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NEW MASSES

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PREVIEWS OF NOVEMBER

KENTUCKY SIGNS AND PORTENTS

Second of Bruce Minton's series

PAC: AUGURY FOR '44

by Joseph North

ORIGIN OF A MIRACLE

The deathless story of a ghetto—by William Zukerman

CRIME OF THE MISLEADERS

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Dear Reader:

The report this week is not good. Only \$650 came through the mail since our appeal, last week, toward the \$8,000 that must be raised by May 15. At this writing, three weeks from the deadline, the tempo of returns is about thirty percent of what it should be. At this pace—\$650 a week—we will only have raised \$2,600 by the time the creditors appear with their demand for \$8,000. Bad, indeed.

We don't know how to say it differently. We've said everything there is to be said. And we can only leave the rest to you.

We hope you will act: some of our readers have determined to step up their aid. We refer to our Chicago friends who are setting a pace the rest of our readers should follow. In addition to the large NM meeting they held at which Bruce Minton spoke, last Sunday, they arranged smaller gatherings at which NM's problems are discussed, and a quota set for those present to meet. "The people here not only work hard," Mr. Minton wrote us, "but consistently and their devotion to NM is wonderful." It is this sort of reaction to NM's headaches which will ultimately cure them. But—Chicago is only one city. (True, as we indicate on our back cover, several other smaller communities are doing likewise.) But we need a total response, nationwide, among our readers to do the job that needs to be done.

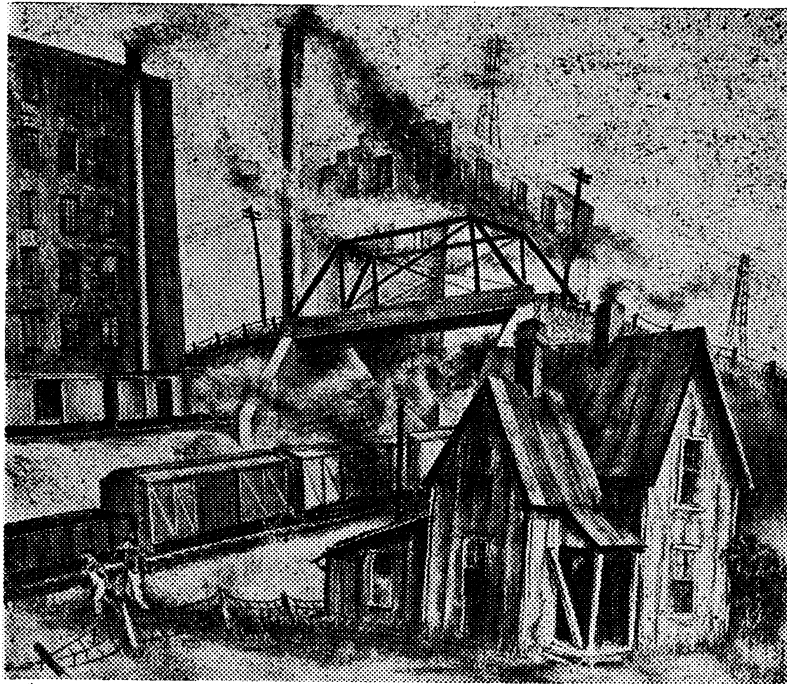
What have YOU done? The Chicago example is splendid—and needs duplication everywhere. But immediately, now, we need our individual readers' help to meet the pressing \$8,000 payment. We know that in hundreds of communities it will be difficult to organize the sort of thing Chicago is doing. In such cases we ask our individual readers to sit down and write NM a check, tonight.

We cannot exaggerate the danger confronting the magazine.

The Editors

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Louise Mellor

KENTUCKY SIGNS AND PORTENTS

By BRUCE MINTON

Louisville, Ky.

MR. TOM DOVER wears a small diamond stickpin in his rather flashy tie. He also wears steel-rimmed spectacles, has a large stomach, and an affable smile. From 1921 to 1933, Mr. Dover served the city of Louisville as jailer. Right now, he is executive secretary of the Republican party for Jefferson County, where Louisville is situated.

Mr. Tom Dover is something of a philosopher. He has sipped at the well of experience, and the result is a vehement if simple credo. "There comes a time in the tide of all politics," Mr. Dover said somewhat sententiously after he had waved me into a chair, "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, presuming you know how to ride the crest." He paused, and added, "I adapted that pretty much from Shakespeare." I nodded. "You see," said Mr. Dover, "there is only one thing that everyone in the business of politics must learn—and that is you can't beat a trend. For ten years, ever since 1932, there wasn't any use trying to buck the tide. You just got washed under. But things have changed. The trend is coming our way. No one's going to beat the Republicans this year . . . *no one*. All we have to do is just ride the wave, just ride the wave. . . ." Mr. Dover gestured to show how one

rides along, smooth and nice. "Nothing can stop us in 1944. This state is in the Republican bag, as the saying goes, Roosevelt or no Roosevelt. You just can't beat Dewey, you just can't beat *any* Republican." Mr. Dover tapped me on the knee. "Remember this, young man, remember this as long as you live—nobody beats a trend."

I telephoned Mr. Dover two days later to ask his first name. "Glad to be of service," he said. "The name is Tom." Before I could hang up, he shouted, "Wait a minute there. Don't forget what I told you. Listen, young man, nobody can stop that trend!"

I'm not trying to pass Mr. Dover off as a major prophet. Nor do I see the same trends as the ex-jailer of Louisville. But among Republicans, both in Kentucky and nationally, a good deal of loose talk goes on about this trend, and a good deal of boasting. In Washington, before I left, the Republicans invariably cited the 1943 Kentucky elections as proof that Franklin D. Roosevelt didn't stand a chance in 1944. "Look at Kentucky," they said. "Look how Kentucky went Republican in 1943, and Kentucky is pretty much a southern state, or close to it, and that means the whole country is going to go Repub-

lican." So let's look at Kentucky, at Mr. Dover's trend, and at last year's election which the Republicans so confidently take as a portent of the future.

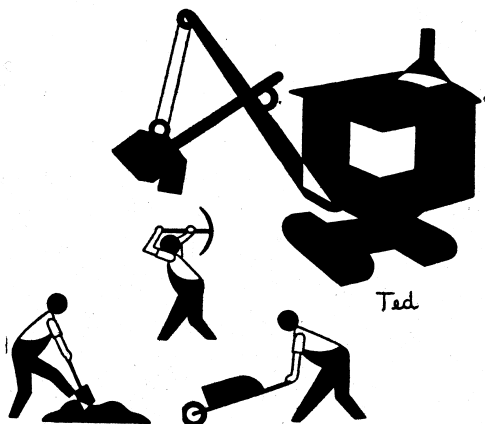
KENTUCKY is normally a Democratic state. The Republicans had not elected a governor since 1928 until just a few months ago when Simeon Willis went into the governor's mansion at Frankfort. Simultaneously, they won the Louisville Board of Aldermen despite the genuine respect for the Democratic mayor, Wilson Wyatt, despite the admiration inspired by his excellent administration of the state's largest city. What happened in 1943 only repeated the pattern of Democratic failures in many other states. Kentucky Republicans staged an aggressive campaign on local issues, exploiting a split among the Democrats. Republican speakers denounced the Democratic "machine" and promised to rid the state of machine politics—the pledge, naturally, was forgotten when the boys won the election. GOP campaigners made the most of the lackadaisical campaign put on by the Democrats, who raised no national issues, who relied on the usual cut-and-dried appeals to the voters, who forgot about the war, and who neglected to mention Franklin D. Roosevelt. With

Kentucky normally Democratic, the party chieftains figured there was no need for exertion—all they had to do was sit back and let the votes roll in.

On the eve of election, John L. Lewis violated the no-strike pledge by calling out the soft-coal miners in the southeastern part of the state, antagonizing the farmers and presenting the Republicans—whom Lewis favors—with another talking point against the Roosevelt administration. Again, immediately before the polls opened, a gang of hoodlums beat a Negro woman, and the outrage, whatever the truth, was blamed on the Democratic machine. The Republican National Committee poured gobs of money into Kentucky—\$10,000 early in the campaign, followed later, so the Democrats told me, by an additional \$90,000. Because the Democrats took things easy, the numbers who went to the polls were small—out of an electorate of approximately one million, only half voted in 1943. This meant that by and large the independent voter, who had helped the Democrats win previous elections, this time stayed home. The so-called Republican “sweep” was a slim margin of some 8,500 votes for the present governor. The day after election, Willis privately admitted that he was the most surprised man in Kentucky.

REPUBLICANS eagerly interpret every Democratic defeat as a stinging repudiation of President Roosevelt. Each failure, even if it is only an individual Democrat's inability to get to the state legislature, is taken as a direct sign that Roosevelt is finished. Such conclusions are of course nonsensical. Local Democratic disasters as a rule indicate the reluctance of the party to discuss the main issues. When Democrats attempt to prove themselves more reactionary than their opponents, great sections of the electorate refuse to vote at all (and most reactionary victories are the result of a small vote). No matter what Republican seers claim for Kentucky in 1944, most people I talked to in Louisville take for granted that if Franklin D. Roosevelt is drafted by the Democratic convention—and there is a growing demand for his nomination—he will carry the state.

Kentucky is not a key state—except if it should go Republican, when indeed Mr. Dover could point to a “trend.” Of its nine national Congressmen, seven are Democrats; so are both Senators—the majority leader, Alben Barkley, and the junketing defeatist, Albert “Happy” Chandler. Many in the state think Chandler will try to deliver Kentucky to the Republicans in 1944—he is ardently anti-Roosevelt and his best political friend at the moment appears to be Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia. But “Happy's” appeal is at a low ebb, at least in Louisville; almost everyone I talked to assured me that Chandler



couldn't be elected dog-catcher. Some Democrats worry lest “Happy” insist on taking part in the coming campaign on their side—in a manner to indicate, at least to the opportunistic “Happy's” way of thinking, his support for Roosevelt and Barkley. Some Democrats go so far as to intimate that should “Happy” pull such a dirty trick, he would be put up to it by the Republicans. A favorable word from “Happy” can only lose votes for the unfortunates he decides to bless. In Louisville, most Democrats want no part of the junior Senator; when he barges into town for a rally, he must hire his own hall and arrange for his own brass band. “Happy's” antics on his return from his tour of the Pacific are still considered a disgrace to the entire state. “Imagine,” one leading citizen remarked, “Mr. Churchill had to get up in the House of Commons to answer ‘Happy's’ slurs. The Prime Minister himself had to take time out from the war to deal with Chandler—and everyone knows ‘Happy’ comes from Kentucky. You can't conceal that. Well, we're pretty ashamed, that's the truth of it.”

LOUISVILLE is exceptionally war conscious and exceptionally alert to national issues. Recently the two local newspapers, both published by Mark Ethridge, former chairman of the Fair Employment Practice Committee, and both vigorously pro-war, pro-administration, and pro-fourth term for President Roosevelt, ran a full-page advertisement for Russian War Relief sponsored by all the leading retail merchants. Everyone, from the young, energetic mayor to the union membership, sees the issues in the coming national election as a clear-cut fight to determine whether this nation shall follow a generally progressive policy of winning the war and establishing a peace based on collaboration with our allies, or whether this country shall revert to narrow isolationism, to predatory imperialism and neo-fascism. The general alertness to the main issues seems far more widespread than in southern Ohio, for example, or in Washington itself. There is less babbling about “bu-

reaucracry” and Roosevelt “dictatorship”—perhaps because the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and to a lesser degree the *Times* have done a job of clarification.

I am not intimating that no one in Louisville rants against “That Man”; there are plenty of Republican die-hards around, the clique of top dogs who fume that the country is on its last legs unless “sanity” is somehow restored. “Sanity” is another name for Bricker and Taft. But it is encouraging to find Mayor Wyatt—politically similar to Mayor Lausche of Cleveland—supporting President Roosevelt for reelection not merely because of party labels but because of the President's program. It is good to find a newspaper publisher—there are not so many in this country—like Mark Ethridge who is eager to understand the USSR, who believes in postwar collaboration for a stabilized peace, who is chary of Red-baiting, who resists discrimination against the Negro people, who fought for the soldier vote, and who criticized Senator Barkley when he staged his “revolt” against the President's veto of the tax bill.

Senator Barkley is popular in Louisville. He is respected for his personal integrity and for his support of the President. There is an inclination to heave a sigh of relief that the unpleasantness caused by the Senator's bad temper over the tax veto has passed. Some observers believe Barkley made friends by his one-man show; they say he convinced a lot of home people of his independence. But others are inclined to smile tolerantly and to remark that everybody loses his temper sometimes; they add that there is no need to worry about Alben—his record ever since his tirade has been good and he was right up on the firing line during the recent Oklahoma election which the Democrats won. No one doubts that Senator Barkley will be re-nominated, or that he will campaign as a Roosevelt supporter and will thereby help the President, just as the President's prestige will help Barkley.

What Chandler will do is a problem. A rumor has begun to circulate in Louisville to the effect that “Happy” is out to wangle a pledge from the Kentucky delegation to the Democratic convention that it will boost him for vice-president. It is taken for granted that “Happy” must be up to something—he hasn't been conspicuous for several weeks. The question is beginning to be asked in Louisville: is Chandler angling for a commitment by the Kentucky delegation so that even should he be overlooked as vice-presidential nominee, he can still throw the weight of the Kentucky delegation to Byrd—and count on some personal benefit from such a deal? But “Happy's” chances of pledging the delegation are not considered very propitious. Most Democrats consider the selection of the vice-presidential candidate pretty much up to the President. “If Roosevelt wants

'Happy,' they say, "why, that's fine. But if he wants someone else, and that person will strengthen the ticket, why, that's fine too. In fact, that's better."

ANY temptation, however, to take a leaf from the arrogant Republicans by claiming Kentucky safely in the Roosevelt camp and letting the campaign go at that, would of course be foolhardy—and stupid. There is still Andrew May, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee; his voting record is abominable, his greatest energy has been exerted to preserve white supremacy and the degradation of the Negro people, his main contribution to the war has been to slur our allies. The fact is Representative May just squeaked through in the 1942 election. With vigorous opposition in the primary—which has not yet developed—he could be defeated. The two Kentucky Republicans in Congress—Representatives Carrier and Robsion—have voted against every progressive measure before the House. These two hacks take their cues directly from the Republican leader in the House, Joe Martin. Robsion depends largely on John L. Lewis to keep him in office: Lewis is feeding the southeastern coal miners with isolationist, anti-Semitic, and anti-Roosevelt propaganda. In 1940, Lewis was unable to persuade the Kentucky miners to support the Republicans; how effective his present barrage of defeatist lies will prove in the coming elections is still impossible to predict. Unfortunately, few other strong unions have any considerable membership in the coal section of the state. What labor movement there is in Kentucky is concentrated for the most part around Louisville, in the industrialized northern section and along the Ohio river.

The AFL has by far the largest membership. Politically, the Kentucky Federation remains hesitant, to a large degree affected by the national executive council—with the natural exception of the teamsters. I talked to Secretary Weyler of the State Federation; he takes quite seriously William Green's impertinent ban against AFL cooperation with CIO political action committees, though at the same time he recognizes some possibility of parallel political action. Weyler himself is a registered Republican, but remarked: "We of labor consider the New Deal almost our savior." He can see no alternative for labor except ultimately to endorse Roosevelt and to work hard to assure his reelection. Even though "those AFL fellows in New York say they are going to support Dewey," Weyler remarked, "we're not so sure about that out here." The Federation has been active in urging that its members register to vote and has taken a good stand on issues before the state legislature, even to the point of cooperation with the CIO. It is undoubtedly backward in the fight for Negro rights; nevertheless, the Kentucky

Federation has made the first steps away from the barren approach of "reward your friends, punish your enemies." But when Weyler discussed congressional voting records—compiled by the national AFL office in Washington and based on insufficient examination of critical issues and on a favorable interpretation of votes supporting the Dies committee—when Weyler approached the voting records, he did so in a somewhat mechanical manner, inclined to place undue weight on the number of favorable votes, without stopping to analyze what the votes were about and without considering the over-all record of the Congressman in relation to the war.

For its part, the CIO is as yet not a decisive force in the state. Aside from the growing locals of the marine and shipbuilders' union and the electrical workers, CIO membership remains insignificant. With the forces at its disposal, the CIO has launched a campaign to register voters and to push ahead with political action in the Louisville area. It is conducting a significant campaign against Jim Crow and is receiving some support from the small and young Union for Democratic Action. But the CIO membership is new and inexperienced; a large proportion of workers came into the shipyards from small farms, bringing with them anti-Negro and other ugly prejudices. The CIO grows, however, and its membership eagerly supports the war. There is no doubt that the rank and file will overwhelmingly endorse the fourth term and work for the President's reelection.

BUT of all sections of the population, by far the most mature politically are the Negro people. As is true among Negroes everywhere, they think in terms of issues. Even in the few days that I was in Louisville, I saw a decisive change. When I ar-

rived, many Negroes talked Willkie, whom they favored because of traditional Republicanism and because they felt Willkie was the friend of the colored peoples. But with Willkie's defeat in the Wisconsin primary—as a Negro publisher said: "There is no longer any middle ground. No Negro can honestly support Republican reaction. There is only one place for the Negro voter now—behind Roosevelt."

Willkie's withdrawal, while pleasing to Mr. Dover—"you see, that's the trend"—had a clarifying effect on many groups. For example, the Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation. The Bureau has been bitterly critical of subsidies, and of many other administration policies, and in the past (though the Bureau claims it will take no official stand in the coming elections), the organization has thrown its weight behind Republican disruption. A Bureau official admitted to me, however, that with Willkie out, he couldn't for the life of him see Kentucky farmers supporting the party of Hoover and chaos. Besides, farmers in Kentucky are impressed by TVA, and give full credit for this mighty development to the administration. "We don't forget the twenties and the early thirties so easy," the Bureau official remarked. "The right-wing Republicans aren't our friends. The farmers are sore at Roosevelt—maybe they're wrong, and maybe they're right, but they think he's too much for labor. But sore or not, they can't vote for Hoover, and with Willkie washed up, that's all you've got left—Hoover men. Like it or not, I guess most Kentucky farmers will go down the line for the President. After all, he's done more for the farmer than any other President in a hundred years." He paused. "Of course I'm not talking for the Bureau or for a lot of people in this office. But I'm trying to give you what I think is true for the state."

