

**NEW MASSES
EVALUATES
ITS COURSE**

An Editorial

**NEW
MASSES**

June 26, 1945

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THE NEW HEARST

FRAME-UP

by **RUTH MCKENNEY**

WILL CHURCHILL WIN?

A cable from London by **CLAUD COCKBURN**

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: How the Red Army Did It, by Capt. Sergei Kournakoff; From One Who Died: Letters by Yuri Krymov; Evansville: Ghost Town? by William Sentner; To Eleanor Roosevelt, by the Editors; In the World of Art, by Moses Soyler; Soviet Writers Look Ahead, by Isidor Schneider.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

KOSTAS KARAYORGHIS, editor of the Greek Communist paper, *Rizospastis*, was briefly a guest of ours last week. As we welcomed him with all our hearts—for to him and many others like him we owe a great debt—many things ran through our mind that seemed to get between us and the all too ordinary greetings with which one naturally meets a fellow worker. We shook the warm hand and looked into the kind, smiling, handsome face thinking of things we knew about him. That he had fought for the Greek Communist movement for twenty-five years, that he had for four years before the liberation of Greece fought in the Greek underground as a military leader of the EAM (the Greek national liberation movement), that he had literally spent years in jail and exile as a political prisoner or refugee, that he was going back to a Greece where the scandalous maneuvers of British Tory reaction had established a regime that no doubt would be glad enough to see him out of the way.

And thinking all these things we asked him how he liked America, the San Francisco Conference which he was covering for his paper, when he was going back, was he flying, had he had any difficulties getting here? The conversation was taking place in a sort of two-way Greek and English, with a little rusty French thrown in. San Francisco was beautiful, much like a European city. New York? Yes, it was beautiful too, "and very rich." (We were suddenly reminded that Greece was hungry.) Karayorghis was a doctor by profession and had studied medicine at Munich, but "wouldn't advise us to rely on him now if we were sick." Then we asked him the big questions. What did he think of the possibilities of the world situation, of Churchill's interference with Greek freedom, of Duclos' letter to the American Communists? What was it like in the section of Greece run by the EAM under Nazi occupation? What happens to the editor of a Communist paper in Athens under a situation like the present? He has promised he will write up the answers to some of these questions for *NEW MASSES* before he leaves for Europe, and so that we won't take the edge off a story from one of the principals in the making of the new Greece, we will recall only a few of the things he told us.

On the hazards of running such a paper as the *Rizospastis* Karayorghis said that from time to time gangs of pro-fascist hoodlums turn up in the editorial office carrying guns, and generally set about to smash everything up. To steer around scandals that might have international repercussions they leave the editor alone. When the police are protested to, they

promise to track down the malefactors but seldom turn any up. The distribution of the left-wing press is also subject to a terror campaign, but the papers are widely circulated despite, and even because of the terror. A unique feature of the Greek Communist Party, he told us, is that it is seventy percent composed of peasants.

ARUSH letter just in this press morning from Joe Foster indicates that the third annual art auction which Joe is running for us in Hollywood is coming off earlier than was originally scheduled. The exhibition will take place July 9 to 13 inclusive, instead of July 16 to 20; the sale is Friday, July 13, 8:00 P.M., at the American Art Galleries, 8470 Wilshire Blvd. Southern California art collectors please stand by. Joe Foster has for their temptation, as usual, a stunning inventory of the best in contemporary American and European art. Buyers will have the double

satisfaction of adding figures to the black columns of *NEW MASSES'* budget and choosing from a roster of artists that any museum might envy.

WE WANT to thank all our friends for the way in which they responded to the preview of Berthold Brecht's *Private Life of the Master Race* which *NEW MASSES* sponsored. We regret very much that the illness of the leading actor, Albert Basserman, forced a last-minute cancellation of the performance. We understand, however, that those who exchanged their tickets for performances later in the week were treated to a really remarkable production, muffed by the critics who saw only opening night, when the play was unfortunately not quite ready.

SOME house notes: There are a couple of pinch-hitters on the film front for Joe Foster. You will hear from Joe from Hollywood later, he promises. Earl Browder has had to forego his column, which was due this week, because of the pressure of work. V. S.

NEW MASSES ESTABLISHED 1911

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THE FUTURE OF A FRIENDSHIP

By THE EDITORS

FOUR years ago this week Hitler looked eastward, marched eastward, and ended in a southward plunge into oblivion. The saga of the Russian clash of arms with the brutalized Wehrmacht has no memory in the long, winding odyssey of mankind. There was never anything in scope and intensity to match this defense by one country against the rapine of another. The military is perhaps the most dramatic chapter. But it is equalled by the chapter of a whole people in arms, pressing their socialist economy to the fullest, giving ground only to recapture it by making the enemy pay a thousandfold more than the original cost. In the Soviet war effort was revealed, as never before, the unconquerable spirit of free men who till their own soil and own their factories and resources.

We pay tribute to our Soviet friends for what they have done for our country. They took the first enormous shocks; they hurled back the Nazis while we prepared for the moment when our forces would face the enemy's in direct combat. Both our countries lost many thousands of the best of their youth. But the Russians lost many more than we and there is many a GI who knows that if it had not been for the death of a Red Army man his own life might have been snuffed out in battle. Yes, the tie between the United States and the Soviet Union goes to the roots of all human ties—mutual sacrifices in defense of life against death.

How, then, if among sane and honest men there is recognition that we owe the USSR a large debt, did it come to pass that no sooner was the battle in Europe over than the memory of common sacrifices was dimmed? The answer is long but it is not hard to find. There are men in our country who glory in the loss of Soviet life, men who place such little value on life in general that if it interferes with their greed another blood-letting would be their smallest concern. In this country the hatred for the Soviet Union is real. It is the exclusive hatred of a few, however—a few powerful enough to use their hatred to distort the minds of many, to build barriers between ourselves and the rest of the world. You know their names. They are Clare Booth Luce, Herbert Hoover, Arthur Vandenberg, William Randolph Hearst, Burton K. Wheeler; there is Roy Howard, Captain Patterson and Colonel McCormick. They, among others, have never had a genuinely heartfelt word for our allies, much less for an ally relatively fresh out of the thrall of oppression and Czarist bondage.

They have never reconciled themselves to cordial relations and enduring friendship with the Russians. But in recent weeks they have been joined by others not so irreconcilable to Russian friendship—so long as their positions were threatened by Hitler. That threat no longer exists and all their deeply rooted prejudices emerge to the

surface in an effort to halt the desire for genuine independence and freedom on the part of the European masses.

It would be mistaken to believe that the old irreconcilables have gained a host of post-V-E Day friends, but they have gained enough to have seriously undermined what many thought to be more or less settled foreign policy under Roosevelt. This trend away from American-Soviet friendship has not jelled. It might have had there not been a rude awakening nationally over the curious turn of events at San Francisco, over the American and British violations of the Crimea agreement as it concerns Poland, the Trieste affair and several other matters from the arrest of Pietro Nenni, the Italian Socialist leader, to the failure to withdraw Allied troops from the jointly agreed-upon Russian zone of occupation in Germany. All these developments and others proceed in a context of Soviet-baiting encouraged by many officials in Washington, including those in the highest quarters of the State Department.

THIS trend against the USSR, a trend so inimical to the future peace, is far from being reversed. It is now in open conflict with that other trend for American-Soviet unity launched by FDR. True, there has been a release of national tension after President Truman indicated the results of Mr. Hopkins' mission to Moscow. But it is also pertinent to note that the President admitted that the American position had to be modified, particularly on the Polish issue, before the ground could be cleared for another tri-power meeting. If the government had pursued to the letter its commitments at Crimea there would have been no need to modify its stand. It was only when Mr. Stettinius, hanging on to Mr. Eden's coattails, joined the "get-tough-with-Russia" crowd that policy began to depart from a sane and sensible course.

Mr. Truman in a press interview last week asked reporters not to muddy up the negotiations he has undertaken. The request is eminently justified because in six weeks from the opening of the San Francisco conference most American newspapers have so damaged our prestige in Europe that it will take a long time to repair. We can only hope that Mr. Truman's admonitions go also beyond the press. The fact is that many correspondents have been deliberately fed on the wormy meal of anti-Sovietism by such figures as Ambassador Averell Harriman, James Clement Dunn and Nelson Rockefeller, among others in the President's official family. To our mind one of the best indices as to how well the administration intends to work with the USSR in the interests of world peace would be found in the retirement of these men, including Mr. Stettinius. Their usefulness is as questionable as their politics and uncertainty is not the best foundation for a fruitful foreign policy.

HOW THE RED ARMY DID IT

By **CAPT. SERGEI KOURNAKOFF**

WHEN the Red Armies of the center started their great push from the middle and upper Dnieper on the third anniversary of Hitler's attack against their country, there were already good reasons to believe that the fourth anniversary would be greeted by the Soviet people in peace. At the time the three decisive battles of the war—Moscow, Stalingrad and Kursk—were already things of the past and with them had gone down the myth of German invincibility, German offensive power in general, and German faith in their ability to do anything but retreat.

There is a historical legend according to which Napoleon, meeting with Czar Alexander's peace envoy at the very start of the campaign of 1812, asked the envoy (General Balashov): "How is the road to Moscow?" Balashov is supposed to have answered: "Sire, there is a number of roads. . . . Charles XII of Sweden tried to go by way of Poltava." (The Napoleonic conversation took place at Vilna, i.e., on the straight road from East Prussia to Moscow. Balashov was referring to Charles XII's intention to march on Moscow from Poland via the Ukraine and his overwhelming defeat by Peter the Great at Poltava.)

Paraphrasing this conversation, one might say that the Red Army on June 22, 1941, started its march on Berlin from Brest-Litovsk, *via* Moscow, Stalingrad and Kursk, a distance of 2,500 miles of marching and countermarching instead of the flight-of-the-crow route of less than 450 miles. The battles and campaigns which filled the 1,417 days of the German-Soviet war developed over a theater as big as all western Europe, with the front stretching at times to a length of 3,000 miles, with movements and fluctuations reaching a depth of 1,500 miles. Nothing of that magnitude had ever happened in military history.

The comprehensive figures of losses on both sides in the gigantic conflict will not be known until after the actual date of the fourth anniversary of June 22 and we can only make a guess based on the figures published on the third anniversary. It can be said with fair certainty, however, that the Germans lost in killed and prisoners alone on the

Eastern Front the staggering number of 12,000,000 men. This represents half of the total mobilization potential of Hitler's Germany at its peak when all Europe, except England, was at its beck and call. About half of the other half, or some 6,000,000 men belonging to the satellite countries which like Italy, Rumania, Finland and Hungary, dropped away from the Axis under the influence of the hammer blows of the Red Army against their "boss," were also eliminated by the Red Army. Thus the latter is responsible for the knocking out in battle or "by default" of three-quarters of the entire human potential of the Axis. Of this number probably eight or nine million fascist soldiers will never walk the earth again. And to this must be added scores of thousands of enemy guns, tanks and planes, of which 90,000 guns, 70,000 tanks and 60,000 planes were destroyed by the Red Army during the first three years of the war alone.

The price of this tremendous achievement the Lord alone knows at this moment, but it is a safe bet to say that both in the ranks of the Red Army and among the civilian population no less than 15,000,000 Soviet citizens of both sexes and of all ages have perished or have been reduced to the status of hopeless cripples.

June 22, 1941 was the basic turning point of the war not only because on that day Hitler hurled his armies into the terrible vortex in the East which was to give up only their shattered remnants; it was also the nodal point in time when the second World War was transformed from *just a war* into a *just war*.

THE Red Army went through with its job to the end, which was reached when Field Marshal Keitel raised his sword before Marshal Zhukov in a traditional gesture of surrender in a Berlin suburb on May 8, 1945. With its fighting comrades of the West, the Red Army completed the debacle of the German war machine, of the German state, of the German militarist philosophy. The Hitlerite legions, which set out to conquer the world *via* Moscow, lost the last tatters of their country in Berlin.

The Red Army, which for three

years had borne the brunt of the war against Germany virtually alone, won its victory the hard way, the way which led through reverses to successes. The Germans attacked the Soviet Union unexpectedly (at least in a tactical sense) with more than 200 divisions, of which 170 were "pure" German. The Red Army could oppose to them only seventy-five divisions at the time. Under a 3:1 handicap Soviet border guards and regulars fought and survived the Battle of the Frontiers, an active defensive battle if there ever was one. It absorbed and blunted the *blitz*-machine, which was checked for the first time at Yelnya and Yartsevo on the road to Moscow barely a month after it started rolling. The delay was fatal, both in an operational and in a psychological sense. Hitler's armies arrived at the gate of Moscow one month late.

The first turning point of the German-Soviet war came on the day America was catapulted into the world conflict by the attack on Pearl Harbor. At Moscow, Rostov and Tikhvin, i.e., at points almost 1,000 miles apart, the German armies were set on their heels and, at least in the center, hurled back to a distance of 250 miles. The *blitz* was definitely dead. The myth of German invincibility had been dispelled once and forever. The Red Army passed from active defense to the offensive. Fifty divisions, representing the cream of Hitler's troops, were shattered at Moscow. Such were the losses of the German army during the first year of the war that in the summer of 1942 it could launch an offensive only along less than half of the front, i.e., roughly between Orel and the Black Sea. However, due to the fact that they had nothing to fear in the West, the Germans were able to concentrate 179 of their 256 divisions on the Soviet Front, plus some sixty satellite divisions. Trying again for Moscow, but this time by a roundabout way *via* the upper Don (Voronezh), the Germans were shunted southward by the stone-wall defense at Voronezh and plunged into what was to become the Stalingrad *Cannae*.

Here again the seemingly fateful number of fifty-odd German picked divisions were sucked in, trapped, and half of them destroyed to the last man. After Stalingrad, where the Germans

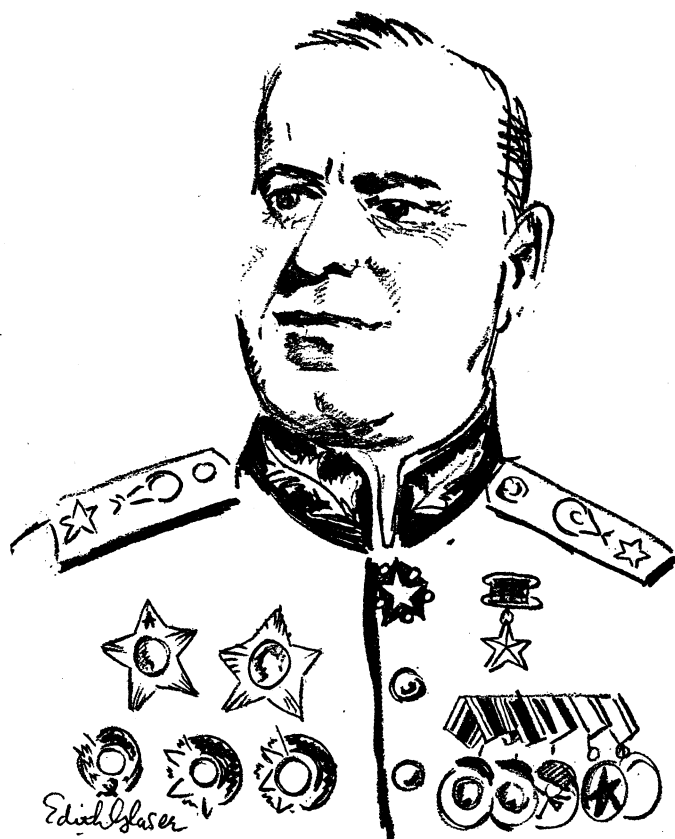
had concentrated everything they could muster, including tanks from Rommel's army easily recognizable by their desert-camouflage, the offensive power of the German army was completely broken. After Nov. 19, 1942, the Wehrmacht never won a victory of strategic scope.

