

NEW MASSES

MAY 15, 1945.

15¢;

in Canada 20¢.



G. HOLSON

BETWEEN OURSELVES

NEW MASSES, which has shied away in the recent past from running theater benefits, has finally decided to run one, a preview of *The Life of the Master Race*, by Berthold Brecht, internationally known German playwright and poet, now in this country. It has been translated by Eric Russel Bentley. Isidor Schneider, NM literary editor, wrote of this play when it recently appeared in book form: "Here is social analysis done with the keenest psychological perceptions, a broad historical grasp, a deep poetic vision, a deep dramatic sense. . . . It is to be hoped that many Americans will see this intimate face of fascism." Hanns Eisler, who has written the music for the play, is coming to New York to direct the score. The production, which is under the direction of Erwin Piscator, will feature Albert Baserman, one of the finest actors in the country. The play will run for a limited engagement, and we were able to obtain the preview night of June 11 for our benefit. It will be shown on the stage of the Pauline Edwards Theater, at 23rd and Lexington. Tickets are \$1.20, \$1.80, and \$2.40. Mail your order to Barbara Jewell, NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th St., N. Y. 3, and don't wait too long. We have an idea that tickets will go fast.

OVER two thousand poems have been submitted to NEW MASSES for consideration of the Art Young Memorial Poetry Award. Of these some five hundred have been selected for a second reading. Out of these the board of judges will then select the winning poem, which will be published in an early issue, as will several of the runners-up. This excellent response answers many of our friends who are chronically worried over the dying condition of poetry in this country. The number of short stories submitted for that section of the Art Young Award, is, however, not so gratifying. The popularity of this form over other media of literary expression had led us to believe that our difficulty would be selecting one from a plethora of stories, rather than from too few. There is still time to enter the competition. Deadline is June 15, and you may submit as many stories as you like. Address your manuscript to Art Young Memorial Awards, Short Story, NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th St., New York 3, N. Y.

TALKING about poetry and such, we are happy to note that Norman Rosten, young Brooklyn poet who has had a number of his things in our pages, has just won the thousand-dollar annual award of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for creative writing in poetry. His latest volume, *The Fourth Decade*, out of print for a time, has just

been reissued. Raphael Soyer, noted artist and brother of NEW MASSES Art Critic Moses Soyer, was awarded a similar prize in art, as was Andre Ruellen, only woman painter to be so honored.

ODDS and Ends: Our fund drive, which has fallen far behind our original plans for a quick campaign to last some four to six weeks, is still with us. To date we have received \$20,000, less than fifty percent of our \$50,000 goal. We refer you to our back cover for further thoughts on the matter. . . . Bill Gropper, whose regular cartoon is missing from our pages for the first time in many an issue, is on his way to join Ruth McKenney and Bruce Minton at the San Francisco Conference. His work will appear again shortly. . . . Editor Joseph North writes us to say that he will be home in about six weeks, with lots of fine material not yet published. . . . We print part of a letter sent us from a New Orleans reader who takes us to task as

follows: "Why do you speak of the *Daily Worker* as the 'only paper,' and NEW MASSES as 'the only weekly' to expose such and such, omitting or forgetting *People's World* as a daily, and *Midwest Labor*, *New World*, *CIO News*, *The Pilot*, etc., among dozens of good weeklies which also make needed exposes. A careless omission, no doubt, but too often repeated and easy enough to avoid—of all times now we must not even seem bigoted—Yes?"

Yes.

ALFRED H. BARR, JR., director of the Museum of Modern Art, adds his voice to the discussion of Picasso in the current Museum Bulletin: "The NEW MASSES . . . is to be congratulated on publishing 'Picasso Explains' by Pfc. Jerome Seckler in its March [13] issue. This seems to be a thorough, conscientious and objective report of two conversations with Picasso in which Mr. Seckler asked him at length about the relation between his art and his politics. It is perhaps the longest and most important interview with Picasso since Christian Zervos' historic *Conversation avec Picasso* of 1935."

J. F.

NEW MASSES ESTABLISHED 1911

Contributing Editors

LOUIS ARAGON
LIONEL BERMAN
ALVAH BESSIE
RICHARD O. BOYER
BELLA V. DODD
JOY DAVIDMAN
R. PALME DUTT
WILLIAM GROPPER
ALFRED KREYMBORG
JOHN H. LAWSON
VITOMARCANTONIO
RUTH MCKENNEY
BRUCE MINTON
FREDERICK MYERS
SAMUEL PUTNAM
PAUL ROBESON
HOWARD SELSAM
SAMUEL SILLEN
JOSEPH STAROBIN
MAX YERGAN

Editor: JOSEPH NORTH. Associate Editors: FREDERICK V. FIELD, BARBARA GILES, HERBERT GOLDFRANK*, A. B. MAGIL, VIRGINIA SHULL, JOHN STUART. Washington Editor: VIRGINIA GARDNER. West Coast Editor: MARJORIE DE ARMAND. Literary Editor: ISIDOR SCHNEIDER; Film, JOSEPH FOSTER; Drama, MATT WAYNE; Art, MOSES SOYER; Music, FREDERIC EWEN; Dance, FRANCIS STEUBEN. Editorial Assistant: BETTY MILLARD. Business Manager: LOTTIE GORDON. Field Director: DORETTA TARMON. Advertising Manager: GERTRUDE CHASE.

* On leave with the armed forces.

The End in Europe	The Editors	3
What Hitler Leaves Behind	Hans Berger	4
San Francisco Danger Signals	Bruce Minton	5
April 30, 1945	Ruth McKenney	8
Behind the French Elections	Joseph North	12
Religion and War Crimes	Rev. Wm. H. Melish	14
Jobs and V-E Day	Virginia Gardner	15
The Negro Finds His History	Howard Fast	17
Editorial Comment		18
Under the White Flag	Colonel T.	20
Readers' Forum		22
Ernie Pyle: G.I.	Arthur Miller	23
Book Reviews: The Soviet Spirit, by Harry F. Ward; Corliss Lamont; The Plot Against the Peace, by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn; John L. Spivak; Brief Reviews: Little People of a Big Country, by Norma Cohn; Inocencia, by Alfred D. Taunay		24
Understanding Picasso	A Reader Symposium	26
Films of the Week	Joseph Foster	28
On Broadway	Matt Wayne	29
Paul Strand	Charles Greene	30

Two weeks' notice is requested for change of address. Notifications sent to NEW MASSES rather than the Post office will give the best results. Vol. LV, No. 7. Published weekly by THE NEW MASSES, INC., 104 East Ninth Street, New York 3, N. Y. Copyright 1944. THE NEW MASSES, INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Washington Office, 954 National Press Bldg. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions \$5.00 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico; six months \$2.75; three months \$1.50. Foreign, \$6.00 a year; six months \$3.25; three months \$1.75. In Canada \$6.00 a year, \$3.50 for six months, U. S. money; single copies in Canada 20c Canadian money. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

END IN EUROPE

By the EDITORS

THE dawn has broken over Europe and peace beams through the clouds again. No longer is there the wail of the warning siren and the terror of bursting cannon. No longer is there the tramp of the oppressor's armies across the countryside. Amid the devastation there is only the silence of thankful men who have cut their shackles and lifted their heads. For them and for us the cup of joy is full. Think of it—a Europe without Hitler and without his hollow knights. Run it through your mind—a Europe cleansed of all those delicate devices for torture, cleansed of the crematoria that burned to ash a generation that might have given us new wonders of science and poems and books to delight the heart. See it clearly—a Europe that can now begin anew to plant the wheat and build the machines that spell the good life. At last, Europe belongs to those who inhabit it. And the day of triumph is a day of tribute to that unity which Hitler and his accomplices did so much to prevent—the unity of the capitalist democracies of the west with the socialist democracy of Russia.

Terrible and just has been the collapse of the fascists. They were to have reigned for a thousand years; they were to have strutted for ten centuries into the future, and the ten centuries ended in twelve years. The end found one of their buffoons hanging from his heels in a Milan square. The other chief of Wotan's missionaries, if he is not dead, has been removed from the stage amid the trumpeting of the shells that crushed Berlin's walls. His last inner redoubt is the criminal's grave. Hitler was to have been the saint of an everlasting "new order" of fascism. Now he is canonized by only a handful of his cultists whose own day of judgment impends. Thus has the house of Nazism toppled over their heads along with the Hitler myth.

We have lost thousands of our own brave in this struggle. There are no words to lift the grief of a mother mourning for her dead young son. There is only the inner pain and the memories of other days. But our country will always remember our dead for they gave it and us their dearest possession—life itself. They died in the cause of liberating mankind and they and the dead of our allies will haunt us forever if that cause is betrayed. And who can forget at this moment the death of the great Roosevelt who led our country in the struggle and passed away at the moment when it was about to be crowned with success.

Peace has come only to one-half of the world. Tokyo still stands and the final battles against it are still to be fought. It will not be easy. Our operations in the Pacific, for all the courage and brilliance with which they have been accomplished, merely bring us closer to the main formations of the Japanese armies. They have entrenched them-

selves in China; they have had time to prepare and build their defenses. No, it will not be easy for us to win these final rounds and all the jubilation which the country feels over Hitler's defeat will have to be tempered with the knowledge that grim days still lie ahead. More life will be lost and more treasure expended. As with Hitlerism, it is either Japanese fascism or our own way of life. The Japanese know it. To believe that the rest of the war will be a push-over is to do our forces in the Pacific the gravest injury.

There is a battle here at home also to be won—a battle whose outcome will affect the whole course of the Far Eastern conflict. The conference at San Francisco should prove that while Hitler may be dead, vestiges of Hitlerism in one form or another still live on. In San Francisco, it is not the Hitlerism of the crude and swaggering sort. It is the quiet kind where certain polite men subvert the democratic process to undo democracy itself. There are Americans who feel now that they can talk tough to our allies and particularly to the Soviet Union. The restrictions and the caution which they may have exercised while the European war was at its crescendo are no longer operative for them. They are taking full advantage of every shortcoming in American foreign policy until they make that policy over in their own image.

Who are they? They are many with known and unknown names and their leaders are Arthur Vandenberg and Herbert Hoover. And what are they after? Their largest aim is to guarantee that American industrial and military might is harnessed to a policy of international piracy. They hunt for weakness in men and politics and when they find them, they exploit them to the utmost. Let there be a point of disagreement among the Allies and the attempt is made to convert it into an unbridgeable chasm. Let there be an issue that can be resolved only by continuous consultation to find more and more common ground, then they make this Roosevelt approach to all problems—the approach he used at Teheran and Yalta—seem as if it were a betrayal of the national interest. That interest is to them best protected by braying in the newspapers and by rebukes and charges against a country hardly one of whose families has not lost someone in the war—the USSR.

The coalition of nations, of men and of diverse cultures and economies, is the dearest possession won out of this war. It is being threatened now by those whose minds and work are dominated by the anti-Bolshevism of Hitler and of Hitler's successors. While we rejoice that at last the physical monster of aggression is being buried, peace can only remain if the solidarity of the United Nations continues unbreakable, if, in our own country, the Roosevelt heritage is enriched and kept glowing by the millions who helped create it.

WHAT HITLER LEAVES BEHIND

By HANS BERGER

HITLER's so-called successor, Admiral Doenitz, and Doenitz's so-called foreign minister, Count Lutz von Schwerin-Krosigk, in both their speeches of last week formulated the policy of a defeated German imperialism. It is true that the Admiral and the Count will eventually pass from the scene, if they have not done so already. But the line laid down by them will remain the tactic of the German monopolists in their struggle for survival and comeback.

The Count has been a monarchist. He saw the Kaiser go into oblivion. He has also seen restored the power of the big industrialists, the Junkers and the generals. He witnessed the rebirth of German imperialism during the Weimar Republic, in whose governments he participated and whose downfall he plotted. He held a ministerial post in the von Papen administration—the same von Papen who is now a prisoner of the Allies. And after that the Count was a member of Hitler's cabinet for twelve years. He belongs to the old traditional imperialists and reactionaries who recognized between 1930 and 1933 that National Socialism was the modern way of successfully combatting progress and of preparing Germany for new wars. He was among those who realized that through Hitler the monopolists, Junkers and militarists could get what they did not have—the broad German masses, deceived by the demagogy of the Nazis and desperate for a way out of the economic crisis and the social consequences engendered by the failures of the Weimar Republic. Count Lutz von Schwerin-Krosigk is, therefore, most representative of the attitude of the German imperialists after Hitler's downfall and Germany's military defeat.

HITLER and Goebbels tried to tell the world, especially after the fiasco resulting from their war against the Soviet Union, that Germany was fighting to save Europe and the world from Bolshevism.

Schwerin-Krosigk, in view of Hitler Germany's total military defeat, proposes now that the Western powers save Germany from Bolshevism. From the way he talked last week, his speech could have been written for him by a commission consisting of William Ran-

dolph Hearst, Col. Robert McCormick, Capt. Joseph Patterson, William Bullitt, Norman Thomas, Heinrich Bruening, the reactionary German Social Democrats, Herbert Hoover and Senator Vandenberg. Apparently Schwerin-Krosigk, this "British-educated" gentleman, has carefully studied a certain type of American political literature. He has also obviously watched the San Francisco conference and scrutinized certain proposed amendments.

Said the Count: "With us all the European peoples, threatened by famine and the Bolshevik terror, long for order which would give this continent, ringing with the din of battle, a true and lasting peace and the possibility of a free, secure life."



"But the more German territory that falls into the hands of the Bolsheviks—territory in the east which ought to form the basis for food supplies in the west—the more speedily and the more terribly will famine sweep over Europe. Nurtured by this distress, Bolshevism flourishes. A Bolshevized Europe constitutes the first phase on the path towards world revolution, which the Soviets have been consistently pursuing for more than twenty-five years. The achievement of this aim, or a third world war, is an unavoidable consequence. Therefore, we do not see in San Francisco the fulfillment of that for which mankind strives in its anxiety. We, too, believe that a world order will have to be established which would not only prevent future wars, but should in good time eliminate potential centers of conflagration from which cause for war might arise.

"But such an order cannot be created by merely appointing a Red incendiary as one of the guardians of the peace. Peace can be brought to the world only if the Bolshevik tidal wave does not flood Europe."

THERE you have it—the plan and the tactic of defeated German imperialism. While Hitler may be dead, Hitlerism lives on in Schwerin-Krosigk. And it must be fully borne in mind that it was

the German imperialists, among them such men as the Count, who created the Nazi regime and not vice versa. History shows, however, that German imperialism is not bound for all time to the Nazis alone, just as it was not bound to the Kaiser for all time. The imperialists and the generals will find new spokesmen and will readily allow the Nazi leaders go to Hades. The imperialists will increasingly become "anti-Nazi" in order to save what can be saved.

"Anti-Nazi" of the type of Bishop von Galen, of the reactionary Social Democrats, as well as of "democratic" and "religious" enemies of the Soviet Union, will come forward more and more in the old game of saving German imperialism by dividing the Allies.

Whether and how far they will succeed will depend on the unity of the United Nations in carrying out the Crimea decisions in regard to Germany. If the anti-Soviet forces, especially in the United States and Great Britain, should attain national leadership or have their influence become dominant, then we will see an astonishingly quick revival of German imperialism no matter under what labels it masquerades. There is no doubt that there are important forces now operating at a rapid pace to divide the Allies. They will try to prevent the destruction of German imperialism by fighting against the punishment of war criminals and against reparations. They will be subtle a good deal of the time. The effort to stop the uprooting of Nazism and German militarism will also find assistance in certain Vatican circles.

It will get the help of the Argentine fascists and those of Spain, as well as those of other lands. The Schwerin-Krosigks will not be alone in this battle. They will find many friends, particularly among those who bank on a war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

If Schwerin-Krosigk is caught he should be condemned to death by an Allied court. And the reason for this sentence should be stated clearly to the Germans. He will be hanged because he tried even in the last days of Nazi Germany to split the Allies. Let all other Germans take warning.

SAN FRANCISCO DANGER SIGNALS

By **BRUCE MINTON**

San Francisco (by wire).

WHAT happened here on the first Monday of the conference (April 30) must not be lightly shrugged aside: the demonstration of irresponsibility in seating fascist Argentina indicated that up until then two of the Big Three were not acting together in maintaining the moral leadership which they forged during the war, and which they proclaimed at Yalta. Anachronistic, imperialist power politics contradicted the purpose and perspectives of this conference. Foreign Minister Molotov said in his speech to the first plenary session that this gathering was not a tea party; but the United States, Britain, and a group of other nations acted as though the Big Three alliance was a luxury or a temporary expedient to be disregarded whenever it suited one of the principals. The essential fact of the Argentine decision is that the Big Three did not discuss the problem together before they acted—a clear violation of the Crimea declaration. It was not the fault of the USSR that this consultation did not occur; Mr. Molotov stated this vital fact with flat emphasis and received no denial. What happened at the plenary session on the fateful Monday violated the pledge made by the Big Three at Yalta, and violated the policy pursued so effectively by the late President Roosevelt. Nor did Secretary Stettinius follow the pattern set by Franklin Roosevelt; he did not act within the pattern set by Cordell Hull, as the former Secretary of State made blisteringly clear in the denunciation he delivered by telephone to the American delegation. Mr. Stettinius followed a pattern established by Senator Vandenberg who borrowed it from Herbert Hoover.

Certain relevant facts have not yet been sufficiently emphasized in the newspaper accounts of the Argentinian debate. It is vital to realize that at one stage or another in the struggle to seat Argentina (carried from the Executive Committee to the Steering Committee and finally to the plenary session) all but two of the continental European nations represented at San Francisco opposed the invitation. The exceptions were Turkey and the Netherlands. France abstained on the vote to defer action for a few days (the key vote);

and China abstained throughout. The USSR, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Belgium, and Greece, joined by Iran, India, Ethiopia, New Zealand and Australia, indicated disapproval at some time during the debate. On the plenary vote to postpone, only the United States, of the five great powers, spoke in favor of inviting Argentina; the United Kingdom avoided going on record because Anthony Eden, leader of the delegation, was in the chair and therefore was not called upon to cast a vote. Not that the British disagreed with the United States in the executive and Steering Committees. However, in public, the British did not speak up. It is noteworthy that the overwhelming vote against postponing the decision was cast almost entirely by the Latin American nations.

No delegate was in doubt as to the precise issue: Mr. Molotov stated the question bluntly to the committees, to a press conference hastily called before the plenary session, and to the plenary session itself. Molotov's grave appeal was directed to the delegates, and beyond them, to world public opinion—which infuriated Stettinius and Eden who seemed to think Mr. Molotov exhibited bad taste to fight fascism with every weapon—even when fascism threatened the World Security Conference. It was certainly no coincidence that Molotov also stressed the desire of the USSR to seat representatives of the World Trade Union Conference now in session across the bay at Oakland. The Soviet Foreign Minister did not press for a vote on this proposal; he did, however, repeat that he wanted to be on record as heartily favoring such labor participation despite British and US opposition. He pointedly remarked that his delegation included a direct spokesman of the Soviet Trade Unions. Molotov then requested that the decision on Argentina be held over a few days for further study: he added that it struck his delegation as strange that without the consultation by the sponsoring powers agreed upon at Yalta such unseemly haste was being exhibited to invite Argentina and such a lack of desire to allow Polish representation. "To invite Argentina," Molotov observed, "which has been helping our common enemy throughout this war,

and not to invite the Provisional Polish Government which is now functioning in liberated Poland and enjoys an enormous prestige among the Polish people, would be taking a course that might affect adversely the prestige of this conference. . . . I think that we should all value our unanimity and try to insure that any new suggestion that has not been sufficiently studied by anyone, be given serious thought."