An AFL official had this to say: "Willkie's getting out does it. Lots of us liked Willkie, lots of us have voted Republican in the past because our dads did. But we can't very well go for Bricker or Dewey. Roosevelt has done more for the working man than any other President, that much is sure. When you come right down to it, why the hell shouldn't labor go all out for Roosevelt? They'd be pretty foolish not to, whichever way you look at it."

I am impressed by the political thinking in Kentucky. I am struck by the stress the people of Louisville put on the war and on backing up the military front, the way people talk politics seriously and intelligently. I enjoy reading newspapers that really want the United States to get on with the war and achieve a stable peace afterwards. I like the way the 1944 elections are considered of immense importance, deserving a great deal of careful thought. I particularly like the feeling that—for all Mr. Dover's belief in trends—Kentucky will go for Roosevelt in November.



ORIGIN OF A MIRACLE

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THIS global war is rich in great events of historic significance and in epics of heroism. Some of these, like the epics of Dunkirk, of London under the first "Blitz," and Stalingrad have already transcended national frontiers and have become the spiritual heritage of the whole of mankind. But there are others, not less great and noble, which are still veiled in the semi-darkness of the enslaved torture-house of Nazi-occupied Europe and will come to full light in time.

Among these the Revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto, whose first anniversary is now being observed all over the world, stands out in a glory all its own. Judging even from the scanty reports of the event which have filtered through during the year, this was one of those rare collective upheavals which are nowadays fashionably described as acts of national regeneration; but they are more than that—they are manifestations of the spiritual affirmation of man, they are signs of the ascendancy of the human spirit above brute force. Its immediate effect will, of course, be felt first of all by the Jewish people. It will doubtless be recorded in Jewish history as an event in the same category as the last defense of Jerusalem and the other heroic acts of Jewish resistance to persecution and evil. But the influence of this act already reaches far beyond the Jewish ken; it is being felt by the entire anti-Nazi movement in eastern Europe, by the guerrilla fighters in the forests of Poland, in the marshes of White Russia and in the plains of eastern Galicia. Eventually this simple tale of the most helpless victims of Nazism who laid down their lives to show that the dignity of man cannot be suppressed, will become known the world over and will rank with the greatest epics of this war.

One thing the revolt in the Warsaw ghetto was not—it was not a local and accidental uprising. It was not a mere upheaval of oppressed men and women who could no longer stand their suffering and rose against their tormenters. It was that, but also something else. It was the accumulated reply of an entire people which for more than a decade had been

subjected to a persecution and humiliation such as no other group of people ever had to undergo. The event was the culmination of Hitler's policy of annihilating the Jews and it cannot be seen in all its magnitude without the background of the almost unbelievable bestiality with which that policy has been pursued since the beginning of the war.

As far back as the winter of 1939, the Nazis began to carry out Hitler's repeated promise to wipe out all of Europe's Jews. It began with the now famous deportations of Jews from Germany, Austria, and Czechia to the ghettos of Poland. At first these deportations were represented as a kind of transfer of population—a favorite Hitler theory for the solution of many other European problems, even non-Jewish. But soon the awful truth came out: these Jewish "deportations" were not the usual Nazi transfers of people from west to east and from north to south; they were something more cruel. The "deported" Jews were not sent to the Polish ghettos to settle, or to attempt to live there no matter under what difficult circumstances. The "deported" Jews were shifted to Poland for the most bestial kind of mass-murder ever known in history.

From three to four million helpless unarmed men, women, and children were torn from their homes in all countries of Europe, were placed in sealed cattle trucks, were sent to unknown destinations in Poland, and from there taken to camps specially equipped with death-chambers and there killed off by machine guns, gas, electricity and poison on a scale which staggers

the imagination. Mr. A. A. Berle, Under-Secretary of State, described the event most graphically when he said that "A supposedly civilized nation has set aside certain localities in Europe as human abattoirs and has formulated, planned and was systematically carrying out a program of national murder."

The Warsaw ghetto was the center of this "human abattoir," the headquarters to which most of the Jewish victims were brought for a temporary stay and from which they were then taken daily for slaughter. The ghetto, which had been converted into a huge, walled-in prison, at one time had as many as six hundred thousand Jews packed into it. In the spring of 1943, the number had been reduced by executions, starvation, and epidemics to about thirty-five thousand. These were mostly young people, tough and hardened, who had been employed by the Germans in factories and in war plants until such time as their turn came to be exterminated like vermin.

In the early months of 1943, the Nazis noticed a change of mood in the ghetto. There were mutinies in a number of factories; guards were attacked and killed, and in February a hunger strike took place. The Nazi governor of Warsaw, Dr. H. Fischer, decided to hasten the ghetto's "liquidation." But the decision evidently was made too late. When, on April 19 at four o'clock in the morning, several detachments of the Gestapo and Storm Troopers came to finish off the ghetto, they found it an armed fortress with Jews behind machine guns and standing ready at barricades. One of the most unusual spectacles of our age, the Revolt of the Warsaw Ghetto, broke out.

There is only one event in contemporary history that came near to the heroic uprising. This is the 1916 Easter Rebellion in Dublin. But the points of difference between these two are greater than the likenesses. The Irish Rebellion lasted a week. The Revolt in the Ghetto lasted for five. The number of Irish rebels who participated was, according to British sources, about two thousand men;



Helen West Heller

the rebel losses were trifling and the British lost 106 killed and 207 wounded. The number of Jewish men and women who were in the Warsaw uprising is variously estimated by the Polish Underground as between twenty to thirty-five thousand. The number of Jews killed and burned alive is given by the same source as from six to ten thousand. Over a thousand Germans were killed; eight hundred Nazi war factories and the entire ghetto were left a mass of ruins and rubble.

The defenders barricaded themselves in the huge tenement houses and fought from every room and corner, from the roofs and cellars; they fought with guns, knives, pieces of furniture, and with their bare hands. Women poured hot water on Nazis who tried to approach them. The Nazis used tanks, armored cars, artillery, and even bombers, but they could not crush the defenders. On the twentieth day of the revolt, the Germans set fire to the houses by dropping incendiary bombs from planes. The entire ghetto was aflame; hundreds of Jews were burned alive, or suffocated, but the fight went on. The defenders hid in the cellars, in the sewerage system, in underground caves. And from there they came out again to take a heavy toll of Nazis. "The Warsaw ghetto has been transformed into a miniature Stalingrad," the Polish Underground radio station *Swit* reported on the seventeenth day of the battle; on the twentieth day it broadcast: "The heroic resistance in the ghetto is still continuing. The Jews are still holding several strongly defended positions and are fighting with great courage and military efficiency. The Nazis are using flame-throwers and block-busters." Only on the twenty-fifth of May, thirty-two days after the outbreak of the revolt, the ghetto was proclaimed by the Nazis to have been fully "liquidated."

These are the bare facts of the event as revealed mostly by the Polish Underground, which played an important part in the revolt by supplying the Jews with arms and by helping many to escape when the fight was over. Reports which have filtered through during the year show that the revolt was not a sudden and unexpected outbreak. It was carefully planned and prepared. At first the older men and the Rabbis opposed the undertaking on the ground that it was obviously an attempt at mass suicide forbidden by the Jewish religion. But later they joined the younger men and fought on the barricades and in the houses as bravely as the others. The Rabbis not only gave their consent, but blessed the enterprise as a holy deed undertaken for the "Sanctification of God's name."

Lists of the names of the fallen heroes which have been coming from Poland uninterruptedly, reveal that men of all parties participated in the revolt. Socialists and Zionists, Communists and Orthodox Jews, nationalists and internationalists, all

fought together for the common cause. A feature of the event was also the prominent part played in it by women.

The men and women of the ghetto demanded nothing and expected nothing. They laid down their lives deliberately and willingly to protest against the most inhuman persecution, and to remind the world that no amount of suffering and humiliation can break the inherent dignity of man.

It can be said with certainty that the Revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto forms a conspicuous landmark not only in the history of the Polish Jews, but also of the Polish anti-Nazi movement. In some mysterious way the heroism of the defenders of the ghetto electrified the Poles as no other event of resistance of their own. The Polish underground movement, which had hitherto been cautious and worked mostly under cover, suddenly sprang into life with a new force. The legend of the invincibility of the Nazis had been broken. "If the Jews could fight the Nazis for five weeks in the open, we, too, can do it," seemed to be the feeling which swept Poland. The acts of the Underground have since then become more daring and more widespread; Polish guerrillas have started to attack German transports and convoys in the open, and the number of executions of Nazi hangmen and of their Polish quislings has increased enormously. The Polish underground movement left its hiding place and came into the open with the Warsaw revolt. Of course, much of this was due to the Red Army victories and to the German retreat, which had assumed large proportions.

BUT most significant of all has been the effect of the Revolt on the Jews themselves. All reports that have come from eastern Europe since that fateful May indicate that a remarkable change has come over the Jews. They are no longer meek and submissive, and they no longer accept death as their fate. They are hitting back everywhere and hitting hard. Two months after the outbreak in the Warsaw ghetto, there was a similar upheaval in the ghetto of Bialystok in which five thousand Jews fought the Nazis for a week; in the last months of 1943 an uprising occurred in the ghetto of Lodz which was in some respects even more remarkable than that of Warsaw because there the Nazis, after a week of fighting, were actually obliged to yield and to give up their executions. Similar uprisings occurred also in a number of smaller ghettos, such as those of Lublin, Chelm, and others. The last report from Poland told of a mutiny of 1,500 Jewish slave workers in the dreaded concentration camp of Treblinka. There the Jews threw themselves on the German guards, killed most of them, and set fire to the crematoria and gas chambers where the Jews had been exterminated at the rate of seven thousand a week.

All over Poland Jews, instead of remaining in the ghettos and waiting for the Nazis to kill them, escape into the woods and there form guerrilla bands. There are now hundreds of such small bands which roam the country, sometimes in company with Polish guerrillas, but mostly on their own. A good many of these bands are being led by former fighters of the Warsaw ghetto, and they have become the scourge of the Germans; they attack German food transports, derail the trains, blow up munition dumps, and often fight Germans in the open. It so happened that this new movement synchronized with the advance of the Red Army into Byelorussia. The Soviet guerrillas, who are much better organized and equipped than the Polish, are making good use of the Jewish bands for work behind the German lines. There can be no doubt that the spirit engendered among the Polish Jews by the revolt in the Warsaw ghetto plays no insignificant part in the present rapid disintegration of the German Army in Byelorussia and Poland.

For the Warsaw revolt seems to have transformed the remaining Jews in eastern Europe and has imbued them with a spirit which cannot be described otherwise than miraculous. It was one of those rare events which sometimes happens in the lives of individuals and nations who stand on the very edge of despair and hopelessness and seem to be doomed to destruction. Suddenly some hidden source of power is tapped and the individual or people is revived; new springs of energy and hope are discovered and the people rise to a strength and glory which they had never suspected that they could achieve. This happened to France in the days of Joan of Arc, to England at Dunkirk, to the Soviet Union at Stalingrad. The Revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto is an experience of the same kind for the Jews. For ten years, since the rise of Hitlerism, they had been subjected to an ordeal of suffering that has no parallel in history. It seemed that the inner force of the people had given out; that they could no longer do anything for themselves and could only cry to the outside world for help. Suddenly there came that miracle of Warsaw and everything was transformed. Out of the greatest weakness came strength; out of utter despair sprang hope. The European Jews, battered, beaten, and well-nigh exterminated, had discovered the great secret of all dignified survival—self help—and rose in a glorious victory over their enemies. Hitler has failed in his drive against the Jews, even as he has failed in his drive against the world.

A meeting to commemorate the Revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto is being held Sunday, April 30, in Manhattan Center, New York, under the auspices of the Committee of Jewish Writers, Artists, and Scientists.

WOE TO THE MISLEADERS!

By SHOLEM ASCH

WHEN an idea, summoned by need and discontent, fails to be realized, an alien dark force, conceived by the devil, arrives and bestially throws itself into the void left by the ideal. It utilizes the despair created by the unrealized ideal, often operates with the same phrases, sows the same hopes until it wins over the deceived masses to its side. Like Satan, it stands upon the structure erected by the ideal, to usurp power. A clear example of this is the rise of Hitlerism in Germany.

Nazism was made ripe by the leadership of German Social Democracy which had failed to fulfill its duty towards the embittered German masses. If German Social Democracy had used the power which bankrupt German Junkerdom so completely delivered over to it, if German Social Democracy had realized the revolutionary program which it had preached for generations, Hitler could not have deceived the German masses with a promise that he would realize the program in his own manner.

Considering the world scene in this light, one can say with certainty that if Lenin had not succeeded in carrying through the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917, and power had remained in the weak, half-traitorous hands of Russian Social Democracy, a Russian Hitler and a Russian Nazism would have arisen a decade earlier than in Germany. There would have been no Red Army to destroy Nazism and fascism today.

The world is only now beginning to enjoy the fruit of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. It is thanks only to the Bolshevik Revolution that the world will arise cleansed of Hitler, even if wounded and bloody.

The same crime committed by German Social Democracy at the end of the first World War, a bankrupt Social Democracy wants to commit again today, even before the war has been completed. Just as Noske surrendered to the German Junkers—the cat was trusted with the milk—and put himself with his entire machinery at the service of the German army which had nurtured Hitler in its bosom; and just as Kerensky wanted to entrust the safety of the Russian Revolution to the hands of the Russian Junkers; so Social Democracy today wants to surrender to the fascists. It is such an alliance that the leadership of the

Jewish Bund (the Jewish Social Democratic organization), has formed with the Polish government-in-exile.

Social Democratic leaders have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The few remaining Jewish leaders are blindly giving themselves up to the Polish government, to put power into the hands of the fascists. They, the Narodova Democrats, with Sosnkowski at the head, will take care of the Polish masses, particularly of the Jews. They will hold the power, and they will dispense justice which will suffice for the leaders of the Bund. Woe to such justice as this will be! Woe to the countenance that the Bund will have in the eyes of the Jewish masses and to the fate which the Jew will meet at the hands of Polish reaction!

Yes, this is a play for the devil, which they have made to save their own skins. But it will never succeed.

THE masses have learned the great lesson of what happens to an ideal when traitors abandon it to the enemy. German Social Democracy, Noske and Hitler, will forever stand before the eyes of the people like black shadows to teach them in whose hands to entrust power.

And in the meantime the Red Army is moving nearer and nearer. . . . Its boots tread upon the body of the enemy, it hammers at the walls of the prison into which Hitler has thrust the world. The thundering steps of the Red Army awaken hope, strengthen hands, fill hearts with courage and power.

"Hold out, we are coming," the steps call—"we are near; we are here already."

The joy and hope which the Red Army marching forward calls forth in the hearts of the tortured masses, also throws fear and dread into the enemy's heart, into the hearts of the fascists of all colors, into the hearts of all the debased human worms who have the sorry courage to aid fascism, to give it comfort, to whitewash it and to deliver into its hands the fate of the Jewish masses.

Woe to such misleaders!



"My People," by Isaac Friedlander.

DUEL FOR HUNGARY

By JOHN ROMAN

In reply to questions put to him by NEW MASSES, Mr. Roman prepared the following article. He is the editor of the "Hungarian Daily Journal" and has written on Central European and Balkan problems for many publications.—The Editors.

RECENT developments in Hungary have been primarily military in character but it is also obvious that the present situation in that country is loaded with political dynamite. Hitler has invaded Hungary partly because the rapidly approaching Soviet armies are threatening this strategic area, and partly because Horthy can no longer be depended upon to hold the nation in line. Hungarian discontent is widespread and the ever growing opposition embraces all strata of the population—from workers and peasants to some sections of the ruling class.

A quick glance at the map shows Hungary in the heart of Hitler's central eastern European fortress. And Hungary's strategic position is even clearer if one notes that she is surrounded by Rumania, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia: An Allied military foothold within the country would spell immediate disaster for one of the most important sectors of Germany's defense system, let alone the economic reverberations of such developments. Even in peacetime a large percentage of all German imports came from Hungary and surrounding territories—imports that included large quantities of foodstuffs as well as raw materials, particularly bauxite, which is indispensable for the Nazi's aluminum industry.

Judging from the news accounts and comments of the past few weeks, one is impressed by the fact that little is known about Hungary, the role it has played in the growth of fascism, and the key it holds to the democratization of central Europe. If you have been following Hungarian affairs you may have heard one or another version of the following—a bit of dialogue between two diplomats who have just finished reading their morning newspapers:

Diplomat A: "Your Excellency, I see Hungary has been invaded by the Nazis."

Diplomat B: "Hungary? Where is Hungary?"

"Hungary is a kingdom somewhere in the Balkans."

"And who is the king?"

"It has no king. It is ruled by an admiral."

"And where is its navy?"

"It has no navy. It has an army."

"And the army is fighting against the Allies?"

"Well, not directly, Your Excellency. It is fighting in Russia."

"Why in Russia?"

"Hungary wants more territory."

"From Russia?"

"No, from Rumania."

"Then why isn't Hungary fighting Rumania?"

"It can't be done. Hungary and Rumania are allies."

This dialogue sums up the contradictory position in which Hungary finds herself under Horthy's fascist regime. Hungary is at war with the United States with whom she has no quarrel. Many divisions of Hungarian soldiers have died in battle against Russia, with whom Budapest has no basis for conflict, either territorial or economic. Hungary is now an ally of her "hereditary enemy," Germany. She broke a friendship pact with Yugoslavia, and became comrade-in-arms of Rumania despite deep-rooted territorial grievances.

