NEW MASSES

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WHAT HAPPENED AT CASABLANCA

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

Bruno Frei, noted German writer, considers the outlook for his native land upon the tenth anniversary of the Hitler regime

DANGER SIGNALS IN CONGRESS

BY THE EDITORS

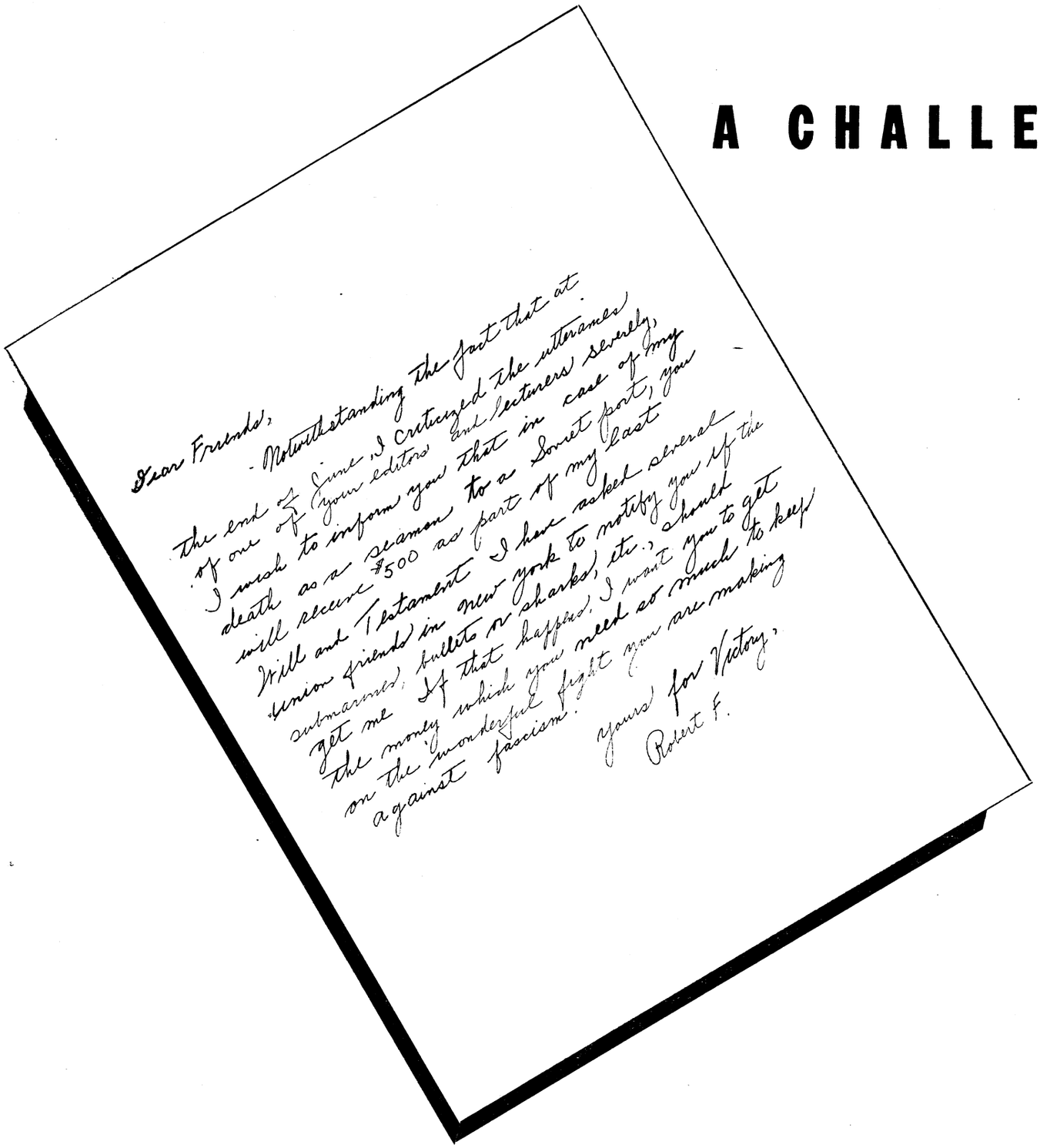
TALES FROM LENINGRAD

BY NIKOLAI TIKHONOV
one of its defenders

LESSONS OF THE WHITE PAPER

BY JOSEPH STAROBIN

A CHALLENGE!



Dear Friends,

Notwithstanding the fact that at the end of time, I criticized the utterances of one of your editors and lecturers severely, I wish to inform you that in case of my death as a seaman, to a Soviet port, you will receive $500 as part of my last Will and Testament. I have asked several Union friends in New York to notify you of the circumstances, bullets or sharks, etc., should get me. If that happens, I want you to get the money which you need so much to keep on the wonderful fight you are making against fascism.

Yours for Victory,

Robert F.

We got this letter a few days ago. More than anything we can say it tells what New Masses readers feel about their magazine. As this seaman indicates, he may—as may any lad in his heroic calling—go down on one of the runs to our Allies. And he thought of New Masses.

We are sure every NM reader will read his letter with deep pride. And with similar resolution to see the magazine go on despite every hardship.

And believe us the hard days are here. Our creditors, who wait many months for the period of our financial drive, are at the door. Need we describe once again what that means? The printer, the engraver, the paper company await their due. The accumulation of debts for the past six months must be cleared—now, at once.

The seaman's letter above is a challenge to all who want to see NM survive. And grow stronger in this time when, of all times, it must go at maximum.

NEED WE REPEAT—THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE.

(See Page 26)

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Eyes on the Eastern Front

IN THE twelve months of 1942 the United States shipped to the Soviet Union almost 2,600 planes, over 3,000 tanks, 31,000 trucks, jeeps, and other military motor vehicles and large quantities of food. These figures were released by Lend-Lease Administrator Edward R. Stettininus Jr., who has stated that more planes and tanks were sent to the USSR in 1942 than have been shipped under lend-lease to the United Kingdom or any other area. He also said that the quantity of food now being shipped to the Soviet Union exceeds that being sent to the United Kingdom. And Mr. Stettinius revealed that the United Kingdom had supplied the Russian forces with more than 2,600 tanks and 2,000 planes. While there were some losses on the way, most of these materials reached their destination safely.

Which would indicate that the monthly lend-lease exports to our Soviet ally have rapidly increased. In December the President stated that the shipments for the month of October had been nine times those for January; Mr. Stettinius reports that the November ones were thirteen times the January figure. Presumably this rate of increase is being maintained.

We do not know the current proportion of materials going to this principal fighting front in relation to what is being sent elsewhere or in relation to total American production. However, a rough idea for recent months may be obtained from the President's Seventh Report to Congress on Lend-Lease Operations and his annual message to Congress. In the former it was stated that for October last, about forty percent of lend-lease exports went to the United Kingdom, another thirty-nine percent to the Middle and Far East and other areas, and only the remaining twenty-one percent to the USSR. These proportions are doubtless changing in the Soviet Union's favor, but they remain pitifully small in terms both of Soviet needs and of American production.

In his message the President reported that we had produced about 48,000 military planes during 1942; for December that production had been 5,500, or an annual rate of 66,000. We had sent to the Soviet Union only slightly more than five percent of our total output of planes or the equivalent of nineteen days' average production for the year! The trend of increased shipments is encouraging, but the absolute figures are way out of line with the recognized importance of Russia's contribution to the defeat of the Nazis.

Mr. Stettinius admitted that "The people of the Soviet Union have so far waged their magnificent battle against the Nazis principally with their own arms." And in his message the President recognized that "the greatest land fighting of the war has been carried on for two years principally with Russian equipment." "Russian planes and bombs and tanks," he went on to say, "have destroyed many times the number of enemy troops killed in all the other war theaters combined."

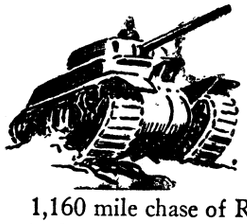
AS IF to emphasize the truth of these declarations the heroic armies of the Soviet Union continued to provide news of tremendous victories each day. Since the siege of Leningrad was lifted last week, gigantic advances were made all the way from Voronezh down to Armavir in the Maikop oil region. It was Voronezh which, according to Stalin, the Germans had hoped to capture as the jump-off for a drive on Moscow from the south and east. Their failure to take the city had defeated that plan. Now, they have been driven back from its western approaches.

Two coordinated Russian drives toward the key cities of Kharkov and Rostov made sensational progress during the week. The former city, the center of the rich coal and iron region captured by the Germans in October 1941, was being rapidly approached from a broad line stretching well to its northeast and southeast. Further to the south the Russian drives on Rostov had, by January 25, pushed through Salsk and Peschanokopskoye to within ninety-five miles southeast of the city; the Red Army had recaptured a fifty-mile stretch of the Moscow-Donbas railway between Starobelsk and Kondrashevskaya north of the

city, thereby further disrupting Nazi communications. The entire eastern and central sections of the Caucasus had been cleared of German troops and the remainder, crowded in the northwestern Caucasus, were threatened with annihilation before they could escape through the narrowing Rostov corridor. Meanwhile the gigantic Nazi army trapped before Stalingrad had been decimated to a shadow of its former might.

It is on this great front, stretching from Leningrad to the Black Sea, that the Nazi armies and their satellites are being given death blows. It is to this front that the greatest possible torrent of American lend-lease supplies must be rushed. An even more important necessity is to open up the second land front on the European continent, timed with the great offensive of the Red Army. All together, that will do the trick in 1943.

To the Shores of Tripoli



THREE months to a day after the breakthrough at Alamein deep inside Egypt, the British Eighth Army marched into Tripoli. The 1,160 mile chase of Rommel's Afrika Korps had proceeded at an average rate of about thirteen miles a day. A huge army of perhaps 250,000 troops had followed close on the heels of the retreating Axis to hem it in from the east for the forthcoming battle of the Tunisian bulge. From the beginning of the Alamein battle on October 19 to the capture of Tripoli, the British estimate that Rommel's original forces of about 126,000 Axis troops had been cut in half.

If Rommel succeeds in evacuating most of his remaining forces into Tunisia he will double, approximately, the estimated number of enemy troops now available for the delaying action they apparently intend to undertake. Col. Gen. Jurgen von Arnim is said to have around 60,000 German and Italian soldiers already there.

Against these 120,000 Axis troops, the Allies seem to have an overwhelming force. The American Fifth Army and the British First Army are estimated at around 250,000 each; French troops now in action, or nearby, number another 50,000-60,000. The German-Italian armies are not only being hemmed in, but they are still vulnerable to a splitting action whereby Rommel's Korps would never be permitted to effect a juncture with the forces under von Arnim. What is holding things up?

THERE has been a disturbing delay in the United Nations' moving in for the kill. Some of it has been caused by the difficulties involved in transporting large forces and their equipment from Algiers and in preparing the military terrain for the big attack. That sort of delay has not been disturbing, it is a military necessity. Another sort, however, has resulted from the political mess of Darlanism. That delay has been inexcusable. Anti-fascists throughout the world have demanded that it be ended promptly. We hope that this unhealthy situation is being straightened out by the leaders of the United Nations.

The war effort of the United Nations remains regrettably disproportionate. The blows dealt the common enemy by the Russian armies are many times heavier than the combined American-British effort in North Africa and elsewhere. The North Africa campaign will make its great contribution to the defeat of the Axis only when its initial stages have been satisfactorily completed and the last obstacle to an immediate manifold attack on the European continent is removed. The time must come soon, not late, for every week's delay permits the Nazis more time in which to prepare against the second front which they now know will be launched against them.

Sixty-One Candles

THE tributes will be simple this year, but wherever men fight under the banners of the United Nations—in the foxholes on Guadalcanal, inside the barbed wire of Nazi concentration camps, along the liquid lines of the Eastern Front, in the factories and army camps—there will be celebrations of President Roosevelt's sixty-first birthday. We have a fair idea of how filled with anxieties the past twelve months must have been for the Chief Executive. War, especially this war, is replete with burdens which would fell a hundred lesser men. It is a joy to millions of Americans that the President is in good health and able to hurdle each task as it comes along. Mr. Roosevelt's birthday is again the occasion for a nationwide campaign to aid the victims of infantile paralysis. The flood of dimes—may it turn into a torrent—is a token of the country's regard for its embattled leader. We offer our most heartfelt congratulations.

Ally Iraq

WE CAN picture the tantrum into which Axist strategists were thrown when Iraq—the first Moslem country to do so—declared war against them. The original plan as it emanated from the map rooms in Berlin and Tokyo was to effect a junction between the German and Japanese armies along the Persian Gulf which would have given them the black gold of rich oil fields as well as wheat and cotton. Now the plan, preceded by an avalanche of fascist propaganda, has been thwarted by Iraq's adherence to the United Nations pact. Politically, Iraq's new step is of signal importance. It points the way for the rest of the Moslem world over which Mussolini at one time appointed himself "protector." Now nearly 250,000,000 Moslems will be encouraged to move further in their defiance of the Axis. Iraq's decision reflects also the growing sense of security among the countries of the Middle East since the Red Army has halted the Nazi threat from the Caucasus. Turkey improves its position by having eliminated a possible avenue of Nazi invasion from the south.

The Allies have the obligation now to show Iraq—and thereby prove to the Moslem peoples—that they consider her an equal both in war and peace; that they will aid Iraq economically, and that national independence will be encouraged and safeguarded.

Chile Moves On

ALMOST one year after the Rio de Janeiro Conference recommending that all nations of Latin America sever diplomatic and commercial ties with the Axis, the government of Chile has taken that step. Argentina, therefore, under the unpopular dictatorship of the fascist-minded Carillo government, becomes isolated from the rest of the Western Hemisphere. It remains the only nation "neutral" towards the world-wide conflict.

Chile's action climaxes a long struggle by all the democratic forces to throw their nation's weight behind the cause of the United Nations. Powerful fascist and reactionary groups, dominating much of Chile's industry, opposed them. In some cases these groups were linked directly with the Axis, in others with reactionary interests in Argentina. In common they nursed a hatred of organized labor, a fear of democracy.

Chile, moreover, was in an awkward geographical position. A long and unprotected coastline faced the Pacific. Because of other more urgent demands on United States production Chile could not count upon us to supply sufficient military and naval aid if the Japanese were once to break loose in the eastern Pacific. The success of our attempt to contain Japan in the southwestern part of that ocean, evident after our victories at Midway, the Coral Sea, and in the Solomons, freed Chile of military vulnerability from the west. And from the east her fears of invasion were

dissipated by the entrance of Brazil into the war and by the North African campaign.

While these military accomplishments of the United Nations had much to do with Chile's decision to break relations, most of the credit must be given to the democratic forces within the country. The trade unions, the anti-Axis unity of the progressive political parties and the anti-fascist cultural front won the victory.

Chile's repudiation of the Axis will strengthen the hands of all democratic forces in Argentina. Already the vast majority of Argentinians side with the United Nations and detest their dictatorial pro-Axis government. In their struggle to win Argentina to our side in the war, as Chile has been won over, the progressive forces of Argentina must have our sympathetic, active support.

Terror in Bolivia

LATEST dispatches from La Paz picture astounding brutality in the Bolivian tin mining regions. Early rumors of killings and widespread arrests are confirmed in cables just released by Allied Labor News. Using the flimsy excuse that the Patino mine strike, which the mine owners and state officials themselves provoked, was evidence of a plot to overthrow the government, the Bolivian army carried out a massacre of workers just before Christmas. Government authorities imprisoned virtually all labor leaders.

A military cordon has been established around Catavi where the December strike took place. Troops patrol all roads and railroads leading to and from the region; bayonets escort the miners to work. The workers, terrorized, embittered, minus the leadership of their arrested officers, are fleeing to the hills by the thousands.

A BOLIVIAN government official has admitted that nineteen workers were killed and thirty injured during the strike. Catavi inhabitants, however, who have filtered through the military blockade and reached La Paz, confirm the suspicion that the dead number from 250 to 500. Many wives and children were among those slaughtered.

More than forty Bolivian labor officials are in prison. These include the top leadership of the Confederacion Sindicale Trabajadores de Bolivia, national officers of the Miners Federation, and the heads of miners' locals. These are in addition to those arrested in the Catavi district itself. The one non-labor official arrested during the strike, Hans W. Kempski, a suspected Nazi agent, is the only person to have been released. Having served his usefulness to the mine owners in their attempt to discover a Fifth Column plot in the strike, Kempski will now doubtless be employed in some other treacherous capacity.

READERS are urged to read the article "Labor Abroad" on page 10 of this issue. It delineates the monstrous problem which confronts colonial labor, especially when under fascist-dictatorial control as in Bolivia—the problem of improving its conditions of work and increasing productivity by its own efforts alone. The Bolivian tin worker's lot is the problem of all the United Nations: Upon his welfare depends our major source of supply for a vital war necessity. It is particularly the problem of American trade unionists. War necessities demand that they express themselves vigorously on behalf of their brothers in the Bolivian mines.

Labor Front

THOSE windmill gladiators in Congress who have been taking the war at leisure will not be pleased by the AFL executive council's approval of a joint CIO-AFL committee to arbitrate jurisdictional disputes. Jurisdictional differences between the two labor bodies provide the means in House and Senate for filling the hopper with anti-labor legislation. Now the boys will have to look around for a new bridgehead from which to attack. For the joint committee marks what labor everywhere hopes will be the beginning of cooperative action on any number of problems as well as united pressure on Congress and state legislatures.

The birth of the arbitration committee makes possible an immediate solution of the Kaiser shipyard dispute in Seattle. Here again is a source of friction which feeds those behind the movement for repressive laws. A settlement which meets the approval of the AFL and CIO will demonstrate that both labor bodies can work together, compose the differences of the past for a present and future that demand unity without reservation. That is the most elementary obligation in a war of survival in which greater production is as imperative as it is decisive. The suggestion made several weeks ago by the CIO for a conference of all organized labor is more than urgent. It would be an invaluable means of mobilizing the strength of the unions against that small but powerful coterie which would rather have us lose our nationhood than see labor take its rightful place in the prosecution of the war.