THE press has made amply clear—in certain instances, with a good deal of gloating—that Mr. Molotov was defeated. Secretary Stettinius arose at the plenary session to demand immediate action on Argentina. His remarks, in contrast to Molotov's, were curt to the point of rudeness. Mr. Stettinius had at his disposal the solid block of Latin American votes—nineteen in all—plus the votes of the Philippines and Liberia. For the record, it is worth remembering that the United States went to the Chapultepec Conference in Mexico last March resolved to oppose the admission of Argentina to the San Francisco gathering. For various reasons, including a hostility to Yankee imperialism carried over from the twenties, some of the Latin American republics forced a softening of the original US attitude toward Argentina. The most important element in the reversal was the jockeying by the British behind the scenes to maintain commercial and financial advantages in the Argentine against US competition—and to this end, Great Britain played effectively upon Latin American fears of US dominance in the hemisphere. Since the Chapultepec meeting, the US has shifted ground; the State Department has launched an outright campaign to appease Argentina in order to hold its own against the British.

The excuse given for last week's action on Argentina is the "moral commitment" made at Chapultepec, and the added necessity of maintaining hemisphere "unity." To the objection that world unity is threatened by the fact that "Argentina is the most dangerous focus of fascist infection in Latin America" (as Lombardo Toledano, head of the Latin American Confederation of Labor, told a mass meeting this week), the US delegates shrug and mumble

something about world unity being a different kettle of fish. The admission of Argentina also disregarded the Cri-mean declaration of intention "to destroy the last vestiges of Nazism and fascism." The fight on Argentina shook this conference to its foundations. The US and Great Britain clearly suffered severe losses in moral leadership. The success of the conference was threatened—so much so that immediately after the "victory" at the opera house, the US delegates grew panicky. Secretary Stettinius and others of his colleagues decided precipitately to call a press conference to "explain" the US position. Wiser voices, warning that the Secretary would only be piling fuel on a raging fire, persuaded the delegates to postpone until the next morning any discussion with the press.

When on Tuesday the delegation met with newsmen for a "background" discussion, the atmosphere was one of swagger and bluff assurance to cover up the all-too-obvious embarrassment. The press was hostile and the American delegation in turn was almost abjectly apologetic. Afterwards, the US delegates spent some time privately appraising the effect of the press meeting. They decided that though the initial questions had been hostile, the discussion had ended as a lovefest. That is a matter of opinion; other observers judged the majority of the press to be frankly contemptuous of the delegation's poor reasoning and evasions.

There is a good deal of evidence that neither Dean Virginia Gildersleeve nor Commander Harold Stassen showed any marked enthusiasm for the decision to welcome Argentina. Their opposition did not, however, restrain the other delegates who were yearning for a chance to "tell off" Molotov and the Soviet Union. The anti-Sovietism within the US delegation is appalling. Representative Eaton (R., N.J.) virulently loathes the "Reds" and quietly feeds the press anti-Soviet rumors and "inside" tips; Sen. Tom Connally and Rep. Sol Bloom are apathetic, and certainly not critical of Soviet-baiting; reactionary Senator Vandenberg needles his colleagues continually. Secretary Stettinius has been all too prone to go along with those who press him most. He is yielding toward Vandenberg, forgetful of commitments made by the US government and its great President Roosevelt at Yalta, and before that at Teheran. The death of Franklin Roosevelt quite clearly altered the tone and outlook of the American delegation. Stettinius has more and more allowed the real leader-

ship of the delegation to pass to the subtle, energetic, determined Vandenberg.

COMMANDER STASSEN alone of the US delegation has shown any real inclination to challenge Vandenberg's dictation. Of great importance in appraising the American delegation is the anti-Soviet bias of most members (the exceptions it seems, are Stassen, Gildersleeve, and to a lesser degree Stettinius), and of the remarkable corps of Red-baiters who are acting as advisers to the delegation and feeding anti-Soviet tales to the delegates. It is well known here that immediately after President Roosevelt's death, Assistant Secretary of State James Dunn and others in the State Department began to flirt with ideas of a soft peace for the Nazis because, they claimed, the USSR was the main enemy in the future and a strong Germany would act as a "buffer."

Leo Pasvolosky, John Foster Dulles, and others attached to the US delegation as advisers continually warn their favorite news outlets of the "inscrutable" Molotov. Just before the Argentine fight broke out, a State Department official secretary informed certain "reliable" reporters and columnists that "Molotov was down for the count of ten." The American press has been hysterically libelling the Soviet Union ever since the conference opened (particularly the newspapers here in San Francisco, where out of four daily papers, two are owned by Hearst and a third by Roy Howard). As Molotov remarked with ironical understatement: "The Soviet point of view reproduced in the newspapers is not always correct."

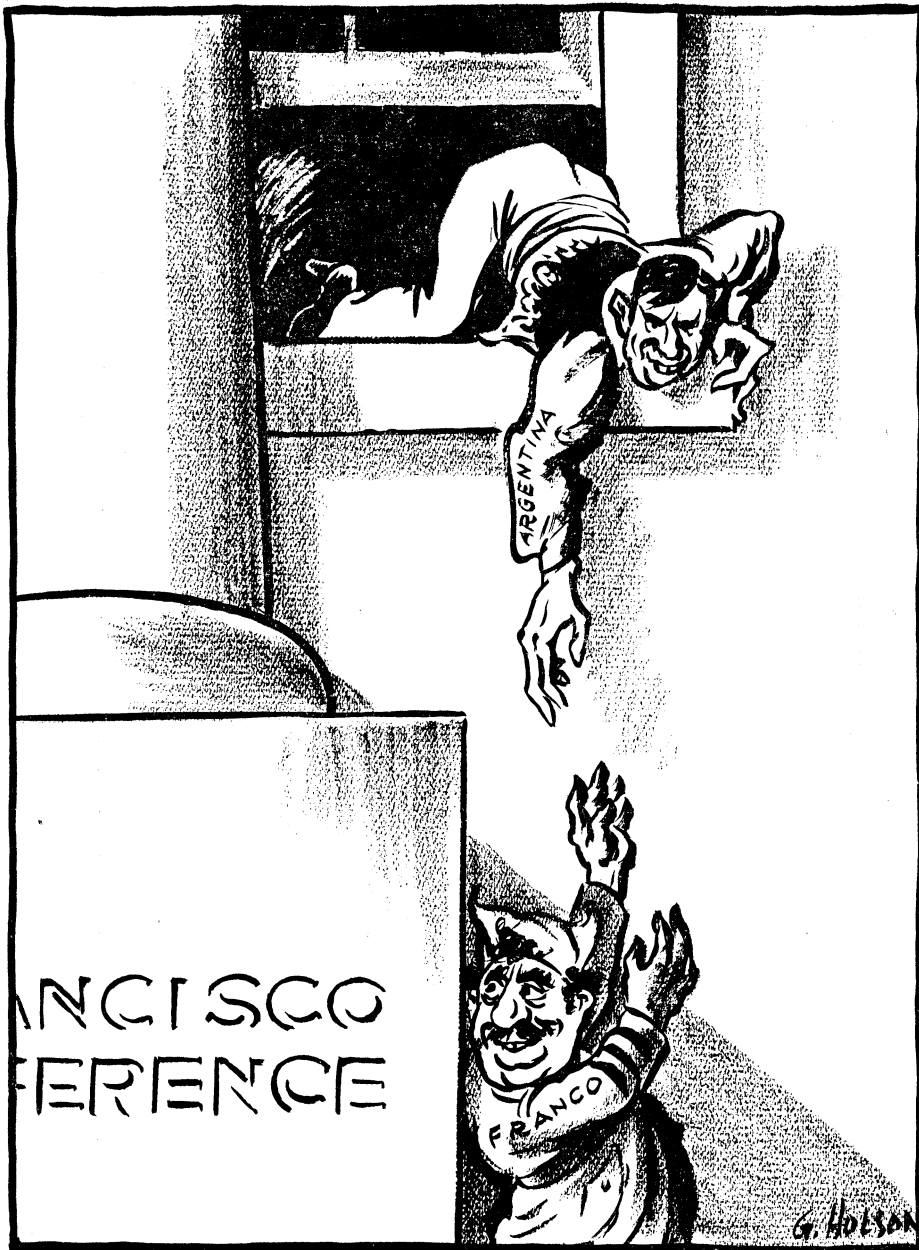
The Soviet-baiters reached a new high point when the US proposed to grant Argentina the chairmanship of an important conference committee. James Dunn, who makes it a practice to inform the US delegates every fifteen minutes of a new Soviet "doublecross" or of an outrageous Soviet "trick," arrived panting on Monday evening with the news that the Soviet Union objected to honoring Argentina with a chairmanship. Senator Vandenberg was "outraged," and demanded that the US delegates fight this thing through and refuse to submit to dictation from Molotov and Stalin. Commander Stassen intervened with the remark that perhaps, in view of the afternoon's "victory," it would be wiser not to kick the USSR in the teeth twice. His counsel prevailed; but at least three members of the US delegation, and most of the first-line advisers, showed greater pas-

sion in fighting the USSR than in getting on with the work of the conference. They reject the premise on which the conference rests—that peace and stability are dependent on the mutual confidence and close working relations of the Big Three.

The question as I write, is whether the United States will carry forward the policies of President Roosevelt or the policies of Herbert Hoover and his mouthpiece, Senator Vandenberg. Up to now, Senator Vandenberg has maintained a discreet public silence; he has even intimated that he does not fully approve the Argentine "compromise"—but what could he do, considering that the United States gave a pledge at the Mexico conference to support an invitation to Argentina? Should the United States violate commitments, he asks, even when such commitments force this great nation to appease fascism? There is the further pretense that support of Argentina was forced on the United States by the Latin American republics in return for their approval of the invitation to the Ukraine and White Russia—a complete and utter misrepresentation, since there was no such "deal," no such "bargain."

Senator Vandenberg is having things his own way. The question is, can he and the Soviet-baiters wreck this World Security Conference? They have made a significant start, but there is also the encouraging fact that since the disastrous Monday, the Big Three have been meeting together almost continually. Every attempt is now being made by Mr. Stettinius to "prove" that the Big Three are able to sit down and discuss problems and reach mutually satisfactory agreements. The dispute over Argentina has been a warning to those who allowed the disrupters to mislead them. But the test, of course, is action, not words.

MANY problems will come up in the next weeks. The most immediate involves the granting of compulsory jurisdiction to the proposed World Court. To allow the court to assume compulsory jurisdiction as the Latin American and Chinese delegations suggest, would be to weaken the Security Council, thereby destroying a central premise of the Dumbarton Oaks charter. To substitute forms that do not expressly place on the great powers the responsibility for preventing aggression, and to substitute vague, complicated, and unenforceable juridical processes for the precise Dumbarton Oaks plan, can



USSR by reopening at a future date the Polish settlement, by rewriting the Finnish armistice, by taking Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania out of the Soviet Union. If Senator Vandenberg hopes to write the Hoover revisions into the world security organization, he is playing with fire—and with the lives of our children. All amendments offered by the sponsoring powers, Commander Stassen informed the press, are now being jointly discussed by the Big Three and China. If amendments providing for “review” of the Charter and the peace terms are accepted by the USSR and Great Britain, Vandenberg will have failed to create the disunity he hopes for. But if amendments are strenuously opposed by either the Soviet Union or Great Britain, and if the United States tries to force such amendments through the conference by mobilizing the votes of Latin American states, there is danger ahead.

I write these words late Thursday evening, May 3. After nine days getting organized, the conference committees have begun to function. No one can anticipate what will happen between now and when this article appears in print. The most sober appraisal must acknowledge that there is great expectation of success here in San Francisco only if this conference does not become an arena for slapdown fights, for cheap intrigues and slick deals directed against any one of the Big Three. Should Senator Vandenberg be permitted to destroy harmony by doubletalk and Soviet-baiting, then indeed the storm signals must be raised. The Argentinian debacle seems to have taught an ominous lesson. The great powers are again seeking to recapture President Roosevelt’s legacy of Big Three Unity. The simple fact is that any other course is the madness of self-destruction.

Postscript: Originally I wanted to add a few lines to my article above which would discuss the effect on the delegates of the imminence of V-E Day. Everyone expected it within a matter of hours. Victory in Europe will undoubtedly speed the work of the conference. I also wanted to remark about the press conference held by the World Federation of Trade Unions which completed the drafting of a constitution and to comment on the sound fraternity shown by the representative of labor from all over the world. But lamentably the attention of all delegates to San Francisco was shifted to the new Polish “dispute.” Sec-

only encourage disagreements and disputes among the Big Three. At Crimea, Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt stressed unity and responsibility; if the functions of the Security Council are shared with or handed over to the World Court, the result will reduce world organization to a shell without content.

Other problems which will arise relate to regional agreements, revision of war treaties, trusteeships, and voting procedures. The measure of how things are going on these issues in San Francisco, as I stressed last week, is the degree of harmony existing among the Big Three. Should the United States use its huge bloc of Latin American votes to “put across” ideas strenuously opposed by Great Britain or the USSR (as was done in the Argentinian dis-

pute), this conference is doomed. Sterile forms falsely labelled “democratic” can rob the Crimean agreement of substance, and Vandenberg’s policy will replace the policy of Roosevelt and Hull. The moment the United States irresponsibly “outvotes” its Allies, the basis of security and peace is critically jeopardized. If the Big Three agree mutually on compromises, then the spirit of Yalta is preserved.

The US delegation now favors amendments to Dumbarton Oaks that will not “freeze” the status quo and that will provide for “review” of the peace settlements. This suggestion is Vandenberg’s, but its originator is none other than Herbert Hoover. When Hoover urged “review,” he frankly admitted that he wanted to police the

retary Stettinius expressed the "gravest" concern over the arrest of sixteen Poles by Soviet authorities. The Secretary's statement followed his announcement of agreement by the four sponsoring powers on twenty-two amendments to the Dumbarton Oaks Charter. Though some area of disagreement remained, Mr. Stettinius seemed assured that difficulties could be solved to the mutual satisfaction of the Big Four. It was this moment that the Secretary chose to issue a sharp rebuke to the USSR. The tone of the criticism can only encourage further diatribes in the anti-Soviet press. As a result the question was being asked: Will this new blast endanger the success of the United Nations Conference? I think it is too soon to give definite answers. Some people here consider that the constant anti-Soviet attitude of certain United States delegates is merely window-dressing to

facilitate Senate ratification of the world organization. The argument is that since the US delegation showed no inclination to flatter or give way to the Russians, and since the United States obviously drove hard bargains, the Senate will be inclined to favor the results achieved at San Francisco. Others say that the anti-Soviet attitude expressed on the Polish issue is of slight importance to the success of this conference since it is irrelevant to the deliberations. And still others believe that the anti-Soviet bias is proof that the United States is turning away from Yalta.

I do not believe this last defeatist argument. I believe, as do many correspondents with whom I have talked, that the United States delegation is appeasing Vandenberg. I believe that several members of the American delegation have exhibited an unfortunate incompetence in relation to the Soviet

Union amounting to irresponsibility. I am fairly convinced that when the full story of the Polish arrests is known, when it is realized that at least several of the sixteen arrested Poles engaged in acts against the Red Army and that if any of the sixteen are innocent they will be released, the whole affair will be seen in proper perspective. However, of one thing I am positive; the incessant, nagging, insulting, baseless display of distrust and dislike toward the USSR is endangering the success of the San Francisco Conference. The danger point has been reached. We are indulging in the luxury of blackening the name of an ally without reckoning the cost to our own nation. It is high time to remember that the purpose of this conference is to ratify and strengthen the Crimea agreement and to assure a stable peace—not to lay the base for Senator Vandenberg's war.

APRIL 30, 1945

By **RUTH McKENNEY**

San Francisco (by wire).

MONDAY, April 30, 1945, at San Francisco happened in this way: To begin with, on the very first day I came to San Francisco, I heard the lobby rumors—the whispered, cunning, behind-doors talk of deals and trades and power blocs and anti-Soviet plots. A nervous fevered undertow ran through this conference long before the anti-climax of the formal opening. But along with most decent-minded reporters, observers, advisers, even delegates to this United Nations meeting, I discounted, underestimated this furtive, sinister, off-stage gathering storm. After all, the Yalta Conference had cemented the unity of the Big Three; it was surely impossible that the irresponsible, pigmy chatter of cheap little toadies and discredited wisecracks could destroy the grand alliance the world had paid for with so much blood and anguish.

But I was blind—or more exactly, blinded—by hope, and by sorrow. I, like most Americans, had looked upon the terrible photographs of Nazi horror; along with many others I was reminded, when I saw the bone-thin bodies of children stacked neatly on the railroad siding labelled with a careful shipping tag and routed to a fertilizer factory—when

I saw this picture I remembered "never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee . . . it tolls for my children." And it seemed to me, writing last week, that even Senator Vandenberg could not view with wholly detached and impersonal curiosity these so explicit reproductions of unspeakable death.

I was, however, in error. I found out my mistake on Monday, April 30. The day began with sunlight, warm and pure. Off the Golden Gate the foghorns sounded hoarsely, violently; the sea was shrouded with a dangerous fog but within the beautiful harbor the ships still rode at anchor on waters blue and softly shining. The fog lay waiting silently beyond the Golden Gate; all day Monday the air was warm and bright and perfumed with the mass of lilacs blooming everywhere. On Tuesday the fog moved in from the open sea. It has not yet lifted from this darkened, melancholy city.

At noon on Monday, April 30, the press wandered back from the morning hotel routine to the Veterans Building. Rumors were circulating furiously up and down the marble corridors of the big building; but more sensible reporters paid small attention. The Executive

Committee was still in session on the second floor and nobody's pipeline had yet appeared with shorthand reports of the secret debate. The trusteeship problem was agitating the intellectuals in the press room, while various columnists bustled into the typewriter bank, full of inside exclusive stories about the Saudi Arabians' underwear, the Saudi Arabians' rope beds, and assorted other fascinating scoops of world import.

Suddenly the loudspeaker boomed; the announcer's voice was very grave. Mr. Stettinius would see the press, at once, in the auditorium on the first floor. Admission by "A" press cards only. Mr. Stettinius was wreathed in triumphant smiles. The small auditorium was packed with more than 800 sober, tense newspapermen; people stared at the United States Secretary of State, weighed his jovial words carefully, trying to guess the import of what he was saying. Then Mr. James B. Reston of the *New York Times* asked the question which finally made sense; he addressed the Secretary formally, with the careful precision of a gentleman representing the *Times*. Would the Secretary care to say whether the motion to admit Argentina was carried unanimously?

Mr. Stettinius smiled, and graciously addressing Mr. Reston by his first name, replied that no, the motion to admit Argentina into the United Nations was not carried unanimously, either in the Conference Steering Committee or the Conference Executive Committee. Were there any further questions? The *New York Times*, persistent and deadly, had still another question: Could the *New York Times* be so bold as to ask what nation or nations opposed admitting Argentina? The smile faded gently from the face of the Secretary; somebody murmured sullenly from the front row, "Thank you, Mr. Secretary." The Stettinius press conference was over; it was 1:25 P.M. The press, 800 strong, troubled, excited, bewildered, rathundered—down marble halls out into the warm sunshine, rushed to the grey shuttle busses, sat tensely on the short ride up to the St. Francis Hotel. We asked each other: what was happening?

THE Red Room of the St. Francis Hotel is ornate, a gilded red and gold ballroom where young ladies are elaborately introduced to society and ponderous businessmen's clubs hold annual dinners. By 2:45 P.M. the Red Room was filled, with row after row of newspapermen sitting on the edge of their chairs. A reporter from Australia asked me to remove my large sailor hat, and I was happy to do so; everyone wanted to look closely upon the face of the Foreign Minister of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

At 2:50 Mr. Molotov entered the Red Room, followed by Ambassador Gromyko and the other members of the Russian delegation. Mr. Molotov bowed politely to the members of the press, who rose, in his honor, and applauded. Mr. Molotov began to speak while the applause still lingered. He spoke earnestly. His manner was pleasant, but at the same time it was clear that he was making an appeal for understanding. He said, at the outset, that the Soviet government hoped very much to make certain matters clear to the people of the world. The members of the world press were quiet as Mr. Molotov began by explaining the Soviet government's disappointment that the trade unions were not to be represented at the San Francisco Conference. But this quiet gave way to a painful hush as Mr. Molotov said that, in the view of his government, the matter of admitting Argentina, a Nazi nation, to the United Nations Conference was one of great importance.