What is behind this fantastic maze of contradictions? It is the Horthy regime which hitched its star to Hitler and Mussolini in order to fulfill its "revisionist" policy. It has stood for aggressive territorial revisionism, at home and abroad, as a way of freeing the "enslaved Magyar brothers in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania." In reality it hoped to regain large land and industrial interests as well as to share the promised spoils of the Nazi conquerors.

As the *Bulletin of International News* (Oct. 30, 1943), published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London, characterized it: "Thus revisionism had more than an international significance: at home it meant the restoration of large parts of the estates on which the power of the ruling aristocracy was built, while at the same time the nationalist demand for the old frontiers served to divert the attention of the people from the need for social and economic reform." Hungary under the Horthy regime was a natural ally of Hitler. Ruled by a cruel feudal aristocracy and fascist industrial clique, Hungary under Horthy was also an ideological forerunner of Nazi Germany.

HORTHY's rise to power leads back to 1919. His appointment as regent of the kingless kingdom of Hungary was preceded by the following events:

Immediately after World War I, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy of the House of Hapsburg collapsed. The Republic of Hungary was proclaimed, headed by Count Mihaly Karolyi. Karolyi's democratic government included liberal nationalists, pro-

gressive liberals, peasants and Social Democrats. It had undertaken social and land reforms (Karolyi distributed some of his own estate to the peasants who worked it). The Karolyi government sought the cooperation of France and Britain, instead of German militarism. Support from the Entente powers was, however, not forthcoming. In fact, Karolyi's regime was denounced as "bolshevism." It collapsed. Karolyi left the country and a short-lived government of Communists and Socialists followed, which was overthrown by Rumanian and other forces. The Social Democrats attempted to set up a government but Horthy was on his way riding into Budapest on a white horse—a way prepared by the Allied commander, Franchet d'Esperey, on orders of the Supreme Council in Paris.

These were the immediate developments preceding the rise of Nicholas Horthy in August 1919. Technically, the kingdom was restored—though without a king—and Horthy received the title of Regent: actually a quasi-fascist pro-German military dictatorship was established, with the former admiral of the Austro-Hungarian navy at its head. Nazi-like stormtroopers, the Awakening Magyars of Tibor Eckhardt, were masters of the literally bloody streets of Budapest; racial laws were enacted; an extremely efficient Gestapo, the "politikai rendorseg," was organized—long before the name of Mussolini or Hitler had appeared on the scene of world politics. In a formal sense the parliamentary system remained, but there was no universal suffrage by secret ballot, and all effective opposition was liquidated. Some working class organizations were permitted to exist, but workers had no right to strike, and their leaders were persecuted. The peasant organizations received brutal treatment. Thousands of persons were purged during the White Terror and consistent opponents of the regime were imprisoned or executed.

The Union of Democratic Control in London points out, in one of its many studies on European affairs, that when the news of the White Terror reached the outside world, British officials saw fit to minimize it. The British High Commissioner, P. B. Hohler, the leader of the International Military Mission, Brig-Gen. R. N. Gorton, and Admiral Troubridge stated in an official report, March 1920: "There is nothing in the nature of terror in Hungary"—though Troubridge made some passing reference to the murder of Bacso and Somogyi, editors of the Socialist *Nepszava*. He described fascist Horthy as

"a strong character and a man of liberal tendencies." He called the Horthy government, "a Christian government in a Christian country."

And so Horthy was helped to power. The democratic regime of Mihaly Karolyi was not supported by the Entente, the democratic aspirations of the Hungarian people were stifled, while Horthy was looked upon as the "bulwark against bolshevism." Thus the two dark fascist decades of Hungarian history began to unfold.

Because the Allied powers feared the long overdue changes; because of indifference, or misunderstanding of Hungarian affairs, because of the cleverness of Hungarian diplomats and the flexibility and effectiveness of a powerful propaganda machine—the voice of anti-fascist, democratic Hungarians remained the proverbial cry in the wilderness. Shortly before the outbreak of World War II, the Horthy regime had built a nationwide propaganda organization in the United States, the American Hungarian Federation, which in 1938 became part of the Budapest center of propaganda, headed by Horthy himself, and acting under Budapest directives. Later on Horthy sent his secret emissary, the notorious Tibor Eckhardt, to the United States and the dual foreign policy of the Hungarian government began to unfold: to win with Hitler if Hitler wins, to win with the Allies if Hitler loses. Eckhardt's assignment was to set up a sham opposition movement to Horthy in the United States, establish a "Free-Hungary Movement" and with the assistance of the American Hungarian Federation gain US-British recognition just in case . . . ! Thus—if successful—Eckhardt could have returned to Hungary in the event of Hitler's defeat, and by his taking power the perpetuation of the postwar rule of the fascist feudal-industrial group of Hungary could have been assured. The scheme was successfully exposed. As a matter of fact, out of the struggle to counteract Hungarian fascist influences in the ranks of the more than 1,000,000 (naturalized and first generation) Americans of Hungarian descent, various democratic groups came into being, foremost of which is a nation-wide coalition, the Hungarian American Council for Democracy, headed by Bela Lugosi, and an affiliated body, the National Council of Hungarian American Trade Unionists, headed by Julius Emspak and James Lustig. True, the American Hungarian Federation has remained on the scene, with headquarters in Washington, but Horthy and Horthyism is better understood today, even if Hitler had to come along to explain Horthy's full meaning.

GALLOWS have risen against the Hungarian skies for over two decades—and gallows are still the symbols of fascist Hungary. The Hitler invasion, however, opened a new period. As it happened, Hitler's complete occupation of Hungary coincided with the March anniversary of the

beginning of the Hungarian War of Independence in 1848. The people of Hungary are face to face with the invader and once again they are confronted with a struggle for national existence—the 1944 War of Independence.

Where is the basis for a large scale patriotic war on the part of Hungary's thirteen million people? It is in the industrial workers, over twenty percent of the working population, who despite more than twenty years of fascist oppression remained true to democratic principles.

There is the peasantry—politically heterogeneous, an overwhelming majority of them miserably poor. To these must be added agricultural, landless laborers, the so-called "three million beggars."

There are sections of the upper and middle classes, younger intellectuals, and professionals. And then there are the Serbs, Slovaks, Slovenes, Rumanians, Ruthenians, and other national minorities under Hungarian rule, living under conditions similar to those of the Magyar peasants. Once definite contact is established with Tito's Yugoslav Army of Liberation, the national minorities undoubtedly will be greatly influenced. Representatives of these groups—including the Hungarian Petofi Battalion—have been fighting in Tito's ranks for some time. In the Carpathian Mountains, Ruthenian-Hungarian guerrilla troops were operating even before Hitler's occupation.

It has fallen upon this writer and his associates to release to the press a message from the underground which came here via Berne on Jan. 11, 1943. It was picked up by some newspapers and the Office of War Information forwarded it as part of its news service. The authenticity of the message was naturally challenged by forces around the pro-fascist American Hungarian Federation, and its chief press organ, the *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*. This message from the underground transmitted the results of negotiations concluded on Christmas eve at a secret meeting in Budapest, establishing the National Front of Independence, the united coalition against the Horthy-Hitler regime. Participating in the negotiations and the subsequent agreement were two parliamentary deputies from the Independent Party of Small Landowners, two leading members of the Peasant League, one big industrialist (a board member of the Hungarian Union of Industrialists), several leading members of the Social Democratic Party, representatives of trade unions, the Communist Party, leading members of the Budapest organization of the National Democratic Party, the Kossuth Party, the Party of Hungarian Life (the government party), as well as two members from the Christian Social Trade Unions.

The newly-formed National Front of Independence called for a patriotic war against the Horthy-Hitler regime, severance of relations with the Axis, withdrawal

from Hitler's war, democratic reconstruction of Hungary, with universal suffrage by secret ballot, freedom of speech, press, and assembly, land and labor reforms, abolition of all anti-Semitic laws, and the establishment of a Government of National Independence.

THE Horthy regime met it with intensified terror. In January and February 1943, there were the mass trials of 644 people held simultaneously in five towns, centers of underground activities. In November 1943, another mass trial of "Communists" took place involving about 100 persons. In April 1942, previous to the establishment of the National Front of Independence, there was a sabotage trial, with several death sentences, at Gyor. In July, the same year, twelve death sentences and twenty-nine long-term imprisonments were meted out. Later in November the execution of eleven Serb and Hungarian saboteurs was announced—also the trial of sixty persons for "publishing and distributing subversive literature." Since the Hitler invasion all known opposition leaders have been arrested, among them Rassey, leader of the National Liberal Party; Bajcsi-Zsilinsky, leader of the Small Peasants Party (reported shot by the Gestapo); Szakasits and Peyer, leaders of the Social Democratic Party; L. Baranyai, President of the National Bank; and S. Bodo, former Minister of Information. It is noteworthy that the arrests of opposition leaders is almost patterned on the composition of the National Front of Independence. Reports also indicate that over 20,000 persons have been placed in concentration camps, their immediate future undetermined. Jews face immediate extermination.

Thus Hitler has abandoned all make-believe: the Gestapo and his legions have pocketed the entire country. Gone are the illusions of grandeur, the promise of sharing the glory of the Reich. Hungary is about to become a battle ground. The swift attack of Hitler's forces notwithstanding, there was stubborn armed resistance in many parts of Hungary. The Underground once again had spoken to the people through the illegal Kossuth radio station. I saw the text of the order of the day from the National Front of Independence, which was transmitted here through Berne. It is a stirring appeal, with definite directives. "You must organize an armed uprising. Spread and widen it. Every factory, every mine, and village must become an armed fortress of national resistance." Troops were told to arm other patriots, *Horveds* (Home Guards) in the southern provinces were directed to join with Tito's forces, while soldiers in the Ukraine were urged to fight together with the Red Army. Reports also reach us that *Horveds* are finding their way to the Carpathian Mountains and are

(Continued on page 25)

**"I see a big strong man
coming into your life."**

WEST
WALL



GROPPER

PAC: AUGURY FOR '44

By JOSEPH NORTH

AMERICAN labor, as I pointed out last week, is a growing giant. In the past seven years unionism has grown from four millions to fourteen millions. And the giant has more than broad shoulders: his political IQ has risen with his physical growth. The unity experiences I cited are eloquent testimony of that. But young Samson still requires experience, training: all too many Delilahs stand in the foreground with shears. He can be defeated only by those who pretend to his friendship.

I believe, as I pointed out last week, that labor's trend is to the good; the pre-conditions for victory in November are undeniable. But at this moment the American unionist is not quite ready to grab the defeatists by the scruff of their necks. His ire is rising, yes, and in many places he has defied the defeatist czars; but the Hutcheson, Woll, Lewis, Dubinsky clique maintains its front. One cannot underestimate the serious failure, to date, of the pro-Roosevelt lineup within the AFL to take the initiative. At this writing, the GOP labor nabobs behave with beefy arrogance, with the swagger of desperate men determined to put up a bitter, treacherous fight to the finish. They maintain the offensive, dominate the AFL's public gatherings like the recent conference in New York on Labor and the Postwar. There Woll and Dubinsky pried their anti-FDR, anti-Teheran policies into the discussion. Despite a program which, by and large, mirrored genuine rank-and-file sentiment, the foxy defeatists got their licks in—against the coalition (the phony arguments about “unilateralism”); against the administration (the shabby line about the spread of “bureaucracy”). The spurious issue of “private enterprise” was hauled in to play its role in partisan politics. Woll and Dubinsky further revealed their strategy: pretend acquiescence to the rank-and-file's deep rooted pro-Teheran sentiment, but inject all the arguments of the opposition when it comes down to cases. Fearing a head-on collision with the average unionist's aspirations, they try the flank attack. These Delilahs of defeatism wield the shears craftily.

They are aware, indeed, that the rank-and-file is balking at their ideas. They sense the upsurge from the grassroots, have felt its effects at the top. This pressure from below has strengthened those leaders who strain toward support of the administration; it has sapped the outright enemies and those who have fallen under their influence. This is manifest within the very top circles of the AFL; an instance is the vastly significant pact against raiding re-

cently signed by the powerful AFL Building Trades Council in New York with the CIO leading body. The building trades constitute the strongest section of AFL labor in New York, and their action will reverberate throughout the country. Remember, too, that this happened despite the undying hatred for the CIO of William Hutcheson, czar of the carpenters, a mighty contingent in the Building Trades.

Indeed, this must be underscored; there is little real unity within the top AFL council. Its executive group is a cauldron of conflicting contentions, diverse interests. It has maintained, in effect, a truce by avoiding basic issues; but the impact of the war, the pull of patriotism, the election campaign and the concern for the postwar period, are bringing things to a head. The gap is widening between those of the Hutcheson stripe, and those reflecting the pro-administration tendencies of their rank-and-file. Daniel Tobin, head of the big Teamsters Union, believes that the postwar world will be vastly influenced by the presence or absence of labor unity. This inevitably impels him to move against the Woll-Hutcheson intrigues. The latter are at sword's points with the Teamster's leader, especially since his recent call for a fourth term—which, incidentally, was almost completely ignored by the commercial press. Moreover, Tobin's appeal to reconsider relations with the Soviet trade unions runs contrary to the announced stand of the executive council at Miami. And indications mount that Tobin does not stand alone in the council. It is not generally known that the powerful International Association of Machinists has facilitated its membership's desire to work with the CIO. Furthermore, agreement obtains between the Machinists and the million-strong United Automobile Workers, CIO, to avoid jurisdictional fights by allowing the National Labor Relations Board to arbitrate any dispute.

True, William Green's “cease and desist” circular was no boon to the unity trend, but reports multiply that this order is increasingly being honored in the breach rather than in the observance. According to AFL procedure, Green had no right to infringe upon the autonomy of the constituent bodies, and his action may well induce a considerable kickback.

Another development sketching the shape of things to come is the failure of John L. Lewis to jimmy his way back into the AFL, despite Hutcheson and Woll support. This indicates that the executive council as a whole is scarcely the pliant creature of the GOP's lieutenants within labor. And now there is talk that Hutcheson himself

is threatening to bolt the AFL because of his disagreements with the Machinists.

Consider this man Hutcheson for a moment. He is labor chairman of the Republican National Committee. Yet it is extremely doubtful whether his influence is strong enough to pull his own union against Roosevelt. Tobin and his followers have minced no words on this subject. The *Ohio Teamster* last month urged the carpenters to recall the Hoover days when their union almost disappeared because members could not pay dues and Big Bill spent much of his time casting them from the rolls for non-payment. And Mr. Tobin made himself abundantly clear, when he said recently: “It is my opinion, after travelling through the nation and dealing with the masses of the workers, organized and unorganized, that it would be the suicide of our war effort to displace the present head of our government and Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces.”

Consider David Dubinsky, who has allied himself with the Hutcheson-Woll clique: it is evident he fears that he cannot carry his membership against a fourth term and he has been obliged to do some fancy footwork lately. The recent elections in the ILGWU revealed a membership largely in favor of Roosevelt's reelection and Dubinsky has shifted his position accordingly, paying eloquent lip service to the support of FDR. He is rapidly losing ground in which to maneuver, and the ALP primary results further diminish that area. The policy of unity behind Roosevelt overwhelmed Dubinsky's sole campaigning slogan—“it's a Red Plot.” Red-baiting, for so long a perilous divisive instrument, got a mortal blow in New York—and inevitably that blow will have national reverberations. Truly, a great advance.

As to the Railroad Brotherhoods: though a number of the rail chieftains continue blindly to nurse their grudge against FDR, the example of A. F. Whitney's setup, the Railroad Trainmen, is indubitably affecting other sectors in transport. Months ago Whitney urged rail workers “to pitch in and help the CIO and AFL brethren. . . . We should get into those joint labor political committees, work with them, help build them and help finance them.”

ALL these factors indicate the influence of the rank-and-file trend toward unity behind Roosevelt. The sixty-four dollar question is this: can the trend be stepped up enough to be decisive in November? That's the problem—and it is one that the PAC's are endeavoring to answer. Part of the an-

swer—a big part—is the organization of all labor to register in the forthcoming primaries, and the crucial November election.

How are the PAC's going about that?

As I write, thousands of leaflets, pamphlets, and speeches are bringing the message of registration to the membership. Buttons by the hundreds of thousands are being stamped throughout the land, reading, "I Registered, Did You?" The campaign is reaching the proportions of a crusade: and well it may. It has not arrived at these dimensions a day too soon: in fact, in some localities it has not got into full swing, not enough to make sufficient impact upon the various primaries being held throughout the land.

"The opposition is registering every tory and his grandmother," a Cleveland trade unionist told me. "But it's hard to get our workingman and his family out." Long hours, hard days at work, lackadaisical attitudes from the past militate against registration. But as the *UE Guide*

to *Political Action* points out: "The first and main job of the PAC is that of planning to register unregistered voters. The registration campaign can be carried on together with any other campaigns that are undertaken. The more work done on political issues, the more education can be carried on about the importance of registration." There is a well-warranted assumption that if the workingman and his family register they will vote—and their vote will go overwhelmingly for Roosevelt.

Registration is no simple problem. There is not space to describe in full detail the organization of the PAC's and their techniques, but a few words on this question are in place.

Thousands of workers are today engaged in the multitude of backbreaking activities involved in organizing registration; it is arduous indeed. Labor has learned that there is no royal (or plebeian) road to success; every victory must be organized painstakingly, tirelessly. Indeed, the good organizer must possess qualities akin to those

attributed to genius: the infinite capacity for detail.

These details have been multiplied by the new conditions the war has brought. Millions of workingmen and their families, for instance, have moved from state to state to work in war industry. Registration periods and methods vary from region to region. The first task, then, is the mastery of registration rules and then the determination of procedure. In the South, for example, the poll tax statutes must be taken into consideration; in other areas the problems include such as these: what to do if the registration offices are closed after the unionist has finished his day's work—or if those offices are so far distant from the factories or the worker's neighborhood as to make it exceedingly difficult for him to get there. These questions are being tackled in various ways: from applying pressures on municipal authorities to set up registration booths in the factories themselves, to the organization of "car parties" transporting workers to the booths.