Speak Out!

STRONG pressure from Negro and labor organizations has still not moved Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt to open hearings on anti-Negro discrimination in the railroad industry. Last week members of the President's Fair Employment Practice Committee unanimously voted to inform McNutt of "its very strong feeling that the railroad hearings which were postponed last week should be rescheduled and held as soon as possible." A conference of Negro editors and publishers has petitioned President Roosevelt to the same effect. It is obvious, as the conference declared, that "Wiping out the color line in war industries is not only necessary for the full use of the nation's manpower, but is also equally important as a pledge to our non-white allies of the good faith of the American government in its proclamation of freedom and democracy as the objectives of the war."

This is a crucial issue on which there can be no compromise or evasion. The congressional defeatists and some government officers are adding fuel to enemy propaganda that the four freedoms do not apply to the colored races. They are seeking to disrupt national unity. It is vitally important that every progressive individual and organization let the President and Paul McNutt know that the people insist on reopening the hearings on the railroad industry. Not to speak out is to be an accomplice in this Jim Crow blow to the war effort.

Lynch Tactics

THE Judiciary Committee is one of the most important in Congress. Among the many considerations under its aegis is legislation concerning labor, poll taxes, lynching. Rep. Vito Marcantonio is a man who has devoted his life to improving the lot of labor, to eliminating the poll tax, to abolishing lynch law. Ergo, reasoned the poll tax cabal, Mr. Marcantonio was certainly not a man to go on the Judiciary Committee. So this progressive legislator—elected on all three party tickets in his bailiwick—was rejected by men who slipped into Congress only because the majority in their states are robbed of the franchise through the poll tax. Thus the Bourbons defied not only leaders of the Democratic Party, like speaker Sam Rayburn who proposed Mar-

cantonio, but also the interests of the nation.

There is more in the Marcantonio rejection than first meets the eye. As Milton Howard points out in the *Worker* of January 24, two groups ganged up on the New York congressman. One was the "lynch-them-as-usual gang" which abhors the New Yorker for his stalwart championship of the anti-lynch and anti-poll tax bills. "The other group is a secretly pro-Nazi group bitterly opposed to the present world relationships of the United Nations against Nazi Germany and Japan." This latter is taking full advantage of the southern bloc's sectional privileges for specifically defeatist purposes.

In other words, Marcantonio's rejection was engineered not only because of his anti-poll tax policies: his forthright position on behalf of the administration's total war program was also an issue. His unflinching stand for full collaboration with the Soviet Union when the rest of Congress stampeded in an anti-Soviet direction, back in 1939, renders him anathema to those treacherous gentlemen who conspire against the way things are moving now—toward the total annihilation of Hitlerism and the subsequent cooperation of all nations, particularly with the USSR. Marcantonio is hell on Munichism.

THERE was an immediate outcry in New York and elsewhere nationally at the high-handed action of the poll taxers. Leaders of labor and minority groups hit out unreservedly on Marcantonio's behalf. As we go to press letters of protest are pouring in on Speaker Sam Rayburn. We are sure readers of NEW MASSES will make themselves heard too. Mr. Marcantonio himself issued a statement, following the disgraceful caucus riot, from which we quote:

"I am not at all discouraged. I shall carry on the fight to win the war, to destroy fascism abroad and at home. . . . I have confidence in the people of America. They have always triumphed over reaction. Again in this critical hour the people will unite to destroy these domestic fascists who are subverting the victory effort and are conspiring daily to turn America into a Vichy America."

American Beveridge Plan

AMERICANS are beginning to think of victory in concrete terms of the better America and the better world that it must bring. In his annual message to Congress President Roosevelt said that the young men and women of this country want the opportunity to work and "they want assurance against the evils of all major economic hazards—assurance that will extend from the cradle to the grave. And this great government can and must provide this assurance." We don't know whether Congress—a Congress hell-bent on inciting to riot against the Commander-in-Chief—got the point, but millions of plain people did and approved. Now, less than two weeks after the President's message, Secretary of Labor Perkins has given us a preview of the forthcoming American Beveridge plan.

The proposals, which are being prepared by the National Resources Planning Board and the Social Security Board, would expand the present social security program to include about 20,000,000 people not now covered—farm laborers, domestic workers, self-employed persons such as professionals and shopkeepers, employes of non-profitmaking agencies, government employes, etc. There would be protection against disability, and provision for hospitalization. Unemployment and disability payments would be extended to twenty-six weeks or perhaps even a full year, and there would be other improvements in the present system. We must await the final proposals before commenting more specifically, but the preview looks good.

With this exception: the proposed method of financing, as disclosed by Secretary Perkins, seems to us manifestly unfair. At present employers and employes each contribute one percent of wages to the old age pension fund, while employers pay an additional three percent to the unemployment insurance fund. Under the new scheme there would be a ten percent payroll tax, to be shared equally by employers and employes, with the latter for the first time contributing to the jobless insurance fund. In other words, whereas employers would have their present social security tax doubled, workers would have theirs increased five-fold. This is an "equality" based on gross inequality. After all the sacrifices of the war, American workers are entitled to expect from society the opportunity of employment or other means to maintain an existence without being required to pay any advance premiums.

WE CONFESS ourselves also disappointed by a certain lack of boldness and imagination in the proposals. They are, in fact, not very new, but are substantially the same as those that were under discussion before the war. Yet they constitute an undoubted advance, and no bloc of congressional reactionaries and defeatists must

THEIR War Dance

be allowed to play hob with them. In his message the President said: "If the security of the individual citizen or the family should become a subject of national debate, the country knows where I stand."

We hope that this means what we think it means: that if his program is challenged, the President intends to fight. So must the people.

Murdering Unity

LUIGI ANTONINI, garment union official, is attempting to use the murder of Carlo Tresca as a weapon against the anti-fascist unity of Italian-Americans. According to the New York *Times,* Antonini asserted last week that the chances were 95-5 that the fascists did not murder Tresca but that the Communists did. This irresponsible statement was branded as vicious and defeatist by nine officials of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. They asked:

"Why does Antonini absolve the fascists of this hideous crime, and revert to such obvious falsehoods? Antonini is putting a knife into the growing movement for unity of the Italian people, which can only serve the interests of the Axis. . . ."

Antonini coupled his slanderous accusation with an attack on the Office of War Information, which has been trying to unite Italian-Americans of all shades of opinion behind the administration's victory program. Antonini's Red-baiting attack on the OWI follows closely the propaganda line of the Axis. "Can it be," asked a leading figure in Antonini's union, "that Brother Antonini would like to see workers in the shops fight among themselves, as his provocative statement indicates, rather than get together for our common fight against fascism?" Similar reactions were forthcoming from such outstanding Italian-American leaders as Councilman Peter V. Cacchione and State Assemblyman John J. Lamula.

ROBERT MINOR, assistant general secretary of the Communist Party, issued a statement which declared in part: "The Communist Party is interested in only one quarrel—the quarrel with the enemies of our country and of all mankind, the Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito governments. We see no reason to quarrel with any of the various groups that desire to aid in the war. . . . If there is anyone who still indulges in suggestions that the Communist Party shows the slightest tolerance for methods of assassination, such dishonesty is one of the dangerous vices that attract small men in disturbed times like the present.

"In the long run the people they mislead will repudiate such slanderers."

"TIME" KNIFES WAR EFFORT

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

January 9, 1943

Dear Mr. [redacted]:

By now you have probably read the enclosed story from this week's TIME -- about how labor in our essential war plants is staying away from work for all sorts of shameful reasons from "gone deer hunting" to "drunk too much".

One of the most interesting -- and alarming -- facts revealed is that high wages are actually contributing to absenteeism, which has risen in step with the rise in weekly earnings.

This story has caused so much talk since its publication that I thought you might like to have these extra copies -- perhaps for friends in management who may be having similar personnel problems, or for posting on bulletin boards in plants where you have a more direct interest.

Cordially,

Shepard Spink
Advertising Manager

P.S. The facts in the story were documented by TIME's own correspondents all over the country.

THERE'S more than one way of skinning a cat—or undermining national unity and morale. For instance, the above letter reproduced on this page and the story it refers to in the January 11 issue of *Time.* The story professes to show that rising absenteeism is due almost entirely to the cussedness of the workers, and that the chief factor is increased wages. Simultaneously *Time* also attacks as accomplices in the crime the forty-hour week and such essential war measures as rationing and price-control.

This story and its accompanying chart are complete phonies. First, *Time's* case is *not* documented, *not* based on any official statistics. As the above letter admits, it is derived only from the reports of *Time's* own correspondents. It slanders our women workers with such statements as "In many a factory girls now take time off for shopping, for tea, for almost anything that seems important to a woman at the moment. . . ." And though the story admits that bad scheduling and materials shortages have frequently been responsible for laying

off workers, it puts all the blame for interruptions in production on the workers and on the war policies of our government. Here is what it says about rationing. "But if drastic rationing is pursued, absenteeism will almost certainly increase. For under indiscriminate rationing of luxury, as well as essential goods, all workers share alike, no matter what they earn." We have read this over a dozen times and haven't been able to figure out what connection the second sentence has with the first. All it adds up to is that millionaire Henry Luce, publisher of *Time,* and—shall we add?—his wife, Rep. Clare Boothe Luce, don't like rationing of luxuries and don't like the idea of everybody having an equal share of the available essential goods. Instead of rationing and universal price control, *Time* advocates "controlled inflation"—which would mean uncontrolled profits for a few rich men, privation for the rest of us—and the devil take our war economy.

WHAT are the facts? The US Department of Labor informs NEW MASSES that *there are no official national statistics on absenteeism.* Recently a survey was made of absenteeism in New York by the regional office of the War Manpower Commission, but even this covered only eight large plants. This survey showed that six out of every 100 workers remain away from their jobs daily. According to the New York *Times* of January 5, which published a story on this report, "illness [not wage increases] was noted as the principal reason for abseenteeism." The US Public Health Service estimates that 350,000,000 man-days are lost to industry each year because of illness, or fifty-two times as many as were lost through strikes in 1941. The survey of the New York WMC also found that absenteeism was confined to a small group, averaging about fifteen percent of the workers in the plant, and was greater among women because of the need to look after small children, and similar factors.

Said Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, regional director of the WMC: "It has been found in our study, for example, that those plants which devote attention to improving hygienic conditions and provide adequate rest rooms and canteen facilities have a smaller proportion of absentees. Our investigation has also demonstrated that excessively long working hours have a tendency to increase absenteeism." She urged that management, labor, and communities get together on this problem and emphasized that the best approach in individual plants is through labor-management production committees.

Now, will *Time* write a letter about that?

Loss to the Nation

ONE of the worst disasters involving an American plane resulted in the death of thirty-five men whose services to the nation's war effort will be sorely missed. It is heartbreaking to read the details of last week's Dutch Guiana catastrophe. The death of William Hodson, New York City Commissioner of Welfare, who was on leave to do State Department business, deprives the country of a very able, progressive administrator; Hodson's older son is in the army, his younger son is preparing to enter the army. Maj. Eric Knight, British-born author of *The Flying Yorkshireman* and *This Above All,* was a conscientious anti-fascist writer who had won a wide and well deserved public for his books. Capt. Basil D. Gallagher, a former newspaper man, was on a mission for the overseas soldiers' magazine *Yank;* his death is a special blow to the Newspaper Guild and the labor movement, in which he was a loyal and active figure. Another victim, Dr. Samuel S. Dorrance, was a leader in aviation medicine; his brother was killed in the Spanish war fighting on the side of the loyalists.

These men died in the line of duty, and the country will do honor to their memory.

A Shameful Spectacle

MOST theater-goers remember Frances Farmer as a beautiful and talented actress; some of them recalled that she had a mind of her own, stood up for loyalist Spain, for example; boycotted Japanese silk when that was unfashionable.

The editors of some newspapers with evil records remembered that too. That accounts, in greatest measure, for the utterly shameful manner in which Miss Farmer was treated last week in the nation's press. Sensationalism is hardly the word for it; cheap, gutter journalism strongly saturated with sadism are a few words that can fit the press' action.

Scarcely one newspaper mentioned the fact that the actress had been ill in recent months; had been treated in a sanitarium after she had suffered loss of memory while "on location" in Mexico City for her movie company. Dr. Thomas Leonard, Alhambra psychiatrist, attested to her mental illness. None of this appeared in the stories of her "wild outbreak" in a courtroom after she had been arrested for violating her probation in a case some time ago when she had driven her car with undimmed lights in a dimout area.

To read the press stories was nauseating. Most of the papers behaved like people of medieval days, when the spectacle of the mentally ill was considered public entertainment. It is good to see that Miss Farmer's friends are protesting the shameful accounts in the newspapers; perhaps that will deter some of the latter from repeating uncivilized performances like these. Such performances do not belong in America. They are, indeed, reminiscent of a country where disrespect for the dignity of man is a way of life.

Press Parade

DREW PEARSON, of the Washington Merry Go Round, was, evidently, pretty much scared when the *S.S. Booker T. Washington* went out to sea. "Trouble was expected," he writes, "because of a mixture of races under colored Capt. Hugh Mulzac." Like others of little faith, and less knowledge of the real relations between white and Negro workingmen, he was filled with foreboding at the venture of the mixed crew. "But," he reports, "when the ship completed her first run, with a checkerboard crew and colored officers, the War Shipping Administration could find nothing but friendly cooperation aboard."

Had he read Richard O. Boyer's column "The World's Greatest Ship" in NM January 5, many of his fears could have been allayed. They would have been dissipated, too, had he talked to at least a few of the men who keep them sailing. You wouldn't find that wide-eyed wonder he displays when he says, "The *Washington* sailed from San Pedro, went through the Canal, landed in New York. Inspectors found her ship-shape. . . . Morale was so high that the men invested extra pay in war bonds, donated a pint of blood each, chipped in to buy Captain Mulzac a watch."

Moreover, had he read the Boyer column he would have gotten the full significance of the *Booker T. Washington's* voyages. "For she carries an ancient struggle," Boyer wrote, "an ageless hope—that men shall not be penalized because of the color of their skin. That's why nameless men the world around are watching the *Booker T. Washington,* commanded by Capt. Hugh Mulzac, only American ship to be captained by a Negro, only American ship whose crew is equally composed of black men and white."

COLONEL MCCORMICK, the big butter-and-appeaser man from Chicago, is a weekly "commentator" on WOR's Light Opera Hour every Saturday night. Out of the mouths of the McCormicks cometh the words of defeatism. If enough people call WOR after the broadcast and say "Nerts," or something equally cogent, the Colonel may go back to his wooden horse.

RECENTLY Quisling sponsored a parade in Oslo consisting of such youths whose support he had been able to enlist. The Norwegians took no notice of them

with the exception of one sweet old lady. She stood near the curb and nodded to them all as they marched by.

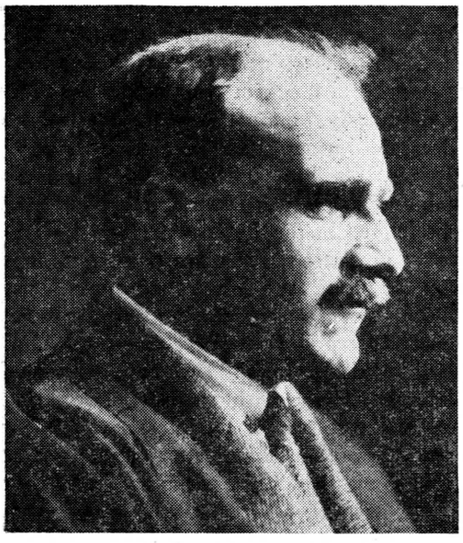
"Why in the world are you standing there greeting all those scoundrels?" an irritated patriot finally asked her.

"Surely," she replied, "I may pay my respects to my dear boys."

"But you can't possibly know them all."

"And why not?" she asked. "Wasn't I the matron at the jail for twenty-five years?"

GUEST EDITORIAL *by J. B. S. Haldane*



DANGER: MEN AT WORK

AMONG many excellent proposals in the Beveridge report there is one which, if it is carried into effect, will lead to great advances in industrial health. Industries which show an abnormally high death rate and sickness rate are to be specially scheduled, and two-thirds of the extra cost of compensation of workers in them is to come out of their profits.

Many people may think that this is done already under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, which compel the employers to pay the victims of accidents, and of a few industrial diseases. But actually the large majority of the casualties of industry are not compensated at all.

Take for example the pottery trade. Potters have a death rate thirty-five percent above the average. Some of the excess deaths are due to silicosis, and compensation ought to be given in such cases. But in addition their death rates from phthisis and bronchitis are more than double the average. In any particular case one cannot be sure that the potter would not have died of the disease if he had worked in a brick kiln instead of a pottery kiln. But his death was probably due to silica dust.

If the Beveridge report goes through, much of the cost of compensating these men will be thrown on the industry. This will give the capitalists of the pottery trade a real economic incentive to improve its health conditions. The pottery research institute at Stoke will begin to interest itself in broken potters as well as broken pots. And it may be that lung disease among potters will be drastically reduced, as lead poisoning was when its victims were compensated.

What are the industries which will probably be scheduled as hazardous? If the Registrar General's report on Occupational Mortality published in 1938 is taken as the measure of industrial hazard there is little doubt that one of the most dangerous of the large trades is the drink trade, which employed about 110,000 men whose death rates ranged from fifty-five percent above the average in the case of innkeepers, to sixteen percent above in the case of brewery workers. Undoubtedly the excess deaths were largely due to drinking too much. At present if a brewery owns a public house it pays them that the innkeeper should drink as much as possible. If it became worth their while to lower the publicans' death rate this might not be so.

BUT the biggest blot on the industrial health map is undoubtedly water transport. Railwaymen are conspicuously healthy, road transport workers near the average, but merchant seamen, dock workers, even bargemen, have a high death rate.

