

WHAT BRITAIN EXPECTS FROM US

A cable from London by Joseph North

APRIL 10
1945

NEW MASSES

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ILYA EHRENBURG:

WHY WE DESPISE THE GERMANS

A Cable from Russia's Greatest War Reporter

● ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Dr. Hoover's Nostrums, by John Stuart; Changing Dixie, by Harold Preece; The Hour-glass Sands Run Out, by Col. T.; Charter for Prosperity, by The Editors; Ilona Ralf Sues reviews Harrison Forman's "Report From Red China."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

DORETTA TARMON, our field director, writes us a note that speaks for itself: "Dear Joe: We ought to institute a hats-off department for the people of Baltimore, who did a magnificent job in introducing NEW MASSES to their community. We, who have always been aware of the fact that it is comparatively easy to organize colorful affairs in such centers as New York, have always wished that similar undertakings could be carried off in the smaller cities of the country. Well, such a thing finally came to pass. Recently a number of residents of Baltimore and Washington gathered at dinner at the Stafford Hotel in the terrapin city to hear NM speakers discuss the issues of the day. The guests included many business people, church leaders, Negro leaders, trade union people, leading attorneys, medical men and university people of both cities. The Reverend Mr. Ely Lofton, a well known Negro minister, presided. A total of \$2,260 was raised for our further work. Discussion and questions from the floor concluded a very warm and enthusiastic night, shared completely by the guests and the speakers."

Miss Tarmon failed to mention that she herself was mainly responsible for the presence of the varied audience. Knowing the tireless energy of the lady and her indefatigable attention to any given objective, we can understand why people in Baltimore are still talking about the NM dinner.

Incidentally, our \$50,000 fund drive has now reached a total of \$15,223. This should be a reminder to you who have not yet contributed. Fill out the coupon on page 31.

THE mail has brought a note from one of our favorite organizations, the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. The vets are planning a fourteenth anniversary celebration of the Spanish Republic at a dinner on April 11 at the Commodore. Unlike mass organizations, the vets cannot call upon a membership (most of their members are making their weight felt on the various fighting fronts) to promote such ventures. They hope that the public will respond. NEW MASSES has a special kinship with this group. One of our editors, Arnold Reid, a Lincoln Brigader, died fighting in Spain, and our own Joe North covered the Spanish war for NM. In addition to marking the fourteenth anniversary of Republican Spain, this dinner will serve as part of the campaign for breaking diplomatic and economic relations with Franco Spain. On the dais to honor the first 3,000 Americans to engage the Axis in military battle will be Congressman Coffee and Powell, Diana Forbes Robertson (Mrs. Vincent Shean)

of the New York Post, Ralph Bates of the Nation Associates, Luther Adler, Robert Thompson, a vice-president of the Communist Political Association, and others. The vets are housed at 13 Astor Pl., N. Y.

THE other day President Roosevelt explained how it would be necessary for us to curtail our food consumption by ten percent in order to prevent starvation in the liberated areas of Europe. The jackals of disagreement set up their expected howls. I heard the perfect answer for them the other day, while getting some coffee in a Third Avenue cafeteria. Next to me at the counter was a small grey-haired man in overalls watching a third man haul a dish of pie a la mode to a table. Gesturing with his head at the plate, he said to me, "Anybody that doesn't like this country is crazy."

IN PAYING tribute to the memory of Romain Rolland the speakers, artists, and

the appreciative audience that met at Carnegie Hall last Friday under NEW MASSES auspices were paying a grateful tribute to the courage of the French people as well. For the great spirit of the late dean of French letters was the embodiment of his country's struggle. That is why Martial Singher, French baritone of the Metropolitan, saluted Romain Rolland with songs of the Resistance, and why the brilliant Guilet String Quartet played the slow movement from one of Beethoven's Opus 18 quartets described by Rolland as one of the most beautiful ever written; and why Mme. Etienne Gallois, of the delegation of French journalists touring this country, made an impassioned plea for unity between our two countries. Others on the program spoke and performed in the same spirit. They included Howard Fast, Lisa Sergio, Erwin Piscator, Marisa Regules, Argentine pianist, Harrison Forman and Richard Watts, Jr., both recently back from China, Pierre Gare, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, and NM literary editor Isidor Schneider, who acted as chairman. Messages came from Thomas Mann, who was chairman of the sponsoring committee, Upton Sinclair, Anna Seghers and Robert Morss Lovett. J. F.

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WHY WE DESPISE THEM

By ILYA EHRENBURG

Moscow (by wireless).

WE NO longer have to justify our hatred for the German invaders: the reasons for it are clear. It wasn't words or pamphlets but hangmen and torch squads that taught us to hate. The hatred was born on sultry days—that first summer when wheat rustled sadly beneath the jackboots of the intruders—and was tempered by the cold of dreadful years. Many a time in history has one nation or another conceived a hatred for its invaders. At the end of the eighteenth century the French hated the Austrians and Prussians: who invaded their country and twenty years later the Spaniards and Russians came to hate the French. The only wars which weren't infused with hatred were dynastic wars, contests of professional armies, scrambles for booty; and such wars never affected the heart of the people, for man is given to sow and reap and not to stab with a bayonet. Only a great, righteous and passionate hatred can induce a peaceful people to become warriors. But even in times that we call "barbaric" in history, we never knew such inhuman and despicable aggressors as the German fascists and nobody can be surprised that even the children of our country speak of the Germans with hatred.

One of our soldiers enters the house of a German landowner. He sees sumptuously furnished rooms, engravings on the walls, Bohemian glass, cases filled with gilt-backed volumes, a writing desk—all semblances of complex and colorful life. A former Smolensk collective farmer, now a private of the Guards, inspects the house and then turns to a portrait of the owner, a worthy looking German, and says with infinite contempt, "Oh, you Fritz." For we feel not only hate for the Germans but profound contempt. This sentiment was at first vague and, unable to express it, our soldier satirists made fun of the prisoners with their heads wrapped in shawls or of the rheum dripping from Fritz's winter nose, as though external squalor and degradation were distinguishing features of the Germans which aroused our contempt.

Now we have seen their prosperous

country, good roads and tidy houses; yet all this doesn't heighten our respect for the Germans. Our contempt for them has long ceased to be a vague feeling. It has become part of our consciousness. We aren't only marching through the land of the enemy whom we hate, we are marching through a land in which live the beings that evoke in us a cold and stern contempt.

Why do we despise the Germans? Is it because we have been infected with their idiotic race theory? Is it because we think our blood is nobler and our manners and even our defects above criticism, solely because they are ours? Or is it because we are drunk with victory and have become intolerant? No! That isn't like our people. Naturally, there are black sheep in every family; there have been and still are conceited individuals among us too, but we laugh at them. We don't believe that there is "superior" blood and "inferior" blood. Our country is inhabited by people speaking many different languages and nobody would be so insane as to discuss which blood is superior, Byelorussian or Armenian. In some countries philosophers and senators argue that one race is superior to another. In our country only a couple of drunken idiots who have got too soused to be coherent could discuss such a thing. It doesn't worry us that Pushkin had an Ethiopian ancestor, that Scottish blood flowed in Lermontov's veins, that Levitan, one of the finest Russian landscape painters, was a Jew, that the name of the author of *Nincompoop* was spelled in his lifetime as two words—von Vizen.

Of all the features of Russian culture, the Russians were proudest of its universality, of its all-embracing human character. Even Dostoyevsky, the most individual of Russian writers, time and again stressed that the Russians treasure every manifestation of foreign genius. There has never been a period in our history which was tarnished with national arrogance. We were always glad to acknowledge the achievements of others and to learn from others. When we say that we have outstripped other countries in many things, we do so not in

a boastful vein but because we value substance higher than form and are proud not of material riches but of the difficult and worthy path we have traversed.

However, we also recognize form and know that an idea must be invested in flesh and blood, that execution, quality, skill and culture are all important. Now too, we are ready to learn from the virtues of other nations. Isn't there much that is splendid and noteworthy in America? Are our engineers indifferent to trans-Atlantic methods of production? We should be happy if our people behaved like Englishmen in tramcars and to do so they have a lot to learn from the English. The artist who doesn't admit that there is a lot that could be learned from the French painters is blind.

We have amazed the world not only by our courage and strength but also by our institutions. It is time to say that the victories of the Red Army are the victories of the Soviet system, for tanks beyond the Oder cannot be separated from plants in the Urals or the Ural plants from the October Revolution, nor can the biographies of Zhukov, Rokossovsky, or Chernyakhovsky be separated from the immense social advances of our new democracy. The stronger we are, the easier it is for us to recognize the merits of others. We are not envious, nor are we jealous. We not only rejoice at the victories of Generals Patton and Montgomery, we rejoice at all the martial deeds of our allies, big and small. We aren't prone to be intoxicated with victory and if we draw attention to the fact that it was our people who saved Europe and the world from fascism, it isn't because we covet laurels, but because we don't want thorns; not because we are ambitious of honor but because the blood that has been shed demands respect.

IN STRESSING the part we played in the defeat of fascism, we want to ensure peace for our children, to prevent the recrudescence of racial or national dementia. Our attitude to other nations is one of respect and esteem: we know they have their shortcomings, just as

we have. Others have a lot to learn from us; let us also learn from them. There's a place in the sun for everybody. If we despise the Germans, it isn't because they are aliens. We despise the Germans for their deeds, for their thoughts and sentiments, for the ulcers with which they have disfigured Germany in the eyes of mankind.

We despise the Germans for their arrogance. Why did they imagine they were superior to others? Were there any grounds for it? No! There was a time when they were better than their neighbors in some respects and worse in others. But when they conceived the idea that they were better than anybody, they became worse than everybody. An ignorant and spiritually insignificant German woman jeers at a girl student from Kharkov. Why? Because the Russian girl is unfamiliar with German habits. How can we help despising this arrogant ninny? One hundred and fifty years ago, a French convention conferred on the German poet Schiller the honorary title "Citizen of the World." Even in those days people understood that the world is larger than any state. All through the nineteenth century advanced minds were inspired by the ideal of brotherhood of man. This was the spirit of Marx, Chernyshevsky, Heine, Hugo and Turgenyev.

In 1917 Russia ushered in a new era. And along came a maniac man embittered by failure, a man with a disreputable past who was bereft of even an elementary store of knowledge and proclaimed that German blood was superior to all other. And his words found a willing response in a population of 80,000,000 and in the Europe of the 1930's; after the Encyclopedists, after scientific socialism, after the triumph of the October Revolution—superstition, ignorance and cheap pride raised their heads. And on grounds that German blood is superior to all other, the Germans drenched Europe in blood. Can one help despising them for that? How can one not despise them when one looks at the inane face of Hitler posing with a tragic expression, a vulgar clerk who is suffering from colic (he even has his hand on his stomach and his eyes stare out of his head)? Can one help despising the Germans knowing that they fought and are fighting without ideals, without any noble striving for happiness, like robbers and professional assassins?

We despise the Germans for their cruelty, the cruelty of a weasel which strangles the defenseless. We despise them for their "murder wagons," their "gas bathhouses," their blood-thirstiness

which is associated with sexual perversity; for those photographs of hanged people in the albums of German young ladies, for model gallows in German schools. The cruelty of the primitive man may arouse our indignation, horror and anger. The cruelty of the German traveling salesman who neatly splits open a child's skull evokes besides fierce hatred, contempt and loathing. Who would consent to wear Himmler's shirt or touch a German woman who had embraced a Gestapo agent?

We despise the Germans for their greed. When a hungry man steals a loaf of bread he is to be pitied. But a German whose closets at home were crammed with things broke into a Byelorussian cottage and stole a child's patched frock. They are greedy and petty. Even the proximity of death cannot elevate them; they die as they lived. On the body of a dead German soldier was found a letter. It ran: "I am writing hurriedly, for I feel I will never get out of this 'pocket.' Look after our things. If it seems that their coming is inevitable, bury the most valuable things and clear out to grandmother's with Hans. You can sell all my fishing tackle to Max Kantor for fifty marks." I have seen many last entries in diaries of dead Germans. They were worried that Mueller didn't return the three marks, fifteen pfennigs he borrowed, or that their wives sold the "booty" shawl too cheap. We despise in these grand-scale robbers their petty huckstering spirit.

WE DESPISE the Germans for their cult of externals, for their passion for appearances, for their make-believe. A German would buy books for the sake of their bindings. Choosing between a meat mincer and meat, a German would buy the mincer and deny himself the meat. During the war, a German would buy a coffee mill and fasten it to his wall and that would satisfy him, for coffee in Germany wasn't to be had. To a German culture means technology and nothing else. He admires perfected household appliances but never asks himself what happiness means. He is spiritually gross, is incapable of finer feelings and makes no effort to inculcate in his children the rudiments of morality. What interests him is some improved flycatcher or machine for shredding carrots. Everything about them is meant for outward show. A German has a writing table, inkstand and pen and knows all the rules of German spelling but he sits at his table and has nothing to write because there is nothing in his head. Technique to him

isn't a means but an end; furniture isn't the appointments of home but a thing in itself; and he himself is an item of furniture more insignificant perhaps than the chest of drawers or a sofa.

We despise the Germans for their cult of "kolossal." They recognize only one thing—strength. When they admire a statue they want it to be as big as a five-storied house. Their artists depict women bigger than elephants. In their homes they have beer mugs that hold three litres. Their notebooks and desk diaries are full of statistics of how many hogs they own, how many battles they have won, what quantity of vitamins a man needs in his food; everywhere this passion for figures. Before the Nazis attacked us they calculated what they possessed in the way of tanks, Messerschmitts, sappers, tools, field kitchens and dunderheads who had graduated from *Sonderfuehrer's* (special fuehrer's) courses. Having reckoned it all up they launched the attack. And now they can't understand how it is that we are at Stettin.

We despise the Germans for being morally and physically shameless. They photograph one another performing their natural functions. This is humor of the pigsty; even a dog would be ashamed of a "joke" of that kind. In the home of a German "philosopher" I saw hanging on the wall a motto "Man's home is the world. Woman's world is the home." The Germans educated their daughters to be future concubines. To a German, woman is something midway between a housekeeper and a mattress. German moralists enjoined German women: "Your duty is to give pleasure to the victors." Women took the lesson to heart and now when things haven't turned out quite to the German schedule and the victors aren't the ones anticipated, the German women ogle and sigh at our men who are unable to conceal their contempt. The husbands of these German women have made a tour of all the brothels in Europe, have infected themselves and infected others, behaved like beasts everywhere and brought back home obscene postcards. One may stop to look at a baboon; that is zoology. Baboons don't wear trousers and don't boast about their race superiority. But at the sight of German men and women you feel your stomach rise.

We despise the Germans for their stupidity. They are incapable of critical thought. For ten years they believed Goebbels' idiotic inventions. They believe them even now until they are taken prisoner. They believe the most idiotic



Cain

and incredible things, as, for example, that Hitler has some new V-weapon hidden under his bed. For two years they believed that everything was insurmountable: the Dnieper, Bug, Vistula and Nieman. And now that the Oder and Rhine have been crossed they believe that wretched little stream of the Spree is insurmountable. They believe they can find refuge in Bavaria or the Tyrol and save themselves in the mountains. They believe everything they are told. The German brain is a recording disk. And the German himself is an automatic doll with intestines and body temperature of 98.6 degrees.

WE DESPISE the Germans because they lack elementary human dignity. They are incapable of revolting against tyranny. They are incapable of feeling indignation. They are incapable of remorse. Goebbels threatened that if worst comes to worst he will shoot himself. Fritz also vows, "I'll die rather than surrender." But a rumor went through

the German land that the canned meat in American war prisoner camps is excellent and Germans who swore that they would rather kill themselves like Goebbels are raising their hands wholesale by the thousands and tens of thousands. When they are taken prisoner they swear they always hated Hitler. So do German civilians in towns occupied by us or our allies. They assert that they couldn't revolt—for what could a civilian do against the Gestapo? But the *Volkssturm* were yesterday's civilians and the *Volkssturm* have guns. And there are very few Gestapo now, for most of them have run away. Why then don't the Germans revolt? When people expected that some time some Germans would revolt, that there were some Germans with independent minds, this only showed that they didn't know the Germans. But they have learned to know them now and they despise the Germans. It is hard to say when the Germans were more vile and disgusting—when they burned down our villages or when they

are whining as they do now. How wretched is their end, how miserably Germany is perishing without a revolt, without any outburst of passion, even without a murmur! One German newspaper describes Germany's death agony as follows: "Nobody talks about the general situation now; one subject of people's conversation is how they placed their children or whether they ought to give house room to refugees." Formerly they used to discuss the Kuban and Egypt. Now the supermen, hemmed in on all sides, cluck like hens, "Where's Kaetchen? Where's my featherbed? Where are my jewels?" No, you don't hear Mueller say, "This is my house. Not yours!"