We Work This May Day

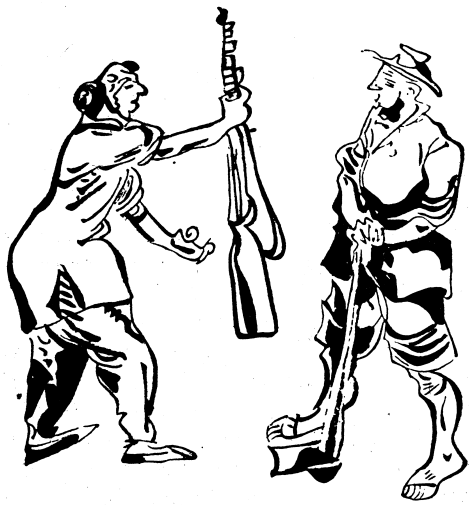
ALTHOUGH preoccupied with the boundless cares and burdens of war, millions of workingmen in America and throughout the world, will not overlook that proletarian red-letter day, May 1. They will observe it, but the form of its observance will differ from yesterday's. Instead of downing tools they will tend to them more diligently than ever before—turning out the battle needs for their country and for their millions of sons in uniform, a task they have undertaken in all free lands with exemplary enthusiasm.

It is fitting on this occasion to engage in a bit of retrospect. May Day's meaning this year bears greater significance than at any time since that morning, fifty-five years ago, when the workingmen of Chicago poured out on the streets to demonstrate for the right to achieve decent human standards: an eight-hour working day, eight hours recreation and education, eight hours rest. In order to achieve those elementary rights the American Federation of Labor had elicited and received the aid of the world working class; the holiday of international labor unity was born. It has come to signify the fundamental community of all men who labor—regardless of differences in boundary, race, color, or religious derivation.

Today that basic unity is approaching its maximum form. Armed workingmen (and their fellow countrymen of other classes) stand ready to storm—together—the bastions of tyranny, Axis dominated Europe. White, black, brown men. And reflecting that unity in arms is the heightened solidarity of workingmen who stand at their posts as soldiers of production. The pressures from below—as well as the agreement and leadership of many top labor circles—demand international cooperation. You can find it in the maturing programs of the CIO, the Railroad Brotherhoods, the AFL. One indication is the splendid nine-point platform proposed by Philip Murray to British labor as the basis for the inter-

national labor congress in London this forthcoming June. Mr. Murray clearly projects labor's role in winning the war and in participating in molding the shape of the postwar world. Another portent is the stand taken by Daniel Tobin, leader of the mighty Teamsters' Union, AFL, for solidarity with our Soviet working class allies, as well as with the British. The AFL executive council's refusal to work with Soviet labor in a common grouping that includes American, British, and Russian trade unions is *not* the reflection of the rank-and-file's will, nor of the will of a growing group of top AFL men. The war has changed matters, Mr. Tobin points out: the Soviets have done their share in ridding the world of mankind's major enemy, and he urges a reconsideration of past outworn attitudes toward the Russian unionists. The workingman of the United States stands nearer his Latin American brothers since the formation of the Confederation of Latin American Workers, under Vicente Lombardo Toledano's splendid leadership. American workingmen have manifested boundless admiration for Chinese labor: their attitude toward the Chinese Exclusion Act was an indication of that.

So the record goes this May Day. Today, more than ever, labor stands for unity—not only of its own class, but with all classes who believe in a world based upon the perspectives of the three great men who met in ancient Teheran, one fateful week several months ago. But labor realizes that it is the most powerful factor in guaranteeing the fulfillment of Teheran—and that that requires its maximum unity. The day of international solidarity is the day of hope: when the workingman traditionally expressed his dream of a prosperous, peaceful world in which his children will enjoy all the privileges and rights their father was denied. May 1, 1944 is closer to that great time than any in history. We stand on the threshold.



"Give me the plow, you take the gun," by Tan Tze Pin, age 11. From an exhibition of war pictures by Chinese children, Museum of Modern Art.

Certain well tested procedures have been adopted by the PAC's, indicating that they are not stymied by the multitude of obstacles that confront them. From discussions I had with a number of leaders and rank-and-file figures involved in labor political action, I learned this: that every international, state, district and local labor body must mobilize its membership for the registration campaign now under way. Labor's registration drive, I was told, is proceeding through two parallel channels. One is provided in the traditional structure of international and local unions. The other is to be found in the newer concept of labor's political activity—the formation of county, ward, and precinct organizations. Every regional director, state, county, and local political action official is expected to adapt these procedures to his region's peculiarities.

GENERALLY I found it works something like this: every union local is expected to have an accurate, up-to-date card index of all its members, assorted by congressional districts, precincts, wards, or blocks. Three copies of each individual member's card are made: one is kept in the PAC central file; a second by the neighborhood PAC; and the third is to be used by the individuals doing the canvassing, the infinite ringing of doorbells, convincing potential voters of the imperative need to register. In hundreds of cities they are checking membership lists against the lists of registered voters which have been secured at the City Clerk's office or the Registrar of Voters headquarters at City Hall. Those unionists derelict in registration are visited, and exhorted to register immediately. When you consider that there are five and a half million members of the CIO you can begin to realize the magnitude of the job. And they are not only tackling the job of registering labor: the workingman's allies are also being solicited through the neighborhood PAC's. Past er-

rors in ignoring the woman's vote are being rectified: the fact that sixty percent of the voters may be women, is not lost on the political committees. The Auxiliaries are summoned to action—contact is being made with women's organizations everywhere. Likewise, they are paying attention to the Negroes and nationality groups, the small businessmen, the farmers, the church groups, the youth. Truly, the mobilization of all these strata to move politically is a task of magnificent challenge.

The PAC's, it must be noted, are a powerful contributing factor in promoting unity within the Democratic Party. Their role proved crucial in maintaining and strengthening the labor-administration alliance when the defeatists threatened to split this coalition at the peak of their saturnalia of economic sabotage several months ago.

All this, then, is to give you something of a picture of labor's political action. *The People Can Win in 1944* is the title of one of the many pamphlets being issued by the CIO bodies. The unionists are convinced of this: and they know, too, that victory never comes automatically. And it is late already; there is much to be done. That is not fully realized by all the legions of labor, even by some of the most foresighted.

They are too prone to underestimate the powers of the opposition: and to underestimate your enemy is child's error in any man's battle. The Hoover, Hearst and Hutcheson propaganda has been able to make inroads among certain sections of labor—particularly the new inexperienced recruits to industry—by saddling Roosevelt with blame for the havoc the defeatists have wrought on the domestic scene, as well as for the errors made by some of the administration's agencies. Living costs have mounted? That's FDR's fault (and no mention of the economic sabotage committed by the congressional enemies of the people). Negro soldiers suffer Jim Crow indignities in the Army? That's Roosevelt's fault—he's "in the tow of the poll-taxers" (and no mention of the unholy alliance the treacherous Rankins and Dies' effected with the defeatist GOP legislators). John L. Lewis' official organ reeks with pro-fascist diatribes against the administration. Philip Pearl, the former Hearst hireling who edits the AFL weekly news letter, shamelessly hawks the ideas of the pro-fascist Hutcheson and Woll clique to the AFL labor press. Some AFL unions, like the Boilermakers on the West Coast, cling to Jim Crow practices in their relations with the new influx of Negro workers in their setup. The Trotskyists, the Klan, and other subversive groups play upon the backward prejudices of the new workers in the automobile industry with the "get-yours-while-the-getting's-good" line. There are many such nefarious influences operating in labor—as in other sections of the populace gen-

erally. Naturally the anti-administration press reflects this current within labor as though it were the dominant trend, and strives to stampede the potential allies of labor from ties with the unionists.

But all these factors are recessive: dominant is the surge toward unity, toward a national banding together to win the war with utmost expedition; i.e., via the overwhelming invasion of Europe. When that comes, it will doubtlessly further strengthen the pro-Teheran moods of the masses. And all this is indubitably tied up with the leadership of our Commander-in-Chief.

Every responsible unionist knows the peril of over-optimism, a mood as fatal as pessimism. Confidence is another matter—that grows out of the canny gauge of the possibilities and knowledge of the techniques to cash in on these possibilities. The reality is this: at grassroots in America the people are ready. The majority want a world built in the light of Teheran: and they know that Roosevelt is one of the architects.

YES, there is still considerable unclarity and disunity on secondary, though important issues. The Hoover-Dewey-Spangler-Lewis-Hutcheson-Dubinsky lineup and those blinded by partisan politics strive to present these as primary issues and to ride to victory on that basis. But they underestimate the increasing clarity and unity on the basic requirements of our time. These latter factors must be transformed into organization, the sine qua non of victory. The PAC's are laying a foundation upon which the superstructure of victory can be built. That job remains to be done, and that requires selfless, heroic labor. The American has shown he does not shy away from the hard, sweaty service democracy demands. He has much more than faint understanding of the consequences of defeat in '44. "If we lose, it's curtains," I heard unionists saying all over America. "But we don't aim to lose," I heard simultaneously.



"Going to Battle," by Yen Shao Ching, age 11.

MACARTHUR'S CHORE BOY

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

EVEN some of the backers of Gen. Douglas MacArthur for President in Congress and among the press were obviously embarrassed by the frankly anti-administration and Pacific-first tone of the correspondence between the General and Rep. A. L. Miller of Nebraska. Representative Miller showed me a copy of a letter dated April 19 to columnist John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News*, which he said he was sending to other columnists, too, in which he pleaded: "I am hoping that you will treat the General kindly. If you need a whipping boy, apply it to me." He said he noted that "a number of Washington columnists have been unusually critical and cynical about the publication of the letters."

The official silence of Sen. Arthur Vandenberg (Michigan) who helped organize the MacArthur drive, was not enough to prevent the killing of his chances for being named keynoter of the Republican convention, a post for which he apparently was slated before the correspondence was released. Public reaction was too strong.

"I'm just a chore boy," Miller said gratuitously. "I'm not really important in this. I just want to do anything I can to help." He is a little touchy about Vandenberg's silence on his alleged helpfulness, however. He said with a hurt look in his vague blue eyes that he had written Vandenberg in advance and told him what he meant to do. He had had a reply, too, but he would not say what it was, except to say he "showed interest."

Whether MacArthur's smart and extensive publicity staff in the Pacific, which includes former Gov. Philip LaFollette of Wisconsin, who once led a third-party movement with various trimmings of suspiciously fascist concept, was embarrassed by the release of the letters is not known. But there is no question that MacArthur's public statement on the correspondence, while disclaiming any knowledge it would be released, removed any doubt that he was available for the Republican nomination.

"I'm just a country boy," said Miller, as he produced a blotter on which his main virtues were listed. They included: "Born on a Nebraska homestead, 1892." "Worked way through high school and medical college (Loyola University, in Chicago), "Past State Governor Lions Club." There were others, too.

It developed that Dr. Miller was just a country boy who had a fox farm—an expensive item, he admitted—several citrus farms in Texas, and several stock farms in Nebraska, and, in his own language, had "collected about half a million dollars"

from the good folks of Kimball, Neb., in medical and hospital fees. He met MacArthur when their hunting parties converged in the fastness of some Nebraska woodland, and later, in Paris, "although he wouldn't remember me probably."

Miller was satisfied with MacArthur's public statement on the correspondence. "I didn't think he was 100 percent with me in what I said about the New Deal," he said. "I was a little extreme." How extreme the conservative *Milwaukee Journal* thought him was indicated in an editorial which said the correspondence showed "what a political dish can be cooked up for this country if we let those who are scared to death from mental hobgoblins, and those who have sinister purposes, band together to accomplish a political coup." It went on to say Miller "is one of those who believe the republic is lost, or about to be lost, internally," and that MacArthur's reply leaves the impression "he is inclined to agree."

Miller had told Congress that MacArthur could not be regarded as an isolationist. I asked him how he explained the fact that his chief support came from isolationists and former America Firsters. "Like General Wood?" he asked, alluding to Robert Wood, former head of the America First Committee. "And Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*," I said.

"Well, maybe it's because MacArthur *thinks of America first*," he said slowly with an air of pride in his bon mot. "Of course he never was identified with the organization," he added hastily.

He smiled indulgently at the mention of McCormick and his cousin, Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *Tribune Co.*-owned New York *Daily News*. "McCormick and Patterson strike a lot of fire in some places, but they are mighty influential. I don't agree with them myself on everything—but the fact they're for MacArthur overshadows everything else," he said graciously.

He was just as frank on the subject of the 300 letters he mentioned in the *Congressional Record*, letters he received since publication of the MacArthur correspondence. "A lot of them sound like they're from persons in religious organizations. They speak of the Deity. And a lot sound as if they could have come from people who believed in America first." Asked if he meant former members of the organization, he said, well, they could be, he didn't know, but what he meant was that they wanted to shorten the war and believed in "an American peace."

"By that do you mean you think we should enter a peace apart from our Allies?" I asked. "Oh, no," he said mildly, and then went on to say something about England which he asked that I keep off the record. "The United States never has come off well at a peace table," he ruminated.

In his statement in the *Congressional Record* he said he was moved to release the correspondence in the hope the Republicans would nominate a man who would "lead our country in this critical time to a quick victory and the writing of a lasting peace without this country losing some of the things which we are fighting to protect." He asked somewhat defensively that "criticism for it be directed entirely at me."

THE Pacific-first tenor of the letters he said he received is plain in his own letter to the columnists. In it he takes pains to mention that MacArthur would make a President who would "be fearless and probably a one-termer." It has been part of the strategy of Vandenberg and company to stress the one term, too. (One term would be enough for the real negotiated-peace, fascist crowd in this country to grab controls.) Of the letters, he wrote the columnists that "I believe they come from the heart of America. All through these letters we constantly find these thoughts: 'MacArthur knows the Pacific warfare.' 'Who knows better how to fight the Japs than MacArthur?' 'An experienced soldier in the White House will shorten the war.' 'He will deal with a firm hand at the peace table and with the Japs.'" He never mentions the Nazis. The war against Hitlerism and the coming invasion are apparently of little concern to him.

The fact that a third-rate unknown first-termer in Congress with a reactionary voting record brought about wide reaction against MacArthur does not necessarily mean that MacArthur is washed up. After all, Miller still might be portrayed as reflecting a grass-roots movement, fox farm and all. But certainly it would seem that the chances of the defeatist Republican bloc to use MacArthur as a means of pressing Thomas Dewey into stronger utterances of a Pacific first or defeatist nature, are lessened by the public revulsion the Miller letters stirred up. Who aside from Miller may be responsible for the letters' release is anyone's guess. But few people in Washington act on their own in these crucial days.

As for Dewey, however, Miller offered these reassuring words: "If Dewey or any-

one else is nominated, of course, I will go right down the line."

Asked if he had any political ambitions for himself, like running for governor (which he did in 1943), Miller sat back and said simply: "If the people would like to have me, I would like to be governor of Nebraska, frankly, yes."

THERE were big doings at the swanky red brick mansion of the National Woman's Party weekend before last. Its national council met and they gave a number of parties. At one of these they raised \$7,500—just like that. The next day the delegates started traversing the Hill, calling on Congressmen. They're hopeful about passing their Equal Rights Amendment, which Elizabeth Gurley Flynn in the February 28 *NEW MASSES* described as "a bill to repeal labor and other protective legislation for women workers and mothers." They are getting signatures on a discharge petition initiated by Rep. Pat Cannon (Democrat) of Florida, who is serving the Republicans, to force the bill out of the House Judiciary Committee where it has been for twenty years. It has been reported out of the Senate Judiciary Committee and the unions which have campaigned against the GOP bill are again on the alert. The NWP says "it may be brought up for a vote at any moment."

I no sooner introduced myself to the NWP's publicity woman than she said coyly, "Oh, the *NEW MASSES* printed a very bad article about us." And no sooner had the first vice chairman, an earnest little woman from Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Clara Snell Wolfe, begun telling me what was wrong with Miss Flynn's article than the publicity woman came in, breathless, to announce she had an officer on hand who "knows all about your magazine and has friends there." It turned out that the officer, Mrs. Nora Stanton Barney of New York, was thinking of the old *MASSES*, and that her "friends" were the notorious Max Eastman and his sister. This little anachronism was characteristic of much that was said by the several women who gathered about. They shook reprints of Miss Flynn's article (they had gone to the expense of having these made to whip themselves up to new efforts, they said) and talked about what happened in 1915 and 1920.

Asked to name one single positive thing their bill would accomplish, since they had admitted it would do just what Miss Flynn said it would do, repeal existing laws protecting women, one woman from Boston stared at me and almost shrieked: "Haven't you any spiritual pride? Haven't you?" I said I hadn't noticed their doing anything about Negro women's rights—the poll tax, for instance. At which Mrs. Barney drew herself up and said in a quivering voice, "I sat next to a Negro woman at our luncheon. Which is more than some of the

people in the Cooperative League used to do." At this point she was back in 1915, I think it was.

It was true, as Miss Flynn said, they did nothing else as an organization but work for their bill. "But as individuals we do," said Mrs. Barney. "I'm doing lots to try to secure a more democratic foreign policy." Just what kind of a policy she'd like was suggested when she said later that the Catholic House of Bishops "as well as the Communists" opposed their bill, adding: "That is so funny, their being on the same side—like Stalin recognizing the king." I asked her what king. "Well, then, Badoglio." Well, it wasn't recognition, she conceded, but he "sent a representative there."