More than twice as many seamen die from violent deaths as other men. It is often said that this is inevitable, as the sea is more dangerous than the land. But fishermen, who are healthier than the average, have a death rate from accidents which is only six percent above that of the rest of us. One reason for the difference is certainly that fishermen control their conditions of work to a far greater extent than seamen.

Apart from accidents seamen have a very high death rate from tuberculosis, and a fairly high one from diseases associated with alcoholism. Both these would be lowered if they had better quarters and better ventilation on board ship, and better alternatives to the pub when they went ashore. If the Beveridge report goes through, the ship owners will have an economic incentive to provide both.

Stevedores have not only a terrific accident mortality, but die of a great many diseases probably due to bad housing.

The other excessively hazardous trades are mostly branches of larger industries. Thus the death rate among coal miners as a whole is only five percent above the average. But the anthracite miners in South Wales have a mortality forty-three percent above the average. This is largely from silicosis, but also from accidents.

Again the glass trade as a whole is not very unhealthy, but glass blowers, who form only a sixth of all glass workers, have a death rate of sixty percent above the average. Similarly in the textile industry a few dusty trades, involving strippers and grinders and blow-room workers, are far more dangerous than the remainder.

The building trade as a whole is decidedly healthy, but masons working in sandstone have a death rate of eighty percent above the average, with silicosis fifty-five times the average, and the quarrymen who produce the sandstone are also very liable to lung disease.

If it is possible, for purposes of taxation, to separate these particular occupations, it will certainly make for health. It will mean for example that the price of sandstone will go up. And a good thing too. As long as sandstone is dearer in human life than limestone or brick, it should be dearer in money too.

No doubt the employers in these dangerous trades will raise the same bitter cry as the insurance magnates. They will say that they take every possible precaution, and that the high death rate is the worker's fault. Perhaps the best cure for such ideas would be to make a few shipping magnates sleep in the foc'sle for a year or so, and put colliery directors to hew anthracite.

Until that can be done, I hope that the whole labor movement will see that the employers in those industries which suck the life blood of the nation are made to compensate the workers they injure.

But the Beveridge plan will be unworkable if we have unemployment in this war on anything like the scale that we had after the last. At Oxford on December 6 Sir William Beveridge said of the abolition of mass unemployment "I do not know how it is to be done, and I do not know whether anybody else knows." It is a pity that he has not heard of Stalin.

MINERS' METTLE

NUMEROUS political observers, including Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, have warned in recent weeks that labor's dissatisfaction with the political and economic conduct of the war is creating a danger of a serious outbreak of strikes in war industries. Equally dangerous dissatisfaction has been reported from countries producing important raw materials.

Much attention has been paid to the two-week strike of some 10,000 miners in the Patino tin mines in Bolivia, which, since the loss of Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies, has been virtually the only source of tin for the United States and Britain. [The Bolivian strike is discussed in an editorial, "Terror in Bolivia," on page 7.]

RECENT dispatches to Allied Labor News from Capetown describe another serious situation in the Katanga copper belt along the border of Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. In the Congo, where copper miners have always received lower wages than miners a few miles away across the border in Rhodesia, copper production has been threatened by a series of events which began with the effect of the German occupation of the Lowlands on the exchange value of the Belgian franc. Congo miners were paid in francs backed by the Belgian government-in-exile in England, an inconspicuous group of petty officials who did little more than furnish a London address for the Congo mining companies. The Belgian franc has declined seventy-five percent in the past year compared with the English pound; and since all imports to the Congo come from sterling and dollars areas, living costs have approximately doubled.

Because of various anti-union devices adopted in recent years by the *Union Miniere du Haut Katanga,* the principal mining company in the Congo, a union to protect the workers' interests was only formed a little more than a year ago. Late in 1941, at a secret meeting in the bush, the Katanga Mine Workers Union was organized by 250 representatives of the white workers at the six Congo mines. By last summer the union was recognized as bargaining agent for all white workers; organization of the natives, who work on three-year contracts and are carefully segregated in enclosed compounds, had to be postponed till the union's position was secure.

The *Union Miniere* had no intention of allowing anything like that to happen. In September, when the Katanga Mine Workers appealed to the British government to pay the miners' wages in sterling instead of Belgian francs, J. Heyman, president of the union, and J. Dutron, a leading member, were arrested for: "undermining the morale of the Congo people and communicating with a foreign power."

Several hundred Jadotsville miners went to Elizabethville to give evidence, but no union witnesses were allowed in the court room. Machine guns were mounted on a tower overlooking the court house and Elizabethville was patrolled by armored cars. In this atmosphere the two union leaders were sentenced to internment.

The Katanga Mine Workers immediately appealed for help from the Rhodesian Mine Workers, a well established union. The executive committees of the two unions, in November, met at Chinsenda on the border. They sent cables to six Labor members of the British Parliament asking for pressure on the Belgian government in England.

A few weeks later, after the Rhodesian union had begun a campaign to bring assistance to the Congo miners, the Rhodesian government arrested Frank Maybank, general secretary of the Rhodesian Mine Workers, Chris Maeyer, chairman of the union local at the Mufira mine, and P. Theunissen, a pro-fascist manager at the Roan Antelope mine, who was apparently arrested to give color to the arrests of the two union officers. Following a quick trial by a three-man tribunal, Maeyer and Maybank were imprisoned in Livingstone. Maybank was later ordered deported.

The ostensible charge against the union leaders was "subversive activities"—more particularly, "fomenting unrest" and attempting to interfere with the production of copper. The anti-fascist views of both men, however, were well known in Rhodesia, and the establishment of labor-management committees in the mines was largely due to their influence. The assistant secretary of the Rhodesian Mine Workers, who visited South Africa in December to put their case before the South African labor movement, said: "These two men are in no way guilty of anything but union activities."

THE African copper miners are up against the same sort of thing as the Bolivian tin miners. Regardless of who is responsible—and the blame undoubtedly rests on the anti-labor companies and their representatives among government officials—the production of essential raw materials is in danger. As early as last summer the Rhodesian Mine Workers reported that Roan Antelope, which has a potential output comparing with Chuquicamata in Chile and the richest mines in Montana, was producing less copper than before the war.

Naturally, no anti-fascist miner wants to decrease output still further by calling strikes. The local unions in the Patino tin mines which struck last month are the least disciplined in the Bolivian Miners Federation; in Potosi, where working conditions are far worse than in the Patino mines, the miners were prevented from striking by an appeal from their deputy, Arratia. "Miners!" Arratia said. "You have expressed your solidarity with the peoples fighting for a better world. Despite the justice of your demands, do not stop working. The Red Army has taken the offensive against the Nazis; the British and North American forces are pushing forward in North Africa. They need our tin!"

Nonetheless, all the Bolivian miners' locals have taken strike votes in recent months. In the middle of December the Rhodesian Mine Workers voted a general strike in the entire copper belt if their leaders were not released. Unorganized stoppages have occurred several times in the last few months in the Congo mines. Things have reached a point where even certain disciplined and politically mature leaders of the unions have been driven to consider seriously whether a quick, successful strike which improved working conditions and preserved the unions from destruction would not be less disastrous to the cause of the United Nations than the present declining labor productivity and the weakening of workers' organizations.

This reasoning, of course, ignores the reality that a strike today will not improve matters but will make them worse. This seems to have happened in Bolivia, where the Patino strike was followed by the arrest of the top leadership of Bolivian labor, the smashing of the Patino locals, and the thorough disruption of Bolivian tin production. When militantly anti-fascist miners are forced to consider this risk, it indicates, first, the desperate situation in which they find themselves, and second, their lack of faith in alternatives to the strike weapon.

Anti-fascist workers in colonial countries are faced with different problems from those faced by American workers. When American labor at the start of the war gave up the right to strike, pre-

viously its principal weapon, it acquired other weapons; and in the last year it has made many gains which, in wartime, it could never have gained by striking. But Rhodesia is a Crown Colony governed by the hide-bound and fantastically reactionary British Colonial Office; the Belgian Congo, which is theoretically governed by a government-in-exile, is actually governed by the mining companies; and Bolivia is ruled by a military dictatorship which gives little evidence of Bolivia's nominally republican constitution. All the mining companies in the three countries are owned abroad by men who are susceptible to no influences but a desire for profit. The foremen and mine bosses are, to varying degrees, profascist. No labor press exists in Rhodesia or the Congo; the only labor paper in Bolivia was suppressed early in December. All three countries have powerful, well-financed fifth columns, which are particularly entrenched in Bolivia; provocations by Axis agents are frequent and Axis propagandists exploit every grievance.

American labor, having given up the right to strike, is left with three main weapons: public opinion, political action, and evidence of its desire to increase production. Many patriotic American employers will cooperate with their workers in increasing production. In colonial countries, however, virtually the only important enterprises are mining companies, which see little point in exhausting rich deposits merely to make themselves subject to increased excess-profits taxes. Even in the Katanga copper belt, which contains a third of the world's known reserves of copper, the companies are unwilling to expand capacity, holding a pessimistic view of the requirements of the postwar market. Also, the unions find it impossible to mobilize public opinion; in the American sense, public opinion does not exist, and in any case, labor lacks a press to present its arguments. Political action is equally difficult in the absence of a democratic government.

The only possible way widespread strikes can be prevented from sweeping the colonial countries is prompt and decisive action by American and British workers, who are in a position to mobilize public opinion and to influence their governments. In peacetime American labor's neglect of the problems of colonial workers was serious. In wartime it is far worse. It is obviously as important to prevent strikes in Bolivian tin mines as in Texas smelters; and the situation in the Katanga copper belt is as much American labor's concern as the situation in Connecticut's brass valley. The antifascist workers of Africa and South America recognize this. When Deputy Arratia opposed a strike before tin miners whose working conditions are so indescribable that they have to chew cocaine leaves to be able to continue working, he counted on the help of workers in the United States. Bolivian labor has kept the American embassy informed of its wage demands; Vicente Lombardo Toledano, president of the Confederation of Latin American Workers, has appealed to the CIO and the AFL to intervene on behalf of the Bolivian miners; the South African Trades and Labor Council has cabled Sir Walter Citrine, secretary of the British Trades Union Congress, for help in settling the disputes in Rhodesia. Government agencies in the United States and Britain hold contracts for the entire output of Bolivian tin; Britain buys all the copper produced in Africa.

In Langeloth, Pa., the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers (CIO) have a contract with a subsidiary of the same company which is behind the arrests of the Rhodesian unionists. But help for the colonial metal-mining unions must not be confined to metal-mining unions here. All American unions whose members work on war goods requiring tin and copper should make the working conditions of copper miners in the Congo and tin miners in Bolivia as much their concern as the working conditions in their own shops.

UNDERGROUND

Exclusive

THE name of the small Flemish-Belgian town of Wytschaete is very familiar to the soldiers of World War I who fought in Flanders. In 1916-18, the ruins of the shell-pocked and burned out houses of Wytschaete were a landmark in the war-torn landscape of Flanders. Here a dozen German and Allied offensives drowned in the swamps created by the water-filled shell holes and the torn canals. Two hundred thousand German, British, Belgian, and French soldiers are buried in the earth around the town. In the soldiers' cemeteries, there are monuments with inscriptions in various languages but with the same text: "No more war."

But the inscriptions were wrong. Twenty-five years after the battles of Wytschaete, there is war again in Flanders. True, it has not drawn its battle lines across the fields of Wytschaete so thoroughly as the first war did. After a few short, violent battles in Flanders, in the spring of 1940, all was over. The Nazis occupied the land, and the quiet of the New Order settled over Flanders. But it is a false quiet, a deceptive order. A new kind of war has developed—the underground war against the Nazi invaders.

One battle of this war in the dark is attached to the name of Wytschaete. It is a strange battle, seemingly insignificant, for the "soldiers" are children. However, it has a deep meaning; it is evidence of the conquered nations' will to fight.

The school children of Wytschaete —according to an underground paper from Belgium, *Le Drapeau de la Liberte* (The Banner of Freedom)— were forced by the Nazi authorities to learn the new doctrine that the Flemish belong to the "Teutonic race" and therefore are superior to other "races." The children protested by "losing" all their new books. Thereupon several of their parents were arrested by the Gestapo. From that time on, the children of Wytschaete waged war against the Nazis. It was they who covered the walls of the houses with the "V"'s. For months they succeeded in painting the letter on the walls of the Gestapo post. They became "deaf" in the classes of a Nazi teacher. No threat and no punishment deterred them. The teacher finally had a nervous breakdown. After that the Nazis brought several children into an "educational camp."

The example of the Wytschaete children inspired those in other Belgian towns and villages. Underground reports tell about their activities all over the country. Children are tearing down Nazi posters. Children are causing delays in the transport of goods for the German authorities, by putting stones on the railroad's tracks, halting the freight trains. Nazi controlled papers in Belgium often report the punishment of youngsters for sabotage. At Brussels a special Nazi tribunal for youthful violators of the Nazi laws imposes severe penalties.

Last summer children in the neighborhood of the town of Courtrai set fire to haystacks by shooting at them with burning arrows. A Nazi patrol fired on several boys who just had tried to set fire to hay which was destined to go to the German army store houses. One of the boys was killed. The other escaped. In a decree threatening death to every saboteur, regardless of age, the Nazi authorities themselves revealed the story of the arrow-shooting.

DANGER SIGNALS IN CONGRESS

By the Editors

WHAT is Congress? The greatest deliberative body in the world, it used to be said. A cave of the winds, less charitable observers of other days would suggest. But what is Congress today, at this moment, when our country is straining itself to meet the test of the toughest war of all time?

It is possible to hold this Congress up so close to the eyes that it blots out everything else—blots out the fact that in Europe, the Far East, and Africa the United Nations hold the military initiative; that the Red Army is relentlessly driving the Nazis back, surpassing the brilliant achievement of last year against the bulk of Hitler's troops; that the coalition of the United Nations is growing stronger and the coalition of the Axis weaker. But to let Congress blot all this out would be looking at things through the wrong end of the telescope. No, this Congress, bad as its brief record already is, cannot cancel out the basic positive features of the world situation. But it can do a lot of damage—so much that it may even succeed in reversing the picture if nothing is done to change its present course.

Just consider some of the things that this Congress did in the one week beginning Monday, January 18.

1. Southern poll taxers captured the Democratic Party caucus in the House and won important policy-making powers for the Democratic steering committee, which for years has been largely a decorative body. The poll taxers also increased their representation on the steering committee to gain numerical control. In the Senate the southern reactionaries are plotting to do the same.

2. As part of this insurrection the poll taxers compelled the party caucus to refuse confirmation of Rep. Vito Marcantonio, the outstanding progressive in Congress, for membership on the Judiciary Committee.

3. Senator Bankhead of Alabama, a leading poll taxer, made a speech proposing that this country let Russia, Britain, and China do all the fighting and dying in this war, while we limit ourselves to sending equipment and food. He was supported by the America First Committee's gift to the US Senate, Senator Wheeler of Montana. Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma introduced a resolution to suspend the draft till War Department officials tell just how many men will be needed to win the war. This is the same Thomas who only a few years back was thick with a well known patriot named "Father" Charles E. Coughlin.

4. Backed by Gauleiter Ham Fish, Representative Cox of Georgia, labor-hater and democracy-hater extraordinary, put through a resolution—with but two dissenting votes—to "investigate" the Federal Communications Commission, a key war agency which has been curbing monopoly. The FCC incurred the wrath of Cox when it started to investigate him for receiving $2,500 from a Georgia radio station for which he had tried to obtain a license. The chairman of the new House inquisition is—Cox.

5. Senator Wheeler introduced a resolution to investigate American rubber exports. This is particularly directed at rubber exports to the Soviet Union.

6. The Senate Territories Committee approved a resolution introduced by a Republican defeatist, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, designed to remove Governor Rexford Tugwell of Puerto Rico, a consummation devoutly wished for by American sugar interests and the fascist Falange in Puerto Rico.

7. Under pressure of defeatists and tory elements of both major parties, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in the midst of a global war of survival, concentrated on the world-shaking issue of the nomination of Edward J. Flynn to be Minister to Australia.

THAT'S not all Congress did to obstruct the war, but it will do as a sample. In New Guinea American boys were dying, in Russia, China, Libya, Russians and Chinese and Britons were dying so that this country and the world might be free. And Congress, in the grip of the falsefaced men, was busy putting traps and secret bombs in their path.

Where are the administration and the win-the-war congressmen in this picture? The administration has not yet learned that on the domestic front, no less than on the military front abroad, defense and appeasement will not win the war. The victories of the poll taxers and their defeatist Republican and Democratic allies were cheap because the opposition was so feeble. The administration leaders, on question after question, yielded without a real struggle. The House progressive bloc led by Representative Coffee of Washington suffers from lack of organization and aggressiveness.

The present antics of Congress would be bad enough in peacetime. In war they are a menace to our national existence, to our relations with our allies and to the future peace, which—as President Roosevelt recently indicated—may come in the lifetime of this 78th Congress. The situation is by no means beyond remedy. President Roosevelt has relied too much on machine politicians and on cloakroom maneuvering and horsetrading. This is to build in quicksand. The bi-partisan cabal must be challenged, and the challenging can be done only by the President and all those in Congress and in the country, irrespective of party affiliation, for whom winning the war comes first. The labor movement especially has the job of turning on the heat and rallying the plain people of America against the handful of evil men who put their hatred for the President and for labor above the nation's safety.

IN HIS opening message to Congress Mr. Roosevelt said: "The issue of this war is the basic issue between those who believe in mankind and those who do not. . . ." That is as true within our country as it is for the world as a whole. And he also said: "The people have now gathered their strength. They are moving forward in their might and power—and no force, no combination of forces, no trickery, deceit, or violence can stop them now."

We must make Congress understand that this too is true for America as it is for the world.

THE HEALTH SHORTAGE

Mounting bad health and sickness absenteeism endanger war production. A physician tells of the critical lack of doctors in key industrial areas. What must be done.

