kantorowicz, to comment on the continuing anti-Nazi fight of German writers in exile.—The Editors.

ON MAY 10, 1933, the Nazis made bonfires on the Opera Square in Berlin and on public squares in all the leading cities and university centers of Germany. There, in the presence of howling mobs of stormtroopers, "coordinated" professors, and frenzied youngsters, they burned books which they called "literature of smut and trash."

That was one of the first acts of the Nazis after they took power. Already in March 1933 so-called "committees of action against the un-German spirit" had been formed and had drawn up lists of authors and books hated and feared by the Nazis. These lists mounted every week until they included the names of several thousand authors and some 10,000 book titles. Naturally, the noblest names and many of the most important works in European culture and world literature were on this Index: from Lessing and the men of the Enlightenment, Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, down to Einstein, Romain Rolland, Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, H. G. Wells, Gorky, Selma Lagerlof, Masaryk, Dreiser, Barbusse, Sholokhov, and Martin Andersen-Nexo. The Nazis have singled out without exception all the thinkers and writers who in the last two centuries have been fighters for freedom, peace, social progress, and humanism. They have burned, banned, censored, misrepresented, or falsely interpreted their works.

Take the case of Goethe, for example, whom Hitler finds "unsympathetic." For purely tactical reasons the Nazis would rather not tell the German people and the outside world that he is a writer of "trash." Of Goethe's work most Nazis recall with special pleasure only this phrase: "The cannibal spirit becomes us, like five hundred swine." They have banned Schiller's play of freedom, *William Tell,* and blue-penciled the famous line from his *Don Carlos:* "Sire, give us freedom of thought!"

The Nazis' fight against thought, reason, literature, and science is no accident. The hatred of ideas, of the powerful influence of literature on the masses, this hatred which the "Fuehrer" so often betrays, or rather boasts of in his speeches and writings, does not spring from the stupidity or lack of culture of the leading representatives of National Socialism. Their system is based on the idea of concealing instead of enlightening, on suppressing by every possible means the true knowledge of reality instead of encouraging it by every means. This system can never allow those whom it rules and deceives to understand their real situation. That would mean its doom. So of necessity the system must hate whatever adds to human understanding. Hence it is interested in making the broad masses despise the results of thought, the advancement of reason, the literary portrayal and criticism of social relations.

National Socialism has attempted to bury literature in a sub-section of the Propaganda Ministry. Its writers have become officials in Dr. Goebbels' setup. The task of the hacks who are called writers in Hitler's Third Reich is to falsify reality, to justify the crimes of the rulers and the iniquities of the ruling system, to prostitute themselves for lies, murder, and racial "superiority" which the Nazis have forced upon the German people and now seek to force upon the world.

Can a writer live under such leadership—and *for* such leadership? Can a writer be "'coordinated" without surrendering every breath of his being? The words of Heinrich Mann, spoken at the beginning of his exile, still hold good: "By renouncing his inner integrity [a writer] excludes himself from his profession. Whoever does not feel the dishonor of such a situation has absolutely no place in literature. But whoever does feel it and yet accepts it becomes personally uninteresting and produces only ineffectual work. There can only be literature where intellect itself is a force, not where it abdicates and bends the knee to the forces opposed to the intellect."

Heinrich Mann gave a shining example. Many followed him, the best and most famous writers in the German language. It is an amazing phenomenon, the like of which has not been seen in recorded history. Almost the entire worthwhile literature of a nation has gone into exile or fallen silent. And not at all only those who happened by chance to have been born of a Jewish family. It is important to emphasize this. It is important to know and to proclaim that the German writers did not leave their country just because an anti-Semitic Fuehrer made it impossible for them to remain. Whether of Jewish or non-Jewish origins, it is the same story. They have left their country because under the Nazis a writer cannot write, cannot think, cannot breathe.

For German writers with self-respect, with respect for the dignity and responsibilities of literature, no compromise was possible with the regime of the anti-spirit. German literature went into exile—or into the catacombs. I mean that many writers who for one reason or another chose to remain inside the country, refused to obey the Nazi regime, fell silent, or even joined the anti-Nazi movement inside Germany—such as, for example, that young writer who came directly from Germany to appear at the International Writers Congress held in Paris in 1935 and who reported on the work of the German writers in the underground movement.

It is sometimes overlooked that, in addition to the wholesale emigration of German writers to other countries, there is also an "inner emigration." On the day Germany is freed of the Nazis we will be able to see how numerous and how qualitatively significant this "inner emigration" has been. Manuscripts will be pulled out of secret drawers by the anti-Nazi writers who have remained in Germany and will be published. Most of these writers remain anonymous to us. Even if we knew something of them, we would guard against revealing their names. But one name must be mentioned. He is perhaps not a good example of the militant "inner emigration," but he certainly represents a substantial number of writers in Germany who, rather than prostitute themselves in Dr. Goeb-

bels' service, have preferred material hardships and persecution by the authorities. I am speaking of Erich Kastner, who spurned with contempt and disgust all the threats and allurements of the Nazi regime. His death snatched him away from the grasp of the Gestapo. Let his name stand here as a symbol of many names which will be lauded on the day after our victory over barbarism.

With those writers who remained, Goebbels formed a so-called *Reichsverband der Schriftsteller* (Union of German Writers). That is to say, he gathered together thousands of regimented pens. With his fondness for wild exaggeration he claims to have 30,000 of them. All of them together have not yet produced any literature. Let us prove this by examples. The latest statistics I have seen show that in the year 1937 altogether seventy-nine books of these 30,000 Goebbels' hacks were translated into other languages. In that same year eighty-five volumes of the approximately 200 German writers in exile were translated and some of them distributed in very large editions.

That is a curious but very revealing ratio. In order to grasp its full significance you must remember that behind the *Reichsverband,* behind the honored or tolerated productions of its 30,000 members, stand the material power and the widely ramifying, dreaded, and corrupting influence of Dr. Goebbels' Ministry. Many foreign publishers were subjected to pressure and told that their books would be allowed in the Reich only if they reciprocated by publishing some of the regimented authors whose works were in favor with the Nazi bosses. Or they were told: you and your authors will be boycotted in Germany if you continue to publish the works of German refugees. But the 200 or so exiled German writers were faced with poverty. They had to worry about their right of asylum, about paying their rent, and often about their next meal. The doors of many publishers were closed to them because these publishers were unwilling to jeopardize their business relations with Germany for the sake of an unfortunate emigre. The police in those countries where until recently the governments thought they could appease the Nazis, hounded the defenseless anti-Nazis. The authorities caused them all sorts of annoyances. They were unable to get their papers in order. And yet spirit triumphed in this struggle! Yes, spirit has actually triumphed. For once it is no metaphor, but a reality which can be expressed and verified in figures.