Not a hint of remorse. If the German does loosen his tongue and admits that they have lost the war, at best he will add, "Before going for the Russians we should have finished off the English," or "We started too early," or "We started too late." But into his world which resembles a dark haunt where the octopus lurks, not a single ray of consciousness penetrates, cries of tortured children aren't heard, nor is the voice of conscience. They are deaf, blind and inhuman. That's why we aren't lured by the tomes in a German's bookcases, by the cleanliness of a German's pigsties, nor by the amiability of German women. We despise them. We despise them because we are human beings and Soviet human beings at that.

I know that after the war we shall have to undertake the education of these anthropoids, that we shall have to raise them to the level at least of backward human beings. That will be the task of politicians, pedagogues, and psychologists. I cannot and will not think about that. That is not my job. It isn't our job as soldiers. Our job is to beat Germany, to beat her so that she will never be able to revert to the past again. Then we shall heal our own wounds and return to the folk we love, to the folk who labor. We shall not become nationalists. No, the spirit of brotherhood, international solidarity, the striving for general human culture will be stronger in us than ever. We treasure our friendship with our allies. We shall dispute and argue of course, but we will also learn from one another. As to the Germans, let us leave it to experts to teach them to be human or at least to resemble human beings. I will not teach them, neither will those who say Trostenetz or Maidanek. Years will pass, the hatred will subside, but a deep and just contempt will remain.

A KIT OF TOOLS

WITH his usual felicity of phrasing, President Roosevelt has called upon the American people to provide "a kit of tools" to implement the peace. And to make this meaning clear he has indicated that such a kit includes the proposed international organization, the Bretton Woods monetary agreement, the relief and rehabilitation plans, the long-range program for international agriculture, the airways agreements and the power to reduce our present tariff levels to fit into the needs of additional reciprocal trade agreements. This over-all pattern has something elemental to it, and surely the President is sound in appealing to the good sense of the American people to treat these difficult and involved considerations as a single unit. Taken individually, these items could involve an endlessly protracted snarl of conflicting interests tending to disturb and divert the public mind. Taken together, they provide a mutual support that every one can understand, and for the President to rest his case on the broad plank of the future is morally sound and politically astute. Basically the issue is precisely what he makes it—every nation for itself and the devil take the hindmost, or genuine planned cooperation in the many related spheres in which nations have mutual problems and interests.

Furthermore, in this appeal to the good sense of the people the President puts special interests directly on the defensive and in the obviously disadvantageous position of selfish scuttlers of the peace, which is the true light in which they should be viewed. As a nation we have come to a great turning point in our affairs, and no corporate interests or party shibboleths can be allowed to deflect the nation's responsible commitment. The European war is moving into its final explosive phase and the time element for molding the peace is taking on a crucial immediacy. The President is putting the issue straight to the American people.

I was deeply moved the other night by Miss Lillian Hellman's vivid description of her four months' visit to the Soviet Union as she spoke at a notably successful fund-raising dinner for the Spanish refugees now in the south of France. She told of the keen interest all Russians have in the United States and the warm kindness evidenced by every one with whom she talked, and how, on leaving Russia via Teheran and Cairo, she found herself plunged into centers of the most cynical international intrigue, where war between the present Allies was accepted as a cardinal article of faith. Then, flying on to England, she once again found there among all with whom she spoke the same clean mental attitudes that she had experienced in the Soviet Union—the desire to work out mutual problems in the spirit of give and take. She concluded by saying that here in America upon her return she found altogether too much of the cesspool mentality of the Iranian and Egyptian emigre colonies expressing itself through some of our most powerful organs of public opinion. From my own not inconsiderable experience in public speaking in recent months, I know precisely what she means. American audiences everywhere are deeply sensitive to the needs of the times when they are given an orderly chance to analyze the realities, but individual minds are stuffed with all sorts of minor apprehensions and distortions through the

radio and the press that do deflect them from the basic issues. We have not had as searing an experience of the war as the Russians and the British, but at heart our people are just as sound. Now is the time, if never before, to keep our eyes on the ball. The President has indicated the goal line over which the touchdowns are made. All of us must help run the interference and take out the opposition, and there must be no fumbles.

A very great responsibility is now falling on certain key individuals who can do much to make or break the winning play. As an example, I would cite Mr. John Foster Dulles. I have personally always distinguished between the highly admirable work which he has done as an individual churchman to arouse interest in the cause of peace and the political role which he might have been compelled to play as a party instrument, had there been last fall a Republican victory. Mr. Dulles has enormous influence in religious circles throughout the nation, and there are forces which would use such a man as a mouthpiece for disruption. To date he has shown genuine stature in refusing all such overtures. He has asserted publicly that the nation must support practical working commitments within the possibilities of current military, economic and political power. Such a man—and there are many others like him—can do a great deal as an individual to keep the broad over-all pattern of genuine victory clear before the American people. Such men have a terrific responsibility to keep their heads and shoulders above partisan politics. If they can do this, they will earn the respect and the gratitude of the American people whose mouthpieces they then will truly be.

The President has spoken of these many items on the agenda as "a kit of tools." I hope that all of us will grasp the meaning of those words, because they put in proper perspective the real character of these various agreements. We are not binding the United States to a rigid future or strait-jacketing the national interest. Quite to the contrary, we are opening doors which will make friendly relations possible between the nations, provide the machinery for mutually profitable trade and permit gradual military relaxation and the orderly transfer of our industry to peacetime production. Dumbarton Oaks, Chicago, Bretton Woods, Atlantic City—each of these elements in the over-all pattern is not a finished product. It is precisely what the President calls it—"a tool" available to the life of the nation in its postwar dealings with other nations. Such an approach, when clearly understood, instantly scotches the arguments of those who would claim that the United States is being

asked to sign away its heritage, and makes irrelevant the cries of those who wish some further item not as yet on the agenda to be included now or they will have none of it. These plans are advantageous to us as a nation. Indeed, they are indispensable. The President has asked for "a kit of tools" to implement the peace. Stimulated by the urgency of events, an awakened people will provide it.



Joe Lasker.

DR. HOOVER'S NOSTRUMS

By JOHN STUART

IT'S terrifying to recall but Herbert Hoover was at one time President of the United States. I mention this not because I have any desire to frighten little children. I return to it merely because Mr. Hoover has somehow never conceded defeat but considers himself in retirement—a kind of indefinite vacation. He apparently believes that he still retains all the prerogatives of high office with none of its responsibilities. If he had taken the verdict of November 1932, seriously—at least as seriously as he takes himself—then he might have come to the conclusion that his policies were so overwhelmingly repudiated that it would indeed be graceless of him ever to utter another word. But he insists on his right to intrude, to speak with an icy solemnity on all matters of critical importance.

Perhaps it is just as well that he does. We have, thereby, some insight into that nightmare known as the tory Republican mind. It also gives Mr. Arthur Krock, one of the pundits of the *New York Times*, the opportunity to erupt lyrically over the quality of Hoover's statesmanship. Mr. Krock admires the four articles prepared by Hoover for the North American Newspaper Alliance on what Hoover considers to be the structural basis of a firm security organization. Mr. Krock seems also to think that Mr. Roosevelt committed a miserable error in not appointing his predecessor to the American delegation which will represent us at the San Francisco conference. After all, says Krock, Hoover "has had more first-hand experience with the economic and social problems that follow conquest and liberation than any other living man." That, of course, immediately eliminates Stalin and Churchill and puts Mr. Roosevelt among the neophytes. It makes Mr. Hoover the only man in the world who can assure the success of the forthcoming United Nations meeting.

It is a happy fact for all of us that only Mr. Krock and perhaps a few kindred spirits think so. I have read through Mr. Hoover's four articles and while I admit that I approached them with a bias founded on Mr. Hoover's past record, I did try to hold to some objectivity. But I left Mr. Hoover's refrigerated style still convinced that he is the same Republican bourbon he always was.

There are two essential ideas in his

thinking which mark Hoover's opinions as menacing to any durable peace. Lack of space prohibited their elaboration in his newspaper pieces but you will find them in all their tattered dress in Hoover's book, *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, written with the collaboration of Hugh Gibson in 1942. We can attribute to the peculiar mental operations of the claque Arthur Krock's assertion that the book "was the source of the fundamental ideas that were reduced to writing at Dumbarton Oaks." If that were the case, then we should now have had Hitler as an ally in a war against the Soviet Union. For it was Hoover's contention in the book that while fascism is reprehensible, "there is less murder and liquidation under fascism" than there is in the USSR. Mr. Hoover was of course extremely cautious not to repeat this enormous falsehood in his newspaper articles but it is an index to his mind—the same kind of mind which made the traitor and former foreign minister of France, Pierre-Etienne Flandin, proclaim: "Better Hitler than Stalin."

This is the key to Hoover and once you begin using it to unlock the verbal doors you can see exactly what Hoover is aiming at when he proposes that the United Nations peace structure be set up on a tentative basis, subject to revision several years hence; and that the accent of the security organization be placed on three vast regional groupings—the Western Hemisphere, Europe and Asia.

ON THE surface it seems reasonable for Hoover to suggest that the general security organization be left flexible and that in time changes be made to take care of new developments. This desire for flexibility on Hoover's part is, however, quite different from that which the devoted adherents of collective security have expressed. Hoover in his book refers to the "kaleidoscopic shifts in the relations of nations during the war." In his newspaper articles he repeats the same thought when he insists that the our foreign relations should not be frozen. Offhand, it would seem that Mr. Hoover has become something of a dialectician eager not to straitjacket international progress. But you have to dig deep to see what he is getting at.

And what he is getting at is the alliance which leads the United Nations.

He is saying that states which are now our intimate allies may turn out in time to be our most hated enemies. ("We should remember that after disarmament of the enemy the only dangerous armaments are those in the hands of our allies. . . .") And states which are now our hated enemies may become our most intimate allies. In other words, the grand alliance is a tentative affair and the unity reinforced at Yalta will turn into its opposite with the passage of time. Not only does Hoover want the San Francisco meeting to prepare for such an eventuality but he looks forward to it with all the zest he can command.

Somewhere in his dreary exposition Hoover also makes it clear that "we should not attempt to determine a final organization for lasting peace until we have laid secure its foundations in the postwar settlement between nations." I take this as a confession that he and his cohorts have little hope of doing extensive damage at San Francisco. They will try, of course, but the most they can hope for is to deface the wall of Allied unity. The peace settlement will give them opportunities which San Francisco will not provide. And those opportunities Mr. Hoover indicates will come when he and the crowd around him attempt to right "the continuing gigantic wrongs in the world." Mr. Hoover finds those wrongs not in what the Nazis have done but in the "fate of Finland, of Estonia, of Latvia, of Lithuania, the partition of Poland." There we have it in a neat package.

Of course the culprit behind all these "wrongs" is the Soviet Union. In other words, if we are to restore "justice" in the world it would be best not to formalize permanently our relations with the USSR in a peace organization. Who knows but that we may have to gang up on Moscow soon in order to restore to "independence" the Baltic republics now voluntarily incorporated in the USSR. "We cannot," says Mr. Hoover, "even think of another war to secure their freedom." But is he thinking that he can get Germany to do the job for him in the future? Logic indicates that he thinks so. If neither we nor Great Britain will go to war with the Soviet Union over the Baltics then the only power left that can challenge the USSR is Germany—a revived Germany living under another fascist regime with sup-

port from the Hoover circles in the United States.

Here then is a keystone in the Hoover "peace" structure. And it is bolstered by a supplementary plan to undo the grand alliance. When you divide the world into three regional blocs as Hoover does then you are making of collective security a sham and a farce. Regional groupings are envisaged by the Dumbarton Oaks plan. But they must conform to the purpose and principals of the security organization. There will be no opposition to the regional grouping outlined in the Act of Chapultepec, or the Czech-Soviet Treaty. They will not replace the concept of world unity. All these concordats will function within the structure of the United Nations, and not outside.

THE essence of the *new* collective security is that it recognizes the interdependence of every foot of the earth's surface. Geographical partitionings do not fully correspond to the international interests of the states comprising a regional grouping. A state in Europe carries on trade with a state thousands of miles away. The fate of Asia is intimately linked with the fate of Africa. How many times has it been said that because Madrid fell to Franco, millions of Americans are fighting all over the globe? Regional alliances have the undoubted value of speed in quelling potential aggression but they must inevitably be part of a universal system of security led by the Big Five.

What Herbert Hoover proposes, however, is that "regional organization should be the foundation of the whole machinery [of peace] and that three regional groups should be established—the Western Hemisphere, Europe and Asia."

In Hoover's hands this would become a new form of continental isolationism to replace in time the necessity of a world power combination. (And when I speak of power I mean power harnessed to a political policy of unity of all the democratic nations.) From the point of view of the security of the United States there could be nothing more dangerous than continental blocs, for our interests extend to wherever our ships and planes travel. And conversely our interests are affected primarily by world politics and not solely by hemisphere affairs.

Hoover in partitioning the globe knows, of course, that this will hardly bring a durable peace and that it is one

way of creating a global *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union. His plan is hardly a fresh one. Walter Lippmann in his book *US War Aims* proposed a similar division of the world except that he added a few more regions or orbits with the central one being the "Atlantic Community." All these delicate constructions are designed to thwart the permanent establishment of a central alliance. Since the Soviet Union is neither strictly a European nor Asiatic power it would not fall into either grouping. And since the United States is the dominant financial power in the world it would, according to Mr. Hoover's lights, be in a position to dominate the three blocs. In other words, this is a plan which would ultimately result in a violent clash between the United States and the Soviet Union; this is a plan to keep the world apart; this is a plan to quarantine the USSR.

There are other ugly little facets in Mr. Hoover's tract. There is no need to go into detail about them. Hoover is again speaking for the country's voracious imperialists who will never abide by the President's policy of peaceful relations between the capitalist and socialist sectors of the world. Mr. Vandenberg's amendments are merely modified versions, presented more cautiously and with greater finesse, of the Hoover plan for universal domination. And all their amendments, even if they get nowhere at San Francisco, will be fought for by the Hoover disciples in the Senate. They are the prelude to all-out battle in Washington when the security treaty comes up for ratification.

None of these amendments can be squared with their maker's fraudulent appeal for Allied cohesion. None of their talk about disarmament can push aside the fact that disarmament means nothing of itself and that it is unity of Great Britain, the United States and the USSR that must first prevail before supplementary measures are taken to secure the peace.

These amendments are the reservations which the Hoover tacticians will employ in an effort to prevent our joining the security organization. They have never forgotten how Senator Lodge did it once before.

YOU may not have read the memoirs of former Sen. James E. Watson of Indiana, but read and ponder the following taken from his autobiography *As I Knew Them*, published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1936:

"We had not been in the contest

[that is, the Senate debate on the covenant of the League of Nations] ten days before Senator Lodge called me on the telephone and asked me to take dinner with him that evening, Sunday. He was the majority leader at that time and was also the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. . . .

"At that Sunday evening dinner he said to me that, while Senator Curtis was the regular Whip and would have charge of all matters pertaining to the ordinary routine of legislation, yet he wanted me as his special representative to have charge of the organization in the Senate in the League of Nations fight. He asked me to keep 'mum' on this assignment and to report to nobody but him, to which I readily agreed. . . .

"Senator," I said to him, "I don't see how we are ever going to defeat this proposition. It appears to me that eighty percent of the people are for it. Fully that percentage of the preachers are right now advocating it, all the people who have been burdened and oppressed by this awful tragedy of war and who imagine this opens a way to world peace are for it, and I don't see how it is possible to defeat it."

"He turned to me and said, 'Ah, my dear James, I do not propose to try to beat it by direct frontal attack, but by the indirect method of reservations.'

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "Illustrate it to me."

"He then went on to explain how, for instance, we would demand a reservation on the subject of submitting to our government the assumption of a mandate over Armenia or any other foreign country. 'We can debate for days and hold up the dangers that it will involve and the responsibilities we will assume if we pursue that course, and we can thoroughly satisfy the country that that would be a most abhorrent policy for us to adopt. . . .'

"Senator Lodge then went on for two hours to explain other reservations and went into the details of the situation that would be thus evolved, until I became thoroughly satisfied that the Treaty could be beaten in that way."