READERS of NEW MASSES are familiar with the fact that a critical shortage of physicians in booming war factory areas threatens to effect a marked reduction in the production of guns, planes, and tanks. Other causes of mounting bad health and sickness absenteeism in these places are execrable, crowded housing conditions and lack of proper public health facilities such as good sewage systems and water supplies. Although these causes are even more important, the doctor shortage lends itself to the most rapid solution. The American Medical Association has set a conservative proportion of one physician to every 1,500 persons in any given community as the minimum necessary to care for its elementary medical needs. Where the number of doctors falls below this, sickness absenteeism and epidemics mount rapidly.

It is of interest to review a few examples of the bad situation in many places. Just outside Baltimore a great war industry area spreads through Baltimore County, which has mushroomed to its present crowded condition since the war production program came into being. In 1940 the population was 155,000 and there were ninety physicians, but the war has rapidly added 70,000 people to the former and subtracted thirty doctors, leaving only one medical man for every 4,000 persons. The situation is particularly bad in Middle River, which is the home of workers in the Glenn Martin bomber plant. The population has grown ten times since 1940 to 36,000 although there are only six physicians practicing in the area.

A similar problem exists in the boom town of Norfolk, Va., which has become one of the world's largest shipbuilding and naval centers. Before the war 130 physicians supplied the 144,000 townspeople with medical care, but the boom has doubled the population, while thirty-six doctors have gone to the armed services, leaving only one for every 3,000 people. The local Procurement and Assignment Service boasts that it has succeeded in sending every able-bodied doctor under forty-five years of age into military service.

A desperate situation prevails in the state of South Carolina where the pre-war physician-population ratio was one to 4,100, and yet the Procurement and Assignment Service managed to fill 170 percent of its quota from this already too small number. Hinesville, Ga., today boasts a growth of residents from 600 to 6,000, who are serviced by only two physicians. Valparaiso, Fla., was a village of ninety with no doctor within twenty miles, and suddenly it has become a teeming town of 6,000, but still with no physician.

At Ypsilanti, Mich., is the world's largest airplane factory, the Willow Run Ford plant. Previously sixteen doctors serviced the 12,000 inhabitants. Twenty to thirty thousand people have swarmed into Ypsilanti, but four physicians have gone into the army and one has died, leaving one to every 3,200 persons.

The county around Pryor, Okla., has a population of 35,000, yet there are only eight doctors in the area, or about one to 4,300. There are many bad spots on the West Coast, but probably the worst is Bremerton, Wash., which has only fifteen physicians to attend 77,000 people, although before the war there were thirty medicos for the population of 44,000. Another town with a serious shortage is Vallejo, Calif., where the population increased from 22,000 to 74,000, while the doctors decreased from forty-two to twenty-eight.

WHAT proposals have been offered to solve the problem? First of all there are the plans of the American Medical Association and the federal agency it dominates, the Procurement and Assignment Service. It might be stated that although the PAS has done well in supplying the armed forces with doctors, it has failed utterly in moving physicians into the critical areas. In spite of this record, the AMA continues to offer the same slightly palliative measures which have failed heretofore. These include drawing on other parts of the same state for physicians for a critical area, effecting some changes here and there in state licensure laws, and persuading doctors to give up established practices to develop new ones in shortage districts. These measures have been ineffective because: (1) most critical areas are in states which themselves have a shortage of doctors to begin with; (2) it requires months to effect changes in licensure laws, when they can be effected at all; and (3) few physicians can afford to give up established practices for temporary ones which may melt away as soon as the war is over.

An excellent plan was outlined by Surgeon General Parran (NEW MASSES, Dec. 1, 1942), which consists of passing legislation that would empower the War Manpower Commission to allocate medical personnel. Such a program could and probably would solve most of the problems, but it may be a matter of months or years before the legislation could be pushed through Congress.

The well known medical economist Dr. Michael Davis states in *Harper's Magazine* that a federal agency should allocate physicians to shortage areas and that these resettled doctors be paid by voluntary medical care insurance plans in the various areas. This is another program which would be excellent if there were sufficient time to effect it, but past experience has shown that to put such voluntary insurance schemes into operation requires years of educational activity, and the war production program would be violently hurt before the program could be fully launched.

The proposal has been advanced in some circles to cut down the proportion of physicians in the armed forces. This must be categorically rejected. The Army and Navy must have a full supply of all the medical skill which is considered necessary.

Dr. John Kingsbury, in his recent NEW MASSES article, came close to an effective and practical proposal in his advocacy of the National Health Program. However, such extensive plans are not essential for the conduct of the war, and progressives must concentrate on solving the problem in the shortage areas.

IN THE writer's opinion the only plan advanced to date which may be put into operation almost immediately and yet is highly practical is the proposal that the US Public Health Service commission physicians who shall be paid by that agency and sent into every war production area which has experienced a lack. This idea was first proposed by a group of prominent New York physicians and has since been supported by Rep. Samuel Dickstein of New York on the floor of Congress. No more than an executive order from the President is required to start the ball rolling; the state licensure laws may be disregarded; and the doctors won't be forced to waste their time "building private practices" as they will be on salary. The sole opposition to this plan is a certain clique within the AMA hierarchy which would prefer that illness continue to make inroads into war production rather than see their precious and holy system of "private practice" slightly altered.

RALPH BAILEY.

TALES OF LENINGRAD by NIKOLAI TIKHONOV

The lifting of the 530-day siege of Leningrad—two days after the nineteenth anniversary of Lenin's death—was celebrated throughout the anti-fascist world with tributes to the heroism of the city's people. The stories below by Nikolai Tikhonov are among many he has written from real life, testifying to the gigantic resistance of which he was a part. Tikhonov, who has been described by a Soviet critic as "the poet of Leningrad," was with the Red Army defending his native city—and contributing to the morale of his people through his writings.

THE LION'S PAW

YURA was not one of those annoying little fellows who was always getting in the way of adults. He was still quite young, only seven, but he would disappear for the whole day, playing in the park or in the streets, or in the zoological gardens. The zoo was just across the way from the house where he lived. He was very fond of the animals.

But, although he would be terribly ashamed to admit it, what he liked most was the huge plaster-of-Paris lion on the column near the ticket-office at the entrance to the zoo.

The first time he set eyes on it he was fascinated, and he could never remain indifferent to it again.

"He is there to protect the zoo, so that bandits shouldn't do anything bad to the animals, isn't that so, mamma?" he asked her one day.

"Yes, yes, dear," his mother answered absentmindedly. And Yura was very content that his mother had agreed with him on such an important point.

The large plaster-of-Paris lion reared proudly over the entrance, and every time Yura passed it he greeted it with a glow of friendship and respect.

. . . The sirens howled over the city, and the mothers, in anxious alarm, gathered their children and hastened with them to the bomb shelters. Yura sat on a stool in the cellar and every now and again his little heart leaped to his mouth. In the large, low cellar, the terrible thundering outside rumbled distinctly and uncannily. Sometimes the house shook as though in terror, something poured down the outer wall, and the sound of shattered glass could be heard.

"The bandits, the air pirates!" the women exclaimed in indignation; and when the bangs were particularly loud the old women crossed themselves hastily.

Suddenly the house trembled violently, as if somebody had tried to pluck it out of the ground together with its foundation, like an oak with its roots, but then changed his mind and only gave it a good shaking.

"That one fell very close," said Yura's mother; "perhaps across the way."

She was not mistaken. When the all-clear signal was given they ran out to see where the bomb had fallen. Yura kept pace with his mother. It had fallen into the zoo, bystanders said, killing an elephant and wounding a monkey, while a sable had broken loose and was running about the street.

But Yura, his eyes filled with tears, saw only one thing. "Mamma, the lion!" he cried.

There was such deep despair in Yura's voice that his mother involuntarily glanced toward where he was pointing. His wonderful idol, the plaster-of-Paris lion, was lying on its side, its great white head reclining on one paw. Its hind legs had disappeared. One of the front paws had been shattered, but its mane was just as majestic, and its eye as stern and immovable as ever.

"Mamma, mamma, the bandits have killed him!" cried Yura. "Mamma, he fought with them. . . ."

He ran forward and began to search for something at the foot of the column, which had been smashed by bomb splinters. The tears coursed freely from his blue eyes as he rummaged among the fragments. At last he found something and with a spasmodic movement slipped it into his pocket.

"Yura, what are you doing there?" his mother cried. "What are you looking for among that rubble? You will only dirty yourself all over. What do you want to collect that rubbish for? . . ."

Yura could not drag himself away. He kept walking around the column and gazing at the lion reclining on its side, as if he wanted to fix forever in his memory the sight of the poor dumb beast that had stood for so many decades at the entrance to the zoo and had watched over the security of the animals. He was not attracted by the bomb craters, by the broken fence, by the overturned hut, or by the ticket office, of which only a few posts remained standing, or even by the polar fox which was scurrying about among the bushes of the park. He only had eyes for the lion.

ONE evening a Red Armyman, covered with the dust of battle, came to visit Yura's mother. He sat at the table drinking tea, and Yura gazed at him with drowsy eyes which grew heavier and heavier every minute. He had been running about all day and was so tired that he could scarcely understand what the visitor was saying. He was telling about the front, about the kind of men we had there, the way they were fighting the Germans, and the heroism they were displaying; and he also told about Yura's uncle, his mother's brother, who had received the Order of the Red Banner. Perceiving that Yura was almost ready to fall from his chair his mother ordered him to bed.

It was only when he was already undressed and sitting on the edge of the bed that he said:

"Is it true that Uncle Michael has got the Order of the Red Banner?"

"Yes; he fought like a lion. I hope you will be as brave as he when you grow up. When he comes back he will teach you to fight like a soldier. . . ."

"Mamma, did he fight like our lion?" Yura asked.

"What lion? That's only a way of talking. When a Red Armyman fights bravely they say he fought like a lion. . . ."

"Yes, he fought like our lion," answered Yura, not listening to what his mother said. "That means he fought well . . . I will also fight like that. . . ."

"Well, go to sleep now," his mother bade him. "There may be an air raid tonight, and you must get a good sleep before the alarm sounds. . . ."

THE air raids had now become quite common. It was not always possible to get Yura into the shelter. Sometimes he would be out in the street and could not be found, sometimes he would creep unperceived onto the roof of the house, or else stand on duty at the first-aid station. He was already accustomed to the anti-aircraft guns, to the vibration of the house, and to the dull thud of the bombs.

"Where do you disappear?" his mother asked. "I run my legs off looking for you. Never go far away from the house, do you hear? You have got entirely out of hand ever since your father went away. There is no managing you. Wait until your father comes back from the navy, he will give you a good talking to. I don't know what to do with you."

"I am helping to build the barricade behind our house," rejoined Yura seriously.

"What barricade?"

"They are building them already on Bolshoy Avenue. I saw how they are doing it, and I got the boys together and we are building one too."

THREE days later, after a heavy air raid, he was brought home stunned by a bomb explosion. His mother, pale, her hair disheveled, undressed him with trembling fingers. He lay quietly, but he had already recovered consciousness. He had only been struck by the blast of air and flung to the ground.

"I was watching the barricade behind the house, mamma," he said in a low, penitent voice. "I am alive, mamma, don't worry."

His mother was turning a pile of miscellaneous objects out of his pockets, looking for a handkerchief.

"What a lot of rubbish you carry about in your pockets," she said as she pulled out

a large piece of plaster-of-Paris which had already turned gray.

"Mamma!" cried Yura. "Don't touch that! It's the lion's paw. I need it. It is a reminder."

The mother stared in surprise at the lump of plaster-of-Paris. And sure enough the mark of a big round claw could be distinctly seen on it.

"What do you need it for? Is this what you found among the rubbish outside the zoo?"

"It's a reminder," he said, his little forehead wrinkled in a frown.

"But what is it to remind you of, Yurik? I don't understand, my dear," she said tenderly.

He blushed as he answered.

"I will avenge him . . . I will take revenge on those bandits. Let me only come across them . . . I will give them such a reminder, they will never forget it. . . ."

THE WATCHER IN THE DARK

A CLUMSY woman in a bulky flannel dress almost stumbled over her in her haste as she sat on the doorstep in the darkness, and screamed in her fright: "Who's that?"

"It's I," answered the girl. "Polya."

"Why don't you run to the shelter. . . . Didn't you hear the alarm? The bombs will be dropping on your head any minute."

"I am waiting for them. That is what I am here for," said Polya calmly.

"What do you mean, waiting for them? You had better hurry to the shelter!"

"It is my duty to stand here. You run along, auntie, or you will get hit yourself. . . ."

"Well, I'm going. . . . Just fancy, sitting here on the step! Are you so fearless?"

"It is not that I am fearless. I am on watch duty."

Polya remained seated on the step, staring intently at the sky, where searchlight beams crossed and diverged, rockets flared and hung in fiery balls, and golden lines of tracer bullets pierced the blue vault. The whole sky was filled with the spasmodic thudding of enemy planes flying over the city.

Polya sat tense and taut, waiting for that frightful hiss, the thud, and the fiery blast which must come any minute. She would be the first to run to the spot in order to signal to the local air defense headquarters exactly where the bomb had struck.

HUNCHING her head into her frail shoulders and closing her eyes, she listened to the rising din. An explosion that seemed to shatter her head reverberated through the street. A warm blast struck her ear-drums and compressed her chest. Polya leaped to her feet, staggering, and ran along the street to the spot where the walls had just collapsed and a cloud of smoke still hovered undispersed. The fresh ruins

rose starkly in the night. The blackened, mangled walls towered above the girl; the street was littered with rubble, broken glass, and heaps of inconceivable garbage.

A moment later she was phoning from a neighboring house reporting the extent of the damage. That done, she dashed back to the ruins, from which came shrieks, groans, and cries. And this was now a daily occurrence. Nobody was faster than she in discovering the site of disaster, nobody toiled more self-sacrificingly, tending the injured and spending whole nights among tottering walls, collapsed beams, and faces distorted with pain and horror. She excelled in excavating children from the ruins.

Sometimes, wiping the perspiration from her brow with the back of her hand, she would sit down and watch the rescue gangs as though she were an onlooker. The gutted houses, the dark city, the flashing torchlights, all seemed to her imponderable, unreal, fantastic.

Where were those nights, serene and merry, with lighted tram-cars, with song and dance and youth? Had there been such nights? Yes, there had. . . . And there would be again. . . . But now. . . . "But why am I sitting here," she would scold herself. And, leaping to her feet, she would hurry to help drag away the beams and turn over the rubble with her pick and spade.

She became amazingly calm, firm of decision, and strong of nerve. Nothing could astonish her now.

ONE night, running to the scene of an explosion, she saw by moonlight, high above a pile of collapsed house stories, a woman in her nightshirt, standing as though suspended in the air, clinging to the remains of a wall in a corner that by some chance happened to remain intact on the fifth floor.

The woman stood there like a statue, like a shape of the dead, her hands clinging to pieces of the wall to the right and left. Polya stared fixedly at the white patch of her nightshirt, thinking frantically that the woman must be saved as quickly as possible, and how to get at her.

On another occasion a young woman with disheveled hair came running toward her, pressing an infant to her breast. Terrified by the explosion, and in agonies for the safety of her child, she might run like this through the whole city. Polya seized her in her arms, stroked her hair, and said: "It's all over now."

"What is all over? What is all over?" the woman muttered dully.

"Everything," said Polya. "Nothing terrible will happen now. Sit down and rest for a bit. . . . Let me cover you up."

And she led the woman, who had calmed down at once, to the first-aid station.

Many were the injured and crippled whom this slender girl, with the large, slightly astonished eyes, carried to safety; many were the terrified people whom she calmed, encouraged, and even moved to laughter by a witty remark appropriately uttered.

The air bombing gave place to artillery bombardment. It was not so noisy; nevertheless, it was no easy matter to gather up the wounded in the street, in the blackness of the night, amid the whistling of shell splinters and the whine of shells hurtling overhead.

However, Polya went on with her job, gathering up dozens of wounded and hauling them away on her back.

ONE cold, nasty, windy evening the bombardment was unusually fierce. Polya crouched against a house wall, her back to a box of sand, while shell splinters struck the house over her head. Brick dust, lumps of plaster, and broken glass rained down onto the pavement. Then she heard a groan. It came from quite nearby. The street was deserted. The rare pedestrians dropped to the ground, then sprang to their feet and dashed into the houses, or again dropped prone on the pavement.

Polya listened. The groans were indeed coming from close by. She cautiously ran in their direction. The glare of a new explosion lit up the street. The shell had struck the pavement, and the sound of the blow lingered long in her ears. Her heart was beating painfully. Near the wall of a house lay a young man. Where had she seen him before? . . . Why, of course, the football match last spring. The emerald-green field. The laughter all around. The bright jerseys of the players. Youth. Sunshine. Gay music. A warm day and curly clouds, and this lad, to whom his comrades every now and again shouted: "Stick it, halfback!"

Now he was lying unconscious. But when Polya probed for his wound—he was injured by a shell splinter in the hip—he opened his eyes and groaned loudly. And as she bound up the wound, she said: "Stick it, halfback! Do you hear!"

The lad said nothing. She helped him to his feet, but he could not walk. He almost collapsed, and she dragged him through the blackness, which every now and again was pierced through by long, red-flashing sword thrusts.

But the next blast must have split the street and all the houses all around in two, for Polya lost consciousness. She was lying on the soft green field, and an unknown voice was calling to her: "Stick it, halfback!" But she was unable to smile, she was unable even to stir. For some reason, the thought occurred to her, "This is my ninety-eighth patient," and she again swooned. But her hand still held the hand of the lad lying silently by her side.

WHEN people came and bent over them she said in a clear, pure voice: "Take him, he is badly wounded in the hip." But before she could finish she had lost consciousness again.

"It's the legs, she is wounded in the legs," said a voice in the darkness.

She did not hear it. She was lying in the soft green field and saying to someone: "I am cold; how cold the green grass is. . . ."