The NWP women were no less angry with the Catholics than with labor. "Bill Green and Philip Murray sent out edicts and now the unions are afraid to support us," one said. They couldn't understand it. Their idea was that with all protective legislation for women repealed, then labor could go to work and get protective legislation again—for men and women. I said some of the reactionary manufacturers seemed to like their bill. At which Mrs. Wolfe declared that "all our du Pont money came through Florence Bayard Hillis of Wilmington, whose father was Bayard Hillis, Secretary of State under Cleveland," and that she "works for everything good."

At one point Mrs. Barney, the architect, said shrilly, leveling a finger at me, "Why, do you know that men are more susceptible to varicose veins than women?"

Although she declared herself "a feminist to the core," I never was subjected to such a barrage of arguments in defense of men. "It has never been proved that it is bad for women to work at night," said Mrs. Barney. When I got in a word about widows' pensions, she indignantly said, how about widowers' pensions, too? And Mrs. Wolfe told a heartrending story about a man who got his children away from their mother and then had no money to support them. The gentle little woman from Texas murmured that when she was in Texas and before she was enlightened "I was even foolish enough to work for a minimum wage for women," and that in Ohio in 1933 such a law was passed and that "I could have prevented it" had she only seen the light.

They thought that no wives should obtain alimony. "A woman can go to work, she doesn't need alimony." They explained they inherited the mansion they occupied, conveniently only three blocks from the Capitol, from a wealthy woman who was the first woman to obtain a divorce—"for good and sufficient reasons," said Mrs. Wolfe with pursed lips—and who then married again. Which husband had the money, or whether she inherited it and therefore needed no alimony, wasn't clear.

But they resented Miss Flynn's saying the NWP were rich women.

Since they felt the AFL and CIO heads were blinded by prejudice, I asked them what Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins said about the bill. She was against it, they admitted. "I had an interesting hour's talk with her a few months ago," said Mrs. Barney. "She kept bringing up the differences between the sexes. She said that women welders should have special protection. Otherwise it was thought that X-rays might cause sterility. I went right back to New York and investigated. I discovered that X-rays also would make men sterile, and in fact that their reproductive organs were twice as sensitive to X-rays as women's," she said triumphantly. (Fortunately for all concerned, and completely independently of the NWP, it was found that welding does not cause sterility, and the US Department of Public Health said so in a pamphlet.)

"Is there any single law for women you would like to keep on the statute books—such as mothers' pensions?" they were asked. The answer to that one was simple. "Men have children, too. They are fathers. Why just mothers' pensions?"

NOT only has President William Green of the AFL endorsed Rep. Martin Dies of Texas, but AFL spokesmen are going around Washington claiming that the AFL will distribute thousands of Dies committee reports on the CIO Political Action Committee. This despite the fact that local AFL unions in Orange County, Texas, are joining in with local CIO unions in a mass campaign to defeat Dies. Dies is opposed in the primary by District Judge Combs of Beaumont, who resigned to run against him. Combs was described by a Washington (Scripps-Howard) columnist as "one of the best beloved of all Texans."

WHEN I asked Sen. Gerald Nye if he knew of John Spivak's revelations in *NEW MASSES* of an organized movement by remnants of America First and other organizations to bring about a negotiated peace he said, "No. And I think I surely would have heard of it were there such a movement." He denied meeting with Colonel McCormick, Charles A. Lindbergh and others pivotal in the movement. "I did have lunch with Colonel McCormick here in Washington some time last summer," he said, but added that they discussed only the 1944 presidential campaign. Asked if it could have been as long ago as March or April, he said it might, he didn't recall. According to Spivak, plans were laid then in various secret meetings and the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, behind which looms the figure of McCormick, was organized in April. Nye was a leading speaker at mass meetings held by the committee.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Only a Beginning

Mrs. LOIS DE LAFAYETTE WASHBURN, who thumbs her nose in public and gives the fascist salute, is quite a card. And the inebriate bellowing of Edward James Smythe is worthy of W. C. Fields at his best. But all the antics and posturing of the thirty men and women in the United States District Court in Washington add up to something dreadfully unfunny: conspiracy to "impair and undermine the loyalty and morale of the military and naval forces of the United States"—conspiracy "with each other and with officials of the German Reich and the leaders of the Nazi Party." There were people who once thought a certain Austrian ex-house painter was funny too. Today there are mountains of dead to insist he wasn't.

The first week of the trial of the thirty indicted seditionists has raised the question of whether there isn't one more conspiracy on foot: a conspiracy by the defendants and their attorneys to obstruct justice. Under American law even the foulest traitor is entitled to a fair trial. Chief Justice Edward C. Eicher has been extremely scrupulous and even liberal in protecting the rights of the defendants despite all provocation. But the rights of the defendants and of their counsel certainly do not include the right to convert the trial into a combination of a three-ring circus and a Nazi forum for anti-Semitism and treason. And the scandalous trick pulled by Henry H. Klein, attorney for Col. E. N. Sanctuary, of distributing pamphlets in the courtroom demanding the impeachment of President Roosevelt calls at the very least for his immediate disqualification.

The sedition trial is a battle in the war against fascism, a battle that must be won as decisively and speedily as possible. But let there be no illusion that this trial is anything more than a beginning. Only a few of those indicted can be regarded as something more than sordid tools of more powerful and more dangerous men. The Charles E. Coughlins and Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Robert McCormicks and William Randolph Hearsts—yes, and the Gerald Nyes and Stephen A. Days still are free to spread among millions the Berlin-inspired doctrines that do for the enemy what he cannot do for himself. Recently, John L. Spivak, whose pioneer work in the exposure of our homegrown fascists helped bring to book the thirty seditionists, revealed in a series in *NEW MASSES* the details of a new conspiracy designed to force a negotiated peace with Germany. With our country about to launch the greatest military

operations in its history, the Department of Justice ought to act *now*, before the damage is done.

War Plants for Veterans?

THE human side of demobilization, which was dealt with in bare outline in the Baruch-Hancock report, is beginning to take on shape and substance. Last week our Washington editor, Virginia Gardner, discussed the Kilgore Bill (S 1823), which provides that both workers thrown out of jobs as a result of reconversion and demobilized service men and women be paid benefits ranging from twenty dollars to thirty-five dollars a week, continuing, if necessary, for two years after the war. In a speech before the Academy of Political Science, Director of War Mobilization James F. Byrnes has made a proposal along similar lines. He urged a federal law covering practically all workers that would supplement existing state unemployment benefits. Reaction to this from AFL and CIO leaders has been generally favorable.

The same concern for the human problems involved in demobilization has prompted Secretary of the Interior Ickes to make a proposal that is refreshing in its boldness and imaginative realism. He suggests that the billions of dollars of government-owned plants be turned over after the war as "a bonus payment" to veterans, to be run by them in competition with existing private industries. Secretary Ickes warned that post-war chaos would result if these plants were sold to monopolies "to be quietly throttled in the interest of an economy of scarcity—scarce production, scarce opportunities, and few jobs." To vest ownership and control in the men and women discharged from the armed forces, he maintained, is to place these plants in the hands of people "who, we can be sure, will be interested in maximum production and maximum employment."

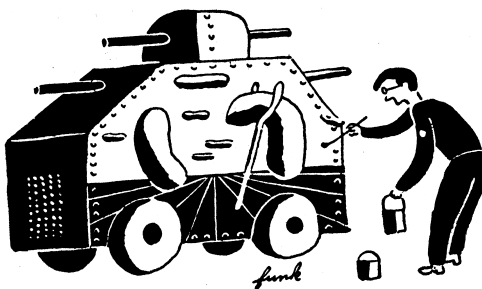
Mr. Ickes' proposal has been assailed by the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* as a vote-catching scheme aimed to win support for the administration from thou-

sands of communities where the continued operation of wartime plants might be unjustified "from the standpoint of broad national economic policy," as well as from "proponents of government ownership and operation of private enterprise." These objections are entirely beside the point and are couched in a narrowly partisan spirit. There is nothing in the Ickes proposal that would require specially built plants to continue operating if that were contrary to the national interest (though the question of what is and what isn't in the national interest should not be determined by big business alone). And far from being a move in the direction of government ownership, the plan would broaden the base of private enterprise. Moreover, the proposal is directly in the American tradition—in the words of Secretary Ickes, "a revised edition of the Homestead Acts and of the land provisions of the Reclamation Law," under which veterans of earlier American wars received land grants in the days when agriculture rather than industry dominated our national economy.

Flank Attacks on HR 7

A SILENT filibuster by the little band of desperate men from the eight poll tax states succeeded in delaying the bringing up of HR 7, the Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill, at least a week beyond the promised date of April 17. Reaction was swift and widespread. From all over the country protests poured in on Senators.

Meanwhile the press is reflecting the strategy of the Republicans, who are secretly supporting the poll taxers in return for their help in killing any adequate soldiers' vote legislation. Various dope stories are pouring pessimism over the bill's chances. Editorials point out the tragedy of engaging in a filibuster in the midst of a war—and advise the bill's sponsors to give in now and avoid a filibuster. The *Washington Post*, a win-the-war Republican paper, which has taken an enlightened stand on the Dies committee, provides an illustration of how this defeatist approach to HR 7 plays directly into the hands of the poll taxers. In an editorial headed "Asking for Trouble," it said that poll tax Senators would not be deterred by any thought of a filibuster's impairment of the war effort, and that it was "useless to inveigh against them." (The National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax replied that it was asking for trouble to fight fascism, too.) A few days later the *Arkansas Gazette* picked up the *Post's* arguments.



Arkansas is a poll tax state. So the *Gazette* said, of course, these gentlemen were adamant, and that if a filibuster was required for them to defend the Constitution, then these adamant men should filibuster.

Virtually all the attacks on the bill are of the oblique variety. To the whisper of "disunity," union delegations are replying by telling their Senators that the only actual unity is one which the fighting men on the battlefields can understand, and that does not mean unity with a small band of white supremacists. "Every kind of backdoor, desperate pressure is being brought to bear on Sen. James M. Mead and on Democratic Party Leader Sen. Alben W. Barkley to delay and kill HR 7," warns the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties. It urges everyone to wire Mead and Barkley his support. It is important that Senators be reminded that the bill must be kept intact without amendments, that it not be tabled or postponed, and that there must be no "gentlemen's agreement" such as killed the measure last year. If the bill is kept on the floor and a vote for cloture, should it not be at once successful, is called for over and over again, the public will see to it that it is passed.

Give Procope His Passport

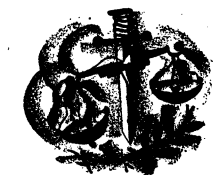
THERE is little we can add to the scorn that is being heaped on the Finnish government for its rejection of the Soviet armistice terms. What remains is for our State Department to act. It should be clear by now that Helsinki has never taken our admonitions seriously and only an outright severance of relations can impress Mannerheim that he and his cabal can no longer count on sympathy in this country to escape the consequences of their vassalage to Hitler. Our continuing neutrality, even when qualified by severe words, is incompatible with our obligations to our leading Allies and with our own self-interest in ending the war speedily. Helsinki has had every opportunity to drop out of the war. Its hypocrisy in claiming that the Soviet Union threatens Finnish independence is so brazen on the face of it that it needs no reply. It was the USSR which gave Finland independence in the first place, an independence which her rulers have sold to Berlin. As for reparations, what did Helsinki expect?—the Soviet Union to pay the Finnish government for the lives the latter has taken, the buildings it has destroyed, and the land it has devastated? Moscow has been more than magnanimous in its offers. Yet the Finnish government counts on a compromise peace between the Allies and the Axis to save it even from moderate terms. This is a gross insult to us, for obviously Helsinki believes that we will not continue the war to the bitter end. There is but one reply which Helsinki will understand: to give Procope, the Finnish ambassador in Washington, his passport.

Problems in Chungking

IT is evident that strong pressure is being exerted to break the power of the appeasers and defeatists who currently dominate China's government and the Kuomintang. Most of this pressure comes from within the country. As we have for long maintained, the vast majority of Chinese are courageous patriots seeking national unity as the prerequisite for defeating the Japanese. These patriots are found in all walks of life—in the army, among the peasants and workers, among students and intellectuals, even in the Kuomintang itself. Until recently, however, they have had the greatest difficulty in expressing their democratic aspirations either within the country or abroad. The evil minority has had a stranglehold upon all government organs and it has been particularly effective in maintaining a vicious censorship of press, speech, and assembly.

The power of the traitors has not yet been smashed, nor has the iron ring of censorship been shattered. But signs appear giving encouragement to the democratic struggle. A few days ago Sun Fo, the president of the Legislative Yuan and only son of Sun Yat-sen, delivered a trenchant criticism of anti-democratic trends in Chungking. In traditional Chinese fashion much of his attack was indirect. He turned to history, saying, "For thousands of years China had been ruled by tyrants." And when he spoke of the seriousness of disunity he quoted American and British sources. No Chinese could miss the point: Sun Fo was employing the Chinese idiom to call on the Chinese people and their friends abroad to get rid of those impeding the war effort.

Sun Fo's speech was cabled to foreign newspapers in extenso. And it has been followed by other reports which for the first time discuss China's problems with some degree of frankness. Foreign correspondents in Chungking, moreover, are unrelenting in their insistence that they be allowed to visit the Border Region in the



... And therefore do we petition Governor Dewey to strike a blow against the enemy by granting executive pardon to Morris Schappes... We need men like Mr. Schappes in our struggle, and his empty cell might well be filled with Coughlin, Rankin and company."—Hebrew Union College Monthly. Have you petitioned Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Albany, N.Y., to pardon Morris U. Schappes now?



Northwest—from which the guerrilla forces operate—to see for themselves what is happening under Communist leadership. They refuse to accept the government's evasiveness in granting permission. It is significant, too, that large newspapers in this country and in Great Britain are at last awakening to the grave danger of China's internal situation. No longer is this issue the exclusive concern of the progressive press. Publication in this country of the booklet *In Guerrilla China*, the story of the activities of Madame Sun Yat-sen's heroic China Defense League in the Border Regions, has been acclaimed by the *New York Times* in an editorial urging Americans to contribute funds for relief work done through the China Aid Council.

Czechoslovak Coalition

LAST week in *NEW MASSES* Paul Kudrna described the plans evolving among Czechoslovaks in London and Moscow as well as in their beleaguered country to start the democratic renaissance after the Wehrmacht has been hurled beyond Czechoslovak borders. Mr. Kudrna quoted Klement Gottwald, a distinguished Communist and member of the Czech parliament, who recently published his opinion on the necessity of creating a stable political coalition for the future government of the country. It was Gottwald's view that while progress had been made in uniting Czechoslovakia's three labor parties—the Social Democratic, Communist, and Czech Socialist (the Benes Party)—more had yet to be done. Now comes the very good news that the three parties have successfully concluded negotiations for a permanent coalition and that a joint May Day appeal will be broadcast to the people at home to stand together in the work of liberating the motherland and in the tasks of reconstruction.

A five-member delegation of the State Council (parliament-in-exile) has left London for Moscow to arrange the administration of liberated areas with Czechoslovaks there and with the military mission directing the Czech armed forces in the USSR. According to an agreement between the Soviet and Czechoslovak governments, these areas will be turned over to Czechoslovak authorities as soon as the military situation permits. The State Council delegates will participate in the selection and instruction of those men and women who will be sent to liberated districts to assist local councils in the work of administration.

The composition of the London delegation is most significant. It includes three representatives of the labor parties. But in addition, emphasizing the broad unity existing among Czechs and Slovaks fighting Hitler, the mission includes Monsignor Hala, of the Catholic People's Party, and Mr. Pauliny-Toth, member of the Slovak Na-

tional Party. This is democracy in action and is entirely in keeping with the progressive record of the government-in-exile—a government which has solemnly promised to resign immediately after the country's liberation in order to give Czechoslovaks the opportunity of choosing a new authority through free elections.

Stabilization Fund

WHAT the technical experts have done in preparing the principles for a currency stabilization fund represents a good beginning towards the solution of one of the most difficult and urgent international problems. When the war comes to a close European countries will be threatened by currency devaluation, menacing to international trade. Impoverished states eager to reconstruct their economies will want to buy commodities abroad, but traders may hesitate to sell, since such sales involve acceptance of paper money from virtually bankrupt national treasuries. Ordinarily a country's exports pay for some of its imports; however, for several years to come, certainly in Europe, many countries whose industry and agriculture have been devastated by war will be unable to ship goods because of their immediate domestic needs and their reduced productive capacity. A plan is therefore necessary to ease this situation and give the war-stricken countries opportunities for international trade on some orderly basis.

Under the experts' plan—which, by the way, is not binding on the Allied governments until a final program is evolved through later conferences—each country would deposit a measure of gold and gold convertible exchange in an international fund of eight billion dollars. These contributions are to be determined on the basis of a country's gold production, its gold holdings, and the proportion of its trade to world trade. It is hoped thereby to keep different currencies on an even keel by reinforcing the credit positions of weaker countries and by agreed upon restrictions over those who may be inclined to engage in sharp currency practices.

The plan, as has been pointed out already, represents a compromise between those proposed over a year ago by the British and the Americans. There is much that needs yet to be done, by continuing the process of compromise, in order to remove suspicions, particularly in London, that the principles will work to the disadvantage of Britain. But the fact that representatives of thirty-four Allied countries can join in working out beneficial measures in an economic area where there have been clashes in the past augurs well for the future. Trade on equitable principles is a cornerstone of an enduring peace and the willingness to resolve differences by discussion is a mark of a new era in good will and international friendship.

Who Is O'Brien?



Look at this picture carefully. It was brought to this country by Vicente Lombardo Tolodano, president of the Confederation of Latin American Workers. The man on the left is Lt. de la Lama Rojas who recently tried to kill the president of Mexico, Avila Camacho. Standing next to the flag is a United States Army chaplain identified as Father O'Brien. Both men were photographed last fall at a meeting of the Sociedad de los Amigos Soldados—an organization closely associated with Mexico's Sinarquistas who hailed the would-be assassin of President Camacho as "the most glorious Sinarquista martyr." New Masses believes that it is the duty of the Justice Department and of the Army to investigate Father O'Brien to discover why he became so closely identified with this treacherous Mexican group and to take whatever disciplinary steps are necessary.