After Mr. Molotov's opening state-

Pity

Tell them who bleat like lambs, and bow,
hearing the cannon cry our hate,
tell them who plead for pity now
their innocence is born too late.

Let them wake the hostage dead,
restore the babes of London City,
dig among ruins for a shred
of the white thing they murdered: pity!

AARON KRAMER.

ment there was a moment's hesitation. Then a reporter called out, loudly and clearly: "Will the Foreign Commissar be so good as to inform us if the Soviet delegation means to carry its fight against admitting Argentina onto the floor of the plenary session this afternoon?" The translator, a frail, blond, spectacled young man, murmured the Russian for this question; Mr. Molotov rose, looking a little surprised. His face was grave. Carry the matter of Argentina on the floor of the open session? Of course. Naturally. It was, as Mr. Molotov had said before, a matter of importance. A matter of principle.

The conference with Mr. Molotov was concluded at 3:20. At 3:40 Mr. Molotov rose in the great, beautiful, stately Opera House and addressed the president of the plenary session, the Honorable Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary of the United Kingdom. Mr. Molotov begged leave to state the view of his government on the matter of the motion to admit Argentina to the conference of the United Nations. Mr. Eden was dapper in what is known in the conference press room as his diplomatic suit—short black coat, black vest, striped gray pants, starched collar, knotted black silk tie. Mr. Eden sat on the chairman's rostrum, immediately in front of the gray-blue stage drop and golden four pillars of freedom. He had a battery of microphones in front of him, and he wore, in addition to his dapper suit, a pleased and dapper smile. He lounged in his chair, wiped his face with a delicate, gesturing hand, stretched and arched his neck and when the secretary-general, another dapper diplomat, the American Alger Hiss, came

out on the rostrum Mr. Eden greeted him with enthusiasm and settled down for a chat.

MEANWHILE Mr. Molotov was speaking. Mr. Molotov addressed the immense crowd in the Opera House seriously, earnestly, without obvious flights of rhetoric but still with grave emphasis and great power. His slender young translator spoke after him, putting Mr. Molotov's words into English after each two or three sentences. The translator was also sober, serious and earnest. Mr. Molotov spoke for about twenty minutes. In those twenty minutes, the dignity of truth was displayed on the speaker's rostrum of the great United Nations Conference for all the world to see. For twenty minutes, an earnest, impassioned, sober voice spoke in the name of all the dead we have given to World War II. For twenty minutes a quiet Russian voice, followed by a quiet voice speaking English with a slight accent, argued the case for the Yalta agreement and peace and the people of a liberated world. For twenty minutes Mr. Molotov examined, with terrible precision, the nature of the government of Argentina. That was all. There was nothing poetic or cadenced about Mr. Molotov's speech; it was not oratory as oratory is understood, for example, in the United States Senate or by any high school debating league. It was just the truth soberly stated.

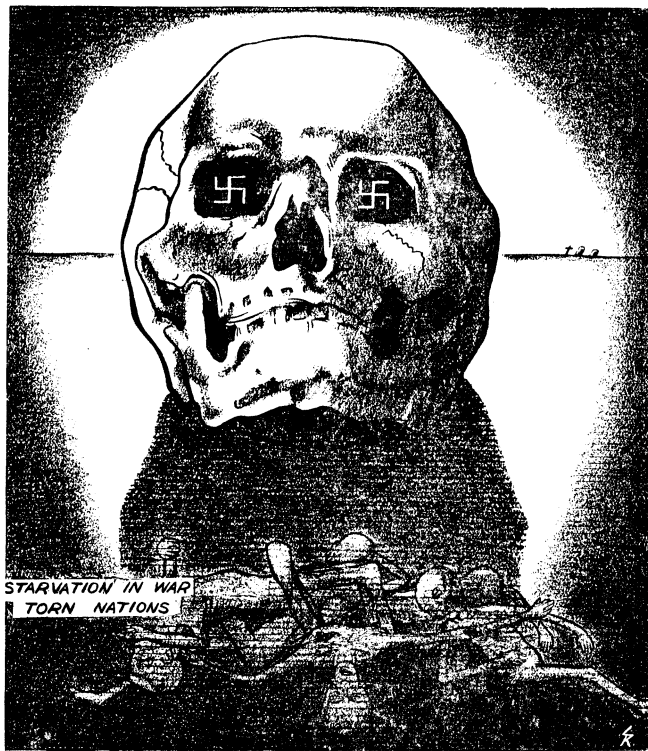
Mr. Molotov spoke to a hushed, almost breathless audience; the great Opera House was so jammed that men sprawled on the carpeted floors, writing in notebooks propped on knees; crowds stood in every aisle transfixed,

utterly silent, without even a murmuring whispered undertone. Thousands could not even see Mr. Molotov; they stood behind doors, jammed into corners, listening. I heard Mr. Molotov with a painful sense of pride and an agony of fear; it seemed to me that he had made the issues so translucent, so clear, that when he finished even the most hardened of the delegates would surely rise to pay this short, stocky, serious man homage. I was standing during Mr. Molotov's speech; the Opera House was hot, the air was thick and fetid; I could feel the sweat running down my back and feel the damp breath of the Frenchmen crowded next to me. I could feel, too, the overpowering intensity with which this audience listened.

Mr. Molotov finished; the translator concluded the last Russian sentences. The kleig lights glared brilliantly. There was polite, scattered applause in the immense crowd where I stood. The French journalist and I were the only ones who heartily applauded the Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union. The Frenchman looked around, dazed, and muttered sheepishly to me: "The applause—it is not permitted?" The lady usher overheard him; the ushers at the Opera House are San Francisco society women in the uniforms of various war services. I mention this because I do not want to give the impression that the lady usher who answered the French journalist's question was any of your ordinary working girl ushers—certainly not. She was a lady. Also an educated woman. Also an American. Also, as I discovered upon inquiry, a mother of two soldiers, one missing in action. And she said to the French journalist in an angry, bitter voice: "Certainly applause is permitted—but that was Molotov, a Russian."

I went down the carpeted stairs to a press seat as Mr. Eden began to draw off the order of the next speakers. I passed a long row of American soldiers, in uniforms, with medals; they were

distinguished from ordinary American soldiers in the following way: each of these soldiers had lost an arm or two arms, or a leg, or two legs. The Frenchman, marching down the stairs behind me, murmured in a horrified voice. "Ah, but they are so young." I took a



Legacy

sat in front of the mutilated American soldiers, the ones who were so young. The Mexican foreign minister spoke; and then Senor Belaunde, from Peru.

OF COURSE, I must be the first to give the obscure, bald-headed little man from Peru his due: he is an orator. If Sr. Belaunde had roared out his blasphemies in English, I am very much afraid this sophisticated city audience would have tittered. Such full-souled rhetoric is a little dated in American circles, but Sr. Belaunde orated in a sounding sea of Spanish; as he rhythmically beat his narrow chest and brandished his neatly costumed arms in the air, he accompanied himself with an immense flow of melancholy poetry. The Opera House audience began to catch on and as Sr. Belaunde came to his full-stop climaxes, in Spanish, great waves of applause swept the crowd; the applause, in turn, went to Sr. Belaunde's stage-sense; he tossed back his head, disarranging his seven neatly brushed locks of hair across his shining dome, and rose to ever more impassioned

flights of rhetoric and sank to ever throatier whispered words of protest.

It happens that I understand a little Spanish. While Sr. Belaunde was standing them in the aisles, to put it in the professional parlance, I was digesting the point of his beautiful words. Sr. Belaunde was saying as follows: Argentina is a democratic nation. Anybody who says Argentina is not a democratic nation is insulting (a) George Washington, (b) Simon Bolivar and (c) San Martin. On this last name Sr. Belaunde dwelt with loving enthusiasm, pronouncing it: "Sa-a-a-an Mar—teen. . . ." Over and over again he repeated this single name. "Sa-a-a-an Mar—teen. . . ." I sat in my chair at the Opera House and suddenly, vividly, with terrible clarity, I saw the face of my eight-year-old son, who is a serious little boy and worries quite a lot about his multiplication tables. I saw Patrick's face so vividly, and all the time I heard this chant: "San Mar—teen."

BEFORE Sr. Belaunde was quite finished it occurred to me that I was going to be sick to my stomach. It was very hot, and I was weeping and I could feel my teeth chattering in my skull, partly from fear and partly from rage. How did he dare, that man from Peru, to threaten my serious little boy of eight years? Who gave him the right to stand up in public and play what is called "*Hoch Politik*" in order to destroy the life of my daughter, who is two years old and whom he could consign to slaughter without hesitation? He was finished.

But the top draw, the headliner of the bill, was still to come. The Secretary of State of the United States of America, Mr. Stettinius. The 5,000 people jammed in the Opera House rose to their feet, as one; the mutilated soldiers hoisted themselves up on their crutches; the legless one signalled violently to his nurse, and she helped him, finally, to lift himself a little higher in his seat, to pay honor to the Secretary of State of the United States of America. The applause was thunderous; it rang and rang in the great Opera Hall. People shouted hoarsely; the soldiers whistled, piercingly; I saw the lady usher, the one who spoke to the French journalist, I saw her waving a clean white handkerchief, waving it furiously, wildly, her face red with exertion. Mr. Stettinius smiled, to acknowledge the

ovation. Then he spoke brusquely. Mr. Stettinius said it was absurd for Mr. Molotov to ask more time to consider the question of Argentina. Mr. Molotov had been told about Argentina. Mr. Stettinius opposed the motion to delay the matter of admitting Argentina to the United Nations Conference. Mr. Stettinius felt it was high time all this nonsense of admitting this or that or whichever nation should be finished up. Right away, and no more of this fiddling about. "Let's get on with the sacred task for which we are all assembled here," Mr. Stettinius concluded, with gruff fortitude, and sat down. It was afterwards bruited about that the French delegation was of the opinion that Mr. Stettinius had achieved the all-time speed record for insulting a great, powerful ally in public.

MR. EDEN called the question. Now a terrible quiet came in the Opera House. I saw Mr. Molotov standing to be counted, his face serious. Just in front of him stood the Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, a great, hunched, shaggy, powerful man. I could not see the other three. I only saw these two, standing silently, standing very proudly, standing up to be counted for democracy and peace. Standing up to be counted for my children, and all children everywhere. I looked upon the men who stood up to be counted, and all at once the nausea subsided, and the face of my child disappeared from my inner vision, and in my secret ear I no longer heard the chant: "Sa-a-an Mart—een!"

I went downstairs to the Opera House buffet, looking and feeling grim but determined. On the stairs I overtook Lord Halifax, in a pink carnation and striped pants. I sat down with a free swig of Pepsi-Cola, courtesy of the State Department, reflecting that Lord Halifax and a good many others I could mention had better not count their macabre chickens until all the cards were down. I don't apologize for the mixed metaphor, it says what I mean, exactly. And I had a chance to say it out loud, later on that night of Monday, April 30, in the lobby of the Palace Hotel. The Palace Hotel is a sort of pesthouse for the press; all the reporters are holed up there under one roof, evidently to lessen the danger of contagion. And on the night of Monday, April 30, the press stalked up and down the lobby, exchanging bitter, somber, frightened opinions. There, near the potted palm, I met my French journalist. He is a pleasant man, and lonely; he wears a thick black beard

and he carries a hand-knitted little lamb, like a baby's toy. His wife knitted it for him as a keepsake, and as he misses her very much, he carries it about with him in a manila envelope, in order to have it handy when he feels melancholy. He felt very melancholy this night. "Like Versailles," he said bitterly, shrugging again and again, like a spasm. "I saw it all once. Now I have to see it again. In between seeing it the first time and seeing it today I have lost both my children. The youngest, a girl, was tortured to death. Fortunately I have no grandchildren." "Not like Versailles," I said loudly. "Not at all like Versailles. Who stood up to be counted at Versailles? Who?" The French journalist

considered; he stroked his hand-knitted lamb which his wife had given him. I urged the French journalist again. "At Versailles, nobody stood up to be counted."

The French journalist said doubtfully, "That is true." But then his face was melancholy again. "The people cheered." They did not know. They were innocent. I was also innocent, the first time, and I lost both my children, the youngest a . . ." So I looked at the French journalist, and I said, with all my heart, because I said it for my children and your children, you who read this, and the children of all the people: "But because there were men to be

(Continued on page 21)

Lippmann on the Argentine Vote

“WHEN Mr. Stettinius mounted the rostrum and demanded an immediate vote on the admission of Argentina, he adopted a line of conduct which, if it becomes our regular line, will have the most dangerous consequences. M. Molotov had asked for more time in which to seek a diplomatic settlement. The question before the plenary session was whether to grant this request. It was not whether Argentina is a fascist state and, therefore, more or less eligible to membership than the unreconstructed Warsaw government, or than the Ukrainian and White Russian Republics. The question was whether these issues about which the Allies disagree should continue to be dealt with by diplomacy which aims at agreement or should be settled abruptly by an open test of political power in the form of a showdown vote.

“On this question Mr. Stettinius, to the astonishment and dismay of every experienced observer I have talked with, took the position that his diplomacy was exhausted and that there must be a showdown. But when he examines the result, he will wish he had paused long enough to realize what he was doing. . . .

“The first vote, which was the crucial one because it dealt with the question of diplomacy or a showdown vote, was carried by a majority composed of the American and British nations. Of the Big Five who are to be permanent members of the Security Council, only Britain supported the United States. France and China did not support us. And the Soviet Union of course was opposed. Moreover, with the exception of the Netherlands, not one single liberated country of Europe supported us. Mr. Stettinius carried the vote by a large majority because the British Empire nations, excepting New Zealand, aligned themselves with the American republics. The combination had a lot of votes but, unhappily, the nations which did not support us were the very ones with whom, through whom, and by whom peace, when it is made, will have to be maintained. . . .

“. . . in using their [the American Republics'] voting strength at the outset in order to force liberated Europe and the Soviet Union to accept a country with so bad a war record as Argentina, they have called attention dramatically to the fact that the voting power of the Americas is out of all proportion to their political weight in the world, and to their contribution to security in fighting this war or in preventing another.”—From *Walter Lippmann's syndicated column, May 3.*

BEHIND THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

By JOSEPH NORTH

Paris (by cable).

RETURNING to Paris from shattered Caen in Normandy on election day—a matter of a hundred-odd miles—it seemed as though all France had turned out at the polls. Every village, and many of them bear marks of the wild fighting of a year ago when the Allies battered their way up the beaches of Normandy, saw its file of voters en route to the booths. France, I found that day, seemed to be a woman with a loaf of bread under her arm on the way to the polls; for many of the men are still missing, with some three millions yet to return from Germany's hell. I was told that almost three out of every five voters were women; it seemed so to me on the torturous, bomb-spattered road from Caen to Paris.

A man in the know told me gloomily, the day before the election, that the men of Vichy would creep back via the polls; that the vote was premature and, moreover, Himmler had sent Petain back further to confuse life, to be the rallying point for the concealed men of Vichy who were ambitious for a comeback. We should have postponed the municipal balloting until the boys have all returned, he said, until the issues could be clarified, when newspaper stocks would be more plentiful and when the soldiers could vote.

The fact is that new publications have received permission to open up, but there is, oddly enough, no paper available to increase the size of the organs of the popular parties and resistance groups. And as for the radio, each party got only five minutes, twice, to present its program. The general feeling I encountered cast a pall over the electoral scene.

On the other hand, the air was electric with great happenings: the war in Europe was about over; the Red Army—"la Russie chère et puissante" De Gaulle had said—had reduced the bastion of fascism; Hitler was supposed to be dying and Mussolini, captured by Partisans, was perhaps dead; the Americans had met the Russians and postage stamp newspapers carried photos of Slavic and American GI's drinking beer out of the same mug; Herriot had been freed by the Red Army and at San Francisco men were laboriously hammering out a peace organization. This briefly was the setting of the elections—with this vital

fact to add: France is hungry and the black market flourishes and the hidden men of Vichy were noising it about that the resistance movement should be blamed for present-day hardships.

THEN the ballots were counted and all men of good will read and reread the headlines in the morning editions. Intriguers had sustained a severe setback; France had not been befuddled by the Vichyite propagandists. Men, parties and movements who had shouldered the brunt of the resistance were emphatically endorsed.

The results are significant in many ways; this is the first nationwide poll of a liberated country. One may safely assume it tokens the mind of all liberated Europeans, and those who would ignore it do so at their own peril.

For some months the most foresighted men in France had sought to amalgamate the various popular parties and the resistance movements into a whole; to present common lists of candidates, men who had shown their mettle in the agony of the past decade. The *Front National*, the most powerful resistance movement, and the Communists strove tirelessly to convince their fellows that this was the surest way to beat down reaction. Unfortunately, the Socialist Party and the *Mouvement de la Libération Nationale*, the *MLN*, had rejected the idea at the topmost levels; but it was all right, they decided, if their members in the communities wanted to do so, and they left it at that. In many regions and municipalities joint lists were worked out on which not only the *Front Na-*

tional and the *MLN* men collaborated but also Socialists, Radical Socialists and Catholics through their *Mouvement Républicain Populaire*. Wherever that happened, and it happened in hundreds of localities, these lists swept into office. Take, for instance, the important city of Lyon. There the local Socialists preferred to go it alone. A common list was headed by Herriot, a Radical Socialist and a beloved figure who at that time was still in a German prison camp. The Socialist list was headed by M. Phillip, former Secretary of the Interior in the National Liberation Committee at London and former Lyon Deputy. Result: the Socialists were overwhelmingly rejected in favor of the common alignment. And so it went generally throughout the nation. In some places the Socialists preferred to line up with the *MRP*, the Catholic-influenced liberation movement, instead of joining the common ticket. It is hard at this writing to determine how many Socialists joined the full common lists, but they were many.

In Paris, due to the traditional voting system which did not permit common lists, all parties and resistance movements presented separate lists of candidates. The Communists got forty percent of the entire vote. And it is illuminating to contrast the new municipal council of Paris with the one elected in 1935—the last time France voted. Today there will be twenty-seven Communists, twelve Socialists, six Radical Socialists, fourteen *MRP* (Catholic group), eight individual resistance candidates and twenty-three "moderates" or traditionally "rightist" candidates. In 1935 there were eight Communists, six Socialists, six *PUP*ists and fifty-two "moderates." In brief, most Parisians voted for those who they knew had done backbreaking, perilous toil during the Resistance and who wanted unity of all patriots, all democrats, all anti-fascists today.

The success of the common lists was a vote in behalf of the program of the National Council of Resistance—the central organization of all the resistance movements. Its program espouses the utter destruction of fascism everywhere; that means at home too. Its members want no truck with the Vichyites. They want the 200 families who truckled to



Joe Lasker.

Hitler put in the dock and condemned and their wealth confiscated, and because of the malodorous record of these men in high places, they want certain of the basic industries nationalized. They want the country to get back to a workable economy and to end the inflationary process and the impossibly high prices. They want to work and they want to eat; they want the public schools to remain the property of the state, freed of the clerical controls that Petain had initiated. They want Petain sentenced immediately and shot immediately. They are angry with those in the government who brought the old traitor home in a Pullman and set him up in cushy surroundings outside of Paris. They are angry at the news that he asked for a picture of De Gaulle to hang on his wall.

To sum up: the vote confirmed the position of those who had labored indefatigably for France's freedom and who today want that liberty guaranteed through a union of all democrats and anti-fascists. The men who, regardless of party or religion, are identified with these aspirations, made the principal gains. Others who worked well in the underground but who didn't see the imperative of unity today didn't fare as well. But generally those who proved themselves in the past five years came out topmost. The fact is that the *MRP*—the Catholic-influenced resistance movement—made headway in the elections, and France, which didn't have a strong Catholic party before the war, today has one of considerable prestige, as the vote showed: a prestige that grows out of the fact that they worked loyally in the Resistance with men of all parties and groups who fought Hitler.