When the time comes the Senate irreconcilables will undoubtedly be prepared to employ variations of the Lodge strategy. They have already given us several previews of what to expect. So bare is their arsenal of arguments that every minute issue will be amplified to fantastic proportions.

There should be no illusion that San Francisco is a settled matter—until it is a settled matter.

WHAT BRITAIN EXPECTS FROM US

By JOSEPH NORTH

London (by cable).

NEEDLESS to say the Bretton Woods debate in America is receiving rapt attention on this side of the shrunken Atlantic. Will our legislators accept or reject the administration's proposal? If this question is answered affirmatively it will spark confidence here in grappling with the complex problems of postwar reconstruction and all it connotes. If the answer is negative, the minority here opposing world economic cooperation—those sponsoring a "closed British empire," the British "Schachtians," the "go-it-alone" people—will be strengthened. Those who see America as an eternal economic enemy will emerge fortified.

I have tried to secure for you a cross-section of British opinion relating to Anglo-American cooperation, and of course Bretton Woods stands at the top of the agenda. Among those I have sounded out are Geoffrey Crowther, editor of the London *Economist* and author of a recent editorial which evoked such hot discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. I found him a stocky, bright-eyed man of forty-two who operates dynamically in the bombed headquarters of his influential magazine. Because of his recent testy declarations I considered it all the more significant when he spoke of the imperative need for Anglo-American collaboration and told me there were no insoluble problems, nothing which cannot be overcome to mutual advantage. I cite him first with this testimony because you may hold the illusion that he stands for a dog-eat-dog postwar economy. Nothing of the kind. His confidence in ultimate harmony is reflected in all the points of view I solicited, and they include such representative men as Quintin Hogg, Tory M.P., Jack Tanner, president of the powerful Amalgamated Engineers; Kingsley Martin, editor of the liberal *New Statesman and Nation*; Palme Dutt, and others. And of course I have studied the highly articulate British press. The aforementioned men are eager for Americans to get their viewpoint, and at the close of this summary they will speak for themselves to the reader.

Martin perhaps summed up the general feeling found here when he remarked to me that "indivisibility for prosperity, like peace, is axiomatic."

Everybody I interviewed accepted that as a point of departure. More: America's stature in the postwar world permits of no illusions. Anglo-American economic rivalries, they said, could upset the applecart of Yalta. They felt that a prospering America means a prospering Britain, and this accounts for the universal desire here for America to maintain high employment and an expanding economy. One of them pulled out a copy of the government pamphlet issued this week to British businessmen titled *Review of Commercial Conditions in the USA* and put his finger on the following statement: "The crucial importance of the level of prosperity in the United States is inescapable." Mark you, he said, this is the government talking, and reflects dominant authority here. Far from wishing America ill, England desires its prosperity; and, he said smilingly, not solely for humanitarian reasons—for at rock-bottom it spells prosperity for England. We too want full employment and an expanding economy.

Exponents of international collaboration are heartened by the energetic championing of Bretton Woods by FDR as well as other administration leaders. It helps clarify the case here, for British opinion is not monolithic on certain aspects of the economic agreements. I

encounter a share of misgivings, hesitations and opposition, particularly about the stabilization fund. And there is, don't forget, a die-hard strain which abjures Bretton Woods: the opposite numbers to Taft and other American isolationists. But a majority feel the agreements must be adopted. Whatever lacks there are will be adjusted in time, they feel. There is not an iota of doubt that Bretton Woods would be accepted by Parliament if Congress acts affirmatively.

YOU know the ideas of the majority, why they want Bretton Woods adopted. The reasons are the same on both sides of the Atlantic: there are no possible solutions anywhere without cooperation everywhere. And the spirit of compromise must reign. It might be fruitful to outline the arguments of the minority who argue against Bretton Woods and the section which questions the fund. British opinion appears to fall into the following rough categories: the administration, through the voices of Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Keynes and his supporters, stumps for full economic agreement. Then there are those favoring mutual cooperation despite "flaws" in the fund but who would prefer Bretton Woods with "shortcomings" to no agreement at all. Tory Quintin Hogg put it most succinctly, as you will see later in his statement. Finally, there are the violent opponents who find their platform in the Beaverbrook press and include such men as Dr. Paul Einzig, a prominent enough economist who wrote bitterly in the *Sunday Express*, a Beaverbrook organ: "If at San Francisco the British delegates are told they can have Dumbarton Oaks provided they also accept Bretton Woods their answer must be emphatically no." The pro and con sentiment cuts across both major parties. The Communist Party, of course, is unanimously pro, as are trade unionists.

However, as one man I interviewed said, all doubters and dissidents admit there is a real snag: how to get the USA to engage in the activities of part two of Bretton Woods—the bank—unless you concede part one, the fund. He told me that there is no doubt that most Britons are prepared to compromise on the fund



ABIT.

in order to get agreements on other knotty questions, such as shipping. They realize American help is required to rehabilitate England, Europe and colonial lands. This is decisive. Therefore, they are prepared to face what they consider the "risks" of the fund.

In my talks and travels about this Island I found the opposition greatest among men who were skeptics and enemies of Yalta—and hence skeptical of the outlook for expanded world trade. Their loudest contentions are that: (1) Bretton Woods would tie British economy to some concealed form of the gold standard, which is an anathema here; (2) America may fail of a full employment policy, thereby dragging Britain into the vortex of economic misery. I believe the doubting Thomas point of view is best expressed by an internationally known London authority who asked me to withhold his name. Though a proponent of Crimea, he expresses the doubts of anti-Crimeans. He began by saying that America doesn't appreciate the tremendous expenditures Britain has made financially as well as otherwise in the interests of victory. We can gauge this from the results of the Chicago Aviation Conference, which left a bad taste here. He contended that Britain had been "impoverished" by a war which enriched the USA; that she would be resentful if this isn't recognized.

"It has been harder for me to make up my mind on Bretton Woods than on anything else in recent years," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "In any event we'll go through with it as a general contribution to world welfare." He concluded that his misgivings arise from the fact that Bretton Woods would "set limits on various things we want to do which you might term 'unorthodox.' We must make regional agreements as well as multilateral ones. We know one thing it is fatal to do—to return to the gold standard—and we are afraid that Bretton Woods, in one way or another, will oblige us to do it."

His opinions are related to what Robert Boothby, Conservative M.P., has evidently been saying in the United States. Boothby, a former cabinet undersecretary, has argued against the gold standard since the twenties. As someone put it, he abjures gold today as vigorously as his forefathers sought it. He speaks for the group opposing Bretton Woods on the grounds that the fund effects a concealed return to the gold standard and all the consequences that

would entail for Britain if the USA went into a slump. And as the *Economist* put it recently, the greatest dangers come from the slump-minded. "It is taken too much for granted that the days of expansion and adventure are over." The group that Boothby reflects argue: yes, Britain must have a controlled economy in order to have full employment. Therefore, she must retain control of the exchange to prevent the menace of an undue export of capital. They contend that the fund bars an individual country from having exchange "control." This argument is met by Bretton Woods adherents with the reply that the agreements allow exchange control on capital transactions; but the opponents question this interpretation. Another frequent argument: Britain during the war and postwar would find an advantage in bulk-purchase of goods from the Dominions—wheat and so forth—in exchange for the agreement that others would buy so much British goods. It is argued that this is a bilateral trade agreement or a discriminatory trade agreement which Bretton Woods bars. Keynes replies that it is possible that there could be bulk purchase from the Dominions and some sort of agreement to buy British goods without violating the terms of Bretton Woods; but his opponents doubt this, rejecting Keynes' interpretation which they insist might not be endorsed by the Americans. Keynes' opponents, furthermore, argue that the Ottawa preferential Empire agreements would be destroyed by Bretton Woods. This point is countered by the contention that the agreements provide an interim period during which the Ottawa agreements remain in force, though tapering off gradually. Einzig, the Schachtian (termed so by Keynes for favoring bilateral agreements as against multilateral and for championing the use of Britain's big import market as an economic weapon), says the tapering off period would end in about five years, about the time, he contends, the postwar boom finishes. He envisages a serious American collapse with "results all the more devastating" if the full Bretton Woods agreement is operating. A shaft of illumination on this man is afforded by his expressions in Sunday's *Express*: "The proposed San Francisco charter might well prove to be a mere scrap of paper no better than the League Covenant," and in "the dubious benefits offered by the proposed international organization" there is a grave danger "that the substance will be sacrificed for the sake of its shadow."

These arguments influence groups of British capitalists who believe that abandoning the gold standard in 1931 and building up special agreements with Argentina, Poland and so forth prevented Britain's depression from descending to the depths of America's. They cite their opposite numbers in America, those all-too-articulate businessmen who denounce governmental participation in world and domestic trade, who espouse a dog-eat-dog policy. They contend these businessmen may prevail and throw America and the world into a slump. They give this reason for championing the archaic ideas of 1939: high tariffs around the Empire, trade agreements with the Dominions which discriminated against other countries, using Britain's position as a large consumer of food and raw materials to force countries exporting those commodities to purchase more British goods in exchange. "The fire escape measures," somebody called them.

On the other hand, the Keynes' school argue on the lines of FDR's recent declaration and this school has the ear of the majority. Keynes advertises Bretton Woods as a great step forward, an imperative beginning which must be followed by other measures—like commodity control and agreement on the proportionate cutting down of war industries in the various countries and agreement on maintaining high employment levels.

I could continue with further positive arguments I have heard favoring the agreement, but I prefer to let these men speak for themselves. This is the picture as I see it: Britain is overwhelmingly committed to international cooperation in every form. There is keen realization that Anglo-American rivalry could disrupt our international life. The British are prepared to reconcile these differences by a compromise in our mutual interest: for they see the oceans as shrunken lakes across which either prosperity or depression could leap with lightning speed. They seek a like spirit of compromise from America. They want a prosperous America, for that spells a prosperous Britain. This affords the basis for the closest collaboration within the framework of the Crimean conference. They recognize that Russia is a friend of both and that it behooves the English-speaking nations to overcome their differences. As one Englishman said, we must transform that hyphen in the word Anglo-American into a bridge to mutual prosperity which the world will enjoy.

Now, to let Britain speak:

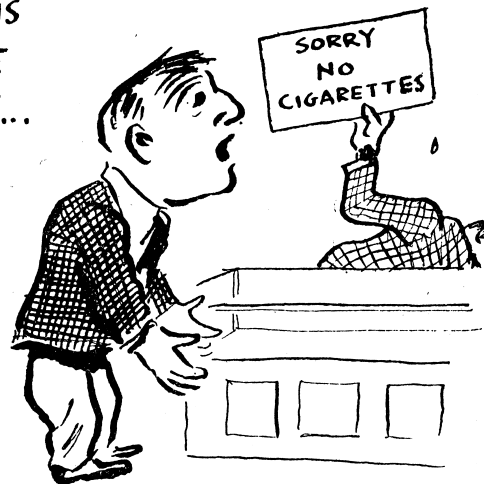
THIS WEEK

IS FULL OF NEWS,
FOR ONE THING - THE
LABOR-MANAGEMENT-
CHARTER...

WHERE'S A
CIGARETTE?



--THEN THERE'S
JOHN L. LEWIS
WITH HIS
STRIKE
THREAT...

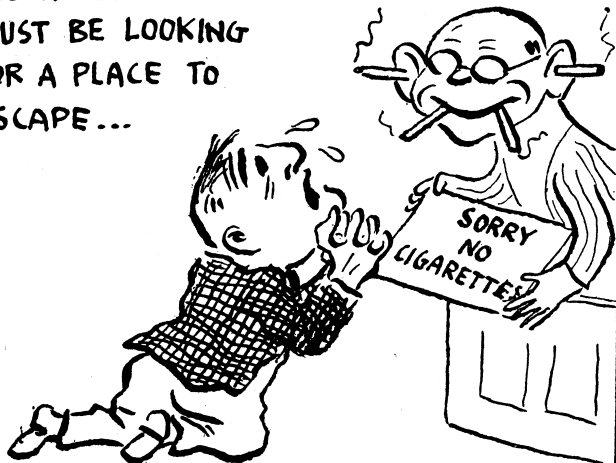


-AND FASCIST ARGENTINA "DECLARES WAR ON
THE AXIS"... TRYING TO GET INTO
THE FRISCO CONFERENCE....

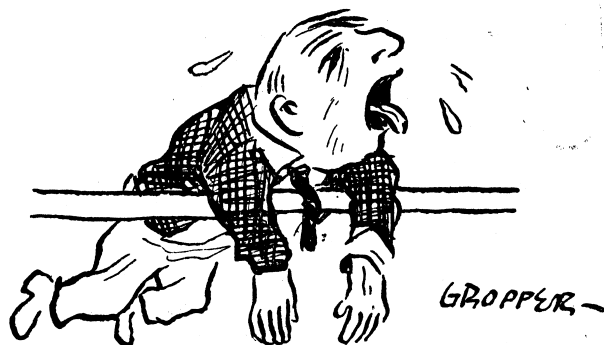


P.S. - NO SUCCESS;
WASTED A HALF DAY
ON THE LINE.

--WITH THE ADVANCES
ON THE WAR FRONTS -
THE HITLER GANG
MUST BE LOOKING
FOR A PLACE TO
ESCAPE...



IT'S THE HONEST TRUTH!
I'M DYING FOR A SMOKE.



GROPPER-

QUINTIN HOGG, *Conservative M.P.*: "The prospects of Anglo-American cooperation depend entirely upon the extent to which American isolationists' opinion can be controlled. British opinion is and has always been wholly in favor of cooperation and makes only two demands on America. The first is that the sincerity of British policy should be respected and admitted and not made the object of continuous attack. The second is that American policy should not make demands on Britain which will cause mass unemployment here.

"I see no reason why these demands should admit of any difficulty, since politically British and American interests conflict nowhere and economically the same policies which will create unemployment here will create unemployment in the end in the United States.

"The Bretton Woods agreement should be adopted by both countries as it will not succeed in solving problems if it is not sufficiently wide in scope, and as the mere creation of an international fund will not ultimately solve the problem created by the variations in international currencies. This can only be solved by international trade, and money cannot by itself make trade. The agreement itself should be adopted because the prospects for the world, even on the basis of cooperation in an inadequate plan, are better than on the basis of non-cooperation on any plan, which is the alternative."

JACK TANNER of the *Amalgamated Engineers*: "I am sure that the prospects for Anglo-American cooperation were never brighter. The chief incentive for cooperation is, of course, mutual advantage. Our economic interests are identical so that the alternative to our cooperation is too terrible to contemplate, both for ourselves and for the rest of the world. I believe this is becoming ever more generally understood and accepted everywhere.

"The principal hindrance to Anglo-American cooperation is the incomplete understanding of the people on both sides of each other's point of view and of their identity of interest. National pride and prejudice is understandable and in some respects to be desired. But when it is exploited by groups interested only in their own welfare, it becomes very dangerous. Mischievous lies and misrepresentation are the root cause of national hatred and are certainly the only possible causes of ill-feeling between two such peoples as the American and British.

"Public-spirited people and interests

on both sides desire the best relations and the highest degree of cooperation. They must be more active than in the past in preventing the exploitation by vested interests of the difficulties of establishing intimate contact between our peoples and at the same time must employ every means to increase our mutual interchange of opinion. The acid test of every policy should be the question, 'Will it weaken our good relations greatly?' If it will, there can be no ultimate good for either side. I am not a financier and in any case I believe that experience in the practical application of the Bretton Woods agreement will be necessary before such proposals can be made to work satisfactorily. The proposals are no doubt the best that could be agreed upon, subject to such experience. For any such scheme to fructify there must exist the essential condition of international planning and cooperation. There must also be agreed-upon controls for unregulated private competition, or enterprise would seek out and exploit the weaknesses of any such scheme; but weaknesses there are, for as in everything of such a nature, much depends upon universal goodwill. The intention is demonstrated and the implied recognition of world mutual aid is a good omen for future world peace. Given goodwill, this keystone proposal will be made to achieve the desired results."

KINGSLEY MARTIN of the *New Statesman and Nation*: "Britain and America have in the past quarrelled like members of a family. Mutual recrimination is more frequent and exuberant because of the knowledge that separation is impossible. The sentimental tie will be greatly increased in the post-war.

"Most of the minor causes of friction about which so much is written will continue but remain unimportant. The real hindrance is economic rivalry. Tendencies toward imperialism developed by some sections of American big business will run counter to efforts of British capitalism to maintain a position that has been gravely weakened during the war.