SPIRIT has triumphed—but at what a cost! The death roll of the German writers in exile speaks volumes. It alone, if nothing else, testifies to the bitterness of the struggle which the exiled writers have had to wage these past nine years. Their psychological powers of resistance have been put to the test, and some have not been able to withstand the grueling ordeal. Relatively few have died a natural death, among them the great novelist Jacob Wassermann, who left us soon after the Hitler reign of terror began, Prof. Alfons Goldschmidt, the writer Arthur Holitscher, the poet Max Hermann-Neisse, the historian Werner Hegemann, the collaborator of Karl von Ossietzky on the *Weltbuhne,* Helmut von Gerlach, and the Alsatian novelist Rene Schickele. After years of common struggle in exile, and partly as a result of that struggle, they have gone from us.

The poet Erich Muhsam was beaten to death and hanged by the Nazi beasts in a concentration camp; the publicist Felix Fechenbach was murdered by them on his way to Dachau; the philosopher Theodor Lessing was struck down across the border; the editors and journalists Erich Baron, Franz Braun, and Fritz Sollmitz were strung up in their Nazi prison cells. Karl von Ossietzky was tortured to death. The promising young art historian Albert Muller died a soldier's death during the Spanish war. The editor and writer Rudolf Olden was the first direct victim of the present war in our ranks. His ship was torpedoed on its way to Canada; both he and his wife were among the victims. The ghastly end of the Austrian Catholic writer Odon von Horvath (author of the *Age of the Fish*), is still fresh in our memory. After the occupation of Austria by the Nazis he succeeded in making his escape by a roundabout route to Paris. The very first day of his arrival there he was taking a walk along the Champs-Elysees when he was struck down and killed by a branch from a decaying tree, loosened by a gust of wind.

The well known Austrian novelist Joseph Roth died in misery and exile. The aged Franz Hessel, translator into German of Marcel Proust and Jules Romains, a man who had devoted his whole life to a deep study of understanding of modern French literature, died as a result of long imprisonment in a French concentration camp. And at this very moment we tremble for the fate of several gifted and courageous German men of letters who are still in the hands of the pro-Nazi hirelings of Vichy. Among them is the poet and dramatist Rudolf Leonhard, chairman of the League of German Writers in Exile.

To these must be added the long list of those whose nerves could not stand the bitter test of exile. For example, the dramatist Walter Hasenclever. Right to the very end in the concentration camp of Les Milles I sought to convince him to go on, but he took a fatal dose of veronal because he feared that the next morning the S. S. Elite Guards would come to the camp. The novelist Ernst Weiss took his life as the Nazi troops marched into Paris. The critic and essayist Walter Benjamin gave up the struggle when he was seized by Spanish frontier guards and threatened with a return to France. The art historian Carl Einstein escaped the German and French

Goebbels' vandals burning the books which the democratic world will not forget for a thousand years.

Nazis by jumping into a river. And as we remember these writers who prematurely took their lives to escape actual seizure by the Hitlerites, we also recall with sorrow those who sought death for other, more general motives. We think of Ernst Toller and Kurt Tucholsky. And recently we were again reminded by the news of Stefan Zweig's suicide in Brazil that German writers in exile do not have to struggle against material needs and physical threats alone. The departure of Stefan Zweig—and similar motives prompted the suicide of Kurt Tucholsky some time ago—demonstrates most acutely the very tragic situation of exiled writers of the German tongue. Filled with deepest pessimism, many of them think in their despair that with the end of their world, everything is at an end.

We believe that they are wrong and do not hesitate to say so. Many of us hope, yes, some of us are absolutely sure that our struggle and our works in exile have helped to preserve some of the valuable culture of the old world for the world which is about to be. We are convinced that our future struggle and our future works, forged in the sufferings and experiences of these years, will contribute to the building of the new world, to the cultural and social edification of the new Europe. We are no isolated rearguard. We are not the last survivors of a perishing civilization. We German anti-Nazis who inside and outside of Germany have fought undeviatingly for the liberation of our country and the world from the evil Nazi pestilence, are a vanguard. We are with the future and the future is with us.

No, we are not alone. We are no little splinter groups. We are not "cliques of literati," isolated from the problems of our people and the world, as Dr. Goebbels would like to believe. Millions of our countrymen are passionately awaiting the day of liberation, the day which will again reunite us. And on that day we, the German writers in exile, will be able to say that we have done our share.

Our great, beloved, and revered friend Romain Rolland who has now become our comrade-in-exile as a member of the "inner emigration," once wrote us:

"Yes, I am with you—with you, the better Germany, the oppressed, harried, but unconquerable Germany which suffers but struggles.

"Everything of that Germany we love and honor is in your camp. With you are Goethe and Beethoven, Lessing and Marx. They are with you in the struggle you are waging. I have no doubts of your victory.

"Have faith! The future will remember your example and will honor you for it."

ALFRED KANTOROWICZ.

Memo to Berlin

NAPOLEON'S INVASION OF RUSSIA—1812, *by Eugene Tarle. Oxford University Press. $3.50.*

TIMELINESS marks this welcome translation of an important Soviet contribution to Napoleonic historiography. With the heroic exploits of the Red Army ringing in our ears today, we read with sharpened interest of an invader's disaster 130 years ago, and of military and civilian heroism which, under far different circumstances, was prophetic of the contemporary epic being enacted on Soviet soil.

Professor Tarle, member of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, has for many years been an internationally recognized authority in this field. He has made use of rich stores of primary source material, mostly drawn from archives in Russian cities. Never content merely to recapitulate the conventional accounts of other scholars, he succeeds rather in reliving the events with us, by the aid of intimate, personal, vivid records left by the men and women of 1812. The more formal documents of court and army yielded the substance of his narrative, but the informal diaries and unpublished letters, freely cited, made it live.