In the summer of 1943, still feeling absolutely safe against attack in the West and having nothing but the distinctly secondary front in Italy to worry about, Hitler made another offensive attempt with the same fateful number of divisions: some fifty divisions, saturated with armor, attacked the Kursk Arc. At that time the Germans had 207 German and fifty satellite divisions arrayed against the Red Army. These divisions started a grand offensive in early July, but were stopped within twenty miles of their jumping-off line and then hurled back in the battle, which actually continued as a non-stop Soviet offensive until Marshal Zhukov entered Berlin.

BUT even as the Germans started their offensive against the Kursk Arc, they already knew that they had lost the war; at least they knew that they could not win it. A Staff memorandum written in 1943 by Gen. Otto von Stuelpnagel, military governor of Paris, had this to say: "What does a provisional defeat matter to us if because of the destruction of manpower and materiel which we will have been able to inflict on our enemies and neighboring territories, we have obtained a margin of economic and demographic superiority greater than in 1939? . . . We shall be better placed to conquer in twenty-five years than we were in 1939. . . ." (See *The Plot Against the Peace*, by Michael Sayers and Albert Kahn, Dial Press.)

By the Germans' own admission, they had lost the war after the triple blows of Moscow, Stalingrad and Kursk. This is a thing to remember when appraising the role of the Red Army in the common victory of the United Nations.

The strategic picture of the developments which took place between the Kursk Arc and the meeting of the Allied and Soviet Armies on the Elbe confirms this German opinion. In fact, the Germans were never able to take the offensive on a large scale anywhere in the East after July 1943. In the end of 1943, at Kiev, von Mannstein attempted to take the offensive, but it ended in a great Soviet offensive which drove the enemy to the Carpathians. In August 1944, at Warsaw, the Ger-



Marshal Grigori Zhukov

mans staged a counterblow. At the end of 1944, at Budapest, the Germans made another counter-offensive attempt. But none of these efforts ever brought any strategic results. A Red Army blow of colossal proportions always followed.

The last Soviet offensive of the war started rolling in mid-January of 1945. True to the law of the ever-growing offensive power of the Red Army, this operation surpassed anything which had ever happened before. The last "East Wall" was blasted and Soviet troops irrupted into the heart of Germany, carrying everything before them. In April Marshal Zhukov launched his last assault from bridgeheads on the Oder. It started in the glare of hundreds of great searchlight which blinded the enemy. Tens of thousands of guns and thousands of tanks advanced in an avalanche. The battle of Berlin was on. On May 2 the half million German defenders (still that fateful number of fifty divisions) of the capital were smashed and the remnants surrendered. On May 8, at midnight, Field Marshal

Keitel handed his sword to Marshal Zhukov. The war against Germany was over.

The American people as a whole have every reason to celebrate the June 22 anniversary as the real turning point of the war against the common enemy in Europe. They can take pride in their own military effort, which has written the most glorious pages in the military history of the United States, but they must also remember that the Soviet Union's "Pearl Harbor" preceded America's by almost six months and thus has "priority" in the chain of events leading to the downfall of Hitlerism. And in celebrating June 22, they can take pride in their practical acumen which through lend-lease to the USSR permitted them to make a \$10,000,000,000 investment which netted 10,000,000 fascists dead or captured, fascists who were then not destined to shoot at American, British, or other Allied soldiers because the Red Army had wiped them off the face of the earth.

I MET THEM AT TORGAU

By LT. WILLIAM D. ROBERTSON

The following is the text, slightly abridged, of an address made by an American lieutenant at the "Salute to the GPs" meeting held under the sponsorship of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship at Madison Square Garden, May 31.

I GUESS I'm a typical example of the little man who happened to be there. I've been credited with making the first official contact with the Russians at Torgau, Germany, on April 25, but when I started off from battalion headquarters that morning—just between you and me—I had no idea I was going to Torgau and never dreamed I'd run into any Russians.

We knew that there were a lot of refugees clogging up the roads in our area, as well as some Germans who wanted to surrender, and so I went forward in a jeep with a machine-gun mounted on it to round some of them up and shepherd them back to Wurzen.

Three enlisted men got in the jeep with me and we set off down a road. After a while we ran into some unarmed German soldiers, looking for a chance to surrender, and we sent them back toward Wurzen. Then we ran into some armed German soldiers. We disarmed them and sent them back. Next we picked up an SS trooper. For a couple of miles we chased a large touring car full of German officers, and after we'd fired a few bursts they stopped.

That was the way it went. That's about the way I guess it always goes when an enemy is cracking up. During the next hour or so, we nabbed ourselves a few more krauts, met up with thirty liberated Englishmen who'd been prisoners of war, and who told us about some Americans we might find in Torgau, found the Americans and added two of them, including a naval ensign, to our party, and borrowed a bedsheet from a passing German woman. We thought a white flag might be a good thing to have around in case we unexpectedly ran into some Russians—nobody knew just where they were—so we rolled it on a pole.

Torgau was practically deserted; we heard a few scattered German snipers and we saw only about fifty German civilians. That—and the fact that fires started by artillery shells were still burn-

ing—convinced us that the Russians couldn't be far away. We stopped at a vacated drug store, found some powdered paints and a bucket of water, and in about twenty minutes had converted our bedsheet into a fairly reasonable facsimile of an American flag. Come to think of it, it was a pretty good flag, except that it was all stripes and no stars.

Torgau is right on the east bank of the Elbe, and at the edge of the water there's one of those old-fashioned medieval castles. Nobody was home, so we drove into the courtyard and climbed the highest tower. We looked out, and across the river, maybe five hundred yards away in all, we saw an unfamiliar-looking armored car and some soldiers, who were firing small arms in our general direction. Since the vehicle wasn't one of ours and didn't look like any Jerry car we'd ever seen before, it wasn't too difficult for us to realize what it was. There was a dome on top of the tower we were in, with a little extra cupola on top of it. I climbed all the way up, took our improvised flag and stuck it out of a window, and began waving it and hollering. I yelled, "We are friends," "Cease firing," "We are an American patrol," and the only Russian word I know—"Tovarich."

I COULD see the Russians running around excitedly. They stopped firing, and then one of them shot up a couple of green flares. The Americans and the Russians had made arrangements to fire such flares whenever they met, but I didn't have any with me, and so I began yelling "We have no flares," and waving the flag harder than ever. The Russians opened up with an anti-tank gun and more small-arms fire. They had good reason—I learned later. It seemed that a few days before some krauts had tricked the Russians into a trap by waving an American flag at them. I kept yelling and waving, and finally sent my boys after a German-speaking Russian prisoner we'd met in the town. He got to us just in time.

The ensign we'd picked up knew some German, and he told the Russian who we were and what we wanted. The Russian yelled across the river in Russian, and then the firing stopped for good. We all ran down to the river bank and started across a bridge. It had been pretty well bombed out, and all

the girders were twisted and bent, but you could still walk across without getting your feet wet. Our Russian went first, and I went behind him. Halfway out—the river was about a hundred yards wide at that time of year—a girder had been bent down into a V shape. For all of you who are interested in exact descriptions of more or less historical moments, I can hereby authoritatively report that a Russian private and an American lieutenant—yours truly—first clasped hands after sliding toward each other on their knees down that V-shaped girder. It wasn't too vigorous a hand-clasp, either. We were both afraid we might fall off.

When we got all the way across the river, we really had a chance to shake hands hard, and we did. Somebody produced a bottle of schnapps and somebody else produced a bottle of wine. A Russian GI began playing a tune on a harmonica, and a Russian major, who knew a little English, gave me the dope on his outfit, and I told him about mine. Some friendly Russian grabbed my hand and stuck his wedding ring on my finger, and another gave me his wristwatch. So I gave him mine, to show him we Americans were no pikers when it came to junctions. They were all interested in our uniforms and equipment, and they seemed amused at our helmets. They all wore cloth caps.

Well, that was about all there was to it. . . . We invited four Russians to come back to our headquarters with us, just to prove we'd really joined up with them. Later we presented our makeshift flag to General Eisenhower, and there were a lot of formal parties, which I didn't attend because by then I was sleepy. And a few days afterward a Russian general was kind enough to give me this decoration. Somebody told me that it entitled me to free public transportation for the rest of my life, but I guess he must have meant just in Russia, because this morning, when I forgot to empty my pockets while changing my uniform and found myself in a subway station without a nickel, I tried to flash my decoration on a guard and he practically threw a fit. "But this is the Order of Alexander Nevsky," I told him. "I don't care if you're a Junior G-Man," he said. "That'll be five cents." It's nice to be home, anyhow.

FROM ONE WHO DIED

By YURI KRYMOV

In November 1943, a collective farmer in the Poltava Region of the Soviet Union sent in to the Moscow branch of the Writers' Union an army book, an unfinished letter, a postcard and the book "Tanker Derbent," all torn by bullets and bayonets. With these he sent a note announcing that Yuri Solomonovich Krymov, young writer and newspaper correspondent attached to the Red Army, had been killed Sept. 20, 1941 and buried with honors. The note concluded, "The hero fought against the Germans to the last drop of his blood until the enemy pierced his breast with a bayonet, wounding him seven times, from which he died." Below are excerpts from Krymov's letters to his wife and parents written during the first three dreadful months of the Nazi invasion before he was killed, and the unfinished letter found on his body. Krymov was a front-line correspondent for "Pravda" and "Sovietsky Patriot." In 1938 he wrote the novel "Tanker Derbent," which was followed by another novel, "Engineer." These letters add to the staggering figures in which the Soviet Union counts the losses of her citizenry some small sense of the qualitative loss which statistics can never measure.

July 27

I HAVE been at the front a fortnight already but it seems like centuries. In some prehistoric time there lived in a wonderful house in the beautiful city of Moscow a writer, Krymov, who wrote novels and stories, sometimes got worked up (speeches at the Union of Soviet Writers, work on a film, reviews, etc.).

How far away that all seems! It seems to me that I have spent half my life in a rattling car dashing madly along village roads, over rye fields and stubble. That man, namely me, jumps out of the car, runs into a cottage and there kindly women, Ukrainians, give him milk to drink and while he drinks, his tunic unbuttoned, they look silently at him with their troubled, loving eyes. Oh, those eyes—beseeching, stubborn and loving—they are with you wherever you go. Of course you know everything about what is the most important thing for them all: "How are matters at the front? How are our boys there, Gritsko, Khvedya, Opanas? Perhaps you know them? Are our men fighting well? Are they cutting down the Nazi butchers?" You drink up your milk, answer hurriedly in general terms, try to give them some money. They won't take it. Not for anything will they take it! "My dear boy, are we so poor? Keep your money, we don't need it!" Darling, darling people! How can we grudge you anything, how can we cheer you, soothe you? It is very important to keep a bold face. That calms the people. We have a sufficiently martial air about us without that, however. Tanned and gaunt, our caps crushed flat, we have become real soldiers. . . .

I want to tell you about an engagement fought by companies from one of our infantry regiments. The Germans hurled an SS Shock Regiment, the "Hitler Regiment," against them. I won't describe the artillery preparations, mortar fire, etc., to you. The finest thing happened when the enemy came into close contact with our companies. Before then they had already lost several tanks

and a lot of infantry, but our losses were quite insignificant. The Germans continued to press forward. Suddenly a Nazi officer shouted to our troops in Russian: "Russian soldiers, give up your arms, you are surrounded. We have come to deliver you from slavery," etc. Lieutenant Pastushenko, the twenty-three-year-old commander of Number 3 Company leaped up out of the trench: "Battalion, fix bayonets! Grenades at the ready! Follow me against the Nazi barbarians!" Pastushenko, of course, had no battalion; there was one infantry company and an attached machine-gun company. The Nazis, however, were seized with real panic. They threw away their machine-guns, ammunition pouches, everything that hindered flight, and ran hell bent for leather to a deep ditch where they lay down. Our machine-guns raked the ditch from the flanks. The engagement resulted in two battalions of Nazis being wiped out. The battle lasted quite a while. By the end of the second day the "Hitler Regiment" had ceased to exist. . . .

I think you can get some idea of what my life is like from these incoherent letters of mine. Life is not easy but full of meaning. I have probably never before lived a life so full of meaning. Of course there is the dark side of it, but I will tell you about that after the war. The most important thing you know—I worry about you and the family.

August 5

WRITE to me, my dear. . . . I think so much about you and about our family, about our flat and about the lame Katka,* and all this is like a bright little corner in my heart. When I read about the air raids on Moscow I so much want to be near the city, to protect Moscow. This is not only my wish. We all dream of defending Moscow, even of dying near Moscow. Such splendid firmness of spirit and such hatred of the Nazis has probably never existed in any other army, cannot, in fact, exist. We are hitting back at them hard. In the last battle in which our comrades took part, the enemy losses were about twenty to one of ours.

* Katka—a kitten with frost-bitten paws that Krymov found and brought home.



Woodcuts on this and following two pages by A. Kravchenko, noted Soviet engraver.



Woodcuts on this and following two pages by A. Kravchenko, noted Soviet engraver.

NM *June 26, 1945*

I HAVE a new friend, a soldier-artist who is known all over the army. He is a fine man, a simple, modest and courageous lad. At night I sleep under the same greatcoat with him, we lie in the darkness, smoke our cigarettes and talk. About what? He is a well known artist and I am a writer, shall we say, "with a name." But we do not have any of those "intellectual" conversations such as take place between people in the art world. We talk about the fighting, about the safety of Moscow, about our relatives and our past. All of us have but one interest nowadays—the war.

Middle of August

LEUTENANT PASTUSHENKO has been killed; he was our hero and our favorite. Often he has fought whole crowds of Nazis, and alone with his machine-gun has been far behind the enemy lines. The last time he brought back Political Instructor Gnoyevoy from the battlefield. He carried his comrade on his shoulders for three kilometers under fire. In the last fight a cursed shell smashed his wonderful, golden head. Nobody could bring him back. I understand and believe those comrades who were with him. All round were those swine from the SS and there was nothing that they could do. Two of our men were also wounded. No doubt they did all they could: they took his party membership card and removed his collar tabs and badges. I suppose there was nothing else they could do, but still I can't bear to look at them now. I think that if I had been there I would have brought back his dead body. I was not a friend of his, but I knew him and had talked intimately with him. No other death has wounded me so much. The boys in his regiment simply grind their teeth with rage. Hundreds of the boys have sworn to avenge his death and some of them have already kept their word. I also swore that if an opportunity occurred I would settle accounts with the Nazi scum. That will be more difficult for me than for a rank-and-file soldier (I am thinking of getting at them with my own hands). If you consider it sensibly, however, that is not really necessary. All that is required is to obey orders and do whatever is required of you. My heart aches nevertheless. . . .

There is a patriarchal silence in the little town where we are quartered. The collective farmers are selling plums and maize at the market. Children run



A. Kravchenko.

along the dusty roads begging cigarettes from the truck drivers. The blackbirds, harbingers of autumn, are singing lustily. They fly in black clouds along the frontline and suddenly disappear behind the trees. Girls in white smocks are serving customers in the chemist's: salol, calcex, etc. . . . The town baths are working. The sun is shining with the bright, farewell rays of autumn. Suddenly there is a roar. Our artillery opens fire. A siren screams like the wailing of a hysterical woman; all those peaceful people, as though obeying an order, raise their eyes to the sky.

Beyond the heights there are groves of trees with more blackbirds flying there. Still I continue thinking of Pastushenko. He was very dear to me. I must stop, however. When the war is over I will write about him, if it falls to my lot to do so. He was such a simple, natural and brave lad. Today all my thoughts are not worth a farthing. I must do things. There are wonderful people around me, heroes.

Beginning of September

WE ARE a long way back from the forward positions. That is why I have only just found a chance to think clearly. Here in the rear everything that happened at the front seems more colossal and fearful.