"I am not a financial expert, but if I understand the Bretton Woods agreement its danger lies in a wording which may be differently interpreted on different sides of the Atlantic. Agreement is sometimes reached on a formula between people who really do not agree; this type of ingenuity often leads to trouble. Bretton Woods assumes the return to multilateral trade of the old type.

"Britain is likely to find bilateral bar-

ter agreements such as were becoming common before the war necessary for her postwar position. The extent to which Bretton Woods succeeds would, therefore, seem particularly to depend on whether America is able to accommodate herself to modern methods of international trade."

PALME DUTT, editor of *Labour Monthly*: "On the basis of the Crimea Conference, the prospects of Anglo-American cooperation are now more favorable than ever before. The imperative necessity for Britain, the USA and the Soviet Union to stand together in maintaining world peace and leading international cooperation is becoming more and more widely understood; not only by governments but by leaders of all responsible sections of public opinion and by the masses of the people.

"The principal hindrances arise from: (1) Conflicts of sectional economic interests in Britain and the United States, which see the future in terms of cut-throat competition and fail to recognize the necessity of a policy of international economic agreement. (2) Continued efforts of a hard core of reaction in both countries which supported the Munich policy, favored Nazi Germany and Japan, and remains bitterly hostile to the Soviet Union and the new democratic governments in Europe and seeks to keep alive the remains of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist prejudice in public opinion built up by twenty years of slander and misrepresentation in the past. (3) There is some confusion in some sections of the labor and progressive movement in both countries which fails to recognize a new and hopeful era for labor and progress opening up through the Teheran and Crimean decisions and which seek to carry forward the old pre-war disruptive and anti-Communist policy that provided the breeding ground for fascism.

"The Bretton Woods agreement represents a practical initial approach to establish an agreed basis for a policy of economic cooperation. It is only the first step which establishes the machinery for such cooperation; and the success of its functioning in practice will depend on further measures being carried through to promote agreed schemes of expansion of productive resources and standards of living throughout the world. But early ratification of the Bretton Woods agreement and the establishment of the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development is of decisive present importance in order to provide the basis for such policy."

CHANGING DIXIE

By HAROLD PREECE

DEMOCRACY went marching through Georgia, not long ago, led not by a Northern general but by Georgia's governor. Democracy crossed swords with the old order and the Old South in the staid capitol building at Atlanta. Democracy won one of the many victories that will be won in the New South, during these years of our awakening, when the Georgia legislature repealed the state poll tax—141 to fifty-one in the House and thirty-one to nineteen in the Senate.

Across the line in Tennessee, the past won a shadow victory when Memphis Boss Ed Crump's political yeggmen, including State Senate Sergeant-at-Arms Broughton Biggs, strangled anti-poll tax legislation in the upper house of the state legislature meeting at Nashville. Broughton Biggs, defeated for a seat in the Tennessee senate in November, currently holds the job of riding boss of the legislative body for Crump, the sultan of the Mississippi Delta, who will go out on the day when Tennesseans are able to vote freely. But neither "Little Boss" Biggs of Ducktown or "Big Boss" Crump of Memphis will be able to hold back the tide that started inching up around the corrupt political machines of Tennessee two years ago when the citizens of the Delta and the Great Smokies forced their legislature to repeal the poll tax—only to see the repealer declared "unconstitutional" by a Crump-packed state supreme court.

It has been a long time since democracy was anything but a dream in the South: a dream remembered sleepily over the rusty box stove in the country store when some old Nestor like my father in Texas would recall the great days of the Populist movement. "I was elected a delegate from the Pleasant Valley precinct to the Populist county convention when I was just twenty-one," my dad would say, "and I cut across the hills twelve miles to be there. We made speeches and passed resolutions against the railroads that were grabbing up all the free homestead land in Texas. Then we had all the beer that we could drink from the big washtubs they put out in the hall."

The Populist movement of our fathers was crushed by the poll tax laws enacted in all the eleven states of the old Confederacy as the Reconstruction govern-

ments of our grandfathers had been smashed by the Ku Klux Klan after President Rutherford B. Hayes delivered the South back to the Confederates. But in its strongest period, during the early nineties, the Populist Party wrested control of North Carolina from the "Democratic" plantocracy and sent a Populist, Marion Butler, to the United States Senate. Populist Congressmen went to Washington from Georgia; Populist legislators from the cotton belts sat in the capital of virtually every Southern state.

The one-gallused men—the white men and the black men whose fathers had founded the Reconstruction democracies and elected the Gideon Jacksons to Congress—fought hard under Marion Butler and Billy Bryan to lift from the South its burdens of poverty and shame. The South's last Negro Congressman, George White, elected by the poor white people and the black people of the North Carolina low country, kept his seat in Washington until 1901. The poll tax clipped him off as it clipped off the other spokesmen from the South's people. The swaggering new imperialism of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, following the Spanish-American War, clipped off the Populist Party and it ceased to be a force in national politics.

Then — because in all generations some sections of the South's people have struck out for freedom—there was a brief flurry of revolt against the plantocracy in those years before the first World War. Tenant farmers like my cousin Will back on Jim Ned Creek picked up their Bibles and their younguns, hitched up their mules, and travelled for miles across country to mammoth camp meetings of the old Socialist Party where a home-made brand of socialism was preached by Baptist exhorters from the Old Testament prophets. Cousin Will was a devout man who served both

as superintendent of the Jim Ned Creek Sunday school and as secretary of the Jim Ned Creek Socialist local.

He and his neighbors, like hundreds of other little groups on the Texas and Oklahoma prairies, set aside plots of land called "socialist cotton patches" where each labored one or two days a week to earn money for bundle orders of the weekly *Appeal to Reason*, published on the prairies of Kansas.

"I reckon that all those early movements were like that stubborn wild corn I've been trying to get out of my back twenty acres," an old neighbor and mountain philosopher up in the Texas hills told me when I took him the paper carrying the story of the Georgia poll tax repeal. "Your grandpa was a Christian man, but Lord, how he used to cuss when that wild corn used to take his oat patch! You can plow wild corn out of the bottoms but it will take root somewhere up on the ridges. Somewhere, it will always sprout up and make some kind of a crop. I reckon that's what's happened in Georgia. And it might not be a bad idea to keep an eye on that feller Ellis Arnall."

Today there is a great surge of hope throughout Dixie because Georgia, under Governor Arnall, has restored citizenship to her people. For nothing is more of an anachronism in this new age when the plantation gives way to the factory and the mechanized farm than that the people of seven Southern states should still be denied the right to choose their officials. The plain fact is that there can be neither economic nor social reconstruction of the South without the right of universal suffrage for the Americans of these towns and these bayous. Governor Arnall is becoming to millions of Southerners a promise of a new type of official expressing our new age which, in a very deep sense, is the fruit of the struggles of past ages. I say "promise" because Arnall, at this time the most progressive of Southern governors, has not yet broken all the ties which still bind the South to much that was bad in the past. Like many Southern liberals, he is still muddled on the Negro question, still fails to see the pressing necessity of mobilizing the historic allies of the Southern white people—the Negro people—for an all-out offensive against those institutions which hamper the develop-



Edith Miller.

ment of our economy and our democracy. Many of us down here—including the South's Negro leaders—do not agree with Governor Arnall's contention that our homeland can solve its aching problems by itself. But we also know the historic reasons why so many Southern liberals, with the same capacity for growth being shown by Governor Arnall, still think in terms that are too exclusively sectional. Once a Southern leader, Rob F. Hall, wrote in *NEW MASSES* that "Southerners often react like members of an oppressed colony." If the South has remained separatist and sectional, it is because circumstances largely beyond the South's control—wage differentials and discriminatory freight rates, limitation of investment credit and everything else embodied in the infamous Hayes Compromise of 1876—have prevented us from developing uniformly with other sections of America.

A great many of us, realizing that sectional lines will be broken as the plantation system breaks, do not accept the suggestion of Governor Arnall and of the Southern editors who met at Atlanta, before the convening of the Georgia legislature, that state legislation repealing the poll tax is an adequate substitute for the national legislation outlawing the levy, which has twice been passed by the lower House of Congress and twice been talked to death by filibustering Dixie Senators. But all of us backed Governor Arnall when he informed the legislature that he would use his executive powers, under the Georgia constitution, to suspend the poll tax if the legislature did

not vote its repeal. Before that we had backed him on his extension of the vote to eighteen-year-old Georgians, on his clean-up of the Georgia prisons and chain gangs, on his clear-cut support of Henry A. Wallace first for Vice President and then for Secretary of Commerce.

IN THIS era of the people's war, the attitudes of yesterday clash with the necessities of today. That clash can be witnessed in the mind of Ellis Arnall and others like him as it can be witnessed in the mind of the South. I don't know if Governor Arnall intended for Negroes to vote in Georgia when he insisted on passage of the anti-poll tax legislation. But I do know that they are going to vote in Georgia, whatever the private reservations of individuals. I can see what is happening in my own state of Texas where white politicians have actually been courting the Negro vote since the famous Supreme Court decision which outlawed the white primary and permitted thousands of our colored citizens to cast their first ballots.

As it is, this victory of democracy in Georgia is a deep omen of future victories which are already being rehearsed in Dixie. The progressive tradition of our past has struck solid roots in the struggle of the world's peoples for new and enduring forms of democracy. How can the semi-fascism of Dixie survive if the fascism of Germany and Italy and Poland perishes?

The answer to that question was given by public-spirited organizations in Georgia which acted in the spirit of

Gideon Jackson and Marion Butler to restore the heritage of democracy to the people who had been robbed of democracy. The whole South owes a deep debt of appreciation to the Georgia League of Women Voters, the Southern Regional Council, the Georgia Fact Finding Movement, which circulated thousands of pamphlets to women's clubs on the antiquated electoral system, the state's trade unions, that courageous Negro newspaper, the *Atlanta Daily World*, and to outstanding individuals who convinced the most reluctant legislator from the red clay hills that it was time to take the locks off the ballot boxes.

As I write, a number of Southern newspapers are beginning to predict that the poll tax is on its last legs. Florida, North Carolina and Louisiana repealed the tax some years back. Georgia's action in wiping out the tax leaves seven Southern states on the list of the pay-to-vote group. Those seven states are Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, South Carolina, Mississippi and Texas.

Meanwhile legislation is pending in South Carolina and in Texas to exempt servicemen and women from payment of the tax. In Alabama, where such legislation exists, Sen. Lister Hill has called on the state legislature to abolish the tax. Spurred by the recent action of Georgia, the National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax in Washington is conducting an all-out drive to get the national anti-poll tax bill out of committee, safely past the knives of the Dixie Senators and on to the federal statute books before this session of Congress adjourns.

By Television from the Wehrmacht



"One thing in our favor—they've lost the element of surprise."



"Some other time, perhaps. Right now der Fuehrer is busy."



"Did we have to make war on a nation of baseball players?"

SPRINGTIME AND MARKETBASKETS

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

THE lilacs and the burning bush and dogwood and misty red bud trees are out in Washington. If it gets much warmer former Sen. Robert R. Reynolds and his wife may even be returning from their Florida home—the smaller house on the old Hearst estate they bought. Surely his newly formed Nationalist Party needs him. This office keeps getting appeals from the Nationalists, now located down the street in the Colorado building, which Bob's mother-in-law, Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, owns. In all of the Nationalists' mailings a pretty blue card appears which may be signed and returned. It recites a creed and requests some Nationalist literature. The creed contains, among other items, this Vandenbergian line: "I believe in genuine international cooperation with no commitments detrimental to the interest and the welfare of the American people." It was Reynolds who made several glowing speeches about the feats of the Nazis on the floor of the Senate after his return from Europe in the thirties; he has never recanted.

OPA apparently is being shanghaied into giving some "relief" to the meat packers. It is caught between a squeeze itself—the packers and cattlemen on one side and, on the other, congressional committees generously manned with farm bloc members "investigating" meat shortages. They threatened and even ordered OPA to give relief; otherwise they would take it out of OPA's hide in the forthcoming legislative fight over renewal of the Stabilization Act. It looks as though "relief" will consist in increased subsidies only, although the packers would prefer lifting price ceilings.

It was learned that OPA has sent men to Chicago to get a look at the books of the Big Four. Earlier the big packers had discouraged this, saying they would provide the sought-after information on their profits; but it is still missing.

Sen. Elmer Thomas (D., Okla.), chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, named himself chairman of the subcommittee which he promised would investigate food shortages with the object of correcting inequalities and increasing the food supply. But on Wednesday he adjourned the hearings "indefinitely" after warning OPA to

grant some price relief to the packers under threat of action by Congress.

The amendment to the Stabilization Act suggested by a lobbyist for the National Independent Meat Packers Association would provide for price ceilings at a fair and reasonable margin of profit on each line of livestock—cattle, hogs, sheep and lambs. This is the same proposal made by Sen. Robert A. Taft (R., O.). The effect of this would be inflationary. Historically the meat packing industry has never made money out of beef. It has made money out of pork and lard and processed by-products of pork and beef—and it is making seven times what it made in pre-war years.

When before the Senate Agriculture subcommittee the lobbyist for the smaller independents, Wilbur LaRoe, Jr., was asked if he maintained that higher prices would stop the black market, he said, "I can't honestly say they are going to cure it."

Meat forms thirty percent of the average family's food budget, and the food budget, forty percent of the cost-of-living. A general lifting of prices would follow if OPA gives in on meat. Our inflation controls would be knocked out. Actually what the packers want is not an amendment, as LaRoe testified. "I wish this could be handled without any legislation," he said. "I wish you could get Mr. Bowles [Chester Bowles, OPA administrator] in here, and with your influence—" His voice trailed off here, but the meaning was plain. Congressional pressure has caused OPA officials to weaken before. LaRoe admits his members will not give Bowles figures on their over-all profits. Because OPA wants a look at their books he complains its philosophy "regards profits as a sin."

More beef is being slaughtered in the USA than in any year in history. It is true hog slaughtering is lower, for the reason that the War Food Administration, fearing postwar surpluses, last year campaigned for reduction of this year's crop of hogs and chickens. A shortage in eggs looms later. But you hear no Senators asking for the resignation of WFA Administrator Marvin Jones. It is the removal of Bowles alone that is asked by Burton K. Wheeler (D., Mont.) and others who are making the most of the meat situation in order to weaken morale and lift controls simultaneously.

MEAT is so scarce in New York City that OPA black market investigators who try to make purchases can't find any meat to buy. "Butchers don't know them and they sell only to their known customers," Deputy Administrator Thomas I. Emerson said. . . . A recent Washington Post investigation found meat comparatively plentiful in Frederick, Md. This is characteristic, Emerson said—it is very scarce only in cities. . . . The Army recently set aside by requisition 100 percent of the poultry production in the world's biggest poultry area, the Chesapeake Bay area of Delaware, Maryland and the eastern tip of Virginia. This area has furnished Washington all its poultry. . . . Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., thought up the idea of tracking down black market operators through income tax evasions himself. There is a lot of loose black market money around resort cities. OPA has been talking with the Treasury on it for months.

THE people who work at the Interim Commission on Food and Agriculture have been torn between disappointment that the report on their international conference was languishing unnoticed at the White House, and anxiety lest a bill be introduced now when the Hill is in a furore over meat shortages. The President now has asked Congress to approve US participation in the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. Eighteen nations have signed on the dotted line. "One of its important jobs will be to help in improving the marketing of agricultural products throughout the world . . ." his message said. Under its constitution the FAO could do a good deal more than gather statistics and help countries to plan agricultural programs. It could advise the proposed International Bank on loans to agriculture. It could set up a central agency to handle agricultural commodity agreements, and agreements on minerals, rubber and other raw materials. But even in the gathering of statistics alone its possibilities are great. The only other international body handling agricultural statistics was one in Rome which got hooked up with the fascists, so that its statistics couldn't be trusted. The American Farm Bureau

Federation has endorsed FAO. But the Grange, whose national leadership lags far behind its rank and file, protested against FAO's recommendation that the Rome institution be dissolved. The Farm Bureau seems to be growing more progressive—at least it has endorsed the Bretton Woods legislation.

ONLY thirteen percent of the nation's white collar workers are under union agreements, says the CIO *Economic Outlook*, compared to sixty percent of industrial workers. Which may have something to do with why 220,000 teachers left teaching jobs between Pearl Harbor and June 1944. The 1944 average teaching salary was \$1,550.