It remains to be seen now whether certain sinister influences that have been trying to work their way back into power via this party will be rejected by its members. Unfortunately, at this writing, it appears as though the membership is not aware of these dangers. As you know there will be runoff elections May 13 in those areas where no one list got a majority. A joint meeting of Socialists and Communists has decided not to include *MRP* candidates on the common lists in runoffs.

THERE is considerable speculation today over the results of the election on the government and De Gaulle. It is generally believed there will be shifts in the cabinet and even in the Consultative Assembly to reflect more accurately the relationships within the nation. Though this is conjectural I believe the

FDR on Argentina

The following is from President Roosevelt's statement on Argentina made Sept. 29, 1944:

I have been following closely and with increasing concern the development of the Argentine situation in recent months. This situation presents the extraordinary paradox of the growth of Nazi-fascist influence and the increasing application of Nazi-fascist methods in a country of this hemisphere, at the very time that those forces of oppression and aggression are drawing ever closer to the hour of final defeat and judgment in Europe and elsewhere in the world.

This paradox is accentuated by the fact, of which we are all quite aware, that the vast majority of the people of Argentina have remained steadfast in their faith in their own free, democratic traditions and in their support of the nations and peoples who have been making such great sacrifices in the fight against the Nazis and fascists. This was made clear beyond all doubt by the great spontaneous demonstration of public feeling in Argentina after word was received of the liberation of Paris.

The policy of the government of the United States toward Argentina as that policy has been developed in consultation with the other American republics, has been clearly set forth by Secretary Hull. There is no need for me to restate it now.

The Argentine government has repudiated solemn inter-American obligations on the basis of which the nations of this hemisphere developed a system of defense to meet the challenge of Axis aggression.

Unless we now demonstrate a capacity to develop a tradition of respect for such obligations among civilized nations, there can be little hope for a system of international security, theoretically created to maintain principles for which our peoples are today sacrificing to the limit of their resources, both human and material.

In this connection I subscribe wholeheartedly to the words of Prime Minister Churchill in the House of Commons on August 2, when he declared that: "This is not like some small wars in the past where all could be forgotten and forgiven. Nations must be judged by the part they play. Not only belligerents, but neutrals, will find that their position in the world cannot remain entirely unaffected by the part they have chosen to play in the crisis of the war. . . ."

odds are that some shift is in the cards.

On the whole one can certainly feel that the devious connivings of those who would subvert the popular will received severe setbacks in the elections. It is true that the balloting was held under difficult circumstances and it is true that 3,000,000 men are still away but remember this: were these 3,000,000 at home today they would further confirm the results. Men from Dachau and men from Buchenwald coming home today have little time, you can imagine, for Petain and those who secretly work along traitors' lines. In a forthcoming dispatch I will detail the terrible story of a survivor of Buchenwald. A geography professor of Caen University told me gently that he had never been a man of politics, that he had been sent to Germany simply because he wanted a free

France. "Monsieur," he said taking my hand in his withered bony fist, "I shall never rest until those in France who are responsible for our Golgotha get their due." I believe that is the feeling of most of the French today. And when I asked the professor what I could say for him to America he thought a while, wrinkled his haggard yellowed face and said, "Tell the Americans we of France know what they have done toward our liberation. Tell them they should understand us, know what we are doing." When I asked him what else we could do, he thought a long time then said gently, "I should like some maps of America to have in my classroom when I return to the university. I have lost everything in the bombings. Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I should like some maps of America."

RELIGION AND WAR CRIMINALS

WHEN the Council of the Russian Orthodox Church met in Moscow last January for the purpose of electing a new Patriarch and the adoption of the Administrative Statutes for the reorganized Church, either the Patriarchs or representatives of the Great Patriarchal Sees of the various national Eastern Orthodox Churches were also assembled in Moscow. They took advantage of this gathering to issue a statement calling for the punishment of war criminals and specifically warning against the blandishments of certain European religious groups whose interests might be benefited by leniency. This was no idle or insignificant pronouncement. It was issued over the signatures of the Patriarchs of Alexandria and Antioch, the Patriarchal representatives from Constantinople, Jerusalem, Serbia and Rumania, as well as the Patriarchs of Georgia and of Russia itself.

I had occasion the other day to ask the Metropolitan Benjamin, who lives in Brooklyn, about the background of this pronouncement made while he was in Moscow attending the council meeting. He replied that it was the spontaneous but quite inevitable expression of the feelings of religious leaders who had witnessed first-hand the inhumanity and barbarous acts of the Nazis. These religious leaders knew that there were forces in the religious world that feared not only the emergence of the Soviet Union as a political power but also the Orthodox Church as a spiritual fact in eastern Europe to such an extent that their own interests would lead them to plead for the salvaging of Germany and its morally discredited leaders. The pronouncement, he said, originated with the churchmen themselves and sprang from their own identification with the suffering peoples of the Soviet Union and the Balkan nations.

The capture of Franz von Papen and the taking into custody of Marshal Petain highlight the issue which these religious leaders foresaw in January. These two men were not only architects of disaster but they did their ugly work wearing the official cloak of religion. Von Papen was actually a Papal Chamberlain and the decrepit Marshal made his final capitulation of Vichy in the aura of a Christian mysticism. That an appeal will be made to religious emotions on behalf of each of them and many like them is, incredible as it may seem, almost a certainty. With their usual bluntness and candor, the Russians once again, through the voice of the Moscow council, have called the correct turn and stated a clear principle of justice.

Every honest religious person knows that the issues of the war have cut straight across all religious lines. It is not a matter of saying that this group is fascist or that group democratic; historically speaking, in Protestant, Catholic, Orthodox, Jewish and Mohammedan circles there has been a choosing of sides in which some men have moved toward the political and democratic left and others toward the

political and reactionary right. Religion has not operated as a single or unified force, and its representatives must be judged not by their religious affiliations but by their personal choice and public acts.

ONCE this is clearly understood, the matter of the punishment of war criminals is greatly clarified, and there is little likelihood that their religious affiliations will shield the real war criminals from the full justice which they so amply deserve. Society cannot afford to give the impression that ghastly acts can be committed against humanity with impunity, and no intelligent or moral person will wish at large in the postwar Europe (or anywhere else) the type of moral degenerate that planned and executed the Nazi program. And this applies from the banker and industrialist at the top to the lowest party henchman at the bottom of the Nazi ladder. One would suppose that believers in a law of moral obligation would be among the first to wish to see such punishment effected, and would comprehend that the so-called higher law of mercy has much more of an application to the suffering peoples of Europe and the coming generations than to those whose hands are crimson with the blood of the slain and white with the ashes of the cremated.

On the other hand, by observing clearly this distinction between men's religious affiliations and their public acts, we shall be saved also from the opposite danger of blanketing all religious movements under a single indictment. In the Underground many believers have performed the most faithful and courageous acts, and their presence has made the spirit of religion a living dynamic which has infused strength into their people. My conversations with the Metropolitan Benjamin indicate overwhelmingly that such has occurred in the Soviet Union, and the record in Yugoslavia and Italy and Poland and Czechoslovakia seems no less clear. Where religion has identified itself with the mass interests of the people, as it now has done in the Soviet Union, the response has been immediate. The Metropolitan said that wartime statistics of any accuracy are impossible but that the estimate of Church authorities is that there are today some 70,000,000 Orthodox believers in the Soviet Union, some 15,000 or more priests and fifty bishops. The Nazi-exploited propaganda of a "Godless Russia" seems pretty thoroughly laid to rest.

Incidentally, the experience of the Russian Church in the Soviet Union has another significance. It has now been demonstrated that religious organizations can adjust themselves and carry on their work within a socialist society. This is a crucial discovery, for the agrarian revolution which is sweeping and must continue to sweep eastern Europe will find less resistance and more help from religious groups as they realize their own social status is not jeopardized in the social transformation of local society.

Vital changes are taking place in the religious world that may have as great importance psychologically as other factors have importance economically. The simple reemergence of an original branch of Christendom in eastern Europe and the Middle East completely re-weights the factors of the interplay of religious forces. We are in a transition period in great flux and the movement within the encrusted lines of religious institutionalism is another healthy sign that the world is on the move.

JOBS AND V-E DAY

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

THERE is a great deal of disagreement in Washington, and considerable confusion, regarding re-conversion. But two things stand out clearly which speak well for the success of the reconversion program:

1. President Truman has the right ideas, and long has been concerned over the problem. Lately he has talked to a number of people regarding efforts to handle reconversion promptly and take up the slack of unemployment. He is expected to ask Congress to pass precedent-breaking legislation: to provide unemployment insurance in amounts higher than paid by any states, probably as much as twenty-five dollars a week for twenty-six weeks.

2. The AFL and CIO alike feel that Fred Vinson as Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion is infinitely preferable to former chief James F. Byrnes. Vinson has brought in the well known liberal economist, Robert Nathan, who already is conferring with labor people, moving in high gear. He has made it clear to labor that under the law his office has the authority to do the job, that if it fails it will not be due to lack of authority.

Nathan, as Vinson's chief aide on reconversion, will bring the approach he demonstrated when he was with the War Production Board before leaving the agency for the armed forces. He was on the side which stood out against Army procurement officials for civilian control of conversion. Insofar as it is possible for the Army to provide definite figures on the materiel it will need, he will be able to get them. To date, WPB has not been able to obtain detailed figures on what the Army was scheduling, company by company, program by program. This has been the weakness in trying to make specific plans for turning over a certain amount of industry to civilian production. WPB now has a better prospect, however. For one thing, there are evidences that the military does not want the responsibility for reconversion, with the blame that would attach to any widescale unemployment. The struggle waged so long in Washington within WPB for control of war production, as between the civilian and the military, is not much of a factor in reconversion, it is believed. The position President Truman took in his Special

Committee Investigating the National Defense Program in the Senate will also strengthen the hand of WPB in efforts to obtain full cooperation from the military in reconversion.

Byrnes in his second quarterly report on April 1 said that before a year after V-E Day cutbacks would total about forty percent. The Office of War Mobilization now is saying privately cutbacks will total fifty percent in six months after V-E Day at the outside. Nathan, it was learned, is of the opinion they will be much larger. The armed services say they will be much smaller. Nevertheless, responsible CIO sources do not foresee any large-scale unemployment for any long period. There will be temporary unemployment in local spots, however.

THE important things for labor and progressives to fight for are: (1) Adequate unemployment insurance and travel pay for workers leaving one area of employment for another. In this they will have to oppose a powerful lobby of state unemployment officials who have the backing of major industries in their localities. (2) Immediate increases in basic wage scales to offset reduction of the work week, elimination of overtime, premiums for shift differentials and incentive pay and to offset downgrading. The Ford Motor Co., after conferring with the War Manpower Commission last week, agreed to operate on a forty-hour-week to prevent mass layoffs at the Rouge, Highland Park, Lincoln and smaller units. (3) Maintenance of price and wage control by government agencies, and strengthening of OPA's enforcement facilities. (4) Prevention of inflationary pricing policies.

The pressure on OPA is political, rather than economic. Studies made by OPA of the steel industry, suppressed but quoted by CIO President Philip Murray before the War Labor Board, indicated that the companies had no basis in any increase of material costs and labor costs to justify price rises, yet increases in certain items where the companies sustained a loss were granted.

In this connection, increased labor productivity in wartime is a factor to consider. The whole subject of labor's increased productivity in wartime has

been shrouded in secrecy. Government agencies have said they have no accurate knowledge of it. Now the AFL research department, headed by Boris Shishkin, has obtained figures from various agencies and analyzed them and comes out with some amazing estimates, revealed in Pres. William Green's article on wage policy in the March *American Federationist*. It seems that between 1942 and December 1944, labor productivity increased seventy-two percent per man hour in the munitions industries. In other words, 9,000,000 workers in December 1944, were producing what it would have taken 16,000,000 workers to do in 1942. Workers have obtained no increases in wages commensurate with this increased productivity, while it has meant a tremendous expansion of profits.

President Green has submitted the AFL suggestions on reconversion to Vinson. There is no substantial difference between those of the AFL and CIO. The AFL highlights five policy points: (1) Safeguard the production of continuous materiel for the armed forces. (2) Expedite reconversion, always with the objective of full employment. (3) Safeguard the initial flow of production of necessary consumer goods such as low cost housing materials, low cost clothing, low cost food. (4) Facilitate the flow of production into areas most directly threatened with distress because of unemployment. (5) Keep in mind the long range aim of a balanced, full production and employment economy. This calls for over-all planning. When considering whether to scrap, sell or lease a plant, the government would keep in mind what the shipbuilding industry, for instance, might need in four or five years.

The AFL insists that the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, as empowered by the George act, take over complete responsibility and give directives to other agencies. In the area of information, it asks OWMR to obtain: (1) Facts on what the military has, in stockpiles and surpluses; and accurate information on requirements. (2) An inventory of bottlenecks. (3) A factual classification of geographic areas according to where the blow of unemployment will be felt most acutely. (4) An appraisal of maintenance and re-



Pen and ink sketch, by Wynne.

placement requirements, in order to see how much production must be released to service available facilities, so that they could go into production. This will use many skills and will take up considerable employment slack.

Welcoming the recent resumption of the spot authorization plan of former WPB Director Nelson, the AFL urged the stockpiling of such things as building materials for use in areas as needed; maintenance of inventory control to prevent hoarding; strict observance of aids to small business outlined in the George act, and integration of surplus property with other controls.

Both AFL and CIO want a revision of the controlled materials plan, with the objective of an orderly return to civilian output. The CIO has called on Vinson to order programming which would give production for housing, for consumers' durable goods, railroad equipment and facilities, and low cost food and clothing the green light.

But Nathan explained to labor the plan WPB will follow will be neither one of controlled materials and programming, nor the sort of "open-ended" materials plan they feared. It will combine allocation for war and peace for the big claimants, with a system of making the remaining material on hand

available through a free markup, on the theory reconversion will be speedier if government is not in it too much. Certain safeguards for little plants will be enforced, however, under this plan.

The CIO in its report which President Murray is submitting to Vinson urges "bold and forward action" by WPB and OWMR, and points out that under the law unions are to be fully and promptly consulted regarding cutbacks, not merely told after the fact.

NATHAN has indicated to labor people that he would like to see cutbacks work in this way: before the Army decided to cut back tanks, for example, it would begin reducing earlier on the things that go into tanks. Little has been done along this line, and it is not clear how much could be accomplished. As it works, the military staff decides the needs; procurement then decides what is to be cut and notifies WPB. WPB informs unions of changes in procurement schedules. But companies are informed at the same time, and there is nothing to prevent their making immediate layoffs. Their "pipelines" are full, they have material coming in and they can begin adjusting to the employment changes by firing at once. Only seven days' prior notice is

required before a layoff, and in some cases not even this has been given. Unions have been trying to get a thirty days' notice for workers.

Nevertheless, unions are aware that the Army cannot be pushed too far, that military needs change swiftly, that their estimates cannot be perfect.

In the event of an early Japanese collapse, for instance, national jubilation would be accompanied by inevitable unemployment of much greater proportions than is now anticipated. If the war with Japan ended in three months instead of a year, Nathan has indicated temporary unemployment might be six or seven million. Military authorities, however, believe the Japanese war will be a long and rigorous struggle.

ONE of the chief dangers in the re-conversion picture is that industry, while it is just as anxious to get into civilian production as labor is to have it do so, is showing signs of being reluctant to convert to a high level of employment. In the auto industry, where the United Automobile Workers-CIO has formulated a program of producing 10,000,000 cars a year, management is thinking in terms of 6,000,000 cars a year. Management fears that if too many cars are produced with a return to peace, the market will become saturated and the demand drop off. What is needed is full confidence on the part of industry in our ability to maintain a full production economy.

One of the hopeful aspects of the situation is that while the trade press has reflected the public assertions of many basic industries that it would take a long time to reconvert, auto companies such as Ford's and others are admitting privately they can reconvert almost at once. The Air Forces even now are under definite orders to move procurement out of Detroit, to concentrate airplane production in the factories set up originally for that purpose. Thus as soon as manpower and plant facilities are made available, it is assumed the plants in Detroit will be getting under way producing automobiles. They need additional tools, but they now have been given an AA3 rating, the third highest rating WPB gives, both for machine tools and materials for constructing additional facilities necessary to begin production. And Henry Nelson, newly appointed to head the WPB reconversion unit in Detroit, is working closely with Alan Strachan, UAW liaison man, who is a former deputy to J. D. Keenan, vice chairman of labor production of WPB.

THE NEGRO FINDS HIS HISTORY

By HOWARD FAST

IT HAS been said, with as little thought as goes into the contriving of most epigrams, "Happy are the people with no history." But happiness has been variously interpreted, and it is usually a most unhappy people who lack a history. And it should be added that no people, however exploited, however insignificant, actually lack a history—the word itself being simply a tag for the process of life in terms of mankind.

The history is there, in the case of all peoples; and where that history is forgotten or blotted out, it pays to inquire into the causes of that extinction, to see what ends it has served. A people without a remembered history is like a man who suffers from amnesia; his life has been deprived of meaning, direction, perspective, and to a degree, hope. It is recognition of that fact which has prompted during the past decade so astonishing and original an interest in the history of this nation; and it is the same recognition which has brought us to new study of the history of the Negro.

Look at history for a moment in a slightly new fashion; regard it as a process which is responsible for every single factor, every attitude, every complexion of the life you live. The food you eat, the clothes you wear, the things you do, your work, your hopes—set all that in a world frame of a terrible struggle against fascism and for democracy—and the sum, as well as each part of the sum, is directly and specifically the result of a process of history. And how far can you go toward understanding even the simplest of the factors if the forces which produced them are distorted or blotted out?

Nor is it purely a question of understanding; a host of other matters are linked to an awareness or lack of awareness of a historical past—pride, dignity, hope, courage, moral strength, political action, indeed all the many facets of living hinge, in one way or another, upon a full and correct memory of a people's past.

Apply the theory specifically, and take up the question of the Negro in America today. We know fairly well what his situation is in political, economic and social terms; we know it is better than it was a decade ago, and we believe it will be better a decade hence; but we must admit that his situation today, for

all the progress we have made, is a sore on the face of the democracy, a perversion of its best tradition—and a constant threat to the whole concept of national unity. Remembering that, think of our scholars, our many, many scholars, who have complacently reiterated, in work and by word, that the Negro has no history.

They've done their work well indeed; twisting, distorting, expunging, until today a great section of this country's 14,000,000 Negroes, as well as the majority of the whites, accept their conclusions. And thereby, the Negro, like the man with amnesia, cannot remember, and not remembering, cannot draw hope, sustenance and direction from his past. Instead of his history being an integral part of his life, he must organize and fight, in intellectual terms, for the recovery of that history. That he is doing—and already there are striking advances which he can show. But the pain of what he lost is not easily forgotten—and the reeducation is slow.

LEST all this be dismissed as coddling of precious sensitivity, let us take a few instances from the "nonexistent" Negro history and apply them to today.

Today, the Negro is beginning to take his place on the political stage, both as an organized mass from below and a participant in government from above. And today, more than ever before—witness the frantic actions of the *Reader's Digest*, the *New Leader*, etc.—an organized attempt is being made to maintain the lie of Reconstruction, the lie which states that during the one time Negroes were given almost full political rights, they failed, tragically and completely. Instead of being able to lean on the history of those eight years, to learn through a study of them, he is forced to engage in a struggle for the historical truth.