I am sitting in the editorial office. On my knees I have a little kitten, a skeleton, all skin and bones. I gave him soup and took him in my hands. He rewarded me with a whole concert for this. Now he is trying to catch flies and play with my pencil. Great little people, these animals! . . .

When I came to the front I thought that it would be something like the war described by Remarque, Barbusse and other writers who depicted the war of 1914. Nothing of the sort! The nearest thing in literature to what I see here is *War and Peace*. Ideas are maturing in all of us which are similar to those of Prince Andrei before the battle of Borodino. Read over that part again where Andrei talks with Pierre in a shed on the eve of Borodino. . . .

I am always thinking of you, my dear, and want to believe that we shall soon be together again. You will be the nearest and dearest to

me until I die.

September 9

WE ARE again behind the lines. It is only rarely that enemy aircraft come buzzing through the air and then our fine long-nosed ack-ack guns get going. Our comrades went to the forward positions yesterday. So far all our people are alive, nobody even wounded.

Before me is sitting Political Instructor Alexei Tsaruk, a tankman. He is a healthy broad-shouldered lad, always frowning and of gloomy mien. This, however, is only his outward appearance. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow, and his jokes are such that you always feel some kind of special, vivacious seriousness in them.

Another is Senior Political Instructor Polyakov. He wears glasses and reminds one of a professor, even in uniform. He speaks rapidly and with an unintelligible Ivanovo accent. Not long ago he was in battle with our brigade. The way he threw grenades at the Germans wasn't at all bad. Several times he was smothered with earth from bomb explosions. His face was black and gaunt but still there was something professorial about it. Thanks to his calm the brigade did not suffer any losses. Two of them got cut off but they turned up again, alive and uninjured. . . .

Yesterday we received gifts from unknown women in Ashkhabad. The letter in the parcel which I received begins like this: "Dear soldier or officer! Gallant son of our country!" It is very strange and touching to read such lines addressed to yourself. The parcel contained cigarettes, a towel, socks and lots of other things. They probably spent

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their last coppers to buy them. At every step you see love and solicitude for the troops and a kind of careful attitude on the part of the people, women, children and old men. When we go to a new place, people who have known us only for a week accompany our trucks to see us off with tears in their eyes.

September 19

I HAVEN'T written you for a long time because there has been no opportunity to send off a letter. Nor is it possible now. I think, however, that a letter written will reach you somehow while that which remains unwritten will disappear without leaving a trace. So I shall sit down to write.

It is now late at night. I am sitting in a big cottage. All around me on benches, on the floor and on the sleeping shelf are my dear comrades. They are sleeping in full marching order wearing their greatcoats belted, ready to move and their arms around their rifles or machine-guns. There is a night light burning and its flickering flames send moving shadows across the white-washed walls. Sitting at the table opposite me is the commissar. He, like myself, has not slept for four nights.

What has happened, how did we get surrounded? It would take a long time to explain, and I don't want to anyway, because things are still not clear. One thing is indisputable: everywhere, whichever way you turn, there are German tanks, tommy-gunners or pill-boxes.

For the fourth day our formation has been fighting in a circular defensive position inside a ring of fire. At night the ring around us is marked by the glow of conflagrations. They break out first here, then there, all along the horizon, giving the sky a fantastic rosy hue. Magnificent gold branches stand out in the darkness. The stars grow pale. The glow crawls across the distant steppes and dies down only to break out in another place. Towards morning we are to leave this village. The faces of the collective farmers are stern and troubled. The speech of the women is soft . . . the abrupt shouts of the officers. The roar of motors. The neighing of horses.

"Don't worry, comrades, we'll come back! We'll come back soon! . . ."

"Come again. . . ."

"And if you will be killed by the Germans?"

"If not us, then others will come. Goodby, dear. Come on, beauty. Let's

pull up the straps. . . . Put a little hay on the seat. Some cold water, an egg-plant. Thank you . . . you. . . . We shall soon come back, if not us then others, the same as us, not a bit worse. . . . The German parasites will perish like a bad dream. Goodby, comrades! . . . No, not goodby—*au revoir!*"

The road is dusty, long columns of motor-trucks and carts, the base units are moving towards the center of the ring. The line units are marching in, being regrouped for a decisive thrust to break through. The ring is closing in rapidly. There is no longer anywhere to move to. Within the next few hours we must expect a decisive battle. There is no doubt that the formation will fight its way out of the encirclement. But how will it do it? At what cost? This is what is passing through the mind of every officer.

Under these menacing circumstances one thing happened which has great significance for me. I will write about it in detail.

During the day I rejoined my unit after having been absent for two days. I took out a damaged car. On the way, as I left a village which the Germans had entered, I took ammunition that the harassed base units had not had time to get away. I took two badly wounded men and brought them away from the front line. All night long I drove with the boxes of grenades and two groaning, tortured men. Finally, I found a village lying-in home and left the wounded there, asking the people to hide them if the Germans came. When I went away one of the men took hold of me by the collar of my tunic and kissed me on the lips. "Comrade Major," he said, "you are dearer than a father to me." And at that moment he was dearer to me than my own future.

There was nothing extraordinary in those actions of mine; every one of us is constantly doing similar things. Nevertheless it was good to go back to my unit with a consciousness that my absence had not meant lost time. When I arrived, therefore, I was in excellent fighting spirits. Before I had time to report to the commissar the Party Bureau had met. My acceptance into the Party was on the agenda. There was I, just as I arrived, covered with dirt, bristles on my chin, sitting in the full-grown maize. Around me were my comrades, members of the Party Bureau, and active Party members. Everybody had a sub-machine-gun or rifle in his hands. The guns were roaring not

far away. Patrols were marching up and down in the maize field around us. Such were the circumstances of my acceptance into the Party.

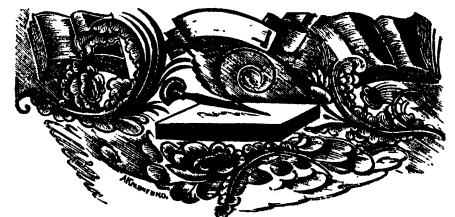
The secretary of the Party Bureau and Political Instructor Alexei Tsaruk read out my application and the recommendations of my comrades, the Communist officers. They had only known me since the beginning of the war.

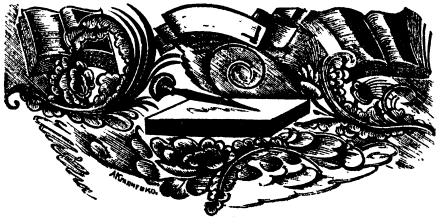
What astounding recommendations they were! They contained a complete description of one of the battles in which I had taken part; the description of one of the battles near Bobritsa last month was especially interesting. I looked at the ground because my eyes were smarting. You understand I have always felt that I would join the Party during a fierce battle. Actually all that I foresaw has been surpassed. I joined the Party at that moment when the whole formation was in encirclement, that is, on the eve of a decisive, mortal battle for my comrades and me. My spirit is astonishingly calm and I feel fine. In battle I usually am calm, but now some new feeling had been added to that usual equilibrium. Pride. The consciousness that I have not lived in vain. I rely on you. If you remain alone it will not break you. You are an excellent, honest and resolute woman. People like you do not go under.

Two o'clock at night. I have just received a report that the enemy is four kilometers from our left flank. Rudakov says that we are standing with one leg on a penny and nowhere to put the other. There is a glow along the whole horizon and some sort of ominous crackling. You can't understand a thing about what is going on, but we have seen too much of life and are not easily scared.

The lads are asleep. A new report has come in. We have no units on the left flank. We are on the defensive in a circle round our position. Events are developing rapidly. Senior Political Instructor Gridchin just came up and gave me two biscuits. I have no idea where he got them. He did not eat them himself, though, but brought them to me.

(The letter was left unfinished.)





WILL CHURCHILL WIN?

By **CLAUD COCKBURN**

London (by cable).

It's still a bit sultry in the country though the electric political storms and flashes are already clearly visible over London. For a while here, while the election campaign was getting under way, everyone, all parties, had an impression of a kind of eerie silence in which the noise you heard might merely be the creaking of the Tory Party machine or just possibly the nasty bump of the western world going to hell in a handcart. Tracking back a bit you had, of course, the first rumble and flash of storm with Churchill's now notorious "gestapo" speech. That drew a picture and told a story. It wasn't either the picture or the story the Tories meant to tell. Instead, it gave a useful outline of this tragi-comic situation wherein a man who led Britain to victory because he prevented Tory saboteurs from interfering with the popular forces of the country, now reappears as a simple Tory hack begging and cajoling the skeptical electorate to cash his war checks on the peace bank.

In the past few days I have talked with several of what might be called the backroom boys of the Tory Party. One and all they are gloomy, nervous, almost gibbering with alarm at the results of that "gestapo" speech—results which they fear will hang over the Tory cause throughout the election. And by the time you are reading this you will probably have had a chance to witness some of the Tory advisers' attempts to get Churchill to seek to reverse that speech and its effects on the country. Yet it is worth recalling it and not underestimating it for two reasons: first, because that speech represents the real feelings and the real intentions of the mass of the Tory Party; second, because it proved for the first time to hundreds of thousands of British electors—maybe millions—that the Tory Party stands just exactly where it always stood and that Winston Churchill is standing right there with it.

There is that undertone of tragic-farce to the situation—though it is really unreasonable to suppose we can't hire a man to run the war for us without having to take him and all his political relations into the house for the duration of the peace. As a speaker at Hackney in London's East End put it the other night 'mid loud applause, "Okay. Let's

make him a duke. Let's buy him a new hat. But don't let's put him back to Downing Street." That is the mood in every working class constituency in the country. They don't hate the old boy. He put on a good show. He kept the organ playing the right hymns when the building was blazing. And so what? So now we want someone who can rebuild the building and it is hard to find a workingman who thinks the man for that job is Winston.

That is true. But if it were all that is true you would get the picture of a Labor landslide—which isn't necessarily a true picture either, though I would not rule it out. (What is more, I find now that quite a lot of the Tory backroomers are not ruling it out either.) However, that is speculation. The over-all picture is this. First, you have got the hard fact that the Tories pulled the election when they did on the basis of "information received," as they say at Scotland Yard. They were not altogether foolish. They never are. They reckoned first on exploiting the "sense of victory." That one I think has probably boomeranged because so far as there is a sense of victory in this very tired, very worn country it works the other way. It encourages the self-confidence of workers in and out of uniform and to that extent encourages the vote against what are known here as "them"—the people up at the top.

But the Tories also reckoned on the fact that the earlier the election, the less would be the "mobilization" of the soldier vote—and Tory opinion pretty well accepts the fact that by and large the soldier vote is against them. (Again it is a speculation. Anyone who pretends absolutely to know what the soldier vote is, is talking through his hat.) Though technically very good and fair arrangements have been made on paper for recording the soldier vote, everyone knows that in reality there will be a lot of soldiers who, for one reason or another, just won't make it. They won't get around to getting the forms from the other end of camp, asking the right questions, finding the right envelopes, dopping out the right address to which things have to be sent. So that was one of the things the Tories reckoned on.

The Tories also proposed to rack-teeter to the maximum extent on

Churchill's "indispensability" as "Britain's spokesman" in current international discussions. They had hoped to use the eventual Big Three meeting that way if a Big Three meeting were necessitated by the international situation. Since—for example—the Polish questions have been tackled progressively in a sense exactly contrary to that which Eden, Churchill and the British Tory Party generally fought for before and during the San Francisco Conference, it is going to be a little hard for them to present this as "victory" for their line. On the contrary, it is one of the biggest snubs Churchill ever received over such an issue. So they are driven back on sheer scaremongering about the people's savings, et cetera, and on attempts simultaneously to present the Tories—to Tories—as the uncompromising true blues since 1900 and to present the Tories to the mass of electors as a really quite progressive gang of people who are only distinguishable from the Socialists by the fact that instead of wishing to apply highboots and the lash like Attlee they propose rather to lead us to the egalitarian paradise by methods of kindness, understanding and true country house tradition.

That may get them somewhere. It is their best bet in a frankly leftward-looking country. That and the feeling of certain elements that "it would not be nice to throw out poor old Winnie now—not after all he's been through." Even there, of course, the fact that the Tory Party in general and Churchill's campaign in particular is being more and more visibly run by Lord Beaverbrook and sidekick Brendan Bracken cuts both ways. True, those two know all there is to know about fighting a dirty election. True too, however, that absolutely nobody outside the local sanatoria can feel for "poor old Beaver" or "poor old Bracken." You might as well say poor old Du Pont. The trouble with them and with a lot of the big Tory business associated with the campaign is that they can't even seem to look as though they had got any poorer with the war.

Even the second Churchill broadcast produced the rather painful impression—particularly in its somewhat belatedly enthusiastic references to milk and child welfare—the impression of a somewhat

LONDON MAY REVUE

fruity old gentleman suddenly called upon to kiss a couple of babies for the sake of a couple of hundred votes. The fact is that the Conservative Party in Britain is consciously and uneasily on the defensive for the first time for a very large number of years. They are visibly frightened. This fear naturally results in an internal suspiciousness within the ranks of that party. The mass of the Conservative organizers and even a majority of the Conservative members of Parliament have for years freely expressed, for instance, their hatred and contempt of Lord Beaverbrook, to whom they are accustomed to refer when they listen to his broadcast speeches as "that bawling colonial."

Yet such are the exigencies of their situation that they have been compelled to turn over to this disreputable multi-millionaire parvenu from New Brunswick the publicity and the main conduct of their electoral campaign. It is not surprising that some of them are openly expressing the fear that Beaverbrook really does not desire an all-out victory of the Conservative Party which under those circumstances would throw him hurriedly into the ashcan, but is deliberately raising issues which he feels will perhaps produce a more confused situation in which his especial talent for intrigue will continue to fetch its maximum political market value.

If against this frightened and fumbling Tory mass there were already in existence a progressive electoral front capable of expressing the full sentiments of the people there could be no doubt whatsoever as to the outcome of this election. As things stand both the Labor Party and the Liberal Party are continuing to hurl in candidates quite regardless of any over-all election strategy. That is the major negative feature of the situation as of today. Nevertheless, it is a fact that in quite a number of constituencies local arrangements have resulted in the withdrawal of this or that progressive candidate in the interests of a united anti-Tory vote. In a considerable number of cases, too, local Labor Party leaders have expressed publicly their intention to support the Communist candidate as being the best candidate in the field and the most likely to defeat the Tory.

At the moment the outstanding figure on the Labor side is unquestionably Ernest Bevin, who day after day is using his profound knowledge of the workings of government and administration in this country to expose the falsity of Tory attempts to combine a



passionate appeal to the rearward of toryism with a reasonable admission that national controls are essential in the national interest. It is probably a healthy sign that in the opening stages of the campaign domestic issues—housing,

controls, mining and the general questions of nationalization—have by far predominated over large international issues. It is, however, already clear that the great new forces moving now freely within the trade union movement and

the labor movement in general are already exercising a profound and wholesome effect upon the labor parties' attitude towards international cooperation and above all towards cooperation with the Soviet Union and the new Europe.

I have some reason to believe that the experiences of San Francisco, and the realization of the sinister role there played by the alliance of British and American Tories, has had an exceedingly

healthy effect upon not only the rank and file but also the leadership of the Labor Party. Paradoxically it may thus turn out that Mr. Churchill's attempt to involve the Labor Party in responsibility for his and Eden's policies at San Francisco has produced effects very different from those which he envisaged at the moment when a July appeal to the country was little more than a gleam in Lord Beaverbrook's eye.

lieve that a man could wholly fabricate a story; therefore, where there is smoke, there is . . . , etc.