ONE of the chief hurdles the Treasury has to meet on Bretton Woods is the attitude that economics and finance are just too technical for the common person to understand. Surprisingly enough, some worthy clubwoman who was speaking before an audience of union women in Philadelphia recently, under the excellent auspices of the Americans United for World Organization, stressed the technical nature of the BW agreements in answer to a question. Whereupon a little white collar worker arose and said, in effect, "I'm tired of hearing that the BW agreements are too technical to understand. Here are the main points of it, and we are all intelligent people, and we can understand them, and we have to if we are going to win the fight on this necessary means of insuring world peace." And one, two, three, she told them, in simple language, what the agreements would accomplish.

THREE of the Republicans on the House Banking and Currency Committee who have refrained from baiting pro-Bretton Woods witnesses are bankers—David Emmert Brumbaugh, for twenty-four years cashier and vice president of the First National Bank of Claysburg, Pa.; John Crain Kunkel, of Harrisburg, Pa., and Clarence E. Kilburn, president of the People's Trust Co. of Malone, N. Y. Brumbaugh is on the board of directors of the Independent Bankers Association, the Main Street bankers who endorsed the BW proposals.

KARL E. MUNDT (R., S.D.) is one of the Republicans who is laying a groundwork for future sniping at both lend-lease and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, which eventually will have to seek the

balance of its funds from Congress. In the recent hearing on lend-lease before the House Foreign Affairs Committee Mundt insisted on quizzing Foreign Economic Administrator Leo Crowley on UNRRA. Chairman Sol Bloom insisted that the questions were improper and that Crowley not reply. But Mundt kept on asking, and Crowley kept on replying, over Bloom's objections.

Mundt thought the emergency period in which lend-lease liquidated its affairs after the war "should be exceedingly short, because UNRRA has the responsibility and we are spending a lot of money from the standpoint of the world at large—quite a bit, in the language of a South Dakota boy."

Mr. Crowley assured him "we do not want to use lend-lease as an excuse, if that is what is in the back of your mind, for economic aid to any country after the war." And he made things easier for Mundt by saying, "I think that before July 1 there must be some enactment by Congress, some determination as to what part this country is going to play in helping these foreign countries; and in determining that, naturally we must go into the responsibilities that UNRRA has."

"What sort of a locality would UNRRA naturally operate in?" Mundt asked. At this Bloom repeated his admonition: "The Chair is going to rule that anything with reference to UNRRA is not germane to this matter. The UNRRA legislation specifically describes how they will go into a country and when they will go into a country. That has already been legislated upon."

Emily Taft Douglas (D. Ill.), on the other hand, declared, "There is a great deal of danger, it seems to me, in laying down any limitations or reservations to the flexibility of lend-lease. It may open a floodgate of danger."

The backgrounds of Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Mundt afford an interesting contrast. Mundt appeared on the platform at America First meetings prior to Pearl Harbor, and when Laura Ingalls was arrested as a Nazi agent, copies of

his speeches were found among her possessions. Mrs. Douglas, daughter of the late Lorado Taft, Chicago sculptor, defeated the negotiated-peace advocate, Stephen A. Day, on a program of supporting the war and the President.

Mrs. Douglas' husband, the former Prof. Paul Douglas, enlisted as a private in the Marines, is now a major and, I have heard on good authority, was the subject of numerous dispatches which depict him as a veritable hero to his men. The dispatches were held up, however, because of a Marine Corps rule which forbids any publicity on the exploits of any Marine who will return to political life. Douglas was a city alderman in Chicago.

"AND when did you first see the Russians?" The question was put to a young captain who had made his way from an eastern German prison camp to Moscow and five hours later was on a plane which, within a week, brought him here.

"I was hiding in a small Polish village when they came through. But I didn't see them then. I heard singing. Three of us Americans went to find what was up. There on the highway were about twenty-five peasants. It seems the first Russian tanks had gone through. When the peasants saw us they thought we were Russians and—" he blushed—"they ran to us and began kissing us. It was pretty embarrassing."

"Well, when did you—"

"It was the next day we saw our allies for the first time," he said. "The three of us were walking down a road. It was a long straight country road and you could see for miles ahead. Suddenly we saw a truck. There was no cover. We fell in a ditch and pretended to be dead, in case it was the Nazis. Pretty soon I opened an eye. I could see it closer. It was a Ford." He grinned. "I jumped up and flagged the truck down. There were two of 'em, the driver and his assistant. They took us for Polish civilians—as everyone there has picked up parts of a uniform. The driver wanted to know if he was going in the right direction. I tried to make him understand that some tanks had come through the night before. But I gave it up. Then I began pointing at us and saying, 'American officers.' The driver jumped from his seat, his assistant after him. They threw their arms around us. Then a flood of Russians words. Then the words, 'Roosevelt—Churchill—Stalin,' and then, with a beaming smile, 'Yalta!' We understood. Then they were gone."



Honore Sharrer.

READERS' FORUM

To Rockwell Kent

TO NEW MASSES: Although this is an age of specialization we nevertheless often make the mistake of crediting the distinguished in a given field with omnipotence in others too, a procedure which leads to unnecessary confusion.

Rockwell Kent's letter on Picasso (NEW MASSES, April 3) might have been less drastic if he had recalled the following statement by Picasso to Xavier Gonzalez when they were discussing the Guernica mural: "I do not know what is the matter with me. I have never been interested in propaganda—*pero no se*, poor Spain. It is something that happens inside and you cannot help it. The same thing happened to Goya." (NEW MASSES, Dec. 19, 1944.)

The same thing has happened to numerous artists over the world in this tragic era. Not many are so gifted that their training can be immediately adjusted to the needs of this fast-moving time. Even if the ivory tower topples it does not mean that a completely new and articulate individual has stepped out. Without going into the merits of the Guernica mural as an adequate symbol of the Spanish catastrophe it is significant that like Goya, in the Guernica Picasso turned to black and white—a fact to be pondered by painters who find it difficult to make work of "social significance" in color.

But Picasso has stated that painting is not enough. The man, if not the painter, must act. And the man Picasso is today a Communist.

We on this side of the ocean know little of what it means to be a Communist in France today.

Picasso is a Communist and if he assumes too easily that his productions of the ivory tower days are therefore works of great significance to the people ("Communist painting," he calls it) whose understanding he has not been interested in, the multitudes who are wrestling with today's tremendous realities, and in whose cause he has enlisted, will surely and politely beg his pardon.

I hope, however, that people will not be too exigent in demanding that everything from now on become as plain as a pancake and that they will not dismiss what isn't as silly.

MAURICE BECKER.

New York.

Can You Help?

TO NEW MASSES: During my initial period as the first Australian Communist member of Parliament, I have been continually

under fire from rabid anti-Sovieters and opponents of the United Nations. Time and time again reference is made to Jan Valtin, Souvarine and many others of the anti-Soviet, anti-democracy brigade.

While I have been able to expose many of them I need more detailed information on the following:

Max Eastman: With respect to Eastman I have a little information but not enough.

Eugene Lyons: Again on Lyons my information is rather sparse.

W. H. Chamberlain: No information.

Leonard Hubbard: Author of *Soviet Trade, Soviet Money and Finance*, etc. This person is widely quoted in this country.

Alexander Barmine.

Virginia Cowles.

Boris Souvarine.

Victor Serge.

I have Sender Garlin's fine little book on the *Reader's Digest*, but would also like information on the *American Mercury* and *Life* magazine. It would also be helpful if without comment you could let me have a list of the main Hearst and McCormick papers. I might mention that I have Carlson's book, *Under Cover*.

I would also like to pay tribute to America's finest political weekly magazine—the NEW MASSES. We get one regularly in Brisbane and believe me it is read from cover to cover.

In addition, many American servicemen passing through read it thoroughly. Frankly, we have to keep our eye on our copy or else in good Australian it just "goes off."

F. W. PATERSON M.L.A.

Parliament House
Brisbane, Australia.

New Masses Abroad

TO NEW MASSES: Today I read in an ETO hospital Joseph North's words at the Cultural Awards Dinner, describing *Yank* magazine as a harbinger of a nascent cultural renaissance. That is a rare, perceiving tribute, and accurate and richly deserved.

Yank stories, articles, editorials and "Mail Call" (the letters-to-editor page) have consistently limned the heroism of the average fighting GI, and have fostered *esprit*, national and racial fraternity within our Army as well as international fraternity among the Allied armies and peoples as the keystone to military victory and lasting peace.

Last week *Yank* presented as its "pin-up" of the week the Negro beauty Hilda Simms, of *Anna Lucasta* renown. This week *Yank*

had this to say in its vivid story "Negroes in Combat"—"Hitler would have a hemorrhage if he could see the white boys of the 411th Infantry bull-sessioning, going out on mixed patrols, sleeping in the same bombed buildings, sweating out the same chow line with Negro GPs. And the white boys of the 411th are mostly Southern boys."

Yank today is an able reflection of the GI mind in the process of combat maturation.

Congratulations on that dinner. Its breadth was an imposing indication that our blood is sprouting the new world.

PFC JOE SOKOL.

56th Armored Infantry

Somewhere in Europe.

Friends of Debs

TO NEW MASSES: I was practicing law in Atlanta during the time Eugene Debs was incarcerated in the Federal Penitentiary from June 14, 1919 to December 1921. I kept a faithful record of our conversations and those of the many visitors who came from all parts of the country and Europe.

Before and after Debs' release I traveled extensively and met his comrades and friends and others, who related personal anecdotes illustrating his character, told of his influence and inspiration in their lives, gave me their impression of him and how they reacted to his speeches and their recollection of conversations with him. And thus in many ways over the years I have been gathering material for a biography of Eugene V. Debs.

Many of his comrades and friends have cooperated with me by sending original letters, and in some cases copies thereof, exchanged between Debs and them.

I will appreciate your readers' cooperation in my undertaking by furnishing me any information, letters, documents, or copies thereof, impressions, opinions, anecdotes, covering any and every phase of Debs' life, of which they may have personal knowledge.

I will promptly return all original letters and documents and will appreciate if they will forward their material to my address at 25 Huntington Avenue, Boston 16, Mass.

SAMUEL M. CASTLETON.

THE oldest and smallest republic in the world, by its own claim, perched like a fairytale castle atop an Appenine peak in central Italy, has just proved that its past glories are not enough. In accordance with its twelfth-century republican election laws San Marino has just installed in the offices of captains regent, the prime offices of the state, a Communist artist and a Socialist dentist, placing around their necks the white fluted collars which have designated their rank since the Middle Ages.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Charter for Prosperity

THE labor-management charter for postwar cooperation agreed upon by Eric Johnston, president of the US Chamber of Commerce; William Green, president of the AFL, and Philip Murray, head of the CIO, assumes its full historic significance against the background of the new cooperative world relationships that have grown out of the war.

For the first time in American history a substantial group of large employers have entered into a long-range agreement with organized labor to work toward the peaceful resolution of differences and the avoidance of strikes and lockouts—to work on the basis of a program of full employment, rising living standards and international economic and political cooperation. This is an agreement to continue and strengthen in the peace the unity established in the war. Behind it lies the faith that “the end of this war will bring the unfolding of a new era based upon a vastly expanding economy and unlimited opportunities for every American.”

Among those who participated in framing this charter was Henry J. Kaiser, who has become the symbol of American productivity and enlightened business enterprise. Mr. Johnston, Mr. Kaiser, Paul G. Hoffman, chairman of the Committee on Economic Development, and three other industrialists have become the management representatives on a twelve-man committee that includes three representatives each of the AFL and the CIO. This committee will work for the fulfillment of the principles enunciated in the charter.

Of the industrialists on this committee it can be said that they represent the true interests of American business in contradistinction to the anachronistic leaders of the National Association of Manufacturers who have adopted a “we won’t play” attitude toward the charter. The NAM is dominated by the du Ponts and Pews, but there is reason to believe that a considerable section of its membership will not go along with them in rejecting the path of national economic progress and prosperity. It remains to be seen whether the NAM will enter the new stream of development or continue to sulk in the corner while the decisive

business groups follow the progressive leadership of the men who signed this charter.

The fact that the new charter has been endorsed by President Roosevelt, Governor Dewey, Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan, Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric, and Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National Bank, indicates the broad national interests that it expresses. This agreement is the logical outcome of the progressive trends released by the war.

Its forerunners were the wartime labor-management committees and the agreement for postwar cooperation signed last year by the CIO International Longshoremen’s and Warehousemen’s Union, led by Harry Bridges, with the waterfront employers in San

Francisco. At that time the Trotskyites and certain liberals denounced the perspective of postwar labor-management cooperation as a betrayal of labor’s interests.

NEW MASSES, which supported this perspective as part of the Teheran promise of a peaceful and prosperous world, now joins with Americans of all classes in greeting this historic charter. But words and good intentions alone will not suffice. The charter will take on flesh and blood only through the strong efforts of all our people.

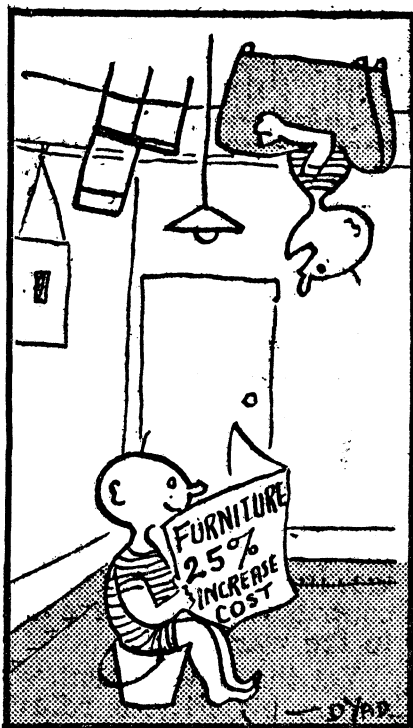
Votes in the Assembly

SENATOR VANDENBERG, who is always quick with alarms and protestations, says that the Soviet request for three votes in the assembly of the proposed security organization will destroy the sovereign equality of nations. That can evoke nothing but vibrant razzberries.

The assembly will include — with the exception of former Axis satellites—all the nations comprising the Allied cause. Then why should there be excluded from the assembly two nations, the Byelorussian and Ukrainian Republics, who have sacrificed and contributed immeasurably to the defeat of the enemy? While they are part of a federation, both are in fact autonomous nations with the right to conduct foreign affairs. Only recently, for example, they separately negotiated with Poland for an exchange of populations. In addition, both have autonomy in military affairs. As a matter of right they should have a vote in the assembly just as have the British Dominions.

In an assembly of over forty nations, an increase in the voting strength of the Soviet Union will hardly be sufficient to establish it as dominant in the assembly’s functioning. No one questioned the fact that the great powers will have a larger number of votes in the Bretton Woods project—votes based on the amount of money contributed to the common fund. As we have said so often before, there is leadership among equals and we leave it to Mr. Vandenberg to explain, if he can, how the presence of the Ukrainian Republic will destroy the sovereign equality of Czechoslovakia or Norway.

War Babies



“What makes you think we’ve bought ceiling-price stuff, Alfie?”

London Daily Worker

Vandenberg's "Justice"

JUSTICE is usually depicted as blind, but evidently she has nothing to worry about so long as there is Senator Vandenberg to lead her by the hand. The senior Senator from Michigan has at last unveiled his proposed amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks charter, and it is clear that he has taken on himself the task of being the special custodian of Justice at the United Nations conference at San Francisco.

The new world security organization is being brought into existence by the greatest act of justice in history: the military defeat and annihilation of fascism; but Vandenberg insists that unless the word "justice" is specifically written into Chapter I of the charter, all is lost. This is, of course, strictly phoney; but at any rate, it can be dismissed as innocuous. Not so with most of Vandenberg's other proposals. Some of them are designed to create friction between the Security Council, in which "primary responsibility for the maintenance of international peace and security" is to be vested, and the General Assembly of all the member nations. Another Vandenberg amendment embodies his own—and Herbert Hoover's—effort to convert the new security organization into an instrument for undermining all the decisions that have already been reached among the major powers, particularly those that concern the relations between the Soviet Union and its neighbors. Still another Vandenberg amendment aims to vitiate the voting procedure in the Security Council agreed on at the Yalta conference. It is evident that Senator Vandenberg, though a member of the United States delegation to the conference, considers it his special task to achieve obliquely what he cannot directly: the substitution of disagreement and suspicion among the major powers for agreement and mutual trust.