Free Ports for Refugees

THE War Refugee Board's idea to establish free ports for the victims of Nazi Schrecklichkeit strikes us as excellent. By itself the plan, still under discussion, cannot take care of the many thousands of Jews and non-Jews who look to us for rescue. But the establishment of the free port system here will make it possible for the government to urge other countries to adopt a similar device. Under the free port arrangement refugees could arrive in the United States and not be subject to the technicalities of immigration restrictions. They would live in designated areas until it became possible for them to settle else-

where or return to their countries after the war. At any rate their final disposition is not pertinent. The critical need is to provide them with a haven as quickly as possible. In these free ports the refugees could rest and restore themselves to dignity and health. While limitations would be placed on their movement unless they were granted entrance to the country by immigration officials, our sheltering them would be small repayment, for example, for what the Jews of the Warsaw ghetto did in rebuffing and killing several hundred of the enemy. Every Nazi exterminated there is one less for our troops to contend with. Pending a more thorough solution we urge the WRB to act with dispatch in establishing these free ports. This accomplishment would be a worthy addition to the board's fine record since it was created by the President a few months ago.

Studied or Stupid?

THE New York Times owes its readers and the rest of the American press an apology. It has been guilty of that cardinal journalistic sin: the perpetration of a hoax. The fact that the Times may have published this hoax "in good faith," that is, may have believed in it, does not absolve it of the responsibility of making a public retraction.

On April 2 the Times published a news story by Will Lissner announcing "a revolution in the official economic philosophy of the Soviet Union." On the basis of an article by a group of Soviet economists designed to correct certain non-Marxist ideas in the teaching of economics in Soviet schools, the Times informed its readers that "the new doctrines are admitted frankly to be Stalinist rather than Marxist or Leninist," and drew other startling conclusions. On April 3 the Times' leading editorial, entitled "Russia's New 'Capitalism,'" went even farther and insisted that "the three most fundamental tenets" of Marxism had been abandoned. The author of the column "Topics of the Times" followed this up in the April 4 issue with his own annotations on the Soviet "revolution." On April 13 the Times published a letter by Henry F. Mins, Jr., who translated the essential parts of the Soviet article for the current issue of the American Marxist quarterly, *Science and Society*, soberly correcting the Times' more flagrant distortions. The editors countered this with an editorial in the same issue contemptuously dismissing Mr. Mins' objections.

Came the denouement: a cable in the April 17 issue by the Times' own Moscow correspondent, Ralph Parker, reporting that the consensus of foreign observers, after reading both the Times editorial and the original Soviet article, was that the Times interpretation "was not justified and that

(Continued on page 21)



LULL BEFORE THE STORM

THE offensive of the combined air forces of the western Allies has risen to an unprecedented pitch. At this writing between 2,000 and 5,000 planes from Britain and Italy have been hammering at the nests where German planes are being hatched, at the roosts of those planes, and at the communications of Europe (including the Danube, which was heavily mined between Budapest and Djiurdjiu by mine-laying planes) for seven days on end.

The diplomats of some forty Allied and neutral nations have been put "on ice" in England, with their confidential couriers unable to leave the country and deprived of the right to send coded messages to their governments.

Aside from these two momentous and indubitable symptoms, many rumors are about of great ship concentrations in British ports, steady troop movements to the coast of East Anglia, etc. Thus the stage appears to be set for big things. At this juncture your Front Lines department wishes to advise its readers that henceforth it will not indulge in any sort of speculation about the invasion. At this tense hour (which, by the way, may last for weeks) all discussion of things which have not yet happened is out of place. On this subject you will hear from us again when it starts in earnest!

ON SATURDAY, April 22, the Soviet communique for the first time since early July 1943, had nothing of importance to report, which also might be construed as a symptom of approaching combined east-west action in the European theater.

The only reports for two days on the siege of Sevastopol by the Soviets have been dispatches which tell of relentless Black Sea Fleet and Soviet Air Force action against the port itself and the ships trying to leave it, as well as against those ships which slip out toward Rumania or Bulgaria and are systematically sunk on the run. Thus, while Soviet artillery and planes hammer Sevastopol, the infantry, marines, tanks, etc. of Generals Tolbukhin and Yeremenko are being saved for the final dash. The battle for Sevastopol has actually moved out to sea where the remnants of the German and Rumanian divisions are being drowned just as affectively and at less cost than if the Soviet regiments were now storming the bastions of the city in spectacular and expensive charges. The issue is a foregone conclusion and the lives preserved compensate many

times for the little delay in firing the victory salute.

While Marshal Konev and General Malinovsky are regrouping and consolidating their communications between the eastern Carpathians and the lower Dniester, Marshal Zhukov is repelling German counterattacks southeast of Stanislavov. Here the Germans have been attacking fiercely for five days (i.e., since April 17) between the Dniester and the Prut toward Horodenka and Kolomea. They have picked this sector because their flanks are protected by the swollen rivers. However, this very protection restricts their ability to maneuver and forces them to push head-on against quickly and efficiently organized Soviet defenses. This German offensive attempt is aimed very obviously at forestalling a Soviet push in the direction of Lvov and the oil fields of Drohobych, Stryi, and Borislav. Judging by the losses inflicted on the Germans in these four days of vigorous fighting, the enemy is employing forces not exceeding several divisions with a few hundred tanks.

There is little doubt that the Germans

fear a powerful Soviet drive, not only in the Lvov direction, but also on the northern wing of the front, i.e., in Estonia. This fear is attested to by the sudden German attack in force against the Narva bridgehead and is borne out by systematic Soviet bombing attacks against the key junctions of the northern front as well as against the shale-oil refineries which supply the German army of the North.

German fears seem well founded: with Finland having finally rejected Soviet armistice offers, it is quite probable that activity will break out along the Gulf of Finland. An offensive along the Estonian shore might precede the blow against Finland itself where terrain conditions will be hardly favorable for large scale fighting until June (at least in the southern half of the country).

The Deputy Chief of Staff of the Third Ukrainian Front, Major-General Rogov, has given an interesting interview to the foreign correspondents who visited his front. Among other things, he said that the Germans are now inferior to the Red Army, quantitatively and qualitatively, in practically all weapons, except planes. He asserted that the Germans are as strong in the air now as they were in 1941, but that the Soviet Air Force is now stronger than the Germans in both fighters and bombers. In other words General Rogov confirmed what we have been saying all along, that the Allied air offensive against Europe has not siphoned off the Luftwaffe from the Eastern Front. While losing planes in the air, on the ground, and on the assembly lines, the Germans have dug into their reserves in order to maintain their air power in the East, i.e., on the most important fighting front. The daily losses which the Germans suffer in planes on the Soviet front amply testify to the correctness of General Rogov's assertion. Our bombers over Germany and Europe often have a comparatively easy time only because thousands of German fighters are tied down to the Eastern Front. Let us not kid ourselves about that.

THE war in the Far East has been marked by a new and important development: the Japanese have started a fresh and powerful offensive (probably with three or four divisions) in Honan where the north-south Peiping-Hankow and the east-west Lunghai railroads meet. The central objective here is the junction town of Chengchow, which has been by-passed



and outflanked by the enemy. It is entirely possible that Chiang's generals, preoccupied as they are in the north with the business of blockading the Eighth Peoples' Army, have been caught unawares, as the speedy Japanese advance seems to imply. The Japanese are driving here for two objectives: to restore their communications between Peiping and Hankow and to capture (or at least destroy) the ripening wheat crop of Honan. It does appear at this time that the enemy may succeed in his objectives. However, in order to solve their main communications problem the Japanese will have to follow up the restoration of the Peiping-Hankow railroad by a new Changsha campaign later on, because what they want is not so much to run their trains from Peiping to Hankow, but from Peiping right through to Canton. The possible (and probable) Changsha offensive will have a similar dual purpose: the railroad and the Hunan rice crop, which ripens late in May. Such a grand offensive in China looks menacing because the Chinese have been fighting for almost seven years and the New Burma Road is far from being ready (as a matter of fact, with the monsoons due to arrive in Burma in three weeks, work can continue on that road only on a minor scale until October).

ADMIRAL NIMITZ continues to do very well with the development of his pile-driver push across the Pacific, with our forces in New Guinea just reported to have pushed amphibiously to capture Hollandia, thus putting off sizable enemy forces to the East.

The situation in India appears to have improved somewhat, although news from that front has been so contradictory and confusing that it is still difficult to say whether the danger to Imphal, Kohima, and the Bengal-Assam railroad has been averted. However, the task-force attack against northwestern Sumatra, whatever its immediate results, showed that the British Navy (reinforced by United States warships) controls the Bay of Bengal, and this is a hopeful sign for the Burma campaign. If we can blockade Rangoon, for instance, we will do more than we have been doing with commando forces along the road to Mandalay.

Studied or Stupid?

(Continued from page 19)

recent trends in Soviet economic policy had been misread." Which is what NEW MASSES pointed out in less polite language in our April 18 issue. Mr. Parker also reported that some Russians "were angered" by the *Times* article "and suggested that after some of their ideological enemies had failed to wipe out the Red Army with their pens, a campaign was now in progress to 'annihilate our socialism with their pens.'" Maurice Hindus, in a cable in the New

York *Herald Tribune* of April 18, reported similar reactions among both American correspondents and Russians.

We wish it were possible to laugh off this particular journalistic hoax as a mere error of judgment. Unfortunately, such "errors" occur so frequently that they must

be attributed to a disease which has proved fatal to more than one nation and which chronically distorts the vision of the *Times*: the disease of anti-Sovietism. We are not too hopeful that this latest fiasco will cause that pontifical *grande dame* of American journalism to seek a cure.

The Bogeyman

A GERMAN prisoner stood stiffly before the Soviet commander. He was a corporal of a panzer regiment. There was something strange about the man. He looked like Adolf Hitler. He had the same small moustache, and a curl combed into the forehead. He had the same strange, spiteful, fox-like grin. But this similarity would have gone unnoticed if the corporal himself had not asked some attention be paid to this fact. He said: "I assume the Russians are not enough familiar with the picture of *der Fuehrer*. I miss the astonishment which I evoke otherwise." "Do you really look like him?" asked the commander. "I don't want to exaggerate," answered the corporal, "but in Germany and Poland I could see people becoming pale when they noticed me." "Well, did this similarity develop in a natural way, or did you stress it?" "What do you think? Such things never happen by themselves," said the corporal. "You see in me the results of two years of hard work. Eight times I saw the movie *Adolf Hitler at the Forest of Compiègne*. I studied every little move of *der Fuehrer*. I studied his smile, his walk, his movements. I succeeded in making officers pale when I met them." "Well, what was the reason for this child's play?" The face of the corporal became tense and stupid. He said: "This is no child's play. There is a deep statesmanlike sense in this practice of mine. I am of the opinion that in every unit of the *Wehrmacht* and in every administration unit there must be *one* man who looks like Adolf Hitler. I am of the opinion that this brings us success. The soldier has the picture of his leader always before him. He experiences fear, perhaps even awe and horror, but on the other hand, he's ready to obey every order of his command"

"Are there similar bogeymen in other units?" "This I cannot say," replied the corporal. "I don't think so, or, at least not everywhere. Three months ago, I gave the regimental

commander a written memorandum about this question. He promised to send it to the divisional commander. He told me: 'In your suggestion, there is a grain of wisdom. Then the army will be really defended.'"

The Soviet commander smiled. He said: "The confidence of your regimental commander was not worth while. His regiment is routed and does not exist any more. And the representative of *der Fuehrer* gave himself up as a prisoner, didn't he?" The corporal sighed in bewilderment. He said: "It is indeed a terrible misfortune for my regiment that I am a prisoner." The commander interrupted him: "For a nonexistent regiment it is quite the same whether you're a prisoner or in heaven." The corporal sighed again.

The commander asked: "What was your profession before the war?" The corporal declared in a service voice: "I am the owner of a cheese factory, a small cheese factory, but this did not deter me from pondering over matters of state. . . ." The corporal evidently was about to embroider his favorite theme, but the commander gave orders to bring in the next prisoner.

The corporal who looked like Adolf Hitler was taken out of the house and brought into the yard. There were other prisoners waiting to be driven to war prisoners' camps. The corporal approached his regimental comrades. He looked at them with a severe, odd look. Suddenly, one of the prisoners laughed loudly and gave the corporal a cuff on the ear. He said: "Now it's over with our Adolf." The corporal made a scornful face but another prisoner shouted: "Just stop rolling your eyes, or else we'll be frightened." But a third one said angrily: "What—this rat wants to bother us even here after having bothered us all the time at the regiment?" The corporal blinked like a coward, took on a much more modest attitude, turned away, and began hastily to munch his bread.

MIKHAIL SOZHENKO.

READERS' FORUM

More on Santayana

TO NEW MASSES: In reply to my letter in your issue of April 11 in which I defend George Santayana against the accusation of being a fascist, Mr. Joel Bradford has quoted several passages from *Reason and Society* purporting "to show that Santayana's social philosophy is anti-proletarian, anti-democratic, anti-feminist, anti-Negro, and contemptuous of colonial peoples." Yet he makes the significant qualification that "some of these remarks (notably 5 and 8) are somewhat tempered elsewhere in the book."

In fact, *all* of these quotations are tempered by the book as a whole and by themselves amount to a fantastic "textual shearing" of Santayana, as Mr. Martin Wolfson correctly says in his communication. No one in his senses could read *Reason and Society*, or its four companion volumes in the *Life of Reason*, and reach the conclusion that Santayana in these works is maintaining a fascist position. And I would like to recommend that Mr. Bradford for his sins not only eat Santayana's twenty-seven volumes, but above all *digest* them!

Referring to his summary of Santayana, as quoted above, Mr. Bradford writes: "If you can find a more complete list of fascist ideas outside the pages of *Mein Kampf*, I shall be much surprised." Well, I shall have to surprise Mr. Bradford by stating that his list is extremely inadequate and leaves out a number of the prime attributes of fascism that are discussed both within Hitler's thunderous fantasia and in many reliable places outside it.

For example, Vice President Henry A. Wallace in the *New York Times Magazine*, April 9, 1944, states that "a fascist is one whose lust for money or power is combined with such an intensity of intolerance toward those of other races, parties, classes, religions, cultures, regions, or nations as to make him ruthless in his use of deceit or violence to attain his ends." While this is not a perfect definition of a fascist, it at least states or implies the fascist passion for power, money, intolerance, deceit, violence, and war, all of which qualities Mr. Santayana deploras. Nor has Santayana ever supported the suppression of civil liberties, trade unions, and religious liberty; or advocated anti-Semitism and totalitarian dictatorship.

The point is that nowhere in his articles has Mr. Bradford given us a careful definition of what a fascist actually is. All that he proves, accepting for the moment his strained interpretation of some of the Santayana quotations, is that this philosopher is an old-fashioned aristocrat, holding certain anti-proletarian and anti-democratic ideas that have always been shared by the bulk of the upper classes in Great Britain and the United States who are now fighting against Hitler. As for Santayana's remaining aloof, I reject the hoary old platitude that "he who is not for us is against us," with its danger of turning pos-

sible friends or real neutrals into active enemies.

Mr. Bradford misunderstands my claim that there is much in Santayana's philosophy akin to Marxism. Santayana no doubt disagrees with the Marxist dialectic method, but his materialism at many points, like other traditional materialisms, is in accord with the Marxist materialistic view of the universe. This is true regardless of the reactionary elements which, I agree, are to be found in Santayana's work and, for that matter, in Hegel's too.

This leads me to assert emphatically that Santayana has been one of the most profoundly liberating influences in my life and that I am very much baffled to see Mr. Howard Selsam in his letter talking about the perfect rottenness, the completely reactionary role, and the utter emptiness of Santayana's philosophy. Yet even if we admit these inadmissible propositions, that is a long way from proving Santayana a fascist, since to be a fascist one must be rotten, reactionary, and empty in a very special, streamlined way indicated to some extent by my quotation from Mr. Wallace.

I believe that Mr. Bradford's essays have done a disservice to the philosophic enterprise and the anti-fascist struggle. He has shown a lamentable insensitivity to the work of a great thinker and writer. And by his reckless and gratuitous insulting of Santayana he has offended many genuine anti-fascists and made the all-important united front against fascism more difficult to maintain and extend. Nor is this the first time that leftist intellectuals have helped to undermine their own cause by hurling around indiscriminately harsh and unjust epithets.

CORLISS LAMONT.

New York.

Wolfson — Not Wolfson

TO NEW MASSES: I am Martin Wolfson, the actor. I am not Martin Wolfson, the man who wrote you a letter on the Santayana controversy. I live in Manhattan and the other Mr. Wolfson lives in Brooklyn. Since his letter appeared in NM last week I've been deluged with telephone calls by people taking either side of the Santayana controversy. Some say I was right; some say I was wrong. But all I want to say is that it wasn't I. I might have something to add to the discussion, but I hesitate, since it would be all too confusing: two letters from two Martin Wolfsons, both taking opposite sides of an argument. I only want to make one point differing with the other Mr. Wolfson. He referred to NEW MASSES as "unsportsmanlike" in the controversy. I differ.

Thanking you for clearing this thing up, and giving me some peace, I am, gratefully,

MARTIN WOLFSON.

(of Manhattan, not Brooklyn.)

Whose Policy?

TO NEW MASSES: That was a very good answer, by A. B. Magil in your issue of April 11, to *PM's* peevish accusation that the Communist Party is supporting the agreements that our country made at Teheran ["*PM* and the Communists"]. However, neither Magil's article nor the letters so far published in *PM's* correspondence column make one point that I think should be made (it was implied, but not explicitly stated, in Magil's article). I tried to make the point in a letter to *PM*, a copy of which I enclose. (I don't think *PM* has published it, but I can't be sure, for I think I missed seeing one issue of that paper.)