The article in the *Examiner* of June 10 employs the entire Nazi bag of tricks. To begin with, a simple meeting which had as its main purpose a reception to introduce the distinguished artist, William Gropper, to his Los Angeles admirers, is described in the article as a meeting to discuss plans for "launching a new Red drive" and making the "citadel" of this "drive" Hollywood. This is a Great Lie—Nazi Lying at its best and most audacious. This is not distortion or misrepresentation, it is just plain lying. The meeting was *not* a Communist meeting; it did *not* discuss plans for "launching" anything; it was *not* a meeting for Communists . . . etc., etc.

Next, a long speech about China is quoted—in direct quotation marks—and attributed to Joseph Foster, the film critic of the *NEW MASSES*. Mr. Foster was at a meeting Friday, June 8, to honor Mr. Gropper, however, not to launch anything. Mr. Foster was the chairman of this meeting; he rose, addressed polite opening remarks to the audience, such as "I know Mr. Gropper is delighted at seeing so many old and new friends . . ." etc. Then he made an appeal for subscriptions to the *NEW MASSES*, then he introduced me, and then he sat down. I introduced the other speakers, so the next chance Mr. Foster had to speak was at the end of the evening when he announced the collection total (\$257, not \$657 as stated) and adjourned the meeting. Mr. Foster did not mention the word China in his brief remarks Friday, June 8; no one else mentioned China. China was not brought up at all. There was nothing said about China by anybody in any connection whatsoever during the entire meeting. The article quotes about 350 words of Mr. Foster's "speech on China." Not only is Mr. Foster quoted from a speech neither he nor anyone else ever made, but the quotations put in his mouth gravely affect American international relations. In brief, Mr. Foster was quoted as saying that the Soviet Union plans to conquer the East and so on and so on. However, the point I want to make is not so much what was attributed to Mr. Foster on the subject of China but the fact that he never mentioned China at all, nor did anyone else. This is a Hitler Great Lie.

Third, my husband, Bruce Minton, turns up in the article as a spokesman for persons he does not speak for, saying things he did not say Friday night or any other time in his life. Even more

THE NEW HEARST FRAMEUP

By RUTH McKENNEY

June 10, after a meeting held in Hollywood for William Gropper, Bruce Minton and Ruth McKenney, under NEW MASSES auspices, a story appeared in the Hearst Los Angeles "Examiner" reporting the speeches at length, in quotation marks, making up the story from the whole cloth. Below we publish Miss McKenney's open letter in reply to the "Examiner." For further details and editorial comment see page 20.

TO THE Editor, Los Angeles *Examiner*: In the Sunday, June 10, issue of the Los Angeles *Examiner* there appears on the front page, under an eight-column streamer headline, an article which claims to be an account of a meeting at which I spoke in Hollywood, Friday, June 8. This article is, in whole and in part, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, and word by word, a lie. It is wholly and entirely fiction.

I read this article with sinking heart; there is a kind of nightmare quality about this Sunday, June 10, issue of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. Next to this lying article is a splendid picture of two great American generals, Generals Patton and Doolittle, saluting the flag of the Republic of the United States—before thousands and thousands of weeping and cheering citizens of Los Angeles. These generals won the war against Hitler; and these people were crying out their joy that European fascism had been destroyed. The picture of the generals and the people appears in columns three, four, five, six and seven of the front page of the *Examiner*. In column eight appears an article which employs all of Hitler's most useful tricks and which displays for the unwary the

cunning mechanisms of the Nazis' propagandists, who used just such articles, who employed just such methods to lead the whole world into anguish beyond description. What did it profit our brave dead, our great generals, our believing people, if we have won the war in Europe only to lose it in the columns of the Hearst press?

I am not using words loosely in the paragraph above; I am not employing rhetoric to make a point. I worked for years on Eastern newspapers. In New York City I was a reporter on an afternoon newspaper. I often observed the unfortunate employes of the Hearst afternoon paper—the *Journal*—making their wretched livings by distorting and obscuring and twisting the news. That was wicked enough; vicious enough. The public was damned regularly every day in every edition of the *Journal*. But in retrospect, the Hearst press of 1932-1938 seems innocent—as of 1945. A decade ago Hearst papers *distorted* facts; now, grown bold, perhaps, by either desperation or privilege, the Hearst press does not distort, it simply and nakedly and coldly invents. And the Great Lie was, of course, Hitler's contribution to public life. Hitler originated the Great Lie. Before Hitler, enemies of the people, like the Hearst press of a decade ago, distorted; but Hitler thought of the simple, bold, and audacious system of pure invention, complete and boldfaced lying. Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf* that the Great Lie worked better than the Little Lie. By inventing rather than misrepresenting Hitler left his enemies confused, he wrote, and staggered; while the public, unwary and innocent, believed at least part of the Great Lie. For, Hitler wrote, the "masses" will never be-



Some of His Own Modest Efforts.

serious and sickening are the words put in direct quotation marks and attributed to my husband concerning the use of women in spreading treason among United States troops. My husband is the father of three children—we have two schoolboys and a baby daughter. This article quotes him as urging the prostitution of young girls; this article makes him appear—through his “own” so-called “words”—as both panderer and traitor. This is the Hitler Great Lie.

Next in the article, Mr. Gropper is quoted—in direct quotation marks—concerning lend-lease to the Soviet Union. Mr. Gropper made a delightful, humorous speech describing the early days on the *NEW MASSES* magazine;

Mr. Gropper is a witty and charming raconteur. He was in great form Friday night and the audience (myself included) laughed and applauded throughout his entire series of stories. He told about the old office of the *NEW MASSES*, described a mock-heroic battle of the old staff with Max Eastman, and so on. He never mentioned lend-lease; no other speaker mentioned lend-lease. Lend-lease was not brought up once, not even as a whispered aside. Nobody mentioned lend-lease at the Friday meeting—but Mr. Gropper is quoted—in direct quotation marks—for about 300 words, on the subject of lend-lease. This is the Hitler Great Lie.

Finally we come down to myself—on

page four of the *Examiner*, I am described as saying that Mr. Molotov worked closely with American Communists at San Francisco. Naturally I never said that, or anything like it, or anything slightly, remotely, distantly, like it. It is, of course, wholly untrue, as a matter of fact, and in addition I never once mentioned Mr. Molotov working with anybody or anything or any group whatsoever. I am quoted as saying the press was told where Mr. Molotov lived; I did not say it, and the press was not told it. I am quoted as saying Mr. Molotov took a house in order to conduct affairs without press interference. I did not say it and so far as I know Mr. Molotov did not do it. I am quoted as saying the Communists have a plan for “indoctrinating” servicemen. I did not say this and the Communists do not have such a plan. Then I am quoted as saying Communism has “outgrown” New York and must move to Hollywood, etc. I did not say it of course and naturally. In fact I never used the word “Communist” throughout the evening—nor did any other speaker. This is the Hitler Great Lie.

I have described the article in general, lie by lie. Space in your columns does not permit describing the specific lies in the article, word by word. Suffice it to say that the article, a lie in whole, is also a lie in part and in detail. There is no single word in the article which is anything *other* than a complete fabrication, an invention, a Great Lie.

I therefore demand of the *Examiner*, both as an individual and as an American citizen a complete, wholehearted, retraction of this lying article. If this article is not retracted, if the *Examiner* does not retract from the Hitler Great Lie, then the Hearst press, the *Examiner*, has cruelly, with malice, with intent, betrayed the American war dead, despoiled the honored graves of our heroes, insulted the generals whose pictures appeared cheek by jowl with the lying article, and served notice on the people of Los Angeles that the Nazis are not dead—they are very much alive, editing the columns of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, inventing the lies printed by this anti-American, Hitler sheet.

This letter will serve very well to print under an eight-column headline on page one of the *Examiner*; the letter is approximately as long as the original Great Lie and will, of course, occupy in the columns of the *Examiner* a position of equal prominence with the original fabrication.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

EVANSVILLE: GHOST TOWN?

By WILLIAM SENTNER

Evansville, Ind.

AT PEAK war production the metal-working industry in Evansville employed some 50,000 workers, compared to 12,000 pre-war. Early in 1944 a postwar employment survey made for the Evansville Postwar Council by Dr. Lincoln B. Hale, President of Evansville College, showed that 41,000 postwar jobs would be needed in manufacturing (including 5,000 for men returning from service) to provide full employment here. The survey found that the Evansville metal-working and other manufacturing industries have scheduled by 1947 only 17,250 jobs. Considering the need of jobs for 5,000 returning servicemen, this means that only 12,250 of those workers presently employed and desiring postwar jobs could expect employment by 1947. In round figures, 18,750 workers presently employed have little or no chance of postwar employment in Evansville. The exodus has already begun on a mass scale.

This report concludes with the statement: "In view of the extreme character of the postwar adjustment problem in this community, it is not reasonable to expect the local manufacturing industries to fulfill the expressed desires of war workers for continued factory employment in Evansville. As a compromise, if the metal-working industries were to absorb an increase of one-third over the maximum pre-war employment, and if the other manufacturing plants increase employment one-fourth over the pre-war level, and if other trades and services expand one-fifth beyond pre-war conditions . . . such an adjustment [would fall] short of the indicated desires for postwar factory employment by at least 10,000 persons, although it represents a thirty percent increase in the permanent labor force of the community." (My emphasis, W. S.)

Thus Dr. Hale, speaking for industry, well over a year ago promised mass unemployment for Evansville's workers, even if industry should increase its pre-war employment figures by thirty percent.

Some employer activities, such as those of Servel, Inc., strongly indicate a concerted effort to organize veterans as an anti-union force. This seems to fit industry's plan to "honor" 5,000 re-

turning vets with the burden of supporting over 10,000 unemployed relatives and fellow citizens.

In May 1944, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO called a shop delegate conference in Evansville, one of a series of five held in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri. The Evansville *Courier* commented on this conference that "the conclusions reached . . . indicated that Evansville will not suffer from unemployment during the period of reconversion, if her planners begin now to go beyond the blueprint stage and if her labor and management leaders resolve to cooperate after the war as they are now doing."

The conference heard from speakers representing the Chamber of Commerce and the city administration, as well as labor. There was general agreement that the plans for reconversion and postwar employment, although being well advanced here, needed strengthening to take care of the serious problems that would result from cutbacks in war production. The situation today gives no support to the thesis "that Evansville will not suffer from unemployment during the period of reconversion." The contrary is true—unemployment and cuts in workers' pay envelopes are rampant already.

EVANSVILLE is a typical community which fought and won the battle of converting its industry and community activity to all-out support of the war. A new inland shipyard producing LST's, employing 17,000 workers, was built. Republic Aircraft established a huge plant employing 7,000 workers, building America's famous fighter plane, the "Thunderbolt." A wing plant with 4,000 workers was added by Servel, Inc. Thousands of workers produced small arms ammunition in new plants operated by Chrysler and Sunbeam. Numerous small manufacturers in garages expanded their operations from ten to 150 or more workers. A miracle of war production was achieved in spite of the tremendous problems confronting the population in the field of housing, medical care, transportation, race relations and tens of other kindred problems. Industry and labor, in the main, stood fast by their pledge to the

President to refrain from strikes and lockouts. Antagonisms were subordinated to the main job of producing for victory.

During this period, labor applied itself to developing its fight for its right to organize without recourse to strikes. In spite of a consistent and never-changing anti-union attitude on the part of Evansville's manufacturers, labor made significant gains in winning thousands to its ranks in support of its all-out war production program. The shipyards were organized. Sunbeam and Faultless Caster, long-standing anti-union companies, were organized.

During the same period the management of Servel and Hoosier Lamp and Stamping, as well as other smaller industrialists, scored significant victories over labor's effort to organize their establishments. In securing these victories these companies threw to the four winds all their talk of "unity," "let's work together," etc. They took off their gloves and went to work in earnest to protect their open-shop positions. All of the old anti-union devices—intimidation, coercion, Negro-baiting, Red-baiting—were used, plus some new ones. During this period Evansville's industrialists never fundamentally changed their anti-labor, open-shop attitude. Labor-management committees, joint action on war bonds, the Red Cross, the War Chest, etc., were won only after a resolute effort on the part of the unions. Whatever success the labor movement had in protecting the interests of the workers was primarily through its own efforts in unity with the people generally.

On April 19, 1944 I addressed a letter on reconversion and postwar jobs to the managements of companies with whom we were dealing here, stating, "I have requested all local union officers to discuss this matter with you and to explore the possibility of establishing a top local union-management postwar reconversion committee." I further asked these managements to comment on the resolution attached to the letter, which endorsed the Baruch-Hancock report and called upon our affiliated local unions to implement this resolution by conferring with the respective managements in order to adopt practical plans that would assure labor-manage-

ment cooperation for meeting the multitudinous problems that would result from cutbacks and reconversion. Although our local unions conferred with their respective managements, it is significant that not a single Evansville manufacturer saw fit to reply to my communication or initiate any discussions on its content.

A meeting of fifty representatives of labor and industry was held just a few weeks ago, at Indianapolis, Ind. This statewide meeting was called to discuss the Labor-Management Charter announced by Eric Johnston, president of the US Chamber of Commerce, Philip Murray, president of the CIO and President William Green of the AFL. The representatives of labor expressed their willingness to cooperate on the basis of the text of the charter for the solution of problems relating to reconversion and postwar employment. The main spokesman for industry was Lothiar Teetar, president of the Perfect Circle Company of Hagertown, Ind. In attendance, although not openly expressing himself during the meeting, but influencing the position of industry, was Louis Ruthenberg, president of Servel, Inc., of Evansville. No commitments at all were made by industry during the meeting and although pressed by labor, it did not approve the charter.

It was the opinion of Charles E. Wright, president of the UE in Evansville and a member of the state legislature, that management spokesmen viewed the charter as encroaching upon their rights and prerogatives. Special emphasis was placed by management spokesmen on their disagreement with sections of the charter applying to the rights of labor and the need for increased wages to provide a steady advance in living standards.

In contrast, the Evansville Chamber of Commerce has endorsed the charter and I have been informed that a joint meeting of the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers Association has also endorsed it. Mr. Eberlin, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, has indicated his desire to work with labor to secure new industry, public improvements, housing, etc. A few business leaders agree that an increase in wages is needed, but hesitate to make public their views. This desire apparently is not shared by the main industrialists in the town.

This is the background against which a meeting of 125 stewards and union officials, called by the Evansville CIO Council on May 17, established a com-

mittee of four representatives from each CIO local to work out a practical program of action to meet the need of full employment in Evansville. In addition to endorsing the CIO demand for a sixty-five cents an hour minimum wage, prohibition of wage reductions and a twenty percent general increase, the meeting addressed itself to the problem confronting the community. In a report that I made to the meeting, it was pointed out that industry in Evansville planned to employ only 25,040 persons in manufacturing in 1947; that this would come only after a gradual build-up from approximately 17,000, six months after V-E Day. The report pointed out that this left a gap of about 16,000 jobs between planned employment and the potential working force.

The report further pointed out that the reduction in hours from forty-eight to forty, unless basic rates were increased, would result in a loss of approximately twelve dollars per week per worker. Expanding on these figures in relation to the city's four key plants, Servel, Sunbeam, Chrysler and Briggs, where 14,500 workers were employed as of that date, the report stated that take-home pay would drop by \$159,200 weekly or \$8,000,000 annually. My report concluded that since this represented only about fifty percent of the people employed in Evansville war industries, the cutback in hours alone for war plant workers, if they all retain their jobs, would reduce their earnings and, of course, community purchasing power by \$16,000,000 annually.