The historical setting is first presented in broad strokes, by means of a Marxian analysis of the forces involved: the bitter rivalry of French and English capitalism; the attempts of the Russian ruling class to accommodate itself to the contradictory demands of these two rivals; the alignment of class forces within the Russian empire of Alexander's day; and Napoleon's function in the midst of these gigantic forces. Among other things, it is made clear how great a change had transformed Napoleon, once the embodiment of the progressive reforms emanating from the French Revolution, into the incarnation of reactionary aggression serving the interests of the powerful French industrialists. The combination of socio-political analysis and personalized narrative by Tarle is an admirable example of history-writing. It gives due weight to broad forces on the one hand and to individual endeavor on the other.

Most interesting and in many ways most original of the chapters is the seventh, which describes the Russian people and the invasion. Here as never before the achievements of the guerrilla warfare of 1812 are given due recognition. We read of General Kutuzov's planned use of this aid to his military campaign during the enemy's retreat; of the incredibly effective activity of peasant-serfs who, despite ignorance, slavery, and abysmal poverty, organized themselves into a vast campaign in defense of the fatherland; of individual obscure men and women who emerged from the villages as leaders by virtue of talent and conviction. The tributes of contemporary writers of all classes help to rescue from oblivion these forerunners of the guerrilla fighters of today. How much more effective must be the resistance now, one reflects, under conditions which differ from those of 1812 as day does from night—when a whole people is mobilized to defend a civilization intimately and peculiarly their own, not (as then) primarily the prerogative of a small, tyrannical group of the elite!

The translation of Tarle's study deserves and no doubt will enjoy wide popularity outside of the circle of professional historians. Certain omissions in the translated version should be noted. I think they are regrettable if understandable. For one thing, the bibliography by Tarle is so rich and instructive in the original text that I should have liked to see it reproduced in English. The translator refers interested specialists (p. 413) to the Russian edition; but even non-specialists might find value in a mere survey of the types of material which contributed to this example of creative scholarship. Again, the English translation omits a significant, impassioned introduction by Tarle (1938) on the then increasing threats of aggression by fascist enemies, on their boastful allusions, in press and oratory, to their ability to accomplish what Napoleon failed to do; on the significance of 1812 for Soviet citizens in the present situation of world history. Finally, I should have liked to see a short list of other studies by Tarle and some of his colleagues which have appeared on the same theme in the recent past. Such a select biography would be eloquent of the general (and we can now say, profitable) concern with this lesson of history on the part of Soviet authors and readers. Scholarship, publication, education, and widespread eagerness to learn have made it possible for Soviet citizens to absorb the lessons of 1812 through a number of books, articles, and monographs, of which Tarle's *Invasion* is an outstanding representative.

MARGARET SCHLAUCH.

Labor Pioneer

WILLIAM H. SYLVIS AND THE NATIONAL LABOR UNION, *by Charlotte Todes. International Publishers. 25c.*

WHILE fairly competent studies have been written about European labor leaders, American historians still have that task before them. That is why we owe a debt of gratitude to Charlotte Todes for her lively and careful essay on the hitherto neglected William H. Sylvis. It is an example of how rich scholarship can be made available to the general reader.

Miss Todes reconstructs the America in which Sylvis grew up into a labor organizer. It was a rapidly changing nation with its expanding capitalism and with its rising flood of immigration. It was an America in which the slowly emerging labor movement was stunted by the shifting frontier, and in which the sharpening conflict between free and slave labor was becoming irrepressible. In such a national environment Sylvis became first an iron molder and then a leader in the National Molders Union which he had helped to organize at the time that the anti-slavery issue was

reaching its climax. Miss Todes shows that the fight against wage labor paralleled the struggle against slave labor. While financiers and industrialists were founding economic dynasties, exploiting the Civil War to destroy the gains of the workers who were saving the country, Sylvis not only fought in the ranks of the Union army but also, upon his release in 1863, took the initiative to rebuild and strengthen the molders' union.

But Sylvis' organization of the molders was only the prelude to his larger plan of uniting labor on a national scale. Hence, in 1866, was born the National Labor Union to which Miss Todes has devoted two of the best chapters in her excellent study. During its five years, the Labor Union was sidetracked by such ephemeral issues as currency reform, free land, and producers' cooperatives, which to many were the open sesame of social and economic emancipation. Marx and his followers in the First International pointed out that producers' cooperatives could never arrest the march of capitalism, least of all free the workers. But Sylvis, as well as the National Labor Union, was infected with the scheme. It was believed that once the power of the financiers was destroyed, high interest rates would cease and producers' cooperatives would be feasible. Thus the social question would be solved through cheap credit. Guided by such petty-bourgeois ideology, the National Labor Union became the refuge of many middle class reformers and disintegrated after Sylvis' death.

Despite its theoretical confusion, the National Labor Union was the most progressive wing of American labor after the Civil War, and Sylvis was its militant leader. He taught that "upon labor is founded all enterprise, progress, and the perfection of everything that renders a nation great and prosperous;" that labor must win the eight-hour day in order "to strengthen the patriotism, the commercial credit, the political institutions of the country;" that "this government was made for the people, and we are the people;" that the workers must establish a labor party in order "to rule instead of being ruled;" that there must be a solid labor front of white and Negro, of Jew and Gentile; that mankind can never hope "to reach the social elevation for which we all aim without making women the companion of our advancement."

Miss Todes describes how Sylvis struggled to lift the National Labor Union to his ideological level. But his educational campaign was terminated by his premature death in 1869. His forceful leadership, however, had activized the National Labor Union. He helped to swell its membership to 600,000, brought before it his deep conviction that the labor problem was indissolubly linked with the Negro and woman problems, and established cordial relations between it and the First International. It was on his proposal that the National Labor Union voted to send a delegrate to the congresses of the International.

Sylvis was a pioneer in labor's struggle for a better world. He reflected the theoretical limitations of his age; but, as Miss Todes says, "his concern with the future of labor was far more advanced than that of his fellow craft unionists." That was why Marx held him in high esteem.

SAMUEL BERNSTEIN.

Sheep's Flight

ONLY ONE STORM, *by Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Co. $2.75.*

MR. HICKS is a man in full, though somewhat tedious, flight through space and time. He runs from the city to the country and from the twentieth to the eighteenth century. Or at least to some time before the Erie Canal was built, when the complexities of modern industry and politics could not disturb the relative quiet of Puritan New England.