Today, by hundreds of thousands, the Negro is actively engaged in the war for national liberation. It is true that he is discriminated against; but it is also true that he has made more rapid strides during this war in industry, in the Army and Navy, than in decades before. For all that, he has encountered confusion; he has been divided, troubled. And on the white side of it, that confusion was tenfold. How many of the fears and

doubts could have been dissolved if the whole of the nation knew the full tale of the Negro's glorious role in the Civil War! How the perspective would change if we were as aware of Frederick Douglass' statements as we are of Washington's and Jefferson's! If 10,000,000 whites and 5,000,000 Negroes knew Douglass' address to the Negro soldier as well as they know Lincoln's Gettysburg address! If the whole nation knew the saga of Colonel Shaw's black 54th Massachusetts Regiment! If we could read in every school history the tale of the black slave volunteers in Andrew Jackson's people's army, and how they fought at the battle of New Orleans! We know the story of Valley Forge, but what schoolbook talks of the black Virginia regiment, no man of which deserted, the only regiment in the army to hold that record? We have as fine and splendid a roll-call of heroes as any nation on earth, from our first war of national liberation to this—but how many history books relate that a black man was the first to die for this nation, Crispus Attucks, who was killed during the Boston Massacre?

This is the barest, thinnest beginning; I could fill a volume, and still tell only a small part. But I would like you to dwell on the qualitative difference in the role this country plays today that would be possible if both black and white Americans knew how completely and honorably bound to each other they have been in every struggle for existence as a free nation.

I spoke of pride before, of dignity and hope—and in that sense, would it be a bad thing or a good thing if the people of this land knew that only once in the whole history of mankind did a nation take the full and fateful step from slavery to democracy—and that was a Negro nation, Black Haiti?

How many shibboleths would be blasted were it known widely that the Negro never accepted slavery in America, that he was incapable of accepting it, that during the course of his slavery he organized over twenty major revolts. Think of the dignity he would assume, both in his own eyes and in the eyes of others, if he knew the whole tale of the brave black men who had fought and died for freedom.

(Continued on page 21)

The Arrested Poles

LIKE other commentators, we do not know any more about the arrest of the sixteen Poles in the Soviet Union than has been revealed by the Soviet government. That is, these men have been arrested on the charge of "diversionist activities against the Red Army," activities which resulted in the death of some one hundred Russian soldiers. But if the bankrupt camarilla of reactionary Poles in London is right in claiming these sixteen as their own—and for once we are inclined to credit their word—then we feel that a great deal is known about the arrested men. They are the representatives of that so-called government-in-exile which joined with the Nazis in perpetrating the Katyn forest hoax to the effect that the Red Army had murdered 10,000 Polish officers and men. They are the supporters of that clique which on the basis of the semi-fascist constitution of 1935 seeks to restore the rule of the Polish landlords and imperialists. All of which makes inexplicable the brusque statements issued by Secretary of State Stettinius and Anthony Eden protesting the arrest of the sixteen diversionists and characterizing them as "prominent Polish democratic leaders."

Having blundered badly on the Argentine issue, Messrs. Stettinius and Eden, pressured no doubt by anti-Soviet quarters, have now further jeopardized the unity of the Big Three by allowing themselves to play the game of the London cabal. This dangerously bumbling diplomacy has not only been welcomed and encouraged by the reactionary press, but unfortunately has also found support in certain liberal publications. We sympathize with the readers of *PM* who, after listening to that paper warn them out of one corner of its mouth (I. F. Stone) against the anti-Soviet machinations at the San Francisco Conference, find it adding out of the other corner of its mouth (Max Lerner) its mite to the anti-Soviet alarms. Mr. Lerner occasionally writes excellent pieces, but we submit that his radio speech on the arrest of the sixteen Poles, published as *PM's* leading editorial May 7, is liberal thought at an exceedingly low ebb. It is contradictory, illogical and decidedly liberal.

Mr. Lerner starts out by saying in the very first paragraph: "None of us has any way of knowing at this point whether the men are guilty or not. It would be foolish and dangerous to prejudge the issue one way or another." He then proceeds to do exactly that. He states flatly that "it is impossible to defend the Russian act" and insists that the sixteen Poles "should have been given diplomatic immunity." Mr. Lerner recently spent some time with the American armies in western Europe. Does he mean to say that General Eisenhower would have given diplomatic immunity to men who engaged in diversionist activity that caused the death of American soldiers? We have too much regard for General Eisenhower to believe that under such circumstances he would have done anything but order the arrest of those men, no matter what their credentials.

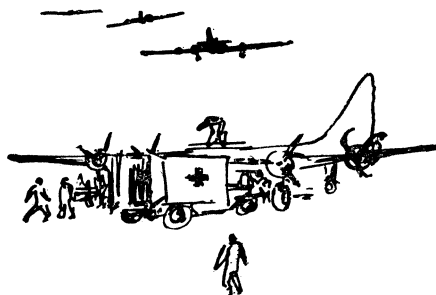
And it is time Mr. Lerner and others learned that the Yalta agreement on Poland said nothing about adding to the present provisional government any representatives of the discredited London group. We do not believe this omission was unintentional. The Yalta agreement declared that the Warsaw regime should be "reorganized on a broader democratic basis with the inclusion of democratic leaders from Poland itself and from Poles abroad"—which is quite a different matter. As for Messrs. Stettinius and Eden, a graceful retreat on their part would be the better part of statesmanship. To us it seems that the Soviet government chose this moment to disclose the arrests because, with the end of the war in Europe, a constructive settlement of the German problem makes urgent the injection of a note of realism into the discussions about reconstructing the Warsaw government. Our guess is

that in this way our Russian ally is letting it be known that after suffering 20,000,000 dead and incalculable devastation, it does not propose to tolerate in Poland, the main highway for aggression against the USSR, a government which would include elements that will intrigue against the security of the Soviet and Polish peoples.

Change in Austria

THE new Austrian provisional government has a load of difficult work before it but its composition and coalition character assure that the country's immediate future is in good hands. The cabinet is made up of Social Democrats, Communists, Catholic Christian Socialists as well as those without party affiliation. Its leader, Karl Renner, is well known, having been the last president of Austria's parliament before it was dissolved. In a real sense this is a unity government representative of the major forces that fought in the Underground. During the occupation there was not much news of what Austria was experiencing under the Nazi heel. It has suffered all the ruthlessness of the *Uebermensch*. Austrians fought back fiercely, nevertheless, through their own guerrilla formations and as members of Tito's Army of Liberation. Austrian detachments in the Wehrmacht were never completely trusted by the German command. They were carefully watched with units disbanded and scattered whenever suspicion was aroused.

What might have happened if the Austrians were slow to act in setting up a provisional government is of course a matter of speculation. Speed was obviously urgent, however, because sheltered in Rome are members of the parasitic Hapsburg family who thought and still think that they can restore the dashing young Otto to a non-existent throne. These monarchists have the help of assorted clerical fascists in and out of the Vatican. Austrians have not forgotten Cardinal Innitzer, who once welcomed Hitler to Vienna with all the pomp befitting a visiting hero. In this country and in Great Britain the Hapsburgs also have many friends who would like to waltz over the Danube by organizing an anti-democratic federation of states as an impediment to progress—or



"bolshivism," as they call it. The new Austrian government deserves the support of Washington. Shenanigans about protocol and who did what first should not blind us to the salient fact that Vienna is on its way back to the democratic fold under the auspices of an authority widely acknowledged to be representative of the Austrian people.

Wreaths for Hitler

THREE splendid exhibitions of the meaning of "neutrality" in a war against fascism were presented for decent humanity to think about last week. The official death of Adolf Hitler brought Eamon De Valera, Prime Minister of the Republic of Eire, and his highest foreign affairs minister to the Nazi legation in Dublin to offer condolences. In Portugal, another "neutral," Salazar, decreed two days of national mourning, with all flags on public buildings at halfmast. And in Spain a long procession of Falangists wearing party uniforms stood in a line outside the German Embassy waiting to leave their calling cards and to inscribe their names in the guest book in token of their grief at the death of the butcher of Buchenwald, Dachau, Auschwitz, Gardelegen, Belsen, Hadamar, Ohrdruf, Thekla, Limburg, Natzweiler, Nordhausen. Protocol—for thieves and murderers. A United Nations already jarred at finding in their midst a delegation from a government which forbade, on pain of being shot by the police, any public rejoicing at the fall of Berlin should remember these outward tokens of an inward corruption as they close ranks at San Francisco.

Trade Agreements

WHILE the world security organization is being hammered out at San Francisco our Congress has a rare opportunity to make a major contribution to its success. The delegates to the historic gathering could receive no greater encouragement and assurance of the ultimate success of their efforts than the adoption of the Bretton Woods proposals by our lawmakers in Washington. By now it is self evident that the opponents of Bretton Woods are hostile to genuine world cooperation in all fields.

The latest critic of Bretton Woods is Professor Edwin Kemmerer of Princeton University. His testimony before the House Banking Committee in opposition to both features of Bretton Woods, the Monetary Fund and the Interna-

tional Bank, reveals the typical attitude of reactionary circles bent on dominating the world economically. Professor Kemmerer considers the US the "only important" creditor nation in the world. He assumes that we will provide most of the funds for rehabilitation and undertake the principal risks and that therefore we should "control the terms of investment." He unbends a bit from this recalcitrant attitude to reward some of the worthy nations with currency stabilization loans through our Export-Import Bank, but only in "meritorious cases." Such cynical views are read in San Francisco with apprehension and uneasiness.

The Kemmerer view is almost identical with that repeatedly expressed by Senator Taft, who characterizes our contemplated participation in the bank and the fund as a form of charity to the financially bankrupt world. Taft calls for the defeat of Bretton Woods and the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act as a condition for support of the world security organization.

The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act is also part of the economic foundation of a prosperous and cooperative world. Trade is the chief medium of international economic intercourse. In the past ten years this act has been responsible for a substantial increase of our exports. The bill for the renewal of the act would make possible a further decrease of tariffs by fifty percent on a reciprocal basis with all nations who agree to lower their tariffs on our goods by an equal amount. It is unfortunate and dangerous that so many Republican members of Congress treat the tariff problem in the narrow partisan spirit of pre-war times. In this case, as in the case of Bretton Woods, Congress has the opportunity of displaying its faith and good will by heeding without further delay the advice of Franklin D. Roosevelt and President Truman.

Wreckers in the Pantry

THE House and Senate Special Food Investigating Committees have been used as forums to undermine the price control system. The spearhead of the movement is, logically enough, Senator Wheeler, whose hostility to the war is generally known. An insight into the wrecking tactic was revealed by a recent statement of Senator Taft to the effect that he favored the removal of all price ceilings on food; he admitted, however, that such a proposal would not be accepted by Congress. Senator Wheeler

and other anti-administration men are now proposing to transfer control over food prices from the OPA to the War Food Administration, a body neither designed nor equipped to handle this gigantic task. Considering the unwholesome war records of many of the Congressmen who are pressing this proposal, it is not surprising that they are more interested in undermining the OPA than in liquidating the black markets.

In contrast stands the thoroughly practical plan of OPA Administrator Chester Bowles to add about 750 new market investigators; to call on the Justice Department, the Defense Supply Corporation and other government agencies for aid in suppressing the black markets; to request state and municipal governments to cooperate in the same endeavor; and to appeal to housewives to support the entire price enforcement program.

This program holds real promise of wiping out the black market in meat. Meanwhile Congress should be deluged with urgent demands that the Price Control Act be renewed and fortified.

President Truman in a vigorous statement defending the OPA revealed the dangers in the concerted attack on it: "Irresponsible criticism should not be permitted to break down the confidence of the people in an established wartime program and a hardworking wartime agency" which in his estimation is responsible for "one of the most remarkable achievements of this war."

Little Flower

MAYOR LA GUARDIA's announcement that he would not run for reelection means the retirement of one of the most colorful and creative figures in American public life. La Guardia's contribution to good government and progressivism has been enormous. Early in his career he aligned himself with that band of Congressional insurgents, led by the elder La Follette and George W. Norris, who broke with Republican reaction and helped prepare the coming of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal. His election as mayor of New York in 1933 ended the long reign of Tammany corruption and his administration became a model of honest, progressive, nonpartisan government. Moreover, because La Guardia, though a nominal Republican, supported President Roosevelt and his policies, his constructive influence became nationwide.

A born maverick, La Guardia owed his three-time election to a coalition

which was itself something of a political paradox. American Laborites, trade unionists and independents, who generally supported the Democratic ticket in national and state elections, joined forces with the Republicans to back La Guardia against the Democrats in the city balloting. This coalition, made necessary by the reactionary character of the dominant leadership of the Democratic Party in New York City, was necessarily unstable and shot through with contradictions. It is no accident that the mayor's decision not to run again comes in the wake of abundant indications that the coalition has disintegrated as a result of the refusal of the Republican state and city leaders to support La Guardia. This tosses the ball squarely into the hands of the Democratic Party, which now has an opportunity of nominating a Roosevelt-Truman man rather than a clubroom hack.

For while the former party coalition has dissolved, a new one is in the making that can secure the election of a candidate pledged to keep the banner of good government and progressivism flying on City Hall. Fiorello La Guardia, quixotic, irritating, lovable, will be sorely missed, but the people of New York, who gave such a triumphant majority to Roosevelt and Truman last year, can guarantee that under whatever party

label the best in the La Guardia tradition carries on.

The Right to Education

THE fight for full equality for the Negro in the US takes many forms. The battle for the permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee bill, still lying in a House committee waiting some forty-four signatures for its discharge, is one aspect. Another corollary and equally necessary aspect is the struggle for equal opportunities for education, currently in the public eye through the campaign of the United Negro College Fund. The Fund represents the joint efforts of thirty-two private Negro colleges, which include such important institutions as Tuskegee, Howard University, Hampton Institute, Fisk, Lincoln, Livingstone and Atlanta, to meet the tremendous deficits that are created by the gap between student income and the high costs of modern scientific education in all private institutions of higher learning. It is a more serious gap for the Negro colleges than for others. Only through the support of a generous public will these essential institutions of American education be able to meet the increased demands that will fall on all educational institutions for an expanding postwar world.

Here and There

- An excellent Army orientation sheet on how to spot native fascists, first called attention to in *In Fact*, recently made the *Congressional Record*, though not without the self-conscious resentment of Senator Rankin.

- Logic and public interest in the control of our natural resources won and lost this week; the victory was President Truman's reappointment, despite reactionary opposition of David E. Lilienthal to his post as chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority; the defeat was the voting down by a Senate sub-committee of an integrated Missouri Valley Authority similar to TVA. Public pressure on Congress for the measure should be intensified.

- Of 200 leading American Catholics 199 voted for retributive justice to Nazi criminals and seventy-five per cent approved the use of Nazi labor battalions to rebuild what they had devastated, according to an announcement by the Committee of Catholics for Human Rights.

Their stand should be brought to the attention of the Vatican which questioned the etiquette of Mussolini's execution, but has not, thus far, seen fit to comment on such fruits of fascism as Maidanek, Buchenwald, Belsen, Dachau and other horror camps.



FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

UNDER THE WHITE FLAG

V-E DAY has come. It is a glorious moment for all of democratic mankind. More than four years ago we watched the Nazi colossus sweep across the Continent. It seemed unquarable until it reached the outskirts of Stalingrad. There it was turned back and the beginning of the Wehrmacht's end became a reality. And now the Wehrmacht has fallen under the powerful blows of the Allies. Our hearts are full of joy and full of longing for endless years without the torture and anxiety of war. It must be so. Nothing must stand in the way of a durable peace.

But to the immediate business at hand. The military record will say that in its final hours the only German city of any

importance and size in German hands was Dresden. Goerlitz, Dresden, Lebau, Strigau and Glatz, all of them along the northern mountain frontier of Czechoslovakia, were held by the Germans with the object of preventing Marshal Konev from entering Czechoslovakia from the north. The holdout defense of Breslau was also part of this scheme.

German armed forces were in two pockets—in Norway and in the Bohemia-Moravia-Austria pocket. The surrender of the Norwegian pocket was inevitable. It was senseless for the Germans to hold out there because, as indicated before, from Norway they could only threaten the British and Admiral Doenitz had in fact proclaimed the ces-

sation of armed resistance to the Western Allies. Thus the Norwegian *place d'armes* lost all *raison d'etre*.

The other pocket was a different story. In it the "differentiated" war was still going on. The Germans fought hard against the Red Army along the arc stretching from Dresden, through the fringe of Silesia to Olmuetz and hence to Sankt-Poelten on the Danube. At the same time the Germans fought the Czech Partisans in a half-hearted way and did not fight the Americans at all. General Patton entered Linz on May 4 and had reached and occupied Pilsen in the heart of the Czech "redoubt." At the same time Yeremenko, Malinovski and Tolbukhin had to fight

for every ridge and every stream on the northeastern, eastern and southeastern fringe of the "redoubt." The same situation obtained in the southern half of the last continental pocket: Devers and Clark roamed at will through the Alps and Western Austria, while Tito's men fought for every step in Croatia and Slovenia.

The German strategy—if it may be called that—in the last gasp of the war boiled down to this: powerful rearguards fighting very hard facing east were trying to keep Red Army troops from occupying more territory and were dying to permit the bulk of the remaining German troops to surrender as comfortably as possible to the British and Americans. This strategy was openly proclaimed in the German official communique of Saturday, April 28, which contained the now famous phrase "we have turned our backs to the American Armies in the West, etc. . . ." This strategy was reemphasized during the negotiations between Field Marshal Montgomery and Admiral von Friedenberg at Hamburg when the Admiral begged the Field Marshal to accept the surrender of two German armies retreating in Mecklenburg under the blows of Marshal Rokossovsky's Second White Russian Army Group. The Admiral said he was "disturbed" by the threatened "fate" of the armies and the civilian population.

The same situation obtained on all the European fronts where the Germans were caught between East and West. By East I mean the Soviet, Yugoslav, Polish and Czechoslovak Armies; by West I mean basically the British and American Armies.

It was to be foreseen for some time that the last phase of the war would develop in this unprecedented way because it was clear that the Germans would again attempt to divide the Allies by any means at their command. They hoped to save as much as possible of the Wehrmacht. During the last phase of the war in Europe approximately 2,000,000 Germans surrendered to the British and Americans. Since D-Day eleven months ago, the Western Allies took a gross total (including assorted labor battalions, slave-detachments, etc.) of probably close to 4,000,000 enemy men.

EVERY hour the radio brought us news of more and more enemy topmen and assorted fascists being "caught." General von Dittmar even rowed across the Elbe solo in a little boat with a big white flag, in full-dress uniform. The

Generalstab, the *Farbenindustrie*, the Wilhelmstrasse and what is left of the Wehrmacht with its *Oberkommando*—all kept running into the arms of the Western Allies because they somehow figured that their lives would be spared.



They somehow knew what Senator Vandenberg was doing at San Francisco, what William L. White had written in his book about the Russians, what the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News* were saying in their editorials. So the Germans began "pickling" their army, complete with general staff officers, field marshals, diplomats, industrialists, etc., in western Allied prisoner camps with the hope that their friends in the United States and Great Britain would save them.

The best way to show these Germans that they are dead wrong is to decide now what to do about policing Germany. What is the crux of the matter? German imperialism, German cartels and German finance capital are the true causes of the war. But their instrument of war is primarily the self-perpetuating German general staff. If they are the wolves, the general staff is the wolves' teeth. A good way to fight the wolf is to pull his teeth. Thus it would seem that the first measure to be taken is to eradicate the German general staff.

A list of all the thousands of German general staff officers should be drawn up. There is no doubt that such lists exist in the archives of the *Kriegsministerium*, so there will be no work involved at all. Let us say that there are 5,000 such men (the figure should be approximately correct). They should be weeded out from all Allied camps, segregated and deported to some remote spot, easy to watch. Those who are not avowed war criminals can be allowed to plant cabbages, and even play war games with tin soldiers if they so wish. But they must never return to Germany. It will be tough on 5,000 men, but 50,000,000 men may be saved from slaughter if this is done.

Of course, this is not all. Many other things will have to be done to police Germany. But this is the first step, in my opinion, that should be taken. If it should be taken *now*, before the peace

conference, the German people will understand that there will be no fooling. The place where general staff will be sent to live the rest of their natural lives should be watched by a mixed Allied commission.