My report further pointed to the third aspect of the problem, the reduction in the earnings of workers due to job shifting. A typical case was cited of an Evansville shipyard worker. He had earned \$1.20 an hour, which was reduced by a cutback at the yard to \$1.10. After a layoff, this worker obtained a job at Sunbeam at a starting rate of seventy-seven cents per hour, which was increased after twenty-four weeks to eighty-five cents per hour. Thus his wages had gone from \$62.40 to \$40.04 a week—all in a six months' period. The maximum that this worker could expect to earn at Sunbeam was \$44.72, and as his hours would be cut to forty a week, his actual earnings

would drop to \$34.40. (All figures listed are before tax and other deductions.) In other words, this worker's take-home pay would have been reduced by twenty-eight dollars weekly before deductions for taxes, social security, etc. In the face of this situation Evansville employers are making every effort to defeat a War Labor Board order that would permit the upward adjustment of out-of-line wage rates. All kinds of subterfuges are being used in an effort to return to so-called peacetime rates, i.e., to cut present rates.

The Evansville shipyard is closing down, and by the time this article is printed, may be shut as tight as a drum. If all of the 17,000 shipyard workers are lucky enough to obtain similar employment as in the case cited, their earnings would still be reduced by \$23,752,000 per year. Of course most, if not all of these shipyard workers, according to the plans of Evansville industry, actually haven't a ghost of a chance to be employed even at \$34.40 per week.

In the face of this realistic picture labor in Evansville has united its ranks in determination that it will not be sold short by industry, or anyone else for that matter. The unions are determined to strengthen their ranks to enable them to continue to discharge their responsibilities to Evansville's war production schedules for the defeat of Japan. And, to discharge these responsibilities they are going ahead with a drive to organize the unorganized as a prerequisite to uniting every possible section of the people in support of a community program to prevent unemployment and suffering after the war. Plans for civic improvement, housing, hospitalization, schools, sanitation, sewerage, flood control are but a part of the program. Increased unemployment compensation, continued attention to providing employment opportunities for Negroes, a campaign to increase wages and prevent wage cutting and full support for the CIO's 60,000,000 job program are among the other objectives.

Once before labor aroused the people of Evansville under the slogan, "Keep Evansville from Becoming a Ghost Town." Today labor is again taking leadership, determined to win full employment and decent living standards for returning servicemen and the working population of this Ohio River community.

Mr. Sentner is general vice-president of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO.

READERS' FORUM

The Marxist Road Today

TO NEW MASSES: The amazing thing about the present controversy among American Marxists is that those who are so sharply attacking the theoretical position of Earl Browder seem to have no fundamental difference with him on a concrete program of action for America; nor any fundamental disagreement upon the correctness of the major political goals of the past few years. Everyone agrees that the complete destruction of German Nazism and Japanese fascist militarism has been and remains the essential, primary guide of political policy. Everyone agrees that the struggle for the achievement of the concords of Teheran and Yalta, for San Francisco, for Bretton Woods and similar legislation, for 60,000,000 jobs, for expanded social security and rising wages, for the abolition of the poll tax and a permanent FEPC must be the program of action in America today.

So, in considering the controversy, it is worth examining the implications of this program because if it is a correct program—and no one disputes that it is—it must be founded in the possibilities presented by the material reality of the world; and our understanding of that material reality is what we mean by theory.

What is the primary necessity for the achievement of this program? Can it conceivably be achieved except upon the basis of a long-term peace between the United States and the Soviet Union, with expanding production throughout the world? What alternative is there, save immediate war upon the Soviet Union; or an armed truce, constant diplomatic and economic warfare, within which the tremendous American productive machine could find no adequate outlet for its product and would soon choke itself in the most colossal of economic crises? It is clear that, of these alternatives, the perspective of Teheran, of an enduring peace, is the only one which is in the interests of the American working class, of the great mass of the American people, as it is in the interests of the Soviet Union, of the European nations, of the colonial and dependent peoples.

But could it be realized if it were in direct opposition to the fundamental interests of American capital, with the greatest productive machine in the world in its hands, with all that that implies? Could the progressive aims of mankind be achieved *in this way* if the bond of interest between the Soviet Union and the whole American nation—whose decisive class is still the bourgeois—

had been suddenly dissolved with the end of the European war?

It is true that the assumption of a powerful, long-term common interest between a socialist country and imperialist capitalism, as between a capitalist class and the rest of the nation in the period of imperialism, was believed by Marxists twenty-five years ago to be theoretically impossible. If today it is maintained that this is no longer impossible, it must be because something has changed in the world. What is that something? To begin with, those who agree with Earl Browder that decisive objective interests of the capitalist class coincide with interests of the working class and all progressive humanity, do *not* maintain that what has changed are the laws of capitalism in general or the essential character of capital in the imperialist (monopoly) stage in particular. The motive force of capital remains, as it has always been, the making of profit. The centralization and concentration of capital, the necessity to export capital, remain dominating forces in the economy.

WHAT has changed are the circumstances within which these basic drives operate. The existence of the Soviet Union, the destruction of German fascism, the liberation of the democratic forces of the European continent, the unleashing of the energies of the colonial peoples, the tremendous strengthening of the working class and peoples' democratic movements the world over, have created a situation in which the road to making profit through intensified exploitation at home and super-exploitation of the colonies and dependent nations abroad has become incredibly difficult. For the only way of continuing on this path today is through the development of fascism.

But those capitalist classes which have attempted to take that path have been destroyed or are being destroyed. Waiving the question, for the moment, whether the remaining powerful capitalist classes—those of America and England—are able to see this or not, the objective fact remains that their chances of success in such an undertaking are substantially less than were the chances of the German imperialists. They exist in countries where the democratic traditions, institutions and forces are stronger far than was the case in Germany, and in a world in which the over-all balance of power has shifted tremendously to the disadvantage of monopoly capital. Nevertheless, were this the only way

in which the monopoly capitalists could possibly hope to survive—that is, the only way in which they could make profit—it would be correct to say that this was the only course that would correspond to their interests.

But this is not the case. There is another road. Not one which is "natural" to monopoly capital, but one which is possible—the making of profit through a greatly expanded market both at home and abroad: through the export of capital at normal profit for the industrialization of the world under increasingly democratic conditions; through the acceptance of continuing democracy at home which, while it would limit the degree of exploitation, would make up for it through extending the consumers' purchasing power which is their market.

Granted that such an objective possibility exists, the question still remains: is it conceivable that monopoly capital, or a decisive section of it, can recognize that possibility and take that course? It is unquestionably true that dying classes can be so blinded by desperation and lust for power that they fail to see their own interests. It is equally true that they can make compromises. . . .

The objective factors which block the road to the making of profit through fascism and super-exploitation and open the road to another way of making profit—based upon the perspective of Teheran, of many generations of peace, of expanding production and democracy—include the subjective factor of the struggle of the working class and the whole people. There is nothing automatic about this outlook. Struggle is integral to it. . . . No other outlook, no other form of struggle makes sense of the program of Teheran and Yalta, of San Francisco, of Bretton Woods, and 60,000,000 jobs.

The clarification of such an outlook, the leadership of such struggles, is the job of the vanguard of the working class. . . .

Only the outlook of Earl Browder can give coherence and vigor to this program. . . .
New York City. F. J. MEYERS.

TO NEW MASSES: I am almost entirely in accord with Philip Pollack's letter to NM (June 12). Now the point is to get behind the Communist Party, reduce friction and losses to the minimum and get going on a genuine Marxist program.

And that goes for NEW MASSES also, which has certainly been sounding a most uncertain trumpet. EUGENE A. COX.
Lewiston, Idaho.

TO NEW MASSES: As another long-time reader of NM I say "Amen" to Philip Pollack's indictment. I too agreed with DeGraaf and L.L.; I too thought your answer smug; and I too have felt frequently during the past couple of years like cancelling my subscription and refrained from doing so merely out of loyalty.

I expect that the Duclos letter and its consequences have already jarred you out of it and I add my bit to help the good work along. By God, let's go. R. PEARCE.
New York City.

NM EVALUATES ITS COURSE

AN EDITORIAL

"By analyzing the errors of yesterday, we learn to avoid errors today and tomorrow."—V. I. Lenin, "From a Publicist's Diary," *Collected Works*, Vol. XXI, Book 1.

RECENT developments have caused the editors of NEW MASSES to reexamine the course of world events and the outlook for the future. What happened at San Francisco and the evidences of a shift for the worse in American policy toward the Soviet Union have alarmed us, as they have many other Americans. It was not, however, till the publication in this country of an article by Jacques Duclos, one of the leaders of the French Communist Party, that we began a critical reevaluation of certain basic postulates of our thinking. This has led us to a number of conclusions, which we present here, not by any means in definitive form, but nevertheless, as substantially representing our position.

NEW MASSES is a Marxist magazine. Over the course of years we have sought to view events and the problems of mankind from the standpoint of the science of social evolution developed by Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. This science is no more alien to America because its greatest exponents were natives of other lands than is Newton's *Principia* or Einstein's theory of relativity. In dealing with the issues of today we have, therefore, necessarily sought illumination in the work of the best Marxists, past and present, native and foreign-born. When the foremost Marxists of our own country, the leaders of the Communist Party of the United States, after the Teheran Conference projected a new theoretical and practical approach to the problems of the postwar world, we accepted it because it seemed to us to tally with the course of history and the imperatives of our time. But social scientists are no more infallible than natural scientists. After reading Duclos' article in the May 24 issue of the *Daily Worker*, the resolution of the National Board of the Communist Political Association (*Daily Worker*, June 4), and other published material, and after discussing the questions involved among those working editors present in New York,

we have become convinced that the theories adopted by the American Communists in January 1944 were profoundly mistaken, and that NEW MASSES itself must accept its share of responsibility for giving currency to those ideas.

The roots of these errors run back into a period long before January 1944. But there is no space for exhaustive analysis at this time and we will concentrate on the period when these false, non-Marxist conceptions burst, so to speak, into full bloom.

The key mistake was made in appraising the Teheran Conference. No one can deny the tremendous historic significance of Teheran. The fact that it made the military decisions which resulted in the defeat of Nazi Germany would alone suffice to give it an importance beyond that of any earlier war conference. But these decisions themselves were profoundly meaningful politically since they ended the crisis that threatened to rip the coalition apart, and made possible the consolidation of the Big Three alliance and the adoption of joint policies on major problems of the war and the postwar. All of which created more favorable opportunities for shaping a democratic and durable peace.

FROM all this, however, the American Communist leadership and the editors of NEW MASSES drew the erroneous conclusion that as a result of the Teheran declaration, which was an agreement among states, capitalism as a system had entered into long-term cooperation with socialism as a system. It was therefore argued that to fulfill the Teheran perspective it was necessary for capital and labor in the United States to join in similar long-term cooperation. And to facilitate this cooperation, particularly in view of the approaching 1944 election, the Communists decided to dissolve their party and to reconstitute themselves as the Communist Political Association.

One must admit that the case for this interpretation of Teheran, as presented for the National Committee of the Communist Party by Earl Browder in his pamphlet, *Teheran and America*, and his book, *Teheran: Our Path in War and Peace*, had from the standpoint of formal logic a glittering plausi-

bility. But it was a logic without roots in reality and without the light of Marxist science. The course adopted was vigorously opposed at the time by William Z. Foster, CPA vice-chairman, whose ideas have been proved to have been in accord with the basic facts.

The proponents of this theory—and we cannot deny that we were among its ardent partisans—forgot that Roosevelt's and Churchill's signatures on the Teheran accord could not dissolve the dynamics of the class relations in the monopoly capitalist countries for which they spoke. The attempt to substitute for these class relations "the collective intelligence of mankind," which Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill were said to represent, and to make this the motive force of history, led to a number of fallacies. Among these was the assumption that the compulsions holding the Big Three together would be equally as strong in the peace as in the war because, as Mr. Browder put it, "the alternative is the spread of civil wars over vast areas, culminating finally and inevitably in a new world war between nations." The fact is, however, that even before the war in Europe was over, the events in Greece showed that British imperialism, far from fearing civil war in much the same way that it had feared a Hitler-dominated world, was not averse to fomenting civil strife where it suited its purposes, regardless of solemn declarations about the right to national self-determination. And the recent growth of anti-Soviet influences in business and government circles in the United States and Britain further point up the illusory nature of the assumption that, once the threat of German imperialism is removed, its imperialist rivals, the United States and Britain, would inevitably be moved to continue working in the wartime spirit with the Soviet Union.

The parallel assumptions concerning the relations between capital and labor at home were no less illusory. These tended to rely on big business, or at least its decisive sections, to recognize that its own best interests lie in cooperating with labor on concrete measures to assure an expanding economy and 60,000,000 jobs. But this assumed a unity and social intelligence in the capitalist class which is denied by its whole past

record and by its essential nature. If the bourgeoisie as a class, or any major section of it, could be counted on to act "intelligently," it could have prevented, or at least greatly mitigated, the economic crash of 1929, the prewar appeasement of German fascism, and the present war. Nor do such diverse phenomena as the Anglo-American policy in Italy or War Production Board Chairman J. A. Krug's recent report on reconversion, with its faith in the "natural resilience" of our economy, afford much proof of such "intelligence." Moreover, this emphasis on appealing to the "intelligence" of the major monopolists led to the conception, explicit in *Teheran and America*, that economic proposals must be limited to what the monopolists themselves—with the social backwardness that is particularly characteristic of the American breed—would be willing to accept. Thus *NEW MASSES*, in an editorial on the Baruch report (March 7, 1944 issue) wrote: "Any proposal, no matter how sensible, which would arouse the sharp resistance of that dominant section of big business that supports the war and can become an active supporter of the program of postwar collaboration and stability envisaged in the Teheran declaration, ought not to be pressed."

If literally applied in practice—fortunately, for the most part it wasn't—this conception would lead to the stunting of workingclass initiative and the subordination of labor to capital, economically and politically.

ALL this, despite the many positive achievements in practical work, does add up to what Duclos called "a notorious revision of Marxism." Those of us who advocated this approach converted a tactic, growing out of a given set of historical circumstances, into a universal principle. The tactic was correct: cooperation with all, including the leading circles of big business, who, for whatever reasons, supported the war against the Axis. The principle, however, according to which the fundamental drives of big business had become so amenable to modification that even after the defeat of Germany big business would necessarily continue to see its own interests in taking a progressive course—this principle was false.

It may be argued that the Teheran road was merely projected as a possibility with the injunction that it had to be converted into reality through the

Get Out Your Pen!

OPA: The OPA extension measure passed by the Senate with the crippling Wherry amendment virtually nullifying price controls over direct and processed farm products is now in the House Banking and Currency Committee for hearings. The issue is simply OPA vs. Inflation. Congressmen must be informed that the people want the OPA without amendments.

ANTI-POLL TAX: The anti-poll tax bill for the third time passed the House by a vote of two to one. Twice before the poll-tax Senators killed it through filibuster. The cloture rule must be invoked, limiting debate by majority vote. Senators should be informed that the great majority of the people resent the sabotage of this bill and demand its enactment.

FEPC: The House Appropriations Committee, through a flank attack, refused to approve funds for the Fair Employment Practices Committee and thus passed a death sentence upon it effective June 30. The Senate has power to extend the FEPC and supply it with funds. This is an urgent request to all Senators. In the meantime House members must be called upon to enact a bill for a permanent FEPC.

RECIPROCAL TRADE: Affecting postwar foreign trade, the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act is before the Senate, whose finance Committee turned down its most vital feature, the reduction of tariffs by fifty percent. Senators should support this bill rejecting the Finance Committee recommendation.

efforts of this and other nations. Technically, this is true. But careful examination will reveal that the action of the workingclass and the people was not an integral part of the theoretical pattern which was first fully elaborated a year and a half ago; the necessity of

such action was merely iterated from time to time as a ritualistic formula. The fact is that both in the original formulation and in later interpretations the possibility was transformed into a virtual certainty. For example, in a series of questions and answers in *NEW MASSES* of Jan. 25, 1944 we wrote: "Teheran, following the Moscow Conference, was the guarantee that the coalition would survive and grow. . . . Teheran also meant that the freedom and independence of nations—for which this war is being fought—was no longer in doubt." And: "Teheran signifies that at last capitalism and socialism are determined to live side by side, with the proponents of neither system fearful of the other."