New York. THEODORE McCLINTOCK.

TO the Editor, *PM*: Writers who are determined to prove a point sometimes arrive at their proof in astonishing ways: your Harold Lavine, for example. In your issue of March 27, under the headline "Browder Admits Communists Take Line from USSR," he writes: "The new Communist Party line . . . is frankly linked to Teheran; and the outstanding fact about Teheran is that it was there Soviet Russia joined the Anglo-American coalition."

Really? This country has no treaty of alliance with either Great Britain or the Soviet Union, but Great Britain and the Soviet Union had a treaty of alliance even before this country entered the war. If any country joined a coalition at Teheran, it was the United States that joined the Anglo-Soviet coalition; and, if the Communist Party, by approving of the agreements of Teheran, took its line from any country, it took it from the United States.

What would Lavine say about the Communist Party if it opposed the agreements of Teheran? Or does he really oppose them?

The Writer and Reality

TO NEW MASSES: You have done American culture a valuable service in printing Nikolai Tikhonov's *The Soviet Writer* [NEW MASSES, April 3], a discussion which clearly shows the energy and force of a freedom-loving people which is roused to defend itself.

In doing this, Mr. Tikhonov has shown that the writers of the Soviet Union have swept aside the illusory pursuits of the theorist separated from reality and have come to grapple with the deepest problems of our time in the most realistic manner; that consequently they have taken their rightful place in the affections of the people and in society.

The impact of the war, rather than causing Soviet culture to shrivel and run from the front lines, has redoubled the creative energies of the people and has brought culture into the line of fire, a useful, vigorous ally. Nothing shows better than this the character of this war against the enemies of culture.

In America, our writers have gone far in the same direction. Yet they have not worked with the same clear purpose, nor with the same profound inspiration as "engineers of the human soul." Thus we see that Soviet writers have much to teach American writers in the problems of working expressly with and for the people.

It is particularly hopeful to learn that the Soviet achievements in dealing with historical subjects is accompanied by no let-up in general writing activity.

New York.

RALPH KNIGHT.



LATIN AMERICAN WRITERS TODAY

By SAMUEL PUTNAM

ANYONE who picks up Eduardo Mallea's novel, *The Bay of Silence*,* expecting to find some explanation in creative form of what is happening in the Argentina of today, is, I am afraid, bound to be disappointed. Indeed, I imagine that the average reader, when he lays the book down, will have learned just about as much concerning the subject as he would have by perusing Waldo Frank's *South American Journey*, which, when it comes to mystical muddlement, is in a class by itself.

This is too bad—it is, in fact, very bad. We sadly need to know what the Argentine scene is like today and the capable novelist should be able to give us a more vivid picture than anyone else. On the other hand, the wrong picture is worse than none at all, and Señor Mallea's comes near to being an empty frame.

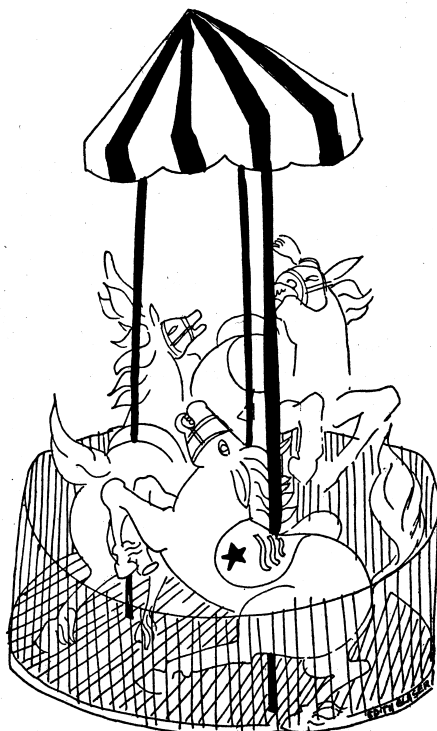
Nevertheless, I believe that *The Bay of Silence* is worth pausing over. I believe that it may have something to teach us about a certain influential type of Argentine intellectual, and even (if only in a negative way) something about Argentine society as well. And further, I think that the obvious attempt which is being made by some North Americans in the Latin American field to put Señor Mallea over as "South America's leading writer"—I quote from the publisher's jacket—throws light upon a question which I have brought up in these pages before: that of the *direction* which is to be given our efforts at cultural inter-communication with our southern neighbors.

The Bay of Silence is the author's first book-length appearance in English; but his novelette, or long short story, *Fiesta in November*, was published as the leading selection in Angel Flores' and Dudley Poore's anthology of the same title. NEW MASSES readers may possibly recall that in my review of this latter volume (Sept. 15, 1942), I expressed a rather grave doubt as to which way Mallea, who himself comes of the "upper class," might be "going to jump in either a literary or political direction." At the same time I stressed that his writing was "in the European rather than the Latin American tradition."

After reading the present work in the original Spanish some time ago, I must say

that I found no cause to revise these judgments—rather, they were, if anything, strengthened. I do not wish to speak either prematurely or too harshly, but I still regard Señor Mallea as something of a dangerous character: I fear for him, and I must continue to do so until he gives me a better reason for trusting him than any he has as yet provided. I am also still of the opinion that, far from being "South America's leading writer," he is *not even a representative South American writer* of today, if we take the progressive forces in that literature as our standard of comparison.

On the technical side he impresses me as being decidedly inferior. In the first place, he is afflicted with the curse of allusiveness which Latin American novelists, Spanish-speaking and Portuguese-speaking alike, seem to find so hard to escape. Allusions, almost all of them European, to other writers, other books, to artists, paintings, music, and musicians, and above all to the fashionable moderns, some of whom are no longer so fashionable save in provincial *milieux*—to Gide, Peguy, Kafka, Proust, etc., etc., etc. In other words, the effect is an essential bookishness; a content out of books rather than from life. The result is an inescapable effect of naivete.



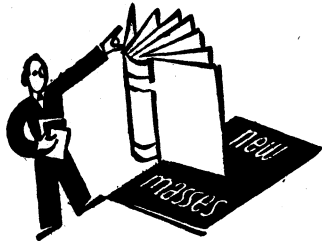
This, however, is not the important thing, except in so far as it is always important not to erect mediocrity into genius; but when that is done, it becomes important to know the reason why. Here, perhaps, I may be permitted to quote again from my review of *Fiesta in November*, where I said: "Is it not a *careful avoidance of the deep-going social theme* which accounts for the unsatisfying, and in the end unrepresentative, character of this anthology?" I would raise the same question in slightly different form with regard to *The Bay of Silence* and the somewhat too enthusiastic and indiscriminating reception with which it has met in certain quarters. Has that reception possibly been due to a feeling that the author was *safe*? If so, what is gained in "safety" is certainly lost in vitality and significance.

IN LATIN AMERICA, at least for the past half century and more, there have been two kinds of writers. There are those of and for the "upper classes," who, when not downright reactionary in social outlook—as for instance, Señor Mallea's compatriots, Manuel Galvez and that unspeakable fascist, Hugo Wast—are usually esthetic escapists, utterly and blissfully unaware, to all appearances, of any world outside their own narrow little one, knowing nothing of their people. And there are those others who, most often coming from the masses, or close to them, not only take the daily lives of the people as a theme, but share their struggles and their destinies. It is these latter writers who create the new and vital literature in South America, and who are, in reality, the only kind worth bothering about—writers like Jorge Icaza and Demetrio Aguilera Malta in Ecuador, Graciliano Ramos and Jorge Amado in Brazil, to mention but a few.

Eduardo Mallea undoubtedly belongs to the first group. Literary editor of *La Nación* and a member of the little coterie of *precieux* gathered about Victoria Ocampo's ultra-esthetic review *Sur*, he is in many ways a typical Buenos Aires, or *porteno*, intellectual. Like the *Sur* contributors generally, he is very much under European, and particularly Gallic, influences—there clings to him a certain inescapable aura of colonial imitativeness.

Argentine intellectuals of this type are not primarily concerned with social problems; they prefer the distinctly European

* THE BAY OF SILENCE, by Eduardo Mallea. Knopf. \$2.50.



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game of ideas. In recent years, nonetheless, their ivory tower tranquility has been more than a little upset. There was, for one thing, the Spanish War, and the refugee intellectuals who found haven in Argentina—among them, Rafael Alberti, Maria Teresa Leon, and others. It accordingly became necessary to take some kind of position, a liberal position. The entire period of the 1930's, especially the later Munich years, was for this group rather bewildering and, it may be said, trying. Then came the subtle, deadly Nazi infiltration of their own country, with the fascist sell-out of a large sector of the Argentine ruling class becoming increasingly apparent, as politics grew more and more corrupt.

THIS corruption forms the basic theme of *The Bay of Silence*. Thus far, in his choice of subject, the author is not escapist; there could hardly be anything more important for him to write about. Unfortunately his social consciousness does not go far beyond this. He is enraged at what he rightly regards as the betrayal of his native land by the politicians, the men in power, who have been bought off by foreign imperialist interests. (Incidentally, he does not specify which imperialisms.) He has a wholly justifiable contempt for these bribe-takers, who fawn before their masters from abroad while enslaving their own people at home.

A righteous indignation, yes; but one senses in it something else not so promising—a hint if nothing more of that “anti-bourgeois” revolt which is to be observed in what might be termed a pre-fascist period, in certain intellectuals, and others who, like Yeats, are already, consciously or unconsciously, on the fascist path. When this occurs in a democracy—I myself witnessed it in France at the turn of the last decade—the anti-bourgeois may readily become an anti-democratic revolt. Which is not to say that Senor Mallea has gone as far as this; I am merely pointing out symptoms.

But worst of all is the author's mystical approach, wholly shorn of that realism characteristic of the popular masses. What is to be done about this highly alarming state of affairs, which—a point Senor Mallea fails to note—concerns not Argentina alone, but the democratic world? Is the remedy to be the summary ousting of foreign and native fascists and the introduction of a real and universal democracy? It is worth noting that the word “fascist” does not occur in the book, save in reference to Italy, where the hero, *en voyage*, takes occasion to admire the “idealism” of the young Blackshirts in the early days of Mussolini's regime. As for democracy, that term, if I recall, is similarly conspicuous by its absence; and while there is quite a little talk of “Juan Argentino,” the man of the people, the author tells us nothing

about him; “Juan Argentino” remains a name, nothing more.

If we are to believe Senor Mallea, then, each individual, after having discovered, or uncovered, the sturdy old primitive Argentine virtues, whatever they may be, must set about reconstructing his own character in accordance with such an ideal. The only revolt Mallea is able to envisage against the bribe-takers, those sellers-out of their country, is a purely individual, “inner,” moral, and idealistic one. It is, in short, the old story: the individual must first reform himself, before society can be reformed. And the author is not even clear as to the precise nature of this individual transformation; in the course of some six hundred pages of Spanish text, a little more than half that number in the condensed English version, he does not succeed in disclosing, to the reader's satisfaction at any rate, those traits which he assures us are all-essential. It all remains somewhere up in the beautiful cloudlands of mysticism and esthetics.

This, then, is to be Senor Mallea's “revolution,” though he would doubtless shudder at the word, a revolution to be accomplished when enough of these fine, disdainful characters, these “failures . . . consciences that could not be bought,” shall at last “have reached the bay, that place of waiting, where their silence is concentrating and where their fruit is ripening without fear of storm or gale. How deep and beautiful is the bay! There wait those who have turned their failure into triumph. At this hour the bay of silence holds you and them. I see you all there, silent and expectant.” (Meanwhile, a shameless realist like myself cannot but wonder what is to be happening all this time to a Nazi-threatened world.)

Such is the note on which the book ends; and what is it if not a note of utter defeatism? Defeatism masquerading as bravery, the superior choice of the “happy few.” I fear that Senor Mallea speaks only too faithfully for Argentine intellectuals of his class, who, even when professing liberal principles—and Mallea himself is not vocal on this score—are fond of wrapping them in a Waldo Frank type of mysticism which leads to a practical paralysis of the will.

No, these are not the intellectuals on whom the free and democratic Argentina of tomorrow must rely. There would be little hope for her if this were so. But there is in the land of the pampas an intellectual of another type, who comes of the people or has come to the people and who has made the people's cause his own, to the vast clarification of his thinking and his art. The intellectual, the writer, of this kind finds an outlet in an organ like the *Nueva Gaceta* and finds comradeship in an organization like the AIAPE (Association of Intellectuals, Artists, Journalists, and Writers).

As in the case of the fine poet, Raul Gonzalez Tunon, who forsook the paths of an upper class estheticism to become a people's singer like Neruda, the artist who is really in a position to speak for the Argentina of today knows that the rose is a "Rosa Blindada"—an "Armored Rose"; he knows with the Mexican Carlos Gutierrez Cruz that the poet's life is "one great chain of battles."

And if you want a novelist who, with a painful, plodding honesty but with an ever growing clarity, will give you the Argentine picture, then I would refer you to a writer like Max Dickmann, author of *Gente* and *Madre America*. True, the North American publisher is in all probability right, from his point of view, in not choosing to serve as Dickmann's entrepreneur; for books like these would not be likely to sell in any large quantity; they are, so to speak, too Argentine.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. What is it we North Americans want, anyway, in our inter-American cultural relations? Is it entertainment, "color," a sufficiently remote imitation of European models such as Mallea gives us; or do we want the real thing, even though we may have to dig for it? It seems to me it is about time that we were making up our minds. And in a case like that of Argentina, a decision becomes more than usually pressing; for here it is not merely a question of literature, but of an effective liaison that involves the lives of free men in this our western world and in that broader post-Teheran world which we must now begin to build.

Duel for Hungary

(Continued from page 10)

joining with the Carpathian guerrillas. And as these lines are written news arrives that thousands of Hungarian soldiers, accompanied by their officers, have established contact with the Yugoslav Army of Liberation. It is obvious that the Hungarian people, forced into this war on the side of Hitler, will meet the approaching Red Armies as a fighting and willing ally of the United Nations' cause.

Hungary will prove to be one of the strategic battlegrounds in the final struggle against Germany. But what will happen in this mythical kingdom when Hitler cracks up? Attempts to perpetuate the post-war rule of Hungary's feudal-fascist clique have not been abandoned. But against these efforts is a growing understanding of Hungarian affairs and the realization that to stifle the democratic aspirations of the Hungarian people would invite serious trouble. For clearly, there can be no lasting peace in Europe without a democratic Central Europe, and a democratic Central Europe is impossible with Hungary remaining feudal and fascist.

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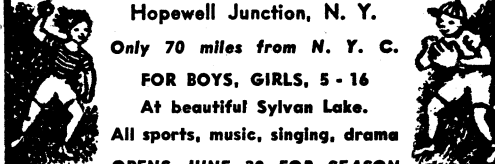
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THE SEARCHING WIND

By SAMUEL SILLEN

IT WOULD be pleasant to report that Lillian Hellman's new play, *The Searching Wind*, possesses the depth and artistic distinction of *The Little Foxes* and *Watch on the Rhine*. But this is not the case. Despite flashes of great insight and strength, the play does not achieve the sustained emotional drive, intellectual vigor, or integrated structure that we have come to associate with Miss Hellman's best work. And it is by her best work, setting the highest standard in the theater today, that *The Searching Wind* will properly be measured.

One's disappointment is not with the major theme, which is serious and important. Miss Hellman is recalling that the rise of fascism abroad was encouraged by cowardice and confusion here. When the Blackshirts marched into Rome, when Nazi hoodlums assaulted Jews in the streets of Berlin, when Czechoslovakia was handed over to Hitler at Munich, there were Americans who tolerated and even supported an evil that was ultimately to shatter our own peace and threaten our security. The play seeks to underscore that grim truth. It suggests that unless we face our guilt squarely, we may once more endanger humanity through stupidity and selfishness.

As in *The Little Foxes* and *Watch on the Rhine*, it is in terms of a single family that the central theme is defined. The Washington family of this play is wealthy and influential. It embraces three generations. Moses Taney was present at Versailles as a liberal newspaper publisher; in the postwar era he became so disillusioned with the world he had helped fashion that he washed his hands of it, leasing his paper to a reactionary, comforting himself with the cowardly reflection that no individual can influence history anyway. Taney's daughter Emily and her husband, Alex Hazen, a ranking diplomat, represent a generation that blundered through two decades with disastrous concessions to fascism. And Sam, their son, who has just returned wounded from Italy, has had to fight the monster nourished by the indecision and appeasement of his elders. Losing a leg is the price he must pay for his parents' guilt.

The story vehicle of this theme is the triangular personal relationship of Alex and Emily Hazen and Emily's girlhood friend, Cassie Bowman. Cassie and Alex had been

lovers before Emily's marriage to Alex. The attachment has persisted for twenty years, marring the lives of all three. During this time Emily has deliberately avoided seeing Cassie, but now she decides to face her old friend; she insists passionately on searching the roots of the unhealthy relationship. The play opens and closes with this painful reunion in Washington; the intervening scenes are in the form of flashbacks to Rome in 1922, Berlin in 1923, and Paris the week of Munich.

There is a dual process of discovery. The decision to confront the neurotic personal conflict leads to the parallel uncovering of the political disease. We learn that Cassie has been interested not in Alex, but in punishing Emily for taking Alex away after the brief affair in 1922. And we learn that this triangular history is somehow tied up with the political evasions that have resulted so unhappily for the family and the world. A searching wind, the honest facing of one's past, has evidently dispersed the evil mist of hypocrisy.

This is a challenging theme; but it is not successfully dramatized.

In her best plays, Lillian Hellman has

built great tension by fusing the personal and social meanings implicit in her dramatic situation. The atmosphere of *Watch on the Rhine* is electrically charged with the opposition between Kurt Mueller and the Rumanian fascist Teck, for they are at once individuals and historic forces; the clash of temperament is also the clash of ideas and armies. In *The Little Foxes* it is impossible to separate personal greed from the evil values prevailing in a whole epoch of American life.