Invite Poland

THE point has been made that until Poland's state authority is broadened, as outlined at Crimea, she cannot be invited to help in the engineering of a security organization. The delay in broadening the Warsaw government can be traced to certain British politicians and their several counterparts here who still entertain the hope of transferring to Polish soil the same exiles who stood in the way of a unified government in the first place. If Mikolajczyk wants to go home, it is not likely to be as premier, because even his own Peasant

Keep Argentina Out

AS WE have noted before, the resolution on Argentina at the Mexico City conference left the door open to the appeasers of fascism. The consequences are now upon us. It is quite possible that before this issue of *NEW MASSES* reaches the readers, the Pan-American Union will have permitted the fascist Argentine government to affix its signature to the Mexico City declarations, that our government will have taken steps to renew normal diplomatic relations with the Farrell-Peron regime, and that the move to include Buenos Aires in the San Francisco conference will be far advanced.

All of this we believe to be in violation of our government's basically anti-fascist foreign policies. It would weaken the positive achievements of the Mexico City conference from the Economic Charter of the Americas to the pledges to wipe out all vestiges of the fascist fifth column. It would tend to undo the Act of Chapultepec, which was supposedly designed precisely for the purpose of preventing Argentine aggression. It would hurt the whole Good Neighbor policy.

It is plain that the Argentine declaration of war upon Germany and Japan was nothing more than a maneuver designed to save and consolidate the Nazi beachhead on the Western Hemisphere. *It was a maneuver directed by the Nazis themselves.* According to an Allied Labor News dispatch, the Argentine exiles in Montevideo have disclosed that the declaration of war followed a secret meeting of German and Argentine fascists. The meeting was held in the home of Ricardo Guillermo who is, according to the dispatch, a "personal confidant of Hitler," and was attended by the Argentine acting foreign minister; Count Luxburg, German intelligence chief; Fritz Mandl, Austrian munitions magnate; Count Bulnes, Spanish Ambassador to Argentina; and Col. Gregorio Tauber, secretary to President Farrell.

The case of Argentina is not one of a nation which at the eleventh hour drops its neutrality in the war. While their past is not to be forgotten or forgiven, such nations as Turkey which genuinely join the United Nations' cause are welcome. But there is no semblance of repentance in the case of the Farrell-Peron regime. Their Nazi-fascist procedures continue unabated within the country. In foreign policy they have taken a step, meaningless to the Allies in terms of assistance against the enemy, designed to cover the shifting of Nazi leadership, funds and propaganda from Germany to the Western Hemisphere via Spain.

In view of the strong stand taken against the Argentine government by President Roosevelt and both Mr. Hull and his successor, Mr. Stettinius, it is all the more deplorable that the United States has become party to this shameful maneuver. The explanation lies in the failure to resist strong appeasement pressures within this country and within the North American delegation at Mexico, similar pressures from reactionary elements in Latin America, and primarily Great Britain's open backing of the Farrell-Peron government and of all other Latin American forces which oppose a genuine Good Neighbor policy.

While the Mexico City conference was in session Britain announced that considerable quantities of boilers, rails, railroad cars and equipment and other durable goods would shortly be available for export to Argentina. This public gesture of special friendship to the fascist leaders of the hemisphere immediately strengthened the hands of all the appeasers on both continents against the anti-fascist policies of the Roosevelt administration.

The strongest possible demand must be made to prevent the Argentine fascist government from attending San Francisco. We should call on our government to return to the stiff policy toward Argentina for which the United States stood until a few weeks ago. Our attitude toward Argentina since Mexico City represents the weak link in the chain with which we are strangling fascism. We cannot afford to allow that chain to remain weak.



"Clang, clang, clang went the trolley . . .!"

London Daily Worker

party in Poland does not support him for such a post. He missed his great opportunity months ago and all the backstairs maneuvering to lift him to the leadership of the new Poland is bound to meet the strongest resistance.

In the assumption that nothing short of a reorganized Polish government can participate in the San Francisco meeting is the idea that the present Warsaw authorities would obstruct or be opposed to the international security plans. The fact of the matter is that even a reorganized government could do no more or no less in San Francisco than the present provisional government. And all the commitments the latter would make would be binding on any Polish government in the future—just as the commitments made by the French provisional government will be binding on the one succeeding it. It is also the lamest of arguments that because Washington and London have no diplomatic relations with Warsaw they therefore cannot associate with it in San Francisco. Tass, the Soviet news agency, has made it clear that Moscow has no relations with several of the states which will be present at the security meeting but that she has raised no objections to their participation.

From the American side there will have to be more realism. In our opinion it is dangerous diplomacy to exclude Warsaw or to use the issue as a bargaining point for inviting Argentina to the West Coast meeting, as some commentators believe. If Warsaw is not invited

it will be tantamount to saying that Poland is not a member of the United Nations. And the Polish people will not take this insult lightly.

Cutting Tariffs Down

BEHIND the President's recommendation to Congress for another fifty percent tariff reduction stands his basic philosophy for enduring peace: "We know that we cannot succeed in building a peaceful world unless we build an economically healthy world." The recommendation is included in his message urging Congress to renew the ten-year-old Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act so ably fostered by former Secretary of State Hull. The President noted that between 1934-35 and 1938-39 our exports increased by sixty-three percent to the twenty-eight nations with whom we reached reciprocal trade agreements. With non-agreement countries shipments rose by only thirty-two percent. The proposed fifty percent tariff reduction on a reciprocal basis will remove additional barriers to increased world trade. The removal of such barriers is one of the essential elements of a full production economy at home.

Mr. Roosevelt linked his tariff recommendations with the Bretton Woods proposals, the Chicago aviation treaty and the contemplated international food and agriculture organization, all aimed to replace prewar economic warfare fostered by our enemies with mutually pro-

fitable cooperation among the victorious United Nations. The President also pointed out that while the reduction of tariffs would reduce one important obstacle to flourishing world trade, other obstacles remain; international trade has, as Mr. Roosevelt said, many fronts, each of which must be carefully examined and wise measures must be devised for developing economic cooperation on all of them.

Un-American

MR. HENRY LUCE, that advocate of the "American Century," has a habit of tucking into the heart of his beautiful and popular magazine, *Life*, a page of his innermost thoughts. Last week his wishes for the postwar world were revealed in an editorial on "Un-American Activities," which drew a few lessons from the Dies committee and offered up advice to its successor, the Hart committee. What was the matter with the Dies committee? It discredited itself by chasing down gossip, not facts. The new committee is adjured to confine itself to a careful *studying* and *exposing* (Mr. Luce's emphasis) of the activities of those menaces to America, the Nazis and the Communists. Resurrecting all the discredited myths that the Communists are interested in a "totalitarian" regime, that they and the Nazis are of a piece, that they will use any "means" to achieve their "ends," that their first loyalty is to a foreign power, he makes it clear that his real concern is that the new "Un-American" committee should devote itself to a new and better Red hunt.

He would have the investigators of the "Communist masquerade" take up their pencils and pads anew in a chase for the hidden enemies in the organizations that are working for the Roosevelt war program, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, the Yalta decisions, a program for 60,000,000 jobs, the rights of minorities and all those other things for which the American people voted last November 7, and which they have endorsed in many ways since that day. The "front" Mr. Luce would expose is the front about which Mr. Goebbels is still shouting so frantically.

Lloyd George

LOYD GEORGE's biographers will not find his life easy to define or to trace over the decades in which he was a major figure in British and world affairs. In the largest terms, his story is the story of England. There are chapters in his

career that are black and there are others that glow with vitality and useful accomplishment. The black ones revolve around his role in the predatory peace of the last war, in his later efforts to appease fascist Germany—efforts he subsequently abandoned. Yet that is only a part of the Lloyd George saga. He was also a man with a sense of justice which seared many a hidebound Tory. He introduced social legislation in England which cracked the Victorian era and paved the way for important economic

changes. When years later he at last recognized that Chamberlain was a menace to his country, he drove hard to have Chamberlain ousted.

Lloyd George's attitude toward the Soviet Union was a mixture of animosity and friendliness, with friendliness prevailing in the last years of his life. It was he who, in a now famous letter to the Polish ambassador in London, wrote in 1939 that the USSR was perfectly justified in moving into Poland. "It is essential," he said, "to draw a distinc-

tion between the action of the Soviet Republic and that of the Nazis. The latter is seeking to annex territories essentially Polish. . . . On the other hand, Russian armies marched into territories which were not Polish and which were forcibly annexed to Poland after the Great War despite fierce protests and armed resistance by the inhabitants." Whatever the final judgment on his career, he fought gallantly for victory over Nazism and for the permanence of the coalition.



FRONT LINES

by COLONEL T.

THE HOURGLASS SANDS RUN OUT

THREE climaxes of the global war are ripening as this is being written (April 1): the battle for the Prussian Plain, the battle for the Alps and the battle for the East China Sea. Muenster, Wiener-Neustadt and Okinawa are the foci of these battles.

The battle of Germany as a whole is assuming an extremely interesting pattern as a strategic "chasse-croise" where the armies of the Western Allies are advancing east in the north and the Red Army is advancing west in the south. What is left of Germany and the foreign territory she still holds resembles a sort of double hourglass with two waists. The northern part, between the Northern and Baltic Seas, the Oder and the Lower Rhine, and the Kassel-Forst line measures five hundred miles from west to east and about two hundred miles from the Kiel Canal to Halle. This part is separated from the middle part by the Kassel-Forst waist, which is less than 250 miles wide. Here Allied commanders Hodges and Konev face each other across the Hartz Mountains.

The middle part includes Bavaria, Bohemia and Moravia, and part of Slovakia, between the Upper Rhine and the Vah. It measures about five hundred miles from west to east and about two hundred miles from north to south. The middle part is separated from the southern part by the Switzerland-Hungary waist, which is less than three hundred miles. Right astride this waist lies the "Goetterdaemmerung Citadel," staked out by Bregenz at the eastern tip of Lake Constance, by Salzburg in the north, Graz in the east and Bolzano in the

south, with its heart in Berchtesgaden. The "citadel" is roughly oval, with a 250-mile east-west axis and 100-mile north-south axis—an area somewhat larger than that of Switzerland.

The southern part includes northern Italy, western Yugoslavia and most of Austria and measures some 500 miles from west to east and some 250 miles from north to south.

Thus if we visualize the German remaining fighting space as a corridor stretching from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Po valley, we will see that it has an over-all length of roughly 650 miles, its width varying from 500 miles to 250 miles, to 500 miles, to 300 miles, and 500 miles again.

The principal strategic objectives in the corridor are distributed thus: in the northern bulge—the Ruhr, Berlin and the robot-bomb sites in Holland; in the middle bulge—the Bohemian-Moravian war industries; in the southern bulge—nothing of real importance, for in the south the main and final objective is the "Goetterdaemmerung Citadel" and this lies astride the second waist.

Let us see now what is being done about these strategic objectives. In the northern bulge Field Marshal Montgomery's left wing appears to be destined to swing sharply north and northwest from the Wesel area for an attack on the robot-sites in Holland. This appears to be the job of the Canadians. The British Second Army seems to be aiming eventually at Hamburg and a possible German post-collapse enclave in the area of the Kiel Canal. The Ninth and First American Armies have encircled the

Ruhr and have rendered it useless to the enemy. The Germans are trying to pull out of there and appear to be staging a "Falaise-Gap" counteraction on the southwestern fringes of the Teutoburg Forest, between Paderborn and Osnabruck, where German military history began 1936 years ago.

After winning the modern battle of the Teutoburg Forest, the American armies—probably with some British elements—will advance straight on Berlin. We have a hunch that Marshal Zhukov will attack the Berlin fortified area from the Oder simultaneously with our troops attacking that area from the Elbe. In other words, Zhukov will strike at Frankfurt-am-Oder when we strike at Magdeburg. Operationally speaking a concentric attack is the perfect solution.

Concurrently, Marshal Konev and General Hodges will cut across the first waist driving to the battlefield of Leipzig, precursor of Waterloo. The hold-out fortress of Glogau has fallen and Breslau will probably soon fall, freeing Konev's rear communications. All this will take care of Northern Germany.

THE Bohemian-Moravian objective will be taken care of by General Petrov, Marshal Konev's left and Marshal Malinovsky's right. They are driving for the battlefield of Austerlitz and eventually toward Prague, through the Moravian Gap. Meanwhile General Patton is advancing toward the western tip of Czechoslovakia (the Fichtel Gebirge).

Perhaps the most important operation of all is the advance of Malinovsky and Tolbukhin into Austria. The scheme

SEYMOUR KEIDAN

Luxembourg, December 29, 1944

Poet, what is the word
that I must sing?

*Leave it to an exile bird
returning soon for Spring;
leave it to the prisoner brook
singing soon against this rock
of freedom, peace, and fearless love.
Such word will be enough.*

But how is a bird to know
December's tank
that left your fire of blood aglow
on the brook's frozen bank?
and the giddy water, what can it sing
of this year's grass, so terribly green?

*My blood was not a special blood;
each of us had good.*

But yours was a special eye,
a promise of wing;
the poem out of your lips could fly.
What is the word I must sing?

*Not of my blood, not of my lips,
not of my heart that easily sleeps;
but give the poem a nest in your arm,
if you will, away from the worm.*

AARON KRAMER.

here may either be to attack the "Goet-terdaemmerung Citadel" or to cut it off from the north, preventing the influx of picked SS troops into the fastness of the Alps. We do not know at this time what General Patch is doing along Marlborough's route to the Danube. He may be marching to Blenheim, to meet Malinovsky somewhere between Regensburg and Linz. Or he may be veering toward Ulm for a direct attack on the "Citadel."

As to the southern bulge, it will burst by itself when the two other bulges have been liquidated and the war is reduced to the defense and attack of the Alpine fastness.

The "chasse-croise" of which we spoke before consists in the main western blow being directed at Berlin while the main eastern blow is directed at Linz, 300 miles to the south. The historic battle names of the Teutoburg Forest, Kunersdorf, Leipzig, Jena, Auerstadt,

Austerlitz, Ulm and Blenheim are places to watch in the near future.

TACTICALLY speaking, the picture remains basically unchanged since last week: the Germans resist furiously on the Eastern Front while in the west (there is no real *front* left there) their action is more than spotty. Libau, Windau, Koenigsberg, Breslau hold to the death while in the west not a single large city or fortress has made more than a show of resistance since Aachen, Dueren and Juelich. In the west the only real battle is going on in the Teutoburg Forest while in the east the whole front is in furious combat (either slugging or maneuver) from the Baltic to the Drava. The general idea of the Wehrmacht leadership (if such a thing exists in the true sense of the word) is to fight facing east. Mannheim gave up over the telephone; Duisburg, Emmerich, Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, Mainz, Frank-

furt-am-Main, Heidelberg, Giessen, Gemuenden resisted hours, or a few days at most. But Breslau is holding out through its eighth week of siege, Koenigsberg through its nine week and the Latvian enclave—through its twenty-sixth week. This tells the story of this unprecedented closing phase of a great war.

THE greatest amphibious operation of the Pacific war is under way. As far as power concentrated on a comparatively small objective is concerned, it is probably the greatest such operation in all history. The newly constituted American Tenth Army, composed of Army and Marine Corps troops, some 100,000 strong, invaded the sixty-mile-long island of Okinawa, key of the Ryukyu chain. The landing was preceded by a ten-day naval and air bombardment and was effected from 1,400 ships of all types and descriptions, including a complete "floating base"—an armada of floating hotels, floating bakeries, floating dry docks, repair shops, etc. This is an American innovation which has lengthened the arm of the US Navy tremendously and has enabled it to carry out great operations at great distances from fixed naval bases. Fifteen hundred planes prepared and supported the landing. It is estimated that between 60,000 and 80,000 Japanese garrison the island. There is no doubt at this writing that the landing is a complete success.

On Okinawa American forces are 400 miles from both Formosa and Kyushu—the southernmost of the Japanese home islands—and a little over 500 miles from Shanghai. The two strategic bottlenecks of the Japanese line of sea communications between Japan and Singapore—Tsushima Strait and Formosa Strait—are now within range of our fighters based on Okinawa. Thus the East China Sea has been brought under our fighter-protected air umbrella, much as the northern part of the South China Sea has been brought under our air umbrella from Luzon and Palawan. From Luzon we threaten Borneo, Hongkong and Formosa. From Okinawa we threaten Formosa, Shanghai and Japan. Iwo and Okinawa can throw out a pincers on Japan. Okinawa and Luzon can throw a pincers on Formosa.

The victory is great and could have been even greater if we were not hammering Japan on the soft anvil of Chungking; as we took Okinawa we lost the air base at Laohokow, north of Hankow. Thus we are advanced toward the China coast from the East and receded from it in the West.



ACROSS THE BLOCKADE

Harrison Forman's recent book reviewed by Ilona Ralf Sues

Not only is *Report from Red China* a fascinating record of contemporary history, but it is, itself, bound to make history.* For years past, America and the rest of the world have been waiting for precisely this kind of factual, vivid, honest and eminently readable report.