She knew nothing more that night. . . .

. . . She did not die. When she recovered consciousness it was a mild sunny day and through the window tall green pines were peeping.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

A German looks at his native land. "A super-Versailles cannot prevent a new Hitler from unleashing World War III. . . ." Bruno Frei, noted German journalist, considers his nation's past and future.

TEN years have passed since Hitler, supported by the German plutocracy, seized power in Germany. The Nazis enslaved the German people first, and then the other peoples of Europe. Now, after boundless suffering and sacrifices, the first rays of the coming victory are visible. Everywhere statesmen and peoples ask: What is to become of Germany after our victory over Hitler? How are such infamous crimes to be prevented in the future? Twice within the space of twenty years German armies have overrun Europe, bringing death and destruction to other nations. This is a situation which must be squarely faced and solved if we are to make an enduring peace and prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe. The question of how to assure the peace is inextricably bound up with the question: How could it have come to this? Only by understanding the causes of German fascist aggression will we be able to overcome it once and for all.

There is a widespread opinion which holds that the lust for conquest is innate in the German people. This theory proclaims aggressiveness to be a German national characteristic. If this view is correct, there is really only one solution: the complete extermination of the German people. A feeling of hate and revenge is more than understandable in view of the Nazis' heinous crimes, but such feelings, if directed toward the mass of the German people, hinder rather than help us understand the real roots of the problem and the real solution.

There is no doubt that Hitler and his gangsters do not bear the sole guilt for the indescribable atrocities which the Nazis have committed and are now committing. His backers, the masters of the German trusts, the big landowners, the junker military clique, and the high government officials who helped Hitler take power ten years ago are equally guilty. Moreover, responsibility for these atrocities is shared by the entire German people so long as they do not openly turn away from Nazism and rise up against it in active struggle.

But to point to the great responsibility of the German people for Hitler's crimes does not at all mean identifying the German people with Hitler, as some so shallowly assert. In his July 4, 1942, speech in Los Angeles the exiled German writer Emil Ludwig declared: "Hitler is the most living expression of his people, inasmuch as a people chooses its ruler according to its own tastes." If Hitler is identical with the German people and is "its most legitimate expression," then we must draw the conclusion that such a people is incapable of self-government. The idea that the German people are innately sick or evil simply corresponds to the Hitlerite doctrine of racial discrimination. But war and peace do not spring from the racial peculiarities of peoples, as Hitler asserts, but from social tensions and contradictions. Politics is not a function of zoology, but of history and economics.

THE responsible leaders of the United Nations have without exception spoken out against lumping together Hitler and the German people. In his Flag Day speech last year President Roosevelt expressed confidence that the German people, "still dominated by their Nazi whipmasters," would rather have "freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and from fear" than the Nazi "New Order." And in his Order of the Day Feb. 23, 1942, on the anniversary of the founding of the Red Army, Premier Stalin declared: "The experience of history shows that Hitlers come and go, whereas the German people and the German state remain." This distinction between Hitler and the German people which is made with striking unanimity is undoubtedly one aspect of the United Nations' grand strategy with a view to shortening the war and hastening Hitler's downfall. It is clear from the counter-measures taken by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine that this strategy is well founded. For nothing serves more to stiffen the German will to resistance than the idea that the United Nations are bent on annihilating Germany.

But if the German people are not identical with Hitler, in spite of their heavy share of responsibility in tolerating Hitler's crimes, and if so-called racial factors explain nothing, what other causes are there for the German aggressions which have led to two world wars within twenty-five years?

Both world wars have shown that in Germany there is an aggressive, unscrupulous ruling caste bent on world conquest, consisting of junkers, powerful industrialists and bankers who, working through Kaiser Wilhelm and Hitler, built a gigantic war machine. This clique was ready to sacrifice every material and human reserve in the German people—yes, even the very existence of the German people, for its predatory aims. And it is this social soil that nourished the Prussian officer caste. How did this mad gang of warmongers arise? How did they acquire and consolidate their predominant power over the German people? And how can they be liquidated? That is the meaning, in historical and political terms, of the question: How can peace be assured?

In his preface to *The Peasant War in Germany* Friedrich Engels remarks: "It is the misfortune of the German bourgeoisie to have come too late quite in accordance with the beloved German tradition. The period of its ascendancy coincides with the time when the bourgeoisie of the other Western European countries is politically on the downward path." Engels' classic study of the similar development of the two great revolutions of 1525 and 1848 is almost 100 years old, but it is today more valid than ever.

"The German people," writes Marx's co-worker, "are by no means lacking in revolutionary traditions. There were times when Germany produced characters that could match the best men in the revolutions of other countries; when the German people manifested an endurance and energy which, in a centralized nation, would have brought the most magnificent results." Whereas France achieved national unity in the civil war against the Huguenots and formed a centralized state, Germany in the sixteenth century was still so split up economically and politically that common interests were barely present on a provincial scale; and every province was a kind of foreign country to the adjoining provinces. In the cities, along the old trade route leading from Italy to the Hanseatic cities, an early capitalist development had been in progress since the middle of the fourteenth century. But with the fall of Constantinople (1453) and the rise of Venice as the leading power in trade with the Orient, this development was prematurely checked. In its period of ascendancy it produced German humanism; in its decline, the Reformation and the Peasant War.

The Reformation began as a revolutionary movement to renew Germany, to unite the country against the alien Church and its allies, the princes and wealthy merchants. Originally Luther was far from being the other-worldly champion of conscience, as reactionary and falsifying historians describe him after his betrayal of the peasants. He was very down-to-earth in his first militant writing: "To the Christian nobility of the German nation." In the name of the Bible the peasants rose up to restore communally owned land; and the impoverished lower middle class of the cities revolted against the gouging moneylenders and exorbitant taxes. Peasants and city people took literally Luther's message concerning the divine and natural rights

of the Christian man. After Sickingen, the leader of the debt-ridden knights, failed in his assault on Trier, the peasants of the Rhine and Main, of Franconia and Swabia gathered together, 300,000 strong —the first army of the German revolution. The rulers were very alarmed and Elector Frederick V of Saxony died assailed with doubts that perhaps it was God's will that the common man should rule over Germany.

Because of the backwardness of the country, however, the peasant masses were divided. Hence the princes were able to emerge victorious from this trial of strength. The militant twelve-point social program of the *Bundschuh* brought about a united front of Rome and Luther, princes and rich merchants. The first German revolution, which could have united all Germany, was drowned in the blood of the peasants. The threatened privileges of the princes and feudal lords were saved, but the dismemberment of Germany became even worse. From the battle near Frankenstein, where the peasant army of Thomas Muenzer was smashed, the Reformation—which should have united Germany as the Civil War welded together the United States, the Puritan Revolution welded England and the Huguenot uprising, France—was transformed into reactionary Protestantism. Luther was no Lincoln, no Cromwell, no Henry IV. He feared the people and fled to the arms of the princes. The result was the bleeding of the German people in the Thirty Years' War and the Peace of Westphalia which atomized Germany into several hundred "sovereign" states.

1848 is on a higher plane a repetition of 1525. It represents a new attempt to achieve national unity in the revolutionary democratic struggle against the monopolists of power, the feudal princes and the rich landowners. At the Congress of Vienna (1815) Metternich frustrated the desire of the Germans for national union which had been the real aim of the so-called "war of liberation" against Napoleon. Thus, in the early years of the nineteenth century Germany still consisted of thirty-eight loosely joined individual states. The Prussian reformers Stein and Hardenburg had done away with serfdom and reorganized the municipalities, thereby paving the way for capitalist development in Germany. From 1815 on, the urban middle class increased in numbers, but the development of an internal market, a prerequisite for the growth of modern industry, was hampered by the atomized nature of the country. The cry for freedom and unity was coupled with the famine-cry of the Silesian weavers who in 1844 stormed the homes of the manufacturers. In 1848 Germany was ripe for a great revolution which would have atoned for all the lapses and failures of the past —even without the example of Paris.

But this revolutionary democratic movement, disunited and shot through with contradictions like its predecessor, was defeated by a united front of the threatened interests. Fear of the new working class, which proclaimed its demands on the barricades of March 13, induced the bourgeoisie to bend the knee to the throne and the nobility. German *"misere"* (poverty) remained. "Who profited by the Revolution of 1525?" Engels asks. "The princes. Who profited by the Revolution of 1848? The big princes, Austria and Prussia. Behind the princes of 1525 there stood the lower-middle class of the cities . . . behind the big princes of 1850, there stood the modern big bourgeoisie. . . ."

The Italian philosopher of liberalism Benedetto Croce has written of the German revolution of 1848: "If it had succeeded, not only would it have given new life, both in form and content, to the constitutions of the individual states, but a different direction to the entire political life of Germany."

The triumph of the counter-revolution laid the foundation for that "rise of Prussia," a phenomenon which the peoples of Europe learned to know with dismay in the succeeding decades. The alliance between the junkers and the big bourgeoisie against the people assured political hegemony for these two cliques under the cloak of "national" interests. They used this cloak only in order to reduce as quickly as possible the advantage which the other capitalist countries had won at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The defeat of the German people in its democratic revolution signified the beginning of a threat to the world by German militarism and imperialism.

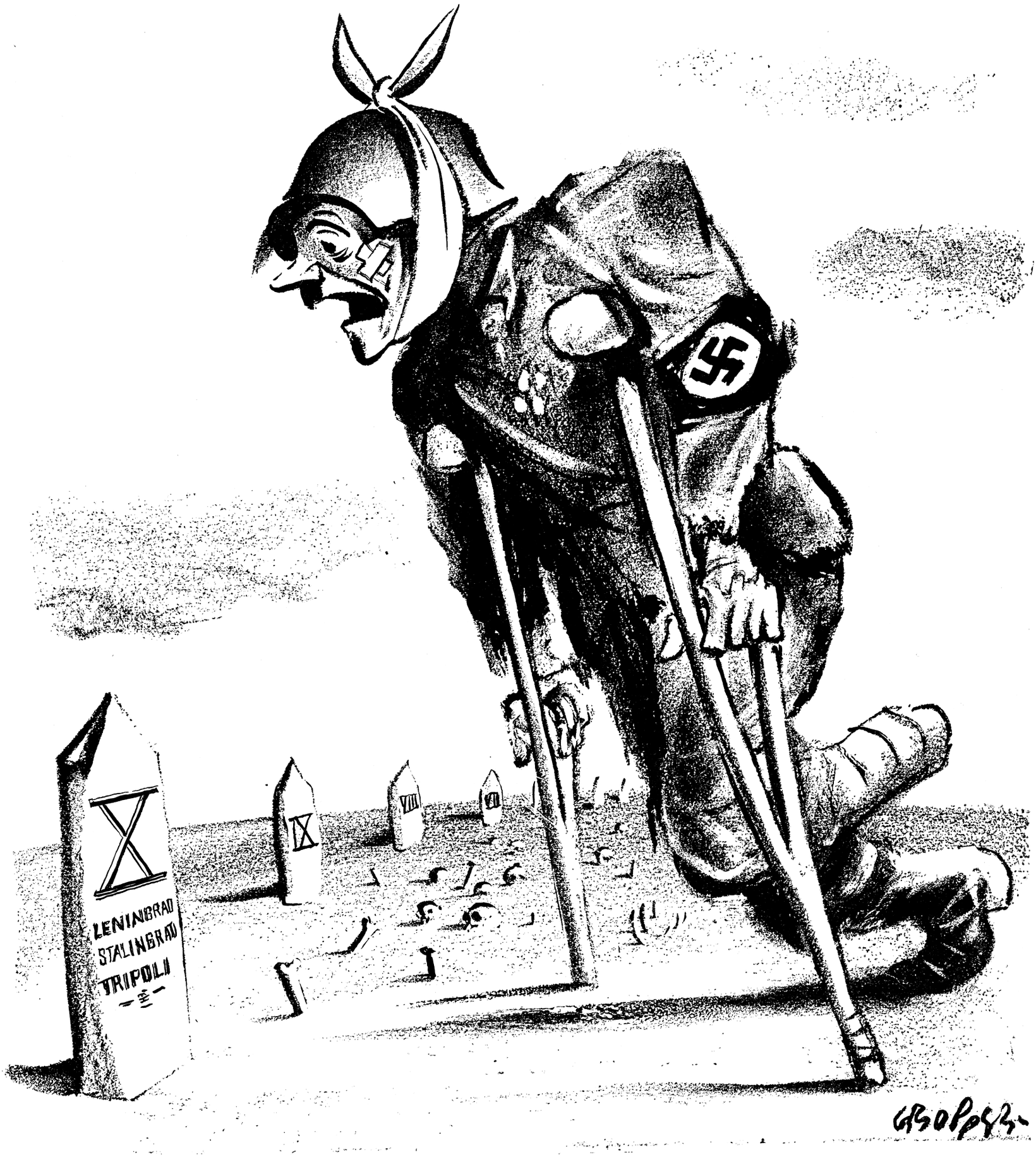
WHEN Germany entered the contest for world mastery, the other powers had already divided up the world without asking the German capitalists whether they too laid claims to a "place in the sun." The British colonial empire was "completed" in the years 1860-80, whereas Germany didn't acquire its first colonies, Togo and Cameroon, till 1884. In 1900 the great powers owned 90.4 percent of Africa, 98.9 of the Polynesian group, fifty-six percent of Asia, 100 percent of Australia, and 27.2 percent of the Americas. The German bourgeoisie had only a meager share in these colonial possessions.

But by this date the young German bourgeoisie, which had entered the field late, had with swift strides caught up with the industrial development of the western powers. From 1851-70 there arose in Germany 295 joint stock companies with a combined capital of 2,400,000,000 marks. With the victorious outcome of the Franco-Prussian War (1870-71) and with the increasing concentration of capital in the hands of a few monopolists, the tempo of industrialization became even more rapid. From 1890-1913, as Lenin shows in his book *Imperialism,* heavy industry developed four times more rapidly in Germany than in England. By 1912 German production of pig iron was almost double that of Britain. This swift development of heavy industry in Germany whetted the appetite of the German imperialists for colonies. "On the basis of capitalism was there any other way but war to settle this disproportion between the development of productive powers and the accumulation of capital on the one hand, and the partitioning of colonies and spheres of interest by capital on the other?" Lenin asked this question in 1916, in the midst of the thunder of cannon during the first world war.

The aggressive character of German imperialism, demanding a revision in the distribution of colonial territories, is shown by its greater expenditures on armaments in the years preceding the first world war. German finance-capital was more aggressive because it was hungrier for power and booty. Therein lies the root of the plans for conquest developed by the Pan-German movement, the precursor of Hitler's Nazism, which had already created its own ideology according to the racial doctrines of Duehring, against whom Engels waged a relentless campaign.

The Pan-Germans, supported by the big industrialists and the junkers of the East Elbe region, had been forging their plans for world conquest since the middle of the nineteenth century. In his memoirs Bismarck relates that already during the Crimean War (1854) a group of East Elbe junkers under the leadership of Count Robert von der Goltz distributed a memorandum with the intent of forcing Cabinet Minister Manteuffel to resign because the latter was opposed to a war of conquest. "The goal set up by this group," writes Bismarck, "was—since Prussia had to become the leading nation of Europe—the dismemberment of Russia, the annexation of the Baltic provinces, including St. Petersburg, to Prussia and Sweden, the annexation of most of the territory of the Polish Republic and the partitioning of the remainder into Great and Little Russia. To justify this program, the favorite theory used was that of Freiherr Haxthausen-Abtenburg, which declared that these three zones, with their complementary goods produced by 100,000,000 Russians, would, if they remained united, assure Prussia's domination of Europe." "From this theory," Bismarck continues, "was developed the need for a natural alliance with England, with dark hints that if Prussia served England with its army against Russia, England on its side would further Prussian policy." Neither Ludendorff nor Hitler has invented anything; they have only developed the plans of the junkers and big businessmen for world domination.