But in *The Searching Wind* the political and personal themes do not merge, they interfere with each other; and as a result the characters seem imperfectly defined and ineffective. There is a great gap between the events of 1922 or 1938 and the triangle portrayed here. It is not Miss Hellman's intention to stress the triviality of the emotional concerns of Alex and Emily and Cassie against the political background. She insists that we take them with great seriousness. She is always returning to the emotional dislocations as if they were a significant key to political attitudes. But it is impossible to take the triangle with great seriousness. We don't know why Alex



"My Hometown Harbor," by Esteban Soriano, on exhibition at the Institute for International Democracy. Reviewed on page 27.

should have been attracted to Cassie; we don't know why Emily should press the point at this juncture; and it seems less than momentous that Cassie should have wanted to punish Emily.

Cassie is a key to this weakness. Her appearances on the stage, which are somewhat farfetched in the Berlin and Paris scenes, shift the action to the triangle level. Only a firm definition of her character in terms of the political level could have kept the play from dipping when this shift is made. There is a vague recognition of this in the hint that, unlike Emily and Alex, Cassie is a fairly sturdy democrat. But this suggestion is too muffled to be convincing. Her political disagreements with Alex are dramatically obscure, even though their importance is implied.

INDEED, there is scarcely a suggestion in the play that millions of Americans fought appeasement in these years. The characters talk as if a "generation" were guilty, and the play provides no grounds for questioning the generalization. The curious result, ironic in the light of Miss Hellman's intention, is that a kind of complacency is permitted those who always salve their conscience by saying: "Are we not *all* guilty, after all?" The sting is taken out of the indictment, once the distinction between appeasement America and anti-appeasement America is blurred. In a play that covers the years between two wars it is a shortcoming to exclude even echoes of the great popular movement against fascism which embraced millions.

The absence of this dynamic element is serious. For the basic meaning of the play becomes attenuated. Failing to portray convincingly any genuine conflict of ideas and personalities, the play lacks genuine dramatic power. When Alex Hazen, as an ambassador, has to make up his mind in 1938, he is confronted by his own confusion and by a surprisingly innocuous representative of Nazi diplomacy, not by the pressure of anti-fascist forces in the world. He is, on the one hand, neither a Davies nor a Dodd; on the other hand, he is not a Bullitt. These actual ambassadors in those years embodied a great conflict of policy that divided the country; but in Hazen this conflict becomes diluted with thoughts of Emily and Cassie.

The play has its best moments when young Sam Hazen and his grandfather Taney are on the stage. Here is the one moving relationship among all the others, and it is significant that it does not have to depend on the cumbersome and implausible flashback device. Taney has no use for Emily and her husband, but he loves his grandson; his cynicism evaporates when he thinks of the boy. The play strikes fire when Sam, about to have his leg amputated, bitinglly accuses Taney's cynicism about people and politics. In the bitterness and love of this relation there is a genuine

quality that makes the emotions of the others seem trivial.

AS THE grandfather, Dudley Digges gives the most striking performance of the play, and Montgomery Clift is an appealing Sam Hazen. Cornelia Otis Skinner and Barbara O'Neil oppose each other as Emily and Cassie, and Dennis King plays the ambas-

sador. The play is expertly staged by Herman Shumlin. The settings by Howard Bay ingeniously express the mood of the various cities and periods.

Hitting at the cowardice and confusion of the past, *The Searching Wind* becomes strained and unmoving in a situation which fails to rise to the significance implicit in its anti-appeasement theme.

IN THE WORLD OF ART

IN THE early twenties Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, herself a sculptor, recognizing the difficulties which faced the American artist in gaining an audience for his work, opened the Whitney Studio Club. The club, in addition to exhibiting the work of the well-known artists of the time such as Bellows, Sloan, Henri, DuBois, Sheeler, and others, also sponsored and exhibited the work of young, aspiring unknowns, thus launching them upon their artistic careers. One of these young hopefuls befriended by the Whitney Studio Club was Harry Gottlieb, a large exhibition of whose work was recently on view at the ACA Gallery.

Harry Gottlieb first attracted the attention of the art world with his summer and winter landscapes—especially the latter—of Woodstock and its environs. The vigor, simplicity, and forthrightness of these pictures struck a fresh note and won him some acclaim. Had the depression not intervened, Harry Gottlieb perhaps would have kept on painting pictures which were only technically controversial, and gained further recognition in official circles. He might finally have settled down as an honored member of the National Academy of Design, which already had recognized his ability by awarding him an important prize. But the depression did intervene. It rudely awakened the more forward looking artists, Gottlieb among others, to a realization that they were part of the society in which they lived, that they were subjected to the same economic and social problems confronting the rest of the people. These artists learned soon enough that in their art they possessed a powerful weapon, which they proceeded to use to champion not only their own cause, but also that of the "one-third of our nation, which was ill housed, ill clothed and ill fed." They worked fumblingly at first, but as time went on they became more articulate and eloquent. Thus the art movement known as the "Social Content" school came into being.

Harry Gottlieb came to New York at that time (1935), having first organized an artists' union in Woodstock. Those were hectic, exciting days. A well-known artist said to me at the time: "I dream all night about painting, but how can I paint when there is so much work to be done?"

Harry Gottlieb could have said this, for as soon as he arrived in the city he began to take a very active part in the organizational activity of the Artists Union and the American Artists Congress. And now, having shown the close relationship between Harry Gottlieb's artistic and political development, let us look at his recent exhibition:

The earliest picture in the show is the "Edge of the Town," painted in the late twenties. It is a lusty, gay, well composed winter street scene, the type of picture that first attracted public notice to Gottlieb. Of the same period are also the large, striking "Clay Pits" and "Back to Nature." The largest picture, "An American Landscape," was also conceived and painted in the twenties. It was, however, entirely repainted before the exhibition. Originally the picture represented two white workers. In redoing it, Gottlieb painted out one of them and substituted a Negro. He also repainted the landscape background almost entirely. This picture therefore could be classed with his later work. During the years 1935 to 1943 Gottlieb did very little painting. This was a period of intense political and organizational work. There are only three pictures in the show which were painted during that time. They are the "Industrial Landscape," "The Steel-makers," and the "Storm on the Jersey Coast."

The remaining pictures were all done during 1943-44.

AS ONE studies carefully Harry Gottlieb's work, one comes to the conclusion that he is least successful in his figure pieces. His people are often too hastily observed and awkward in gesture. The drawing at times is rather weak and unimaginative and the monumentality with which he tried to endow his workers is often too obvious. As I stood before the large painting "An American Landscape," I could not help but think how little canvas Daumier needed for his wonderful insurrection pictures, and of C rot, who painted all of Rome and its surroundings in a panel measuring only twelve by fifteen inches. In his landscapes, however, Gottlieb is often masterly. There are few landscapes today comparable to "Early Autumn," so large and rhythmic in design and rich in

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texture, or to the poetical, pearly "Early Morning." Outstanding too are the "Clay Pits," the gnarled, dramatic "Old Maple," and the well composed and freshly painted "Sand and Trees."

In his foreword to the catalogue Mr. Gottlieb in discussing the social art of the past and the social art of today says: "Social art today must encompass a much broader concept of social content" and he fortunately comes to the conclusion that "a landscape which heightens the basic relationship of man to nature is social art too." I say fortunately, for he can again paint "the land and all that grows on it, the sky and its moods, water, sun and air. . . ." He does it well.

A WAY from the streamlined Fifty-seventh Street neighborhood, squeezed between dingy office buildings and small factories, stands an attractive three-story brick house, bought by the Institute for International Democracy. This unique little building at 23 West 26th Street houses a gallery which will be devoted exclusively to Latin American plastic arts. The aim of this undertaking is to further the good neighbor policy between Latin America and this country by means of monthly exhibitions, and to give many Latin American artists and writers now living or visiting here a place where they can show their work and exchange ideas and impressions with their fellow intellectuals of the USA. This unusual gallery is managed by a committee composed of Hugo Gellert, Ruth Reeves, and Ben Ossa.

The first artist to be honored by an exhibition is my friend Esteban Soriano, the working people's Raoul Dufy. Esteban and his work are well known and loved by so many people that he really does not need any introduction. The general character of his show is one of gayety, inventiveness, and charm.

The outstanding picture is a large watercolor, a sort of super-doodle called "Mental Cinema." If you look closely you will find among a million other things priests, fascists shooting workers, dramatic figures representing the republics of Spain and the USSR; also figures in attitudes expressing horror and sorrow; rhumba dancers, suicides, human skulls, and some of his gay goats, deer, birds, and horses prancing and flying all over the picture. There is also some Spanish writing scattered throughout. I asked a charming Spanish girl in attendance to decipher it for me. Unfortunately she could translate only parts of some sentences; the rest was completely obscured by some unfortunate doodling.

Among other pictures I liked his fanciful turkey and his gentle tiger which look as if they stepped out of the pages of a child's story book. There are also some excellent realistic drawings. I especially like "In the Park," "Farmer" (wax), and "Couple at Bar."

AN EXHIBITION of paintings by Arnold Friedman, whose work is too rarely seen, is on view at the Marquie Gallery. Arnold Friedman worked all his life as a post office clerk and painted in his spare time. He is an old man now. His is a highly mature, subtle, personal and poetic art. He is often classified as a primitive, yet his work is never naive in the conventional meaning of the word, but well thought out, wisely selected and executed with great care. He does not find it necessary to look for his subject matter in far-away places. He finds it at home in Central Park and in Brooklyn. Some of the most beautiful pictures in this show are the scenes of Brooklyn beaches at low tide.

One could term Friedman a minor poet, but within the limitations he set himself he has succeeded where other major artists have failed. It is an important show and one I cannot recommend too highly.

MOSES SOYER.

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One sunny day somewhere in England, a Fortress squadron prepared for the take-off. The well-kept English countryside bears the placid face of peace, but in sharp contrast to this serenity, and nestling at the very side of the village close, are the deadly engines of war, winged power-houses—the B-17's that the Nazis have come to dread so much. For, as the announcer says, the countryside has become a front, an air front; far behind the combat lines, scattered throughout the fastidiously kept estates and farmlands, are numerous control and dispersal points, munitions and bomb dumps.

The men are briefed and all is ready. You climb into the *Memphis Belle*, set for its twenty-fifth and final mission over "Fortress Europe." The exhausts of the ships are wide open as they taxi into position. Grass and bushes bend along the ground as though in the grip of a tremendous gale. A camera cleverly placed in the belly of the plane enables you to feel and see the lift of the Fortress. Together with the crew of ten men—student, clerk, chemist, construction worker, mechanic,

teacher, from New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and California, you watch the earth become a receding patchwork of grass and farmland. All about you are the roaring B-17's in echelon formation, sheer power vibrating with immense confidence. If, like me, you are a confirmed land animal, you will be fascinated by the show outside the windows, by the strange atmospheric formations caused by the changing patterns of vapor condensations:

But the first enemy flak brings you back to the grim business on hand. As the formations near the target, the flak becomes increasingly thicker. Enemy planes appear. Tail, nose, top turret, and side gunners now go into action. The rest of the crew continues its work as calmly as men in a machine shop. Pilot, navigator, bombardier bend to their tasks without a thought for the hellish racket surrounding them. You ride tensely at the bombardier's side as he bends over his bombsight, prepared to release the load at the precise moment. Anti-aircraft fire increases, but he will not be hurried; now the dead target center is reached and the signal is given. Airplane factories, railroad yards, submarine pens—no military target is missed.

Then comes the second half of the run, the harder half, the return home. The flak has stopped. That means enemy fighters can be expected. They swarm down from the direction of the sun, making it difficult to watch them. The intercommunications telephone now becomes one of the most important instruments on board—using it, the various crew members keep each other posted on the attacking planes' direction. The warnings come fast. "Enemy planes at nine o'clock, watch them, watch them." "There's one at three." "Two at six." "Here comes a pair at ten, climbing at eleven, breaking at twelve." From all sides the enemy planes appear, but the Fortresses keep their formation. In battle array they can put up a protective wall of fire for a thousand yards in any direction. That is why when one of our ships is hit and begins to lose altitude nothing can be done. At any moment the enemy will close in for the kill, but the formation must be kept. All you can do is shout with the crew "Bail out, you guys, bail out."

As THE planes fight their way home, the camera shifts your attention to the other part of the crew, the ground men, anxiously watching for the squadron's return. They pitch horseshoes and repair bikes, but the tension of waiting is there. Soon the first ships are spotted, and the count of hope accompanies the landings; twenty-two, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-nine. Then three more, including the *Memphis Belle*. The return is as compelling as the take-off. As the ground rushes up to meet you with disconcerting

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June 14th: *The Crisis of 1929*

Film: **ONE THIRD OF A NATION**
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speed, the runway guide lines become distinguishable. It is like being in an express train with a transparent floor.

Very few of the ships have escaped injury. Some do not return, and they all carry their scars, their riddled turrets, their destroyed stabilizers, their sheared tailfins, like battle flags. Few are the crews with no casualties, but there is unanimous agreement that the costs are small compared to the gain.

I have but one word of criticism for the film. Somewhere in the commentary, it is alleged that more of a menace than the tanks, soldiers, and panzer divisions, are the Nazis' industrial plants. By implication, there is thus planted the old fallacy—victory through airpower, since the planes are the only means of reaching these industrial plants. Events, of course, have proved that these air attacks could be carried out until kingdom come, without in themselves ever forcing a decision.

But for this one point, the army training film unit has done a magnificent job. The use of technicolor enhances the qualities of the picture and William Wyler has shown a maximum of good taste in his direction.

“ADDRESS UNKNOWN,” the new Columbia film at the Globe, is based on Kressman Taylor's best seller first published in 1939. Because it follows on the heels of mounting Nazi atrocities, the film is negligible as a political statement. As a psychological study of a man who trades with Lucifer and must go to hell sooner than he planned, the film would have possessed validity, had it been well done.

The novel is based on the story of two art dealers. One goes to Germany to buy art, taking with him the daughter of his Jewish partner. Once in Germany he throws in his lot with the Nazis, repudiates his partner, and does nothing to save the partner's daughter from the Brownshirt hoodlums. In revenge, the former partner (in the movie, his own son) sends him code letters which, by arousing the suspicions of the Nazis, lead to his end.

The treatment of Schultz in his transformation from a man of good will to a Nazi is thin and badly done. But I do not believe that the fault lies with Paul Lukas, who plays the part. It is so badly written that the actor is handicapped. In almost no time at all, in an unmotivated fashion, he becomes the exponent of everything he condemned as a democrat. Of course, it is possible for a man to sacrifice his principles to material expediency. It is done every day. But here it comes about too glibly, without the fireworks of inner struggle, in short, without the development needed to make such a surrender authentic. Director William Menzies attempts to correct this shortcoming with photographic effects, with intelligent use of light and shadow, in order to underscore the psychological behavior. But this technique breaks down

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into over-obvious patterns, when it is called upon to shoulder the full burden of the film.

Morris Carnovsky, after a long absence from the films, contributes a solid piece of work as Max Eisenstein, the Jewish partner. K. T. Stevens is unimpressive in her debut as the daughter.

"BUFFALO BILL" is a horse opera with a social angle, but it takes a long time to discover it. In fact, when the film does get around to making a couple of significant statements you discover with a pleasant jolt that it is the first movie since *Gassner's Massacre* which has something good to say for the Indian. To many, the cause of the American aborigine may seem like a faint breeze in comparison to the tempests that blow about the world's political structures—actually, it is part of the battle on the home front. In some of the Western states—Arizona, for example—I have seen domestic help-wanted ads calling for "white" applicants only, a restriction meant not for Negroes but for Indians.

The film, at the Roxy, makes this theme only secondary. It deals biographically with William Cody, the Buffalo Bill of yesterday's penny dreadfuls. It has all the flora and fauna of the conventional western, the hard ridin' heroes, the villains, the beautiful ladies, the braggarts, and the rest of the formula. It has a beautifully filmed fight between troopers and Indians, in color, but when Buffalo Bill tells the commander that all the Indians are his friends, we have the first departure from rote. Later, at a dinner attended by all the railroad and political potentates of the day, Cody, the guest of honor, justifies the Indians for their actions, points out that like all Americans, they will fight to protect their homes, families, and economic security. As language it is almost strong enough to blow the halo from the head of Custer, who figures slightly in the story.

The characters are all reasonably well acted, with Joel McCrea as Buffalo Bill and Maureen O'Hara as his wife. The Indian parts are acted by the real McCoy, Chief Many Treaties doing Tall Bull, and Chief Thundercloud appearing as Crazy Horse. The single exception to this type casting is Anthony Quinn, one of my favorite Hollywood actors, who does well with the role of Yellow Hand.

Buffalo Bill is not consistently presented as the champion of the Red man, but if you want to see one of your favorite legends come to life you could do worse than spend an evening with Cody and his pals.

JOSEPH FOSTER.



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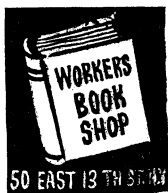
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1. In a small community in upstate New York a group of the magazine's readers and friends decided to pitch in. Most of them had sent their individual contributions in the early days of the drive, but they realized that NM was still far short of the amount actually essential to meet its creditors' demands. So they set a self-imposed quota of \$1,000. They pledged themselves to raise this amount, in their own neighborhood, within four weeks—by personal requests for amounts large and small, winding up with a big party for their favorite weekly.

2. In Ohio, a reader started a one-man campaign. He called up everybody he knew. Result: A pledge, from a small city, of \$2,000 by May 15.

3. In Utah, a housewife contacted seven of her friends. Each promised to be responsible for \$100. "We'll have \$800 by the middle of May," they wrote.

If these self-imposed quotas were matched all over the country, the problem could be solved—in time. Don't worry if you feel you can't pledge the amounts mentioned above. Decide, realistically, what you CAN do, together with your friends, through personal contacts, parties, and in any other way you may think of.

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