Since 1939, China has been arbitrarily divided in two by a blockade line manned by some 500,000 crack government troops. To the south there is Chungking-controlled "Free" China, under the autocratic rule of Chiang Kai-shek, the extreme right-wingers of the totalitarian Kuomintang party, and a small, powerful military clique, concerned chiefly with maintaining their own supremacy and averting democracy. Reports from this part of China were abundant, notwithstanding severe censorship. They spoke of terror, tyranny, corruption, inflation, hoarding, Gestapo. They whispered of man-made famines, of popular uprisings, of legalized trade with the enemy. They pointed to bad military leadership, misappropriation of lend-lease supplies, maltreatment of troops, half-hearted fighting, vicious intrigues that undermined the allied war effort; and to battles, airfields, strategic territories lost. These reports made one tremble and question the wisdom of having China as one of the Big Five among the United Nations.

To the north there is Yen-an-administered "Red" China, kept incommunicado, save for a trickle of underground information, and constantly accused of every known crime by a loquacious army of anxious Kuomintang propagandists.

American foreign policy may have its dark, devious and disconcerting ways, such as the frantic efforts to prop up the tottering Kuomintang regime with military supplies and a streamlined WPB. But it also has its positive sides. By June 1944, American pressure had induced Chiang Kai-shek to let a group of journalists visit the mysterious guerrilla areas. Harrison Forman was among them. His *Report from Red China* is

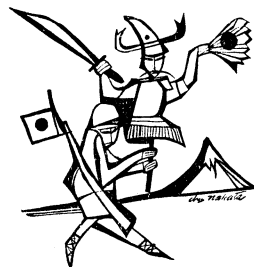
more than a brilliant journalistic scoop; it is an eye-witness account of the most thrilling sociological adventure of our time—the dynamic growth of organized democracy among millions of Chinese and of the stupendous scale of military mobilization and guerrilla warfare under Yen-an's guidance. And, incidentally, in its light, FDR's determined backing of China as the Big Fourth assumes added importance; the President's decisions are, undoubtedly, based upon his knowledge of conditions and his faith in the democratic people of China.

Mr. Forman first tells of Chungking's hush-hush policy which did not permit the journalists to mention the Communists in their dispatches, except to quote official accusations that the Communists were "forcibly occupying national territory," or "assaulting National Government troops," or "obstructing the prosecution of the war." And the correspondents' trip, up to the Border Region, was arranged with meticulous care, with feasts, parades, welcome parties, and "spontaneous" anti-Communist propaganda. All the internees in a Kuomintang concentration camp were refugees from Red China and had entered the camp voluntarily to be purified and reformed! "The slogans everywhere," comments Mr. Forman, "showed a suspicious similarity, as if they had been put up by a publicity agent riding ahead of us." The trip was detoured to permit the journalists to admire China's Shangi-la—the town of Kenanpo, where old warlord Yen Hsi-shan had "improved upon Marx" and established a "New Economic System." However, the staging was too unbelievable and our journalists were not duly impressed by this official paradise.

When they crossed the Yellow River and landed on Communist territory, the atmosphere changed. People here were too busy working and fighting for propaganda acrobatics. Soldiers and civilians were better fed and clad than anywhere else in China. "There was nothing in this valley when I brought my 443 men here three years ago," a young battalion commander, Ho Lin, told the party. "In the first year we cleared enough land and raised enough food for about one-third of our needs. Last year we increased our production to meet practically all of them. And this year we expect to have a comfortable surplus and be well on our way to our goal of producing one year's reserve with two years' effort." They were proud of their livestock and chickens. They had increased their meat rations from two to six pounds per month, and had an unlimited variety of vegetables. What they lacked was medical supplies. In the brigade hospital "the surgeons' instruments were made of scrap steel, mostly from Japanese bomb fragments." Medicines donated by Great Britain and the USA were stopped by the Kuomintang's 10,000 blockhouses.

"The political evolution of the Border Region from the Communism of the civil war days into a representative democracy is perhaps the most significant feature of the Region's history," notes Mr. Forman. General elections are carried out through direct and secret ballot, without distinction of class, party, clique, religious belief, property ownership, sex or nationality. In 1939 the People's Political Council had its first session. "In 1941, electoral procedure was revised to conform to the new "one-to-three" system—a plan whereby the Communists limited themselves to the acceptance of only one-third of the elective government posts, leaving the other two-thirds for non-Communists of all classes and nationalities 'who are anti-Japanese and democratic.'"

Collectivism does not exist in the Border Region. Private enterprise and cooperatives are equally encouraged. When the Red Army reached North Shensi, there was no industry at all; by



Charles Nakata.

*REPORT FROM RED CHINA, by Harrison Forman. Henry Holt. \$3.

the end of 1939 there were 700 industrial workers. "Today the Border Region counts 12,000 factory workers on full-time jobs."

With no help from the outside, factories work with ingenious makeshift gadgets. Thus, in a cooperative spinning and weaving mill, for lack of long leather belts, the bobbin machines are run with a resin-hardened woolen belt; springs are made of coiled telephone wire looted from the Japanese; and its two sources of power are a waterwheel and a blindfolded mule harnessed to a huge wooden cogwheel.

Mr. Forman went through the factories with open eyes and took down production figures. Production had increased within the year by 100 to 400 percent, with production costs reduced twenty to thirty percent. Over 137,600 women had taken up spinning, mostly on a cooperative basis. Stock-raising, handicrafts and industries were progressing. The 1943 production of staple foods—grain and vegetable—provided a surplus of 220,000 piculs over the consumption. Twenty-four percent of the region's agricultural laborers had voluntarily organized into labor exchange units, and the number was expected to double by the end of 1944.

TO SEE village democracy at work, the author attended election meetings to the People's Political Council and took notes of the candidates' platforms and proposals. Landlords, merchants, rich and poor peasants, teachers, women, participate in those meetings. They throb with the confidence and the hope which all of them bring to the building of a better future for their country. No wonder that thousands of refugees from the Kuomintang's famine-stricken Honan province brave the blockade to join them. Even Japanese prisoners of war have come over. Some have organized themselves into the Japanese People's Emancipation League under the leadership of Susumu Okano, a famed Japanese Communist and revolutionary. "The objects of this body . . . are the destruction of Japanese militarism and the establishment of democracy in their homeland. Not a few have already given their lives in carrying their propaganda of discontent and revolt into the Japanese front lines." The way psychological warfare is carried on by them, by the Eighth Route Army and by the partisans, makes fascinating reading in Mr. Forman's book.

The Yen-an leaders, Mr. Forman tells us, have reconquered vast stretches

of territory from the Japanese throughout north, east, and south China. They have established fifteen guerrilla bases, liberated, mobilized and organized some 100,000,000 people. The regular troops of the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies number 570,000, the armed militiamen 2,200,000. In addition every civilian—man, woman and child—participates in a most elaborate underground work, tirelessly building traps, mining roads, blowing up Japanese convoys, communication lines, blockhouses.

While the Kuomintang armies were constantly retreating before the Japanese and blaming the Allies and the Communists for it, the Communist-led armies have actually gone over to the offensive. Their weapons are mostly booty taken from the enemy or locally manufactured small arms. Their military activities are regularly reported to the Chungking High Command, for they consider themselves, at least nominally, under Chiang Kai-shek's command. But as Chungking refrains from publishing this data and charges that the Communist armies do not fight the enemy but obstruct the war effort, Mr. Forman's figures are of decided interest.

"The Eighth Route and the New Fourth Armies together represent something less than one-fifth of the total Chinese forces facing the Japanese. These Communist troops, however, engage 49.5 percent of all the Japanese forces in China today, as well as over ninety percent of nearly 800,000 puppets. . . . In the seven years of the war the Communists have fought over 90,000 battles. They have killed and wounded 1,100,000 Japanese and puppets and captured over 150,000 of the

Infatuation With Sound of Own Shabby Prejudices Department

(With apologies to the "New Yorker")

From "Report on the Russians," by William L. White: (p. 22) Sidewalks full of hurrying shabby people; (p. 24) The crowd . . . in the half-light . . . looks shabby; (p. 24) By contrast with that shabby audience; (p. 25) As shabbily dressed as this socialist soviet aristocracy; (p. 27) With these shabby, undernourished women; (p. 74) The usual sallow pimply Moscow skin and shabby clothing; (p. 86) A regiment . . . they look shabby; (p. 152) Shabby war workers; (p. 240) Here we are back to . . . shabbiness; (p. 262) shabby hard-working Russians; (p. 262) Shabby Kazaks; (p. 286) Everybody is . . . shabby.

enemy. Booty includes 320,000 rifles, 9,000 machineguns, 600 pieces of artillery, and great heaps of miscellaneous equipment such as trench mortars, grenade throwers, hand grenades, cartridges, radios, telephones, etc. . . . For the same period the Communists suffered over 400,000 casualties, including 535 officers above the rank of colonel."

Mr. Forman went to the front and participated in a number of battles, of which he gives a most vivid description. We lack space for other details which give *Report on Red China* its peculiar flavor of freshness and substantiated veracity. Harrison Forman may not have the political background, experience and verve of an Edgar Snow or Agnes Smedley or Evans F. Carlson, but he has had the advantage of delving into developments of democratic China today, six years after the last visit of those reporters. And he has made excellent use of it. He has rendered a signal service not only to China but to all participants in future international conferences, and to every one of us concerned with the organization of a better postwar world.

Without the Reason Why

THE JOURNAL OF MARY HERVEY RUSSELL, by Storm Jameson. Macmillan, \$2.50.

TO THE student of world politics, a tantalizing but disappointing book; to the lover of fine writing, rather a joy; to the psychologist something of a case history. Should you happen to be all three, you may decipher the book with pleasure; otherwise—well, it is the thinly disguised autobiography of Storm Jameson during the Munich and early war years, with much wandering back to childhood. And it reads, except for its delicate precision of style, as if it had been poured out on a psychoanalyst's couch.

As president of the P.E.N. and a leader of English writers' anti-fascist activity in the thirties, Storm Jameson was exposed to much of the heartbreak of those sour years. She was in Czechoslovakia just before Munich, and had friends there; she worked night and day (as the League of American Writers worked here) to rescue the anti-fascist refugees from Hitler and Franco from their French internment camps. She had friends among the European writers who fled and starved, who stayed and died, who stayed and did worse. Her portraits of them are sensitive and charged with emotion. She succeeds, indeed, as no reporter has done, in making

Edith Glaser



Trapeze Act, by Edith Glaser.

us see the last ten years in terms of human terror. "To be a European," she says, "is to fear."

Unfortunately, for her, fear is all there is. Fear and guilt possess and paralyze her mind. She cannot analyze, she cannot even learn; she passes from a vague pacifism to a vague feeling that fascism must be fought, without ever understanding the reason why. She tries in vain for years to master her shelf of political and economic textbooks, and her first act on the outbreak of war is pathetic and significant; she burns those textbooks with a confused and relieved feeling that now they don't matter any more. Yet she is not in the least a stupid woman, only a frightened one, so obsessed with her fear of cruelty that she rejects all constructive political action because it may involve incidentally hurting someone.

Why? That is the psychologist's part of the book. Winding in and out of the political events is a second story, that of Storm Jameson and her mother. Dead before the *Journal* begins, Mother nevertheless comes back an "adored and adorable" ghost, to torture her with an

old sense of loss and guilt. Always guilt. As the book progresses you come to understand that guilt, though it does not appear that Storm Jameson, in spite of the revealing little facts she gives about her mother, ever comes to understand it. Mother was a frustrated, ill-tempered, possessive, greedy, incredibly selfish and unloving specimen of the middle class. She made her marriage as unpleasant as possible, then took her disappointment out on the child. Beaten, disparaged, blamed for everything that went wrong, then forced into an unnatural devotion which Mother needed to bolster her sick ego—Storm Jameson was lucky to grow up reasonably sane. She was given to understand, when almost a baby, that she was personally responsible for Mother's happiness and

that nothing she could do would ever be enough. Is it any wonder that her adult life is tortured by fear, by a sense of inadequacy and failure, and above all by the guilt of her quite justifiable hatred for Mother?

It is quite plain to the reader, this hatred; it lurks in every detail of the older woman's life that Storm Jameson chooses to tell. Yet it is quite unconscious, disguised by an exaggerated and almost ridiculous "love" for the dead woman. The daughter, apparently, has never dared to admit that she hated Mother; she merely feels agonizingly guilty, she cannot tell why. The mother, no doubt, believed that she loved the child she took such pains to destroy. Perhaps, sometimes, she felt guilty too.

This mother-daughter conflict is interesting not because it is unusual but because it is a commonplace of our culture, and we need a great deal more literature about it than we have. It is to be hoped that Storm Jameson will pursue her introspection until she understands the implications of her life well enough to tell the whole story.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Men, Women and Dogs

THE THURBER CARNIVAL, *Stories and Drawings* by James Thurber. Harper. \$2.75.

THE compiler of a forthcoming anthology of American humor sent a questionnaire to several hundred American writers asking, among other things, their rating of contemporary American humorists. Thurber was their almost unanimous first choice. Library cards and the respect of booksellers indicate that he is also the readers' choice. And in this reviewer's judgment, supported by what he has been able to observe of the reactions of young readers to whom Thurber is conclusively "older generation," he will be time's choice as well.

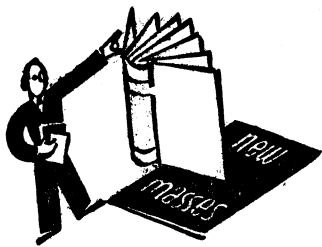
There are, of course, several of Thurber's contemporaries who can get a quicker laugh or are more continuously scintillating. In a narrowly professional sense they are more "efficient." But as in the best comedy, Thurber's matter is real as well as funny; his people are characters, not merely the author's stooges; and the sense of the tragic is a next door neighbor sense.

There was a time when Thurber and the new "funnymen" he led were regarded as mockers, intent on laughing down our institutions. To the timid the new voice is always the voice of the new Joshua leading the choral shout that will bring down the walls of their Jericho. But as even they have become used to its tone, they have come to realize that the voice was never loud. It was only new.

What constituted its novelty was that it concerned itself with an area of life till then reacted to chiefly in terms of literary violence. The urban intelligentsia—journalists, writers and related professions—had been exhorted, or arraigned or romanticized, but not treated realistically. And the human warmth of humor had not yet been shed over it.

But the urban intelligentsia is a not unimportant part of an American life which, as farms are becoming industrialized and farmers mail-ordered and radio-routined by the city, is becoming wholly urban. The ideas and manners of this group are as much copied as its women's styles. Some of its types—the five-star final journalists, the publicity magicians and the women executives—have been as romanticized as cowboys. It remained to *realize* them in literature.

Thurber, the man who came from the big enough town of Columbus, capital of Ohio, and moved on to the metropolis of New York, has naturalized them as literary subjects. They no longer belong



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to the world of monsters. Gently and sympathetically he has reduced the swollen superman to the palpating, suburban dependence of Walter Mitty.

He has caught the anxious self-consciousness of this group, exposed by its culturally advanced position and its functions of authorship and other modes of self-display, and jarred by the irruption of the career woman with all the changes she has brought into their sex relationships and into their general behavior patterns. They are realized in Thurber seriously, despite the humor; and sensitively even under the easiest laugh. It is another of his accomplishments to have made understandable and human what has otherwise been demonized or cretinized.

Of their neuroses, what the psychologists call "hostility" and what Thurber elaborates into "The Battle of the Sexes" is a characteristic theme of Thurber's work. He has made it symbolically an integral part of the book by permitting his merry-go-round drawing—in which a man on a rabbit is chased around and around by a woman on a hunting dog—to be used not only on the jacket but to be stamped on the binding. Thurber's famous dogs, who look so much like sulking men, also fit into the picture. The dog, like the man in the house, has never been completely domesticated.

These are some of the elements in the work of a humorist whose place in our literature has become secure. There was a time when Thurber was being berated for what he was not. We are now, in this first general collection of his writings, getting down to what he is. And it is plenty. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Novels from Canada

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN, by Gwethalyn Graham. Lippincott. \$2.50.

TWO SOLITUDES, by Hugh MacLennan. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.

THE American fiction-reading public, after years of having our northern neighbor limited to quaint, historical Quebec or the Royal Northwest Mounties' playground, has recently gained by the publication of two serious novels. In both Canadians are people rather than actors in a costume drama.