(Continued on page 20)



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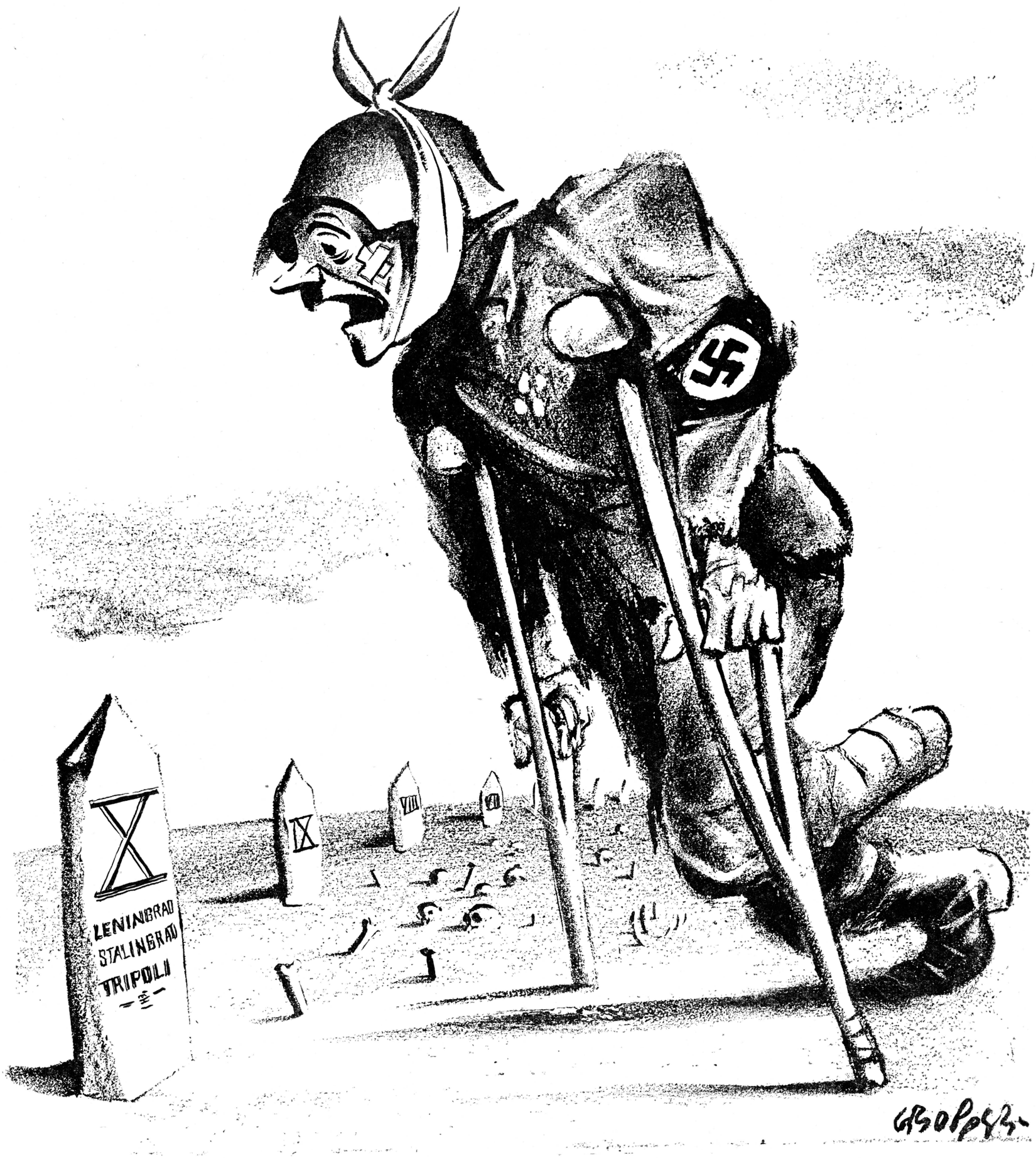


Make X Mark the Spot

(Continued from page 18)

But this certainly does not mean that the evolution to Nazism was inevitable. There were other ways out. Bismarck, the statesman of *Realpolitik,* successfully opposed the adventurers who clamored for a war with Russia. He correctly saw the risks which any war between Germany and Russia entailed. But the Blood-and-Iron Chancellor, like all junkers, hated the only force capable of preventing such a catastrophe: the democratic masses. He tried to blunt the edge of the growing democratic mass movement by means of his social policy and his audiences with Ferdinand Lassalle. As Metternich feared the students, so Bismarck feared the workers. What the former attempted with the Karlsbad resolutions, the latter tried with his anti-Socialist laws.

SINCE the unification of the German people along democratic lines had been prevented by the coalition of junkers and big bourgeoisie, Bismarck, the exponent of that coalition, created a caricature of German unity in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The king of Prussia, hitherto called "Presiding Officer of the German Confederacy," deigned to assume the title of "German Kaiser," not without sarcastically asking beforehand: "Why should I become a character-major?" (An expression denoting a formal military rank without appropriate functions.) "Your Majesty certainly does not wish to remain forever a neutral," replied Bismarck. "In the word *Presiding Officer* there lies an abstraction; in the word *Kaiser* a great lift." When Wilhelm I finally agreed, he still wanted to be named "Kaiser of Germany," but Bismarck could not agree to this lest he offend the other German princes. This diplomatic dilemma was solved by the Grand Duke of Baden when he lifted his glass simply to "Kaiser Wilhelm." National unity, a dream for centuries, was turned into a senseless squabble over titles.

When Bismarck was dismissed in 1890 the new Reich was nothing more than the old Prussian military power governed by the most backward and power-hungry classes which had emerged from the failure of the two German revolutions: the junkers and the big industrialists. The Revolution of 1918 merely altered the form, not the substance of this pattern. And so Engels' prophecy in *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Germany* has been fulfilled in a horrible manner: "Today it is already certain that as long as a new revolution does not follow the revolution of March 1848, things in Germany will inevitably tend to return to the state in which they were before this event." Kaiser Wilhelm's absolutism was followed by Hitler's Nazism; and World War I by World War II.

Between the two there was of course the republic. But the history of the Weimar Republic bolsters the thesis that the failure to carry out the democratic revolution in Germany as a result of constant compromises of the bourgeoisie with the junkers led directly to Hitler. The Revolution of 1918 repeated on a higher level the inadequacies and inconsistencies of 1848. The Republic which the Social-Democratic leader, Scheidemann, proclaimed on Nov. 11, 1918, from a window of the Reichstag building, appeared before the people as a republic of social justice. It was pledged not only to uphold formal democratic rights but also to curtail the economic privileges of the junkers and financial magnates. But the right-wing Socialist leaders at the helm, Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske, refused to countenance any continuation of the revolution. In the struggles which tore the Reich asunder from 1919-23 and constituted a veritable civil war, there were at least 30,000 victims. In these battles the republic called upon and willingly accepted the aid of reactionary army officers and fascist bands. Officers under Noske later became SS leaders; and the men who belonged to groups like the *Heimwehr* and *Orgesch* later formed the backbone of the Nazi SA (Storm troops).

The reaction against the Weimar Republic began from the moment the republic was born. Its social basis lay not in the people, but in the East Elbian junkers and the coal and steel magnates of the Rhineland and Westphalia. The latter were led by Kirdorf and Thyssen and, as Thyssen himself relates in his memoirs, they gave huge subsidies to Hitler. They used him to prepare the war of revenge of which they dreamed. The feudal barons and the financial and industrial magnates did not consider that the right to vote was decisive. In their view, economic privileges were what counted. A republic with such a social structure was unable to weather the storms of the world crisis which began in 1929. Because the working class was not united, millions of non-workers fell an easy prey to the demagogy of the Nazi Party financed by the German plutocrats, though Hitler never received a majority vote so long as there were free elections. The Nazis promised everything to everybody. But they had made up their mind to keep only one promise: to wage a war of conquest against mankind.

DISMEMBERMENT of Germany and a super-Versailles cannot, as experience has taught us, prevent a new Hitler from unleashing World War III in another twenty years. The reactionary solution is no solution but a perpetuation of the evil. The experience of history shows that peace can only be assured if the German democratic revolution exterminates together with Hitler the two militarist cliques which have precipitated two world wars, spawned Kaiser Wilhelm and Hitler, and cheated the Germans of their freedom.

Does this absolve the German people of all blame and responsibility? On the contrary. It confronts the German people with their historic responsibility and their immediate task. On their behavior will depend whether the overthrow of Hitler will lead to a free, democratic Germany, a member of the family of free peoples, or to the preparation of new aggressions by the German ruling classes.

THE treaty which Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov signed with the British government last May 26, which is to remain in force for a period of twenty years after the war, stated that in the reorganization of Europe, Great Britain and the Soviet Union "will act in accordance with the two principles of not seeking territorial aggrandizement for themselves and of non-interference in the internal affairs of other states." A historical study of the causes of German aggressiveness leads to the conclusion that the principle of non-interference goes hand in hand with the principle of security as soon as the German people seriously take the democratic road. The German people will have to make good the damage and suffering caused other peoples by their toleration of Hitler and his crimes. If the USSR, Britain, the United States, and the other United Nations think it necessary, this indemnity will be determined by an international commission. But only the German people themselves can uproot Nazism and destroy once and for all German aggressiveness. Therefore the right of self-determination, guaranteed to all peoples without exception by the Atlantic Charter, must also in the interest of all peoples be guaranteed to the Germans.

Once the privileges of the German plutocrats are liquidated, a free democratic Germany will remove the causes of "German aggressiveness" and thus help prevent a repetition of 1914 and 1939. Participating eagerly in the economic and political reconstruction of Europe and striving to make good the damage wrought by Hitlerism, this Germany will seek friendship with its neighbors as well as with all peoples, especially the Soviet Union. It will establish racial and religious equality and prosecute anti-Semitism as a crime. It will quicken to new life the shattered progressive traditions of the German people. The genius of this people, long dedicated to works of destruction, will purge itself in heroic deeds of peace. All nations will benefit from the building of a free Germany. But the sorrow of a Germany, crushed and hacked to bits, would only prolong the sorrows of the other nations. The German people now have the historic opportunity to facilitate the victory of the United Nations and attain their own freedom by taking up the active struggle for the overthrow and destruction of every vestige of Nazism.

BRUNO FREI.

LESSONS OF THE WHITE PAPER

Its value is established by the rage it caused in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo. But, Joseph Starobin writes, it did not tell a complete story. The "tragic and puzzling" fact.

AFTER rereading the weighty document on foreign relations that goes by the name of the "American White Paper," I am tempted to believe the Washington rumor that the State Department has hired a crew of "public relations" men. Perhaps the word has gone round that some "air conditioning" is in order. The Department is one of those agencies in our government that traditionally talks only to the Cabots, the Lowells, and God. But in recent years the people have been tapping the wires.

I do not know what particular group in the Department is most responsible for this document. There are different currents, of course, although under fire they exhibit a remarkable solidarity. But in any case, it is hard to avoid the impression that this document is somebody's bright idea of how to "sell" the Department to the American people. It is somebody's *apologia pro sua vita.* And, as Malcolm Cowley once remarked in a related connection: "It is a White Paper with many blank pages."

To say this is not, of course, to negate the importance of the document as a general statement. Its value is established if only by the rage with which it was greeted in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo. For what stands out very clearly is that the Axis plotted a ten-year assault on the very whole system of international relations, and the very basis of American security. The White Paper reasserts the fundamental responsibility of the Axis for the downward plunge toward war. And this gives it indisputable merit. Likewise the reaffirmation of the great changes in American relations in the past two years, the formation of the United Nations, stands out very clearly.

But as a piece of history-writing, a prologue to official documents, the State Department's purpose would have to be bigger. It would have to draw some lessons from the past, reassess some of the dubious moments in American policy, and draw some conclusions for the present and future. Just a year ago this February Maxim Litvinov, in a speech to the American Academy of Social and Political Science, urged the assembled scholars to examine seriously how it was that with a universal anger at aggression, and a profound will for peace, the great nations of the world handed over the political and military initiative to the Axis. The obligation to investigate this tragic phenomenon is binding upon scholars. And not less so upon statesmen.

". . . the Nazis still firmly hold Stalingrad."—Hanson Baldwin, New York "Times."

WHAT is it that stands out in this document as so tragic and puzzling? It is that while our leaders recognized the essential meaning of the anti-Comintern alliance, and knew it to be a plot against the entire civilized world, they were not able to take the one basic measure that would halt the Axis in time, namely close and realistic collaboration with the Soviet Union.

At one point in February 1938 Cordell Hull complained that "if every peaceful nation insisted on remaining aloof from every other peaceful nation . . . the inevitable consequences would be to encourage and even to assist nations inclined to play lawless roles."

True, a deadly truth. And yet there is no sign in this document that the Soviet Union even existed until 1939. There is no recognition of its many and repeated efforts in Geneva, Paris, and Brussels to bring the hitherto aloof peace-loving nations together in a common front against the Axis. Back in November 1933 the President and Litvinov exchanged greetings after recognition of the USSR was negotiated. Both expressed the hope of USA-USSR cooperation and Litvinov exclaimed, "How much these two giants could accomplish" if they worked together.

But the State Department does not even credit the President's intention. There is not a word of it in the White Paper. Nor is there any word on the Soviet-Finnish war. Perhaps this is understandable as a desire to let bygones be bygones, in view of the State Department's record. But there is a deep lesson to be drawn from the experience of that fatal winter. It is the lesson of how close the British empire and the United States came to disaster because the anti-Soviet prejudices of the Munich-minded men were permitted to influence policy, and were pursued so blindly. It is also the lesson of how far-sighted and responsible for the whole of civilization were the Soviet leaders in pressing that winter's disagreeable but necessary task.

OR TAKE the problem of Spain. The White Paper admits a considerable difference of opinion in this country about the 1935 and 1937 neutrality laws. But it reaffirms its Spanish policy without regret. The worst thing is that it deals with Spain

precisely in the terms that were used five years ago, namely that "several of the principal powers of Europe were projecting themselves into the struggle through the furnishing of arms and war materials to the contending sides, thus creating the real danger of the spread of the conflict into a European war."

This concept of Spain's ordeal as an "ideological clash" of "contending sides" misses the fact that the republic was the legitimate government, which our country was obliged by treaty and precedent to support against the rebels. It misses what the whole world now knows: that far from spreading the war, help for the legitimate government of the Spanish people (certainly more legitimate than Vichy) would have checked the aggressors, and narrowed the chance of world war.

The point is important for today and tomorrow. To present the people's government of Spain as a "faction" is to prejudge the new people's government of Yugoslavia as a "faction," which, of course, it is not. May not the same notion about Spain even lead somebody in the Department to consider the Benes government of Czechoslovakia a faction contending with Otto of Austria? And in fact one of the White Paper's least generous passages, as the New York *Herald Tribune* remarked, consists of two or three lines treating General de Gaulle's French National Committee as not much more than a faction against Vichy.

THE same point must be made for the long passages in our relations with Japan. Much of it is already familiar through the Forrest Davis and Ernest Lindley book *How the War Came*. (Incidentally, the striking resemblance between sections of the White Paper and the Lindley-Davis volume proves that the authors' denial of any "official imprimatur" in their work had to be taken with considerable salt.) That Japan attacked us treacherously in pursuit of its campaign of world conquest and the eradication of China as a nation, is true. The point is worth restating. It is also true that our President and Secretary of State exercised great patience with Japan, which is highly commendable. But when the White Paper goes beyond recording the tact and patience of our leaders, and builds up a *post-facto* defense of the appeasement of Japan, the effect is shocking. It will be considered so in China. It will be resented by our boys in New Guinea, by any twelve-year-old collecting scrap in our backyards.

In defending the failure of the United States to join in collective action against the Axis while there was time, the State Department makes it appear that the only alternative to playing ball with the enemy was war. And our people, it says, were unprepared for war. As a matter of fact, our isolationists time and again prevented the revision of the neutrality laws, even as late as that memorable day in August 1939 when Jack Garner told the President he "didn't have the votes" in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and Senator Borah assured the President that Borah knew for certain that no war was coming.

NOW several things have to be unraveled here. That the President wanted a stronger policy is true. That the isolationists and Munichmen bucked him time and again is also true, although the White Paper does not call a spade a spade when it sees one. The fact that our people were divided, and the reasons for their confusion, is worth discussing in more detail. But to insist, as the White Paper does, that every effort toward collective security in the past would have inevitably led us into war, is even more dangerous and misleading today than it was in the past.

For this was in fact the isolationist, Munichois argument. In France the proponents of a strong cooperative policy among the democracies were called *"bellicistes"*—warmongers. For the State Department to publish a White Paper that still ratifies this old isolationist propaganda is alarming. What it does is to deny the possibility of the cooperation of the great nations of the world except in wartime. *It therefore becomes an argument for the loosening of the ties among the United Nations after this war.* The whole concept of a cooperative relation of the United Nations after this war—which the President and his most loyal spokesmen have fought for—is precisely that collective action of the great powers will be possible—not as a war-making measure, but as a war-preventing measure in the future.

To say that this will be possible in the future is to admit that it was possible in the past. It is to admit that collective security was not tried, not because we weren't ready for war, but because we didn't break the prejudices against the USSR, against the French People's Front, against the united front in China, and thus safeguard our own national interests.

The American government's emphasis on peaceful methods of settling international disputes, the emphasis on law and order—while expressing our abhorrence of fascism—also reached a point where it facilitated the onward march of fascism. It is one of the curious and most chilling aspects of the White Paper that after reading the summary of one fine speech after another, which attack aggression and call for law and order, we reach the turning point of September 1938. By then, the call for conciliation, law, and order, pacific methods of settling international disputes did nothing less than facilitate the Munich agreement. And the White Paper actually takes credit for the American role in making Munich possible.

Where is the catch? The catch is that pacific methods of handling world affairs had to be *organized*. Such organization meant a coalition of the democratic nations, united against the Axis. In the absence of such a coalition, the very desire of the United States that the Axis stop rocking the boat turned into something else: it turned into giving the Axis the rudder of the boat, until finally, of course, only a struggle could avoid wrecking the ark of civilization together.

THE final point comes back to the question of the relations between the leadership and the people, a crucial issue today more than ever in the past. At one place the White Paper points out that the President and the Secretary of State have "by no means entire freedom in matters of foreign policy." They have to abide by legislation or lack of it, and "they must closely approximate the prevailing views of the country." In a sense, this is true. President Roosevelt had to abide by the neutrality laws, even though, as he said later, he had signed them with great misgivings. And it is true that Congress, and especially the Senate, exercises a powerful influence on the definition of policy. And when Congress is in the hands of Ham Fishes, the best-intentioned, clearest-minded executive is greatly embarrassed.

But the problem is more subtle. In a country such as ours, the Executive has got to come out to the people and fight for his policy, while the people, in order to assure his aims, have to mobilize and fight against those elements in and out of Congress and the administration which are checking the President's course.

I wonder then whether it is true that the "prevailing views of the country" must be held responsible for the disappointments of the past. It could be shown statistically that prevailing views on issues like Spain and China and Munich were by no means favorable to the State Department's course. There was confusion, but there was also healthy instinct and will to action. There is, then, a reciprocal function involved in the President's relations with the country. One is the function of the Executive to lead, and not be led. Second is the function of the most alert and advanced elements of the nation to fight for the correct policy, throwing all their energies into the clarification and transformation of what appear to be prevailing views.

That remains a key issue today. The appeasement forces are more desperately active than ever, and are still able to write a good part of our history according to their own book. For we are not going to win this war the way it must be won without carrying into life the things the President stands for, organizing the rout of the reactionary elements who threaten so obviously the fate of the war and the nation.

To do these things, we will need White Papers that restate our history critically, honestly. With a torch of light instead of the calsomine brush.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

WHAT HAPPENED AT CASABLANCA

By the Editors

WHEN Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt crossed the seas to Casablanca they bore with them the hopes of their countrymen for victory in 1943. Everywhere hearts were stirring with overwhelming desire to get in there and do the job this year. Everywhere people—those who do the building and the fighting and the dying—sought the closest fraternity in the coalition against mankind's enemy.