What is more fundamental is that the possibility of realizing Teheran was presented in a way which, if pursued, would in fact make it impossible. This seems to us to be the most serious criticism of Mr. Browder's position, which he alone among the thirteen members of the CPA National Board continues to defend. In *The Worker* of June 10 he develops an extended argument to show that it is "to the class interest of the American bourgeoisie, which is an imperialist bourgeoisie, to take the course of Teheran and Yalta." Mr. Browder states that the only two other alternatives open to the bourgeoisie are "immediate transition of the war against Germany and Japan into a new war against the Soviet Union," or "an armed peace within which the main policy would be diplomatic and economic war against the Soviet Union, with military hostilities postponed to some indefinite future time. . . ." Mr. Browder's mistake does not consist merely in placing his chips on the possibility that the bourgeoisie would reject these two alternatives and show "enough intelligence" to choose the Teheran-Yalta path. His mistake also lies in believing that unless the bourgeoisie can be induced to act "intelligently," all is lost and mankind is foredoomed to suffer economic catastrophe or a new world war or both.

The editors of *NEW MASSES* are deeply convinced that the perspective presented by Mr. Browder is dangerously false. Our experience particularly argues against it. For example, the dominant business groups did not support the National Labor Relations Act and most of the Roosevelt social reforms, yet they were enacted. They were enacted not by depending on the

"intelligence" of the business tycoons—though there were a few who actually were enlightened enough to support these reforms—but by organizing the people and especially the workers to fight for them. Mr. Browder himself made important contributions to those struggles. Yet today the one possibility he is unable to see is that the *people* under labor leadership can act to prevent chaos and war. A broad national coalition of anti-fascist and democratic forces, including those individuals or groups from the ranks of big business who support President Roosevelt's anti-Axis policies, can assure continued cooperation with the USSR and can "banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations." The defeat of Nazi Germany and the impending defeat of fascist Japan, the strength and enhanced role of the Soviet Union, the unleashing of the democratic energies of the peoples of Europe, the liberating currents in the colonial and semi-colonial countries, the advances made in our own land by the labor movement, the Negro people and other sections of the population—all these create exceptionally favorable opportunities for putting bone and muscle on the image of the future that was held up to mankind at Teheran. But the one sure way of making this impossible is to hinge national policy on the supposed "intelligence" of monopoly capital or any section of it.

The resolution of the CPA National Board presents the essential structure of policy and program for attaining this goal. The resolution is not a perfect document and no doubt will be improved in the course of the discussion now



Greetings to our well loved General Ike! under way in the Communist Political Association. Among the changes we would ourselves suggest is some statement to make clear that the coalition should be broad enough to include, besides workers, farmers, professionals and small businessmen, those bourgeois individuals or groups that back the Roosevelt policies.

Contrary to the fanciful reports in the commercial press, the resolution does not call for world revolution, nor does it indicate any radical departure from established Communist practice. We particularly want to emphasize that it calls for vigorous prosecution of the war till total victory over Japan; the upholding of the no-strike pledge for the duration; the cementing of "American-Soviet friendship and unity to guarantee the fulfilment of the Teheran and Yalta accords"; the implementation of the

Roosevelt bill of economic rights; the support of President Truman's proposals for federal legislation "to extend and supplement present unemployment insurance benefits"; the utilization of "the Labor-Management Charter to press for the organization of the unorganized, to strengthen collective bargaining, to defend the trade unions from all attacks by the open-shoppers, to raise living standards, and to promote the fight for sixty million jobs"; the guaranteeing of "jobs and security for all returning veterans regardless of race, creed or color"; the ending of Jim-Crowism, the outlawing of anti-Semitism, and the elimination of anti-Communist legislation; the curbing of "the powers and policies of the monopolies and trusts which jeopardize the national welfare and world peace." Certainly this is a program around which a preponderant majority of our people can unite.

In making these criticisms the last thing we want to do is deny the achievements of either ourselves or the Communist Political Association during the recent period. Even though NM's work lacked the full vigor and clarity which it should have had—a fact which several of our readers pointed out in letters to us—on the whole it constituted a formidable plus. It is for the period which opened with the end of the European phase of the war that the non-Marxist conceptions we had adopted would have proved most damaging. We feel we are back on the highroad again. We seek the advice and cooperation of our readers in making NM strong and keen, a bold and trustworthy guide in these challenging times.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Pacific Roundup

As we write, the battle of Okinawa has reached the mop-up stage. With tanks leading, our infantry and marines captured three hills dominating the Yaeju-Dake escarpment which barred the way to the southern tip of the island where the enemy is hopelessly compressed. The rest now is a matter of several bloody days. Our troops on Luzon are successfully and swiftly driving through the Cagayan Valley in the north and have captured the Ipil air-

drome. Australian troops on Borneo took the city of Brunei and are driving toward the big oil fields of the British protectorate and domination of the straight and long northwestern coast line of the great island which faces Singapore and Saigon across 400 and 700 miles of the South China Sea, respectively. Away behind our island-sea front facing the Continent of Asia, the British Fleet is reported to be attacking the Japanese stronghold of Truk which

we had by-passed long ago. The fleet must have either sailed around Australia, or have forced a passage through the maze of Japanese positions between Sumatra and New Guinea. This is interesting, both strategically and operationally.

If we imagine that Luzon with Manila and the Cavite naval base is a sort of "round-house" for our forces getting ready to attack the Japanese domain south of the thirtieth degree, latitude north (that is, south of the line of the Yangtze River and the Satsunan

and Nanpo Islands), we see that our landings on Borneo and Okinawa create flanking bastions protecting the "round-house," while our positions on Iwo and on New Guinea guard the flanks of the line running from Guam to Manila. The attack on Truk and a possible amphibious assault on it would tend further to secure that line. A reported naval strike on one of the northern Kuriles looks like a diversionary attack.

Thus, from the "round-house" we are increasing our pressure on the enemy sea-lane of communications which hugs the Asiatic coast from Tsushima Strait to Singapore and Sumatra. The remaining key stronghold insuring its use, however intermittent and hazardous, is Formosa, where with a foothold and a good airdrome, we would cut this line completely.

The "plum" of Japanese aggression, that is, the Indo-China-Thailand-Malaya-East Indies block of territory, hangs by two thin threads, of which one is

the Hankow-Canton land corridor and the other is the Strait of Formosa sea-corridor. The Japanese now have no more means to withdraw their troops from the southern part of the empire and pretty soon that empire will be forced to fight as two disconnected strategic entities. Of course, such a severing of the Japanese empire somewhere between the thirtieth parallel and the Tropic of Cancer will hardly take place until Chiang's armies are backed up by a strong American force landed between Wenchow and Swatow. This, in turn, will be difficult while Formosa is entirely in Japanese hands. Thus, again, we come to the conclusion that the big island is an object to watch during the coming summer.

Crumbs to India

THE British proposals to reorganize the Viceroy's executive council do not by one iota change India's status as a political and economic colony. Off-

hand it would seem that the Tories in London are yielding, but a little probing beneath the surface of their current plan shows that even with the Indianization of the council the Viceroy, a British appointee, will retain his veto power and thus hold all the aces. The *Bombay Chronicle*, reflecting the opinions of the Congress Party, has already made this criticism of the new White Paper introduced in the London parliament last week. If Indians are to have real power to run their own affairs as a completely independent state, the British will have to do more than dust off the Cripps plan of three years ago. That was turned down, and there is little reason to believe that its revised version will be more acceptable, unless, of course, at the Simla conference on June 25 the British concede that the reconstituted executive council will have authority not subject to the control of the Viceroy, Lord Wavell.

Obviously the Tories are worried.

The Reichstag Fire Technique

THE Hearst press has concocted its own "Reichstag fire" frameup. Like its Nazi model, this frameup is immediately directed against persons holding advanced anti-fascist views. But again like its Nazi model, it constitutes a threat to all democratic Americans. Elsewhere in this issue we publish the details of this frameup in the form of a letter by Ruth McKenney, author of *My Sister Eileen*, *Jake Home* and other books, to Hearst's Los Angeles *Examiner*. The fabrication which she exposes appeared not only in the *Examiner*, but also in other Hearst papers, including the *New York Journal-American* of June 10. Bruce Minton, another of those smeared, has also written to the *Examiner*, demanding retraction of the libels against him.

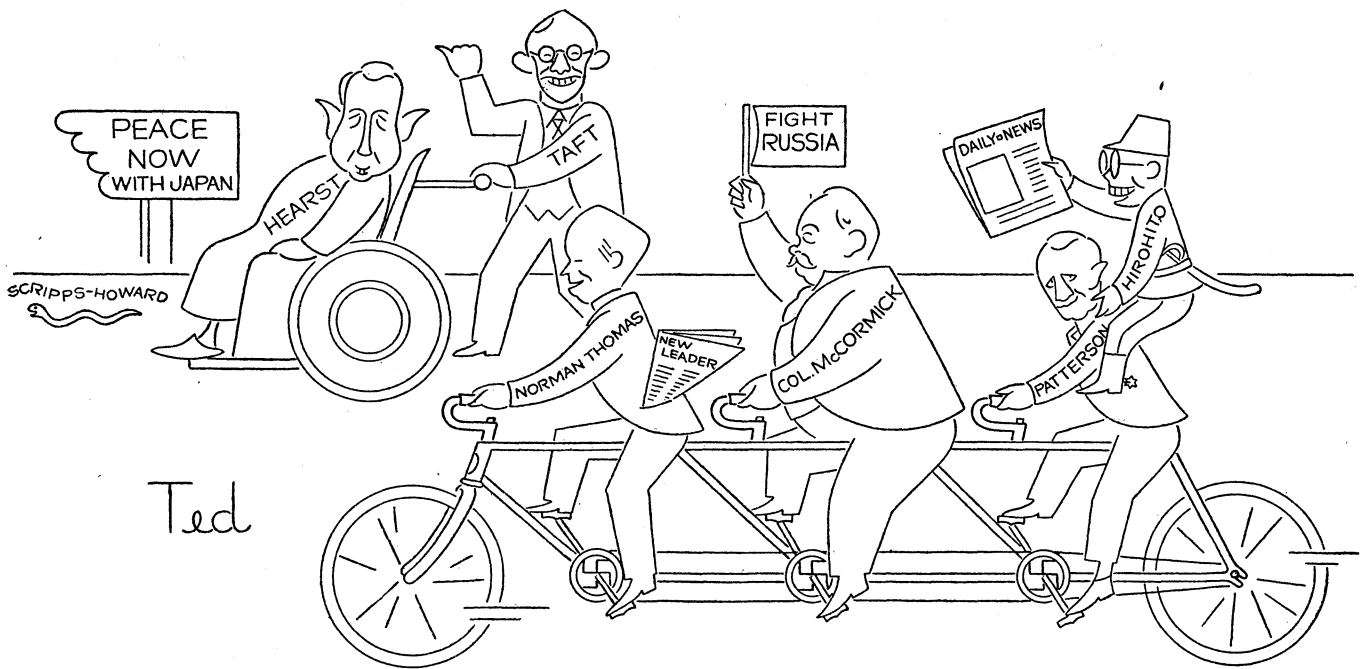
The American public is accustomed to Hearst distortions and pro-fascist propaganda. What the public is less familiar with even in this gutter press is the political frameup based on completely manufactured evidence. In this case the frameup also happens to be turned against the American film industry.

By the next day the *Examiner* had interviewed "a number of men and women in all walks of life." Leaping to view with alarm the coming "citadel" of Red activity were such warriors as Sam Wood, producer and director, who is a prominent member of the Motion Picture Alliance, Mrs. Lela Rogers, ardent Deweyite, associated with MPA since its beginning, and State Senator Jack Tenney, head of California's little Dies Committee. They sang the ancient chorus of subversive domination in the movie industry. The same day from Washington Representative Rankin, leading Negro- and Jew-baiter, announced that "the setting up

of Communist headquarters in California warrants the main attention of the Un-American Activities Committee. It indicates that Moscow is now massing its subversive forces in the Pacific theater of the war."

From time to time, especially since 1936, Hearst has carried on an unscrupulous drive to discredit and destroy every progressive individual and organization within the motion picture industry. Not one of his efforts has succeeded nor have the efforts of the groups allied with him fared much better. One of Hearst's outstanding recent failures has been the MPA, an organization numbering most of the anti-labor and fascist-minded individuals in Hollywood. Among its other objectives, this group made attempts to break unions in the film industry under the banner of preserving American ideals and rooting out subversives. In reply the Hollywood council of guilds and unions called a meeting of 1,000 delegates representing all sections of the industry, who reaffirmed their belief in and right to democracy, refusing to be terrorized. Senator Tenney's "investigation" of "Red" political vice in the film industry last year also proved a dud.

While Hollywood will not be cowed by Hearst's latest version of the big lie technique, let no one underrate this blow at wartime unity and freedom of expression. Behind the Hearst fabrication stand the forces that seek a negotiated peace with Japan and want to silence all those, in and out of Hollywood, who stand for a vigorous prosecution of the war, a vital American democracy and a just peace. The American people cannot afford to treat lightly the attempt to introduce Hitler methods into our own everyday life.



Going My Way?

India's future has a prominent place in the British election campaign and is one issue that deeply disturbs large numbers of British workingmen. The Tories now find it necessary to be a little less stubborn in view of the Labor Party's promise to grant India immediate dominion status if it wins in the balloting. But that is only part of the Tory motive. India is becoming more and more unified and Whitehall can no longer claim that it can do nothing in view of India's internal "dissension." Furthermore, world pressure as expressed in the will for genuine independence (the echoes of it could be heard in San Francisco) by all colonial peoples is having strong effects. The war against Japan has set in motion an irresistible independence tide that cannot be bucked by traditional British repressive measures. Small wonder then that several Indian leaders have been released from jail although thousands are still behind bars. Whatever crumbs the Tories grudgingly toss at the Indians will not mislead them into thinking that they are getting a whole loaf of bread.

Law and Fascists

THE action of the United States Supreme Court in reversing the conviction of twenty-five Bundists indicates that we still have far to go before the Nazis are finally defeated. Despite the mountains of evidence accumulated over the years as to the vast extent of

the Nazi conspiracy, and despite the fact that the defendants were Bund leaders who boasted of their allegiance to Hitler and of their plans to Nazify the United States, five out of nine judges were unable to discover sufficient proof of conspiracy to violate the Selective Service law.

The Court's action in this case, following a similarly shocking decision in the Cramer treason case, if allowed to go unchallenged, hardly augurs well for the trial of the Nazi war criminals, particularly the industrialists, the generals and the Nazi party officials. After five years of war, our law, as applied by our courts and law agencies, appears helpless to protect us from sedition and treason. Justice Black, for example, sought to justify his vote by criticizing the section of the draft law which denies to Bundists (and Communists) the right to a job vacated by a draftee.

The spurious type of attack on Nazis which Congress embodied in this legislation is always welcomed by them since it does not interfere with their plans for blackjacks and concentration camps while at the same time it weakens their most effective adversaries, the Communists. By this type of law, Congress made it possible for the Bundists to raise the cry of unconstitutionality and escape all penalty for a conspiracy which has cost us 1,000,000 casualties on the battlefield. The Supreme Court's confusion in coping with the crimes of Nazis pervades all depart-

ments of our law enforcement agencies. The case of the Bundists was tried in 1942 after a much publicized investigation by the FBI and lengthy preparation by the Attorney General. The trial lasted more than a month. Eight hundred pages of testimony were taken, including hundreds of exhibits. Yet all the judges of the Supreme Court were agreed that the case must stand or fall on a single, solitary exhibit, Bund Command No. 37, which reads: "Every man, if he can, will refuse to do military duty until this law and all other laws of the country or the states which confine the citizenship rights of Bund members are revoked! We will fight to establish a precedent in this servile matter!"