This would be a real beginning toward the eradication of the traditional spearhead of German imperialism. The rest of the political and economic measures could follow.

April 30, 1945

(Continued from page 11)

counted, because some one stood up and faced the people proudly, because of that, the people will know, they will learn, and so it will be different this time." The French journalist shrugged. "Perhaps," and he turned away sadly. I called after him loudly: "There will be no more innocents, not after this day, Monday, April 30."

The French journalist did not hear me. But whoever reads this, if you hear me, remember the price of innocence. Remember the men who stood up to be counted, for you and your children, for the people everywhere. For will you kiss the hand that prepares your torment? Will you let the architects of death make this United Nations Conference a second Versailles? Or will you stand up, with the men who stood for you? Will you stand up, and be counted for lasting peace? You will have to decide now. Because the price of innocence is death.

Negro History

(Continued from page 17)

It is a dangerous mistake to think that we are uninfluenced by the great men of the past. While it is true that forces within the nation go into their making, they in turn become active and potent forces, leaving their imprint in no uncertain terms on the national consciousness.

The Negro hero exists; almost without exception, he was a man who fought against the long odds—and won; he walked in the democratic tradition, and he walked proudly, with dignity and humility. And today, among his people, there is both a need for him and a hunger.

He must live again, just as all of the Negro's past must live again. It must live because the question of national unity can no longer be postponed—the Negro question must and will be solved, and this is one of the many steps toward solving it.

READERS' FORUM

Capt. Herman Bottcher

TO NEW MASSES: I saw the article in NM by one of the Lincoln vets of his meeting Bottcher in the South Pacific. [NM, Feb. 6, 1945]. Down here we have a number of veterans of the 32nd "Red Arrow" Division who knew Bottcher or had heard of him and what they told me is an everlasting monument to a great soldier and a sterling progressive leader.

Two of the men, a staff sergeant and a first sergeant told me the story that they swore is true, that Bottcher when he led his men through to the sea at Buna, cutting Buna Mission from Buna, was asked by General Eichelberger whether he could hold the wedge. Bottcher angered by what he considered a number of silly questions from the general replied that if the general would go back and get ammunition and a few men to him, he'd hold the wedge against any attack. Probably this story has become varnished a little from the number of GPs who have passed it along, but in any case it has its meaning in illustrating Bottcher's impatience with nonsense at the front and his soldierly independence. Some of the guys give General Eichelberger some of the credit for recognizing Bottcher's worth and having him promoted from staff sergeant to captain. They say he was impressed with Bottcher's angry reaction.

The first statement of these 32nd men to any questions about Bottcher is interesting, for every one of them used almost the identical words. "Yeah, sure I knew Bottcher, he didn't give a — about anything." Sometimes as you keep asking them about him you find that they didn't actually know him but he had become not only a legend to them but something personal and dear to them as well. In a way Bottcher stands for their faith and pride in their old outfit, and to combat veterans such pride is fierce I can assure you. They feel to a man that they have produced the greatest hero of the war from America's ranks and though he wasn't one of the original men of the 32nd, he is theirs.

It's surprising how much these men knew about Bottcher when you think that many of them didn't ever know him personally. They knew that he lost out on his application for citizenship because he went to fight in Spain, that he was not a citizen when he led his historic mission at Buna and that Congress had to enact his citizenship before he could take his field commission as captain. In describing his absolute fearlessness, they sometimes explained that Bottcher was a professional soldier but after discussing Bottcher's

anti-fascism with them, they were quick to understand that Bottcher was not a professional soldier of the adventurer type but a man burning with profound hatred for fascism and with a vision of a free and democratic world, that his superb courage and leadership flowed from this source. Some of them recalled discussions with Bottcher about Spain, one of the boys saying that Bottcher was always talking about Spain, "Not about himself, he never talked about himself, but about the principles at stake there. I used to listen sometimes but I didn't see much point about talking Spain. A lot of the guys used to listen, though."

A staff sergeant here told me about one patrol Bottcher led in New Guinea. "They ran into a couple of snipers and all the guys hit the ground. Except Bottcher. He just stood there waving his men to come on saying, 'Come on fellows, let's get going.' Just seeing him standing there gave the guys courage; one guy got up, and slowly all the rest. They went on and they completed their mission." I asked if Bottcher wasn't just a little foolhardy standing there like that and he said, "No, Bottcher was never foolish that way. He knew that if he didn't get those men up, the mission wouldn't have been accomplished and that was his way of getting them going again."

McAlester, Okla.

SGT. SYD. WILSON.

The Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade are paying tribute to Captain Bottcher May 17 at Manhattan Center, New York, with Gen. Fulgencio Batista, former president of Cuba, as chief speaker.

We Are Tolerated

TO NEW MASSES: I am very much disturbed to read in your March 6 issue the letter from L.L. and to see the manner in which you answer. To take exception to a few trivial mistakes in spelling, as you have done, shows a lack of judgment, of decency and of good manners that is deplorable. You, of all people, should realize that not all people can have had the advantages of your undoubtedly superior education. Your snobbish attitude, your joke about the "quaint" English, is entirely out of place in NEW MASSES and calls for an abject apology. Any decent editor would have corrected the few mistakes before printing the letter.

As to the contents of the letter, you cowardly and completely evade the issue. I have not the slightest doubt that the majority of your readers will agree with L.L. that NEW MASSES has been dull and poorly edited. I am

sure that only a mistaken sense of loyalty to what was once a good magazine keeps them from writing to you. The current issues of NEW MASSES are something between a church magazine and an OWI release and not worth the paper they are printed on.

One can readily understand that unity among all progressives is essential, now more than ever. Just the same there was no need to abandon your position as a critic in all social, economic and political problems with such evident pleasure and relish as you have shown. The unctuousness with which you have treated many political and business men and problems must have been sickening to a great many of your readers.

In the past I have given substantial financial contributions to your magazine. I do not feel now like cancelling my two subscriptions. But I heartily endorse L.L.'s statement that a new and real leadership is called for if your magazine is to survive. JAN DE GRAAFF. Portland, Ore.

We Are Loved

TO NEW MASSES: About a week ago we had a letter from our son Seymour, who is an aviation mechanic in northern Italy, in which he tells us he had sent for a sub to the NEW MASSES. This he did at the request of his buddies, who enjoyed the continuous stream of clippings I have been sending him since he landed one year ago. Today's letter says he has received it already and is amazed at the good service. I know you would be pleased to hear how he mentions its arrival as the highlight of the day.

Since I write to twelve fellows regularly besides our Jim on Adak in the Aleutians, clippings from NM go to every part of the world and are passed around. The boys beg for clippings of this type and I wish more folks would send them.

A. B. Magil's letters to a liberal were splendid. I cut them out and keep them on file—pull them out for different friends.

I am enclosing our check for \$5.00 and one from our Joe for \$5.00 toward the fund. The NEW MASSES gets better all the time. Its cultural articles are an inspiration and the entire staff should be proud of their fine work. Philadelphia. D. S.

Unionbusters

TO NEW MASSES: An incident has arisen at the Presbyterian-Columbia Medical Center in New York which should be called to the attention of all liberal thinking people. For a long time the Medical Center has had the reputation of grossly underpaying and overworking its employees. A union has finally taken hold to stamp out these practices. As a result the chairman of the local was fired, on the grounds of failing to do a specific job. There is irrefutable evidence on hand to prove that he was fired for union activities. This was the opening gun in the attempt to smash the union. The man behind the gun is John Parke, newly appointed executive vice-president of the hospital. J. M. New York. Medical Center Unionist.



ERNIE PYLE: G. I.

By **ARTHUR MILLER**

I REMEMBER reading Ernie Pyle before the war began, when he was roving over the country and writing about people in gas stations, lunch rooms, and wherever else people congregated. And I remember being mystified and slightly bored by his dispatches. They never seemed to deal with anything. Someone had him to dinner and he reported their recipe for extra special flapjacks. Another man showed him how to fix his sparkplugs so as to save gas. It went on like that day after day. A typical high point in his columns was the one about how he had fainted from fright on meeting Ginger Rogers in Hollywood.

In 1939 I doubt that any man in journalism or out would have dared contend that the most accurate picture of Americans in war would be written by none other than Ernie Pyle. Still less that his two volumes, *Here Is Your War* and *Brave Men*, would find themselves in a fair way toward becoming lasting documents of America's war contribution. And yet, looking back on his character and his peacetime work, it seems obvious that he was just the man for the job, and perhaps one of the few Americans equipped to carry it off.

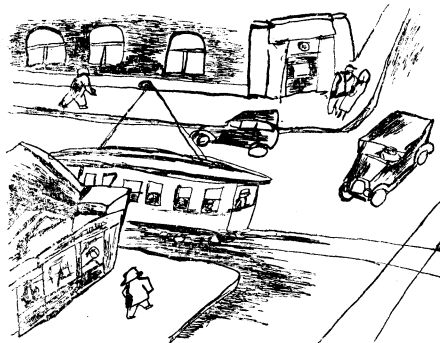
For he understood in peacetime that the life of man is made up of details, and he could build a column on a thumbtack. He knew what Americans wanted from life, he knew their silliest and their most profound needs. He took this understanding into war, and what had always seemed like a mammoth, unhuman and incomprehensible experience became in his hands an approachable thing, an experience whose size was enormous only because it contained so many details. He went to war and took his eye for a flapjack recipe with him. And the people read him, and they believed him.

It is doubtful that any writer ever convinced so many people so consistently as did Ernie Pyle. People believed his stuff the way they believed no other printed word. He was their watchman keeping a benevolent eye on the boys. I remember walking down a street in Albuquerque with him: a man he had never before seen came over and asked

if Ernie had known his nephew in Africa. Another would perhaps have asked the boy's name, and finding he could not recall it, would let the matter go at that. But not Ernie—and this is the quality that permeated his columns. He stood there actually cross-examining the man, trying anxiously to find a clue to the boy's appearance, his habits. And when he finally gave up and the man thanked him anyhow and walked away, there was a stain of sadness upon him that he had failed the man. He cared, he really cared. The human being was a sacred thing to him.

His love for the human race was always operating and I think it is really why people loved his work. But it may be, too, that his one great failing as a chronicler of this war derived from that love. I never saw him again after he left for Italy—after the African campaign—but I think it fair to say that for a long time he did not emotionally condemn the German soldier as an evil quantity in the world. He hated war and he hated whatever it was that had brought the war, but in the enemy soldier he could not find that thing. More than once he said that when you saw Nazis in the prisoners' cage you realized that they were just guys. It is typical of his ability to learn from experience, however, that in the Normandy fighting and even toward the end of the Italian beachhead battles he had changed his mind. For he had seen the Nazis closer to home, and closer to home they were bombing our hospitals.

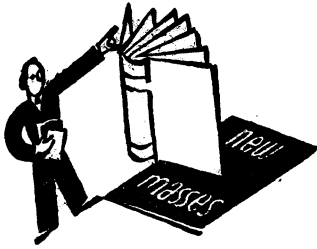
ERNIE PYLE's humility even after his fame had grown worldwide has astonished and pleased many



people. He has been pictured as a Chaplinesque character, a little man doing a big job. He was not simple if the word is synonymous with uncomplicated. He had many fears that were not the result of battle. I remember telling him the story of my play, *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, just before it went into production. That play was about a man who kept getting everything he wanted and never could understand what he had done or what his spirit possessed that he should deserve all he had gained. Ernie listened for half an hour, and when I was done, he asked, "Where did you get that story?" I told him it was a fiction, and he said, "Jesus, that's my life."

His humility, although one of the chief reasons for his popularity, was not a pose. Once in a Washington hotel he had to move from one room to another and a bellboy came to shift his heavy baggage. Another man, especially one as frail as he, would have picked up his shaving kit and let the bellboy carry the load. Ernie grabbed the first thing handy, and it was a carton of books, the heaviest package in the room. His innate sense of democracy bridled against being too slavishly served, and combined with his medium opinion of himself, made his life easier among the doughboys. Among them he was among the truly great and he could stand his full height and not feel too tall.

Any literary judgment of Ernie Pyle's war writing will be impossible until peace comes, the war at our shoulder making the separation of permanent values from the transitory impossible. If closeness to truth is weight upon the scale, however, I have no doubt that he will last. For he was one writer who never looked for a story. It was part of his weakness as well as his writing strength that he feared a "story" because it had to be complete, and to that extent a warping of life. In a single column he often had the beginnings and the broken middles of half a dozen stories, but he withstood the temptation of mending them, and thus we felt war's blighting crash. Other writers such as Steinbeck, who went over with more literary technique, never ap-



One Year of NEW MASSES

Reduction made from subscription rate
(regularly \$5 a year), not book list price

plus

Just Off the Press!
Newly Translated Volume (23) of
**THE COLLECTED WORKS
OF V. I. LENIN**
List Price \$2.75 Comb. Price \$7.00

	List Price	Combi- nation Price
REPORT FROM RED CHINA... by Harrison Forman	\$3.00	\$7.00
RUSSIA IS NO RIDDLE..... by Edmund Stevens	3.00	7.25
GUNS FOR TITO..... by Louis Huot	2.75	7.00
PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE..... by Edgar Snow	3.50	7.75
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MAS- TER RACE..... by Bertolt Brecht	2.50	6.75
SITUATION NORMAL..... by Arthur Miller	2.00	6.00
THE FIRST ROUND..... by Joseph Gaer	2.50	6.75
FREEDOM ROAD..... by Howard Fast	2.75	7.00
THE HIDEOUT..... by Egon Hostovsky	1.75	6.25
TEMPERING OF RUSSIA..... by Ilya Ehrenburg	3.00	7.25
STILL TIME TO DIE..... by Jack Belden	3.00	7.25
DEEP RIVER..... by Henrietta Buckmaster	3.00	7.25
WALT WHITMAN..... by Samuel Sillen	1.50	5.75
CAPITALISM AND PROGRESS... by Anna Rochester (paper bound)	.40	5.00
COLLECTED WORKS OF TOM PAINE..... Edited with comments by Howard Fast	3.50	7.75
TEHERAN..... by Earl Browder	.35	5.00
THE ORDEAL..... by Arkady Perventsev	2.50	6.75
THE SOVIET SPIRIT..... by Dr. Harry F. Ward	.50	5.00
ROAD TO THE OCEAN..... by Leonid Leonov	3.00	7.25

NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street
New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wish to take advantage of your combina-
tion offer. Enclosed find \$_____

The book I desire is: _____

Please send it to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____
Add \$1 for Canadian and Foreign Postage

proached Pyle's reproduction of objective truth. It was because Ernie knew life and its terrible fragmentation and cared for it more than he knew or cared for the rounded and interpretative forms of art. He was a reporter, and he knew what he could attain, and like anyone who does a thing perfectly his creation became greater than itself, embodying a beauty that is the first truth of the highest art.

Ernie Pyle is dead now. Strangely, on a tiny island with a tiny name, a name that is like the initials of distance—Ie. There will be memorials built to him, as there should be, but he has already taken the highest honor, for the soldiers mourn him. And like soldiers of all nations, the living and the dead, he would probably want less mourning and more dedication to that unspoken cry of his life and theirs: man is beautiful, man is good, and in even the least of him there runs the blood of the great.

Mr. Miller prepared the preliminary material for a film soon to be released based on Ernie Pyle's writings. The notes Mr. Miller took at Army training camps and hospitals for this film formed the basis of his recently published book, "Situation Normal."

Behind the Red Army

THE SOVIET SPIRIT, by Harry F. Ward. Inter-
national. \$1.75.

WHILE all adult Americans presumably now realize the enormous military contribution that Soviet Russia has made to the great joint victory of the United Nations over Nazi Germany, only a small proportion of our population understands the basic social and economic factors that have rendered possible the remarkable Soviet showing. And in the vast outpouring of books and articles on the USSR since 1941, excellent as many of them have been, the bulk of the material deals with the military situation, the psychology of a population at war, the terrible havoc inflicted by the Nazi invaders in the devastated areas, the relations between the Soviet Union and its allies.

Dr. Harry F. Ward's *The Soviet Spirit* is different. Though adequately covering the war, it goes behind the headlines and the current situation to tell how and why the Soviets were able to resist the German Wehrmacht so effectively and finally drive back Hitler's armies the approximately 1,500 miles from Stalingrad to Berlin. The tremendous military power that the Soviet

Union displayed was no "miracle." It was due, as the author points out, to the concrete operation of cause and effect during the almost twenty-eight years since the Revolution of 1917.

The Five Year Plans were not a lot of "Red Smoke," to quote the title of one notorious anti-Soviet book, but built up a strong, functioning economy throughout the entire country and established a top-notch armaments industry. Along with the nation-wide economic developments there went of course the training of the whole Soviet people in modern machine techniques, and in the new socialist incentives upon which Dr. Ward's book concentrates.

Drawing on his own wide experience as a resident in the Soviet Union, Dr. Ward develops simply and understandably such significant themes as the consciousness of collective ownership, the sense of economic security, the importance of socialist competition and emulation, the stimulus of community approval or disapproval, the economic and cultural advantages that everyone in the land of socialism possesses as his birthright. And he clears up a number of problems that have confused American observers: for instance, the matter of unequal pay in the socialist stage of Soviet evolution, and the fact that the publicly owned and operated factories and farms make what are technically called "profits" on behalf of the state or the local community.

It is the misinterpretation of basic factors like these in Soviet life that has led some writers to assert that the Soviets are returning to capitalism; and some super-strategists think that such nonsense helps the United States to cooperate more closely with Soviet Russia. Dr. Ward has a forceful comment on all this: "This talk about the reappearance of the profit motive and class consciousness is only wishful thinking on the part of those who have always insisted that socialist principles were impracticable ideals and that the Soviet Union was a complete failure. Confronted now with the undeniable evidence of its success, they take refuge in the claim that socialist achievements have been secured by the practice of capitalist principles."

The important point is that the American people should realize it is perfectly feasible to collaborate during both war and peace with a country whose economy is fundamentally different from our own. Socialism and capitalism can and must work together for world peace and security. To this end Dr. Ward's volume, without trying to be diplomatic

or gloss over any aspect of Soviet life, makes a notable contribution by explaining so clearly what the true Soviet spirit is and how it functions in the new socialist system that has come permanently to stay in our world.

CORLISS LAMONT.

Planning World War III

THE PLOT AGAINST THE PEACE, by Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. Dial Press. \$2.75.

THE average reaction to the evidence of Nazi Germany's savagery that has recently come out is, as one person expressed it to me, "The entire German people should be wiped off the face of the earth. They permitted this."

That the Germans have been trained for generations to be a warrior people is now generally recognized but that they are in themselves vicious, cruel and barbaric is far from being established. What has been established is that the German people, trained to goose-step, were dominated by a group of ruthless would-be world conquerors, prepared to sacrifice them as well as the rest of the world to achieve their aim. And they have not given up this aim even in defeat.

Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn, both well known for their expose of domestic fascists, make this dramatically clear in their timely new book appropriately subtitled *A Warning to the Nation*. The people of America are too apt to forget, with the coming of peace, just how the German General Staff plotted the first world war, the second world war and now are plotting the third.

The authors have carefully documented their warning. They present evidence from the official records, from the written words of the Nazi leaders themselves—and the evidence is overwhelming. It should be in the hands of every delegate to the San Francisco Conference, of every Congressman and Senator, of every citizen in the United States whose sons and brothers were called upon to give their lives to destroy the menace. More, it should be in the hands of those millions of servicemen and women so they may better know their enemy and demand that our political leaders take the necessary political steps against them, now that the military job is so well done. With the documented information in this book in their hands Americans will not tolerate a soft peace or be uncertain about the need to punish the fascist war criminals.

The authors include evidence of the plot against world peace which the Nazi

overlords and the German industrialists, cooperating with the German General Staff, have already launched, aided and financed by secret reserves scattered under various guises throughout the world. They give detailed evidence of the German General Staff policy of "genocide"—the deliberate slaughter of whole races and peoples to make room for the German "master race" and to make any future resistance biologically impossible. They detail, again with a mass of documented evidence, the underground peace offensives by which, having lost this war, the Nazis have hoped to retain sufficient strength to start preparing for the next one.