These good people, those at the fronts, and their kin in the factories, on the farms, in the offices, thrilled to the historic announcement last Tuesday night. This much too is clear: the open and covert apologists for the Axis way of life, men like Herbert Hoover who last week counseled the American people to "sit tight," to wait for 1944, will pale at the agreements in Casablanca. Those were *fighting* agreements.

THOUGH we do not have full details of the historic conference as we go to press, this much is apparent: it *hastened* victory. Reflecting the spirit of the offensive, recognizing the need for utmost coordination of the efforts of all the United Nations, the agreements will bring a hollow feeling to the pit of Hitler's stomach. For it is clear that the decisions reached here can expedite the responsibilities of Great Britain and the United States to engage the enemy fully—to bring to total fruition the great promise of the landings on the North African coast. And as the joint communique indicates, to draw "utmost advantage from the markedly favorable turn" at 1942's close.

The first general UP story we have at hand reporting the joint press conference at the end of the ten-day meeting indicates:

First: that Churchill and Roosevelt had "pledged themselves that peace could not come unless it was accompanied by the total destruction of the power of Germany and Japan to make war."

Second: that the United Nations plan "to utilize every last resource of the world—if necessary—in order to carry out the extermination of Axis war power as *quickly* as possible." Churchill, the UP reported, "said that that very moment heavy actions impended."

Third: that Premier Stalin was invited to the conference. Though unable to attend, he and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the communique indicated, were apprised of everything that took place. Closer understanding has been reached by the coalition despite the fact that the USSR and China were unable to participate.

Fourth: that "all possible material would be sent to aid the Russian offensive" and "the heroic struggle of China."

Fifth: that de Gaulle and Giraud had conferred and that both "were wholeheartedly bent on achieving the liberation of France."

These are agreements of incalculable importance. They can be instruments to facilitate victory—in 1943—by landing troops on the European continent, *synchronized* with the smashing drive of the Red Army.

THE conference came at a crucial moment in the conflict. The issue before all men who value freedom was this: *will we take full advantage of the turn in the war?* The Nazis were being rolled back on the vast Russian front; Rommel had raced 1,500 miles to the bulge in Tunisia, the British Eighth Army hot on his heels. The Americans had contained the Japanese on New Guinea and Guadalcanal. Within Hitler's prison-house of nations, the peoples were more than stirring—in many places they were on the march. The workers of Marseilles were battling the Nazis in the streets. That happened close after the arrival in London of Ferdinand Grenier, representative of the French Communists to the de Gaullist national committee. Progress—despite the political mess in North Africa—was being registered. The Freedom Fronts in Europe were gathering strength. In the United States war production was on the upgrade, with potentialities far vaster than present performance. The Axis machine for producing the stuff of war—cannon, tanks, guns, planes—had passed its peak. Moreover, the Axis itself showed increasing signs of disintegration; centripetal forces were pulling the "allies" apart as casualty lists from the Russian front mounted. Everywhere, it was clear, the handwriting was on the wall: the possibility of victory in 1943 over Hitler in Europe was manifest to all the peoples of the world. The *possibility*, we repeat.

For, as Earl Browder pointed out in his Los Angeles speech last week, this was no time for "shallow optimism": it is still possible *to lose the war.* "It will do us no good," he warned, "to have the margin of forces on our side if we fail to use them." In itemizing the favorable factors in the war, one comes inevitably to this conclusion: without the great Soviet offensive the United Nations would indeed be in a bad way. The reality is that armies of the United States and Great Britain are still battling a tiny proportion of Axis strength. In fact, the relatively small forces of the Yugoslav partisans and the Chinese Fourth and Eighth Route armies have killed more Axis troops than we "despite our enormous resources and our $60,000,000,000 budget," as Mr. Browder pointed out.

THE question before us was this: do we expect to win this war without plunging into it up to the hilt? In other words, without big scale fighting. For that alone can make the "turn in the war" *conclusive.*

Failure to open the second land front on the continent had given the defeatists and the Munichmen in the United States and Britain rich opportunity: they had made the most of it. The coalition of southern poll tax Democrats and Hoover Republicans was moving aggressively to scuttle all-out war. Similar forces in the State Department had messed up the politics in the North African scene; they had generated moods of pessimism among certain categories of our people—particularly among the intellectual groupings. Delay had given the pro-fascist forces in this country the opportunity to finagle for negotiated peace. The recent convention of the National Association of Manufacturers strained in this direction as its leadership completely reflected the influence of the Lammot du Pont faction.

THIS, in brief, is the background against which the conference at Casablanca was held. For days the press and radio had intimated big doings were at hand; the reporters were "writing all around the story"—but the burden was the same: that the announcement would indicate all necessary plans for military offensive. Other commentators speculated upon the successful solution of the North African political mixup.

On this latter score, everybody in the United Nations will welcome the joint statement issued by General Giraud and de Gaulle: "We have met. We have talked. We have registered our entire agreement on the end to be achieved, which is the liberation of France and the triumph of human liberties by the total defeat of the enemy. This end will be attained by a union in war of all Frenchmen fighting side by side with their allies."

The significance of French unity cannot be overestimated. It will hearten everybody on every continent who hates Hitler. It will strengthen the coalition in more ways than one. It will add extra power to the Allied armies when the big push occurs.

HOWEVER, this must be made clear to all: the significance of these agreements lies chiefly in the immediacy with which they are carried into life. They do not automatically solve the problems of coalition warfare: they necessarily chart a course which the people must see is followed. Our united people must say to Congress, "Enough of obstruction and delay. Join us in fullest support of our Commander-in-Chief. Let's get on with this business, and get it over—this year." *Now* is the time to invade the continent—while Hitler is reeling on the Eastern Front. All men who value freedom will interpret what went on at Casablanca as a body blow at Hitler and his friends within our midst. But it is not a killing blow. The kill depends upon the degree of unity we achieve, of strength we exert, of life-blood we give. The people have shown they are willing to give everything—for victory over Hitler in 1943.

TOM PAINE'S BIRTHDAY REMINDS US . . .

WE ALL know that you can't fight fascism by aiding fascism, but we need someone to say it in accents that will rally millions.

We all know that nations, like men, live by sense and die by nonsense—but we need a voice to thunder it; to thunder that it is suicidal nonsense to treat our friends as if they were enemies and our enemies as if they were friends.

We all know that the people of France are our friends and that the fascists of Vichy are our enemies, but we have rebuffed the first by cooperating with the latter, however temporarily.

We all know that Franco of Spain, Mannerheim of Finland are self-proclaimed fascists, and that by expressing friendship for these foes we have actually opposed the cause for which thousands of Americans are dying.

We know, too, that it's not expediency but disaster when the American flag flies over territory in which fascist brutality continues; that such procedures will not save American lives but will lose them by alienating potential allies, by prolonging a war in which Americans are dying.

The people know the theorems that make for victory. But a voice is needed, so compelling that even the little men in high places will know at last that shoddy deals with enemies weaken democrats and strengthen fascists, that the war can only be won by fighting our enemies and arming our friends.

I HAVE said that we need a voice to proclaim that clarity without which we cannot win, and as I write I have been thinking of Tom Paine, whose birthday we celebrate this January 29. It was his function to give the American Revolution an ideology and there are many who say that had he not accomplished this task, the Revolution could not have been won. It was his function to give hope to men who wavered, clarity to those who were confused, courage to the faint-hearted, direction to the entire struggle which made this country a nation. Paine gave America the idea that made it free. He claimed, too, that no war can be won unless it is waged on sound principles. He said, again and again, that armaments are not decisive if they are incorrectly used, that a weak America would defeat a powerful Britain because the dynamics of the struggle would rally all men everywhere to the American cause while isolating Britain—because Britain was fighting to enslave men while the Americans were fighting to free them.

If you should read Thomas Paine once more, and I hope you will, you will not be able to think of the American Revolution. Rather his words will force you to think of the present, for most problems we are facing now were faced by Americans then and were written about by Paine. Then, as now, there were the appeasers who wished to conciliate the enemy rather than fight it. Then, as now, there were fifth columnists who pretended to patriotism while collaborating with our foes. Then, as now, there were those who covertly worked for a negotiated peace. The Revolution did not take the tide to victory (and later the Civil War did not) until men everywhere realized the progressive principles upon which it was being waged and which afforded the only path to success.

I DO NOT think that Thomas Paine would be much impressed by our troubles now. I know that he would see that the necessity of winning would progressively convert men to the only principles which can win. I am sure that he would not agree with those of faint heart who whimper that the war cannot be won, and perhaps should not be won, "because it is an imperialist war." For in the face of treason and defeat, when to those of little faith the war seemed lost, when the entire American army had dwindled to a little band of stubborn patriots, Thomas Paine wrote: "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated."

And in pleading for national unity he wrote: "Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but 'show your faith by your works,' that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death."

I THINK, too, that if through some caprice of circumstance, some flouting of natural law, Tom Paine could read this column he would have some wise corrections. "You need not a voice," I can imagine him saying, "but voices. You say that I gave America the idea that made it free. I merely articulated it and the strength that it possessed came from the *actions* of a million men. You will win when the people *act*—continually, constantly, and always on the principle that you can't fight fascism by aiding fascism, that in order to fight it effectively abroad it must be routed at home."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A biography of a "many-sided and fascinating human being" with some self-portraits in prose by the subject. G.B.S. and the Soviet Union. Reviewed by Dorothy Brewster.

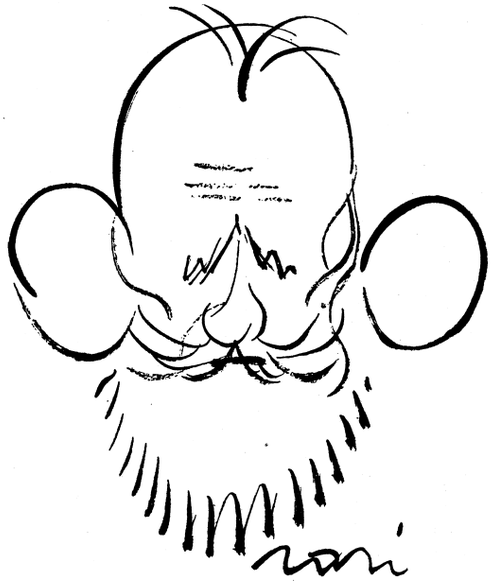
G.B.S. A Full Length Portrait, *by Hesketh Pearson. Harper. $3.75.*

ABOUT four years ago Bernard Shaw gave Hesketh Pearson his blessing and told him to go ahead with the biography he wished to write; and to reassure any prospective publisher, Shaw promised not to be unpleasant about it. He not only kept that promise, but helped Mr. Pearson in every way, answering all his questions, permitting him to quote from published and unpublished correspondence, giving him hitherto unavailable information about his own life, and apparently letting him talk back at least as much as Dr. Johnson let Boswell. Whether the resulting portrait is truly "Boswellian," as Mr. Pearson says he tried to make it, can be decided by the critics most interested in settling such questions. But it is highly readable, it is agreeably short and at the same time comprehensive, and it carries out its aim of presenting Shaw, not in sections, as playwright, critic, prophet, political and social philosopher, but as a many-sided and fascinating human being.

The narrative starts from the beginnings in Dublin, including interesting portraits of the "responsible parties," Shaw's father and mother; moves on rapidly through the Dublin period, and then through the "poverty, potatoes, and politics" of the early London days, until the Fabian connections were securely established and the career as critic and dramatist well under way. Once Mr. Pearson has indicated how Shaw's physical, social, political, economic, and literary patterns were formed, he is free to handle the biography less by chronology than by related topics. Among those that come in for special treatment are the well known Ellen Terry-Shaw friendship with the Henry Irving complications (theatrical); and Shaw's relationships with women, presented for the first time in some detail. William Morris' daughter was one of the ladies; others were Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Annie Besant. The affair with a widow named Mrs. Jennie Patterson contributed something to the first half of the first act of *The Philanderer*—one of the few instances in his plays, according to Shaw, where a scene was founded "not too disagreeably on something that actually occurred."

Another interesting friendship was that with Karl Marx' daughter Eleanor—a friendship begun in the British Museum reading room, where Shaw used to spend so much of his time in the early London days. Eleanor afterwards formed the connection with Edward Aveling, which ended tragically in her suicide. Mr. Pearson gives a caustic little sketch of Aveling, chiefly to emphasize the lesson that Shaw drew from Aveling's career with women, who were irresistibly attracted to him. Shaw concluded that such involuntary conquests were far from flattering, and so he didn't rejoice in those that came his way. As Pearson says, "Shaw put his work as a socialist first and his recreation as a philanderer second." Or as Shaw puts it: "A man's socialistic acquisitiveness must be keen enough to make him actually prefer spending two or three nights a week in speaking and debating or in picking up social information even in the most dingy and scrappy way, to going to the theater, or dancing or drinking, or even sweethearting, if he is to become a really competent propagandist."

OTHER chapters take up Shaw's contributions to musical criticism, his relations with Frank Harris, his marriage, and his Fabian activities, including his years of service as vestryman in the borough of St. Pancras. There is a great deal, of course, about the Fabians; especially a diverting picture of the early Webb household, the social center of English socialism, and an analysis of the Webb-Shavian combination. "The three arch-Fabians exercised one another's minds incessantly, often with such vigor that visitors who overheard could not believe that they were not witnessing a furious and irreconcilable quarrel. . . . 'We never really disagreed,' said Shaw to me, 'but an Irishman likes to know what he is doing; and there is nothing an Englishman hates more. My talent for lucid and realistic exposition without British moral titivation was such that whenever the Webbs devised a policy and I proceeded to make a definite statement of it, they immediately protested before heaven and earth that such a thing had never entered their minds. When the surprise was over and the all-clear was sounded they concluded that I was right after all, without the least suspicion that it was they who were right, though they held it to be not honesty to have it so set down.' "



THE "Fabius and Scipio" chapter tells the tale of H. G. Wells and the Fabian Old Gang. Just how accurate and how sound in his criticism of the Fabians and Fabianism Mr. Pearson is, I must leave to the experts. He is at any rate stimulating and makes one want to reread Shaw's Fabian essays. Pearson stresses the fact that the Old Guard were permeators to a man, and did not seek recruits; and when in 1906 the Labor Party, with its Trade Union organization, was established as the official opposition in Parliament, the Fabian bolt was shot. The middle class Fabians were out. "The permeators were permeated with a vengeance; and the Fabian program of state-managed industry, which the Labor Party proved incapable of handling, was appropriated by the capitalist employers in the form of state-financed private enterprise and began its development into fascism and Nazism. The Fabian Society, merged in the new Party and smothered by it, was dead, but could not at first realize this incredible catastrophe."

"A good man fallen among Fabians"—said Lenin of Shaw. But it is something to reflect upon, after all, that the three Old Guard Fabians—Shaw and the Webbs—have in these latter days contributed as much to keep the record straight about the Soviet Union, as, say, the Dean of Canterbury. Russia, as Woodrow Wilson said, is the acid test.

The theater is never completely out of Mr. Pearson's picture, and he is at his urbane and witty best whenever he is quoting conversations about plays and players, recounting anecdotes, drawing out further reminiscences from Shaw, recalling theatrical history. But

sometimes discussion of the drama moves over into politics and history and then Mr. Pearson is not at his best. Speaking of dictators and revolutions and human nature, in connection with Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra,* he draws some startling historical parallels. Queen Elizabeth was the Cæsar of her day, as Hitler of ours. Brutus was a Girondin like Brissot, and like Kerensky; Cassius a resentful Jacobin like Marat, and like—guess!—Lenin; and Antony a "soulless political opportunist" like Bonaparte—and Stalin.

One wonders whether Pearson-Boswell offered these observations to Shaw-Johnson, and if so, what happened next. The more things change, the more, for Mr. Pearson, are they the same thing. On everything pertaining to the Soviet Union, he is in disagreement with Shaw, and he seems to expect that when he is witty at Shaw's expense and at Russia's, he has the reader with him. So he doesn't even try to support his case—which is a blessing.

WHEN Shaw visited Russia in 1931, the Bolshevist regime, admits Mr. Pearson, had become presentable and in fact imposing, and Shaw "was in complete sympathy with Stalin's policy and better able to understand and judge what he was to see than ninety-nine percent of the inhabitants, in spite of the desperate efforts of the Soviet to inculcate the Marxian dialectic and the early chapters of *Das Kapital* (erroneous and unreadable according to Shaw) on all its infants." This is surely about as witless a remark as could be perpetrated in 1942 by a witty gentleman whose existence in his island fortress is now relatively safe because the ninety-nine percent of Soviet citizens understand so well what they are fighting for. But to give Mr. Pearson due credit, he does try to let Shaw report on the 1931 visit. When Shaw and the Astors and their party had their interview with Stalin, Lady Astor found Stalin "well behaved but very grim—he did not once smile." But Shaw said he had an irrepressible sense of humor and he would call his manners perfect, "if only he had been able to conceal the fact that we amused him enormously. He first of all let us talk ourselves empty. Then he asked if he might say a few words. . . . The only word I caught was Wrangel, the name of one of the generals England had backed against the Bolsheviks. He was brimming with amusement." There follows an entertaining passage-at-arms between Lady Astor and Stalin, in which for the moment Lady Astor appeared to have the best of it. But he laughs best who laughs last, as the conclusion of the story proves. But it is too long to tell here.

Writing to Lady Astor in September 1939, Shaw says: "As you are the only living person known to have bullied Stalin with complete success; and as he is by countless chalks the greatest statesman you ever met and the pleasantest man except myself, you must stop blackguarding him like an *Evening Standard* article writer." He tries to convince her that Stalin had checked Hitler in Poland, had in fact rescued part of Poland; "so be comforted;

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and join me in three cheers for the Red Flag (*young* Glory), the Hammer and Sickle. We two are both absentee landlords; yet Stalin was civil to us."