Is it incompetence or worse that accounts for the preparation of so weak a case? Why was the case permitted to drag on for three years? And how quickly will these Nazi Bundists be retried? These questions call for answers and a thorough investigation, especially in the light of the Cramer treason reversal, and the farcical trial of the twenty-six seditionists in Washington.

Groundwork for Jobs

A PROGRAM for 60,000,000 jobs will certainly not make itself nor will it just put in an appearance in a House bill sometime, complete like Minerva from the head of Jove. Both the determination that we shall have a

To Eleanor Roosevelt

“THE BIG LIE” is a phrase that has deadly connotations today: it led to the inhuman phenomena of Dachau and Ravensbrook which, as Mrs. Roosevelt pointed out in a recent column, should “evoke a great awakening among us.” She warned the readers of her column against “closing” their “eyes and ears” to these realities by assuming they could never have occurred. Such an attitude would lead Americans to bypass their responsibilities “to prevent any recurrences in the future, in any part of the world of the fascism which brought these things about.” Mrs. Roosevelt, like ourselves, and all liberty-loving Americans, will, we are certain, abhor “the big lie” exposed by Ruth McKenney on page 12 of this issue. What Hearst has done in this instance is different only in degree from the approaches most newspapers adopt when they get down to Red-baiting in earnest. All this is a matter of utmost importance, because the commercial press influences the thinking of millions, often even the most thoughtful, serious Americans. In fact, even such democratic Americans as Mrs. Roosevelt.

In her recent column on the Duclos letter and the draft resolution of the National Board of the Communist Political Association what Mrs. Roosevelt wrote indicates that her views are derived from biased press reports rather than original sources. That is evident when she says the letter and the resolution espouse “world revolution”—a phrase or idea totally absent in both documents. Absent too, is the conception that American Communists who “had been cooperative, where they could be,” are now abandoning their cooperation in order to “force Communism on our democracy.” Actually the resolution calls for consolidating “the broadest national coalition of all anti-fascist and democratic forces, including all supporters of Roosevelt’s anti-Axis policies. . . .”

Mrs. Roosevelt’s column reveals other fundamental misconceptions, shared by other liberals, which must be cleared up if the most hard-bitten enemies of democracy are not to profit. The first error is that American Communists “seek to impose Communism” on America. Anybody who believes Communism can be “imposed” upon any nation indicates a lack of knowledge of Marxist ideas. Second: Mrs. Roosevelt implies that American Communists are directed from Moscow, which leads her to the contention that “the whole situation of the Communists outside the Soviet Union” must be “cleared up authoritatively.” The hoary canard that American Communists are “Moscow agents” suggests that citizens of this democracy have no right to be Communists; that the guarantees of free speech and free thought apply to all except those who have Marxist ideas. Finally, and perhaps most seriously, Mrs. Roosevelt’s statements make charges against the Soviet Union and even contradictorily imply that she wishes the Soviet Union to intervene in our domestic affairs.

These errors feed the fires men like Hearst and Pegler are lighting in the country today. The latter even congratulated her, offering his “sincere suggestion” that she “take an active part in exposing and discrediting Communists with whom she is better acquainted than most of us . . . ,” meaning, *any* of her friends who seek durable peace, good relations with the Soviet Union and all the other tenets with which Americans have rightly identified her. Pegler is out to divide and destroy the coalition and his tactic is precisely the one that led to Dachau, about which Mrs. Roosevelt wrote so honestly and so well.

postwar without unemployment and much of the spade work that will have to be done to realize such a determination must come from the work of the people and their organizations. The Independent Citizens’ Committee of the

Arts, Sciences and Professions will be making a much needed contribution to the preliminaries of such a program when they open their two-day conference on the Arts, Sciences and Professions in the Postwar World June

22 at New York’s Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. For two days this committee, which did such excellent work in electing Roosevelt last November, will conduct panel discussions which go to the heart of the professionals’ segment of postwar jobs. Under the leadership of many of America’s outstanding cultural figures, including Margaret Webster, Lillian Hellman, Dr. Harlow Shapley, Dr. Roy Harris, Dr. Donald Du Shane, Van Wyck Brooks, Carl Carmer, Norman Corwin, Dr. Alonzo Myers, Joseph Hudnut and others, the conferees will discuss such matters as: “Moving Broadway to Main Street—the Market for the Dramatic Arts,” “Opening New Fields for Music—How Many Jobs Will They Offer?” “Science Opens Up Production,” “New Developments in Industry,” “Expanding America’s Medical Program,” “The Homes We Can Have,” “Television and ‘FM,’” screen and publishing problems, education and social science.

Here and There

EIGHTEEN years ago Lindbergh landed in Paris to receive a great and at that time deserved ovation; the other day he walked through Paris to meet a great and deserved silence.

• Perhaps Lewis Carroll might figure out this one. While the Army Pictorial Service is burning valuable educational films on the ground that they might compete with private production, the office of the Alien Property Custodian is accepting bids for several hundred Nazi films that would compete not only with American production but with the American view of life. Write to the two agencies demanding a switch; let the Nazi films be burned and the American educational films be distributed. . . . And while you’ve got your pencil out send a little stinger to MGM—whom reactionaries forced to put Sinclair Lewis’ anti-fascist story, *It Can’t Happen Here*, on the shelf—demanding that they put Knut Hamsun’s second-rate story, *Victoria*, on the shelf. Hamsun is the notorious pro-Nazi who had a nervous breakdown when Germany surrendered and to whom MGM has just given a \$50,000 balm.

• While Dubinsky’s Liberal Party is helping to affix a “progressive” figleaf on a Deweyite reactionary ticket in the New York mayoralty fight, the ALP influence and tradition has proved strong enough to help defeat the Tammany machine in lining up a genuine good government slate behind O’Dwyer.



THE SURVIVORS CAME TOGETHER

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish letters home written by the young Soviet novelist, Yuri Krymov. Some of our readers may recall him as the author of *Tanker Derbent*, a translation of which was circulated in a small edition some two years ago. An engineer as well as a writer, Krymov put his professional skill at the service of the Red Army. He was killed in action late last year. The last of the letters, sealed for mailing and stained with his blood, was found on his body. Krymov's letters are among the most moving of this or any war, and they symbolize the self-dedication to his people that has increasingly marked the Soviet writer, as the evolving socialist way of life has made possible organic social functioning for the writer.

The further development of such functioning in the course of the war was given expression at a recent victory meeting held by the Moscow Writers at their union hall. Nearly four years earlier, in the first shock of the German invasion, the Moscow writers had met there to pledge body and brain to the defense of their socialist country. That pledge had been overfulfilled, to use a Soviet term, with books, with reportage, with military service, with fire-warden duty—and with lives. Many who had been at that first meeting were among the war dead.

The survivors, reassembled to greet victory, had changed much in the four years. They had aged in the war against the Nazi savages, the Neanderthal throwbacks assailing civilization in tanks and planes. The chairman, Nikolai Tikhonov, the noble Leningrad poet, had become prematurely gray. During the long ordeal of the Leningrad siege he had rejected repeated offers to evacuate him. He had chosen to stay in the hero city to defend it with bullets and verses; and those verses had proved a potent ingredient in the morale that astonished the world. He had seen the city almost die. He had seen human agonies more terrible than nightmares; and acts of human fortitude more inspiring than the most exalted dreams. He had seen five members of his own family breathe

their last; he had seen them dragged to burial on the children's sleds that were the hearses of the nearly strangled city.

Among the speakers was Vsevolod Vishnevsky. He will be remembered here for the script of *We Are From Kronstadt*, one of the Soviet film classics. Vishnevsky entered this war bearing scars and honors from the Civil War. In the earlier struggle, as again in this

war, he had fought consciously for the brotherhood of peoples. He had just returned from Berlin, in whose capture he had participated, to tell of an example and triumph of that brotherhood.

The proudest moments in the battle of Berlin, he said, came when the Soviet flag was raised over Berlin landmarks. Vishnevsky described a sappers' unit that had enjoyed such a triumph. Its curious composition had not been



"Figures," by Adolf Wolff (1882-1944), anti-fascist sculptor, whose memorial will be unveiled Sunday, June 24, at 2 P.M. at Mt. Hebron Cemetery, Flushing, L. I. The eulogy will be delivered by V. J. Jerome. Mr. Wolff was active in many organizations, including the Artists' Union and the Artists' Congress. He is represented by sculpture at the Metropolitan Museum and Rockefeller Center.



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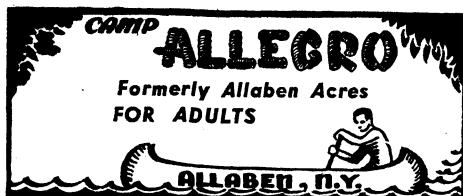
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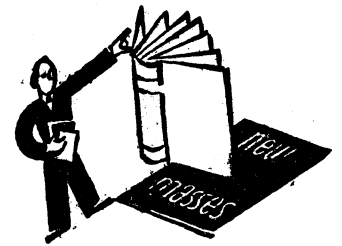
DAY CAMP FOR CHILDREN

planned; it had merely happened because of the multi-national character of the Red Army. The four men of this unit were of four different nationalities—a Tatar, a Georgian, a Byelorussian and a Russian. In the capital of world inhumanity this unit of brother nationalities raised the flag of human brotherhood. The fraternal nation had triumphed over the Cain nation.

THERE were tears of joy over this symbol in many eyes; and then there were tears of grief over those who were not there to share the joy. Tribute was paid to Yuri Krymov, to Eugene Petrov who had fallen at Sevastopol, to Afinogenov who had died in Moscow, to the children's writer Arkady Gaidar, whose young readers, numbering millions, had formed an organization in his honor to aid the families of servicemen; to Alexei Tolstoy, who had labored beyond his strength in the commission investigating German war crimes, and to many others who had not lived to greet the victory. And the old writer, Teleshov, who had known Tolstoy, Chekhov and Gorky, asked that they too be remembered; for they too had fought for human brotherhood; and they too had not lived to see the victory. When Tolstoy and Chekhov died czarism, the prison-warden of nations, was still mighty; when Gorky died Nazism was rising to its crest, and almost his last words were a call to the democratic peoples of the world to unite against it.

There were others, bereaved like Tikhonov, who had images to call up of privately mourned ones who had deserved to be among the welcomers of victory, but had become part of its terrible purchase price. There was Tikhonov's brother poet, Pavel Antokolsky, who had lost his only son, and who, in his grief had become the comforter of millions. His poem "My Son" had swept the country. Its moving lines had expressed the grief of millions of bereaved and left them strengthened for the work to be done so that their sons' sacrifices should make safe the smile of peace.

The meeting ended with a joint pledge for the creation of new poems, epics, dramas, fiction, songs, that would further human progress and brotherhood. To sophisticates in New York and London the pledge may sound naive. The writers who made that pledge, however, are different from the sophisticates described by Koestler as the intelligentsia condemned to neurosis and futility. They are simpler personalities,



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capable of faith, and capable of fulfilling such pledges. Sophisticates should recall the skeptical economists who laughed at the peasant dreamers of the Five-Year Plans, and the skeptical military experts who laughed at the Moujik Red Army. They might pause before they titter over a pledge to produce epics.

A great victory of the human spirit has been won. In that victory Soviet writers participated more closely and continuously than any writers in the past. I, for one, expect that so vital and vast an experience, in which writers had a living part, will ripen into the promised epics.

Antidote to W. L. White

THESE ARE THE RUSSIANS, by *Richard S. Lauterbach*. Harper. \$3.

SHORTLY after Wendell Willkie returned from his trip to the Soviet Union, Richard Lauterbach cornered him at a meeting and told him that he was planning to go to Russia as a correspondent for *Time* and *Life*. They chatted a minute, and then Willkie said firmly: "My advice to you is to get to know the people. Too many reporters know all about how the Moscow subway looks and nothing about the people who ride in it." The reader of his book will find that Mr. Lauterbach followed this advice, with the result that his book takes its place among the few really valuable correspondents' books about our great ally.

Mr. Lauterbach does not pretend to have seen everything, to understand everything, to be able to explain everything about the Soviet Union. He offers no cocksure dicta about Soviet economics, foreign policies, or Red Army strategy or subtleties about the interrelation of culture and socialism—as so many of his less modest, less patient and less informed fellow reporters have done. He limits himself to picturing for his American readers how the people—the common men—of the Soviet Union have won this war: how they have fought, worked, planned, suffered, laughed and ached; how they intend to go about the gigantic task of reconstruction after the war and what they expect from the postwar world in which they will take an important place. Mr. Lauterbach had been in the Soviet Union before—in 1935. Thus he had the opportunity of comparing his new experiences and observations with those of nine years ago.

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tific socialism, Mr. Lauterbach's limitations become apparent; he shuns answers or takes refuge behind cliches; he simply cannot jump over his own "liberal" shadow. On the whole, however, his honestly open-eyed approach, his determination to stick to facts and to limit himself to a "report" yield the most satisfactory results. He has very well grasped the greatness of Stalin; and he has got a sense of the affectionate and genuine relation between the party of Lenin and Stalin and the millions of non-party members in the USSR. Chapters like "Fame Is Just a Footnote" and "Stalin's Falcon" are excellent; and the description of heroic Leningrad—"Death Will Be Afraid of Us"—is among the best things on this famous and much written theme.

In the concluding section of his book, Mr. Lauterbach discusses the question "What's in it for Us?"—in the development of the Soviet Union as a friendly associate in the postwar world. He answers, emphatically, "Everything."

CAROL PURVES.

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EARL BROWDER, *Editor*; EUGENE DENNIS, *Associate Editor*; V. J. JEROME, *Managing Editor*

VOLUME XXIV, NO. 6	JUNE, 1945
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Recent Verse

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF CANADIAN POETS. Edited by Ralph Gustafson. *New Directions*. \$5.00.

LIKE THE ROOT, by George Zabriskie. *Coward McCann*. \$2.

THIRTY POEMS, by Thomas Merton. *New Directions*. \$5.00.

THE VIRGINIA POEMS, by Francis Coleman Rosenberger. *Gotham Book Mart*. \$1.

WE WHO WOULD DIE, by Binga Dismond. *Wendell Malliet & Co.* \$2.

CHOIR AND TEMPEST, by Esther Fremont. *Great Concord*. \$1.50 paper; \$2 cloth.

SOLDIERS AND STRANGERS, by Edward Fenton. *Macmillan*. \$1.75.

THERE is little doubt that poetry today is in transition. We have much still of Wasteland poetry, technically skillful and reminiscent of Eliot or of the reformed W. H. Auden. Such poetry has for theme the plight of the overly sensitive individual in a world not cut to his pattern. And we have now (and shortly will have more) poetry of the meaning of war and of the strength of group action in war and in peace. The *New Directions* Press and the less known *Gotham Book Mart* print largely poets concerned with private sensitivities. Technically these poets are better, but they say less that is in any way new.

A Little Anthology of Canadian Poets, edited by Ralph Gustafson, indicates clearly that Canada is not without her moderns. Gustafson himself

The Mighty 7th WAR LOAN

is a good poet. His are the contradictory themes of the temporal loveliness and spiritual refuge. Many of these Canadian poets take fierce and nervous note of reality, but tend toward an over-emphasis on death or treat of God as the only permanence. F. R. Scott's poem "Recovery" is interesting and looks forward:

*More roads are opened than are
closed by bombs
And truth stands naked under the
flashing charge.*

Naturally enough, a good many of the young poets are concerned with their early acquaintance with death. Not so many know any reason for this war. "Drinker" by Patrick Anderson is a sharp picture of a tired worker at a fountain. Most of these Canadian lyrics are skillful and thoughtful, but very few indicate any new vision of the world.