His chief character, Canby Kittredge, having thrown up his job in a New York advertising agency, moves with his wife, Christina, and his children to his home town, Pendleton, Mass. Pendleton is a village in which the colonial virtues and political procedure are still practiced. Here in this fantasy-town Canby finds the values which he cannot live without, and the security of being among his "own" people. Still, the outside world makes demands upon his time and conscience, and he is almost persuaded to join the Communist Party by the young district organizer, Jerry Franklin. The latter's style and rhetoric unconsciously repel him, however, particularly his use of the word comrade, which makes Canby feel strange, foreign.

Then comes the German-Soviet pact, which according to Canby upsets every conception of honesty, fair dealing, unwavering pursuit of a clean course, and uncompromising defiance of the forces of evil. He drops the Party like a hot potato, while continuing to wrestle with the problems which it has stirred up in him. But uncertainty is intolerable to Canby. He desires security above all else in life, and is determined to find some worthy social scene in which he can achieve it. Therefore he runs for selectman in the town election and is chosen by the townspeople who recognize his inflexible qualities. He will fight for democracy, if only in Pendleton.

Such is Canby as his author sees him. Granville Hicks tries to keep the progress of his hero on an intellectual plane; he wants us to view the battle of his soul as a clash of ideas. This picture is untrue. It makes for a colorless novel, lacking in insight and emotional depth. Almost 150 individuals—they cannot be called characters—are strewn over 427 pages like so many buds cut off before they have time to bloom. The scenes are too short for the development of character; one is always jumping to a new person about the time the last one opens his mouth. Only the intellectuals get a good chance to talk; yet even they are endowed with the most perfunctory personalities, just enough for them to fit into their speeches. Mr. Hicks prepares for their by no means brilliant arguments like a careful hostess setting a tea table for weighty, though dull guests.

Mr. Hicks tries to describe a man who, despite a few minor personality failings, is firm as Plymouth Rock, devoted to righteousness. Actually, Canby is as ridden with anxiety and self-depreciation as Cotton Mather's mind was with the Salem witches. What kind of man is "warmed only by his own sense of virtue?" Or, in a political argument with a reactionary acquaintance, is "staggered by the blasphemy" of his opponent? Canby's best friend wonders, "What would the neighbors say if they saw us drinking Martinis?" His own wife, reflecting on their reaction to the pact, their feeling that they have been betrayed and abandoned, thinks: how terribly we need to feel that the universe is on our side. It is with these thoughts and people that Canby is identified.

The insecure individual demands compensation for his insecurity. His surrounding must provide him with everything he lacks, or with appropriate substitutes. The inordinate demands which he makes upon himself are turned against reality. Canby wants to bear crosses that no one asked him to. When the organizer, Franklin, looks over Canby's house and garden and says smilingly, "We're not asking you to give all this up,' Canby flushed, 'No, but I ought to be ready to,' he persisted." He wants his politics pure as driven snow.

Someone must pay for all this expensive purity—friends, relatives, enemies, or authorities. The Communist Party is Canby's scapegoat. It is all or nothing, beyond reproach or fatally imperfect. It is the object of his lust for improvement. "He always had an itch to tackle any administrative job, just because he was sure he could do it better than it was being done." "What do you think of our friends from the proletariat?'" he asks the linotypist in his little printshop. Try as he will to identify himself with the aims of the Party, he is still like an anxious lover who

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has to be reassured by his friends that he has made the right choice.

There is no point in arguing politics with a novelist's characters. It is pertinent, however, to ask Mr. Hicks why his flight from reality ended before reality caught up with him. Does he want to pretend that history stopped dead, as he himself did, in the year 1939? Why, if the crux of his conflict with the Communist Party was the pact, does he not wish to understand Soviet policy in terms of the events of today? One can only conclude that he values the display of his noble injured feelings more than historical truth.

Besides, the pact was not the reason for Canby's change of heart. It was merely the occasion which made him realize with a shock that the Communist Party, even though right, could appear to be wrong, even for a short time, in the eyes of people to whom security, status, was the highest of values. That was serious enough. What was really evil though, was that the Communist Party's answer was not in tones of righteousness, but in terms of strategy. It would not die with a smile on its face. It was prepared to fight, not freeze, in the snow. Briefly, it was not the Rock of Ages in the hymnal of Canby's childhood. Therefore, the Party must be wrong. His indignation at the Communist Party seems to stem from its unwillingness to imitate him.

So Canby leaves the wide world for Pendleton politics. He has one hundred twenty-four people to canvass, to win over, to give him status, to make him feel that he may yet be a minor character in public school history textbooks. "Just a country boy," he says, "who's found at last where he belongs. Sure, it's a hick town, but if it's good enough to live in, it's good enough to help govern." Good enough, Granville Hicks, but as the Russians say, why break the furniture, why write such a big, dull, and dishonest book?

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Distilling a Myth

THE SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, *edited by Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling. Dietz Press, Richmond, Va. $5.*

THIS diary has great, unique value. Its author was the richest Virginian of his era, participating in the slave trade, owning scores of slaves, and possessing 179,000 acres of good earth. His jottings, written in code, comprise the earliest day-to-day account that has survived from any southerner.

Aside from the commissioning of natural necessities and luxuries, and an occasional gossipy note, the diary is filled with comments on the ante-bellum South's greatest single problem—slave control. Of course William Byrd, who was, in Mr. Wright's words, "Virginia's most polished and ornamental gentleman," rarely deigned to observe the actual operation of his plantations, though there is mention of one stroll through some property close to his official seat in Westover, where he "had several of the Negroes whipped." Thus,

what we actually get here is an unposed glimpse of *domestic* slavery within the household of a colonial aristocrat who believed himself to be a model master and, in some of his letters, inveighed "against brutes who mistreat their slaves." What do we find?

We find that in this record of a frequently interrupted residence of less than four years in Virginia's proudest mansion, physical punishment is meted out by the master or his wife to their *personal, domestic* slaves no fewer than fifty times—punishment that includes kicking, placing a "bit," or iron gag, in the mouth, burning with hot irons, lashing, and beating with fireside tongs.