Of the two, *Earth and High Heaven* is the less specifically Canadian. The story could, indeed, have taken place anywhere, given the factors of a possessive family well entrenched in society, an intelligent daughter with a belief in the future, and a young man disapproved by the parents. In the case pre-

sented by Miss Graham, the Drakes of Westmount are such fixtures in the self-centered, self-sufficient society of Montreal that they cannot imagine themselves behaving contrary to the rules, although they at least have sufficient intelligence to realize that other people do things differently and that the times are changing. They do not, for instance, object when their daughter Erica joins the Newspaper Guild when the paper she works on is organized. (When one works, one does these things.)

But the prejudices of his world combine in Charles Drake with the paternal selfishness that refuses to let another man have his daughter when Erica becomes interested in a young Jewish lawyer, Marc Reiser. Charles tries parental authority, pathos and every other means to keep her from what he conceives to be a disaster, while Marc is so accustomed to discrimination that he practically sides with her father when he discusses the consequences of the mixed marriage. Torn by her affection for both Erica continues in a tension that at last leads to a breakdown. But her brother's death in the Mediterranean brings home to her parents the real importance of their children, just as Marc finally decides to act for his own happiness. So in spite of everything and after everything, Marc and Erica are married at last.

As might be gathered from the convenience of the ending, *Earth and High Heaven* is somewhat of the smooth and professionally-turned-out side. There is, however, an honesty behind the slickness, an impatience with outworn conventions, and a realization that a better world does not come overnight, but is built slowly of a number of little things. It is a good sign for the future if these qualities are at last creeping into best-selling fiction.

"TWO SOLITUDES" also deals with racial problems in Canada, but Mr. MacLennan is concerned with broader matters than the relationship of two individuals, however typical. His races are the English-Canadians and French-Canadians, so separated that there is no word common to both languages that means simply "Canadians." It is with the tragedy implicit in that division—a tragedy on both the personal and national levels—that *Two Solitudes* deals.

During the years of World War I, Athanase Tallard was an eighteenth-century Frenchman in the best sense of the term: skeptical, worldly, anti-clerical,

forward-looking. He had to choose between living in a small village in Quebec, where the Church and hatred of the English combined to keep the French-Canadians in ignorance and uneconomic marginal farming; or in Toronto, where the power of their money and smug racial prejudice made the English-Canadians oblivious to the fact that a man like Athanase might have something to contribute to Canada. He staked everything on a local project that would have meant the beginning of industrialization and a higher living standard for his corner of Quebec—a power plant backed by English-Canadian capital—but caught between two prejudices he was squeezed out and died of a broken heart, leaving his younger son Paul with no money but with a little of his vision and a deep sense of the wrongness of the racial dichotomy.

Young Paul batted around the world as a merchant seaman, but found he was irrevocably Canadian and at last came back to Montreal, just before this war, where he met a girl from another of those stuffy Westmount families. She, like Erica Drake, was too bright for that sort of society. In spite of all sorts of posturing on the part of her mother, they were married before he went to enlist, with the implication that this action by intelligent people of good will is *one way* to begin breaching the prejudices that wrecked the life of Athanase.

Mr. MacLennan has set himself an ambitious task in trying to portray the social and economic organization of eastern Canada, and it seems small discredit to him that the book does not altogether succeed. If it were completely the size of its subject, *Two Solitudes* would be one of the great books. As it is, the author has created a number of believable people: Athanase, the robber-baron, McQueen, the salty retired sea captain, John Yardley, and the likable kids, Paul Tallard and Heather Methuen. He has also stated one of the problems of our hemisphere, even though he ignores such factors in its solution as the various growing people's movements



in Canada, including the Canadian CIO. But it would be a big book, an informative book and a readable book in any publishing season and looms especially large in this one.

SALLY ALFORD.

Wrestling With Angels

POEMS, by Joseph Eliyia. Translated by Rae Dalven. Anatolia Press. \$3.

THIS volume may interest American readers more for the biographical sketch than for the verse itself. Joseph Eliyia (1901-1931) was born and nurtured in a small Greek town, of Jewish parents. His short life was a series of martyrdoms. Precociously brilliant as linguist and Talmud scholar, he joined the staff of the local Hebrew school—and it was his “motherkin’s” dream that Joseph should settle down to this teaching position. But other factors aside from the miserable pay drove him to revolt. Narrow conservatism in the school authorities clashed with a young mind eager to develop. Jesus—“the God of Pain”—interested Eliyia as greatly as did the Old Testament; and the poverty-stricken gentiles of modern Greece aroused more compassion than was considered proper by the restrictive pedants.

Always eager for a means of pouring out emotion, he zealously studied the revolutionary Hebrew poets. “Their philosophy ignited the wrath he had stored all these years, and he burst forth in a terrific blaze of poetic writing that clamored for spiritual awakening.” Using the vernacular, the every-day speech of the people, which purist scholars had outlawed as a degradation of the Greek language, Eliyia conceived for himself a missionary aim: to unite the finest elements of ancient Hellenist and Hebraic cultures.

For criticizing the oppressive Greek government he lost private pupils, was expelled from his teaching post, and was punished with a month of imprisonment. Poverty hounded him at every step. Literary work, along with French and Hebrew lessons, could not feed his mother and himself in the Greece of the 1920's. Finally, in 1930, the long-dreamed-of security appeared almost realized: a teaching appointment in a village near Salonika. Among other degrading experiences there, he was forced by the principal to take a Christian name. His letters from this barren place, which he called “exile,” hinted more and more of suicide. At the age of twenty-nine, having drunk polluted water, he died of intestinal typhoid.

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Both the original Greek and an English translation are given for each poem in the volume. The original is usually rhymed, and probably derives strength from metrical and sound effects. But this reviewer, incapable of handling the Greek language, had to content himself with the free, seldom melodious verse of Miss Dalven's translation. The collection is a set of variations on one favorite theme: Golgotha. In poem after poem the mood is repeated: April ending in the stormy desert where youthful visions of love and joy wither, leaving only the ecstasy of pain, martyrdom, crucifixion—a triumphant blossom of blazing soul.

This self-searching is extremely honest and packed with emotion. But the constant repetition of only a few concepts and words leaves, in translation at any rate, a dulling effect. Only one real character is presented: the soul of Joseph Eliyia. Bravely it wrestles with a variety of angels, establishing for itself dramatic poses of defiant agony. But the angels are hardly recognizable—the locale intangible—the cause of struggle frequently in doubt. In spite of repeatedly protesting his love of life, Eliyia takes few pains to create a bond of the senses between himself and the reader. The world he describes is imaginary, ideal; whatever representations from life are introduced, he merely exploits as backdrops on the stage of his world. Thus, no actual woman is the object of his love, but a passing vision; no tangible "pain" is depicted for us to share—all we are given is the word Pain, the word Sorrow, dozens of times, until it becomes more goal than experience.

But his poetry is a protest against the cruel poverty, mental oppression, and indifference to culture imposed by society. Within Eliyia stirred the ability to enjoy life. These songs of sorrow are

bigger than their author, no matter how private they may seem: they sound an agony, a struggle against imprisonment, a nostalgia for the peace known in childhood, which were familiar to most of mankind in the 1920's. It is good for such volumes to be published—they advertise the abundant, creative spirit forever reborn in the people—they give us heroes to avenge. Joseph Eliyia is one such hero.

AARON KRAMER.

Worth Noting

THE best current answer book to W. L. White's atrocity on the Russians is Dr. Harry F. Ward's latest book, *The Soviet Spirit*. A first edition of 42,000 copies has been sold out and a second edition of 20,000 copies has gone to press. NEW MASSES will soon have a review of the book by Bishop Oxnam.

THE Connecticut legislature is considering voting on a poet laureate, thereby joining the fifteen other states which have such "officials." At a hearing on the bill the man conceded to be the most likely candidate for the post—Lt. Gov. Wilbert Snow, a poet of standing and a literature professor at Wesleyan University—spoke against it, declaring that official poets were "flops." We have to agree with Wilbert Snow as to the present lineup, but we believe that his acceptance might do something to change the tradition that state poets must necessarily be bad ones.

THE latest selection of the Book Find Club is the superb novel dealing with the anti-slavery struggle in the mountain border states, *Deep River*, by Henrietta Buckmaster.

ON BROADWAY

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU," Kaufman and Hart's annual, is back again, this time at the City Center—and it still raises a lot of laughs. Personally, I never found it very good as humor, the lines spring from Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart and rarely from the comic exploitation of character or situation. The play is a series of jokes acted out at some length, and the level of the humor is not above the cartoon.

The Katzenjammer family in the play is enthusiastically but not expertly

played by the City Center cast. Fred Stone, as the papa, hams a good part of the time, sticks out his tongue at the audience, winks, and wipes his face with his open hand to emphasize things at their cutest. After the show he does rope tricks.

Quite apart from esthetic considerations—if they can be said to relate to this charade—the play is offensive in its portrayal of the two Negro characters. The handyman is made to leap about and act like a mental deficient, a carica-



ture which I am sure the authors now regret. Too, there is a striking amount of Soviet-baiting and a profusion of WPA jokes, so-called, which fortunately did not even fetch chuckles, with the exception of a single one which is too old to bear repeating here. It seems to me that the City Center is being rather futile in its attempt to ape the commercial theater. We simply do not need another commercial stage. We do need a *theater*, with an organized acting corps, and a leadership receptive to new talents and ideas.

“THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET” is another revival of an old favorite. If ever a dramatic history of our time is written this play will doubtless get the award for the dullest exhibition that ever became a hit. The obvious reason for its popularity is Katherine Cornell's pure and natural style of acting. The most interesting parts of the play are those in which Miss Cornell is left alone on the stage; it is only then that the audience stops coughing. Brian Aherne, as Robert Browning, is cutting the ham rather liberally. His voice is tired these days and so is his performance. I imagine his exhaustion is partly due to the mountainous repetitions he must deliver in order to arrive at one good, easy, meaningful line. *Barretts* is a play in which the audience is always thirty yards ahead of the story, in which a fact or a character is established not once, not twice, but dozens of times.

Nevertheless, Katherine Cornell is playing in nothing but *Barretts*, and her kind of acting is not often seen. It is only fair to warn you, though, that you will not hear all the words. Miss Cornell is less at fault in this than the others, but she too has her moments. Sitting in row N, one cups one's ear and hears, “My dear, let no one suppose that wibble tom fssst carriage pulton morrow. Not at all. Indeed, we are all tempted to fssst bent for stentn strictly and without flosstugit. You have incurred my displeasure.”

IT IS sad but often true that there is more literate writing and adult thinking among Broadway's failures than among its hits. *The Deep Mrs. Sykes*, George Kelly's new play, displays many sharp characterizations, and its dialogue is smart and to the point. Neil Hamilton, Catherine Willard, Myra Forbes, Margaret Bannerman and Romney Brent are all seasoned performers, and the author's direction of them is excellent.

And yet, one sees the play and admires it and comes away saying, so what?

I do not know a way of outlining the story without making it seem utterly pointless. This inability is due to the fact that the motion, the bones of Mr. Kelly's story, are practically non-existent. He uses incident merely to cast light upon character. The incidents themselves are few and prosaic.

Mrs. Sykes believes that Mr. Sykes is the one who sent flowers to a neighbor's new wife. Mrs. Sykes is always right because she is an egotist whose claim to superiority is her intuition. In the course of the play she manages to make her friend think it was *her* husband who sent the flowers, and at the end of the play she (Mrs. Sykes) discovers it was her own married son who sent them. In short, she was wrong all along. The point being that what passes for mere feminine jealousy is really egotism.

The real trouble with the play, it seems to me, is that Mr. Kelly has not enough to say about his material to fill out a full-length drama. He has written obliquely, hiding much in the first half that is revealed in the second, but what he has chosen to reveal in the first half is not enough to make us care too much about what happens in the second. He has told the play through stiff, unwilling lips, with too much hand and little heart. The play is mental. Its observations are scientifically correct but emotionally abstract.

And yet, with all its pointed observations and its careful characterizations, I wonder whether this play is not suffering from an omission which is so elementary as to destroy much of one's admiration for Mr. Kelly's dramatic thinking. There is no one in the play who is good. No one is on our side. No one carries life forward, its promise and its dignity. In his naturalistic attack—responsible for many fine effects in the play—Mr. Kelly has left us without a hero. When he has proved that Mrs. Sykes is wrong, and quite evil, he has not held forth anyone who is right. And we are left with a photograph.

The play was produced by Stanley Gilkey and Barbara Payne. It is a meticulous production, designed by Eleanor Farrington.

MATT WAYNE.

Notes on Music

Two great musical testaments—one born of the Protestant pietistic movement in Germany and the other of the French Revolution—were performed under memorable circumstances recently.

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St. Matthew's Passion, which Stokowski directed at the New York City Center on March 19 and 20, is witness to what can be done under difficult circumstances if sincerity and vision come to the aid of musical understanding. The acoustics of the City Center are nothing to brag about and the newly formed New York City Orchestra is not yet the masterly instrument to which Stokowski is accustomed; but energy and cooperation and understanding triumphed over circumstance in the performance of a masterpiece that is no light undertaking. Unevenness there was in the rendering by both soloists and orchestra—but the performance had sweep, power, emotional climax; it had tenderness as well as dynamic precision.

This suggests live possibilities for the future. Why should not this enterprising group, under its able leadership, perform more choral and operatic works not requiring costume or elaborate settings? There is an audience for such a project—large and sympathetic—which needs no longer be relegated, because of prohibitive admissions, to the celestial isolation and discomfort of the usual second balcony. The City Center and Mr. Stokowski and his orchestra are doing a good job for the people of New York, and I, for one, look forward with eagerness to their next season's offerings.

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THE Metropolitan's new *Fidelio* is a somewhat different matter. It is regrettable that it was confined to two performances this season—not including the radio broadcast. Nevertheless, this year's performance broke ground in many ways: Bruno Walter's direction was magnificent and electric; the singing, predominantly by younger artists, was impressive—especially that of Regina Resnik (*Fidelio*); the use of an English text made the action on the stage intelligible; and last—and not least—the coincidence of this performance with the capture of Bonn by the Allied forces brought the heroic work home with timeliness.

For *Fidelio* is a dramatic poem born of a great moment in the history of human freedom, and the historic and contemporary associations render it even more stirring. Beethoven's symphonic drama breaks through the limitations of a pedestrian text; and his faith in humanity, embodied in the heroic love of Leonore, sounds from the very first bar. It is fitting that this work be performed today. As for the Metropolitan, its *Fidelio* brought its season to an exciting end.

TO HELP in furthering inter-American understanding, the Chamber Music Guild of Washington, in cooperation with RCA Victor, offered two prizes of \$1,000 each for a quartet for strings. The prize-winning compositions were performed at Town Hall by the Guild String Quartet (Mishel Piastro, et al.).

They tried their best, but neither Robert Doellner's Quartet No. 1 nor Camargo Guarnieri's Quartet No. 2 sounded very inspiring despite skillful instrumentation. In the first work, I was struck by a certain weary lugubriousness and lack of energy. Though the part writing was competent and in the modern manner, the composition was thematically disconnected and pointless. The Brazilian composer's work, while on the whole more energetic—at least more emotional—ran a sort of derivative course from Debussy to the present, vacillating between sentimentality and ultra-modernism. Both works seemed to me to lack two vital ingredients—life and conviction. However, the idea which actuated the sponsors is certainly praiseworthy and should be kept alive.

NEITHER life nor conviction are absent from Prokofieff's new piano sonata. As performed for the first time in America by Vladimir Horowitz at the Soviet Consulate, it stands out even at the first hearing as a composition of great power and originality. Like so much of Prokofieff's work, it is deceptively simple in construction and theme and economy of materials. But its range of technical difficulty and dynamic quality is astonishing. There was the usual breath-taking pace and vigor and self-assertion of the earlier works. But there was more of a lyric quality in the second movement than one had come to expect of him, a striking contrast to the brittleness and pace of the first and third. I was especially startled by a passage in the last movement, where in the midst of an amazingly vigorous and rapid passage of great intensity is heard a simple, almost naive, theme from the second movement—providing an indescribable contrast. Horowitz's playing was superb.

WHAT to hear in New York: April 16, Schola Cantorum (Mozart's Mass), Carnegie Hall. . . . April 23, Vladimir Horowitz (Prokofieff's Eighth Sonata), Carnegie Hall. . . . April 24, Wanda Landowska, Town Hall. . . . April 29, Marian Anderson, Metropolitan Opera House.

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