One would think that contact with Shaw's point of view would have had some effect eventually on Mr. Pearson. But not at all. In 1939 he notes: "Within a month Hitler had come to an understanding with Stalin, to the amazement and horror of everyone but the few of us to whom fascism and Communism were interchangeable terms." Perhaps, after all, Mr. Pearson has done more to make Shaw's essential rightness about Russia shine out brightly than he could possibly have done by agreeing with him. Mr. Pearson's political illiteracy contributes to what I find the strongest impression this biography of Shaw leaves with me: that Bernard Shaw is the most literate—and has been for fifty years—the most literate intellectual writing in English. Speaking of how he was puzzled by his first governess' attempts to teach him to read, he says: "I can remember no time at which a page of print was not intelligible to me, and can only suppose that I was born literate." May this "born literate's" influence last as long as his friendship with the Soviet Union. When Shaw was leaving Moscow in 1931 (this anecdote is not in Mr. Pearson's book), he was asked, "We hope, Comrade Shaw, that you will remain a friend of the Soviet Union?" "Up to the day of my death, most certainly," he answered, "but I hope—afterwards, too."

DOROTHY BREWSTER.

Satire with Vigor

NIGHT SHIFT, *by Maritta Wolff. Random House. $2.75.*

IF BY honesty is understood the absence of frills, this is certainly the prime quality of Maritta Wolff's writing in *Night Shift.* This, with her sword-sharp realism and perspicuity in the treatment of her many characters—a quality always marked with the kindness of genuine understanding—is doubtless the best explanation of this young author's unusual power, previously revealed in her first novel, *Whistle Stop.* We delight in these characters because they are at all times so simply and so warmly human, however sordid or unlovely their surroundings and a good many of their deeds. And we are unable to put the book down because—after some unnecessary slowness in the beginning—the story moves ahead with the speed and excitement of a first-rate thriller. Miss Wolff who, as announced on the jacket, has an encyclopedic knowledge of jazz art among other things, makes us know the appeal of boogie-woogie; just as she makes us see night clubs as something else than dens of debauchery. As places, indeed, where the broken blossoms and the battered sticks who haven't been able to make the grade foregather with punks and big shots of the underworld to take what cheer they can in their bums' lives—the hang-outs frequented by the refugees of our common humanity.

The story is that of two sisters: Sally, big-hearted, upright, overworked mother of three children with a husband in the State Hospital, who scrapes along on a hard-won living for her family from a waitress's job, taking boarders in her crowded working class flat; and Petey, glamorous, successful, the heroine of Nicky Toresca's night club—and of the novel as well. Sally stays with us throughout Miss Wolff's 662 pages, alive and lovable, but from the moment Petey walks in on page 274 she steals the spotlight of drama away from her less dynamic sister. Petey it is who gets things done. Petey pays the bills, when sickness and troubles come. Petey with her furs and her well-heeled pocketbook, her generosity and hard practical sense, is both fairy godmother and avenging angel armed with the sword of justice, who pulls them all out of one tight spot after another. Petey knows all the answers, and never fails to call a rat by its proper name—from her night club boss, Toresca, right on down to her kid brother, Joe, employed by the former to do his dirty work.

In Petey, above all, is that extraordinary combination of worldly shrewdness and honesty of heart, which to this reviewer recalls Moll Flanders. Indeed, could the adventures of Defoe's heroine have transpired in the year 1942—instead of 1683, under the Stuart Restoration—I venture to say, that great satirist and grandfather of the English novel would have had to make Moll Flanders a night club singer, in place of a servant in the houses of gentility! Here, also, is social satire of a vigorous order; and while Petey, like her earlier fiction prototype, gets along without morals, she most certainly is not lacking in principles. The difference is important.

LILLIAN GILKES.

Monopoly's Duke

TOBACCO TYCOON: The Story of James Buchanan Duke, *by John K. Winkler. Random House. $3.*

THE late James B. Duke, says his biographer, was a tobacco tycoon. A tycoon, says Webster's, is English for *taikun,* a Japanese word meaning "great prince."

So, having exhausted the English language in adorning our millionaires with a variety of titles ranging from "copper king," "munitions magnate," "steel baron," and "silver prince," to "lumber duke" and "tinplate czar," we now have to draw on the Japanese language, which probably is as rich as our own in terms to denote the lords of creation.

John K. Winkler makes a readable story of the life of the North Carolina boy who rose to be monopolist of tobacco. But the story is a stereotype for all monopolists of the late nineteenth century. It has been told so often that the pattern of aggrandizement, of crudity and cruelty, avarice and pomp, of callous indifference to the lives of people, of arrogant disdain for the democratic values of our society, as displayed by Duke, tells us nothing new.

Duke was a Rockefeller or Mellon, specializing in cigarettes, but using the same monopo-

listic devices. His personality, as traced by Winkler, reveals a sordid money-grabber whose cunning intelligence lacked any savor of golden splendor, a quality which has helped many a worshipful biographer to paint his hero as a great man rather than just an inordinate dollar accumulator.

Duke drove his weaker competitors to the wall. The farmers who produced his bright leaf tobacco failed to prosper. The workers in his huge Carolina factories were sweated. But Duke and those competitors who chose to enter his Tobacco Trust became multi-millionaires. Winkler credits Duke with being the first to use advertising propaganda on a gigantic scale. He converted a nation of tobacco chewers into a nation of cigarette smokers. Almost anyone with a hand press could make plug tobacco, but the modern cigarette is produced by costly, patent-controlled machinery. Duke got the patents, used millions to advertise his cigarettes, and built a monopoly.

Late in life Duke turned to philanthropy. His "consciousness of guilt" expressed itself in a $40,000,000 endowment for Trinity College in Durham, N. C. The college was offered a choice between the Trinity and Duke's millions, and easily switched its name to Duke University.

The price of the hire learning was expressed by Duke in demanding the discharge of a liberal professor. "My money," said he, "won't go to advance such socialistic ideas as public ownership." That was proper enough, coming from the man who had invested his tobacco millions in Piedmont power corporations.

The creator of Duke's Mixture and Lucky Strikes passed on to his daughter, Doris Duke —America's wealthiest woman—and to his philanthropies, an estate now valued at a quarter of a billion—his reward for putting the cigarette on every American billboard.

In a message to his readers on the book jacket, the author calls for a united nation to lick Hitler. "And after we have beaten him," Winkler pleads, "we must remain united, all of us—rich and poor, high and low—in striving to create a Square Deal World, free of many present evils, including, above all, that noxious scourge of scourges: imperialistic fascism."

A writer clear enough to make that appeal should have made a vital contribution to such a victory by revealing much more clearly the connection between James B. Duke, organizer of the International Tobacco Co., and the roots of "imperialistic fascism."

HARVEY O'CONNOR.

THE CAMERA AS NARRATOR

A discussion by Joy Davidman of comparative film techniques in the silent films and the talkies. The use of "stunts"—and real camera genius—on the screen today.

A FILM critic, pestered by a thirst for perfection, is all too ready to judge the movies as if they represented an art centuries old, like the novel, instead of one in its infancy. There is still room for experiment in the novel, but most of its technique has been analyzed and systematized in the last hundred years or so; whereas the movies are still laying their own corduroy roads through the wilderness. The hopeful fumbling that would not be allowed in any other art form is almost obligatory in the film.

Nevertheless, there is a standard by which movies may fairly be judged; the standard of their own best achievements. Around the year of 1935 the talking film hit a high level which has not been surpassed since. Film-making is not a single art, but a compound one, like the opera; music, scene construction, makeup, even acting and writing, are subsidiary techniques which cluster about the central art of the camera. Some of these subsidiaries, like dialogue and acting, often take on such importance that they obscure the essence of film-making, which—it cannot be too often emphasized—is narration *by the camera,* and by nothing else. When narration is carried on persistently by other means, the film ceases to be a true film and dwindles into a sort of bastard play.

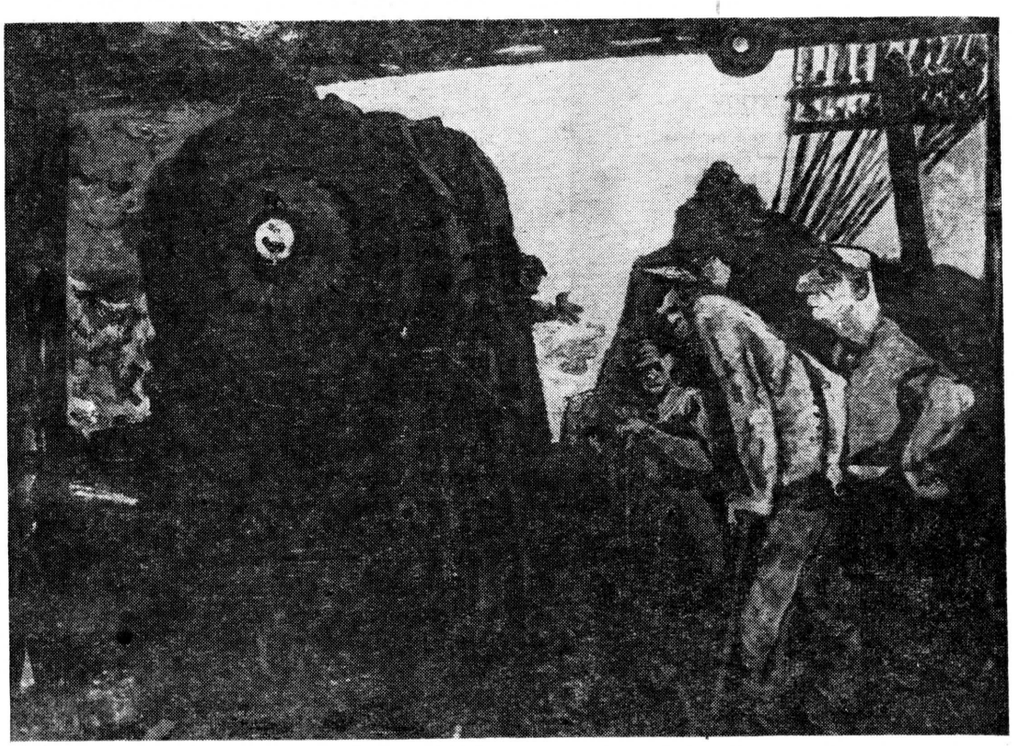
There is no conceivable question that the subsidiary movie techniques have improved enormously in the last few years. Film writing seemed, in the last months of 1942, to have fallen upon evil days; but 1943 has begun on a much higher level, and intelligent and adult scripts are to be seen in every theater this month. Even the poorer and sillier films, moreover, represent an advance, along certain lines, upon good films of ten or fifteen years ago. It is therefore a temptation to forget about the camera altogether; to judge such a current film as *Shadow of a Doubt* entirely by its excellent minor aspects. Yet *Shadow of a Doubt,* and all films conceived like it, remains subtly unsatisfying, and it is worth while to find out why.

TO ANY understanding of present films, a study of past films is a prerequisite. The Museum of Modern Art's continuous program of film revivals affords New Yorkers a chance to look at old silent pictures again. A recent showing, astonishingly well attended, was Lon Chaney's *The Unholy Three,* a famous spine-chiller of 1925 or thereabouts.

Now in all the subsidiary techniques *The Unholy Three* was so bad as to be ridiculous. Its plot and motivation were sillier even than an Errol Flynn super-duper, although a beautifully ingenious idea formed the basis of the story. Its dialogue, as represented by subtitles, read like *East Lynne,* in pidgin-English. Its makeup was reminiscent of a circus clown; its acting, except for Lon Chaney's own extraordinary performance, went in for windmill gyrations; its heroine was a simpering chinless wonder, its juvenile lead must have been kept in mothballs, even its photography, though workmanlike, was far from being the smooth article we produce today.

AND yet, in some queer way, it was a good film. It kept you interested (except in the love scenes); the moments of suspense made you lean forward with your mouth open. Certainly Lon Chaney, a brilliant actor by any standards, was partly responsible for this; but the camera was mainly responsible. With no spoken dialogue to get in its way, the camera could concentrate upon the emotional elements of a situation until tension became unbearable. The detective fumbled absently with a child's toy elephant, in which stolen rubies happened to be concealed. The three thieves—a midget disguised as a baby, Lon Chaney disguised as an old woman, and Victor McLaglen not disguised at all as a big brute—watched desperately and attempted to distract him. And your heart, literally, was in your mouth. When the film was over, you felt stimulated, excited—and satisfied.

DIRECTORS of the silent films could not rely on the spoken word to tell their story for them; consequently they had to find ways of making the camera do it. With the arrival of talkies, all that painfully developed technique was thrown out of the window, and for a couple of years film-making consisted of standing two people squarely in front of the lens for half an hour while they slung bright remarks at each other. The worst features of the talkative era have long since departed, although even today films are often hampered by the fact that their writers think in words instead of in pictures, or by an almost morbid need to deliver three rapid-fire wisecracks a minute. By 1935, none the less, *The Informer* and the galaxy of films which surrounded it had reestablished camera technique.



"Track Gang." One of the paintings from Gregorio Prestopino's one-man show which opened at the ACA Gallery, New York City, January 10.

PERHAPS the most perfect horror-film of that year was *The Black Room,* which attracted no notice when it first appeared but which has been repeatedly revived by small theaters ever since. Starring Lon Chaney's successor, Boris Karloff, *The Black Room* summed up neatly ten years' advance in the various techniques of the screen. Acting, make-up, staging, and photography were admirable. An unusually fine musical score, constructed on the leitmotif principle, pointed up the action. More important, dialogue had been reduced to a necessary minimum. What there was of it was intelligent and significant, with no straining for effect—quaintness or humor; and it was always kept subordinate to the action. As defects, *The Black Room* had a too close adherence to what may be called the Poe tradition of horror—the remote castle, the devil-ridden hero-villain, the gloomy trappings of graveyards and shadows and even a raven. These conventions, however, were no more ridiculous than they were in Poe, for the good reason that the whole picture was in harmony. It produced a single emotional effect; its atmosphere was pervasive, its development remorsely logical and free from interruption. *The Black Room,* in its romantic tradition, was a thoroughly satisfying picture.

After another gap of years we come upon *Shadow of a Doubt.* Alfred Hitchcock, who directed it, is the unquestioned master of the horror field. He had the services of four capable writers, headed by Thornton Wilder. His cast was brilliant, his expenditure obviously considerable. Of all these advantages he made admirable use, producing a film that is intelligent and subtle throughout. In many ways *Shadow of a Doubt* represents progress over *The Black Room.* Hitchcock proceeds on the thesis that the ultimate horror is to be found when something dreadful pokes its head through the surface of everyday life. This is perfectly true; a murderer in a Bronx apartment is far more dreadful than a murderer in Count Dracula's castle, for he is more immediate. Following out that thesis, Hitchcock emphasizes the sweet ordinariness of the household into which he plunges his murderer in a thousand subtle ways. His characters are better developed, his murders better motivated, than those of *The Black Room.* One might sum it up by saying that *Shadow of a Doubt* is a far more sophisticated film than the other.

And yet, in some queer way, it is a bad film. It does not create a single powerful emotional impression; it does not even hold your interest consistently, though each of its sequences, taken separately, is enormously interesting. It is a lot of handsome features that just don't add up to a face.

The murderer of *Shadow of a Doubt,* played with consummate perfection by Joseph Cotten, strangles silly wealthy widows for a living. When the police close in on him he takes refuge in the home of his California relatives, who know him only as their mother's adored younger brother and their adored rich uncle. The rest of the film is the contrast

between sweet innocence and murder, the discovery of Uncle Charlie's guilt by his eldest niece (equally well played by Teresa Wright), and his eventual downfall, brought about by his own murderousness. If, after it's all over, you shrug your shoulders indifferently, the fault is not in this story but in its handling.

For it is literally impossible to produce two emotional effects simultaneously. Where horror is contrasted with everyday life, the contrast must be the point of the whole business. *Shadow of a Doubt,* however, forgets its horror again and again, and trails off into an Our Townish playlet about American home life. The sweet, silly mother, childlike father, amusingly intense young girl, and almost terrifying bright little girl make a pleasant, if superficial, sketch of small town people; if as one-sided as the Hardy family, they are at least better written. But they distract your mind so completely from murder, with all their bright sayings, that its reintroduction comes with an unpleasant jerk. In brief, *Shadow of a Doubt* completely lacks unity; and lacks it because Hitchcock was seduced from the job of telling a story with the camera by the allurements of amusing dialogue.

In consequence, his very real camera genius finds itself without legitimate expression, and must intrude in pretentious and ill-motivated sequences. For instance, one of the most effective pieces of camera work in the film is the young girl's rush to the public library just before it closes. The detective has warned her that Uncle Charlie is wanted by the law; she has previously seen Uncle Charlie remove and destroy an article in the family newspaper; she hurries to the newspaper room and reads the missing article. This is her, and our, first revelation of the fact that Charlie's crime is murder, and it makes an exciting climax. Yet the whole sequence is deliberately forced into the film, against all human probability, merely for the sake of "introducing suspense." For if a detective tells you the police want your uncle, it is humanly impossible not to ask, "What for?"

By the suppression of that inevitable question Hitchcock is enabled to do some nice camera stunts. But that is no way to make a picture. You are trying to tell a story; you are not, if you know your job, merely trying to show the audience how clever you are. *Shadow of a Doubt* is full of such ostentatious cleverness, like too many of the more intelligent current films. Clever dialogue, clever camera angles, clever special effects, clever montages, clever irrelevance. *In Which We Serve* was confused cleverness *et praeterea nihil;* the screen comedies are sputtering strings of verbal firecrackers; even the love stories, by the grace of Hays, are largely conducted by word of mouth. If the films are to make the best use of the technique they themselves have developed, writers and directors must avoid the temptation to work as if they were doing paragraphs of bright chat for the *New Yorker.*

Joy Davidman.

VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO

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