And these things were done, as the record demonstrates, not because of perversity or lunacy but *because of necessity,* because these indignities and barbarities were indispensable to the subjugation and attempted debasement of a people. These things were done because, as even this intimate journal of a few years of a Bourbon's life reveals, the Negro slaves conspired, "stole," simulated illness, resisted ("in the evening my wife and little Jenny had a great quarrel in which my wife got the worst but at last by the help of the family Jenny was overcome and soundly whipped"), and fled ("the Negro woman ran away again with the bit in her mouth"; "the Negro woman was found and tied but ran away again in the night").

This book is an important contribution towards the refutation of the moonlight-and-magnolia mythology so assiduously woven by the late Ulrich B. Phillips and his disciples. The fact that it comes from the unguarded pen of one of their most distinguished spiritual ancestors undoubtedly will add greatly to these gentry's discomfiture.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

History Through a Keyhole

DEADLINE, *by Pierre Lazareff. Random House. $3.*

PIERRE LAZAREFF, an aggressive, high pressure French journalist, was the editor of *Paris-Soir,* a daily newspaper which attained a circulation of some 2,000,000 copies. Now in exile in America, he gives us a gossipy, anecdotal, sprawling story of the past decade in France. It is another example of what has been termed the "keyhole" view of history. Lazareff's intimate profiles of prominent politicians and diplomats reveal the mediocrity and deterioration of France's rulers; but they do not explain the complex social reasons for the fall of the Third Republic. Nor do they explain the rise to power of Hitler's Vichy agents or the currents of French reactionary thought which paved the way for the defeat of the armed forces.

The author lays particular stress on the corruption of the French press. This is no new theme. Before the first world war even a czarist financial agent named Raffalovich wrote a book entitled *The Abominable Venality of the French Press.* Lazareff brings the sordid documentation down to date. He gives

his own paper, *Paris-Soir,* a clean bill of health. Yet he admits that the owner of the paper, Jean Prouvost, had no compunctions about broadcasting anti-British and anti-Semitic propaganda from the French radio only several hours after the capitulation in June 1940. Moreover, a note from Lazareff's personal diary dated Sept. 30, 1938, reads: "*Paris-Soir* has opened a public subscription. The funds are to be used to present Neville Chamberlain with a little house in the country, on French soil, and to be named La Maison de la Paix."

As an historian, Lazareff's judgments are more than questionable. Discussing the effect of the Spanish war on France, he repeats notoriously stale anti-Soviet fabrications. Nor does he do justice to the French working class and its middle class allies who joined forces in the People's Front and who today, despite Nazi executioners and French quislings, are continuing their common struggle for a free France.

DAVID BENEDICT.

Future Without Present

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, *by Lewis L. Lorwin. Random House. $3.*

MR. LORWIN'S book, by itself, does not merit special and extended review. It is neither better nor worse than the scores of books being ground out today which deal with the problem of the future, i.e., of the postwar world. And like its fellows, whether they deal with "Union Now" or "Revolution by Consent," this book has a curious dreamlike quality, a not-of-this-worldliness, which cannot help attaching itself *at this moment* to any blueprinted discussion of the future.

This dreamlike quality attaches itself even to the section describing "The Nazi Background," which deals not with the specific historic roots of Nazi ideas and practices, but mainly with what *they* have to say about their own origins. Further, Mr. Lorwin's useful discussion of "The Consequences of a Nazi Victory" is stultified by his own prescription for the future. This is a vaguely described "Social-managerial state" for the United States and a "World New Deal" for the world. The result is hybrid offspring of Burnham's managerial revolution coupled with Streit's Federal Union.

The future will be decided by what is done today. The New York *Times,* which has its own little weaknesses on this very question, was nevertheless absolutely correct when it stated in a recent editorial, "Winning the war is the first and essential measure of postwar planning. The way we go about winning the war will largely determine the character of our postwar economic problems and their solution. . . . Our wartime policies constitute the most important kind of postwar planning." It might be added that the delicate but decisive task of achieving national unity

around the correct wartime policies, about which there *must* be agreement if the war is to be won, is hindered, not helped, by debates —which cannot be won today—on postwar plans.

There is a passage which Mr. Lorwin himself would undoubtedly revise today, but which serves to give point to our remarks. The book was finished Aug. 20, 1941, and even at that late date Mr. Lorwin could speak about steps which "might be taken to bring about a conference for considering a peaceful settlement in the Far East which might reconcile China's interests with the developmental needs of Japan." It was such policies in the past which helped place the present and future in jeopardy, which made it necessary that the consequences of "reconciling"—appeasement, to be blunt—be paid for in flesh and blood at Pearl Harbor and the world over. In this is a useful moral for Mr. Lorwin and all blueprinters of the future.

JOEL REMES.

Brief Reviews

MONTESQUIEU IN AMERICA, *1760-1801, by Paul M. Spurlin. Louisiana State University Press. $3.*

No attempt is made in this work to gauge the degree to which Montesquieu's writings affected Americans engaged in the struggle to establish our nation. It is hardly sufficient to note that he was cited so many times by a certain number of newspapers and political figures. Certainly some consideration should be given to the way in which people's action and thinking were modified or changed as a result of contact with Montesquieu. The author says: "Rather than discuss the influence of Montesquieu on American thought, I have preferred to examine closely the dissemination of his writings in America, the judgments of Americans upon him, and the use they made of him in the forty critical years of American history between 1760 and 1801." Pursuit of such an unrealistic dichotomy results in fruitless research.

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S SONG BOOK. *Simon and Schuster. $2.50.*

A TREASURY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. *Simon and Schuster. $5.*

The Gershwin volume contains eighteen of the composer's own favorites from "Swanee" and "Oh, Lady Be Good" to "Liza" and "I Got Rhythm." The book was published originally in 1932. This reissue includes Gershwin's striking piano arrangements as edited and revised by his piano teacher, Herman Wasserman. An attractive record of a great songwriter's career.

The Gilbert and Sullivan book contains the words and music of 102 songs from eleven operettas, edited by Deems Taylor. It is charmingly illustrated by Lucille Corcos; the piano arrangements by Albert Sirmay are simple though colorful. All the G&S favorites are included in this elegant library edition.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK

Alvah Bessie interviews Morris Carnovsky, one of America's most distinguished performers. What the actor does on the stage.