George Zabriskie's *Like the Root* is a continuous poem, a set of lyrics on the same theme of cyclic continuity amidst functional change. The theme is modern but the cultural and historical continuity of life is presented only vaguely. Rilke is back of a good deal of Zabriskie's mysticism, but Zabriskie is not as good as Rilke and the whole poem is cloudily metaphysical. This poet needs to cut himself free from rhetoric, excessive restatement and musical prettiness. He has been over-praised as a poet of mood and he lacks precision of thought or imagery.

Thomas Merton, another "New Directions' Poet of the Year," is expert enough. The theme of war is not absent in his poems but, since he is a Trappist monk, it is counter-balanced by the theme of religion. His little book includes a fine poem on Federico Garcia Lorca, the Loyalist poet killed in Spain, another on the poet's brother missing in action. In "Dirge for the Proud World" the poet's theme seems to be that this world, gambled for and lost by both the gambler and "his enemy," is finished. Only continuous life is inevitable. There is no clear idea as to whose is the guilt here save that the moneyed and the materialistic have brought their own doom. Merton's imagery is, with occasional lapses into the typically romantic and religious, usually a metaphysical recording of contrasts between the fleshly and the spiritual certainties. He has learned from Hopkins, Lorca, and even Auden, and he is interesting in his own right.

A: for Francis Coleman Rosenber-

"A powerful case for the colored races."

— N. Y. SUN

Color and Democracy

Colonies and Peace

by W. E. BURGHARDT DuBOIS

Author of *DUSK OF DAWN*

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ger, he is also young and talented. Reared on Keats and the other romantic poets at the University of Virginia, his themes are youthful, his imagery delicately wrought. But he, too, has seen the hawk turn bomber, the old imagery of flight become the new, and his poems "Refugee Child," "Here Is Our Strength" show growth and sensitivity to the problems of youth in war times.

SO MUCH for the poets who probe the individual's self-justifications, poems a little decadent and neurotic at times but now and then hinting at the individual's awareness of a larger world than himself. At the opposite pole we have poets concerned with social injustice. Binga Dismond, for example, in *We Who Would Die* is a propaganda poet. His main theme is the injustice to his race, the Negro. His world is workaday, his style popular. Not a great poet technically, he is, nevertheless, perfectly clear as to what he wants to say. His best verses have to do with Haitian folk customs and are in Haitian rhythms.

Choir and Tempest by Esther Fremont is a strenuous, perhaps noble attempt to present to a large reading public the socialist faith, the problems of politics and of labor unions. This should be called a radio poem. Loosely woven and often prosaic, it would go well on the radio, some speeches being made solos, others choruses. Miss Fremont looks forward, is not subjective, not concerned with individualistic soul problems. But despite Mr. Putnam's introduction and my agreement with him that there will be more, much more of these social themes in poetry soon, Miss Fremont's book seems to me to be too long, too wordy and only very irregularly good as poetry.

Soldiers and Strangers by Edward Fenton is, to me, one of the clearest examples of the kind of war poetry that we may have soon. The poet is making an adjustment. Brought up to think individualistically, turned soldier, he becomes weary, sometimes cynical, tensely aware of death. He grows old quickly.

I'm afraid that a good many soldier poets will have to struggle through and integrate the feelings Fenton is writing down. They will distrust slogans, for behind them is another war, a boom, a depression during which most of them first realized life, and the way ahead (except in the long view) is not clear. If these soldier poets are again betrayed by the peace now being

made they may never integrate their experiences or arrive at any clarity as to what is worth living for. They are very tired now and very skeptical and removed from youth's optimism. They feel intensely lonely. Their plight is real. Now they know only the comradeship of fear; civilian life rings hollow. They, and not the effete Wastelanders, could become the modern artists betrayed. The honesty of Fenton's attempt to record his precise experiences is very moving. Though he has no clear hopes or horizons and is caught, now, between hate and love, he could move clear. It is up to the peacemakers to give talented poets like Fenton the signs that their youth has not been sacrificed for greed. If they see a clear and honest road ahead to a better world they will recognize it.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Worth Noting

"HEJ RUP," Czech for "Heave Ho!" is the title of a film all copies but one of which were destroyed by the Germans. The undestroyed copy is being shown in a benefit for the Czech Cooperatives at Town Hall in New York on June 27. The film is a comedy and features the famous Czech comedians, Voscovich and Verich.

A UNIQUE event in the art world is the exhibition "Why I Hate the Nazis," a group of drawings by Cpl. Milton J. Wynne, at the ACA Gallery until June 30. Corporal Wynne, whose work has appeared in these pages, has recently returned from twenty-eight months of fighting overseas. These drawings and his poems were published in book form this week. The exhibition and the book will be commented on in a later issue.

"FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT —A MEMORIAL," published by Pocket Books within a week after the death of the late President and its 325,000 copies sold out in the following week, has just appeared in a new edition issued by Pitman.

THE Writers War Board, in emphasizing the importance of the writer's role in keeping the public informed, recommends to writers three books: *Solution in Asia*, by Owen Lattimore, *The Plot Against the Peace*, by Michael Sayers and A. E. Kahn, and *What To Do With Japan*, by Wilfred Fleischer.



IN THE WORLD OF ART

By MOSES SOYER

"In encouraging the creation of beautiful things we are furthering democracy itself."—Franklin D. Roosevelt, May 10, 1939.

THE grief of the artists in the death of President Roosevelt is twofold, for besides losing a beloved leader they lost also their greatest patron. He firmly believed that a country gains most if its people have the opportunity of working at the trades and in the professions for which they have talent and for which they are best fitted. That helped to bring into being the WPA cultural projects, which brought art to the most far-flung corners of the US. Many distinguished artists, writers and musicians of today were developed through these projects.

Physically no other President since Lincoln has so captured the imagination of the artist. His beautiful head, with its wide brow and strong alert features, will in future generations inspire painters and sculptors as does today the homely and just as beautiful head of Lincoln.

GROUP exhibitions starred the artistic calendar during the past few weeks. Among them were the third annual exhibition of the Artists' League of America, the spring exhibition of An American Group, Inc., and the Merchant Seamen's Paintings in the newly-dedicated Roosevelt Hall at the headquarters of the National Maritime Union.

What struck me as most significant about the Artists' League exhibition was the high level and variety of talent shown by artists who are young and as yet hardly known. Among the many painters' names checked in my catalogue I find those of Anne Kroll, Mary O. Johnson, Gordon Howe, Shirley Hendrick, Sid Gotcliffe, Isidore Eichen, H. Leopold, Louis Tytell, Ann Brigadier, Charles Keller, Nova, Lillian Port; in sculpture, Ambellan's "Men," Lipton's "Clowns," Walinska's "La Volupte" and Stella Wright's "Martyr" stood out. The quality of the exhibition was further strengthened by the inclusion of work of some of the league's more

prominent members, such as Evergood, Gottlieb, Segy, Sternberg, Kleinholz.

ANOTHER interesting show was the spring exhibition of the American Group, Inc., a liberal exhibiting society which counts among its members some of the most famous representatives of the various artistic trends in this country. Its small paintings, watercolors and sculptures, intimate in character, are works not usually characterized as major exhibition pieces, but rather what one would find in rummaging in an artist's studio. This made the show particularly interesting and rewarding. Among the pictures that attracted my attention, because they expressed so well the characteristics for which their creators have become known, were Sol Wilson's moody "White Horse," James Lechay's sensitive "Fishermen Mending Nets," Julian Levi's "Hurricane," Pickens' golden "Judy in the Corn," Burliuk's "Rosy Evening," Cikovsky's lyrical "American Landscape," Gwathmey's study of a Negro woman and the seascapes of Tchacbasov and Harriton; and among the sculptures Minna Harkavy's moving "Invocation," Cronbach's "End of Day," Goodelman's "Rhythm," Gross' "Adolescence," Robus' "Smile" and Slobodkin's "Nude."

THE exhibition of watercolors and drawings by the Merchant Seamen was quite an experience. It was arranged by Alzira Pierce, NMU-USS art director. The subjects were what one would expect from seamen—carefully drawn sailboats, sloops, distant ports, seductive girls and poignant representations of partings and homecomings. The sincerity with which the seamen have tried to express their actual experiences and longings imbue these pictures with a touching gravity and give the show as a whole a nostalgic flavor.

Adolf Aldrich, AB, is perhaps the most professional of the exhibitors. His watercolors of France and Italy are executed in the sophisticated style of the more expensive magazines. Milton

Kemnitz's "Old Bay," "Nazi Ship," "Marseilles," are well observed and carefully executed. Other pictures worthy of attention are "Second Cook," Vincent Carbonilla's naive "Shangri La," Oiler William R. Simmons' moving "Home," AB Pedro Soriano's "Lighthouse," Cook Jesus Zambrano's sad "Goodbye." I was glad to come across a group of watercolors by my old friend and pupil, Chief Electrician Harry McConologue. His quiet, unassuming studies show marked progress.

THE art season is nearing its end. It was an unusually interesting one not only for the high standard of many of its exhibitions but also because of its international aspect. To me the encouraging thing was that American art showed itself vigorous and unprovincial and well able to hold its own beside the more sophisticated European art. Usually at about this time artistic societies award honors and fellowships. Among those so honored this year were two prominent Negro artists, Mr. Ellis Wilson, whose Guggenheim Fellowship was renewed, and Miss Elizabeth Catlett, in private life Mrs. Charles White, who received a Rosenwald Foundation Fellowship. The American Academy of Arts and Letters awarded grants to Andree Ruellan, Raphael Soyer and Edward Laning, among others, elected to membership the American realist Edward Hopper and awarded its gold medal to the sculptor Paulanship. All these artists are or were represented by small one-man shows.

Quite outstanding in Hopper's unusual group of oils and watercolors at the Rehn Gallery are his "Early Sunday Morning" and "From Williamsburgh Bridge," to me high water marks in American realism. A great deal has been written about Hopper, to which I have little to add except to say that his artistic integrity never fails to move and impress me. Andree Ruellan's exhibition was somewhat disappointing. I remember the Corot-like quality of her earlier work; her present work leans towards prettiness and, though techni-



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cally more advanced, lacks depth. Certainly this is but a phase in Miss Ruelan's development and one can safely expect more serious work from her.

Edward Laning was never in the strict sense an easel painter. Trained and having won distinction as a muralist, his paintings always seem to me more like colored drawings, failing to give me the satisfaction that his unusually competent black and whites do. To get a full idea of his talent one must visit his current show of drawings at the Midtown Gallery, in which he has expressed extraordinarily well the destruction of historic and artistic Italy. These drawings are technically akin to the copper engravings of the Renaissance.

Raphael Soyer's exhibition was in the nature of a small retrospective, the earliest picture being "Intimate Interior" and the latest "Mary Liz," a delightful study of a girl in a pensive attitude somewhat reminiscent of Corot's late figure work. Concerning himself almost solely with people, his growth has been steady and in his late work the literalness that is apparent in some of the paintings of the "Bus-Passengers" period has given way to a more abstract quality and a greater simplification of forms and color. One does not find in his work a preoccupation with painting for its own sake nor "pretty passages." His method of painting is a result of slow evolution and is altogether adequate to his needs. One can say about him as someone said about Corot, that although outwardly imitating the natural appearance of things he managed to create a highly profound and individual art charged with poetry.

IN THE space remaining I should like to talk briefly of the shows of the three artists Arnold Blanch (AAA) Earl Kerkam (Bonestell) and De Hirsch Margules (Feigl).

The yardstick of my admiration for an artist has always been, rightly or wrongly, his singleness of purpose. I found this trait in the great artists of the past and in the important artists of the present. Arnold Blanch lacks this trait. He became known in the old days of the Whitney Studio Club for his sensitive paintings of outskirts of small towns and figure studies of circus girls. I think he could have become one of the most successful painters in the country if he had continued in that vein. His first radical change came some eight years ago during the depression. The central theme of his canvases then was

the farmer's revolt against conditions and the authorities. I remember one picture in particular depicting a farmer kneeling on eroded soil with his head and arms raised to the sky. It was then that he began to use distortion. And now Blanch comes forward with a new series of paintings that in their very approach again present a radical departure. The influences of his new work are quite apparent—Paul Burlin, Burliuk, Chagall, Rattner, and Tchacbasov. The subject matter is highly imaginative, playful and gently satirical. At times, in order to paint a parable, he uses mildly surrealist methods, as in the painting "Some Apples were on the Ground." Yet Blanch has an unmistakable touch that is altogether his own, a freshness of color that makes his figure paintings look like bouquets. His social criticisms, while not brutal, are none the less telling. One hopes that after his many peregrinations he has found himself and will develop fully along these lines.

EARL KERKAM is an artist of a different type. He found himself long ago and has developed his limited but personal talent to a high degree. I use the word limited because he confines himself in his subject matter to a single figure or head. His people are terribly sad and introspective and his depicting them singly without attempt at what is conventionally composition would make a group of this type of pictures monotonous were it not for the deeply poetic strain and his good paint quality.

DE HIRSCH MARGULES demonstrates once again that he is an outstanding water-colorist. His pictures are vigorous, well designed and in the later examples he achieves a jewel-like quality of color. The Marin and Hartley influences, apparent in his earlier work, are giving way to a lyrical lustiness which is completely his own. He does not believe in understatement and his understanding of color is unusual. He uses it functionally, as exemplified in a beautiful still-life and some harbor scenes and in the delightful "Little Boat Skipping." An exciting show.

I HAVE space only for a mention of some of the other important shows. They included Charles Keller's first one-man show of gouaches, Sara Berman Beach's murals, Tchacbasov's show and the rather unusual exhibition of the Synagogue Paintings of Marc Chagall at the new Gallery of Jewish Art.

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Recent Films

THE innate sincerity and superb act-
ing that characterize the Soviet
screen are genuine attractions in, but
are not enough to save *The Ural Front*
(Artkino, at the Stanley Theater)
from being a poor film. The story
jumbles several themes and realizes none
of them. It begins as a picture of a
Ural town sending its men off to the
front; it starts out again as a picture of
the transplantation of evacuated west-
ern factories in the Urals; it includes
a loyalty-to-her-man-at-the-front theme
similar to that in *Wait For Me*; it
turns finally into a battle-for-production
picture with a villain who might be a
traitor or merely an idiot—the film
never makes clear which. There are
threads in all of these that a more skill-
ful narrative hand might have tied to-
gether into a clear and effective story.
The failure to do so, particularly for a
non-Soviet audience unable to bridge
gaps with direct emotional understand-
ing, leaves the story a straggle of loose
ends. Nevertheless, something of Soviet
life is here and some stirring acting.

DANNY KAYE's incredible energy
and superb, wide-eyed, self-startled
fooling is enough to make *Wonder Man*
(Goldwyn, at the Astor) one of the
most enjoyable films of the year. He has
excellent comedy and dance team sup-
port, but the aid of technicolor is ques-
tionable. It seems to be there chiefly to
enrich the night club fantasy-land that
producers seem to regard as indispensa-
ble for anything short of tragedy. What
Wonder Man might have been without
it and with something nearer the adult
intelligence level by way of plot is some-
thing to pine for. But even as is, *Won-
der Man* is way above average. I. S.

SPEAKING of technicolor, if you've al-
ready resigned yourself to a mini-
mum of one production number too
many in every such picture and if you
don't mind waiting a moderately long
time between bright lines you'll have
fun at *Where Do We Go From Here?*
at the Roxy (Fox). With the aid of
a genie Fred MacMurray gets drafted
into the wrong army (George Wash-
ington's) and navy (Columbus') and
on the insistence of genies Morrie Rys-
kind and Sig Herzig, who dreamed it
all up, he gets shoved through a 400-
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