This book is vital. By its evidence the country can be aroused to make sure that neither the *Herrenvolk* nor any other would-be world conquerors can bring upon mankind the horror of a third world war. JOHN L. SPIVAK.

Brief Reviews

LITTLE PEOPLE OF A BIG COUNTRY, by Norma Cohn, with pictures by children of Soviet Russia. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

DURING the hardest days of the war when the Germans occupied large stretches of their country, Soviet children from threatened areas were sent to safety to Soviet Uzbekistan in mid-Asia. There, as one of the means of helping them recover from and forget the terror they had passed through, they were encouraged to paint pictures. An exhibition of a collection of these was one of the most striking recent shows given by New York's Museum of Modern Art. A number of these paintings are reproduced, with remarkable color fidelity, in this little book which, with its simple accompanying text, is one of the loveliest children's books to appear in recent years.

INOCENCIA, by Alfredo D. Taunay. Translated by Henriqueta Chamberlain. Macmillan. \$2.50.

TAUNAY was one of the first Brazilian writers to break with the French romantic tradition that had dominated his nation's literature and to turn to a realistic portrayal of his people and his country. His classic, *Inocencia*, holds a foremost place in Brazilian letters and has been translated into the major languages of the world. In its effective realism it struck a powerful blow for the emancipation of woman from her semi-imprisonment in Latin American society, and takes a place among the important social novels of world literature.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS

A Marxist magazine devoted to the advancement of democratic thought and action

MAY, 1945

CONTENTS

Franklin Delano Roosevelt: 1882-1945 <i>Frontispiece by Hugo Gellert</i>	Roosevelt's Heritage and the Task Ahead <i>Earl Browder</i>
Nearing Conclusive Victory in Europe <i>Robert Thompson</i>	Hoover Republicans Plot Against San Francisco <i>N. Sparks</i>
Internationalism and the American Working Class <i>A. Landy</i>	Postwar Labor-Capital Cooperation <i>Eugene Dennis</i>
The New Situation in Poland—and the Old Delusions	The Bretton Woods Hearings <i>Max Gordon</i>
The New Stage in the Far East <i>James S. Allen</i>	France and the San Francisco Conference <i>M. Nikolayev</i>
The Missouri Valley Authority <i>William Sentner</i>	

BOOK REVIEWS

A New Biography of an American Utopian Socialist
Louis Budenz

VITAL DOCUMENTS

President Truman's Address to Congress—The New Charter for Labor and Management—Declaration of the Soviet Government Voiding Its Neutrality Pact With Japan—The Rebirth of Austria—The Government of Dr. Negrin.

Subscription \$2.00

To be schooled in the best thought produced by the social science of our age—Marxism—subscribe today.

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway New York 3, N. Y.

CLOSED MONDAY • GRamercy 3-9053

DUNN'S

126 CLINTON ST., near DELANCEY

T O P S I N T O W N

For SEA FOOD • STEAKS • CHOPS

DAILY DOUBLE: Lobster and Chicken Dishes
Under Personal Supervision of Helen Dunn

RUSSIAN SKAZKA

227 WEST 46th STREET AFTER THEATER FUN

• VODKA AND GOOD FOOD
• SKAZKA ORCHESTRA • ALYOSHA
RED ARMY ACCORDIONIST
NO COVER • CLOSED MONDAYS

Buy More
Than Ever Before
**SEVENTH
WAR LOAN**



UNDERSTANDING PICASSO

A READER SYMPOSIUM

The recent interview with Picasso by Pfc. Jerry Seckler and the letters on it by Rockwell Kent, Maurice Becker, Edmund Weil and Samuel Tumin (NEW MASSES, March 13, April 3, 10 and 17) proved how live an issue art is by drawing the largest readers' mail we have received on any matter in recent months. We are printing excerpts from a representative group of these letters below, including a recapitulation of his views by Rockwell Kent.

Au Sable Forks, N. Y.

THERE would seem to be a lot of lack of understanding of Picasso and his work. And since, writing always as one of the people—a privilege from which the practice of art has never disfranchised me—it is with Picasso's paintings in the light of his own explanation of them that I have least patience. Let the interested reader, preferably one of the people, turn to "The Bull and the Lamp" in the March 13 NEW MASSES. "The bull," ventures Private Seckler, "must represent fascism, the lamp, by its powerful glow, the palette and book, all represent culture and freedom—the things we are fighting for—the painting showing the fierce struggle going on between the two." "No," said Picasso, "the bull is not fascism, but it is brutality and darkness." Now, I think of radiance as Turner painted it. I think of the powerful glow of light in Rembrandt's pictures. And I look at this candle of Picasso's and I am a bit embarrassed and ashamed—because my little grand-daughter of six could do it just as well. I look at the palette and the book, and I think of how Chardin would have painted them; or I just think of a palette and a book, and I think Picasso's palette and a book are stupid. Is that a prism on the right? Well, Newton would have given us no laws of light if he had had to work with it. And as for the bull, that symbol of "brutality and darkness": I am perhaps over-meticulous and not qualifying as one of the people if, as a dairy farmer, I say it doesn't look the least bit like a bull. It does look for all the world like one of those stuffed and dead-eyed trophies that sportsmen hang

on walls. I think of that magnificent bison drawn by a primitive man on the walls of the *Font de Gaume* cave. I think of bulls as Goya painted them, as Gropper paints them; and looking at this whole picture as an attempted expression of the struggle between brutality and darkness and culture and freedom I think of how movingly great masters of the past, and of today, would have told that story; how Fred Ellis may someday choose to draw it for the *Daily Worker*. . . .

Crowds, we are told, went to see the Picassos at the Modern Museum. . . . Crowds mean nothing. It means a lot what pictures people choose to hang on their walls and live with. For every Picasso reproduction hung on the wall of an American home there are thousands of "Mona Lisas," of Michelangelo's "Creation of Man," of Whistler's *Mother*, and more, maybe, than any of these of Howard Pyle and Norman Rockwell.

I have written of Picasso not as an artist specially concerned with the problems of esthetics, but as a citizen respectful of people. . . .

That Picasso has become a Communist is to his everlasting honor. It is evidence of his good heart. Of his understanding of Marxism one may have some doubt. . . .

ROCKWELL KENT.

Hollywood.

THROUGHOUT the centuries there have been artists whose main contribution to society was an opening up of new horizons for their craft, a deepening and broadening of the forms of art, an exploring of new media and new ways of seeing. Nobody would deny the progressive contribution of the French Impressionists just because their subject matter was landscapes and nudes rather than scenes reflecting the social issues of their times. Rembrandt enriched art for centuries to come by his preoccupation with lights and shadows—surely nobody will deny that his contribution was great and progressive. But when it comes to contemporaries, if we do not understand them at once, if they are not obvi-

ous and explicit, we become righteously indignant and deny that their work has any value.

The point is that we have to stop approaching all art with the question: what does this represent? Picasso frankly and admittedly is preoccupied with the way of seeing, with the method of translating what is, as he sees it. (" . . . if I sketch a little table I see every detail. I see the size, the thickness, and I translate it in my own way.") His great contribution, as I see it, is that he has taught us awareness of the different ways of seeing and has freed art and artists from the formal adherence to the conventional method of translating reality into a two-dimensional picture. His certainly will not be the last word, nor is he necessarily right or wrong. But he has enriched his craft the same way the jazz musician has enriched music—by making his instrument sing in new ways.

I have observed that children respond easily and positively to abstract art. I think this is due to their lack of inhibition and formal training and to their willingness to let their imagination run freely and joyfully. At an art class for amateurs sponsored by the People's Educational Center in this city people without previous art training, an elderly storekeeper, a clerk, a saleswoman, painted entirely in the abstract when encouraged to express themselves freely. I think that, too, was no accident. In our preponderantly formalistic approach to art we are apt to neglect the fact that abstract art is neither new nor the prerogative of the initiate. Primitive nations in their embroidery and weaving patterns used abstract symbols of expression. If we will stop asking for content at all cost and not look for symbolism where all that is intended is a subjective picture of reality, we might find Picasso's work less "silly."

GERDA LERNER.

New York.

PICASSO's painting is the epitome of the brutalized romanticism that has flowered in a world breeding fascists and monsters, while on the other hand, pro-

ducing a new classic-humanist concept of government, is the Soviet Union. Picasso's work is the constant, dynamic rebellion against the brutality in his world, and often a negative rebellion. His development must be understood not in part, but in its totality. It is doubtful whether Picasso himself was aware of his development and the reasons for it.

In his early work we already find the complete identification with the down-trodden, the underprivileged, the poor—however often the lumpen elements—prostitutes and beggars, alcoholics and dope fiends. We then find his identification with the world of fantasy—the world of theater and entertainment—the sad-faced jugglers, tumblers and troupers. In all this, we find expressed an intense dissatisfaction and striking out against the world breeding such misery and isolation. Finally dissatisfied with his means of expression, he seeks another way—that of classicism. Here he seeks for meaning and sense in his living, moving towards decorative concepts—but this too is not the way, his further rebellion becoming articulated in his African period, rebelling against the rounded forms and harmonious colors, now working in sharp, quick-moving planes, as against his early classical-abstract, as inspired by his association with Juan Gris. He is ready for the total rebellion against his world—the social order in which he lives—as expressed in his romantic-abstract expressionism—violent, destructive. If not acceptance, then destruction.

Then Guernica! Here Picasso found a positive reason for his art. Guernica was his first positive identification with the forces of progress—the group as against the individual. The importance of Guernica was just that. . . .

Guernica failed! One hears so much dribble about the tremendous emotional impact of the work. I am not here discussing the pyrotechnics of the work; only how far it succeeded in saying what the artist set out to say. One Goya etching from the "Disasters of War" said more for his day and speaks with burning tongue even in our own times. Picasso had gone so far along the path of violent romantic brutalism that no matter how great his desire to identify himself with the large group, he could not readjust so rapidly. The attempt was a failure—but a glorious one! Glorious, because a great artist identified himself with the forces of progress. The failure was well expressed by a young lady viewing the work with her boy friend:

"Isn't it marvellously cute," she said. "Reminds one of Partch, doesn't it!" At which her boy friend grunted. You can't blame her. The symbols were meaningless. She couldn't have possibly made that remark before Goya's "Porque" or "Barbaros." . . .

Picasso's great courage maintained itself under Nazi oppression. Then at liberation, the natural fulfillment of his striving for order after all the orgy of destruction, and his identification with the Communist Party of France. This should now be followed by a new period of enlarged humanism, greater realism and more clarity and hope.

N. JURAN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

PICASSO, by and large, is too complex for me. . . . It is the same question one meets in literature and the other arts. "As a radical how much credit and recognition can I give to a skilled and advanced bourgeois and/or decadent writer?" How rate Proust or Joyce or T. S. Eliot? This is a real problem, I think. You can't cross out these men from your list of cultural greats. You must be able to see the difference between a sentimental newspaper poet or versifier like Eddie Guest and T. S. Eliot. Why is one a real poet and the other not?

JOHN A. MEREWETHER.

San Francisco.

NOW, how are people such as myself for example, to comprehend an art which the artists themselves can only explain in esoteric terms quite unintelligible to the uninitiated? The masses, leading busy, intense lives, have no time for such artistic "enjoyment," and art for them must be rooted in reality or they simply bypass it in favor of prints or lithographs of objects which they understand but which may not be art in the true sense of the term.

HAROLD ALLINGER.

Oakland, Cal.

WHEN I looked at the pictures and read the interview I felt confused and decided that there was a lot I had to learn about modern art. My wife just thought they were ugly distortions of reality and the article only convinced her that Picasso is a little daffy, at least as an artist. I finally convinced her that



as a couple of busy war workers we didn't know enough about "art" to make too hasty a judgment. But who am I to argue with Rockwell Kent?

BILL MITCHELL.

La Crosse, Wis.

I HAPPENED to view the first big show in America of cubist, futurist and similar advanced types of art—I think it was in 1913 in New York City—so I realize something of the reaction of a general public to such affairs. For the most part they did what honesty prompted them to do: they laughed. They may have laughed at the wrong things or wrong times; still, I would prefer people to laugh than to pretend.

Let us have more Rockwell Kents, for salubrity's sake. DON JONSON.

Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Ill.

IF ART is to survive it must express the needs and aspirations of the people and solidify them in the struggle for the achievement of their economic, social, and political goals. If art is going to be effective in this social task it must be understood. Form and style must, therefore, meet with the approval of the great majority of people. Unless the artist takes into consideration the art-understanding of the common man, I am afraid he is imposing art from above; art that is uncalled for and unwanted.

HUGHIE LEE-SMITH, S1/C,
Ship's Co., 18th Regt.

Berkeley, Cal.

ROCKWELL KENT seems to forget that the painter has the function not only of satisfying a current level of popular taste but also of raising that level of taste. In this respect he has an active, as opposed to a purely passive, role to play—a role which is comparable to that of the Communists in politics. The Communists would never think of adulterating their program in order to make it more palatable to the prejudices of broad sections of the people. Rather, they seek to raise the political understanding of the people to the level of Marxist doctrine. With Picasso it is a question of helping people to understand his art, not of expecting them to reduce it to their level of understanding.

JACKSON EAMES.

New York.

ONE person who never made the mistake of rating an artist's creative achievements on the basis of his political opinions was Karl Marx. He praised Balzac, for example, not only as the foremost novelist of his age but also as

VETERANS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN
BRIGADE presents

A Tribute to
**Captain
Herman Bottcher**

Distinguished Speakers Will Include:
Cuba's Ex-President Batista
REP. EMANUEL CELLER
COUNCILMAN STANLEY ISAACS
CHARLES COLLINS

Performance of Norman Rosten's Script
"Road from Madrid"

★
THURSDAY, MAY 17
8:00 P. M.

★
Manhattan Center
34th Street at 8th Ave., New York City

★
General Admission 50¢; Reserved Section \$1.00

Tickets Obtainable at:
Room 406, 13 Astor Place, New York 3;
Workers Bookshop—50 East 13th St.;
Jefferson Bookshop—575 Sixth Avenue.

NEW MASSES PREVIEW
June 11th

THEATRE OF ALL NATIONS

Charles Field, Ernest Roberts
Administrative Directors

PRESENTS

**'The Private Life
of the Master Race'**

A documentary play by Bertold Brecht
(English version by Eric Russel Bentley)

Music by HANNES EISLER

Directed by ERWIN PISCATOR

Settings by Leo Kerz

Featuring ALBERT BASSERMAN

and a Distinguished Cast

TICKETS: \$1.80 AND \$2.40

At New Masses—104 E. 9th St., NYC3

GRamercy 3-5146

Pauline Edwards Theatre

(CITY COLLEGE AUDITORIUM)

23rd Street and Lexington Avenue

an artist who, more than any other, presented in his novels a potentially revolutionary picture of the disintegration of capitalist society. Yet Balzac was a reactionary and royalist in his political views.

PHILIP POLLACK.

Brooklyn.

PERMIT me to add my bit. Will Rockwell Kent please explain a Beethoven symphony? Will he explain Shostakovich's "Ode to Leningrad," and point out just what passages refer to certain incidents in the siege? I am sure that if he asked Shostakovich to "explain" he would get precisely the same replies that Picasso gave to Seckler. The Russian produces great music, and so is honored in his land, and elsewhere. So has Sibelius. The two are quite similar; the main differences are technical. The title of "Honored Artist" is conferred by the Soviets because an artist is "tops" in his work. That he is a Communist is taken in their stride. In the cinema, the most pliable of mediums, it has taken years to begin to acquire a technique that puts over the Soviet viewpoint within the scope of true art.

JOHN CUNNING.

Films of the Week

THE slogging, unromantic foot soldier, who subsists on mud and K-rations, comes back into his own in *The Way Ahead*, a British Two Cities film being distributed by Twentieth Century-Fox. In its glamorized concentration on the flier (*Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, *Wing and a Prayer*, *Winged Victory*, *God Is My Co-Pilot* and dozens of others) Hollywood has tended to overlook the importance of the infantryman, who, as one of this film's characters says, is the specialist of the war. He must master the greatest variety of weapons and instruments, including his own body. Trained in the ways of peace, he resists the military life, and he has to make himself over quickly to meet the threat of a skilled, unscrupulous, professional enemy fighter. How he does it is the substance of *The Way Ahead*.

The film is about a platoon of Tommies, but it might just as well be about our own GI's with their grouching and griping, their pleasantries and displays of courage. The platoon is a cross-section of civilian life. Its members are farmers, department store clerks, furnace tenders, garage attendants—the matrix of a people's democratic army.

The process by which the civilian becomes transformed into the professional

soldier is fully caught. The plausibility of the film rests upon the all-important fact that the characters are reasonable facsimiles of human beings. The dialogue is a little too much in the pattern of movie talk; it sounds more invented than normal. Otherwise, in its selection of incident, in its character inter-relationship and the reaction of its people to whatever confronts them, the film resembles more a documentary than a staged story. Director Carol Reed and writer Captain Eric Ambler (one of our favorite writers) very wisely refrain from loading the film with extraneous detail—inventing a hodge-podge of unrealities through fear of dullness. No Tommy is asked to operate on a buddy's ruptured appendix with a penknife because he once watched a medic at work; there is no superhuman feat, no romantic derring-do. For once, the barracks are not a college campus in khaki, and the humor is what you might expect from living people in an unfamiliar environment, rather than from a couple of gag writers. The men hate Army life, resent their officers, and see no reason for the severe regimen of basic training. Gradually they learn to do their jobs efficiently, understand what the officers are trying to get at, and after the first action, appreciate the worth of their training. *The Way Ahead* is thus a film that skilfully pictures the molding of a people's army from diverse and raw civilian material into a cohesive fighting unit. I would have liked to see more attention given to the pre-Army backgrounds of the men, more exploration of personality in relation to job, home life, recreation, social habits, etc. But even so this film contains a rare degree of honesty and realistic tone. With the exception of David Niven, who plays the lead, none of the men (as types) could be cast in romantic leads the next day. They are as believable as your next door neighbor.

A TRADE plot and a cast of stereotypes mark the feeble efforts of *Salty O'Rourke* (Paramount). In its attempt to make the gangster an acceptable social type in this *Anno Domini* of Hitler's death, the film or its idea is a vicious one. The only reason it doesn't succeed in doing its worst is because the characters have almost no relation to life, or their antics to the behavior of people. Salty O'Rourke, an unscrupulous gambler with a heart of gold (no pun intended) has to pay off some killers by a certain date or else—. To raise the money he buys the fastest race horse in the world but the only jockey who can

ride him has been barred from every track in the union. Said jockey is reinstated by the use of someone else's birth certificate. Simple? So the jockey rides the winner and wins the moola. But the characters who are after Salty are very bad characters, so he gets rid of them by having them shoot each other. Simple? The jockey is all the Dead End kids in all the tough-kid pictures rolled into one. He gets killed too. As a foil for all this evil there is a girl who is so good that she drinks only lemonade when accompanying roscoe- (that's underworld for gun) bearing gents to an occasional bistro. Sweet Salty finds that life and lemonade are a beautiful combination, and so, rid of all his competitors and with a satchelful of prize money, he rides into the blue, his good influence by his side. Unless you have an irresistible yen to see the ponies run again, you will do better at almost anything else.

"ENCHANTED COTTAGE" is Arthur Wing Pinero's play of the last war unsuccessfully brought up to date. Unsuccessfully, because in the last twenty-five years the advances in plastic surgery and scientific restoration of confidence to battle-marred veterans makes the initial suppositions of the play untenable. Be that as it may, the love of a scarified flier for an ugly woman in terms of subjective enchantment is a moving one, and there are moments when the film strikes a mood of poignance. But what handicaps the film even more than Pinero's original conditions is Hollywood's inability to create a persuasively ugly woman. The film pays the penalty of the glamor system. Dorothy Maguire, the supposed Medusa who frightens men out of their libidos, at her worst merely looked as though the makeup department had mislaid the rougepot. When she is beauteous in the eyes of her lover, her hairdo is changed and a little eye-glitter applied. Otherwise she is as nice to contemplate at one time as another. Thus it's hard to see what all the thematic heaving is about.

"THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT" is a Jack Benny radio program with visual effects. If you like him on the radio, you will not mind this one too much, but if you don't or are unfamiliar with his stuff, you might. For, in addition to the patter and the gags and the Benny personality (by far the nicest part of the film), the movie inventions are patterned after comedy situations wrung dry by Harold Lloyd long yars ago. **JOSEPH FOSTER.**

On Broadway

WHEN Burns Mantle was reviewing plays, we used to laugh at his system of grading productions by awarding stars. But I have been wondering whether Mr. Mantle didn't have a pretty good idea there. He could head a review with three stars and then state his reservations without fear that his just objections would serve to frighten away a show's rightful audience.

For the fact is that the public has been so conditioned to overstatement that when superlatives are not used playgoers assume the worst.

Common Ground, Edward Chodorov's new play, can be held to account for a number of faults. Nevertheless it is entertaining, colorful and amusing.

A USO troupe captured in Italy by the Germans, and held in a bombed-out chateau (excellently designed by George Jenkins) is offered the alternative of performing for the Germans or being shot. This drastic deal is explained by the enormous propaganda value of an American troupe, which includes two Hollywood stars, devoting their talents to amuse the Wehrmacht.

Aside from the two Hollywood stars, well played by Donald Murphy and uncertainly by Mary Healy, there are Buzz Bernard, a famous Jewish comedian, done with fine feeling by Philip Loeb, and a pair of run-of-the-mill vaudevillians who have signed on only for the money involved. Buzz Bernard, being Jewish, is not included in the German offer. He is consigned from the start to a concentration camp. His equanimity inspires the others, and in the end all choose death rather than treason.

As we see them through their ordeal their decisions and their waverings are seen to stem in part from their ethnic backgrounds. Alan Spencer, one of the Hollywood stars, is discovered to be of German descent, Nick DeRosa is an Italian-American, while his wife is Irish. To the German colonel they are not Americans but traitors to their respective lands of origin. He is confounded when they act together as Americans.

The conflict lies between the America-for-Americans madness and the anti-fascist view that an American has no racial qualifications. The reinforcement on the reactionary side is Ted Williamson, a renegade American journalist who has been doing Berlin broadcasts. He is played with force and an almost lyrical emotion by Paul McGrath, whose friends, I am sure, will cut him on the

5th Week!—New Soviet Epic

"ZOYA"

English Text by Howard Fast.
Musical Score by Shostakovich

Maidanek—Nazi Death Camp

EXCLUSIVE!

Marshal STALIN'S REPORT

Doors Open 8:45 A.M. Daily

STANLEY 7th Ave., bet. 41-42 Sts.
Wisconsin 7-9686

"WAIT FOR ME"

Also: **"WITH A SMILE"**
with Maurice Chevalier

PLUS

In a Nazi Concentration Camp
at Reduced Prices. GR. 5-6975

IRVING PLACE AT 14th ST.

FILMED IN U.S.S.R.

"MOSCOW SKIES"

The Stirring Tribute to the Red Army Air Force
EXTRA: FIRST FILM!

RED ARMY AT BERLIN

Also: NAZI DEATH CAMPS IN POLAND

★ **CITY** ★ 14th STREET
(near 4th Ave.)

Spring Festival of Music

For the Benefit of

Russian War Orphans

Sponsored by

The Brooklyn Ambijan Committee

Academy of Music

ASHLAND PLACE AND LAFAYETTE AVENUE

SUNDAY EVENING

MAY 13, 1945 — 8 P. M.

★ **THE SYMPHONETTE—**
MISHEL PIASTRO, Conductor
(Featured on the Longines Concert Hall
on the Air)

★ **JARMILA NOVOTNA**
Metropolitan Opera Star

★ **KENNETH GORDON**
Sensational 15 year old violinist

★ **RUSSIAN BALLET**
Ensemble: 3 Ivans

Other Artists to be Announced

Tickets:

\$3.60, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20 (incl. tax)

Now On Sale

IN BROOKLYN: Dr. George I. Swetlow, 142
Joralemon St., Tel. TR. 5-3884; Dr. Simon
Fialka, 4423—9th Avenue, Tel. WI. 6-0624;
Dr. Samuel Epstein, 2416—85th Street, Tel.
ESplanade 2-7968; Dr. Ralph Lerner, 1168
Eastern Parkway, Tel. SLocum 6-6250.

IN NEW YORK: 103 Park Avenue, Room 414,
Telephone MURray Hill 3-8895.

Camp BEACON

BEACON, NEW YORK

Now Open for 1945 Season

Full social staff starting
Decoration Day

JACK DE MERCHANT, Social Director
LAURA DUNCAN, ELSA FRIED

ALL SPORTS

You'll be amazed and delighted
with the many new improvements

All bungalows now closed in, ready and waiting
for you. Casino porch extended, new road
to dining room.

See the view now from the Casino.

RATES: Decoration Day, May 30 to
June 3 incl., \$30

Season Rates

\$35-\$38 per wk.; \$7 per day

Send your deposit for reservations NOW

N. Y. Office: 207 4th Ave., 4:30 to 6:30 p.m.
PHONES: N.Y., ST. 9-0624; Bronx, OL. 5-7828;

or Beacon, N. Y., Beacon 731

M. HOROWITZ, Manager.

FOR FUN AND SUN
Stay and Play at

MAUD'S SUMMER-RAY

North Branch Sullivan County, N. Y.
Telephone Callicoon 95 or 148

PRIVATE LAKE, ALL SPORTS, FORUMS, THEATRE
ARTISTS, DRAMATICS, MARIONETTES,
MUSICALES, DANCE ORCHESTRA.

Sensible Rates

FRITZ BERGER and DANCE GROUP
Erie R.R. to Callicoon. Private cars from your
house direct to Maud's. Daily Mountain Transit
Line Buses. Greyhound Term., 50th St. & 8th Ave.
Columbus 5-3000. C.ty information: Dickens 2-5786

ENJOY ALL SUMMER

On beautiful estate—40 miles from New York,
900 ft. elevation—tennis, handball, solarium, golf,
various other activities. Rooms accommodating 2,
3, 4, 5, 6, for rent by the season; no housekeeping.

EXCELLENT RESTAURANT ON PREMISES

"THE EDELMANS"

Highland Mills, N. Y.

For New York Information call Mr. Dorney,
Monday to Friday, EVERgreen 8-2241

SPRING Buds begin popping, flowers begin to
DROPS bloom, and you'll also find welcome
IN AT invigorating sports. Only 45
miles from N.Y.
FREE BOOKLET.

PLUM POINT
"Year-Round
Vacation Resort"
New Windsor, N.Y. Tel: Newburgh 4270

50 MI.
FROM
NEW YORK

MAMANASCO
Lake Lodge

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.
A resort of distinction fash-
ioned from a country estate.
Water sports, hiking trails, ten-
nis. Library, open fireplaces.
Congenial atmosphere. Famous
cuis. ne. Phone 820

street henceforth. Italian fascism is represented by Luther Adler as Captain Angelini. Playing this ham of a warrior without a word of English, but with the assistance of his marvelously double-jointed left knee—which lends him that lithe snakiness for which he is so renowned—and his precise Italian gestures, he holds the stage for ten unbroken minutes with an Italian monologue which is thoroughly comprehensible despite one's inability to understand a word.

The play is like that. It abounds in colorful scenes, first rate comedy, and some moments that near an intensity uncommon on Broadway. Where the play is deficient is in its essentially mechanical conception. The characters' racial background, as a pattern of reference, is established early in the play and too many decisions are made to stem from this single source. Too often, as in the case of the renegade newspaperman, Chodorov's burning passion for the whole truth runs off with a character in order to encompass every facet of a world problem. Thus the play is over-written and, in Chodorov's direction, over emphasized. Finally, the play would have increased in interest after its fine first act if the beans had not already all been spilled. A reversal, an unplanned-for switch in direction somewhere in the middle of the second act might have renewed suspense and thrown additional light on the characters.

I have but one argument with the message of the play. Geegee, the Hollywood gal, the "American" American, whose forebears had immigrated many generations ago, is the one who comes closest to collaboration. I think it untrue that one's anti-fascist emotions are so closely correlated with the date of one's American ancestry. The fact is that more Americans are represented by Geegee in terms of ethnic origin than any of the others and their anti-fascism is no less lethal. I bring this up not only to decry a certain narrowness of political conception on the author's part but to indicate again the play's main flaw, namely, its over-systematized concept of human reactions.

But again, let it be said, *Common Ground* is worth seeing. Most of it is a good time, and more. MATT WAYNE.

Paul Strand

THE Paul Strand retrospective show, at the Museum of Modern Art through June 10, is so complete a revelation of the man, the photographer and the artist—one of America's foremost—

NEW MASSES

Classified Advertisements

50¢ a line. Payable in advance. Min. charge
\$1.50. Approx. 7 words to a line.
Deadline Fri., 4 p.m.

RoKo GALLERY

RoKo FRAMES

New Spring Exhibition thru May.

PAINTINGS and Serigraphs by leading artists
WE SOLVE ALL FRAMING PROBLEMS. Ori-
ginal designs and finishes. Prices low, quality high
51 Greenwich Ave., N.Y.C. 14. CHelsea 2-7049

SPRING VACATION

Beautiful 200-acre farm, modern conveniences,
tennis, woodland trails, bicycling. American-
Jewish cooking—\$35.00. VINEYARD LODGE,
Ulster Park, N. Y. Tel.: Kingston 659-J2.

APARTMENT TO SUBLET

From June 15 to September 15, 3 rooms, Jack-
son Heights, L. I. Tennis Courts and Playground
on the premises. Call evenings, HA. 6-4158.

FINE FURS

ARE YOU FUSSY about fur craftsmanship, flat-
tering styles, perfect fittings? You'll find gen-
uine PARISIAN taste, exquisite workmanship
and surprisingly low cost in Fur Coats, Jack-
ets, Capes, Scarfs and Stoles at ARMAND
CHENE, 350 SEVENTH AVE. at 30 ST., N.Y.C.
PHONE LO. 5-1888. Prove it by trying ARMAND!
STORAGE—REMODELING—REPAIRING.

INSURANCE

PAUL CROSBIE—INSURANCE of every kind,
whatever your needs. Frequent Savings. NEW
ADDRESS, 17 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.
Phone EL. 5-5234.

INSURANCE

LEON BENOFF, 391 East 149th St., N. Y. C.
Fire, Auto, Burglary, Liability, Compensation,
etc. Tel. MELrose 5-0984.

THE HEALTH REST

Delightful, Warm, Homelike. Progressive vege-
tarian resort. Moderate rates. Weeks, weekends.
Spring Valley, N. Y. Phone Nanuet 2316.

GYMNASIUM

REDUCE! Special for women . . . \$35 complete
5-week course now \$29 for limited time. In-
cludes Swedish massage, pine baths, mild exer-
cise, etc. Trial \$2.50. Special gym course \$12
monthly. Men . . . Tuesday, Thursday and Satur-
day mornings only. GOODWIN'S GYMNASIUM,
1457 Broadway (42nd St.). Wisconsin 7-8250.

The Woodlands

Re-Opening Decoration Day

ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS • GOOD FOOD
Open Fireplaces • Well Stocked Library
SIGGIE GOLDNER Phoenixia, N. Y.
Phoenixia 33 F 4 N. Y. tel. BO. 8-1461

Classified
Advertising Rates:
50 cents a line (seven words)
Minimum 3 lines

Display
Advertising Rates:
\$.25 per inch

Write for details:
NEW MASSES
104 EAST 9TH STREET
NEW YORK 3, N. Y. GR. 3-5146

CAMP UNITY

Opening Day: May 25

Special Rates for Decoration Day Week End: 5 days \$30.00

(MAY 25-30 OR MAY 30-JUNE 3)

**Season Rates: \$35, \$38 week
\$7.00 per day**

PLAN YOUR VACATION IN JUNE
ALL SPORTS • EXCELLENT FOOD
• TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT •

Make Reservations Now

Send \$5.00 per person deposit to N. Y. Office:
1 Union Sq., New York 3, N. Y. AL. 4-8024

LOUIS PASTERNAK, Director

An Adult Camp SCHROON CREST

In the Adirondacks—Pottersville, N. Y.
ON SCHROON LAKE

SPECIAL JUNE RATES

RUSTIC BEAUTY — SPORTS — RECORDINGS
Booklet—N. Y. Office: 142 Montague Street,
Brooklyn 2, N. Y. Phone: MAIn 4-8570
LEAH OKUN — IRV. SCHOENBERG

Birdland

CENTRAL VALLEY,
N. Y.

Year-Round Resort Only 45 miles from N. Y.

TENNIS, GOLF, PING-PONG, BICYCLES
Phone Highland Mills 7895 Rates from \$40

Under Ownership-Management of
DIANA & ABE BERMAN

ARCADIA

Fishkill, N. Y. Tel. Beacon 727

ALL SPORTS, including tennis, volley ball, handball, ping-pong, swimming in spacious pool, etc. Recordings. Informal social surroundings, delicious food.

Reservations for Limited Number of Families for Extended Stay Now Accepted
N.Y. Tel.: WAd. 3-6696, before 11 a.m., after 9 p.m.
R. R. Station, Beacon N. Y., 60 miles from city.

HOTEL ALLABEN

(Formerly Hotel Schlosinger)

LOCH SHELDRAKE, N. Y.

Hurleyville 85-86

Jack Schwartz, Prop.

**OPENING: MAY 25
DECORATION DAY WEEK-END**

5 days: \$35

or \$42.50 for full week

Complete Social Staff and Dance Orchestra
ALL SPORT FACILITIES

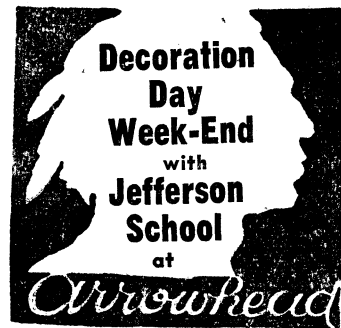
and its attack on your perceptions is so varied and insistent, that nothing short of complete consideration would seem to be in order. That, however, is not within the province of a brief review, and I will be able to touch only on some of its highlights.

New York—1915, 1916, Machines—1922, Colorado—1926, Maine—1927, Gaspé—1929, New Mexico—1930, Mexico—1933, Gaspé—1936, Vermont—1944—into these nine categories the 185 photographs fall. Thirty years of first-rate accomplishment. Thirty years of disciplining a medium—photography—so that, as much as is humanly possible, it will bridge the gap between the artist's insight and the final expression the public sees. This show must prove inspiring not only to workers in photography, in which field your present reviewer operates, but to artists in all media of expression.

The Strand photographs are extremely varied. No one wall at the show looks like any other. Certain elements, motifs, in the 1915 work drop out only to appear twenty years later. In this connection the explanation posted on the first wall is a model of museum guidance.

That Strand is a modern artist there can be no doubt. The man is of our time, both in concepts and in craft. The "new visual angles" are there, the extreme closeups, "candid" photography. But just as truly Strand is a "traditional" artist, traditional in the sense that technical innovation does not emerge as an end in itself but as the necessary means to realize deep concepts. For example, let us consider Strand's closeups such as the *Toadstools after the Rain* or some of the rock forms. Here you will not find the mechanical straddling of an object practiced so often, merely to prove one capable of the feat of maintaining a focus from difficult angles. When Strand bends over driftwood it is to disclose hitherto unsuspected poetry of line and plane, or to reveal the great worlds that lie within the minute canyons in a tree surface.

Among outstanding photos in the show were the incredible golden geometry of the fishing village, number 57 in the 1929 Gaspé series; and the New Mexico miniatures whose forms expand before your eyes until the photographed sky becomes the sky itself and you feel yourself standing beside the photographer. But you might as well find your own favorites. With the good hard looking that first-rate photography can draw out of you you will participate in an event that helps fill out life and gives understanding. CHARLES GREENE.



Fun
Sports
Entertainment
Courses
and
Lectures

Jefferson School CAMP OPENING for the Season — DECORATION DAY WEEK-END. Reasonable Rates. For information: Jefferson School, 575 Sixth Ave., New York 11 Watkins 9-1602

ARROWHEAD • Ellenville, N. Y. • Tel. 502

**ALL YOURS... Fun, Rest,
and Springtime in the Country**

RE-OPEN MAY 25th

Life CAN be beautiful! Color it with a Springtime holiday at Chesters' and you have EVERYTHING to make it so!—your pick of Tennis, Private Lake, All Sports and Indoor Recreations. Good eating, merry company, entertainment, cozy open-hearth fires, musicales and cheery quarters, whether Regular or DeLuxe.

YOUR RESERVATION

for the Decoration Day week or week-end should come NOW to avoid disappointment. Rates are Moderate. Transportation Pleasant.

WOODBOURNE, N. Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150

CHESTERS ZUMBARO
A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

CAMP Allegro Boys—Girls
Ages 3 - 16

Beautifully Equipped Modern Camp, 118 Miles from N. Y. 350 Acres. Private Lake. Elevation 2400 Ft. All Land-Water Sports. Complete Cultural Program. Stressing Educational-Character Growth.

SOPHIE JANOV, DIRECTOR
1223 COLGATE AVE., BRONX. TL. 2-0073
After 5 P.M. and Sat. & Sun. Phone JE 7-9768.
Brooklyn Phone NA 8-0740.

Camp CHI-WAN-DA

FOR BOYS and GIRLS
ULSTER PARK, N.Y.

On the Mountain Lake
Esopus overlooking the
Beautiful Hudson River

We present a modern cultural environment for your children. All cabins with latest improvements. All activities. For full information, write or call for booklet.

JACOB I. DOROSHEKIN, Director
745 5th Ave. MU 2-4217 MA 2-5546 DI 6-8849

MERRIEWOOD

A CAMP FOR ADULTS STODDARD, N. H.

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long, with good fishing and free use of boats and canoes; interesting hiking objectives thru woodland trails; fine tennis and handball courts, badminton, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, ping-pong, square dancing. \$45 & \$50 weekly. Olive H. G. Baron, Dir.

BALTIMORE SMEAR

Recently in a series of articles appearing in *New Masses Magazine*, the Christian leaders of the Baltimore group were branded as Jew-baiters. In fact, the articles were entitled "Jew Baiting in Baltimore."

We Are Proud!

On January 9 and 16 of this year, *New Masses* published two articles by Virginia Gardner, our Washington editor, exposing anti-Semitism in Baltimore. Gerald L. K. Smith, virulent anti-Semite, attacks us for it. In a recent issue of his fascist sheet "Cross and the Flag," he says editorially, "Recently in a series of articles appearing in *New Masses Magazine*, the Christian leaders of the Baltimore Group (American Action, Inc.) were branded as Jew-baiters. . . . Communist journals . . . promote race bigotry by falsely accusing all nationalists, America-Firsters, and anti-Communists of being anti-Semites,"—etc.

We are proud to cause this Red-baiter some disquiet, but we would be prouder still to see his kind disappear from public life. We have V-E Day in Europe. Let's have it completely in America by driving all Hitler ideologues from our midst. By attacking us he is, of course, attacking you—our supporters. The best answer is a stronger *New Masses*.

We are in the midst of our annual Fund Drive. The sooner we raise our 50,000 dollar quota, the more effective our work against the Gerald L. K. Smiths and all enemies of democracy.

MAKE YOUR WEIGHT FELT. ACT NOW!

NEW MASSES, 104 East 9th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Here is my answer to Gerald L. K. Smith. Enclosed please find \$..... as my contribution to NM Fund Drive.

I pledge an additional \$..... to be fulfilled by, 1945.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... P. O. ZONE..... STATE.....