WHAT is an actor and what does he do on the stage? What is his relationship to the play in which he is appearing? How does he go about his job? What does the actor want—as artist, as a man or woman living in society? To answer these questions I went to one of America's leading character actors, a man who has spent over twenty years of his life on the stage, and whose name is a synonym for sensitivity, versatility, and intelligence in the theater. We have many fine performers on our stage, but few are as articulate about their craft as Mr. Carnovsky; few have his wide and deep experience or have spent as much patient effort in arriving at an understanding of their craft. In the following columns, therefore, most of the ideas expressed are Mr. Carnovsky's, even if they are presented without quotation marks.

An actor, said Mr. Carnovsky, is a creative artist. "It will serve no good end to get involved in a discussion of creative art versus interpretative art, so let's drop it." He smiled. "An actor creates out of himself, just as a spider spins out of its own body." The image, we agreed, was apt, but required some elaboration for the layman.

"It's hard to put into words," said Carnovsky, "the boiled down, *felt* expression of an actor's life. For when the actor steps upon the stage in his assumed role, he should be offering his audience something more than the superficial aspects of that role. He should be utilizing, in what he is doing, the totality of his own life. Everything that he *is* as a person, everything he has experienced should go into the creation of his role. This is not an easy thing to explain, but if the actor is not at all times drawing upon his total resources as a human being, you get the difference between a superficial, cliche performance, and a performance that is, in itself, an act of creation."

This is, of course, a broad generalization, but perhaps we can clarify it further. For there are two forms of reality in acting, as there are two forms of reality in any artwork: the outer, superficial reality, and the profound inner reality which every honest artist strives to achieve. And just as a novelist, let us say, in creating a character on paper, attempts to identify himself with the character he is portraying (although he might never in his life have met such a person), so the actor attempts to recreate the character he is playing on the stage.

"And in so far as he succeeds in identifying himself with that character, he is good," said Carnovsky. "In so far as he doesn't succeed, he's bad. And bad actors frequently fool people into thinking they're good."

"No names?" I asked.

"No names," he said.

"You see," he said, "you seem puzzled. It's really very simple. A playwright writes a play. Right now I'm not concerned with the play itself, only the actor's job in that play, for it goes without saying that if the actor doesn't reveal what the playwright had in mind when he created the part on paper, he's a bad actor. How does he go about this? Well, what the author has put down forms, in the actor's mind, an image. It is an image that is really outside himself, but which he must strive to draw into himself, digest, and then—if you will—project again, spew it forth. An actor must not *imitate* life; he should not *describe* it; he should *live* it."

"Hold on a minute," I said. "How much does an actor actually *feel* what he is doing on the stage?"

"He feels what he's doing to as great an extent as is possible without betraying the form."

"I don't get it. Unless you mean, for instance, that to act hysterically on the stage, it would be wrong for an actor to actually become hysterical—"

"Of course," he said. "Why?"

"Nobody would understand what he was saying."

"Correct," he said. "That's what I mean when I say, 'to as great an extent as possible without betraying the form.' Naturally an actor playing a drunk is not really drunk—though I've known some who were."

I laughed, but his face was serious, and then he looked at me and said mildly, "You know, I'm getting bored with this conversation." I looked at him. "The whole subject bores me unutterably; I've had this sort of conversation thousands of times and it's beginning to get on my nerves." He had clenched the arms of his chair; his face was tense, his voice rose. "I'm going to tell you to leave me alone. I'm going to tell you to go away and don't come back!"

"What're you talking about?"

The muscles of his face quivered; his jaw tightened; his eyes were bright. "I'm *tired* of talking to you," he said viciously, "and for all of me you can get your hat and coat and get to hell out of here!"

"I get it," I said, feeling peculiarly uneasy. I hesitated. "You're illustrating the point." (I wasn't sure.)

He relaxed. "All right," he said. "You asked how much I felt. Did I convince you?"

"You sure did," I said.

"Now, in order to get angry with you," he said, "I had to prepare myself for it. That is exactly what an actor does on the stage. He's always working for something. He has something in mind, an objective toward which he's moving. In order to get angry with you I had to fix on something specific, on an objective fact about you that it was possible for me to dislike, let's say—a certain mocking glint in your eye. I could use that for a springboard and begin thinking, 'I don't like this guy, I'm sick of him and all his works.' The young actor must remember always to *seek the object.* He must learn how to focus on the point of what he's doing and shut out everything except what he wants to see. If I hadn't been able to fix on something specific to dislike, to keep *the object* in mind, I wouldn't have been able to convince you I was really angry."

"You convinced me," I said. "Don't do it again."

"All right," he said. "Now it's necessary to quote Stanislavsky. Stanislavsky said that the whole work of an actor was to release his subconscious. He can only do so if he achieves complete delaxation. All my life," Carnovsky said, "I've been working for relaxation; this is terribly important, because with relaxation, and only with relaxation, is it possible to release the subconscious—understand me, to release it *within the form,* not in an anarchic fashion, not to slop over. And to the degree the subconscious is released, does the actor *enjoy* his part, and is he good. When the audience feels that he enjoys his part, the audience enjoys watching him, watching the part flow through him. And if you hear an audience say an actor makes it feel good, then you can know the actor's good."

"Can you make that more specific?" I said.

"It's specific enough, but I'll try again. In any part I've ever played, I've known that till the moment I had achieved relaxation, I was bad. Now if you can achieve the relaxation, you can achieve what we call concentration as well. Relaxation brings it out, and is the key to your own reality. This is what we mean by technique, *emotional* technique—not what is usually meant by technique—emotional technique whereby to release the forces of your inner life. You see," he said, "This sense of the object, this sense of the concrete is what delivers the actor from the audience by compelling his attention upon the stage life which is his real moment-to-moment concern.

"Jimmy Savo is a beautiful example of what I mean by relaxation. I saw him at a party the other night, where he entertained. He always does everything the same way." He illustrated. "Such and such a roll of the eyes, such and such a gesture. But the man

is such a superb artist that everything he does is illuminated from within. What he does is close to dancing. I think acting is close to dancing, anyhow," he said. "They're both significant movement; they're both physical, spatial, held together by emotion. The actor, like the dancer, *uses* himself as an instrument in the interests of the form he is creating."

This then, in so far as it can be explained, is one important part of the secret of the art. The actor's job is to develop his instrument—which means himself, his body, everything he is, has felt, experienced and been as a human being, a normal, sensitive human being with normal human relationships to his fellows—until he knows exactly what he can do with that instrument.

Once he knows what he can do with himself, knows that his instrument is perfected and experienced and trained, he can do many things. He knows, by then, how to go to work on a part. How to examine the image of the character, draw it into himself, make it his own, and then project it. His body adapts itself, physically, to the image he holds of the character. If the character is old, the actor must *feel* old. If he feels old, his body expresses age, feebleness. The mechanical, superficial actor, says Carnovsky, goes about it the other way around.

"He asks himself, what is an old man like? Well, his back is bowed, so the actor bends his back. His face is drawn; so the actor lets his face sag. This is cliche acting. But if he can succeed in *feeling* old, he need not worry about his body; it will take care of itself." He gave several illustrations, of which the following is one of the best.

"In preparing to play Mr. Bonaparte in *Golden Boy*—" he said. "Suppose *you* were studying the part. What would you think of the character? I'll tell you. You'd say, he's an old Italian man who loves his children; a father who wants his son to play the violin instead of being a boxer, who suffers when his son is killed. This doesn't differentiate him sufficiently from almost any other father," Carnovsky said. "For an actor must ask himself always, even in every scene, what does the character *want?* Well, what does Papa Bonaparte want? I asked myself. He wants a good life. He wants the fruit of life; the good fruit. He rejects the bad fruit. He loves life, for himself, for everyone. Such a character, for instance," he said, "would not simply say to another person, 'I like you,' and pat him on the shoulder."

He came up to me, took my face in his hands, said, "I *like* you," squeezing my face. "I remembered too that Papa Bonaparte had spent years pushing a handcart; that took care of the shoulders, automatically. I could feel him pushing his way through life, looking for the good fruit. That's the way I saw him.

"In *Rocket to the Moon* I was very bad right up to the opening night. In the Group Theater we never used to rehearse the day of the opening, but would just sit around and casually give each other the lines of the play. In this way it was possible to relax, to listen to the play again. I was worried; something was wrong and I didn't know what it was. But suddenly I heard a line about my character, Ben Stark; a line I'd forgotten. It referred to the fact that Stark had been an orphan. Of *course.* This gave me an image of a man who had spent his whole childhood looking out of windows, out of the window of an institution, let us say, from behind bars. A man who badly wanted to mix in life, participate with other people, but couldn't. That was Ben Stark all right, the way Odets meant him. Michael Chekhov calls this 'the sense of the archetype.' It is possibly what Stanislavsky meant when he used the descriptive word 'sauce'—the sauce that brought out all the other ingredients, unified them, made them one."

"How can an audience tell the difference between a cliche actor and a real actor?" I asked. "How can it tell whether a man is really identified with the character he's playing, or is merely imitating a character?"

"That's not an easy question to answer," he said. "It involves experience in seeing plays, in reading plays, in watching actors, developing critical judgment. Let the audience try to form an image in its own mind of the character—of Macbeth, for instance. It can then tell more easily whether the actor's image of Macbeth corresponds with what the reader knows about him from the play. But don't underestimate the audience," he said. "Audiences are really amazing. They go to the theater not really demanding anything, but *wanting* something. And they know when they're being cheated. They can tell mechanical acting when they see it; they can tell cliche; they know they're not getting the real thing.

"But I can't stress too much," he said, "that the actor cannot be considered apart from the play. The play is an organic whole, should be, and the actor has his part in it. A play that is a living thing is something more than the sum of its component parts—script, setting, acting, direction. The whole thing must live and grow from moment to moment, and if the actor sticks out of it like a sore thumb, he's wrong and the director is wrong, and even the playwright may be wrong.

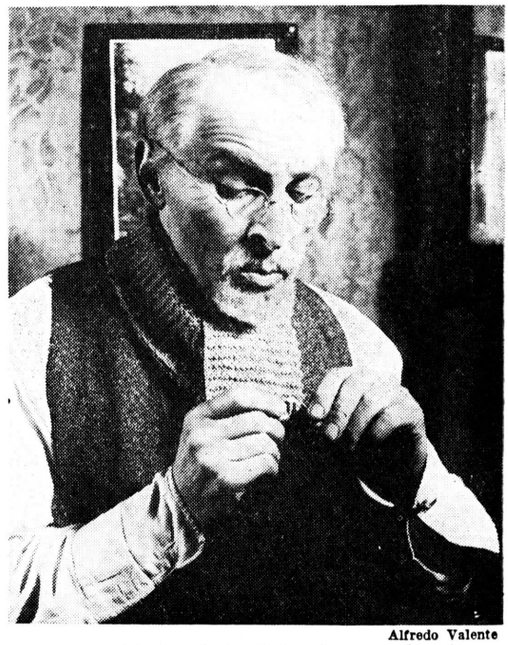
"To be an organic part of an organic whole, of course," he said, "demands a particular approach to acting, to the theater—"

"I wanted to ask that," I said. "What does the actor want today; what sort of a theater; what sort of plays; what sort of a life?"

"This particular actor," he said, "wants to work with a group of actors, a theater group that would consist of a more or less permanent body of people working together; playwrights, actors, directors, designers, musicians. An actor is not a separate human being. He's like all other human beings. He functions best in a group, when he's a part of a group, participating in the life of that group. But acting is also a social art in an-

Morris Carnovsky every day

—as Mr. Bonaparte in Odets' "Golden Boy"



Alfredo Valente

—as old Jacob in "Awake and Sing"

other sense—the nature of the actor's job, if he's a good actor, a serious one who's constantly trying to perfect his instrument and express the reality of other human beings, the nature of his job must inevitably bring about a strong sympathy for other people. Therefore the actor's job transcends what he does on the stage, and it should carry over in his own life (it *must*) in the form of a profound interest in other people. His understanding of people will deepen. His feeling for justice must grow. He must be a part of the society in which he lives.

"Such a collection of people as I'm thinking of would practically live together. They would face life together; face the problems of our society together, help to work them out, be inseparably a part of American life today. Today we're involved in a world war that will decide whether our country is to survive. We must have plays that will explain to our people the nature of that struggle and their part in it. The theater group I'm thinking of would study and practice together, try to understand the world and participate in the problems of the world; they would demand *the truth* from their leaders, as the people demand the truth from their leaders in public life. They would strive to be honest people, good people, to develop as human beings.

"It's the same on the stage as it is in life, believe me. At least it should be. To achieve relaxation on the stage you must constantly *relate to reality*. This is what I mean by a sense of the object; a sense of the concrete. You can even look at your hands, at a glass of water on the table, and that simple act of looking at a real object will help relax you, so that when you turn and face another character you'll find that you're not facing another actor with his face painted, wearing a wig; you're facing another human being, a real person.

"It's the same in life. For the actor must not only *feel* what he's doing, he must always *know* what he's doing; understand it; understand his objective; what we call his 'action,' the 'spine' of his character. In life we not only feel, we also strive to know. To know the truth of life. We want the truth on the stage—from the playwright, from the designer, the director, from the actor. The scientific and knowable truth.

"Have you ever thought of writing a book about acting?" I asked.

"It's been written," he said. "Stanislavsky wrote it."

In 1936 Mr. Carnovsky reviewed that book — *An Actor Prepares* — for the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. I quote from his review:

"It is not enough, however, to speak of this as a textbook of acting. Woven like a shining thread in the texture of this book one may perceive an ideal, a 'super-objective' if you will—Stanislavsky's ideal of the actor and of the theater. His actor—a man among men, serious, contemplative, avid of experience, with a keen sense of justice, active, simple, alive, poetic, eager to share of his imaginative abundance with his fellow-men. His theater—a place of discipline, devotion, mutual respect, and joy. In such a construction of it, a theater is not merely a constellation of acting and directing talent, but one that is held together by a common view of life and a recognition of kinship with and responsibility toward humanity. All of Stanislavsky's work was done in the light of this ideal; it was no accident that the 'moral' atmosphere of the Moscow Art Theater became so beautifully articulate in the plays of Chekhov and Gorky.

"Can Stanislavsky's method be of use to the American actor? Yes, for its laws are fundamental and universal. More and more will its idiom become comprehensible to actors and directors the world over; more and more will it render firm and sinewy a great deal of loose thinking about the actor's art. Many a fine craftsman in our theater will claim that he has already intuitively arrived at a knowledge of much that is set down here. And Stanislavsky would be the last to dispute it. 'Nature has lodged its power in all true actors,' he would say, 'my task is but to help to liberate it.' " ALVAH BESSIE.

Low Ebb

Jean Gabin struggles against an undertow and reaches shore.

THE same grotesque unimaginativeness which results in advertising the great actor Jean Gabin as a glamour boy, is responsible for turning the wistful tragedy of *Moontide* into a melodrama with a happy ending. It must be admitted that the film's plot is almost indecently shoddy; there are murders, dire secrets, slugging matches, rescues from drowning, a last-minute operation, and dramatic confrontations of the forces of good and evil. As a story, *Moontide* will convince nobody for a moment. Yet as atmosphere it has managed, here and there, to preserve some of the human simplicities of the book. And as a vehicle for great acting it is so useful that one is almost inclined to forgive the story. Not the least proof of Gabin's genius is the way in which he emerges from his sexy publicity, his sensational role, his caressing photography and prettily tousled hair, as a passionate and natural human being.

The hero of *Moontide* is a roving dock worker who finally decides to "make a peasant out of a gypsy," as the film puts it, and settle down to married life on a bait barge. Murder and violence get in his way, in the person of a degenerate sponger. The scenes of violence are just the old Hollywood malarky; the dock worker's yearning for a home, however, is somewhat more understandingly presented, and the scenes in which he arranges his marriage are moving if not particularly new. Still, *Moontide* would be a very bad film if it were not for the four people who make it interesting; Gabin himself, Thomas Mitchell, Ida Lupino, and Claude Rains.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

May

7—Russian War Relief, Samuel Matlowsky, Pianist-Composer Concert, original music and classics, Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium, Y. M. H. A., 92nd St., and Lexington Ave.

7—Bronx 8th Assembly District Forum, "The 5th Column and the Coming Offensive," Joseph North, Joseph Starobin, Alvah Bessie, Benefit New Masses, Concourse Paradise, 2143 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

7-9—Russian War Relief, Exhibition and sale, Contemporary American Artists, Seligman Galleries, 15 E. 57th St., N. Y.

7—16—Workers Bookshop, United Nations War Poster Exhibit, 50 East 13th, all day.

8—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, Ruth Jerusalem, Exiled German Writer, Anti-Fascist migrations, Maxim Lieber, Max Schroeder, commentators, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

9—Spanish Committee for Medical Aid to Russia, Ball, Irving Plaza, Siboney Caribbean Orchestra, Irving Place & 15th St.

9—Greenwich Village Russian War Relief, Old Home Nite, Program, John Sloan, chairman, Lafayette Hotel, University & 9th St.

9—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, Dr. Harry F. Ward on "Winning the War and Winning the Peace," Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

10—Workers School Forum, Josephe Starobin, analysis of the news of the week, 35 East 12th St., 8:30 P.M.

10—Russian War Relief, "Music at Work," supervision Marc Blitzstein, Alvin Theatre, W. 52nd St.

15—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, poems and short stories of young American writers, commentators, Viola Brothers Shore, Genevieve Taggard.

16—American Advertising Guild, Screening Party, Impromptu skits screened, Malin Studios, 133 W. 44th St., 8:30 P.M.

20—Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder celebration, on Earl Browder's 51st birthday to speed his freedom, Madison Square Garden.

22-24—New Masses Spring Weekend, Plum Point, Theatre Program, Forum, two full days, New Windsor on the Hudson.

24—Ambijan Comm. for Emergency Aid to Soviet Union, Concert and Dance Recital, N. B. C. String Quartet, Doris Humphrey, Washington Irving High School, 8:30 P.M.

28—Crown Heights Forum, Domestic Front and the European Offensive, prominent speakers, place to be announced.

June

15—Freiheit, 20th anniversary celebration, Paul Robeson and others, Madison Square Garden.

22—American Council on Soviet Relations, Celebration First Anniversary Soviet Union's great battle against the Nazi invaders. Place to be announced.

1001*

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